FEBRUARY

25 CENTS

REDBOOK

MAGAZINE

Beginning

THE LONE WOLF'S SON

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ONE *will always stand out!*

Straight to the goal...

Streaking over a mirror of ice, the hockey star seems everywhere at once... but he never forgets that the winning shot must go straight for the net.

Chesterfield, too, takes the sure, undeviating course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette—the fragrant mildness and richer aroma of fully ripened tobaccos—entirely free from harshness or irritation, in short—

MILDER . . . . *and* BETTER TASTE

They Satisfy
–that's *Why!*

Chesterfield

How long have you had "pink tooth brush"?

YOU probably don't *remember* when you first began to notice "pink" on your tooth brush. Most people don't go into a panic over that first slight tinge of "pink" on the brush.

It's almost inevitable these days—"pink tooth brush." The gums need the stimulation of coarse foods—and they don't get it. Gradually they become more and more lazy—until they're so tender that they bleed on the slightest provocation.

And suppose you don't do anything about it. Just let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. What *then*?

It's time to stop "pink tooth brush"

Pale gums, unhealthy gums, bleeding gums, are an open invitation to various diseases of the gums—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, pyorrhea.

But far more serious than this—"pink tooth brush" may eventually lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest, whitest teeth. And that often means the loss of otherwise good teeth.

Yet it's the simplest thing in the world to check and to defeat "pink tooth brush"—before it does any serious harm!

You have only to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and massage it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana is the same ziratol used by dentists in toning and stimulating the gums back to health.

In a few days, examine your teeth. Whiter, aren't they? With some of that sparkle they used to have when you were very, very young. They're *clean*, too. *Reassuringly* clean.

In a month, examine your gums. Any change? Well, *rather!* They're firmer, now—pinker, harder, healthier. They're not bleeding—now. Keep on using Ipana and massage—and there'll never be any more "pink tooth brush" to worry about!

If you wish, send in the coupon and let us send you a trial tube of Ipana. But better still—get a full-size tube from your druggist, *today*, and see what a full thirty days of Ipana and massage will do for your teeth and your gums.

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IPANA *Tooth Paste*

REDBOOK
Magazine

for FEBRUARY 1931

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SHORT STORIES

SERIAL NOVELS

THE SPIRIT OF OUR TIME

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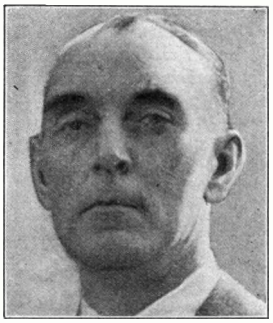

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entrust them only to this gentle dentifrice

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If you are not already using this unusual tooth paste, get a tube today and try it. Compare it with any tooth paste at any price. And judge by results alone.

More than 3,000,000 men and women have made this comparison. Now they pronounce Listerine Tooth Paste their favorite. They like the quick but gentle way it gets rid of discoloration, stains, and tartar. They like the thorough way it cleans. The beautiful brilliance it imparts to teeth.

And they welcome that wonderful feeling of freshness it leaves in the mouth—a sensation associated with Listerine itself.

Incidentally, at 25¢ the large tube, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you $3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class, on the basis of a tube per month per person. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . 25¢

Camps—A Few Years After

LAST year, it seemed to me that my son was ready for a boarding-school. He had been through grade school and intermediate high-school and had made a start in high-school, attending classes by day and living at home.

Now it seemed to him and to me that he was ready for the venture "on his own" which comes to a boy when he goes away to boarding-school.

I visited the school which seemed to offer what we wanted and had a talk with the master in charge.

"Has your son ever been away from home at school?" he asked me.

"What difference d o e s i t m a k e, whether he has or not?" I inquired.

"A great deal of difference in estimating the adjustments he has to make. I asked only that we may be able to plan more intelligently for him."

"He has never attended a school away from home," I replied, "but he has spent three summers in a boys' camp."

"Oh, then he will have little difficulty on the a d j u s t m e n t side," the master said. "He has learned to make them in camp."

It proved true.

Five years ago, my son first went away from home to a boys' camp.

What are the effects today?

Some of them are apparent; they dwell in his consciousness; he learned this or that and accomplished this or that to which he can refer and which he likes to remember.

Other effects are far more subtle; he is scarcely aware of them at all; they are faculties and abilities he gained without knowing it and which are, I believe, far the most important and the most lasting.

The camp gave him, at an early age, an experience "on his own" under conditions which initiated him into independence and self-dependence with a minimum of strain upon him. He stepped suddenly from the little world of relationships, into which he had been born, into a somewhat larger world of the camp where, for the first time in his life, he would get along and be judged exclusively for what he, himself, was. Without his knowing exactly why, he felt the thrill of the experience.

He felt a greater liberty than he had ever known before and at the same time he learned that, not only in the family but outside, liberty must be coupled with a sense of responsibility and with discipline.

He saw, in the primitive little cosmos of the camp, the values of both self-dependence and of inter-dependence in the group; he experienced, as never before, the advantages that come from fair-play all around and sportsmanship. He learned by experience—and therefore thoroughly and unforgetably—things which could have been taught him at home only by precept; and, the point is that the camp brought him this invaluable experience under conditions which were not only safe but salutory for him.

Camps offer a splendid first step on the road to independence and self-dependence.

I have a son and daughter who are now in boarding-schools; I am glad that both went, first, to camps.

Editor's Note—The father who wrote the above is a well-known author and editor.

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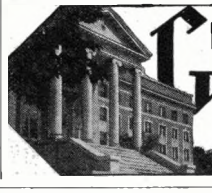

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He Keeps Them Coming

by Bruce Barton

Decoration by George Van Werveke

SOME years ago a banker sent certain young men to see me. They were planning to start a business in a field already overfull, and the banker, who liked the boys, hoped that I could persuade them to abandon the project and thus save themselves disappointment and the loss of years of time.

Each generation develops its own tempo, writes its own music and poetry, and handles its own affairs.

Out of my vast stock of experience I gave them all the reasons why they would surely fail.

They thanked me, and called me "sir," and left my office, and promptly went ahead with their plans.

While the enterprise was similar to many others, it proved to have a new technique, a fresh verve and flair, an electric touch, which set it apart. People flocked to it, and it made money almost at once.

I watched the progress with mingled amazement and delight. The fact that the boys had proved me wrong did not disturb me in the slightest, for their success had done me a great favor. It had taught me that my own generation did not dry up the stream of human ingenuity; not only will the next generation do things as well as we have done them, but it can and will do things with a genius all its own.

The music of some young composers, the books of new young authors, the promotion of men younger than myself into high positions — all these give me a great kick.

Gradually there has grown in me a conviction that most of the worry which is poured out by old people upon the young is wasted. Each generation develops its own tempo, speaks its own language, writes its own music and poetry, and handles its own affairs.

When I was in Florence a guide took us into the church of Santa Croce and showed us the grave of Michelangelo. As we were passing out he remarked: "It is interesting that in the month Michelangelo died, Galileo was born. In the year that Galileo died Newton was born."

We need not fret for fear the world will cease to move. God has not exhausted His supply of smart youngsters.

He keeps them coming.

Italy's great beauty experts teach olive and palm oil method

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

And the world over—more than 20,000 leaders in beauty culture advise their lovely patrons to use no soap but Palmolive

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He prescribes Palmolive Soap to Neapolitan beauties who wish to "keep that schoolgirl complexion."

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Armando Pezza

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Eugenio, of Milan; Pezza, of Naples; Andre, of Palermo; Salvino, of Venice! These are some of the well-known leaders of Italian beauty culture.

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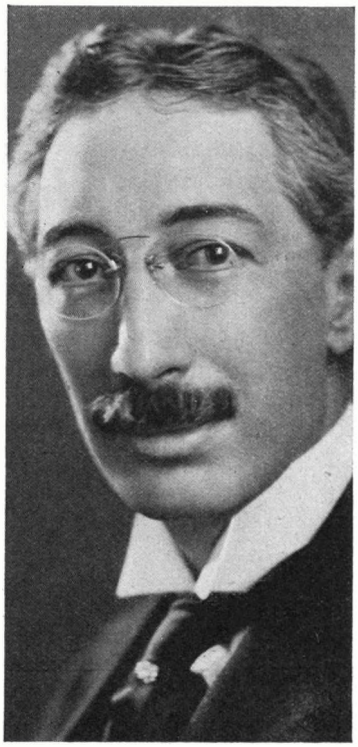

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The Lone Wolf's Son

by Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrated by J. M. Flagg

The night was warm, with a moon brewed on purpose to beguile the young-and-twenty.

Lanyard—Returns

one of the rare characters so engaging and vivid as to stand the test of time—to live in memory—to become a personality so famous that the boldest of adventurers in the news could be best pictured to millions by comparison with "The Lone Wolf" of Louis Joseph Vance. What is the occasion of his return to the page? That is this story.

LANYARD found his lost youth again less than an hour after he had fondly bade it a last farewell. At pause by the port rail he watched the dusk blur out the dusty loom of France and saw the last small shine of longshore lights washed under; and lifting a hand in salute to one of the temples that already were well silvered, *"Pays de ma jeunesse perdue,"* the man said in a muted voice—"land of my lost youth—adieu!" As if by describing this sentimental gesture he had discharged a duty of the soul, he turned to go below to his lonely cabin.

The door to the smoking-room was the nearest. Most of the congregation in there were Americans getting off to a fast start in their race against time—with only five days to go ere the breath of their native desert would dry up the bar—and nothing tempted the man to tarry till his eye lighted haphazard on another solitary figure.

This was one who sat by himself in a corner, minding his pipe, and, to all appearance, nothing else but his thoughts: a long lean body, loose-jointed, with the carved lean mask and almost the complexion of the aboriginal American—that type of fine Anglo-Saxon stock gone native which New England and the Midlands turn out in greater numbers every generation.

Coming to a halt before him Lanyard politely remarked: "Mr. Crane, I believe, sometime of Police Headquarters, New York, and—who knows?—perhaps still—"

The man with the pipe lifted a cool gray stare.

"I don't believe it." he declared with a touch of testiness but no change of muscular expression whatever. "Aint no sich animal. The Lone Wolf shed his felonious hide and showed himself up for nothing but a dumb law-abiding sheep while I was still kicking around in short pants. Go 'way. Quit trying to kid me. You don't exist."

A raw-boned hand at the same time shot out and nipped Lanyard's wrist.

"Maybe I'm wrong at that;

you feel like flesh and blood, all right. Sit down, *hombre,* and don't resist. If you do, I'll tell the Captain on you. Maybe I ought to, at that, instead of buying us a heap of drinks."

"Who am I to oppose you?" The show of resignation, while quite in Crane's humor, was touched by some real feeling, too. "You have reason, my friend: I am a shade indeed, revisiting these glimpses of the moon, but too substantial for all that to care about finishing the voyage in irons. Set aside the inconsistency of a ghost's refusing spirituous consolation."

A steward hovered to serve their pleasure.

"But you, my friend, you have not changed. I mean, of course, outwardly. One would say the years have not been unkind to you. How many is it? No matter!"—a shadow darkened Lanyard's gaze—"I have too good reason to remember."

"Well, if you ask me," Crane heedlessly rejoined, "you don't show a terrible lot of wear and tear, either. It isn't every day a former holy terror has a change of heart and comes back looking like you do. How come?"

"Quite simple. You view in me the result of a change of methods rather than a change of heart. Once a thief, you know—"

"Uh-huh," the other grunted; "I know all about that. You just couldn't stick to the straight and narrow, so you went back to fancy second-story work. Now tell me another."

"But ask any of my clients. I am sure every one will tell you Michael Lanyard, merchant of antiques and *objets d'art,* is a robber still. You may recall, the last you saw of me I was but newly married—"

"I haven't forgotten—nor how I envied you."

"Figure to yourself, one could not consent to do nothing with one's life but be the idle husband of a lady of means. One turned one's modest talents to account, then, by forming an alliance with Délibes et Cie of Paris—and prospered to such effect that one is today a partner in the business."

"Délibes!" Crane opened his eyes. "The antique barons who have a store on Fifth avenue near Fifty-seventh?"

"The same. It is to take over control of the American branch that I am now crossing—for the first time in twelve years."

"Good business! And bringing Mrs. Lanyard. I hope, with you?"

"Mme. Lanyard," accents of desolation answered from a face for the moment averted, "is no more."

"Poor old boy!"

"Thank you, my friend. That is why it seemed wise to profit by the opportunity, when it presented itself, to end my time abroad. France had come to be a land of memories too poignant. . . ."

"You don't intend to return?"

"Never of my own will. It is only just now that I watched the land of my lost youth vanish, and bade it good-by."

"Morbid, I call it—man in his prime, with the best time of life before him, mourning his lost youth!"

"'*Who leaves France*'," Lanyard quoted—"you remember Mary Stuart's Farewell?—'*Who leaves France, dies*'. . . . What is life but a prelude to death, when one has only oneself left to live for?"

"No blood kin anywhere?" Crane wondered uncomfortably.

"None. The parents who forsook me in Paris, an infant, to live or die as God willed, I never knew. Even that wretched woman who informally adopted me, Madame the proprietor of the mean hotel in which I was abandoned, and made a very slave of me, an unpaid drudge at the beck and kick of waiters and scullions—she too is dead these many years."

"Hello!" Glints kindled in the gray eyes with the hoodlike lids. "That's how you took off for a life of crime, eh? I've often wondered—a man that's got the stuff in him you have—"

"But figure to yourself, my friend, what chance had I, with such a background for my boyhood—the backstairs life of a third-rate hotel, the companionship of servants recruited from the kennels and—in my rare hours off—riffraff of the streets, Apaches and worse. Such were the tutors who taught me my trade and turned me out a thoroughpaced young blackguard with the moral sense of a hyena and every thieves' trick at my fingertips, past-master of crime at twenty."

"Going on all they tell of you, that's no idle tale. What beats me is how you ever came to snap out of it."

"Two things were my salvation: the intelligence my unknown parents endowed me with and"—Lanyard with a dim smile paused for a thought—"love."

"So?" Crane's eyebrows were skeptical. "They don't pull too well in double-harness, as a rule, those two—love and horse-sense."

"Yet it was the same intelligence that earned me my sobriquet, the Lone Wolf—for I perceived from the first that the thief was a fool who had allies or confidants to betray him—which told me the jig was up when I fell in love with a right woman. Never since the time immediately preceding my first marriage has the Lone Wolf

prowled. That was long ago, my friend; but to this day the police distrust me. Even you, when we first met, if you remember—"

"Yeah," Crane drawled. "You were a great disappointment to me. But when was this first marriage?"

"In my early twenties."

"It didn't last?"

"We were very happy," Lanyard replied with eyes wistful for the faded years. "We left France to escape the attentions of the police and made our home—under another name, for the sake of our children—in Belgium."

"Children, eh? But I thought you said—"

"There were two, a boy who was seven years old, a girl who was four, when they perished with their mother in the sack of Louvain. It so happened that I was in Paris when War was declared. When at length I managed to break through the lines, I even had trouble finding a neighbor who could lead me to their graves. By my second marriage I had no children. So, as I say, I am alone now," Lanyard wound up, "—and find myself tedious company, as I am afraid you must."

"Any time that happens, I'll tell you."

"But about yourself, please! I have often thought of you, who have so much in the way of kindness to remember you by."

"What do you mean, 'kindness'?" Crane snorted. "Good will, if you like—always did have a soft side for a sportsman. But I'll be jiggered if I can lay my mind to any time when the Lone Wolf asked odds of God, man or devil."

"For all that, there were occasions when I would have been put to it to remain at large, if you hadn't seen to it—how do you say it? —that I 'got the breaks'."

"No more than I'd've done for any man—have, like a sap, too often with others."

"One has more than once thought you were too just a genius, and too good-hearted, to round out your days a policeman." Lanyard saluted with his glass and laughed as he drained it: "If it's a fair question—"

"I've been out of the P. D. a good many years now," Crane confessed, grinning, "—by request more than from choice, if you must know. It seemed to be the consensus of the mugs higher up that a dick who believed in giving a crook a break didn't belong. Shouldn't wonder if they were right, at that."

"But you were too much in love with your profession, surely—" Crane grinned again, wryly.

"You can't teach an old flatfoot to do toe-dancing, that's a fact."

"Then it is Crane's Private Detective Agency today, no doubt?"

"Nothing so grand. No," Crane vaguely professed, "I just do odd jobs as they turn up. Friends send me clients and the ones I satisfy pass the word along to others. The racket will never make me rich, but it's a good enough life—I like it."

"Who is that nice boy, Monsieur, who thinks you are so fascinating? .... Now you may look— he's on his way out."

"That makes me happy for you." Lanyard forbore to follow up a line toward which, it was plain, Crane preferred to maintain a noncommittal attitude. "For myself, no less, I shall not feel so much a skeleton at the feast, amongst all these gay folk, with you on board to gossip with." A bugle, silver-throated, just then sang on the night-swept deck, and Lanyard confirmed by the clock a dark surmise. "It doesn't seem possible that can be the second call for dinner."

"Dressing?" Crane inquired, without offering to budge.

"Oh, if one will travel first-cabin on express steamers—"

"I suppose so. Especially the heavy swell you've turned out to be. It's different here. Nobody cares how a journeyman dick dresses, not so long as he delivers the goods. Mind my saying again you make me tired?"

"I'm sorry," Lanyard alleged, without troubling to look it.

"Anyone our age that's got as much ambition as you have, moaning about his 'lost youth'! Not only that, but I never knew you except when there was something doing, something lively, and the old Lone Wolf in the thick of it. What odds will you lay your precious 'lost youth' aint waiting for you just around the corner?"

"Ah, no, my friend!" Lanyard protested, laughing. "No such luck!"

And went below to meet it face to face. . . .

His stateroom was far forward on the starboard side of A Deck, at the head of a long passageway which was empty at the instant when Lanyard first viewed it from the after end. In the next, however, he discovered in a start that its vista held another figure, a man who had appeared so abruptly at a point about amidships that Lanyard could by no means have said which door he had emerged from, or for that matter that he actually had emerged from any, the effect being that of a shape all at once materialized out of thin air—a quite young man, point-device in evening dress, who was sauntering aft with all insouciance, precisely as if it were his common practice to pop up out of nowhere like an imp in a pantomime.

Now Lanyard hadn't forgotten any of the dodges at which the Lone Wolf had been adept and was hardly to be dumbfounded by one which he could readily have duplicated. It was recoil from a violent psychic shock that sent him on, to bring up with disconcerted eyes questioning the portrait of himself at middle-age which the glass above his cabin washstand pictured. All a-tremble, he whose unshakable nerves had been his secret boast!

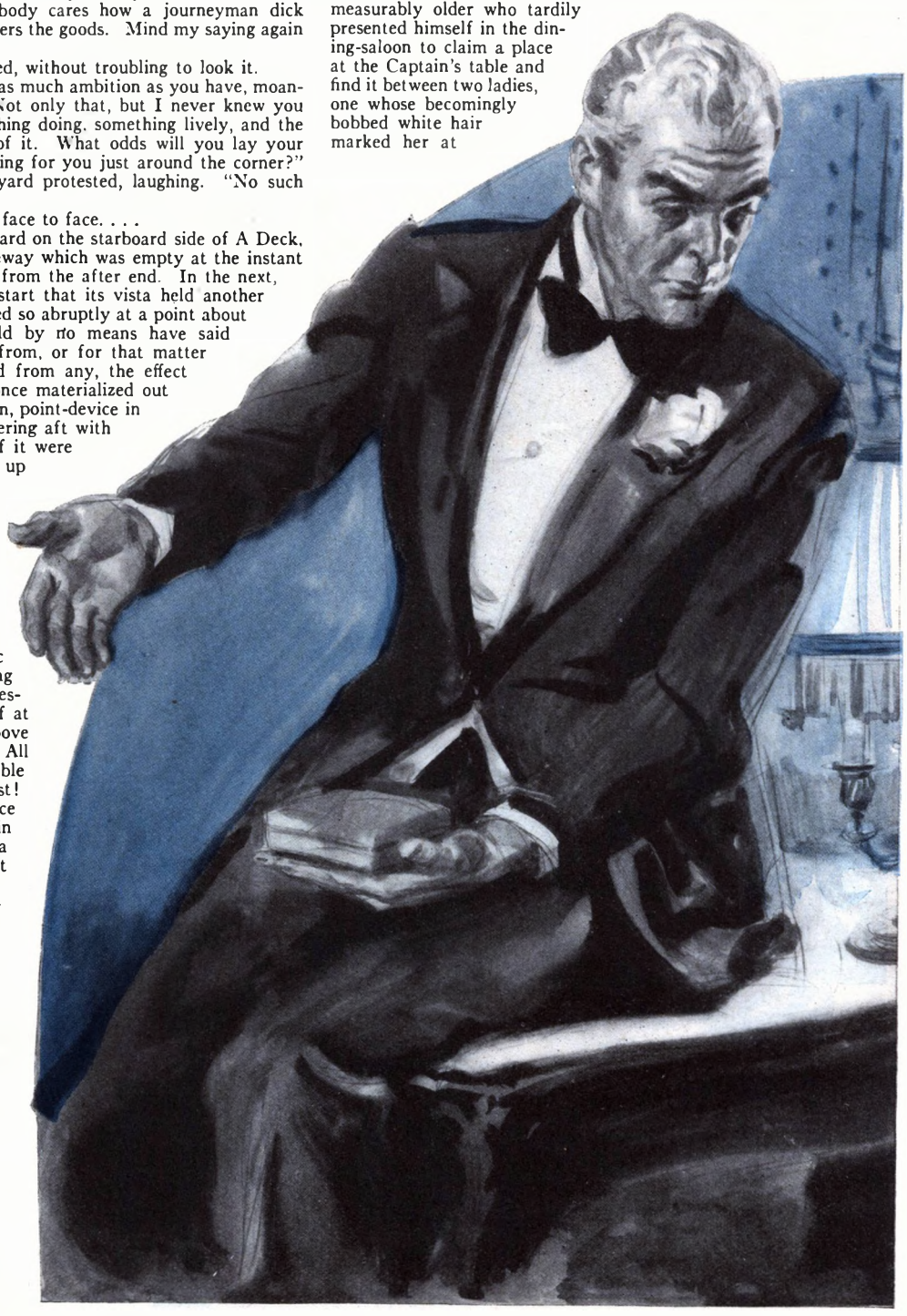
For it had been for a space his lot to look upon himself in the pride of his youth, upon a revenant of the Lone Wolf at the zenith of a career that stood still unparalleled in criminal annals.

As if in entering that passageway he had crossed unawares a forbidden threshold and in the mad perspectives of a realm where Time stood still had met his own lost youth again. . . .

The stare that searched and searched again the lineaments of the mirrored Lanyard saw them, everyone, a prototype of the younger man's. Yet Lanyard questioned whether any vision unbiased by his memories would see the resemblance that in his sight was so bold. If both had the same firm yet mobile mouth, his had grown sad and cynical while the other's was generous still and gay; if both could boast the same dark eyes deeply recessed, one pair was a little weary, the other quick with unquenched verve. And so with every other feature—his hair thinned out and dusted with snow, the other's lush and darkly lustrous, his face graven with deep lines, its temples hollowed, the other's rounded and innocent of crow's-feet. . . .

Had he, then, come blindly upon a younger brother—or, possibly, some collateral of his untraceable paternity? Or might the likeness by any chance conceivable be owing to a closer kinship still?

It demanded an effort of will to put that wild thought by and get on with his dressing. It was a shaken man and one who felt himself measurably older who tardily presented himself in the dining-saloon to claim a place at the Captain's table and find it between two ladies, one whose becomingly bobbed white hair marked her at



"Zircon, madame, cunningly cut and stained to counterfeit the real jewels. Exquisite

sight as the most interesting woman of his acquaintance, and one with hair of ashen gold and sedate brown eyes who was to prove in his esteem, the most winsome of her generation.

The look askance which the first—Mrs. Innes Crozier of New York—turned upon Lanyard promptly kindled with the kindliest spirit.

"How perfectly splendid! And here I've been sitting all over gooseflesh, monsieur, for fear you'd turn out to be either a junior executive of big business or some old dodo-bird winging back to his roost in a Fifth Avenue club window or—God save us!—what have you?"

"Madame is gracious to think a simple tradesman better company," Lanyard responded with a bow.

"Hark to the man! 'Simple tradesman' indeed!" Mrs. Crozier dimpled on him and wagged her fine white head over the hypocrite. "As if you hadn't, simply by putting the weight of your expert knowledge behind it, pushed Délibes into the first place in the last few years—and weren't vain as Lucifer about it! Fenno, sweet!" she called, leaning forward to look past Lanyard. "This is the same Monsieur Lanyard whom you have heard me abuse behind his back so often. Don't be taken in by his deceitfulness. He knows more about jewels and paintings than any man living, and has the nerve to call himself 'a simple tradesman'!"

"Thank you, Mother, for the timely warning," Fenno Crozier replied with disarming simplicity, and gave Lanyard all the attention of grave, sweet eyes. "I'm very fortunate, don't you think, monsieur?"

"Blessed, indeed—or my eyes need looking after and my ears no less."

"What a neat way to turn a compliment—not to mention my head! I only meant in having a mother to guide me. So few girls have, nowadays. Though I think I should have been on my guard this time without a word from Fay, I have heard so much, such curious tales of Monsieur Lanyard."

"I am sure," Lanyard assented with just a trace of patience.

"Forgive me. I didn't mean to be cheeky."

"But forgive me. To be personal is beauty's privilege. I will confess, however, I am a little bored with seeing pretty eyes light up solely with interest in viewing the mortal remains of a bad lot."

"And not, you feel sure, with interest in what you have made of them? A figure of international authority."

"Sure of nothing, mademoiselle, except that I'm no match for you."

"Mother was right," the girl announced with a thoughtful nod. "If she hadn't cautioned me, I might have been taken in by your subtlety. But tell me: Are you always so sensitive to teasing?"

"Supersensitive tonight, I'm afraid, because I have just had a disturbing experience. Do you believe in ghosts? I never did till I saw one."

"But surely you're going to tell me—"

"Don't think to draw all my secrets at once with those interested eyes. Some day, perhaps, when I've had time to mull it over."

"If you don't, I shall never forgive you."

"What have you two found to talk about so earnestly?" Fenno's mother put in.

"Secrets. Thus far, however, they remain locked up in monsieur's bosom. Maybe you'll have more success with the man; but as a pump I'm a wash-out."

The Captain, on her left, claimed Fenno's attention.

"Well?" Fay Crozier archly queried.

But Lanyard made believe to misunderstand and merely answered: "She is exquisite."

"Fenno? Of course she is. Don't you wonder how I, with my rough-house background, made out to give the world such a daughter?"

"In a word—no. And what might 'rough-house background' mean?"

"Don't be a fraud. You know perfectly well—at all events, I should think somebody must have told you—I arrived on Park Avenue by way of Weber and Fields. Gentlemen of the old school still speak of my legs in reverent whispers. But my daughter is a lady."

"But naturally, madame!"

And for a little Lanyard permitted undercurrents of thought to play with the biologic anomaly which Fay Crozier had, with a naïveté entirely in character, advertised. Through his connec-

forgeries—" Fay Crozier disclosed haggard eyes. JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

tion with Délibes et Cie, he had known her for years as a customer who had from time to time sought his advice in respect of additions to her celebrated collection of jewels. A full-blown creature, lively and kind, the strangest combination of *grande dame* and *gamine*, with the presence of the one and the *élan* of the other, he had from the first liked her without knowing more about her than that she was mistress, by marriage, of millions; holding what he heard of her caprices immensely entertaining, and admiring the woman for her light-hearted refusal to be smothered by her indisputable social station while at the same time keeping her skirts clear of the slightest smirch of scandal. Accepted everywhere, but stubbornly declining to be anything but herself, she had come to be more than a mere personage—Fay Crozier was a trans-atlantic tradition.

Fenno was in her own way no less individual and in no way like Fay, a nymph as delicate in every aspect as Fay was extravagant, yet every whit as vital, of a pensive turn but quick with her peculiar wit, restrained of gesture and at the same time spirited, incomparably pretty and as fine-strung as a daughter of the Faubourg St. Germain—she was captivating.

"Homeward bound as always, madame," Lanyard was meantime saying, "heavy with loot from Continental treasure-houses?"

"Oh, nothing worth talking about this trip. I had set my heart on the Gresham jades, but Alice Islip—drat the woman!—beat me to them; so I had to be satisfied with a few odd trifles."

Fay Crozier rattled through a sketchy catalogue; an inside knowledge of market values enabled Lanyard to reckon that she hadn't laid out more than three hundred thousand dollars to poultice her disappointment.

"Bagatelles," he gravely nodded. "You must be thinking your expenses as good as wasted. Unless, of course, you have omitted something."

The white head seemed to give the suggestion serious thought but in the end was again vigorously shaken.

"One heard it whispered you were dickering with Rumbold's for the Habsburg emeralds."

"Not dickering, really. I barely nibbled. Rumbold's wanted too much." Her eyes wide and limpid, the lady mentioned a sum in a tone which conveyed that she had never heard of so much money. "No, indeed; I didn't buy myself a single thing to wear—except, of course, some clothes."

Amazing vagary! This parcel of flesh still fair at fifty evidently would think her person as good as bare if clad in clothing only.

"One is disappointed; one had hoped to get, through you, another glimpse of those matchless stones."

"I couldn't afford them. And anyway, the duty would have been wicked. You know St. Stephen's emeralds, then?"

"But well, I assure you. It so happened that they were in my possession for several days, back in the last week of 1920."

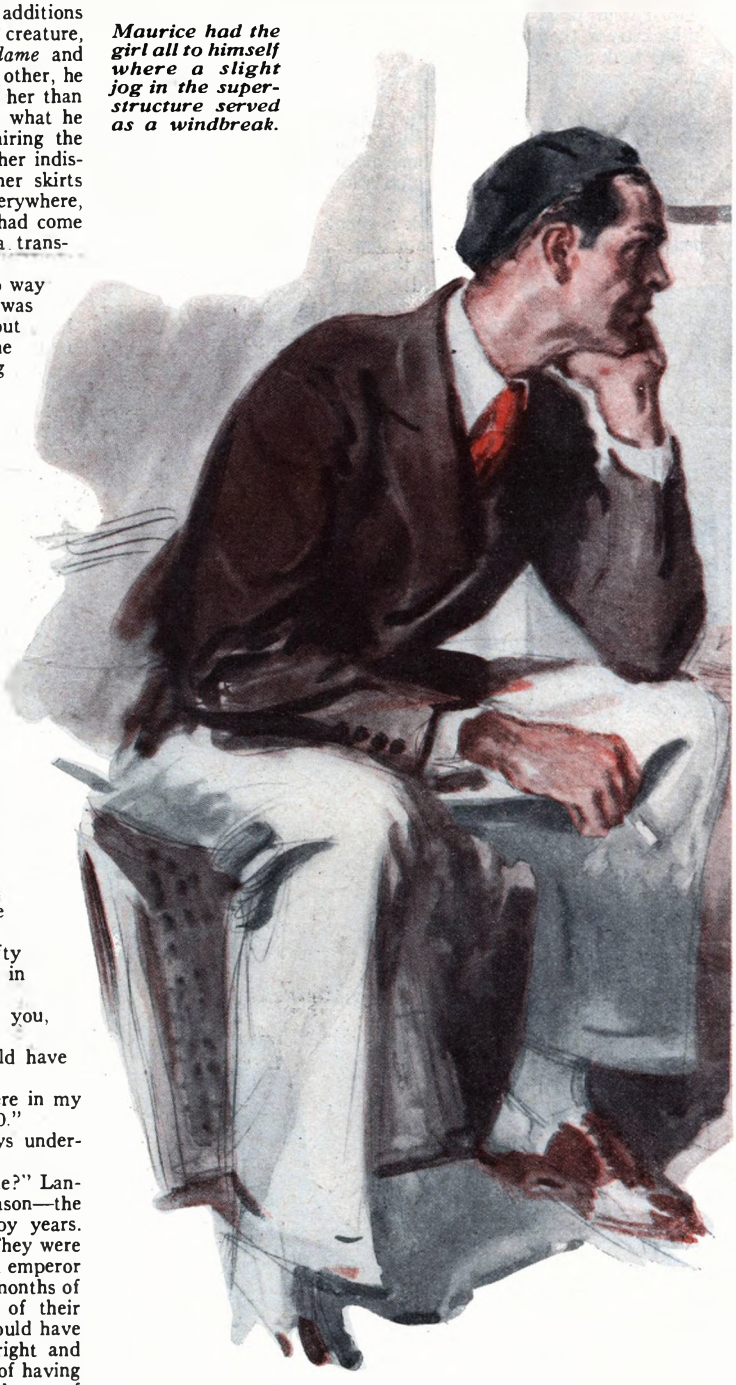
"Not kidding, are you?" Fay inquired. "But I always understood that you—"

"Had forsaken my iniquitous courses prior to that time?" Lanyard considerately finished for her. "Madame has reason—the Lone Wolf's last exploits as such antedated the war by years. No, the emeralds came into my hands quite by chance. They were being conveyed from Budapest, at the time, to the deposed emperor in Switzerland, where, if you remember, he spent his first months of exile. As luck would have it, anti-Royalists got wind of their travels and plotted to intercept and seize them. They would have been successful, too, if the messenger had not taken fright and entrusted the stones to me as one unlikely to be suspected of having anything to do with the affair. In the upshot I had the honor of delivering them to Carl myself at Prangins in almost the first hour of 1921."

"How interesting!" The famous Crozier eyes ran with excitement like blue fire. "Then you could identify the emeralds?"

"But surely. They are unique: seven, matched to a line in size and to the last shade of color and cut as we no longer know how to cut such stones—with, I mean, more than merely care and cunning, with such imagination as is never spent except on a labor of love. But I forget—you have seen them yourself."

"I wish I hadn't." Fay Crozier sighed, a forged sigh which veiled those treacherous eyes. "I'm bewitched by them, and that's a fact. You must tell me more about them sometime—the full story of your adventure."



Maurice had the girl all to himself where a slight jog in the superstructure served as a windbreak.

"At madame's service." To this commonplace Lanyard added in a tone that lent the words a more personal touch: "In all ways."

Demurely lowered lashes flew up to unveil a query which Lanyard met with a smile that might have meant anything; whereupon Fay Crozier closed at discretion the lips she impetuously had parted and feigned a sudden interest in the overtures of the male on her right, leaving Lanyard to savor the satisfaction of a man who feels he has surprised a guilty secret. . . .

Passengers who had answered the dinner call more punctually were beginning already to trickle out between the tables. Lanyard marked Crane as that one drifted by without a glance his way, and told himself the American had a perfect professional presence.

Though, true to his promise, he hadn't dressed, whereas almost everyone else had, he contrived to be the least conspicuous of figures, so self-effacing as to be almost invisible in any gathering unless one made a point of looking at him. A plain man, minding his own business.

Lanyard glanced obliquely at the question of that business. It was none of his, to be sure, but he took the liberty of being mildly skeptical. He didn't give a great deal of credit to the casual account Crane had rendered of his present fortunes. Men of his gifts and native aversion to questionable practices were apt to have a thin time of it, with private agency as well as police employment barred to them. To be of much use to clients who required protection from crooks, a detective needed to keep a finger constantly on the pulse of crook-life, and he couldn't do that very well if he refused to consort either with crooks or with the powers that preyed on them. The ordinary last resort of a man in Crane's plight was the national secret service; but the only thing one could be sure of was that, whereas Crane might be telling the truth when he claimed to be a lone wolf in his own line, if he were in the Government service he would lie with his last breath to cover the truth.

"Who is that nice boy, monsieur"—Fenno Crozier's voice penetrated this light preoccupation—"who thinks you are so fascinating?"

"'Nice boy'?"

"Over there, at the other end of the chief engineer's table. Don't look, unless you don't care, for he's watching you like a cat—has been ever since you came in. . . . Wait a minute. Now you may look—he's on his way out."

Lanyard, following her nod, saw leaving the saloon that young man the sight of whom up on A Deck had given him such a bad quarter of an hour.

"That handsome youngster?"

"He is, isn't he?"

"I'm glad you think so, because he strongly reminds me of some one I knew long ago and was very fond of."

"That's funny, because he reminds me, too of somebody. . . . I've a mind to tell you."

Fenno delayed impishly and Lanyard, though he withstood her gaze with entire composure, lamented the impulse in which he had indulged, he now perceived, at the risk of his secret. The man who thought to trifle with this girl's wits would more wisely pause and think twice about it. And the last thing Lanyard wanted was to have anybody pry into his confidence concerning that hallucination which had visited him in sequel to that brush before dinner. Hallucination was what he now reckoned it safest to call it.

"Do you mind my saying, monsieur, he makes me think of you?"

"To the contrary, I am much flattered." Lanyard at this experienced a sinking sense of indiscretion. The trouble was—he was. "But in Heaven's name!" he expostulated, trying to look properly perplexed. "But how?"

"There's a physical resemblance, of course," the girl began with a crimp of uncertainty in her brows—"not too decided now, but promising. Oh, but there is! I can imagine—well, that he will be more like you when he's a bit older. But it isn't that, really—it isn't his looks so much as his *geste*. You know what I mean: the impression one gets from somebody really interesting—one doesn't need even to know the person to be sensitive to it."

"Quite so. And what, may one ask, is this young man's *geste*, as you take it?"

"The same as yours, monsieur, precisely. Dangerous"—mischief deepened the corners of that pretty mouth—"and sweet."

"I wonder," Lanyard observed after *(Please turn to page 115)*

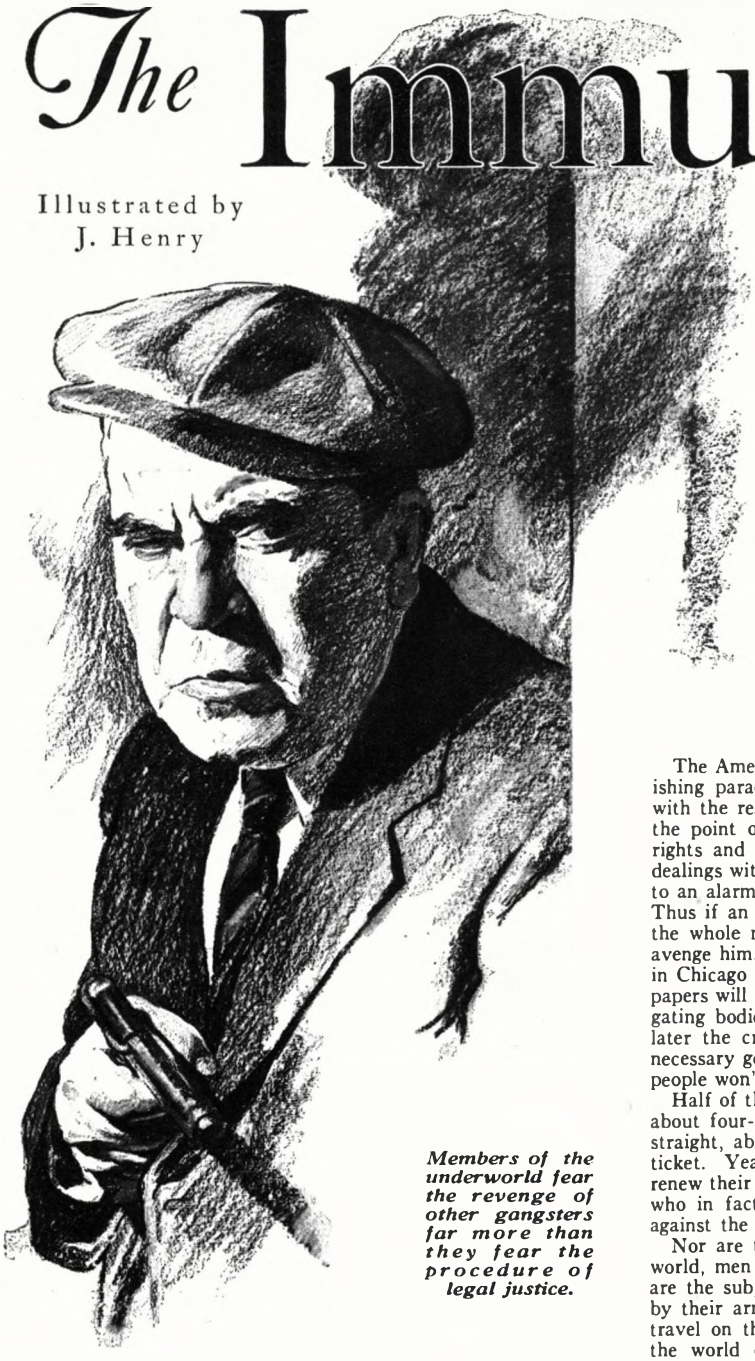
The Immunity of

Illustrated by J. Henry

by

Walter Lippmann

"It becomes increasingly clear," said the New York *Sun* upon the appearance of "A Preface to Morals," "that Walter Lippmann is one of our foremost social thinkers. His analysis of our major problems of political theory, indeed, have been more penetrating than those of any other living American." On these pages, Mr. Lippmann, who is editor of the New York *World*, deals with the greatest menace at this moment to America. —E. B.



Members of the underworld fear the revenge of other gangsters far more than they fear the procedure of legal justice.

BUT for its endless capacity to take things for granted and become used to them, the human race would probably have long since become excessively downhearted. Men have had to put up with a good deal from the physical world, what with cold and heat, drought, flood, famine, earthquake and pestilence. Apparently they can get used to all of them. They will live on the slopes of a volcano and when their houses are destroyed proceed unhesitatingly to rebuild them on the same spot. They can settle down to live on a cake of polar ice or in the midst of a poisonous swamp. They are no less versatile in accepting their human circumstances. They can accustom themselves to misery in a foul slum, taking it as a matter of course, or to riches and privileges and glory, and think these blessings their due. The obvious is the normal—and is not easily challenged or sharply noticed. Only now and then does it occur to many at the same time that their commonplaces may in the eyes of a detached observer seem extraordinary.

The American people today have become used to a really astonishing paradox. They have a government which in its dealings with the rest of the world is invincibly powerful and insistent to the point of bellicosity on upholding every jot and tittle of its rights and its authority. They have a government which in its dealings with violent criminals at home is largely impotent and has to an alarming degree lost its prestige and abdicated its authority. Thus if an American citizen in Nicaragua is murdered by bandits the whole might and majesty of the nation will be employed to avenge him. But if an American citizen is murdered by gangsters in Chicago or New York the general assumption is that the newspapers will print indignant editorials, at least three jealous investigating bodies will stumble all over each other, and that ten days later the crime will be forgotten. The American nation will if necessary go to war to uphold its authority abroad; the American people won't even go to the ballot-box to uphold it at home.

Half of them won't go to the ballot-box at all. Of those who go about four-fifths will vote for anybody, dead or alive, crooked or straight, able or foolish, whom the party bosses have put on the ticket. Year after year in cities like Chicago and New York they renew their grants of power to politicians who cannot or will not—who in fact fail abysmally to—uphold the authority of the law against the open and the organized defiance of the underworld.

Nor are the facts unknown to them. The lords of the underworld, men like Capone and Rothstein, are public figures. They are the subjects of biographies. They move freely, accompanied by their armed bodyguards, in public places, live at large hotels, travel on the best trains, and have friends and acquaintances in the world of politics, business, journalism, theaters, and commercialized sport. All this is well known. It is no less well known that in the domain over which they rule the final argument is murder, not only the murder of rivals, but the murder of anyone who by his testimony might help to bring the murderers to book.

In large urban areas like Chicago and New York there exists within American society another society in which the authority of the law does not prevail. It has a law of sorts which is its own, the law of dividing the spoils, and then of treachery against its own bargains, and in the end reprisal and extermination. There is, however, one rule which binds together warring gangs and conspirators of the underworld: the rule that government must not interfere. The rule is founded on the terrible fact that all members of the underworld fear the revenge of other gangsters far more than they fear the procedure of legal justice.

This fear they have now implanted in the breasts of the ordinary private citizen. Speaking the other day after the attempted murder

the Underworld

of a gangster named Diamond in New York, Mr. Mulrooney, the Police Commissioner, made this ominous comment:

"When arrests are not made it is customary to allude to the cases as unsolved crimes. But in the majority of cases they should be called unpunished crimes. Often we know the motive for the crime and we know its perpetrators, but the reluctance of witnesses makes it impossible for us to prosecute."

Commissioner Mulrooney is a shrewd, hard-bitten New York policeman. He is no fancy amateur in the business of dealing with crime, and his testimony can be taken as the word of genuine experience. It almost certainly touches the vital point in the whole matter. In these gangsters' crimes, says Mr. Mulrooney, the police often know the motive, they often know the criminals—but they cannot make a case because the witnesses are reluctant to testify. Why are the witnesses reluctant? That is the heart of the whole matter. They are reluctant because they are afraid. If they themselves belong to the underworld they will not testify because they would be killed for it. If they are peaceable citizens

The American nation will if necessary go to war to uphold its authority abroad; the American people won't even go to the ballot-box to uphold it at home.

they will not testify because they too have come to believe that the vengeance of the underworld is more terrible and more certain than the protection of the law.

The condition of affairs described by Commissioner Mulrooney is an undeniable symptom of the collapse of government. I know that these are big words to use and that they are often used carelessly and for the mere rhetorical effect. I do not say that government has collapsed in Chicago or New York. I do say that the condition described by Mr. Mulrooney is a true symptom of a condition which, if it is unchecked, would be the collapse of government.

Government has collapsed before within the boundaries of the American republic. It collapsed in the Southern States after the Civil War had destroyed the established social and legal order. It collapsed on the Western frontier many times and at many places before a solid social structure was built. It is by no means inconceivable that it might collapse again in the great urban areas which are today the new American frontier: in the region where the older American traditions, the unchanneled energies of uprooted peoples, and a restless mechanical and acquisitive social order are in fierce collision. It is quite conceivable that under the impact the municipal institutions of an earlier and simpler age may sink into impotent collapse.

The symptoms of such a collapse confront us. The charge which Bryce made forty years ago that city government was the one conspicuous failure in the United States has not yet been refuted. It cannot be refuted by pointing to magnificent public works or to improvements in sanitation and education. I have seen in my own time beautiful cities in foreign lands with great paved highways, spacious universities, and marble halls of justice, where government had collapsed, functionaries were impotent, and only the good habits of the majority of peaceable men remained to withstand the violence of the predatory.

The fundamental business of government, its one indispensable function, the ultimate test of its success, is the maintenance of its own authority against all forms of organized violence. Government cannot stop all crimes of passion. It cannot stop all individual murders and robberies. But if it is a government, it can and will stop organized violence, systematic law-breaking, syndicated swindle and murder. Above all, if it is a government, its authority will be respected generally, will be feared by the criminal, will be trusted by the peaceable as against any other human agency. It is this respect, this fear, this trust, which are fast disappearing in Chicago and in New York. When innocent witnesses to a crime are afraid to testify, by what right do the office-holders call themselves a government? They have failed in the primary business of government when the citizens of their city are terrorized into silence by the underworld.

They have reason to be terrified. They know that there is much less than an even chance that any important crime will be punished. The statistics are notoriously inexact, but on conservative estimates the percentages of conviction for known cases of felony are fantastically small. It is said that in Chicago, for example, not three felonies in ten are punished. The reality is even worse than the figures. For it is the most dangerous criminals who have greatest immunity. To big gangsters and their armed retainers chance of arrest and conviction is so small that hardly anyone now expects them to be prosecuted. It is a fair hypothesis that the machinery of justice operates by and large only against criminals who are, so to speak, in business for themselves.

The immunity which has been achieved by organized criminals is due to the corruption, the cowardice, and the incompetence of municipal governments. I do not forget or underestimate the enormous financial power which bootlegging has given to the underworld. The attempt by constitutional fiat to outlaw the liquor business has established a gigantic business for outlaws. I do not suppose that the cities can ever hope to bring this business under control as long as the Federal Constitution forbids them to regulate it legally. But although Prohibition has vastly magnified the resources of the underworld, it would be naïve to suppose that the repeal of Federal Prohibition will alone destroy the power of the underworld. There will still remain a multitude of illicit trades to support it, and no end of swindle and blackmail and extortion, as well as stealing in all its forms and graft in all its varieties, to occupy the predatory. The repeal of Federal Prohibition and the establishment of a lawful traffic in liquor would undoubtedly deprive the underworld of vast sums of money with which it now corrupts the agents of the law; but if the experience of the past means anything, we must recognize that when organized crime has once established itself, it is not possible to exterminate it by cutting off any one, however important, of its sources of revenue.

Police often know the motive, they often know the criminals—but they cannot make a case because witnesses are reluctant to testify; they are afraid.

Organized crime of the sort which is now established in certain parts of America can exist only because government is known to be weak. By weak I mean unable or unwilling to arrest, unable or unwilling to put together the evidence, unable or unwilling to prosecute quickly and certainly. The criminal is a gambler with the chances of punishment. If the stakes are high enough and the probability of punishment low enough he will strike where and when it suits him. Under strong governments the probability of punishment is so high that only exceptionally daring criminals or the mentally diseased, who are a separate problem, will take the risks. In Chicago and New York the risks are absurdly small. When the big racketeers can live openly in affluence it is made manifest to the meanest mind that the hazards of a criminal career are slight in comparison with the rewards.

The predatory do not respect or fear the government. Experience has taught them that they are not likely to be arrested. The police are not very astute and the mouths of witnesses can be shut tight. If by chance they are arrested they are still far from any serious danger of punishment. In the earlier procedure of the law there is political influence for sale; in later procedures there are enormous safeguards of the law set up to protect the innocent and used most effectively to shield the guilty. The law is neither certain nor impressive, for it is administered in part venally, in part irresolutely, in part incompetently, and almost always confusedly.

Does any one doubt that municipal government in Chicago or

New York is corrupt where it touches the underworld? Is there anyone who does not know that Al Capone could not conduct his business without the connivance of politicians? Is it not certain that Arnold Rothstein was very close indeed to politicians and office-holders in New York? Is there any doubt that district leaders or their henchmen know the gangsters in their vicinity? Is there any doubt that the gangsters, being men of influence, are cultivated for the help they can give in primary elections and that they can count very frequently on political lawyers who will act as friends at court? The full exposure and complete proof of this is lacking, because in cities like Chicago and New York all the agencies of investigation are monopolized by the political machines which draw part of their strength from the underworld. But no close observer of affairs, such as an experienced reporter on a metropolitan daily paper, would, I think, question the statement that the political parties are corruptly entangled in the business of organized crime. When actual corruption is lacking, cowardice and incompetence serve the same end. There are plenty of honest politicians and honest office-holders, men, that is to say, who make no illegitimate profit. But among the honest insiders there have been none that I know of in this generation who have ever dared seriously to challenge the alliances of their associates in the underworld. They are inhibited in part by fear and in part by sheer helplessness. For let there be no mistake about it: to expose this system in all its ramifications, to obtain evidence which will stand a test in court, to prosecute and to convict is a task which only superbly able, resolute and undismayed patriots could carry through triumphantly.

Such men exist in America. They are numerous particularly in places like Chicago and New York which have drawn to themselves so many of the energetic men of the country. But these men are rarely public officials. They are not mayors or police commissioners. They are not prosecuting attorneys or magistrates. There is no reason to suppose that the voters are aware that such men are available if they are called or that the security and the dignity of government can be restored only by getting such men in the places of authority. The voters in Chicago and New York accept—in fact they take to their bosoms—men who are as little fitted to govern a great modern city as I am fitted to be Emperor of Abyssinia. Think of William Hale Thompson and James J. Walker. Think what a story they tell as to the political sense of the voters. Think of the shoddiness and cynicism and laziness, the downright lack of public spirit, which selects men like these out of all the brains and courage of the two largest cities in the land.

Yet it is useless to denounce these men. They are the choice of the free citizens of great cities. They are what a majority of the voters have chosen after our public schools, our colleges, our free press and our churches had gotten through educating and edifying the people. Walker and Thompson are the people's choice. But if the people want their Walkers and their Thompsons they must put up also with Rothstein and Diamond and Al Capone.

What YOU

When you *one* thing to do

by MARY

"If we're going to keep our love for each other right, we've got to care about the people who need us."

Illustrated by Ruth Eastman

A CORRIDOR of dull and drab apartment houses set off the glaring brightness of Madison Street, Scammon Court seems to the casual no more than a cul-de-sac of sad and sorrowful poverty in the heart of Chicago's West Side; but to Rose Gilby, come up to it from lower, drearier levels of the human struggle, its narrow byway was a Field of the Cloth of Gold on which she rode triumphant.

Not old enough nor wise enough to know how much better it is to travel hopefully than to arrive, she looked upon the little flat where she dwelt in one of the somber buildings with the pride of an ultimate achievement. Rugs and chairs, tables and beds, it meant the summit toward which she had been leading the Gilbys for seven upward-striving years. It was home, the first that she and Sheila and Tess had ever known. Gazing upon it with the eyes of a general who has led his army to victory, she saw its shining oak and gleaming brass not merely as utilitarian furnishings, but as monuments upon a conquered battlefield, each one of them a memorial to sacrifice and valor.

Not with her usual robust pride of possession, but with that cognizant and wistful affection which presages parting from them, she scanned the crowded little rooms in the pale afterglow of an April sunset, measuring the fabric of her life by the yardstick of their existence. "Who'd ever think that three kids out of Bethesda could have a home of their own—like this?" she asked the Rose Gilby of the mirror above the sideboard, a slim girl with luminous gray eyes for the visioning of dreams, and a sharply determined chin for making them come true. Beside her, in the glass, drifted memories of some of the hardships she had endured—hunger and cold, and the deeper pains of hurt pride—for the winning of the goal she had set for herself back in the heart-chilling dormitory of the Bethesda Home for Orphaned Children. "Oh, boy, it's been worth them all!" she boasted; but her mouth went grim as she counted some of the cost of triumph.

As she moved about the room, however, setting the table with bright-colored china and glass, her hopes leaped forward to dream of another home. "My next big job," she thought happily at recollection of Joe Hendrick. As if in accord with her mood, the telephone summoned her, and she crossed the room to give it answer.

"Miss Gilby speaking," she laughed. "Who'd you think it was—Greta Garbo?" For a moment she listened smilingly. "Well, I was thinking of using our box at the opera tonight," she declared, " but you're so urgent, Mr. Hendrick, that I'm willing to miss 'Aïda' for your sake. . . . No, Joe, dear, I wasn't going to do a thing but help Tess with a dress she's making. Want to come to dinner? I'm getting it. It's my turn this week, and the banquet's going to be something good. . . . All right, if you say so. . . . Afterward, then. Bring the limousine at eight. . . . That's late? For what? Why can't you tell me now?. . . I'll have to wait, then, to find out. Toodle-oo, old thing."

Would Do?

want to do and you *ought* another

SYNON

She hung up the receiver, and went back to her tasks with her smile softening from gayety to tenderness as she pictured Joe leaving the telephone-booth from which he had called, and going to eat at the Greek's down near Paulina Street. "Anyone else would have come here," she told herself with pride in his refusal to take more than one meal a week from the Gilbys. "Dear old Joe!" she laughed, then sighed in a conscious realization of her comforting dependence upon him. "I've held up the heavy end so long," she justified her weakness, "that it'll be grand to let some one else do it for a while, and Joe does it so well." She turned the radio dial to the blithest dance-tune she could find, and went to the little kitchen.

The music was blaring so loudly that she did not hear Lenny Berry's pattering footsteps until the child from the apartment upstairs stood beside her at the stove. "Oh, heavens, how you frightened me!" she laughed as he struck at her with a spoon, and whirled around to play with him. "No, I daren't give you any candy," she told him. "Your mother told me I shouldn't. Here's a balloon, though. Let's see if we can blow it up." In that rare understanding of childhood which climbs over the wall into a child's world, she made the game a thrilling gamble. "Will it go? Will it burst? Bigger—bigger—biggest!" She tied the bright-hued rubber into firmness, then sped Lenny off to await his mother. "She'll be coming in three minutes, Lenny, and you ought to be waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. You're a dear little boy," she told him, and kissed him.

"Why haven't you a little boy, Rose?" he turned back from the doorway to ask.

"I've never had time to buy one."

"My mother won't sell me."

"I wouldn't, either, if you were mine."

"When'll you buy one?"

"Some day."

"What'll you call him?"

"Joe," she said, and to her own amazement blushed hotly. "Well, what do you know about that?" she asked herself as she went back to the stove. "I'm just like all the rest of them." But some valiant quality in her essential courage refused to let her see herself in the rut of that common lot where Stella Berry and Frank, and the Driggses and Cragins and Maxie Deller seemed to move. "We're different, Joe and I." she flung out the banner of youth. . . .

She was still holding it high when she went down the dark stairs of the apartment building with Joe. Before Tess and Sheila she had given him only merry greeting, but in the dimness of the lower hall she lifted a radiant face to him. He kissed her swiftly, yearningly.

"I've been so lonely for you," she said.

"Since Sunday?" He held her off to smile down into her eyes.

"This is Tuesday."

"That's a long time."

"It was long."

He tucked her hand within his arm as they went out into the narrow street where lavender arc-lights sputtered close to the high brick houses. With the eased consciousness of his protectiveness, she let it rest there, even when they had come into the brighter thoroughfare of Madison Street. There was, she realized from that hard-won knowledge her seven working years in the city had given her, a rare quality of dependability about Joe Hendrick. Beside other men who had said they had loved her, other men whom she had thought she might love, he was a pillar of strength. Steady, reliable in his work, trustworthy in his human relationships, he had been to Rose safe harbor for the drifting ships of her volatile emotions. "I love you," she told him.

"I love you, Rose." There was a troubled cadence in his voice that shook her. "You know that, don't you?"

"I know it."

"You'll remember that, no matter what anyone says?"

"What's happened, Joe?"

"Nothing. I've got to talk to you, though."

"Go ahead." She drew up the collar of her coat as if a cold wind from the lake to the eastward had struck Madison Street.

"I can't talk here." He led the way to a Chinese restaurant, somber in spite of red and gold decorations. Across a teakwood table over food neither of them touched, he faced her. "Do you know Audrey Blake?"

"I've heard of her."

"Most people on the West Side have."

"What about her—and you?"

"I've known her all my life." A frown clove his forehead. "She and I were born in the same block over on Oakley. We went to school together. She was always a wild little thing."

"Did you love her?"

"No, I don't think I ever did." The cleft between his eyes deepened. "Not even in a kid way. I liked her, though, a lot. I used to be sorry for her, and she knew it. She always came to me when she got into scrapes."

"She would." Rose's face was grim.

"Oh, be yourself, Rose. You're not going to keep from doing a decent thing just because

"I got her out of some of them. Then she got into the kind where no one could help her much. She ran away with Gil Brown before his wife divorced him, but he married Marion Wilks, after all. Audrey went to pieces. I put her in a sanitarium up in Wisconsin until she could get hold on herself. When she came out, she married Gene Terriss. That lasted less than a year. Then she went off to China with a chap she'd met in San Francisco. A native woman killed him. Audrey was broke. She wrote me, and I sent her the money to come back. It took every cent I had to do it," he added a little ruefully, "but I guess it saved her from plenty hell out there."

"Why should you sacrifice for her?" Rose cried, resentment against the unknown Audrey rising higher than pride in Joe's generosity. "She's nothing to you." There was in her tone a question-mark of which she was hardly aware. "She's nothing to you."

"I know she isn't." His voice grew a little impatient. "There's something about some people, though, that makes you do things for them."

"Perhaps you cared for her"—for the first time in the course of their love, jealousy struck at her—"more than you knew."

"I haven't, Rose. Honestly. You're the only girl I've ever known who I've wanted to marry."

"I believe you, Joe; only—"

"Only what?"

"Only sometimes men love girls they don't want to marry."

"Well, I've never loved Audrey. Besides, she's past all that now."

"Dead?" Remorse for her words swept over her.

"Dying. Over at the County."

"Oh!" Out of her institutionalized childhood, she had brought a dread of public charity, and the great hospital which sprawled, a vast caravansary of life and death, over squares of the West Side, always seemed to menace her. "I'm sorry."

"She sent for me yesterday."

"For you?"

"All her folks are dead. Gene Terriss is in South America, and he'd do nothing for her, anyhow. No one knows where Clayton, the last man she married, has gone. She's penniless. She'd been living in a wretched rooming-house down near Ada Street when she was taken sick. The little girl's still there, she says."

"Her child?"

"Yes."

"And this Clayton's?"

"I suppose so."

"How old is she?"

"Two years."

"Oh!" A swift memory of Sheila, just two when their mother had died and they had been taken to the Bethesda, shook her. "Poor baby," she murmured.

"Audrey didn't know I was going to be married," he went on, his eyes frankly troubled now. "She'd sent for me to ask me to do something for Mimi. I told her it'd have to be up to you."

"To do something for her baby? What does she want you to do?"

"She'd like me to take her, I guess."

"Joe!"

"I'm only telling you, Rose."

"You wouldn't tell me unless you wanted me to do it. You can't, Joe!"

"I told her it was all up to you," he replied slowly.

"It's absurd. Why should you take a baby you've never seen because a girl who's nothing to you asks it?"

"I haven't said I'd take her. I told Audrey that it was your decision, not mine."

"It's not fair to put it all up to me."

"I can't see why it isn't," he persisted in a stubborn reasonableness which made her long to shake him as if he had been a small boy. "You wouldn't want me to decide a thing like that without you, would you?"

"You could have refused without bringing me into it at all."

"Perhaps I could." His mouth set a little grimly. "Oh, see here, Rose, can't you understand how it is? She was almost like a sister of mine when we were kids. My mother was sorry for her because her mother was dead, and she used to do the things for Audrey she'd have done for a little girl of her own. When my mother died, Audrey felt almost as badly as I did. That's what got me today. I kept thinking of what my mother would have done for Audrey's baby. That's why I said I'd ask you to come and talk to her yourself."

"What good will it do to talk? I won't take a strange child. Not—not while we're young, Joe. It's not fair. We've a right to our own lives. And oh, Joe, what would everyone say?"

"They won't say it's yours, anyhow." A gleam of humor flashed over the gray sky of his gloomy concern.

"They'd say it was yours."

"Oh, go on!"

"They would."

"Who cares?" he shrugged. "You and I know better."

"*I* care."

"Oh, be yourself, Rose. You're not going to keep from doing a decent thing just because of what people may say, are you?"

"I'm not going to let anyone put anything over on me," she snapped, the impatience of his criticism arousing all the innate jealousy of Joe which had slumbered beneath the surface of her love for him. Always she had known that he cherished affiliations and affections of that happy childhood so far removed from her own bleak years at the Bethesda. Now all her suppressed longing for the thing that she could never attain rushed to reinforce her resentment of another woman's appeal to his sympathies. "I'm no fool."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not going to take Audrey Blake's child when she—when she might be yours."

"Rose!" In stunned wonder he stared at her. Then, slowly, a dull red flush spread over his face. "You don't think that?"

"I don't know."

"Then you don't believe in me?"

"I did."

"When there was nothing to try you."

"There's plenty now."

"All right." To her dismay he rose suddenly, paid the immobile Chinese at the desk, and turned to her. "I said it was up to you. Now it's ended. Do you understand that? Ended. We'll never mention it again."

"But Joe—"

"Where do you want to go? A movie?"

"I'm going home," she said hotly. "You needn't come with me. I don't want you to come. I don't want to see you again. Not after this. Not after the way I've trusted you."

of what people may say, are you?" "I'm not going to let anyone put anything over on me," she snapped.

"If you don't trust me now, you might just as well call it off," he said bitterly; but he walked beside her into the darkness of Scammon Court. At the doorway of the high apartment house, he stood before her.

"Don't be a fool, Rose," he pleaded. "Can't you see that you're all wet about this? Just crazy."

"I'm not crazy," she said coldly. "Good night."

He braced his shoulders, and strode off toward the brightness of Madison Street. For a moment she stood staring after him defiantly; then, with eyes blazing and lips quivering, she climbed the stairs to the little apartment.

Tess and Sheila were out, and in the darkness she groped her way to a chair near the window. The mauve light of the globe on the street outside cast fitful shadows into the room, and she shivered in a fear strange to her as she strove to face the change in her fate which an hour had wrought. She had gone out, loving and trusting Joe Hendrick, radiant in the knowledge that in a little while she was going to marry him. Now, angry, hurt, overwhelmed as completely by her own imaginings as she could have been by any certified statement of his turpitude, she sat looking forward to a life as black as the circumscribed street below.

"I can't live without Joe," her first clear-cut thought rose from the welter of her misery. "Tess and Sheila'll marry, and leave me, and I'll be all alone. I can't let him go!" She clenched her hands as if she held her love for him tight within them, then slowly, despairingly, let them drop. "I must," she said. "I can't marry him when I feel this way about him."

Through her mind raced again the doubts and dreads which his request that she go to Audrey Blake had brought to life. "I must know the truth of it, the whole truth," she told herself in youth's dogmatic belief that knowledge of a situation may ease the thongs of the unhappiness it has created. "Even if I never see him again, I must know." Swiftly there came to her thought of going to the woman in the hospital, but just as swiftly she strove to put it from her. It would not go, however; it lurked at the door of her consciousness until it impelled her to action. "I'll find out," she said, and for the second time that night set out from Scammon Court.

The County Hospital, a vast pile of brick and stone which loomed like a huge checkerboard of light and shadow above the darkness of the streets around it, chilled her with fear of its constant, tremendous drama of existence and of passing, as she crossed the worn stones toward its door. Immense, immobile, symbolic of the strength and sorrows of the city it served, the great building confronted her with the cold hostility of a gigantic impersonality. "Past visiting hours," a tired clerk at the information desk told her as she asked for Audrey Clayton.

"I must see her," she declared tensely. "She's dying. I can't wait until tomorrow."

"Sorry, lady."

"Isn't there some one who can let me see her?" she battered her way.

"No one but the warden, lady."

"Where's he?"

He directed her to an elevator which bore her to a floor fronting another office. A kind-eyed, elderly man was coming through its door. "Where'll I find the warden?" she asked him.

"I'm the warden," he told her.

"I've got to see Audrey Clayton," she flung at him. "Now—tonight. She's dying. She wants to see me about—about her baby. Maybe tomorrow'll be too late. I've got to see her." With denial her purpose had grown the stronger. "I must."

"All right." He turned back to a desk, and wrote something on a card. "Give that to the ward nurse," he bade her.

She went back to the downstairs office, finding from the listless clerk the ward where Audrey had been taken. "Here's her address on Ada Street too," he threw in, as if for good measure, "but there aint no name for notification. Do you want to put down yours?"

"No," she said, and hurried off to find the ward.

She had trouble locating it in the maze of rectangular hallways, filled with the pervasive odors of disinfectants and diseases. Through wide doorways she glimpsed men and women lying on high white beds, some motionless, others tossing in restless pain. White-coated internes and nurses in the striped blue and white of the hospital service uniforms passed swiftly, intent on their errands. In a shadowy corner a woman sobbed softly.

Not the Rose Gilby of self-sufficient independence, earning her living proudly and gayly, but the child of remembered fears and terrors from the orphanage, she scurried through the corridors, dreading now more than all else the consummation of the impulse which had brought her into the place.

"Did you want to see some one?" a nurse asked her. With trembling hands she gave her the card, and with stiff lips spoke Audrey's name. "Wait here," the nurse bade her. "I'll see if you can go in now."

She saw the woman cross the room toward the nurse on duty within, speak to her for a moment, and turn toward a screen in the far corner. She waited, shaking with terror, and trying to phrase the question she would ask Audrey Clayton, trying to devise words which would bring out the truth she sought. What could she say to her? Ask her if Joe had loved her? If she had loved Joe? Ask her if the little girl, this Mimi whom she wanted Joe to take, were his child? "Oh, I can't!" Rose shivered. "She's dying. I can't ask her anything like that. Perhaps, though," she reasoned, "things like that don't matter when you know you're going. Perhaps nothing but truth matters then. I must know—I must know. My life's ahead of me, and it all depends on that." Grimly she stood at the doorway as the nurse turned back to her.

"I'm sorry," the woman said, her tone sad with the understanding of one who has come to know death as part of the work of the day. "You're too late. Mrs. Clayton died a half-hour ago."

In a daze of horror Rose Gilby made her way back through the hospital halls and down the stairway to *(Please turn to page 123)*

"I can't live without Joe," her thought rose from the welter of her misery. "I can't let him go!"

In Tune *with* Our Times

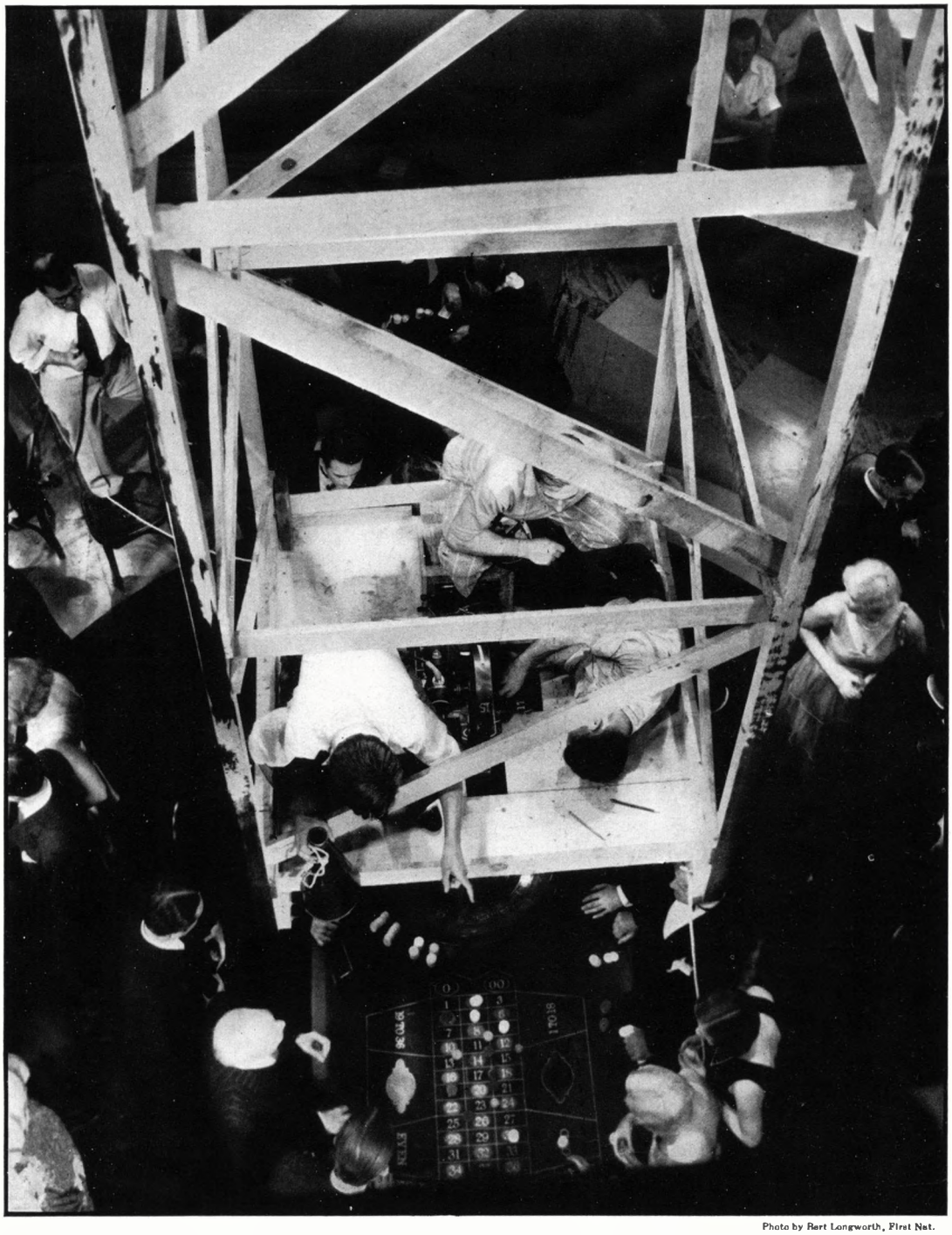
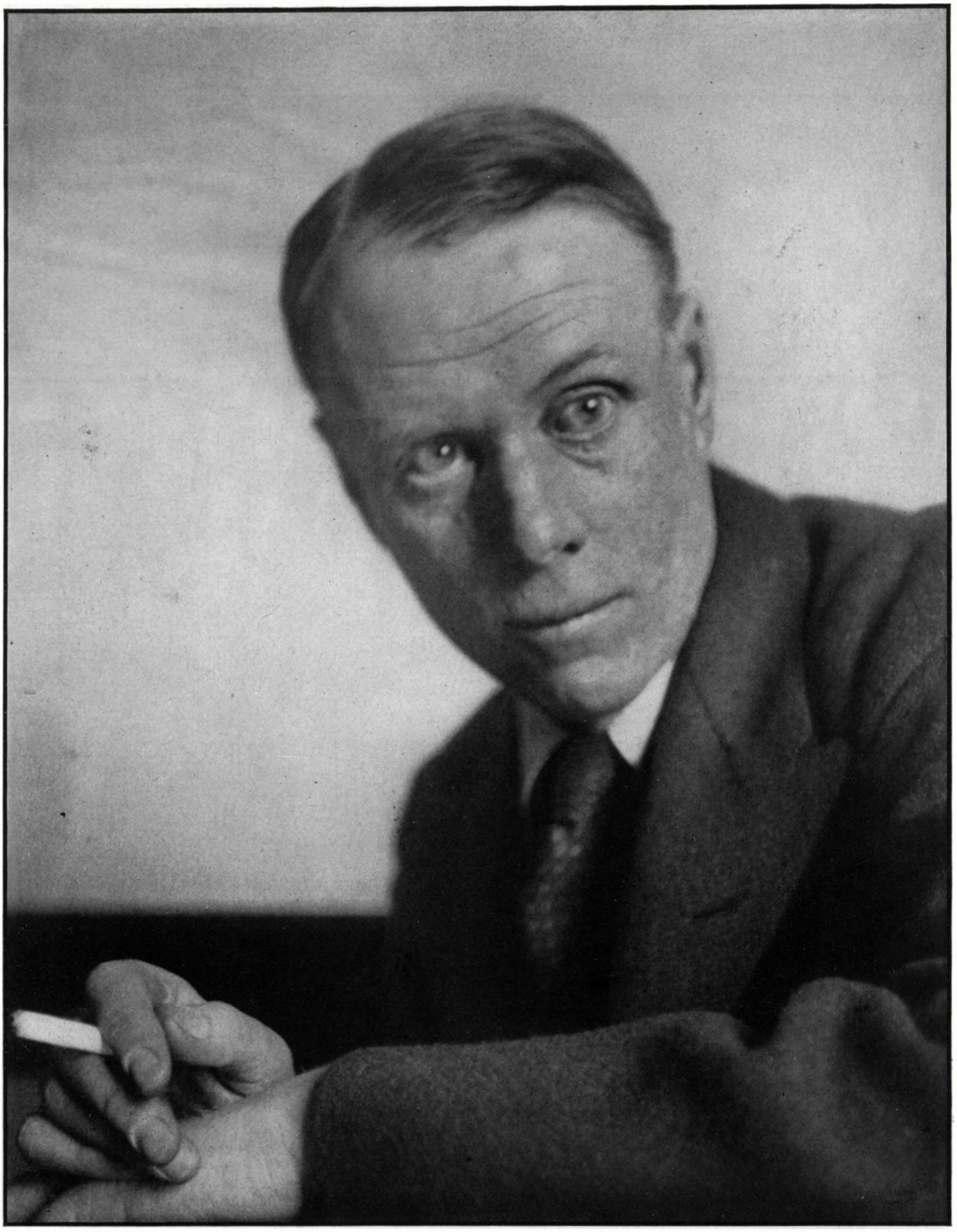


Photo by Bert Longworth, First Nat.

MOVIE SHOT

A view of the inner sanctum of the cinematic cosmos—or is it chaos? By way of explanation, Director Mervyn Le Roy is at work on a scene from "Little Cæsar," an exposé of the underworld.



SINCLAIR LEWIS

Frequently have our men of science won that great and practical honor, the Nobel Prize; but the Nobel award for literature comes to America for the first time because of "Babbitt," which appeared here on a 1922 publication date. Congratulations to the author, whose latest work you will soon see in REDBOOK.

Photo by Hurrell

KAY FRANCIS

A successful gambler with the Broadway stage beginning in the modern version of "Hamlet." Now her stellar ranking in Screenland offers such credentials as "Gentlemen of the Press," "Virtuous Sin," "Raffles" and "Passion Flower." Under analysis they were won on the merit of the devastating Big Three—talent, beauty and style.

Photo by Hal Phyfe

JEAN DIXON

delights especially in turning to those radiant pages in her memory book entitled: Eight Years in France Under the Tutorage of Sarah Bernhardt. Selfishly, though, we prefer to reminisce about her "June Moon" days. Now she is one of the reasons for the box-office slogan of "Once in a Lifetime"—"Standing Room Only."

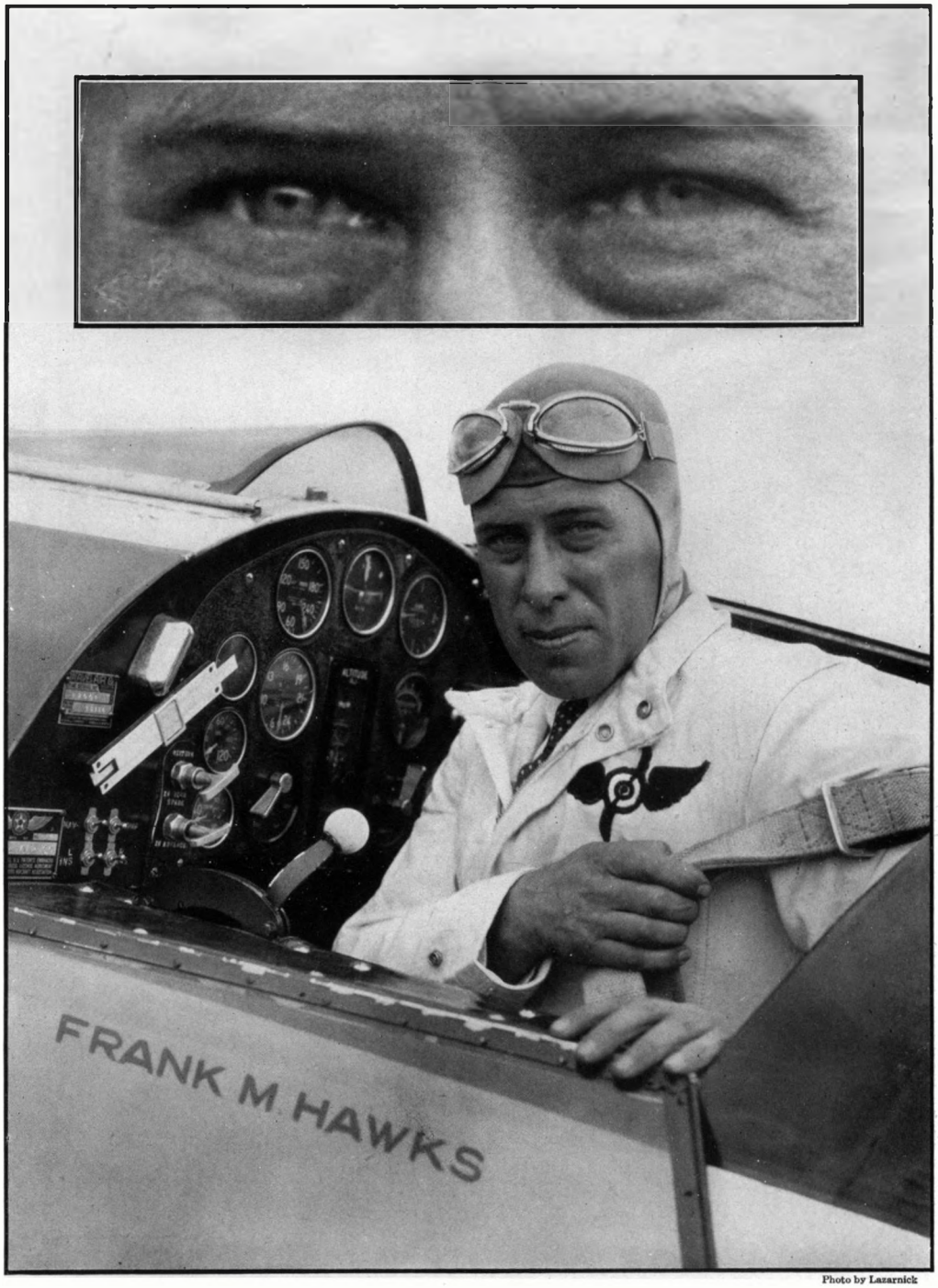


Photo by Lazarnick

FRANK HAWKS

Vividly suggestive of startling headlines and the thrills of front-page print. The "whiz" pilot and his plane are threatening to give worthy competition in a horizontal direction—from coast to coast and New York to Havana—to the long-distance speed record of the solar rays. The close-up suggests that *dauntless* is the keyword.

Photo by Hurrell

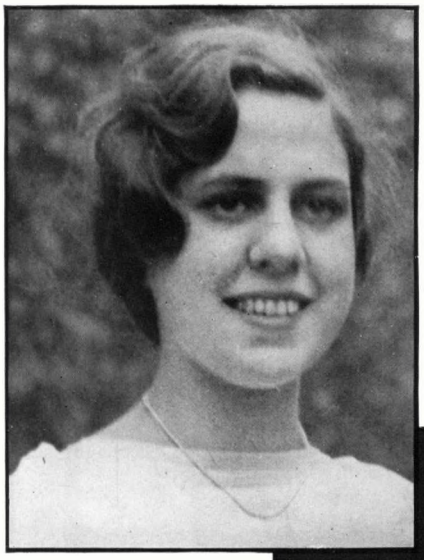
GRACE MOORE

a Southern miss who traveled Hollywood-way, bringing a soprano voice, trained very successfully in Metropolitan Opera, as a proud tribute. She proves in "Lady's Morals" and "New Moon" that nothing is too good for the use of the vitaphone.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

WALTER LIPPMANN

an oracle to whose writings the magistrate and the bolshevik, the priest and the agnostic have all made pilgrimages. He is the author of "A Preface to Morals" and the editor of the New York *World*. Mr. Lippmann has some very interesting and exceedingly important things to say in this issue of REDBOOK.



ETHEL BARRYMORE COLT

treads the inevitable path prescribed by the effulgence of her origin, and promising the zenith of dramatic art. With her mother, Ethel Barrymore, she plays in the stage version of the Pulitzer prize novel, "Scarlet Sister Mary," in which these two members of a leading theatrical family appear in colored parts.

OTIS SKINNER

a soft-voiced, gypsy-eyed little man, yet paradoxically, the quintessence of talent and authority in the theater. His sterling presentation of the beggar in "Kismet" marks his formal allegiance to the movietone phalanx.

Photo by Elmer Fryer, First Nat.

Photo by Russell Ball

CLAIRE LUCE

Piquant and blonde, who reached the heights on the New York stage as a dancer, then deserted musical comedy for the more serious job of acting. From then on she whirled through London in "Burlesque" and New York again in "Scarlet Pages." Now she has made a spectacular entrance among screen luminaries in "Up the River" with a supporting cast of twenty-two feature players.

Open Your Mind

by Angelo Patri

Decoration by Franklin Booth

LIFE holds no greater bitterness for a man than lies in the knowledge that he has failed to advance in place and power along with the years. There is no keener pain than the shamed smart of failure.

To see others whose native ability is no greater than one's own rise steadily in the favor of employers and neighbors and friends while one remains fixed at the same old level is galling to the spirit. To know oneself set in a rut while the boy who stood far down in the class surges toward the top, builds himself a new house in the suburbs, sends his children to fine schools, and drives to the office in his own car, is to feel the quenchless fire eating at one's heart.

In the business world the man who knows is the man who grows. The positions at the bottom are crowded and poorly paid. There are many empty niches at the top waiting to be filled by the highly trained, thoroughly skilled technicians for whom executives are eagerly searching. Prepare yourself for that field.

You have no time? That is the answer of the sleeping mind. You have all the time there is. The lack of time never kept a good man back. You wish for promotion, responsibility, money, the respect of your friends and neighbors and the confidence of your family. Go out and win them. Why keep on day after day making the same motions while magic power sleeps in your unopened mind? If you have no ideas to offer, no new power to offer, no new power to lend, how can you expect promotion?

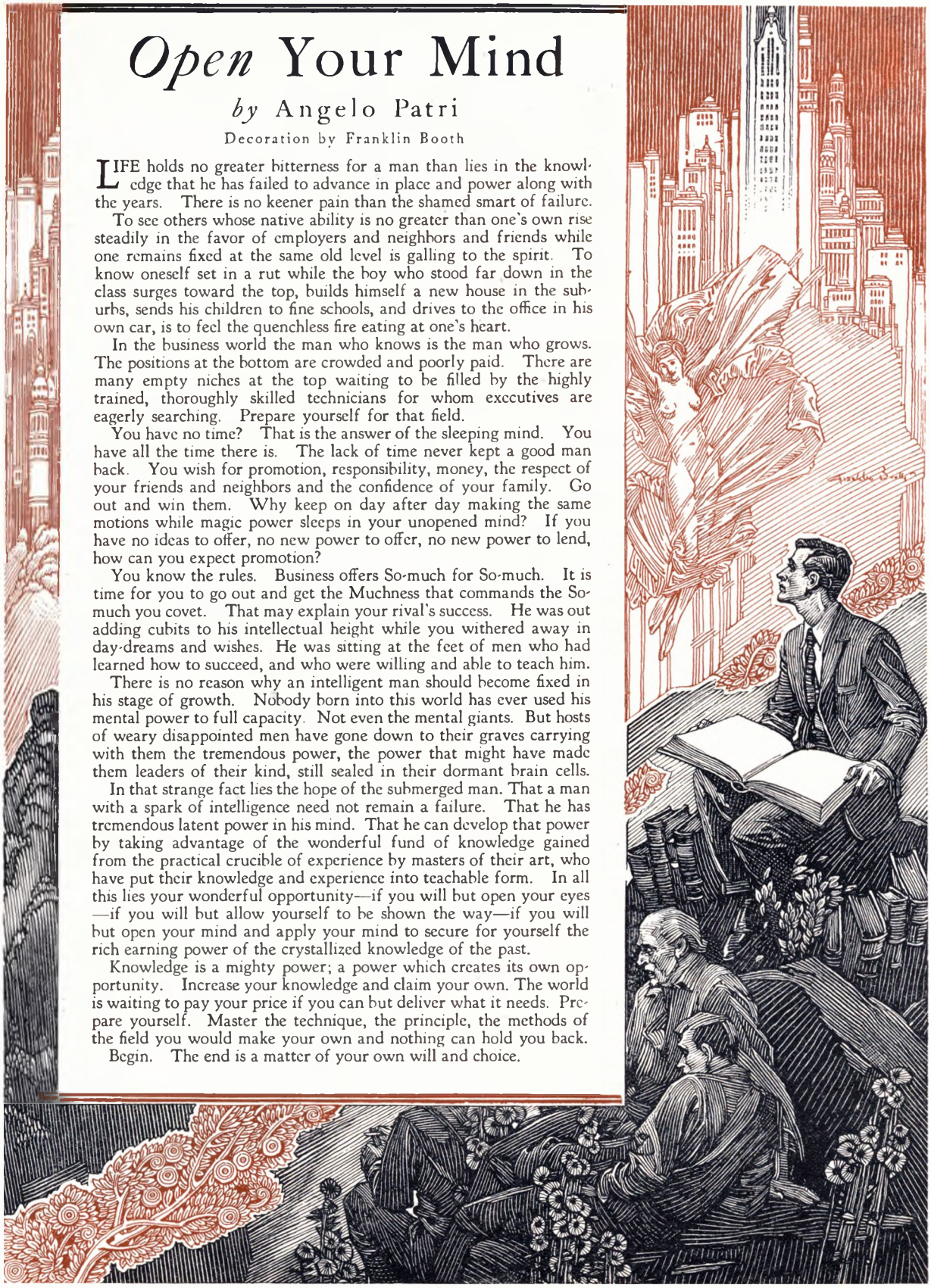
You know the rules. Business offers So-much for So-much. It is time for you to go out and get the Muchness that commands the So-much you covet. That may explain your rival's success. He was out adding cubits to his intellectual height while you withered away in day-dreams and wishes. He was sitting at the feet of men who had learned how to succeed, and who were willing and able to teach him.

There is no reason why an intelligent man should become fixed in his stage of growth. Nobody born into this world has ever used his mental power to full capacity. Not even the mental giants. But hosts of weary disappointed men have gone down to their graves carrying with them the tremendous power, the power that might have made them leaders of their kind, still sealed in their dormant brain cells.

In that strange fact lies the hope of the submerged man. That a man with a spark of intelligence need not remain a failure. That he has tremendous latent power in his mind. That he can develop that power by taking advantage of the wonderful fund of knowledge gained from the practical crucible of experience by masters of their art, who have put their knowledge and experience into teachable form. In all this lies your wonderful opportunity—if you will but open your eyes—if you will but allow yourself to be shown the way—if you will but open your mind and apply your mind to secure for yourself the rich earning power of the crystallized knowledge of the past.

Knowledge is a mighty power; a power which creates its own opportunity. Increase your knowledge and claim your own. The world is waiting to pay your price if you can but deliver what it needs. Prepare yourself. Master the technique, the principle, the methods of the field you would make your own and nothing can hold you back.

Begin. The end is a matter of your own will and choice.



The Footprint of Cinderella

The Story So Far:

FOR weeks the press of America had been preparing its readers for the news of a great international marriage. At last it was announced that Muriel, daughter of Johnathan Leigh of the old Philadelphia Leighs, and heiress to one of the country's largest fortunes, and Rupert, Crown Prince of the ancient kingdom of Sabria, were engaged. It was the news of the day for big city and small town alike.

There was mention too, of Muriel's mother, who had been Daisy Storey, a pretty singer in a London music-hall when rich young Johnathan first saw her. He fell in love with her and when she had attained fame, she consented to marry. It was a romantic tale that ended suddenly a few years later when the young wife, on her way to Europe, was swept overboard and drowned. The baby daughter who was brought home to the bereaved young husband was the Muriel whose cold lovely face was now front-paging every paper.

But there were things the public did not know. They were unaware that Johnathan's sister Chloe Laforge-Leigh, who had despised Daisy Storey, had been waiting for this moment for years —ever since the wife had so fortunately died and Chloe had brought the baby home to Johnathan. Her life since had been devoted to making Muriel a real Leigh—selfish, proud of her name and her father's wealth—and now, with this marriage, Chloe felt success had crowned her efforts, that the hated mésalliance of the past was at last completely finished.

Johnathan Leigh, waiting in his library for his lawyer Douglas Avery, was remembering the past too. He was wondering, as he had often during the years, whether he should have given to Chloe the bringing-up of Muriel. He knew how Chloe had hated the girl's dead mother, whose memory even yet was the one factor in his life which made it worth while.

Avery came in as Leigh finished folding and sealing a paper on which he had been writing. "I've made a new will," Leigh said. "And there is Muriel's dowry. I've arranged it all to the satisfaction of the Prince and the Duke of Valak."

But Avery, watching his old friend and client, wondered if Leigh were really satisfied with this brilliant match.

Later the young Barney Avery—Douglas' son—brought the completed papers to Leigh. The old man looked at the youth who had been for years a confidant of his daughter.

"Barney," he asked, "speaking as one of the younger generation —do you think Muriel is happy? Does she love him?"

Barney hesitated. "Well, our generation sees that life isn't perfection. We take what we think is best—as some of your generation do too."

And the older man knew he was speaking of Miss Laforge-Leigh and suggesting that Muriel was what her aunt had made her.

At the Ritz the royal pair-to-be were having tea.

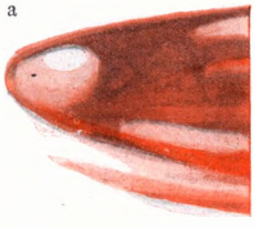
"Muriel," asked Rupert, "do you think I am marrying you for your money?"

"Would you marry me if I had none?" she countered. "Or are you falling in love with me?"

He shrugged. "You are very fascinating, my dear."

And Avery was saying to his son: "I'm sorry for old Leigh—he's about the lonesomest man in the world; he's poison to his sister, a mere giver of money to his daughter—yet I can remember when he was devoted to her. It took a long time for Chloe to estrange them."

By the sixteenth of that June, Muriel would have been married to her Prince—but for an accident. At the spring horse show at Devon, a glittering social event, Johnathan Leigh decided to enter. As his big black mount took a jump, Leigh was unseated; when they picked him up he was dead.



The marriage was postponed. Only two people were to any degree happy over the tragedy—they were Chloe, and Valak, who realized that now the vast estate would be all Muriel's—and Sabria's.

Prince Royal, a Rich Girl—*and* a very *poor* Girl

by Philip Wylie

Illustrated by Jules Gotlieb

A moment later Barney picked her up and was striding down the brook. He forgot the crawfish, because her face was beside his own.

When the Averys opened the sealed will in the privacy of their home, they found that the chief heir was Muriel; a remarkably small sum had been left to Chloe; Douglas Avery was to be executor. There was one curious clause directing—"that the identity of my daughter Muriel be established formally previous to the probating of this will."

Father and son stared at each other. "Merciful God—did he suspect that Muriel—"

"Wasn't his daughter at all," finished Barney unsteadily.

"She *is* so different from them both, Barney. And one baby looks much like another—could that woman have substituted another baby for Daisy's child?"

"But," Barney objected, "you can't just say such a thing—without proof."

"I have what may be proof—the ink footprint of Daisy Storey Leigh's baby—made in the hospital. I found it among his papers. He'd kept it. He must have meant us to use it—for evidence."

"But why on earth didn't he do it himself?"

"Well, maybe he didn't even imagine it for a while. Besides he was very proud. So he just kept the print—in case. There's an address I found too. It's *155 Alexander Street, Mayville, Ohio*—the other child's, perhaps."

"Mayville's a pretty name," hazarded Barney.

"You're being romantic, son—the real Muriel is probably married by this time to some yokel."

Muriel came next day to sign papers. But there was nothing to sign yet. "Chloe is furious about the delay in reading the will. Why must we wait?" she asked.

"Can't be helped. By the way, may we have your footprint—just as a matter of form—comparison with the one made when you were a baby. Do you mind?"

Muriel was willing enough. "But the law is so damn' silly," she observed, with casual annoyance.

Ten minutes later Muriel had gone. The Averys stood holding two copies of footprints. And they did not match!

"Well, all we can do now, Barney, is that you go take a look at the girl in Ohio—possible heiress to great wealth—and to a prince."

By night Barney was on his way to Mayville. *(The story continues in detail:)*

THE midnight train lurched and jolted from the Broad Street Station through the yards and finally settled into the regular and metrical clatter which would carry it westward for the remainder of the night. Barney hunted through a valise with a blind hand, withdrew a copy of the "Rubaiyat," composed his long body beneath the quivering light of his berth and read one line fifteen times without becoming cognizant of its sense. Finally he put down the volume and stared at the design on the window curtains.

"He'll be going away soon. So don't get your little heart wound up in him."

The next morning was to be a spectacular one for him, although the elements of its excitement would be invisible to the general eye. His mind rambled through the drama he anticipated. In one of his suitcases was the photostat of a baby's footprint. A fortune and a great name, publicity, widespread astonishment—everything in the cornucopia of civilization depended on the curves of that etching. To Barney, the Muriel Leigh who had lived and matured in Philadelphia had already been thrust into the background of events. In her place was an unknown girl from Mayville, Ohio—a shining-haired deity destined for ascendancy to a throne of romance.

The romance was of Barney's own making and if he gave a thought to the tenuous substance of its construction, it was to reiterate that Johnathan Leigh would not have preserved a strange address in his safe unless it pointed toward the girl, that the girl herself must be charming because nearly all the Leigh ladies were charming and because the beauty of Leigh's wife had been an international toast in the bizarre and misty years before the Great War. He used the words, "golden decade" to himself and thought of the present circumstances as a logical result of those days when (in his opinion) horsehair sofas, the conquest of the West, terrapin and Victorian prudery had been mingled in a preposterous combination of social inconsistencies. Only from such an age could come a Chloe Laforge-Leigh who would detest her brother because he married a singer, who would nevertheless live in her brother's house, and who, standing on a pinnacle of self-righteous indignation, would yet substitute babies and execute a decorous future for an impostor.

This—and Barney smiled to himself—was the hand of Queen Victoria herself stubbornly reaching into the present from a fussy grave. Barney replanned his campaign for the dozenth time. Setting up the hypotheses for it diminished the aura with which he had surrounded the enterprise. If his guess was correct, it would be a simple matter to locate the real Muriel Leigh. If she proved to be an unpleasant person, or a stupid one, or one not fitted in any of the innumerable ways he could readily imagine, he would quickly fold the wings of fancy and return by the next train.

In that case, his father would probate and execute the Leigh will, the false Muriel would inherit a fortune and marry a prince, and the society of a dozen capitals would be deprived of a fine furor. If, however, he accepted even dubiously the Mayville girl, the telegraph-wires girdling the earth in perpetual tension would vibrate with news, and unguessable consequences would rapidly become fact. He could picture the boiling frustration of Chloe, the cold, pale disappointment of Muriel, the busy muttering of tongues unleashed.

Extreme care, as his father had repeated endlessly, was needed. He could not call on the girl, perceive, for example, that she was pretty, and say, "My dear young lady, if you happen to have a footprint with tiny lines that match these on the one in my pocket, I can guarantee your immediate acquisition of several millions of dollars." On the contrary! Barney's father had warned at the station: "Don't let her know who you are or where you come from or what your errand is. Don't even try for her footprint unless you are sure she is ideal. And then get it without her knowledge."

Barney had grinned ruefully, "And how do I do that?"

"You've got to find a way. If we took her impression openly and gave the whole thing up afterward—and if some one knew she was

an adopted child and that same person learned you were a Leigh attorney—well—you can see what a hick-town Sherlock might do with that."

Barney's answer had been a whistle, low-pitched and long-drawn. His thoughts lost some of their continuity. After a time he reached into the Pullman hammock and moved his watch from his trousers to a place beneath his pillows. It was one-thirty. The train was moving swiftly. He turned out the light. In the darkness a flush of grandeur filled him as he considered the strategic importance of his errand. There was a story—his mind ran on—about a girl named Cinderella and her wicked sisters and a pumpkin that turned into a coach. In that story a very handsome Prince had gone everywhere in the land with a glass slipper, searching for the girl whose foot would fit it precisely. Cinderella's foot had fitted, so she married the Prince and lived happily ever after. Or was it a Prince and a glass slipper? Whoever heard of glass slippers? Wasn't it just a young lawyer with a footprint? Or, perhaps, wasn't it a prince named Rupert who had something to do with it all? Barney tried feebly to straighten out that puzzle, and in the attempt he fell asleep.

He breakfasted in the station in Columbus and caught an accommodation train for Mayville. The morning was sun-drenched. It belonged to one of the enchanted procession of mid-spring days that conjure forth the last, recalcitrant leaves and powder the woods with flowers. Through the windows of the coach which moved spasmodically from one town to the next he saw an infinity of green rows burgeoning in the farmlands. He wanted poignantly to be out of doors.

A man who had taken the seat beside Barney agreed with his evident thoughts.

"Ohio's purty in the spring."

"It's swell."

The native carefully ruminated that word. "Well—you might call it swell. Though it aint hoity-toity." He allowed a silence. "Stranger?" he said at last.

"Yes."

"Where you headed?"

"Mayville."

He nodded. "Mayville's a right nice town. County-seat, you know. Got the Pumpkin Show there in October—courthouse—and that there Demar College. Take me, though, now I live in Westbridge. It's a mite better soil for most crops around Westbridge. Mebbe not so citified, but homey."

"It all looks homey."

"It is, son. Ohio's a downright homey State. You goin' to the college in Mayville?"

Barney smiled. "No. I never heard of the college. How big is it?"

"Wal, last year they had nigh onto five hundred students. I know because my boy Jeffery's aimin' to go there. Most of it's agricultural, but he wants to study chemistry. I'm aimin' to let him. Jeffery's a stout-willed boy. Well—I'll be gettin' off here. Good-by. My name's Townley—G. T. Townley." He held out his hand.

Barney shook it and then turned toward the window. He was trying to conceive a similar or parallel thing taking place in Philadelphia, the "Friendly City." Mr. Townley had taken it for granted that he, Barney, having nothing important to do, would be pleased to exchange a few words with any one on the general pleasantness of Ohio in the springtime. And Barney had been pleased. Suddenly, however, he was faintly shocked. Suppose the girl he sought talked with the same accent, dialect, or whatever it was? Imagine a Philadelphia Leigh who said "homey" and "downright purty"!

The conductor touched his shoulder. "Next stop's Mayville, Mister."

The train roared pacifically across a long bridge that spanned a meandering river. The farmhouses thickened and changed into town houses, white, gabled and sitting in lawns. There was a curve, a lumber-yard, a collection of shoddy, unpainted laborers' homes, a splitting up and complication of the rails, a glimpse of a big brick building on a tree-clad hill, and the diminuendo arrival of the squat red station. Barney gathered his bags together and stepped down from the platform to the ground.

In the mud-rutted parking space

A far-away look came into her eyes. "I've been thinking about that."

on the opposite side of the station were two automobiles bearing "For Hire" signs. He hailed one of them. "Hotel," he said.

"Which one?"

"Which one's best?"

"Wal—I'd go to the Empire if I was you. It's located better than the Select. Dollar a day."

"Fine."

They hurried past the unkempt section adjacent to the train-yards and were presently moving down Main Street. The stores were not distinctive, but they were well kept and marked with individual evidences of business-getting progress. Main Street—he saw that its real name was Toledo Avenue—was paved with cobblestone. A number of pleasant thoroughfares led north toward the hilly portion of Mayville. Barney registered at the hotel, which bore on its guest-book, its blotters and its electric sign the legend, *"Mayville's tallest structure—head and shoulders above everything else!"*—and which did not add that this advantage was gained by four stories. He walked up to his room, left his bags, and presently returned to the lobby.

"How do I get to Alexander Street?" he asked the clerk.

"Third street left."

"Thanks."

Barney was not impressed by the house which bore the number *155*. It was clapboard, painted drab and white, with a long front porch decorated with a scroll-saw frieze. Two gables jutted angularly through its slate roof. A pair of large maples stood in the lawn, the grass thinning and changing into moss as it approached their boles. The back yard, which he could see over the picket fence, was partly vegetable garden, spaded into neat beds, partly apiary—there were a a dozen hives—and partly lawn in which four clothes-poles stood and on the edge of which was a round black spot where trash had been consumed.

The house where Cinderella lived! An elderly gentleman emerged from the slanting cellar door. He wore that curious round helmet of screen which is called a "bee-hat," and he carried a rake. Barney could not see his face and inferred that he was aged, solely from his posture and movements. The bee-hat peered at the youth lounging on the fence and turned unemotionally toward the gardens.

For a long time Barney could not think of a pretext suitable to commence a conversation with the old man. He did not know the man's name. He knew nothing about bees or about gardening. He had invented no business as an alibi for his behavior. He merely stood by the fence and stared. Finally, however, he grinned and opened the gate.

The old man looked up at his approach and Barney put on his most amenable expression.

"You'll pardon me, but I was interested in your bees," he said.

"Bees? Bees? You want some honey?"

"No. Rather—yes. Do you sell it?"

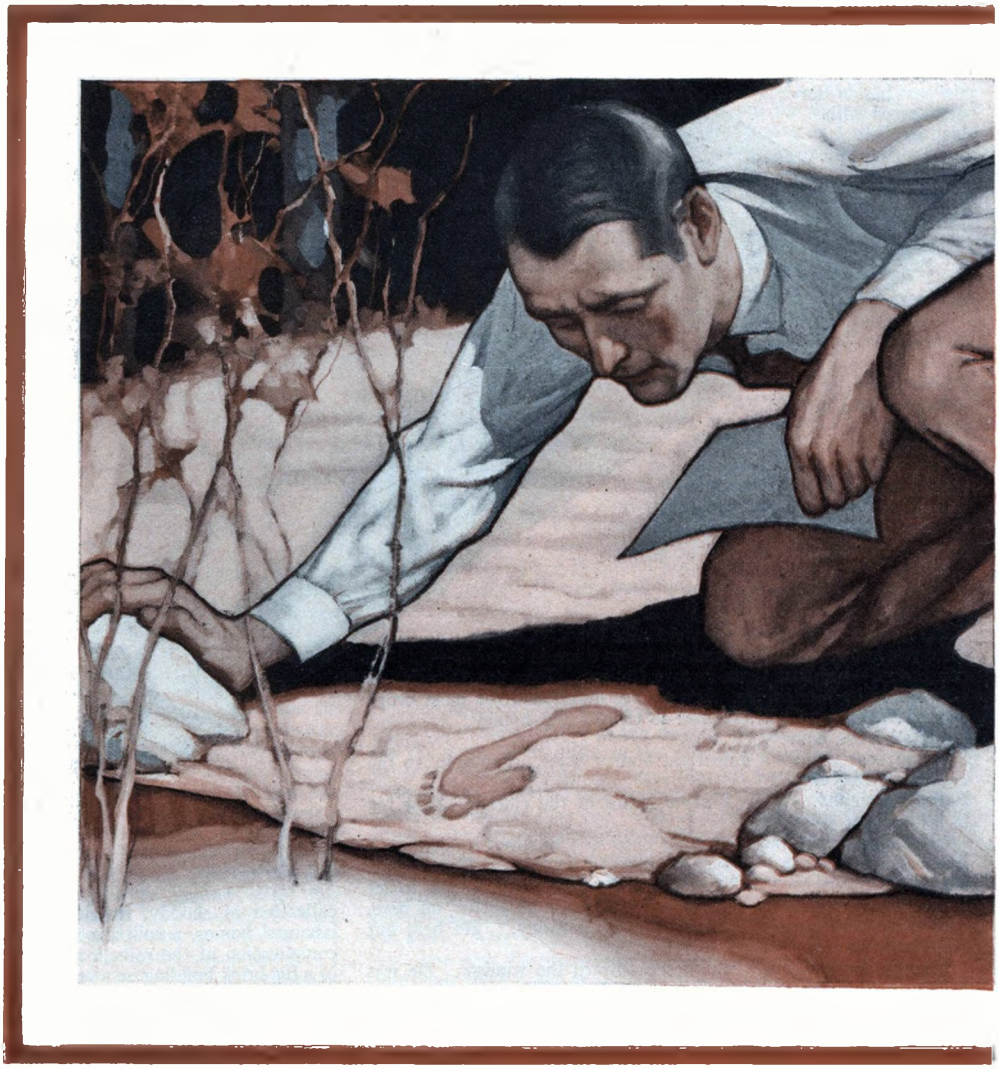
"Mostly to the markets. And a few friends. But I guess we could spare some. Janet said there was a good deal still left from the winter." Barney could see through the hat, and he felt more confident. The man's face was calm and kindly. There was light and life in his sharp gray eyes. "We do a small business in honey," he went on. "I like bees. They're mighty interesting."

Barney nodded gravely. "They must be. I've read that they were. As a matter of fact, however, I've never really had a chance to see them at close range." His eagerness to have the old gentleman return to "Janet" was great, but he could see at the instant no means of forcing the topic.

"If you've never seen bees at close range," the man was saying, "you've missed a good deal." He stopped and pondered. "You from Demar?"

Barney frowned and then remembered. "The college? No. I'm from the East—New York. Never been in Mayville before. Came on business. Lovely town. I just took a walk this morning—and saw your bees. I was watching them when you came out."

The man seemed relieved. "So I noticed. I thought perhaps you were a new addition to the bunch that is always pestering my daughter. But—you're a stranger." His mind reverted to the original subject. "I'll go inside and look for that honey. I wouldn't go too near the hives. The bees don't know you."



He bent over, his suspense almost insufferable. Finally he knelt. Then he

"Do they know you?" Barney asked, following his involuntary host.

"Certainly. I seldom get stung. But once in a while they forget—so my daughter insists on this arrangement." He tapped the cylindrical mesh headgear. "Come in."

Barney received a vague impression that the kitchen into which he was shown was scrupulously clean. A few minutes later, possessed of a large jar of amber-colored honey, he was ushered to the gate.

"My name is Avery," he said and held out his hand. "Thank you for your kindness."

"Why—thank you, Mr. Avery. My name is Jamison. Sorry I had to make you wait for the honey. My daughter always puts things away. She has what she calls a system." He chuckled.

Barney chuckled in response—a light, intimate male chuckle that insinuated he also knew the unreliability of feminine "systems." He opened the gate. "Daughter in college here, I presume?"

"No—no. Demar is not coeducational. She works in Dorman's. It's the boys that come here for her. I mistook you for one. Well—good day, Mr. Avery."

Ten minutes later Barney knew that Dorman's was the local stationery and candy store on the corner of Main and Winter Streets. Not five minutes after that he was standing inside Dorman's—face-to-face with Janet Jamison.

She had been laughing before he entered and there was a remainder of laughter in her face. It was a remarkable face, a vivid, breath-taking face: bright lips, dusky gray eyes and radiant hair that had been cut short and made a splash of gold against any background. It startled Barney and it thrilled him and in that moment he could not quite bring himself to realize that it was the face of—just a girl. He caught himself wishing that he had looked at a picture of Daisy Storey before he left Philadelphia. That thought was submerged in a personal reverie. And then he remembered his manners.

"I—I wanted—" he began.

She spoke at the same time, and he checked himself as if to listen for her voice. It was an infinitely gentle and appealing voice—one that no display counter, no professional practice could have made impersonal. It ignored his rudeness probably because she was accustomed to such a thing, but seemingly as if he had not been rude.

"Is there something I can do for you?"

Barney had partial control of himself. "Why—some writing-paper. Stationery. Letter-paper."

She walked a little way. "Something like this?"

He looked from her, through the window, at the street. He, Barney, graduate of an Eastern college, sophisticate supreme, lawyer, scion of old Philadelphia blood—he hurled those terms into his own brain to steady himself. Even the realization of this triumphant discovery was inadequate to explain the wonder, the dumb jubilance of that instant. She was gorgeous! If she had nothing but her looks, the Leigh millions should be laid humbly at her feet. At her feet. . . . The idea awoke another. What if she did not have the right feet—what if the whole episode was merely coincidence—what if she was merely Janet Jamison? Nothing. She was there, he repeated to himself.

"This is our finest grade of paper," she was saying.

"Oh, yes. I'll take it." She turned her back and dexterously wrapped the box. When she handed it to him he asked, "Do you carry fountain pens?"

"Certainly."

"Maybe I'd better buy one. Need something to write with."

He was outside again, walking toward the hotel. His arms were full of bundles, but he scarcely knew their contents. Janet had watched him go down the street, an expression of surprise on her features. The approach of most young men to her had been much less dramatic and their consequent reaction less obvious. She realized that he had made the purchases entirely on her account—either to afford an excuse for being in her company or to impress her with his financial nonchalance. Many girls might have been merely amused or vainly excited. Janet was chiefly occupied by astonishment.

Barney, sitting in the single upholstered chair in his hotel room, gazing at the bundles on the bed, began to reason as sanguinely and as honestly as he could. The moment was a very interesting one in his life. Few, if, indeed, any young men as a national group equal the American youth in his early twenties. Sport has made him physically strong and graceful; a comprehensive education as well as his standard of tolerance has given him intellectual breadth; Anglo-Saxon blood has provided him with regular and impressive features; there is humor in him, *joie de vivre*, courage and honesty. The definite cognizance of and the frequent entrance into the petty compromise, the moral and social crookedness of life which marks so many of his elders with the visible stamp of hypocrisy has not touched him.

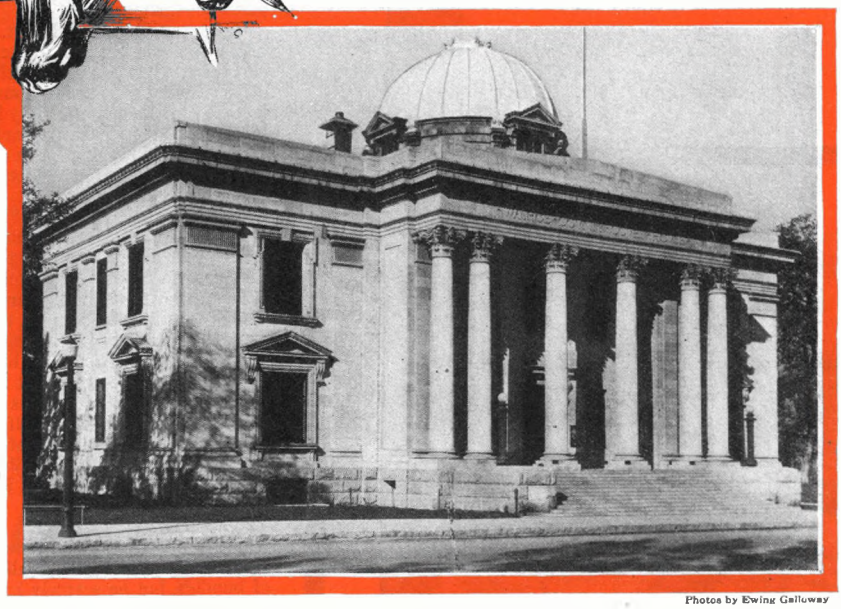
It was with this attitude that Barney viewed the present circumstances. He had already admitted that his ecstasy at the sight of Janet outstripped his interest in the legal aspects of her case. He himself had been touched by the intense emotional pressure behind her steady eyes. He could not lie about that. On the other hand, he was not a callow stripling in matters of sex and love. He did not believe in love at first sight and so many of the attributes of love were clearly understood by him, had been labeled psychological names by him, that he recognized what remained as a rare and almost unattainable thing. His generation also knew very clearly that all too few couples even approach a continual felicity, quite apart from a relationship that might be called love.

Nevertheless, thinking about her in his *(Please turn to page 124)*

could see, quite clearly, the line. . . .

Overheard

What American Wives *Admit* to each other—while *waiting* for the *Divorce*



Photos by Ewing Galloway

Reno revels in its own peculiar customs, one of which requires a lady to whom divorce has just been granted, to kiss a courthouse pillar. The third pillar from the right receives the accolade and lipstick.

THIS Nevada town, sometimes called the Great Divide, is set in a desert bowl surrounded by low tawny hills and snow-hooded high Sierras. The wide desert, studded with grayish-green sagebrush, rolls toward the horizon, melting in the hills, meeting the towering Rocky Mountains. There is something sublime, something bleak, something beautiful and inhuman and permanent about this country. And in the shadow of it all lies crowded little Reno, with its changing, cluttered humanity. The quiet of the broad desert spaces is broken by the long, busy, fussy, main street with drug-stores, groceries, candy-shops. There is a constant stream of motor-cars in the morning, through the late afternoon when the folds of the hills begin to brim with shadow, and at night when the sky is ablaze with stars that seem extra bright in Nevada.

On the main street is the modern brick hotel, where so many of the divorce colony stay their three months. Picture the hotel garden dotted with chairs and hammocks, and two great willow trees with green dripping branches undulating in the frequent wind. Since there is very little rain, you could walk into the garden any afternoon and in the delicate moving shade of the willow trees visit with the divorcées. You could close your eyes and listen to the Reno state of mind.

Over by that red-striped hammock is a group of five young women between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. At first glance they all look alike, because all smoke cigarettes, wear lipstick, small hats, sport-model dresses, and Twentieth Century expressions. But their eyes under the mascara and their mouths under the lipstick are each different. You should watch their mouths, because women always forget to guard their mouths, even when they have their eyes under control. Watch, also, how they manage their cigarettes. There is a world of revelation in the way a woman taps her cigarette on the ash-tray.

It would not do to give names to the women by the hammock. Such a group is always the same, no matter what afternoon you might walk into the garden. Women just like these are sitting there in Reno, day after day, month after month, year after year. So we will not name them—only call them the eternal feminine about to become free. While they speak, the wind ripples the willows, the sun gilds the red hotel walls, setting behind the white courthouse next door, behind the tiger-colored hills, behind the dazzling snow-peak of Mount Rose. Other women are passing through the garden with tennis racquets, golf bags, and in riding costumes. There is an occasional man who immediately becomes the center of speculative glances. Every so often a mulberry bell-boy comes out of the door, looks inquiringly around, goes in again.

"It's the memories I mind. If I didn't have the memories to fight—"

"Did you hear the Overland Limited pull out of the station this morning at ten minutes to seven? Dear God, I can't bear it to hear those trains going East! The other night I was writing letters, and I heard a train whistle and—well—I had to put my hand over my mouth."

"They say you have an awfully good time here. Clare Fay told me back in New York she had the time of her life here. Of course I've only been here a week—"

"Now I know what it's like to be sentenced to a handsome prison for three months. Even though we get fresh air and kind treatment, it's the thought we can't leave—"

"They say if you can stand the first week, after that time goes awfully fast. Really it does. Awfully fast."

"I'm taking French every afternoon. It's a good chance to learn French."

"It's the memories I mind. I wake up in the night thinking of the things my husband and I used to do together. It's like a knife. I sit up in bed with the pain of it."

"But if a woman goes back to a man, she has it all to do over."

at Reno

by

Dorothy Walworth Carman

Decorations by
John Holmgren

Another quaint custom demands that the divorcée toss her wedding-ring from this bridge into the swift-flowing Truckee River. This custom, 'tis said, is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

"Last night I dreamed my husband and I were playing with our children. It was such a queer thing to dream, because I've never had any children."

"I'm going to the dentist and getting my teeth all up-to-date. It's something to do, anyhow. Imagine being in the state of mind where you go to the dentist's for recreation!"

"We ought to do here the things we always planned to do if we ever got the time. But I can't seem to remember what they were."

"We might all come here again some time. It has been done. They call such women repeaters."

"I could never go through this the second time. I would simply die if my next marriage failed."

"They say it's awfully wild here. People back East warned me. But I haven't seen any wildness yet. No one has even leered at me in the street."

"Don't worry. They're just waiting to get your number."

"You know, I believe there's true love somewhere. I hang on to that belief, as if it were my last penny. I can't let it go."

"But it's the memories. Every time there's a letter from my husband, I have to sit down until I get over it. I keep wondering if our plum tree is in bloom. I said to my husband: 'Write me when the plum blooms.'"

"I feel as if I were right back at my dear old Alma Mater. Last night I went up to a girl's room and drank chocolate while we talked and told each other things. It was hideously collegiate."

"They say you have an awfully good time here. Meet nice people."

"I don't miss my husband so much, but I miss the illusion. I can't seem to get along without it."

"When I think of the wasted years—"

"They haven't been wasted. They've been very educational."

"Dear God, this world is barbaric. To think that we, who haven't done any wrong, have got to come all the way across the United States—"

"We're not all so sweet and innocent. There are a lot of hard-faced women in the dining-room. They've all bought silver-fox scarfs with their alimony. You get expert in spotting the alimony-hounds."

"I believe there's true love somewhere. One couldn't go on—"

"It's the memories I mind. But I keep saying to myself that I can't sacrifice my future to my past."

"Where are the men one is supposed to go wild with? All I've seen are some rustics. Nice in a bucolic sort of way. I've heard such stories about the men here who play the 'old army game.'"

"Dear God, I get tired of so much continuous courage."

"I believe a woman always loves her first husband best. No matter if she divorces him and marries some one else, she still loves him, because he was the *first*, you know. That's the awful way women are. They can't shake loose."

"People say you have a terribly good time here. I suppose you would if you could still get excited over gin parties and being kissed."

"Oh, there's a hideous sort of gayety all over the place."

"One gets so bored with melodrama. I don't want to hear any more life-stories. I've lost my curiosity about unhappiness."

"You know, I keep thinking of what my husband and I used to do on Sundays. We used to pack up our lunch in a basket and—"

"Next time I'm going to marry a homely man—a perfect gargoyle. So many women wanted my last husband."

"My husband and I didn't want the same things from life. I read somewhere that's the secret of unhappy marriages."

"Reno makes me terribly conventional. I never felt so law-abiding. I suppose it's because I hate to be a divorcée. The word sounds like cheap perfume."

"To get out of the habit of being loved—" *(Please turn to page 110)*

The King of Swindlers

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

HONESTY, you have heard, is the best policy. But, like all generalities, it is incomplete. For whom is honesty the best policy? Obviously, one answers, for the honest. But what about the dishonest? Is it the best policy for the thief? And what do we mean by *best?* Are we speaking of material things, or of those immaterial matters which have to do with character?

Even the chronicles of one who has lived outside the law may occasionally introduce a philosophical reflection, and it was a reflection such as the foregoing that occupied my mind as I looked at the two men seated across the room in a cozy speak-easy.

One of the men was Randolph Barnard, and I loved him. My love had dated from that day when, desperate and friendless, I had stolen a necklace which Barnard, a professional in a game where I was but a frightened amateur, had sold for our joint profit. That love had increased through the adventure of the Rakmanoff Ruby, and through the house-party in Maine where I had met Barnard's friends, been entertained by them, and seen Corbelle, the detective-thief, receive those wages of sin which is death.

Randolph's table was across the room; his companion could not see me save by turning around.

The Rakmanoff Ruby, we had thought, would lift us from those depths of need which had contributed to make thieves of us. On the profits to be derived from the sale of that glittering jewel, Barnard would enter some legitimate business, and I, as his wife, would retain and enhance the social position which was already his. But, as you who have read these memoirs may remember, the ruby had caused Corbelle's death—we could not keep it; we could not even claim the reward offered for the stone's return. And so, instead of being man and wife, we were Lydia Grey, spinster, and Randolph Barnard, now again a bachelor.

"My dearest," Randolph had said to me, "neither of us is fitted for what used to be called genteel poverty. Rather than endure it, I became what I am, and you—well, you brought to roguery the most winsome girl I have ever known. But there are risks in our profession."

"Have you just found that out?" I asked.

He shook his head gravely.

"I have found out that the risks are not such as one permits one's wife to take."

"Would a marriage ceremony make me any more worth guarding from danger?" I inquired.

He caught the stiffness of my manner and smiled reassuringly.

"Suppose that I am caught—some day," he said. "If you are my wife you are inevitably dragged into humiliation. But if I am only known to be your suitor— Don't you see, my child? You are merely an unhappy girl who has been deceived by a scoundrel. No blame could attach to you because your fiancé turned out a thief. But if your *husband* was convicted of theft—is it clear to you? The friendliest would not believe that you had no knowledge of my doings. And Lydia, I can pay the price if it is ever exacted from me. But if you also had to pay the price—"

"Do you think I would let you pay it alone?" I demanded.

The twinkle left his hazel eyes.

"Lydia, if ever, through a mistaken chivalry, you let yourself in for punishment, I would never forgive you. I mean it, my child," he went on. "If we are both caught in an adventure—well, in that event there may be no escape for you; which is one reason why I wish that you would retire to that pretty apartment of yours—"

"And be supported by you?" I interrupted.

He flushed.

"Is that fair, Lydia?" he asked.

"Is it fair of you to wish to take all the risks and let me take none?" I countered. "I have to live, Randolph. To live I must have money. I can't accept it from you. I don't know how to earn money. Therefore—" And I shrugged.

"Nevertheless," he insisted, "if you should ever go to jail—I'd hate myself. And I'd—well, I might even hate you, Lydia, for making me feel that way about myself. Unless you promise to keep out of trouble that may arise, as long as you can—unless you promise to let me take all the blame—"

"Well, what then?" I asked.

"Then I'm afraid we'll have to say good-by to each other," he said.

Could anything have been sillier? If I didn't promise to be a poor sport, he'd have none of me—which is why all women know that all men are children. For he, as clever as any man I have

Illustrated by
R. F. James

and the *Lure* that *tempted* Lydia Grey

It needed no violent exercise of wits to realize he wanted me to see his companion, so I would know him again.

ever known, accepted my promise and was relieved when I gave it, and it did not occur to him that, having no alternative, I gave it without the slightest intention of keeping it. Desert him in stress? He thought I laughed at him with love, and did not guess that my mirth was half amusement.

I have noticed that the world at large has a strange misconception about those who prey upon society. Because gangsters and racketeers flaunt their women and their bodyguards in public places, because they spend gorgeously, the general public seems to think that practitioners of other branches of crime are always prosperous, too. That crooks are usually shabby and hungry seems not to have conveyed any meaning to the public. It does not read the accounts of the court proceedings in the papers except when some spectacular criminal is involved, else it would know that few men brought to justice can even afford to pay a lawyer—for to be successful in crime one must either have police and political protection—as do liquor and other allied racketeers—or one must have genius.

Now, Barnard had genius—or so I like to think. But even a genius must have a steady market for his wares. And there are bull and bear markets in our profession as in all others. Pearl necklaces and twenty-carat diamonds are not always at hand to tempt the quick wits of the predatory. And the present economic conditions were not such as to offer even Barnard many opportunities. Necklaces had been hypothecated to protect brokers' margins; the jewel market, like all other trades in luxury, had been first to feel the impact of the Wall Street crash.

Too, there was something else, and Barnard had been quick to point it out to me. Coincidence, he said, is less convincing in real life than it is in fiction, and in story it is taboo.

"Detectives are not fools, Lydia," he said. "The first thing they do is check up the list of people who were present when a robbery occurred. Now if they find the same name in half a dozen lists, the coincidence is apt to attract notice. And notice is something that no criminal can survive. He can practise successfully only so long as the spotlight does not touch him. Therefore, let us bide our time."

And we had bided our time. Months had elapsed since the adventure of the Rakmanoff Ruby, and my funds were becoming low. An honest Lydia Grey had found it possible to economize on clothes, on food, on amusements. But easy money brings its own curse: the material comforts that contented us yesterday are insufficient for our needs today. I could not let my lover see me too often in the same frock, could I? And if the Rolands or the Danas or other smart friends of Barnard gave a dinner, I must be well dressed, mustn't I? I had been taken up by a class of people to whom certain luxuries are mere necessities. One could not week-end at their homes without tipping the servants enough to make one's self welcome to them. In short, when in Rome one lives as the Romans, and that I think the barbarians found expensive as well as tactful in the days when the adage was first uttered.

Little luncheons, little teas, matinées. The profits of my first and only successful theft, the stealing of the Carteret necklace, had sadly diminished on that bright November day when Randolph telephoned me and invited me to take luncheon with him at a certain newly fashionable speak-easy.

I had not seen him for a week. He had told me that he intended doing what he termed a little prospecting.

"Business?" I asked.

"Aren't you glad to see me for myself?" he chided.

"That, of course," I replied, "but you have been away so long—"

"And unsuccessfully, Lydia," he replied. "But I'll tell you about it at luncheon."

An honest girl, promised to some young clerk whose prospects for advancement had suffered through the economic depression, could have sighed no more sincerely than did I as I hung up the telephone. I wanted to marry Randolph; he wanted to marry me. But unless "business" picked up, we must both remain single. Now, I think it's funny, but I didn't think so then!

Nevertheless, just to see the man I loved was thrilling. My brown hair had been waved and the tiny black tricorne hat that I adjusted on it was extremely effective. My black cloth suit, trimmed with wolf fur, had cost much more than I could afford —which made it more desirable, as any woman can understand— and if I spent more time before my mirror than modesty requires, after all, I was in love.

I was a trifle ahead of time at the rendezvous, and managed to secure a discreet table in a slight recess. No, I would not order now. A cocktail? No, not yet. I drink little, anyway, and to drink alone is, I feel, unthinkable. Too, there would be our silly moment, when we would touch our glasses.

Then Randolph entered. . . . I wonder when love begins to die. Myself, I think it must be when there is nothing new to discern in one's beloved. It well may be that appreciation of a husband's—or a wife's—virtues and charms increases with the passing years, but is appreciation love? Is a sense of stability, of confidence, of trust, great though that sense may be, the same thing as love?

I do not think so. Certainly, it is not the same as romantic love and—to a woman—that is the only love worth mentioning. Not to feel one's self tremble when one's beloved enters a room, not to feel that one's will is water, and that one's mind is but blotting-paper to receive the impression of his thoughts. . . . I am not, as you may see, emotionally modern.

And one can feel this way about a man only so long as his character offers constant surprise. The minute one knows all there is to be known about a lover, he ceases to be a lover and becomes, I should say, a husband. For when one knows what he will say to this, what he will do to this, he is incapable of arousing fresh and eager interest, and— Anyway, love was not dying in me now.

For, as he hesitated a moment in the doorway, I noted with surprise that brown became him. I had thought that he looked best in blues and grays. And if this surprise of mine seems trivial, then you who read are not in love.

I heard my own sighs as I leaned forward, eager to catch his eye, to see the first beginnings of that smile I knew so well. And then, as his eyes met mine and looked straight through me, I felt myself color, felt hurt to the heart. But only for a moment, for instantly there appeared beside Randolph another man. And I understood.

Perhaps I am no quicker of perception than any other woman, but I am alive to certain nuances of conduct. This man with Barnard was not of my lover's type. For the Bolshevist may deny it as he will, but there is such a thing as race. How can it be otherwise? I do not mean that several generations of good living, of freedom from economic worry, produces a better strain; I merely argue that it produces a *different* strain. If one's ancestors have been concerned solely with the little graces of life, it follows that one will possess them naturally. The self-made man does not enter a room as easily as the aristocrat; he does not instinctively know the little conventions. I admit these things are not important; I simply state that they exist. In Randolph they were obvious; in the man with him they were not perceivable.

His skin was swarthy; his mouth lifted slightly at the left corner in a grimace that he probably imagined would be taken for jovial good humor, but was in reality a contemptuous sneer; his eyes were small and mean, and his nose was greedy, and he had that air of alert watchfulness which seems to indicate dishonesty. He had taken in every occupant of the speak-easy within a second of his arrival on the threshold, I believed. For the rest, his clothing obviously was a shade too well tailored, as though he had instructed its maker to let the world know how well built its wearer was.

Slim, wiry, cat-like, one felt his vanity. One also knew that here was a man whose fortune had not been inherited, but who had piled it up by his own efforts, and that those efforts had not been such as are sanctioned by the courts of law.

In other words, he was not the sort of man that Randolph would have chosen for his luncheon companion for the mere sake of companionship. And if I present Randolph in a snobbish light, set it down to my own clumsiness of expression. He was not the sort of person to ask a new acquaintance the names of his clubs. But, on the other hand, he had nothing in common with confidence-men, and his companion was a confidence-man, or the stage lied, and the motion-pictures lied, and the snapshots so often appearing in the newspapers also lied. One knew that the swift survey of the room indicated no idle curiosity, but a deadly caution.

And above everything else, Randolph, who had asked me to meet him here, showed no recognition of my presence. His eyes, having looked through me, now ignored me. He permitted the head waiter to show him to a table, and I noted that he refused the first one offered them. That one would have seated them close to me; the one Randolph accepted was across the room, and his companion could not see me save by turning his head completely around. The man faced the door; he had discovered no enemies in the room; he would watch the entrance, I decided.

"Who has said that it is not genuine?" I demanded.

I signaled my hovering waiter. My guest, I murmured, had apparently forgotten our engagement. But I was here; I would lunch. And as I ate I covertly surveyed the two men, and wondered at the meaning of Randolph's ignoring me. Also I pondered that question of ethics which I mentioned at the beginning of this recital.

If ever prosperity was worn like a mantle, this man with Randolph wore it now. And surely he was not honest. A wiry, fox-like man, and let it not be thought that because the fox flees the hounds he is necessarily timid. He is merely discreet. Beside him, although no bigger, probably no stronger, and perhaps no more courageous, Randolph seemed like a wolf. But that was because I knew him, because I knew that for all his outward appearance of easy calm, he was scenting his prey, was covertly approaching it. And I wondered—because wits would be involved in whatever impended—if the wolf were a match for the fox.

Suddenly, too, I realized that I was not to be a spectator in the coming conflict. Despite the promise which Randolph had exacted from me, I thrilled at the thought of danger. For this would not be a danger from the police; this companion of my lover would not run to the authorities if he should be hurt; he would exact his own reparation. And Randolph had made me promise only to flee the vengeance of the law. And though I had no intention of keeping that promise, it was pleasant to know that I would be under no immediate necessity of breaking it.

Randolph bowed. "Forgive me, Your Highness."

Obviously, I was to take part in whatever Randolph planned. Otherwise, he could have telephoned me that something had come up which prevented our lunching together, and taken his man elsewhere. But failing to recognize me, yet bringing the man here. . . . . It needed no violent exercise of the wits to realize that he wanted me to see his companion, so that I would know him again. Yet he had taken no particular precautions to prevent the man from seeing me.

A thousand speculations ran through my head. I ate, but did not relish, my food. And as they lingered I saw that to delay too long over my own luncheon meant to invite curiosity, if no more. And so, reluctantly, I summoned my waiter, paid my check, and left the restaurant.

I had made no plans for the afternoon. I had vaguely, and happily, supposed that Randolph and I would spend the next few hours together. We might go to a matinée, might drop in on some one for tea, might do any one of the hundred-odd things that are to be done in Manhattan. But now I saw that the only thing for me to do was to go home, there to wait until I heard from Randolph. And if I felt some slight chagrin that the tricorne hat and the smart black suit had elicited no compliments from him, I knew that the warmth of his admiration would suffer no lessening through delay.

I tried to read, and the printed page blurred before my eyes. I tried—no deft needlewoman—to make some minor changes in a frock, and merely pricked myself with the steel for my pains. And then, two long hours after my return home, the door-bell sounded. I admitted Randolph, saw upon his lips the smile I had hoped to see at luncheon, and the fervency of his embrace compensated most satisfactorily for its delay.

You are to suppose, now, that a good quarter of an hour has elapsed and those of you who have been in love will need no vivid imagination to picture our reunion. I shall hate to grow old, when perhaps Randolph's absence for a week will not inspire happy tears at his return.

"You haven't asked me why I lunched with Sam Pelliti instead of with your lovely self," he finally said.

"I haven't," I reminded him, "been able to use my lips for the purpose of speech."

"I will stop putting them to better use for a while," he laughed.

"Pelliti?" I said. "Should the name ring a memory bell?"

"It would," he replied, "if you'd ever invested in his bucket-shops. The king of con men, the emperor of the swindlers."

"He wore no imperial purple," I said.

"Imperial yellow is his color," said he. "The meanest, vilest swindler that his native land ever exported to America. A man who would steal his mother's insurance, who is always scheming, always planning some crookedness."

"Today?" I asked.

"Majesty was on a holiday," he laughed.

"And with what a court jester," I said.

"I hold a higher place than that," he said.

I became grave.

"Randolph—you couldn't—you haven't become involved with Pelliti!"

He shook his head.

"Pelliti is involved with me," he corrected.

"How?" I asked.

"Pelliti," he said, "is weary of being called the bucket-shop king. You should hear him defend himself. He is no worse than any leader of finance, he maintains. Just because the money kings have better education, better social position—he actually thinks that he is persecuted by the press because he doesn't belong to the Racquet Club. Oddly, he suffers torments because of his lack of culture. Newspaper references to his ignorant greed have penetrated his skin. He has read that the banquet he gave to celebrate his acquittal when Pelliti and Company failed—the prosecution couldn't convict although he was morally guilty—was a crude orgy, that the ladies of the half-world who attended were overdressed and undermannered. In short, he wishes to become what he would term refined. He wants to be a patron of the arts, wants it understood that the king of swindlers is a poet at heart, that mere circumstance has prevented him from being as well known in the world of culture as he is in the world of fraudulent stock. And he has begun his attempt to change public opinion by the acquisition of a few paintings."

"Well?" I encouraged.

"He bought two from me," said Randolph.

My raised eyebrows spurred him on to further revelation.

"Good pictures—a dealer had them. He telephoned this morning—after I'd phoned you—to come to his gallery. There I met Pelliti. I have in my pockets nine thousand dollars. Pelliti rarely gives checks. He left the gallery with me. He was voluble in his expression of a desire to acquire masterpieces. And—well, I have an idea. This is why I did not speak to you. He was willing to lunch with me, and—well, I wanted to *see* you, even if we couldn't speak—"

"Why couldn't we?" I asked.

"Because Pelliti might then be able to recognize you under other circumstances. One who has seen you close to, has talked with you, could never fail to recognize you, Lydia. And I would not like Pelliti to think that the Grand Duchess Marina was the masquerading Lydia Grey."

"The Grand Duchess Marina?" I said blankly.

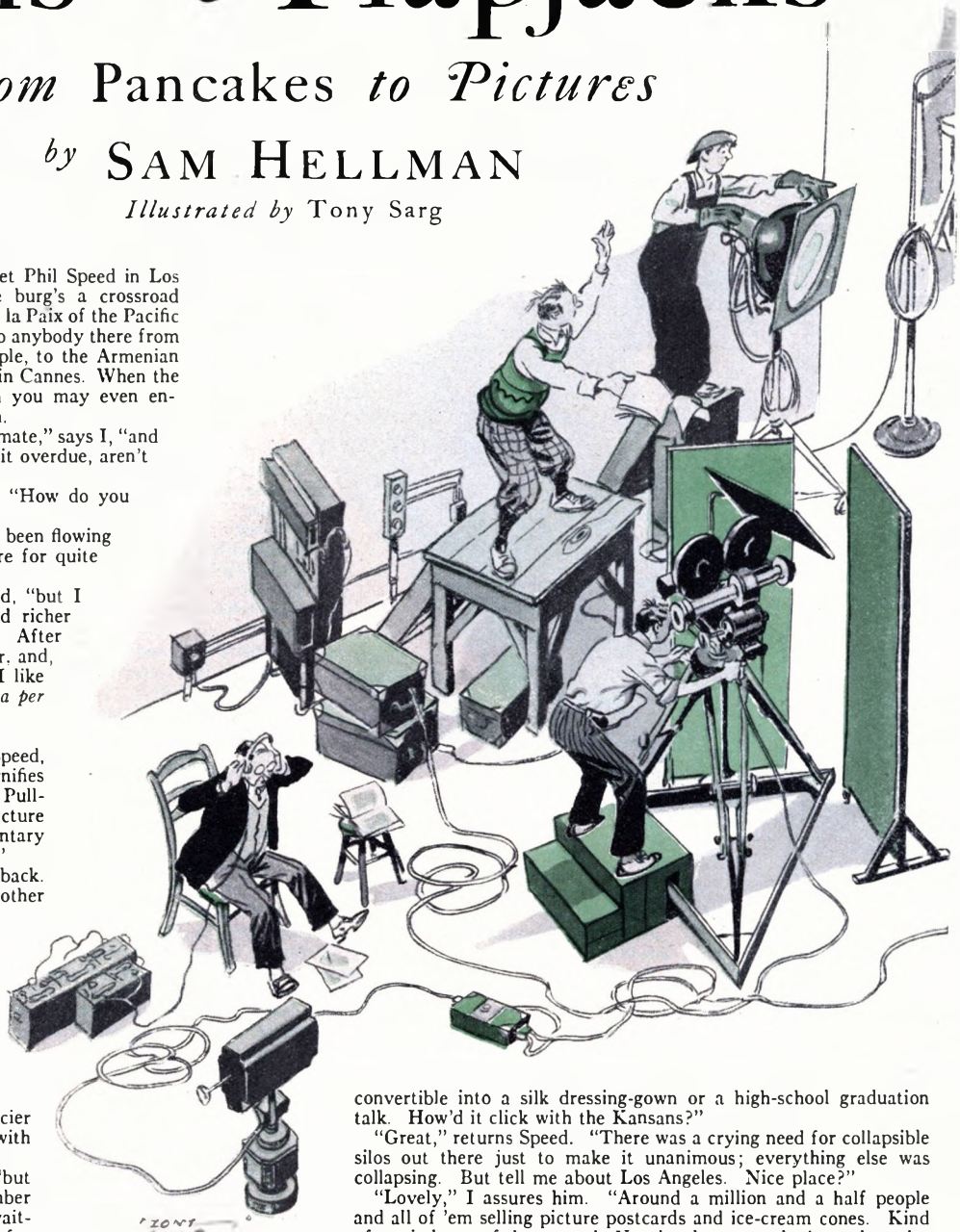
"Who escaped from Russia after the Revolution; who sold all her jewels and exhausted the funds deposited in French and English banks. But who has, of all her vast possessions, one painting—more might seem incredible—which she dearly loved. A painting by the great Italian, Correggio. Patriotism, as well as cultural ambition, will help the sale. Pelliti *(Please turn to page 102)*

Films and Flapjacks

or From Pancakes *to Pictures*

by SAM HELLMAN

Illustrated by Tony Sarg



IT'S natural enough to meet Phil Speed in Los Angeles. Nowadays, the burg's a crossroad of the world—the Café de la Paix of the Pacific—and you're likely to run into anybody there from Aunt Hester's daughter Dimple, to the Armenian rug-peddler you kidded with in Cannes. When the wind's in the right direction you may even encounter a native Californian.

"Cut yourself a piece of climate," says I, "and make yourself at home. A bit overdue, aren't you?"

"Overdue?" repeats Phil. "How do you mean?"

"Well," I returns, "gravy's been flowing under the bridges around here for quite some time now—"

"I know," interrupts Speed, "but I wanted it to get thicker and richer before I dunked my bread in. After all, I have my art to consider, and, as you may have observed, I like mine the hard way. *Ad astra per aspera.*"

"Who?" I inquires.

"That's Latin," explains Speed, "and, rendered freely, signifies 'sinking 'em from the rough.' Pulling piastres out of the picture game's been much too elementary a trick to interest an adept."

"Oh, yeah?" I comes back. "Better set yourself up to another think, feller. Hollywood may have been a big-hearted Larry when the pictures were playing with their toes, but it's a one-way pocket now, lined with fish-hooks. The talkies have acquired a distinct Scotch burr."

"That's fine," says Phil. "The tighter the shell, the juicier the oyster. I shall do well with my openers."

"I hope so," I shrugs, "but you'd be surprised at the number of wise boys from the East waiting down at the freight-sheds for a passage out. . . What'd you do with the pug you were handling in Chicago?"

"Cut him loose," replied Phil. "My technique's of too certain a weight and fineness for the fight game. I've been in Kansas since I saw you last."

"Doing what?" I asks. "Developing a scheme for making Italian sunsets out of cornstalks and hominy grits?"

"Not exactly," says the slicker. "I was interesting the jayhawkers in a collapsible silo. When not in use it could be taken apart and used as a miniature golf-course, a sounding-board for symphony concerts or a container for dipping sheep."

"Not enough," I asserts, sarcastic. "It should also have been convertible into a silk dressing-gown or a high-school graduation talk. How'd it click with the Kansans?"

"Great," returns Speed. "There was a crying need for collapsible silos out there just to make it unanimous; everything else was collapsing. But tell me about Los Angeles. Nice place?"

"Lovely," I assures him. "Around a million and a half people and all of 'em selling picture postcards and ice-cream cones. Kind of reminds me of that town in Utopia where everybody made a nice living taking in each other's wash."

"Looks like a real he-burg to me," remarks Phil.

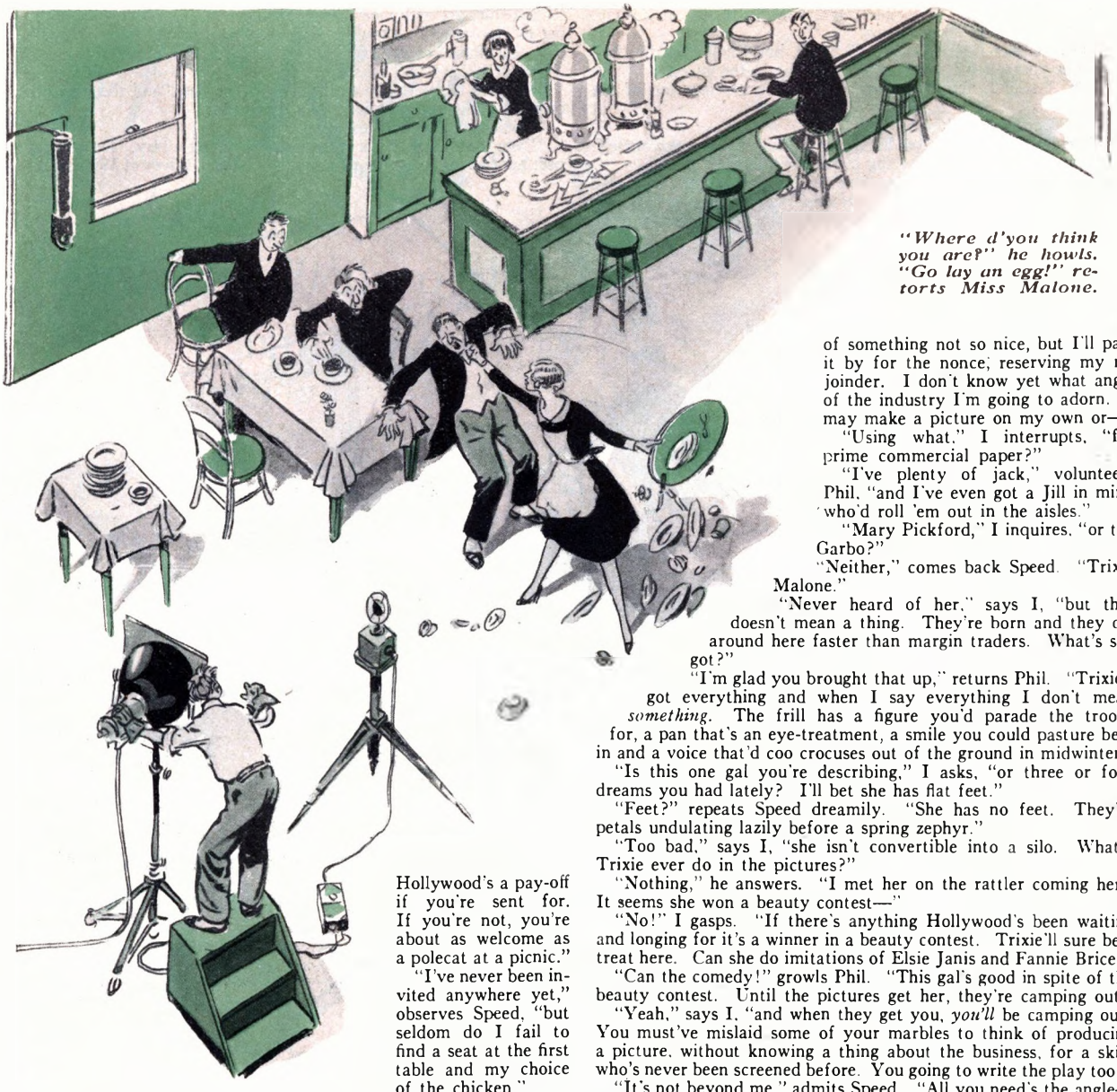
"It is—down beneath," says I; "but the newcomer gets the impression that it's one big boardwalk with the merry-go-round at the Hollywood end."

"That's where you'll find me," offers Speed, "getting a ring with each revolution."

"Got a contract?" I inquires.

"A contract!" exclaims Phil. "A contract for what—to ride on a merry-go-round?"

"You'll need it," says I, "to ride on this one. I didn't come out here in a covered wagon or with the early Iowans, but I've been in these parts long enough to learn something of the works.



"Where d'you think you are?" he howls. "Go lay an egg!" retorts Miss Malone.

Hollywood's a pay-off if you're sent for. If you're not, you're about as welcome as a polecat at a picnic."

"I've never been invited anywhere yet," observes Speed, "but seldom do I fail to find a seat at the first table and my choice of the chicken."

"It'll be different here," I tells him. "To begin with, it takes months to crash anybody—"

"Behave!" snorts Phil. "Who do you think I am—a policy-peddler or the installment-man? When I want to see a guy I send for him."

"Sure," says I. "And when you want Judge Hughes or Queen Mary you just whistle. My boy, it's much easier for a rich man to pass through the eye of a camel than it is to meet a movie mogul."

"Not," declares Speed, "for a lad with a message."

"What's the message?" I asks.

"I don't know yet," replies Phil, "but when it's framed, it'll be the master key to every door in Hollywood."

"Doubtless," says I, "but look out you don't get your foot crushed. . . . Just what is your game here? Figuring on a screen career?"

"Nope," he answers. "Not that I can't act. I once played a deep silence off-stage in a high-school show and panicked the patrons. Think I'd photograph well?"

"Yeah," I returns, "but they'd probably need Grandeur film for your close-ups."

"That," declares Speed, "has all the earmarks and the footprints of something not so nice, but I'll pass it by for the nonce, reserving my rejoinder. I don't know yet what angle of the industry I'm going to adorn. I may make a picture on my own or—"

"Using what," I interrupts, "for prime commercial paper?"

"I've plenty of jack," volunteers Phil, "and I've even got a Jill in mind who'd roll 'em out in the aisles."

"Mary Pickford," I inquires, "or the Garbo?"

"Neither," comes back Speed. "Trixie Malone."

"Never heard of her," says I, "but that doesn't mean a thing. They're born and they die around here faster than margin traders. What's she got?"

"I'm glad you brought that up," returns Phil. "Trixie's got everything and when I say everything I don't mean *something*. The frill has a figure you'd parade the troops for, a pan that's an eye-treatment, a smile you could pasture bees in and a voice that'd coo crocuses out of the ground in midwinter."

"Is this one gal you're describing," I asks, "or three or four dreams you had lately? I'll bet she has flat feet."

"Feet?" repeats Speed dreamily. "She has no feet. They're petals undulating lazily before a spring zephyr."

"Too bad," says I, "she isn't convertible into a silo. What'd Trixie ever do in the pictures?"

"Nothing," he answers. "I met her on the rattler coming here. It seems she won a beauty contest—"

"No!" I gasps. "If there's anything Hollywood's been waiting and longing for it's a winner in a beauty contest. Trixie'll sure be a treat here. Can she do imitations of Elsie Janis and Fannie Brice?"

"Can the comedy!" growls Phil. "This gal's good in spite of the beauty contest. Until the pictures get her, they're camping out."

"Yeah," says I, "and when they get you, *you'll* be camping out! You must've mislaid some of your marbles to think of producing a picture, without knowing a thing about the business, for a skirt who's never been screened before. You going to write the play too?"

"It's not beyond me," admits Speed. "All you need's the angle—and that's the triangle. However, you've got me wrong. I didn't say I was going to produce a picture; I said I *might*. My main interest now is to put Trixie over in a big and buxom way."

"I see," says I. "Did you sign on as her manager?"

"Yep," returns Phil. "I'll give the Class A concerns around here a shot at her services, but if they don't want her, I want her."

"You kicked in on the cluck?" I asks.

"Don't be a sap in sunny Cal.," comes back Speed. "She may be somebody's sweetheart, but she's just an investment to me."

A couple of nights later Phil invites me over to put on the nose-bag with him and the girl friend and I hops to the chance for a peek at the paragon. She comes up to her advance billing, with the exception of Speed's poetic substitution of petals for pedals. Trixie's a washable blonde with eyes as big as manhole covers, and a looker no matter who's winning in the Chinese revolution.

"This is the first time," says I gallantly, "that I've caught Speed in a truth. He said you were a knockout, and you are."

"Thank my father," trills Miss Malone, "and my mother."

"I will," I assures her, "the very next time I drop off at Sioux Falls—or is it Pawhuska?"

"You've got your tanks twisted," says Trixie. "Ever hear of Cicero, Illinois?"

"Sure," I returns. "On a quiet night you can hear it in Harlem. Don't tell me you're from Cicero!"

"All right, then," she shrugs. "I won't, but you'll probably find it out for yourself when you read about me in the gazettes."

"O. K.," says I, "but that's no place to coo crocuses out of the ground."

"Huh?" mumbles Trixie.

"Never mind," I goes on hurriedly. "Tell me about yourself. What gave you the idea of going in for the gabbies?"

"Well," replies La Malone, "one of the home-town rags was holding a catch-as-catch-can for the best eyeful in the burg. The editor pipes me in the restaurant where I'm dealing 'em off the arm, and shakes me down for a snap. When the votes are all in and counted, I'm the Number One girl and win a trip to California."

"Did a screen test go with the contest?" I asks.

"Nope," says she. "I'm on my own—but the Big Boy here's going to arrange for the carpets and the canopies in front of the studios."

"Leave it to me, girlie," chimes in Speed, "and you'll have an alabaster pool for every day in the week and one in onyx for Sunday."

"Done anything yet?" I asks bluntly.

"I made some valuable contacts today," replies Phil.

"I didn't sell any goods today, either," says I.

"There's no hurry," remarks Miss Malone. "I'm having pretty fun just looking around. Last night I went to the opening of a shoe-shining stand. They had searchlights playing on it from all directions and a guy in front broadcasting the name of everybody who came along for a polish."

"That's nothing, kid," says I. "In this town they have a celebration at the opening of a can of sardines."

"How different in Chicago!" observes Trixie. "Here they say it with searchlights; there, with sawed-off shotguns."

I spends an hour or more braiding haywire with the Malone doll. She's a fast-thinking, slick-on-the-come-back baby, as many eating-house alumnæ are, with a surprisingly nice voice for a wren who's trained it on "ham-and-egg" hollers to the kitchen. Along about eleven bells she airs us for the hay and Phil walks to the hotel with me.

"Not that I care," says he, "but what's the answer?"

"A quick trick," I replies, "but you'd better dumb her up some before oozing her into the studios. She's likely to understand what the director is saying the first time he says it and he'll think she's high-hatting him."

"Do they really like their Doras dumb?" inquires Speed.

"Yep," I tells him, "and you can't blame 'em, either. A bright gal on the set might argue, for example, that it's silly for a woman to change from a day dress to an evening gown while her child's dying in the next room—"

"Isn't it?" interjects Phil.

"Maybe," says I, "but in the movies the clothes must go on, regardless, and no director wants to debate the matter with the cast. He's got troubles enough battling with the supervisor, the producer, the sales manager and Moe Finkelbo, who runs the Rialto in Sorghum, South Dakota. Not to change the subject much, what are those valuable contacts you made today?"

"Well," returns Speed, "I met up with a bozo at the Elks who's like *that* with Davis of Pinnacle Pictures."

"You should have tried the Moose," says I, sarcastic. "There's a guy there who's like *those* with Davis. I'm surprised," I goes on, "at a big shot like you chiseling into the parlor through the pantry. What are you—a policy-peddler or the—"

"Forget it," snaps Phil. "I'm just getting a line on whom to send for. I want the lads who can say 'yes' and not 'I guess'."

"Listen," I yelps. "How long are you going to keep up this stuffed-shirt act with me? The great-I-am attitude'll get you nothing in Hollywood. They sic dogs on dukes around here. You've only one chance of getting a tumble for your girl friend."

"What's that?" he asks.

"Register her with the extra office," I replies, "and she may get on as a condensed milkmaid in a dairy shot."

"Trixie tote a spear!" exclaims Speed.

"Even that," says I, "is an advance on toting a tray. Do you expect her to start as all the wives in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'?"

There, flashing her million-dollar smile and tossing wheats with unmistakable enthusiasm, is Trixie!

"When I hitch my wagon," declares Phil, "it's to a star. Trixie's a looker like nobody's business—"

"Sure she is," I cuts in impatiently, "but lookers like nobody's business are thicker in this part of the pampas than phone numbers. Unless you get the attention of the big boys—"

"Now," interjects Speed, with enthusiasm, "you're bowling 'em right down my alley. I just got a great idea. Remember the opening of the shoe-shining joint Trixie was telling us about?"

"What about it?" I inquires suspiciously.

"How would it be," says Phil, "to give the gal that kind of a send-off—plenty of searchlights and soft music and maybe a storm of ticker-tape—"

"Not ticker-tape," I corrects gently. "Film—film from the cutting-room floor."

"Film'd be better," agrees Speed. "Get the slant— '*Introducing Miss Malone, America's Eyeful.*' We'd have newspaper ads, throwaways and the rest. Would that tip the boys that Trixie's in town?"

"Doubtless," says I dryly, "but you'd get more publicity if you had her cut her throat on Jesse Lasky's doorstep—or better yet,

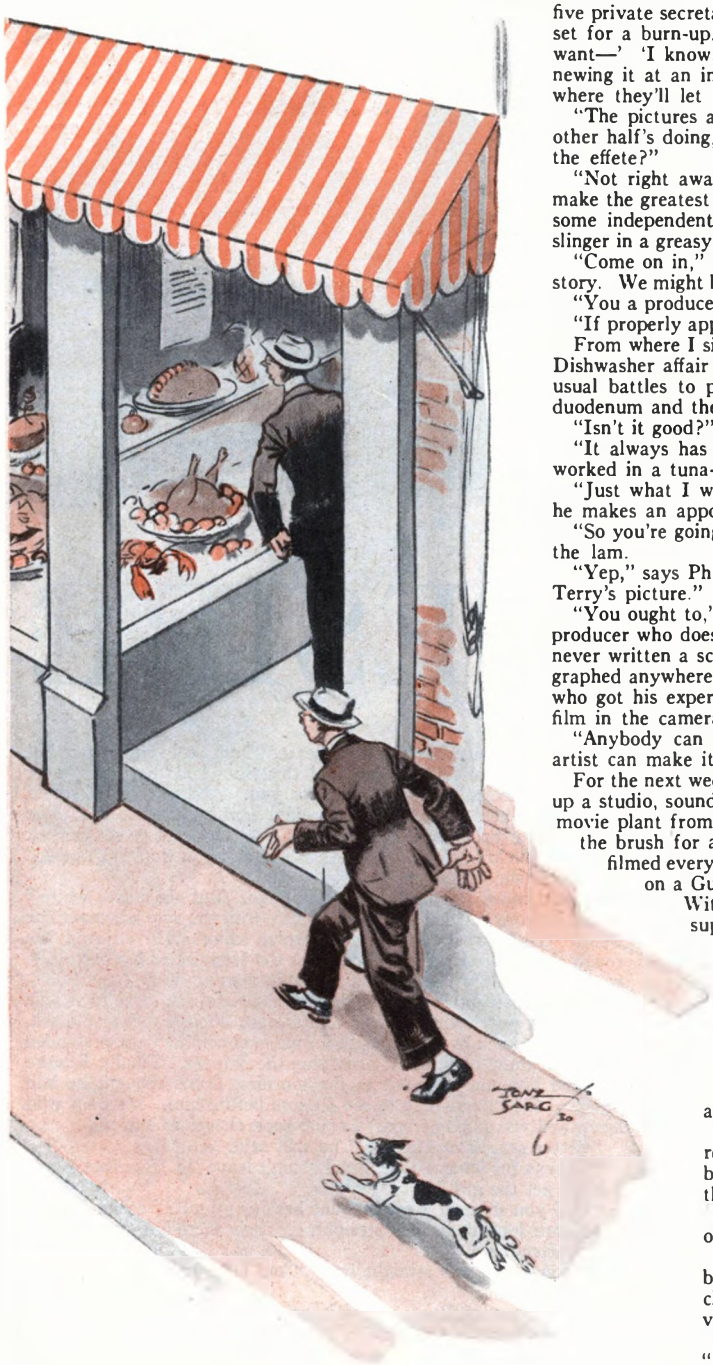
on the doorstep of each of the Warner Brothers. . . . Where do you think you are? That brand of ballyhoo's so common out here they use it for washrags."

By this time we've reached the hotel and I'm about to part from Phil when a tall, stoop-shouldered *hombre* drifts from the flophouse and slips me the how-are-you. It's Terry Travis, a writer of sorts that I used to split a speak-easy with occasionally back East.

"Pictures?" I asks, after introducing Speed.

"That's what brought me here," returns Terry, "but so far I've gotten nothing but the frames."

"Too bad," says I sympathetically, "but a smart baby like you should have known better than to migrate to this Mecca on spec."



"Spec, your thick neck!" snorts Travis. "I came out here under the sweetest contract you ever saw—in fact, it was so sweet it was sickening."

"Meaning what?" I inquires.

"Meaning," says Terry, "that I drew prominent pay every week for six months without doing enough work to raise a sweat on a sparrow."

"Is that something to sob yourself to sleep over?" horns in Phil.

"Yes, it is," declares the writer. "When I hire out to shell peas, I expect to be given some peas to shell. For six months I didn't even see the laddie who put me on the payroll. All I got when I begged for an assignment was the Mexican *mañana*. As far as the office was concerned, I might just as well have been in southeastern Beloochistan breaking mustangs. Not a single word did I write."

"I note," says I, "that you're crying in the past tense. Are you through at Pinnacle Pictures?"

"And went," returns Travis. "Last week I knocked over three stenographers, five private secretaries and four yes-men and just crashed in on the big boss, all set for a burn-up. 'Mr. Davis,' says I, 'my contract expires tomorrow and I want—' 'I know,' says he. 'We like your work here so much that we're renewing it at an increase.' 'You are like hell!' says I. 'I'm going somewhere where they'll let me empty the wastebaskets, anyhow.'"

"The pictures are like that," I remarks. "One half doesn't know what the other half's doing, and the other half's doing nothing. You beating it back to the effete?"

"Not right away," returns Terry. "I've a yarn buzzing in my bean that'll make the greatest scenario ever seen on celluloid. I aim to peddle the piece to some independent who's got more vision than valuables. It's about a hash-slinger in a greasy spoon—"

"Come on in," interrupts Speed, taking Travis by the arm, "and tell me the story. We might be able to do business."

"You a producer?" asks Terry.

"If properly approached," says Phil, and leads him into the hotel.

From where I sit Travis' plot's not so hot. It's a sort of Nellie the Beautiful Dishwasher affair with rags being worn as royal raiment for virtue's sake, the usual battles to prevent something worse than death, taxes and an inflamed duodenum and the eventual triumph of clean living and right thinking, if any.

"Isn't it good?" inquires Travis at the fade-out.

"It always has been," I replies. "The last time I saw the picture the gal worked in a tuna-fish factory."

"Just what I want," says Speed. "It fits Trixie like a snake's skin." And he makes an appointment with Terry for the next day to talk turkey.

"So you're going to see Paris," I remarks to Phil, after the writer takes it on the lam.

"Yep," says Phil. "I'm a movie magnate now and watch me wow 'em with Terry's picture."

"You ought to," I agrees. "There never was a more perfect combination—a producer who doesn't know a Klieg light from a kleagle, a hack-scribbler who's never written a scenario in his life and a leading lady who's never been photographed anywhere except in a shooting-gallery. All you need now is a director who got his experience directing traffic and a camera-man who forgets to put film in the camera."

"Anybody can make cottage cheese out of cream," says Phil. "Only an artist can make it out of ax-handles."

For the next week or so Speed's busier than a fighting cock with fleas, hunting up a studio, sound trucks and the rest of the impedimenta that distinguishes a movie plant from a hay-and-feed store. That taken care of, he starts beating the brush for a director and finally lands a lad named Foster Small, who's filmed everything from the original Deluge to "The Levys and the O'Learys on a Gunboat."

With Small's help, Phil gets together a cast of eight people to support Trixie. There's only one thesp in the group I ever heard of—Llewellyn Doakes, a leading man who's played with the best of 'em.

"How much is he punishing you for?" I asks Speed.

"A thousand berries a day," he replies.

"That's a lot of money," I observes, "even if you say it fast over the telephone. How long you using him?"

"One day," says he.

"One day!" I exclaims. "What are you having him do—an *adagio* dance in the waffle-window scene?"

"He's going to be practically in every scene in the picture," returns Phil. "Doakes is fixing it so that all of his sequences'll be shot in one stretch. Later on we distribute 'em where they'll do the most good."

"A quickie, eh?" I remarks. "How many sets you figuring on?"

"That makes no difference," says Speed, who's apparently been soaking himself in cinema craft. "Doakes is mostly in close-ups. After all, the big scene where Trixie battles for her virtue on the Eiffel Tower—"

"That's a novel twist, at any rate," I horns in appreciatively. "All the battles for virtue I've *(Please turn to page 99)*

"And now I shall tell you about myself," began the girl.

Island of DESIRE

The Story So Far:

ROBERT KILGORE stood looking at the smoking passenger ship from which he had just leaped to safety. No one else had escaped—they were all dead in that smoking ruin.

Suddenly he realized that he was free of the past—that his identity was lost—that the world would think he too had died there. He might begin life again if he wished.

For his old life was ended anyway—ended suddenly on an aviation field when he, Captain Kilgore of the United States Army Air Service, had struck his superior officer in the face because he had been ordered into the air for a stunt performance in an antiquated dangerous ship. Kilgore had obeyed, been almost killed, and came back raging. He was allowed to resign; he had immediately taken passage in this plane for the Pacific coast with some vague idea of starting there as a private flyer, since that was his only trade.

His bags were destroyed. All the money he had in the world was in them except thirty-two dollars. He squared his shoulders and walked through the desert until a couple in a car picked him up and took him to San Francisco.

After a week there, in a cheap hotel, his money almost gone, he was wandering about the waterfront and noticed a drab little ship named the *Dashing Wave*. On impulse he stooped and knocked on her hatches.

"What do you want?" came a call from below.

"I want a job," he shouted back.

Next day, in new dungarees, with not a cent left, he sailed as bosun of the ship, with a middle-aged Swede named Larson and Captain "Boots" Kendrick, who had hired him.

Larson warned him, "When Boots sends for you, you jump."

But when Kendrick got drunk and struck him, the independent young Kilgore laid the skipper out cold.

"You're a man after my own heart," Boots told him later, but Larson, to whom Kilgore reported this, shook his head. "Better leave at Papeete. He's got it in for you. And you aren't suited for this business—we do 'blackbirding,' and besides we are going after a white girl on one of the islands. Boots meant to get her last year, but she hid. He'll get her this time and you wouldn't like it."

"How'd she get there?"

"Don't know. Didn't know their lingo. But she's sure white."

But Kilgore decided definitely to stay with the ship wherever she went. Gradually he became a regular sailor. He enjoyed the rough clean life of the sea; he forgot the troubles of his past. He was happy. Only Larson wouldn't stop warning him about Boots. Kilgore thought little of it until one night Kendrick came to relieve him of his watch and taking him unaware flung him into the sea. Kilgore got back by snatching at a rope, and coming back pretended to be the ghost of himself, terrifying the skipper. Finally Kilgore knocked him unconscious; in the morning Boots thought he had dreamed the thing—only to see Kilgore before him. He went wild again and was put in irons. Larson took charge of the ship.

"Better get off at Papeete," he still said.

"Thanks for your advice, but I sha'n't leave till I see that Boots doesn't get the girl."

"Had you thought I might want her for myself?" asked Larson.

Kilgore looked at him straight. "Then there are *three* of us going after her."

Larson's look was straight too. "And only one of us will come back with her."

Later they took Boots out of irons. At Papeete he took Kilgore ashore, and tried to leave him behind—but he swam back to the departing ship and Larson was sport enough to be glad to see him.

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

Far away, under the white shadows *of* the south seas, *three* men *find* a Girl

by PETER B. KYNE

Life was all risk now—but that made it sweet. He began to wonder about the white girl they all were so eager to find.

"What's the name of her island?" he asked Larson.

"Uncharted it is. I don't even know its longitude and latitude. We stopped to get out of a hurricane and this white girl was in one of the boats that came to meet us. The chief wouldn't sell her to Boots, who went wild about her. She hid, but he swore he'd come back and get her."

They came finally to the little island they were seeking. The beach was suddenly alive with natives who launched canoes and met them. In the biggest was the chief; beside him a tall, golden-haired young woman, leaning on a spear. Not more than six feet away the canoe paused, and she looked straight into Kilgore's face.

"I'm here to protect you," he said in Spanish, after discovering by a ruse that she could speak it, as well as English. "Don't step on this schooner. If the Captain and the mate go ashore tonight, come to the schooner—but take strong paddlers." *(The story continues in detail:)*

EVIDENTLY the arrival of the *Dashing Wave* meant a tremendous break in the routine of the primitive people who clustered about the schooner in their canoes. They shouted, laughed and waved greetings to Boots Kendrick and Larson; and when the mate, at an order from Kendrick, threw a Jacob's ladder over the side, the king came aboard, followed by his paddlers. Ensued a merry scramble among the occupants of the other canoes to follow him, but Boots Kendrick and Larson stopped the rush after some fifty had boarded the ship, and he drew the ladder back on deck as a sign that further visitors were not desired.

When the king's canoe had been emptied of all save the white girl, she seized a paddle and drove the craft slowly ahead and clear of the schooner to make room for the next canoe. Boots Kendrick besought her, in sign language, to come aboard; and when she ignored him, he besought the king, in sign language, to order her aboard. The king—a magnificent old fellow six feet and a half tall, broad-chested, and with a handsome, slightly Semitic cast of countenance—evidently was a disciple of the doctrine of personal liberty, for he shook his fuzzy head good-naturedly, grinning widely the while to remove the sting of his refusal.

At Kendrick's order two seamen came from below carrying a five-gallon carboy of gin, which was set up on deck in a cradle specially constructed to receive it; then Larson uncorked it, and the cook brought up a basket of new tin cups and passed them around; a line headed by His Majesty formed along the side of the schooner, and Kendrick poured each man a brimming cup of gin. Kilgore, watching this procedure, realized that these islanders, totally unaccustomed to liquor of such high alcoholic content, doubtless would become quite intoxicated from that one huge drink; yet to his amazement, Kendrick proceeded to distribute another round. Then, before their potations could take effect and render them helpless, he led them down into the cargo hold of the schooner, into which light streamed from the open hatch above.

From the trade-room, packing-cases were brought forth and presents distributed to the visitors—mostly cheap print calico, nails, strips of iron or steel, copper and steel wire, brass chains and cheap mirrors. The childish delight of the natives in the possession of these cheap gewgaws amused Kilgore; then as the gin commenced to take effect in the crowded atmosphere of the hold, his amusement turned to disgust and contempt as he watched them staggering around, shouting incoherently and presently, one by one,

slumping to the deck in a drunken stupor. As each man collapsed, Larson obligingly dragged him off to one side and away from the trampling feet of his friends.

Presently Boots Kendrick came on deck, leaving Larson in charge of the festivities below. He carried a cheap **red** Mother Hubbard gown, a Panama hat and a pair of tennis shoes, which he exhibited, article by article, for the edification of Brunhilde, at the same time indicating that the prizes would be hers did she but deign to come aboard. For his pains he drew from her a glance of fiery contempt, plus utter silence.

Kendrick summoned Kilgore. "I can't play favorites here," he explained. "The rest of these natives expect their share of gin and trade-goods, but they'll have to get it ashore. A jolly jamboree and the distribution of presents is the open door to their hearts. Kilgore, clear away the whaleboat and take a crew of four men to row you ashore. I'll have a couple of casks of gin brought up and loaded in the boat—also some cases of trade junk. You take it ashore and distribute it. Take a hatchet and an auger and a spigot with you, and give them a real party. I'll come ashore in about an hour after things quiet down here. After you've taken care of the natives, you might cast about and locate some pigs and chickens and fresh fruit. We could use some dry firewood for the galley, and if you can locate a supply of fresh water that doesn't appear to be polluted, I'll send casks ashore and we'll renew our supply of drinking water."

"Very well, sir," Kilgore replied obediently, and set about the task assigned him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that the errand upon which the Captain was sending him was merely an excuse to get him ashore and to leave him there if, in his absence, Kendrick should succeed in possessing himself of the girl. He was not concerned unduly, however; for something told him the girl would follow him, thus obviating her capture, and until Boots Kendrick had her aboard and helpless to escape, he would not leave the lagoon. Kilgore was further confirmed in his suspicions as the skipper's intentions when Kendrick called to him as he was pulling clear of the schooner: "Send the whaleboat back for me."

Kilgore ignored the girl, floating idly in the war-canoe some fifty feet distant, for he felt that Kendrick was watching him. Nevertheless he raised a Spanish song, with words and music of his own devising and intended solely for Brunhilde's ear:

Follow me, fair lady—
Follow me, I say.
For the Captain means to capture you,
And then he'll sail away.
Then never more I'll see your face—
He'll leave me here to take your place.

He wanted to burst out laughing at his own crazy minstrelsy. And he did not look back to see whether or not she had taken his hint. The clot of canoes about the schooner broke away at once and fell in behind him; evidently they suspected the nature of his errand. At least so Kilgore judged from their gleeful cries. He heard the girl calling to them. There was a silence for a moment, then an answering shout and a splash, so he looked back and saw that half a dozen young men had leaped overboard from their canoe and were swimming gayly toward the big war-canoe in which the girl sat. He saw them clamber in, seize the paddles and come gliding after him.

A sense of contentment filled him. Between them, they had outwitted Kendrick and Larson, and there would be no marooning of Robert Kilgore for the present. Willing hands grasped the gunwales of the whaleboat as it hovered in the shallow water just outside the fringe of small breakers, and ran it up through the wash of the surf to the beach; men vied with each other to carry the two casks of gin and the crates of trade-goods up the beach and into a grove of coconut palms that grew down to the edge of the lagoon.

Once inside the sheltering screen of the palms, Kilgore paused and looked back. The king's huge canoe was being run through the surf by the shouting paddlers up to their armpits in the water alongside; when the prow touched the shingle, and the wash of the surf receded for a moment, Brunhilde stepped ashore, walking sedately and unhurried. As she joined him, he bowed and held out his hand.

"My name is Robert Kilgore," he said in English, "and I am here for the sole purpose of protecting you and saving you, for I assure you a real danger confronts you."

Her features exhibited profound emotion as she accepted his hand.

"I am aware of that, Mr. Kilgore," she replied. "The plan was hatched in the head of that beast of a captain when the *Dashing Wave* was here four hundred and twenty-one days ago. I am not a fool."

"So I observed!"—dryly.

She looked him over searchingly, as if measuring his moral worth. "Why are you so interested, Mr. Kilgore?"

"I am not interested—unless you desire it," he replied. "I happened to discover we were bound to an uncharted and rarely visited island for the purpose of securing a girl, white or mostly so. Knowing the skipper and the mate, I guessed that the intentions of both toward you were far from benevolent, and it occurred to me you might not care to fall in with the plan. You might not be the sort of girl who would care to roam the seas as the chattel of a man with the soul of a Barbary pirate. So I decided to tag along, and if my services were needed, to throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery."

"Isn't that dangerous?"

"Extremely so. The Captain and the mate have certain plans regarding me, but unknown to each other. The Captain hopes to capture you, maroon me here, and at an opportune time dispose of the mate. The mate is desirous of seeing the Captain secure you; then, at an opportune time, he hopes to dispose of the Captain. I have the hope of permitting the Captain and the mate to dispose of each other—whereupon I will take command of the schooner and sail her back to Papeete. If that happens, I shall be delighted to invite you to accompany me, and if that plan does not meet with your approval, I shall inform whatever government you are a citizen of, and a warship will be sent to take you off. You appear to have spent a few years here quite without injury to yourself, so I dare say you could spend a little more time here if you had to."

"I have been here," the girl answered, "more than five years. I keep track of the days by dropping a pebble into a gourd each morning."

"You poor waif!"

At this evidence of his sympathy, her eyes filled with tears. "You are a kind man, and a kind man is usually a good man. I trust you."

"Thank you. I shall try to deserve your trust."

"Providentially, you are also an intelligent man. I observe you carry a pistol."

"The mate, who has a strange liking for me, despite his many faults, loaned it to me to protect myself from the Captain."

"And yet this mate would kill you?"

"Undoubtedly. He would not relish the task, but he would not permit my life to stand in the way of his desires. And even if I did not insist on standing in the way of his desires, my continued existence would always endanger him—if his plan works out."

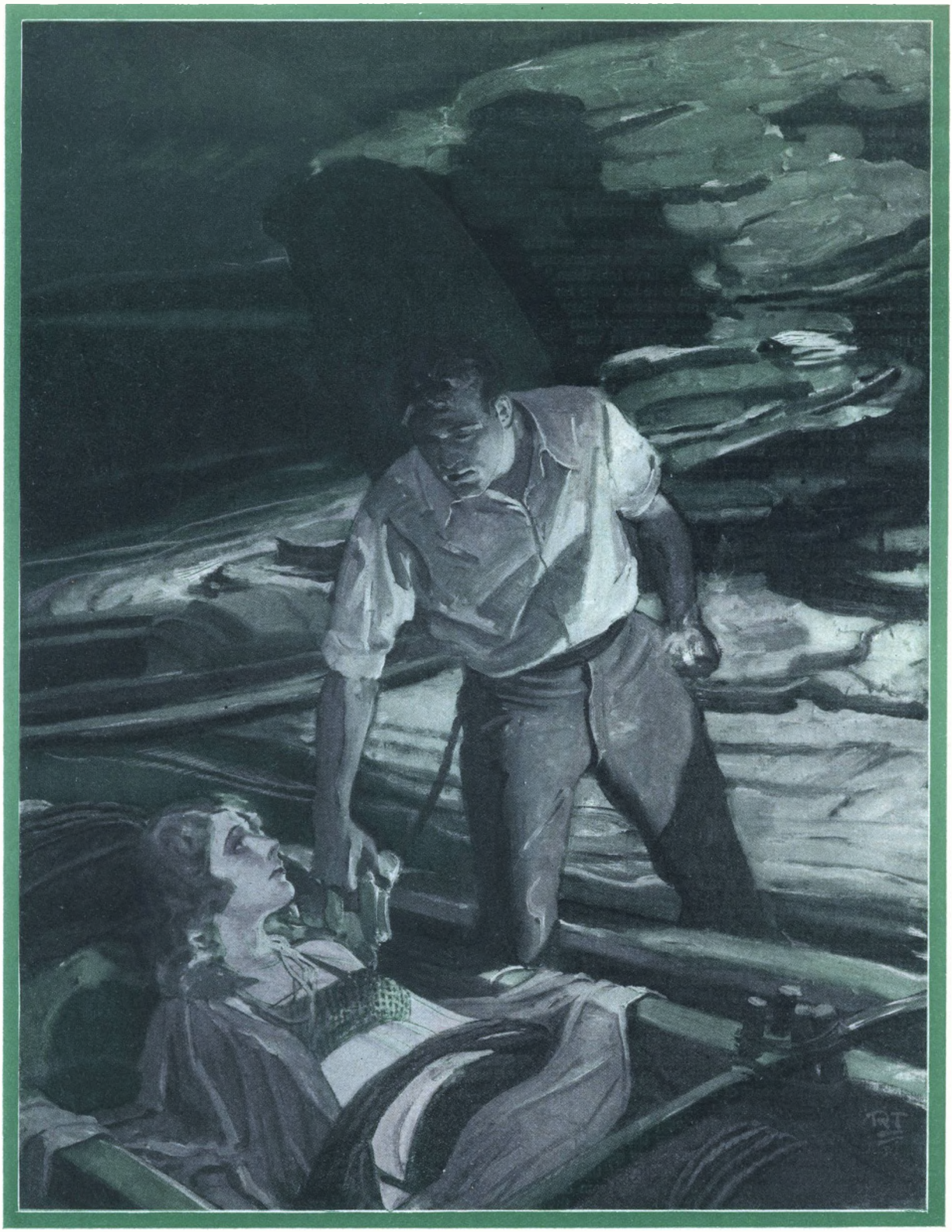
Brunhilde pondered the situation, the while tracing a pattern in the sand with her bare toe. "The Captain's plan is very simple, I think," she decided presently. "He now has the king and some fifty of his young men aboard the schooner drunk. He has sent more liquor ashore with you to get the remainder of the people helplessly drunk. Then he will kill you if he has to, in order to capture me, and carry me aboard that schooner. Once there, he will sail away. After that, the issue will be between him and the mate. Well, you may distribute your presents to these people, but for the time being those casks of gin must remain untapped—I forbid that."

"You're the commanding officer, Miss—or is it Mrs.?"

"It's Miss—Miss Greta Gunderson."

"I thought you were a Scandinavian."

"My father was a Norwegian, but my mother was Spanish, from Madrid. She had auburn hair; her maiden name was Teresa Reille."



Kilgore struck a match to see what was in the canoe. The pale face of Greta Gunderson, gagged and with a trickle of blood at the corners of her mouth, stared up at him. He removed the gag.

"I suspect that once it would have been Tessie Reilly—perhaps O'Reilly. There's a street in Madrid known as the Calle O'Reilly, and another in Havana, Cuba. There was a time in the history of Ireland when Irish soldiers of distinction found it expedient to offer their swords to Continental powers. So that's why you understand Spanish?"

"My mother spoke English very haltingly, so she taught me her mother tongue. But she also spoke fluent French, and so did my father; hence I speak that language also. I was taught English in school."

"But with a certain faint accent, whether French or Spanish I do not know, except that it is delightful. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two or thereabouts. I do not know exactly. When I first came here, I was ill, and many days have slipped out of my reckoning."

"I'm as curious as a pet fox about you, Miss Greta. But first let me distribute my silly presents so we can talk in peace. Your people are as excited as children sitting up watching for Santa Claus."

With the hatchet he broke open the packing-cases, and the girl took charge of the distribution, after first haranguing the crowd in the dialect of the island. "I have told them," she explained to Kilgore, "that the gin is to be saved for a feast to be given later, and they are satisfied. They are children of nature, kindly, generous, unsuspicious and hospitable. They did not know what gin was until the *Dashing Wave* came here first."

The trade-goods distributed, the girl took him by the hand and led him out of the grove, up through a village that consisted of palm-thatched houses and on to a stream that babbled down to the lagoon from the high ground in the center of the island. On the bare trunk of a fallen old coconut palm beside this stream, she sat down and indicated to Kilgore a seat beside her.

"And now I shall tell you about myself," she began. "My father, Aune Gunderson, was a man of good family—not a peasant, you will understand. For generations his people had been shipbuilders. He was well educated. During his father's time the family, not content with building ships, began the operation of ships; and when he came out of the university, my father went to sea before the mast. In four years he was a master, and then he came home, with all his knowledge of sailing ships, to take his place in the office and operate them. His younger brother managed the shipyard. During a voyage to Barcelona my father had taken a few days off to visit Madrid and there met my mother. Three days after meeting her he asked her father for permission to marry her. Whatever the reason, his request was refused; so he stole my mother, carried her down to Barcelona to his ship and home to Norway, where he married her. He was in some ways a Viking.

"I was born in Oslo and graduated from a private school there when I was fourteen. Then my mother took me to a school in Switzerland, and I was what you call 'finished' there.

"During the war my father's firm built and bought a great number of sailing-ships and steamers, operated them at a good profit, and early in 1920 they sold out. Then my father retired. We lived in Paris until 1922; then my father, who was still in his early fifties, felt a yearning to go to sea again. So he had built in Norway a steel auxiliary schooner yacht. My mother had died in 1921, and he was lonely. So in this yacht—it was very sturdy—my father and I went for a voyage around the world. We crossed the western ocean to New York and then proceeded to the West Indies and on down the coast of South America and through the Straits of Magellan to Sydney, Australia. My father was his own skipper, and we were very happy in our wanderings; for I too loved the sea. From Sydney we sailed north to cruise among the little-known islands of western Polynesia. We struck a succession of heavy gales and one hurricane, and were driven far off our course; and in the middle of the night we piled up on a reef—one of those reefs that are slowly building up from the bottom of the sea and finally become coral atolls. We were far from land, and in the morning when my father took an observation, it seemed we were more than three hundred miles from the nearest charted island.

"We had a small crew—six sailors, a mate, a steward, a cook, an engineer—twelve aboard, counting my father and me. We had two lifeboats—both small; so my father took me, the cook, steward and engineer in one boat, and the mate took the sailors in the other boat. The schooner was breaking her back on the reef, and we had to abandon her before she broke in two and sank.

Kendrick was showing her a
signs that it was hers if she

cheap red frock, indicating by would deign to come aboard.

We got the boats away, but the mate's boat, through some mismanagement, was swept up on the reef and all hands drowned. Fortunately the boat we were in had an outboard motor, and we were enabled to work clear. Father got a sprit-sail on her, and we ran before the wind, which carried us far out of our course.

"For days we lay to a sea-anchor made from a roll of blankets. We were nineteen days in that open boat, and my father rationed the food and water. But he saved some for me when the principal supply was gone, and starved and thirsted gallantly with the men. They—died of thirst, or went insane and leaped overboard. Presently Father and I were alone, and he was very feeble. A rain-squall saved us. We caught the rain in the sail, and later we found floating in the sea a cluster of coconuts all tied together with some tough sort of vine. Father interpreted this as a sign that land could not be far away, that some islander sailing offshore with his canoe laden with coconuts had been swamped; for certainly the coconuts could not have been afloat at sea very long, or the cluster would have disintegrated. They furnished us with food and drink—and the next morning we sighted this island and sailed into this lagoon. The people came out and towed us ashore. Then I was ill and remembered nothing for a long time.

"Five hundred and two days after I commenced keeping track of the days, my father died. I have been alone here ever since."

"Have you been molested in any way?" Kilgore queried.

Greta Gunderson smiled. "Not at all—unless one counts the insistent desire of the king or chief to marry me to his eldest son. However, he has not been too insistent—particularly since I have laboriously acquired a knowledge of the language and can give him an argument. I am regarded as having brought good luck here, hence venerated. Since my arrival the low portions of the island have not been swept by hurricanes, our neighbors on an island thirty miles or so to the west have only raided us once, and then I peppered the chief and his principal warriors with bird-shot. Oh, yes, my father had a shotgun, a rifle and a quantity of ammunition in the lifeboat. These people here had never seen a firearm, and the explosion frightened the invaders into hysterics. I suppose my appearance absolutely desolated them. I imagine they thought I was some sort of goddess of vengeance, for they fled to their canoes and have never returned."

"Has your health been good, Miss Gunderson?"

"You may call me Greta. I think formality might be dispensed with here, Mr. Kilgore."

"Then call me Bob," he suggested.

"Thank you; I shall. —Yes, strangely, my health has been excellent. There is no disease among these people, because they have never had contact with white men. They die of old age or wounds or blood-poisoning or indigestion or drowning. There is no leprosy. Colds are unknown, and I have never noted a case of pneumonia. In fact, contagious diseases are unknown. The birth-rate is high, but so is the mortality. Only the very fit survive."

"If there is no contagious disease, why is the mortality high?"

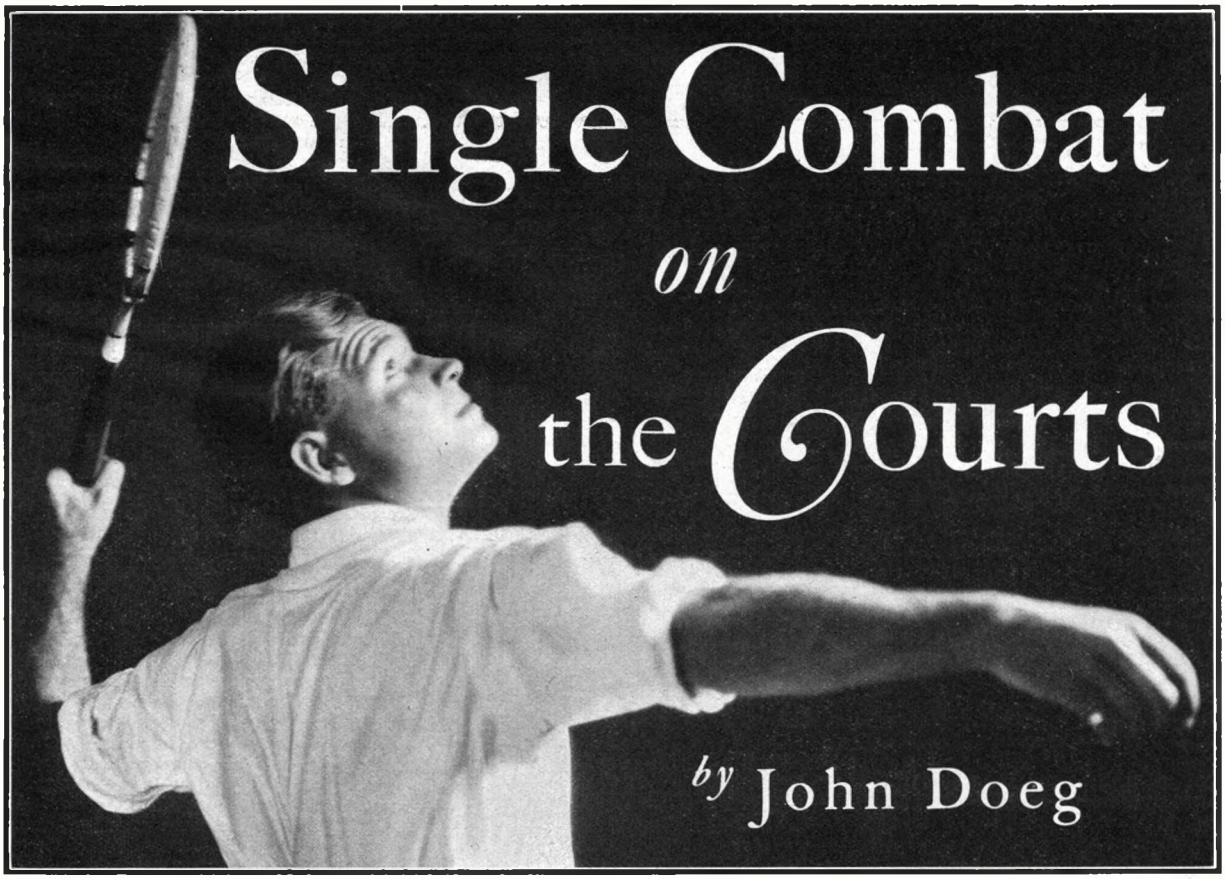
"There is only so much food for so many persons. The unfit are destroyed. When a native becomes so old that he is helpless or blind and becomes a burden to himself and the community, he is destroyed. Nature maintains her own balance. Such government as exists is beautifully socialistic. Food is gathered for the common store and divided in accordance with the size of families. Theft is unknown—probably because there is no incentive, and the punishment is death. The people are too simple and happy and jolly to bother with lies. They are affectionate, and demonstrative in their affection. Mostly they sleep by day and fish and hunt and gather food at night. They can see quite clearly in darkness that would bewilder you and me."

"What are your amusements?"

"Eating, drinking, playing little jokes, telling weird and impossible stories, fishing, swimming, riding turtles in from sea, dancing, singing. They are very musical and prefer hymns, the music of which I have taught them although they have fitted them with words of their own. I have taught them some classical dancing."

Kilgore burst out laughing at this, but apparently Greta Gunderson saw no reason for his humor. "Tell me now about yourself, please," she commanded.

(Please turn to page 111)



Single Combat on the Courts

by John Doeg

Photo by Lazarnick

YOUTH "took over" tennis most sensationally at the American Championship matches. Tilden, perhaps the greatest player of all time and certainly the most interesting, failed to win for the first time in eight years; in fact, he did not reach the finals.

Six of the "last eight" in the tournament were under twenty-four years of age, and five of them under twenty.

Nothing could be a better augury than this for the future of American tennis. —THE EDITOR.

AS tennis has become, in recent years, a great spectators' game, I am asked: "Do you mind crowds? Is it difficult to play before a crowd? Does the 'gallery' affect your play?"

I answer quickly: "No, I never see the people in the stands or hear them after the game starts."

However, this was not always so. I will never forget the first tennis tournament in which I played—I felt so nervous and panic-stricken before the small crowd that it was only a matter of a few minutes before my opponent was on his way to an easy victory, with little resistance on my part. Only with repeated competition in tournament after tournament did I succeed in shaking off "crowd consciousness." In my case, certainly, this is an advantage, though the consciousness of the presence of a crowd may in some cases help a player of another temperament by bringing out the utmost that is in him.

I set myself to concentrate on every point and to play each point for itself; and in this way I am now aware only of my opponent on the opposite side of the net. The fact that forgetfulness of the gallery does not automatically come through repeated appearance before crowds is proved by the case of Tilden. No tennis-player of our or of any other time has played as often before a gallery or before as large galleries as Tilden; yet disturbance among the spectators seems to tend to throw him off his game; he frequently halts a match, in which he is playing, until absolute order reigns in the stands.

On the other hand, Lacoste, the famous French player, has trained himself to concentrate so thoroughly upon the game that you feel he is totally unaware that anyone is watching him. From the beginning to the end of a match, his face is a mask which conceals his feelings. To all outward appearance he is miles away, as far as the crowd is concerned. His temperament contrasts markedly with Tilden's—Lacoste centering on every point totally unmindful of the crowd, Tilden reacting to the enthusiasm or noisy behavior of the gallery.

Whether or not this past year has been the greatest tennis year in average standard of play in the great tournaments—and there are some who say it has—the last twelve months certainly have surpassed all others in general popularity of the game, both in America and abroad. New tennis clubs are being formed everywhere and courts are being built every day for the exercise and thrill this great game brings to the player; and in all the leading countries the tournament courts are now surrounded by stadia to accommodate the spectators who come in tens of thousands to the "final" matches. At the oldest great tournament-site the crowds and interest are the greatest: at Wimbledon—Wimbledon, where is the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, at which players from all over the world compete for the oldest great trophy in tennis.

It is a common occurrence at Wimbledon to see a queue of thousands before the ticket booths in the hope of obtaining entrance to the stadium for a final match in which no Englishman may be competing. Indeed—as may be remembered—at this premier tournament the finals this year, both in men's and women's play, was "all-American," as previously a final in men's singles had been all-French, and as, when Tilden won his first Wimbledon title, the final was American-Japanese; and the challenge round then was Tilden against the Australian, Patterson.

The thousands of tennis followers stand in line for hours, the earliest arrivals beginning their vigil as early as half-past five in the morning, though they know that most of them must be doomed to disappointment—for all the tickets are subscribed for months in advance; standing-room is the only possibility, and may not be enough to supply standing space inside the stadium for the section of the queues who have been waiting outside, as many do, all during the night. That is taking your tennis seriously!

The Roland Garros stadium in Paris, where the finals of the Davis Cup matches have been played for the past three years, presents somewhat similar scenes—though the French in recent years at least have had the assurance of seeing their own countrymen in the finals. France has "taken" to tennis more enthusiastically, in recent years, than any other country in the world; they continue to hold, as you know, our Davis Cup won from the United States in 1927; and Suzanne Lenglen before her retirement was for years the finest woman player. Germany has taken to tennis, also Spain, Italy, Austria, Mexico and Japan. The modern game thrills all modern peoples.

What "makes" the modern game of tennis? How does it differ from the tennis which went before and which was confined, as a sport, almost to England and its colonies and America?

The first great popularizing element both with players and with the public is the increased speed of the game. Traditional tennis, as compared with contemporary play, was leisurely—a lawn game; even among the first-rank players, insistence on speed and hard-hitting was not nearly as pronounced as today. The players were, on the average, prone to wear down an opponent by controlled steadiness. Today tennis has turned to the attack with less emphasis on mere steadiness. This does not mean, in any sense, that steadiness and control are tossed into the discard; the essence of the modern game is to possess steadiness but add the factor of more chance-taking and more speed. Tennis as played in 1890 would seem slow in contrast with the tennis at Wimbledon, Paris or Forest Hills. The same impulses as those which have speeded up baseball, football and golf have affected tennis, and multiplied both the zest of the game and its popularity.

Maurice McLoughlin, the well-known "Comet," was the most famous early apostle of speed in the game; it was by him that the fury of attack was developed to the utmost in carrying him to the triumphs he won on the courts. In his case, the special use of speed might be compared with the power which "Lefty" Grove and "Dazzy" Vance put behind their pitches. McLoughlin and Beals Wright, in an earlier day, possessed physiques to enable them to put power into their services and their smashes with less effort than their adversaries. Yet smaller players are able to obtain similarly satisfactory results through proper timing, coördination and following-through. "Little Bill" Johnson's forehand drive, when he was at the peak of his game, was very fast. The ball traveled so quickly on this particular shot that it seemed like a white blur on its flight at you. I think that Johnson had the fastest forehand drive known—yet he was small and slender and

Photo by Lazarnick

A player from the point of view of the ball about to be served.

weighed at the most not over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Of course he never relied simply on speed to carry him through; it would be the greatest mistake to imagine that one can build a game solely on speed. A slam-bang, hit-or-miss style is not to be confused with controlled speed. The tennis-player must start at the beginning with fundamentals, as in any other sport; after these have been learned and practiced, the player is in a position to apply power and severity to the different strokes when the occasion calls for them. All of this sounds needless and too simple; yet it is surprising what results an average player will obtain if he forgets to "knock the cover off the ball" and first gains control. Suzanne Lenglen used to place a handkerchief on the court and aim her strokes at the target from different angles until she had accuracy and control.

The aggressive, forcing game which both the Americans and the French now play followed and developed from the McLoughlin tactics; and I believe that the success of the French recently came from their adaptation to their own style of the attacking game. The English do not use as aggressive or forcing styles of play as the Americans. I have yet to see one of the English players employ a rushing and charging attack. By this, I mean serving hard and going to the net to cut off an opponent's return with sharp-angled volleys and overhead smashes. The characteristic English player prefers to remain back-court, relying upon steadiness combined with accuracy to win the match. "Bunny" Austin, for example, is one of the steadiest performers in this style of game. If all of his adversaries chose to play Austin at his own game, there would be a very limited number who could walk off the court saying, "I beat Austin." It is true that Austin is able to volley when he is forced to come in close but he does it only when there is no alternative and then he is at a disadvantage because of height. Some indication of the stress of the modern, rushing game is given by the fact that Austin, though he is England's foremost player, was dropped from their Davis Cup team. The reason given by English officials of their tennis association was that Austin, though excellent in technique, was less able than others to endure the strain of hard, five-set matches.

The modern game certainly is extremely strenuous and requires a stout heart and strong body to withstand the energy burned. I remember a final match two years ago which was played with the temperature hovering near the one-hundred-degree point. The match was well into the fifth set when one of the contestants collapsed, due to the terrific strain and the heat. It was a wonder, under those conditions, how both men were able to keep going as long as they did; it was only because of superb physical condition.

Tennis does not allow "time out," except for the ten-minute interval between the third and fourth sets of a five-set match. For three sets, at least, a player must go full speed in a close match; then he may rest ten minutes and go again for one more set or for two; and, as you know, a set may be anything from six games to—sometimes—forty! There is no actual physical contact, as in football or boxing, but on the other hand there are no breathing-spells, except the ten minutes mentioned; and in English tournaments there is not even that. For England, clinging to tradition of days when tennis was much more leisurely, does not yet allow the ten minutes after the third set; at Wimbledon, where the King and Queen and Prince make it a rule to witness the finals, the play once started is continuous until one or the other contestant wins.

Wimbledon, also, probably will not change. Wimbledon is a tennis world unto itself. It is jokingly said that if one blade of grass on the famous "Center court" of Wimbledon is disarranged, a meeting of the governing board immediately takes place. In tennis, Wimbledon is an institution and no player dares defy its tradition. It dictates even the clothes that a player may wear. A few years ago one of the American Davis Cup players daringly appeared on the center court in striped flannel trousers which drew gasps of astonishment from the spectators and many amazed and unfavorable comments in the newspapers. Only unstriped flannels are allowed, and duck trousers are strictly taboo. In America most of the players in the ladies' tournaments are in the habit of competing stockingless, wearing small ankle-length socks for protection next to their rubber-soled oxfords. This custom was carried across the sea to Wimbledon; needless to say, it was short-lived there.

If we can count more men players in the upper brackets than can the English, the English girls surpass ours in tennis play—excepting, of course, Helen Wills Moody. More of them play; also, their average of "better players" is certainly higher than here, which suggests that the ladies of England are, comparatively, taking their tennis more seriously than do the men.

One has only to watch a match between an American and an Englishman to see a difference not only in style but in spirit. The latter takes the point of view that a sport is and should remain only a pastime after all. If he gets some fun from a championship match and at the same time a certain amount of exercise, that is his first thought; but not so with the average American who wants to play the game for the sport and for the exercise also—but who is dominated, in addition, with a desire to win. It is probably a part of our interpretation of sport that we give everything we have, in a sportsmanlike way, to win any game we take part in. I do not mean that the Englishman means to let down or slacken just because he does not place so high a value upon winning; but there is a noticeable difference in the manner in which the men of the two countries go about the playing of a match. We are excited and show our emotions to a greater degree; the English are characteristically calm and restrained when a match was in progress. Austin and Gregory Mangin, an alternate on America's Cup squad, illustrated this. Mangin went about his task of winning in a grim and determined fashion clearly showing he was not going to let himself be defeated. Austin offered stiff resistance for two sets, but at last was buried under the avalanche of the American's never-ceasing and unrelenting attack.

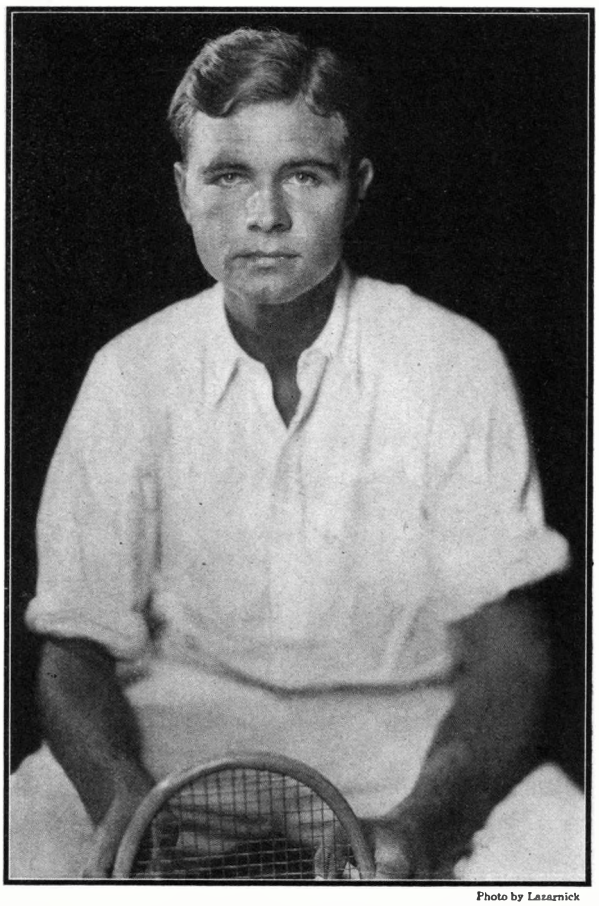
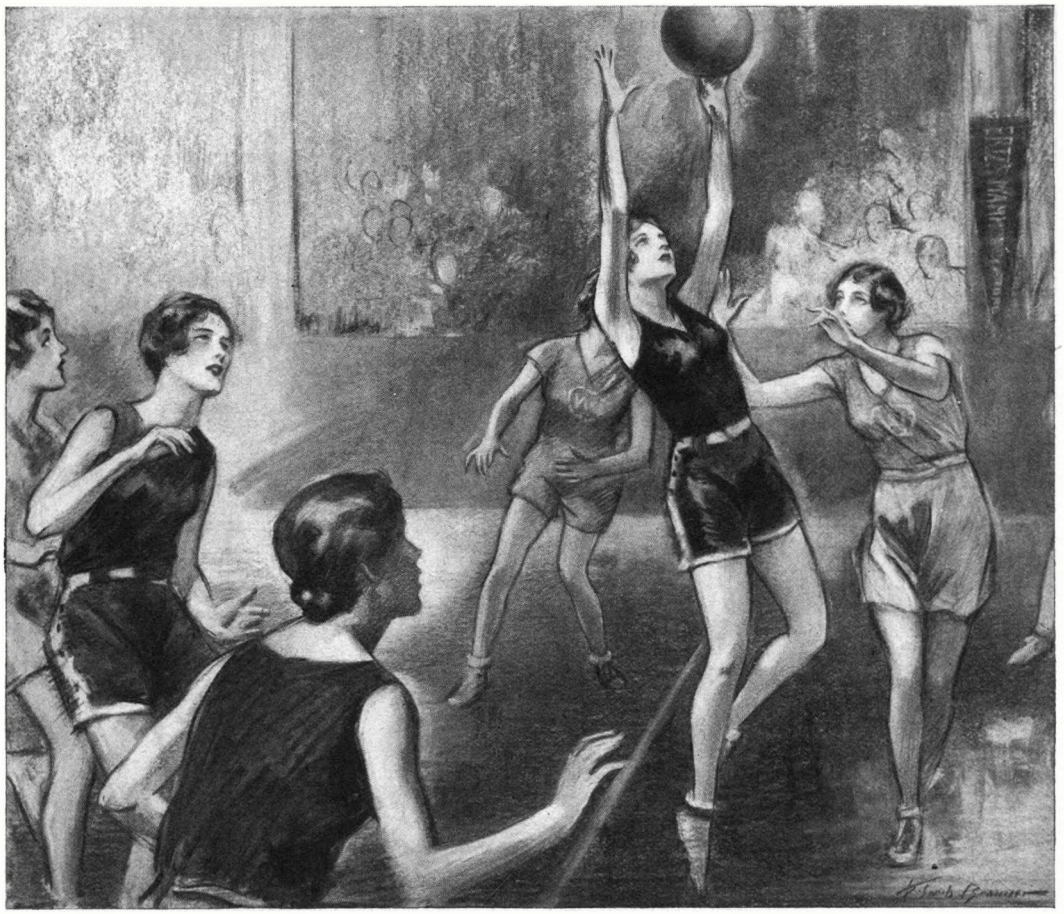


Photo by Lazarnick

John Hope Doeg.

Tennis is really a game of combat,—in fact, now our foremost game of combat,—differing in this deep essential of its spirit even more widely than it differs in the technique of play from its chief rival in the affection of Americans—golf.

Physical condition is far more important in tennis than in golf; so is the sense of combat, as contrasted with competition. Golf partakes not at all of physical combat, even in "match" play; in medal play the golfer, for the most part, is waging a battle against par and not so much against his opponent. *(Please turn to page 122)*



Illustrated by F. Sands Brunner

ALMA MATER

By Octavus Roy Cohen

NO one in the city knew—or cared—what the basketball team meant to Mary Vann. The few fans who interested themselves in the weekly games of the Women's City Basketball League which were played on Monday nights at the municipal auditorium had noticed a tiny little blonde forward who wore the blue and white of Ertz's Mammoth Store and fought like a tiger for every point. These fans admitted that Mary was perhaps the best player in the league and thought it was a pity she had never gone to college where her intensity—which amounted almost to fanaticism—might have brought the spark of greatness to some co-ed team.

They didn't suspect that because of the basketball—because of the simple court uniform with its large "E" on the blouse, because of the occasional applause—Ertz's Mammoth Store had become the college which Mary Vann had always wanted.

There were three leagues of women players in the city. Each Monday night the huge floor of the municipal auditorium was divided off into three basketball courts and on each court three games were played. Eighteen teams, each with a roster of twelve girls, battled fiercely once a week for the glory of the stores or businesses they represented. Some of the teams were very bad, most were mediocre and some few were good. Ertz's Mammoth Store team was one of the good ones and Mary Vann was its best performer.

The young ex-high-school star who clerked in the "gents' furnishings" in the daytime and coached the team at night had marked the girl's earnestness from the evening of their first practice. Her utter fearlessness and forgetfulness of self on the court had interested him, and it had pleased him to teach her the finer points of the game. In her play there was much of the heroic abandon which one associates exclusively with school athletics where romantic youth seeks to die for dear old Alma Mater.

But except that he was interested, the coach went no deeper into the matter—being content with the knowledge that Mary Vann was his star player—the girl who was keeping his team in the fight for the league championship. Being none too well versed in psychology, the chances are he would not have understood even had she been competent to explain.

Mary Vann was lonely and always had been. Her rather pallid blondness masked an emotional depth which she herself could not analyze. She only knew that she had always wanted something to tie to—an ideal to fight for. Always she had envied the warriors of gridiron and diamond who could wear the uniform of their school and sacrifice themselves for the honor of their place of learning. She thrilled to lurid pictures which depicted the heroism of college athletes. She gazed starry-eyed at garish school parades which

blared past the store on football days. Occasionally she went alone to the campus of a local co-ed college, a modest denominational institution with an enrollment of perhaps a thousand. This was her greatest delight. She sauntered under the great oak trees, her eyes wide with happiness and her heart pounding with the glory of might-have-been.

On these visits to the college campus, no one noticed her. The young men and girls were too busy with their own problems and pleasures to have a thought for the slender little blonde who spoke to no one as she rambled around the campus. A close observer might have guessed that she was happy without ever understanding that the girl's thrill was in the knowledge that she was not regarded as an intruder. With a half smile on her lips she would walk from Old Main to Science Hall and from there to the Academic Building, imagining that she was a student attending classes. She held imaginary conversations with imaginary friends, and invariably she would return from these lonely pilgrimages happy to a state of exaltation. College and college spirit held an irresistible appeal for her, but because she had known only poverty and want, the opportunity of actually belonging anywhere had never come to her—not until Ertz's Mammoth Store entered a team in the Women's City Basketball League.

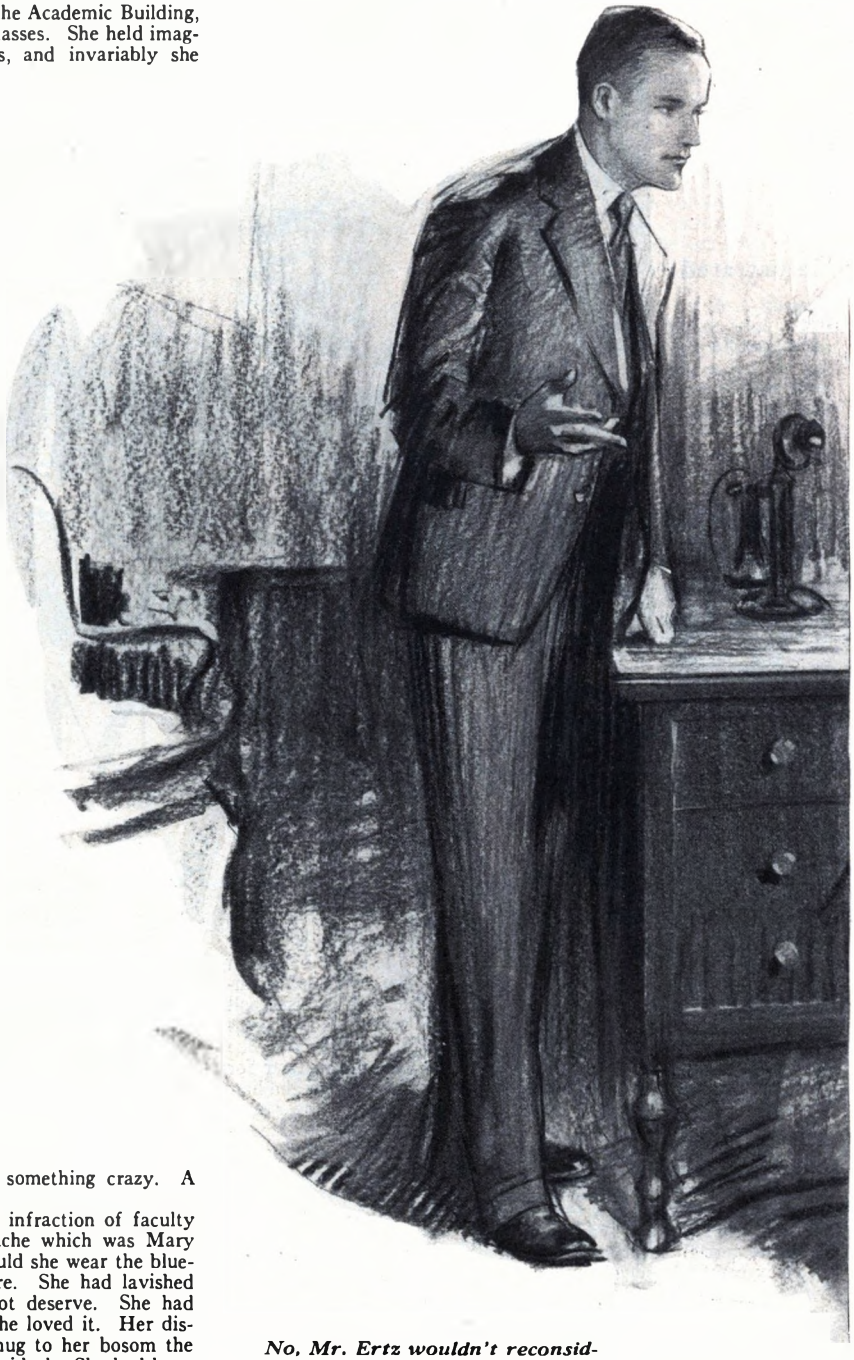
Thereupon the starved soul of the girl went out to the store upon whose team she played. Ertz's became her ideal. It was something for which she could fight, upon which she could lavish a wealth of loyalty and affection. She never lost the thrill of donning her basketball uniform on Monday night and of trotting onto the court. She played brilliantly and fiercely, welcoming the occasional bumps and bruises, because her membership on the team had raised Ertz's Mammoth Store above the crassly commercial. The tense athletic competition, the fact that she was privileged to sacrifice herself for an institution—these things brought into the drab, workaday life of Mary Vann the pink flush of a romance which was greater than self. Ertz's Mammoth Store—which grudgingly paid her fifteen dollars a week—became through its basketball team the college she could never otherwise have had.

And then came the awful pay-day when she found a discharge slip in her pay-envelope. She had erred in charging a customer too little on a cash purchase. It was a natural error, but Ertz's Mammoth Store could not and would not tolerate mistakes which operated to its disadvantage.

Dry-eyed and pitiful, Mary went to the coach, and the coach went to Sam Ertz, owner of the store. Mr. Ertz was impatient. What did he care whether the basketball team would be ruined if Mary Vann was discharged? He didn't care nothing about basketball anyhow! It was all a lot of foolishness, and Mary Vann was a careless clerk. No, he wouldn't reconsider his decision. She was fired—and would stay fired. Business was business and basketball was just something crazy. A game! *Phooey!*

No student, unjustly expelled for a minor infraction of faculty laws, ever left college with quite the heartache which was Mary Vann's when she realized that never again could she wear the blue-and-white uniform of Ertz's Mammoth Store. She had lavished upon this store an affection which it did not deserve. She had fought for it and suffered for it—therefore she loved it. Her discharge-slip meant that she could no longer hug to her bosom the dream that she was immolating herself for an ideal. She had been denied the privilege of sacrificing herself for an institution which she had learned to love. She couldn't analyze the horrible sensation of futility which suddenly obsessed her. One day she regarded herself as indispensable to a great institution: the next day she was a colorless little girl out of a job. She was appalled by the void which had been created in her life; for hours she sat in her bare little room staring dry-eyed at the cracked plaster on the walls. She knew that the store would forget her, and that no longer was she of any importance to anybody in the world.

It was such a ghastly pity that the proprietor of Ertz's Mammoth Store could not understand.



No, Mr. Ertz wouldn't reconsider his decision. Mary Vann was fired—and would stay fired.

Two months later Mr. Sam Ertz was pleased to discover that the Mammoth Store was coming in for much free advertising because of the fact that it had won the championship of its league and was now entered in the play-off for the inter-league title—which carried with it the city championship. Mammoth Store defeated a telegraph-company team; so did the team from the White Store. On the night that the White and Mammoth Stores were to play for the city title—with its wealth of gratuitous advertising—the general manager suggested that it might be a regal gesture for Mr. Ertz to attend the great contest.

Mr. Ertz was amazed by the size of the crowd and the fierce partisanship. Also he was proud to see his team win. He was particularly proud of a slim, blonde little girl who threw herself into the game with reckless abandon, who continued to fight gallantly after being injured, and who—almost single-handed—won glory and advantageous publicity for the Mammoth Store.

After the large silver cup had been awarded to Mr. Ertz to display in his store for one year, the owner asked the identity of the girl who had brought victory to the Mammoth banner. The name "Mary Vann" struck him as vaguely familiar and he inquired of the coach how she happened to be on the team when she had been discharged many weeks previously.

"She's a queer little thing, Mr. Ertz," explained the coach. "Immediately after you discharged her, the White Store offered her a position at a better salary, provided she would play on their team. She refused. Said she couldn't play against Ertz's. Then she came to me and announced she was eligible again. I couldn't understand that, because the rule is that only employees can play. So I checked up and discovered that she had taken a job here as scrubwoman—a rotten, menial job."

"You mean," gasped Mr. Ertz, "that on account of her wanting to play basketball for us—she has been scrubbing floors at night?"

"Exactly, sir. I think she has been rather magnificent."

"Magnificent!" snorted Mr. Ertz. "She's crazy!"

The following day the advertising manager convinced Mr. Ertz that the women's basketball team deserved to be rewarded materially. The dollars-and-cents statement affected Mr. Ertz visibly. If the team had indeed brought to the store much free advertising, then it should be properly rewarded. So the next day a large pep meeting was held and each member of the squad was presented with a check for ten dollars; on the voucher attached to each check was written *"Bonus for basketball."*

Two nights later, in a bare, uncomfortable room, a slim, colorless little girl named Mary Vann stood as before a shrine, gazing proudly and happily at a large blue pennant with the words "Ertz's Mammoth Store" inscribed in white. And beneath that pennant, in a neat little frame, was the uncashed check which Mary Vann regarded as her diploma.

A Confidence by Kay Kennedy Wise

WHAT a night! What a night! Gimme some coffee—make it hot and black and quick. . . . . Yeah, I'll say it is—I just come back from Brooklyn. Wouldn't I get a fare like that on a night like this! You don't know when you're lucky, buddy, just standing behind the counter of a nice warm lunch-wagon. Why, you'd get slush in your ears just crossing the street. That cab of mine looks like an icicle hatchery.

Gimme some ham-and—and rush the Java. Has Charley been in tonight? I aint run into him here for a week. . . . Huh? What a tough break for him! Nice guy, Charley—I'm sorry to hear that. Aw, well, what kind of a future can you expect for a guy that goes and deliberately marries a flat-foot's daughter? It's bad enough to fall for any dame.

Leave both eggs sunny-side-up, Sam. How's tricks with you? . . . . Yeah? Well, you don't say! A boy, eh? Is the missus O. K.? And the kid? . . . . That's the stuff. I didn't even know you was married; you don't look miserable.

You know, buddy, I don't remember weather as bad as this since I been driving a cab. Say, I been in this racket longer than you've had them eggs in your ice-box and I never seen such snow. I bet Byrd wishes he was back at the South Pole where it's so cozy.

Not much business tonight, huh? Slim picked up a Bronx fare about two hours ago. Maybe he's waiting for a relief expedition. Dog-sleds are what we need tonight, not taxis.

Where you hiding the salt and pepper? . . . . O. K. Say, buddy, no wonder you guys make money running a dog-wagon when you use sawdust for coffee! Gimme another cup and make it black this time. Straight, see? I don't need no chaser.

That's better. Well, so there's a little Sam now, eh? . . . . Who? Me? You're nuts! The day you find me getting married you'll find daisies growing right here on Forty-eighth Street. Yeah, and maybe roses, too. Me getting married! That's a laugh, that is.

No women for me, thank you. A bunch of double-crossers, every one of them. . . . . Aw, yours may be different—or at least you think so. You're young yet. You'll get yours, buddy, don't worry—you'll get yours.

Look at Tip Mason. Gets in a jam just because of that blonde baby of his that he thought the world and all of, gets a two-year rap at Sing Sing, and when he's sprung from the Big House a couple of weeks ago what does he get? The air. And that's all any dame is generous with. Free air. Yeah! He comes home to find she's beat it with everything she could sell, all the money he left and gone off with some cheap bootlegger.

Say, buddy, take this egg back and give it to its grandchildren. They'll be getting worried about its being gone, and I'm a big-hearted guy that don't want to break up no homes.

Believe me, fella, I can give you the pay-off on women. I *know* them, I tell you. Why, I wouldn't trust my own sister with a plugged nickel. And that's a fact. The sweeter and cuter a dame looks, the worse she's lying. Every one of them is out for herself—and for the coin some poor sucker will spend on her. Why does a woman get married? Just to have some guy handy around the house to dry the dishes and pay the bills.

A while back, I used to stand in front of the Hot Spot Club around three o'clock, and one night I picked up a fellow and a girl and drove them up over to Sutton Place. She was one of those helpless-looking skirts with big blue eyes and yellow curls, and this fellow was all for her, I could see as soon as they got in my cab. You ought to have heard her dishing out the prune-juice and him just lapping it up! Oh, no, she hadn't never loved any other guy but him, and he was so different from most fellows you meet these days. And, Sam, would you believe it, I drove that same skirt home—each time with a different guy—five or six times after that. And she handed out the same line every time and each one fell like a knock-kneed ski-jumper. A cab-driver learns a lot of biology in his time, buddy. I've seen more necking than a co-ed; and the woman who's on the level is as rare as the left-handed pitcher who's brainy.

Nope, there aint a woman living that cares about a man's feelings. She aint got any herself, so why should she think anyone else has?

There was a girl once—you know, Sam, I don't think I ever saw such an eyeful. I was younger then and didn't know as much as I do now or I'd've realized that she was too good-looking to be good. Say, that baby would've put your eyes out. She had a pair of those big brown eyes that would melt a traffic cop's heart even, and they were all sort of scared and excited when I first lamped her.

I was cruising down Broadway one night about midnight, I guess it was, last fall. Around the end of October—I remember it was lousy cold. I'd had a good day and was figuring on turning in pretty soon. Well, there I was sort of moseying along, when up dashes this kid with the brown eyes. She was all out of breath and kind of crying.

"Where you want to go?" I asks.

"Anywhere," she comes back, "as long as you get there quick."

I been driving a cab for too many years to be surprised at anything, but this kid was different and she could hardly talk. Her voice was all choked-up-like.

She slams the door and looks out the window.

"Oh, quick, here he comes—please hurry!" she yells at me and then begins to cry in earnest, regular Niagara Falls.

I'm an obliging guy and I wasn't so down on women then. If

Guy

In which *a* taxi-driver *tells* what *he* thinks *of* women

Illustration by David Robinson

"Where you want to go?" I asks. "Anywhere," she comes back, "as long as you get there quick."

I'd been as wise as I am now, I'd've turned her over to the first cop I met or else've pushed her right out of my bus. But I was younger, see, and kind of soft-hearted.

And she was sure a cute little trick. Those eyes of hers—aw, well—

Anyways, I shoots over to Fifth Avenue and then turns around and asks her if she's made up her mind where she wants to go.

She was sniffling so hard she didn't answer and suddenly she looks out the back window and gives another yell.

"Oh, please, please get me away from him! He's following me in another cab. The beast, the—the—" And she starts crying again.

"Say, lady," I calls back over my shoulder, "I can't help you if you don't turn off the waterworks long enough to tell me what it's all about or where you want to go. I'll get out and punch that guy's head if you want me to. If he done you dirt, I'll fix his blinkers so he won't see the bright lights for a while yet."

"Oh, no, please don't stop. He'd only—he'd only—" And the sniffling begins again.

"I got a clean handkerchief if you want it," I says. My old lady always makes me carry a spare—she still thinks I'm on my way to kindergarten when I start out with my hack. I pushes it through the window and she thanks me real sweet.

We were up to about Fifty-third by now, so I asks her again where she lives.

"I couldn't go back to my room—that's the first place he'd look for me and I'd kill myself rather than let him find me again!"

You know, buddy, if I hadn't been such a weak-minded sap or if she hadn't been so cute with those eyes—well, I might've suspected that the guy that was after her was a dick. But she didn't look crooked (I didn't know then that all of 'em are just that) and I didn't know how to dope it out. You see, I wasn't wise then, buddy, and I felt sorry for her. Whatever this fellow was, she sure was plenty scared and mad.

"How about trying to lose him in Central Park?" I says, thinking the drive would give her time to calm down and then, if she didn't want to go home, I'd take her to some all-night joint for java, and then bring her home to my old lady. Mom would've taken care of her without asking no questions, I knew. And I was beginning to want to get a sock at this fellow she was afraid of. I didn't know what he'd done, but I was willing to give him the benefit of the doubt and paste him one anyway.

"Yes, there's where to go." She kind of peps up. "Drive around over by the lagoon and we'll lose him sure, but don't go quite so fast now; I'm afraid we'll have an accident."

I'd got so mad I was hitting it up, so I slowed down a bit and turned into the park. I looked around once and thought I saw the Blue-Top the guy had hopped when he started to follow her. The girl had left off crying and I didn't want to turn the faucet on again so I didn't say nothing. She kept looking behind but didn't say nothing, so I figured she didn't notice the cab.

Anyway, in a minute she leans over and asks me for a cigarette. I passed back my deck and she helps herself to it.

"You sure have been swell to me," she says, "and I won't forget it in a hurry, either."

"That's O. K.," I says. "Glad to oblige and any time from now on you want a guy socked, just call on me. I'll give him some fancy face-decorations. It's a shame to see a kid like you with no one to take care of you."

See, buddy, I was soft then. I hadn't wised up to the dames.

We were right near the lagoon by then and all of a sudden she says: "Stop just a minute, will you? I think I'll feel better if I walk around a minute or two." I was going to say I thought she'd gone completely haywire when she turns on the full juice in them brown lamps of hers, and I says "Sure."

So she hops out of the bus and walks slow-like over to the lagoon, looking back a couple of times. I thought she was giving me the come-hither and jumped out of the car just as she all of a sudden throws her pocket-book on the ground, gives a shriek, and jumps in the lagoon.

When I heard the splash I couldn't *(Please turn to page 98)*

Murder

Illustrated by
G. Patrick Nelson

The Story So Far:

PHILIP DARROW, prominent Broadway playwright, was found dead in his New York hotel room, shot through the heart. Who had killed him? Was it the lovely woman who had slipped quietly from the hotel two hours after the murder and who could not be identified? Stephen Ryder, Assistant District Attorney, who took the case, was sure it was not that woman. Ryder had been a close friend of the murdered man's and had been made the executor of his will. Since Virginia Channing was one of the chief heirs, Ryder had gone to her house to ask her what she knew of the man's friends and had learned she was the woman who had left the hotel room after the murder. But she swore she had not killed him and did not know who had. And Stephen, because she gave every evidence of honesty, and because he had fallen in love with her almost at sight, believed her.

But others were not so easy to convince. And while Ryder was hunting down other clues, and investigating Bartlett,—a brother-in-law of Philip, who had been opposing Philip's divorce from Bartlett's insane sister,—the police were fingerprinting Virginia. Philip's first feeling was of despair, but the fingerprints in the hotel room proved to be not hers.

He looked at her—this woman of fire and sweetness with whom he had fallen in love.

"Whom are you shielding?" he asked. But she was silent, and he went away baffled at her refusal to give him full confidence.

At the office he learned there had been a second murder—this time it was Dervish, Darrow's English houseman, shot through the heart with exactly the same sort of weapon used against his master.

Bartlett had been openly furious because Stephen was named executor—superseding Bartlett—in Philip's last will. Ryder made an engagement for eight o'clock that evening, ostensibly to discuss the will.

He astonished his police co-workers, Devlin and Ascher, by announcing he would be found at the Metropolitan Museum—in the armor section. Later that afternoon he arranged with Virginia Channing that she was to call at the Bartlett house before Bartlett came in and in a moment of confusion which he, Ryder, would produce, was to slip upstairs and hide behind a tall screen in a corner of Bartlett's library, and not come out until he called her. Separately, he planned with Ascher and Devlin that they were also to hide—under davenports in the room—and be secret witnesses of his conference with Bartlett.

By eight o'clock all three were in the library, safely hidden. Bartlett told Ryder he had seen Dervish a short time before he was killed, staggering up the street as if drunken. This tallied with the odor of liquor on the dead man. Bartlett offered the surmise that Dervish might have killed himself.

"May I take your fingerprints?" Ryder asked suddenly. Bartlett looked surprised, but agreed unhesitatingly, and it was done.

Ryder studied them along with a photograph of prints taken from a cartridge in the gun found beside Dervish. He turned to Bartlett. "They coincide," he announced quietly. "So *you* murdered Darrow and his man Dervish!"

Virginia, back of the screen, held her breath in fear.

"I have told this to no one."

in ROOM 700

by MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

The woman flung herself unexpectedly upon his arm.

Ryder taunted. "I wanted to do it myself. Now I can tell the others. Here I have the proof."

"You told no one you were coming," mused Bartlett. Suddenly he lifted his right hand, seized the gun on the table between them, and leveled it at Ryder's heart. There was a report and Ryder's body slumped in his chair. *(The story continues in detail:)*

SMOKE wound silently out of the muzzle of the silencer; in a blue mist it dissolved over Ryder's down-dropped head.

Out from her screen, hurling it aside with a crash, came Virginia Channing, her eyes sick with horror. Past Bartlett, standing astounded at her appearance, his smoking revolver in his hand, she flew to Ryder's side, clasping her arms about his sagging shoulders.

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen! Dear God, *Stephen*—"

It is a slower process to crawl out from a sofa than to spring from behind a screen, but both Devlin and Ascher accomplished it in extraordinarily quick time, though presenting a somewhat curious spectacle had there been any detached-minded spectators about. Tousled and disheveled, they rose to their feet to find themselves confronted by Bartlett's gun, his big face set in murderous resolve.

"Back—or I shoot!"

It was the woman who flung herself unexpectedly upon his outstretched arm, knocking it wild, and giving the two men their chance to pinion him. Devlin seized one wrist; Ascher another. The revolver fell to the floor. There was a click, and the expert Devlin snapped a handcuff over one of Bartlett's wrists.

"Put the other over," he commanded, and Ascher made the gesture for their captive. Bartlett was motionless. Both wrists were now encircled by the bands of steel linked with chain.

He stood still a moment, then sank suddenly into the chair from which he had risen.

"You watch him, Inspector," said Devlin sharply. "Here—"

Mrs. Channing had fled back to Ryder, bending beside his chair, her arms supporting him. His head had fallen sidewise against her shoulder. Devlin came to the other side.

"Right over the heart," he muttered, his fingers finding the tiny hole in the cloth charred by the powder-marks.

"I saw him aim," said Virginia dully. The room whirled blackly about her; she heard a rushing, as of winds, in her ears. She had a feeling as if her life-blood were draining from her wrists.

"Look out—she's going to faint," a voice at a great distance was saying.

With every effort at her command she mastered herself.

"No, no—I am all right. But get a doctor for him *quick!* There must be something— Oh, Stephen, Stephen—"

"Not a chance," said Devlin soberly. "Let me take him, Mrs. Channing. You'll swing for this," he said savagely to Bartlett's mottled face.

"Stephen, Stephen!" she was whispering under her breath. Her arms refused to relinquish their burden to Devlin. It *could* not be—like that. Stephen—*dead!* But Phil had died—like that. To herself she was sobbing, "No, no—dear God, *no!*"

And then in her arms Stephen Ryder stirred. She felt the motion.

"He's alive! A doctor—"

Her hands were at his coat, ripping open the buttons, feeling within.

Devlin's hands sought with her, to find the wound and stanch it. But his hand stopped. A puzzled look came over his face.

"What the—"

Ryder's lips stirred. His eyes opened, lighted with slow consciousness.

"Steel jacket," he uttered heavily. "Don't worry—Jinny."

Briefly his eyes lifted to hers. He managed a spasmodic smile. Then he said, in a stronger voice, on a note of surprise, "But it knocked me out."

"I'll say it did! Man, you knocked *us*—cold." Devlin turned to Ascher, voluble in his excitement. "He's got a steel jacket on. He was daring him to do it!"

"Why hadn't you changed the cartridge? I thought that was your play," said Ascher. His face was white and his lips felt stiff.

It's a nasty thing to see a man you know drop before another's gun! "When you dropped—"

"Wanted it real," said Ryder. "Assault with deadly weapon. Intent to kill. No loophole."

He straightened up. Strength was coming back to him. The blow over his heart had been terrific beyond his expectation, but the bullet had not penetrated that steel mesh in which it had spread itself ineffectually.

"And I've got him right," he added grimly.

He looked across at his adversary.

"You've answered all my questions," he told him. "Going to dispose of me and my suspicions, weren't you? Awkward little accident, of course—you'd have to explain me away. You couldn't leave me in a hotel room, like Darrow—or on a sidewalk, like Dervish. . . Annoying, to have it happen in your own house. But what could be more natural? I'd come on a friendly little visit, over the will. We were discussing the latest crime, wondering whether the shot could have been fired from the right or left side—and as I was pointing it, to demonstrate, the gun went off in my hands. . . . You'd wipe the gun clean, put it in my hand, and call in your household."

"I shot you as I would a madman," said Bartlett hoarsely. "You were threatening me."

"That isn't what you'd have told the police. Just a regrettable accident. No motive! Nothing to connect you with it—or with the previous crimes we had just been discussing. No more than if I'd made the slip in my own office. Nothing on earth to damn you. . . . You made up your mind to it in an instant. You're a resolute man, Mr. Bartlett. I knew that about you. I sized you up. But I had to test you out, to know exactly how far you really would go."

Bartlett's face was livid; with an immense effort he controlled himself to a measure of coherence. "I was not myself. Your monstrous accusations—the fear they'd be believed—my reputation smirched—"

"Save that for the jury," Devlin advised. "You'll need it."

"Mr. Ryder, I congratulate you," said Inspector Ascher very earnestly and formally. "I congratulate you on your powers of penetration."

"Yeah. And on the steel jacket!" Devlin interposed.

Out of the tail of his eye he flicked a glance at Mrs. Channing. "Among other things," he added casually, and fitted a cigarette into the corner of his mouth.

"I hope it annoys you to see me smoke," he mentioned politely to Bartlett.

Virginia was still standing by Ryder's chair, her hand pressed on his shoulder. He was alive—the world was going on again. . . . He was alive! His gray eyes had smiled at her. His strength and will had taken command of the situation. He was alive. . .

His eyes had smiled at her but briefly. His attention now was all for Bartlett, for that big-faced man with the silver hair whose vicious will and ruthless determination had sent Phil Darrow out of his gay tumultuous life into the frozen silence of the beyond. Because of this man Phil was dead. . . And his little English servant was dead.

"All right, Bartlett," he said. "You can give it to us now—your confession. I said I came to get it. . . *Why did you kill Darrow?*"

The big man was silent. His face was a mottled mask. Behind it he seemed to be trying to summon powers of concentration, of denial.

Ryder leaned across the table. "Why did you? You had him there, with the woman in the room. Evidence enough in your hands to stop the divorce. Why did you kill him? Why did you fire that shot? Why did you do murder?"

Methodically the efficient Ascher had taken paper out from the drawer in the table—white, ordinary typewriter paper it was. As he smoothed it, he looked curiously at it, his attention caught.

Ryder gave him a slight nod. "Yes, that's the paper that was in Dervish's hands. I got a sample today. It all fitted in. . . Come on, Bartlett. Why did you kill? . . . I'll tell you. You went there to kill. You may have told yourself you took that gun for self-defense—but you had murder in your heart. You were thinking of the will—there was always the thought that if Phil should die before he changed that will— You might even have blamed the murder on the woman. What chance would her character have against yours?"

Bartlett stared immovably, his face unchanging. Ryder's eyes were blazing fury.

"Come on, what can you say for yourself?" he challenged. "You shot like the coward you were—seizing your chance, with the woman out of the room, in the bedroom—"

Bartlett raised his hands as if to wipe the sweat that poured down his face; the tug of his chains reminded him and he let his hands sink, with a click into his lap.

Dumbly he sat staring down at them.

"You identify me, do you?" he gasped. "I'll drag your name down with mine—I'll make you a by-word—"

"I'll tell you," went on Ryder's inexorable voice. "I'll tell you the whole thing, step by step—"

"Yeah—tell *me*," insisted Devlin. "How did you know it was *him?* How did you know it wasn't LaSalle?"

"LaSalle!" Ryder flung that aside contemptuously now. "That didn't click, Devlin. He didn't act guilty. I haven't had much experience tracking down criminals, in my work—but I've seen guilty men, and had to make up my mind about them. . . And then came Dervish's murder while La Salle was safely locked up."

He addressed his adversary again. "Dervish did for you, Bartlett. That bold stroke wasn't so successful, after all—even with the gun wiped clean."

Inspector Ascher looked up from the paper on which he had been making a neat row of triangles.

"How *did* you get into it?" he demanded. "What gave you the slant?"

"I tried to think the thing through," said Ryder. "I looked for motive—and opportunity. La Salle didn't fit in. He had motive perhaps—opportunity, perhaps—but he didn't click. I can't explain it. Luigi? Motive—but not sufficient—and a hundred alibis. And Fane? She said she had an alibi. I didn't look it up. She wasn't the sort to go off the deep end over a man. Too much at stake. But there was her thousand from Phil, paying her for keeping her mouth shut about herself and Phil. To pay her for the money she might have made by selling herself out to Bartlett."

He added. "*That* set me thinking. The first thread, winding back, Bartlett. I'd seen you, when you heard that will was changed. That money meant a lot to you. Keeping Phil in the family meant a lot. I pried into your affairs. Like most busybodies, you had neglected your own business. Nothing much put away. You counted utterly upon that money for your future. Perhaps you were even more immediately embarrassed for money than I knew."

Speechless, heavily breathing, Bartlett listened without a word. Once he ran his tongue furtively about his dry lips. His eyes never left Ryder's face.

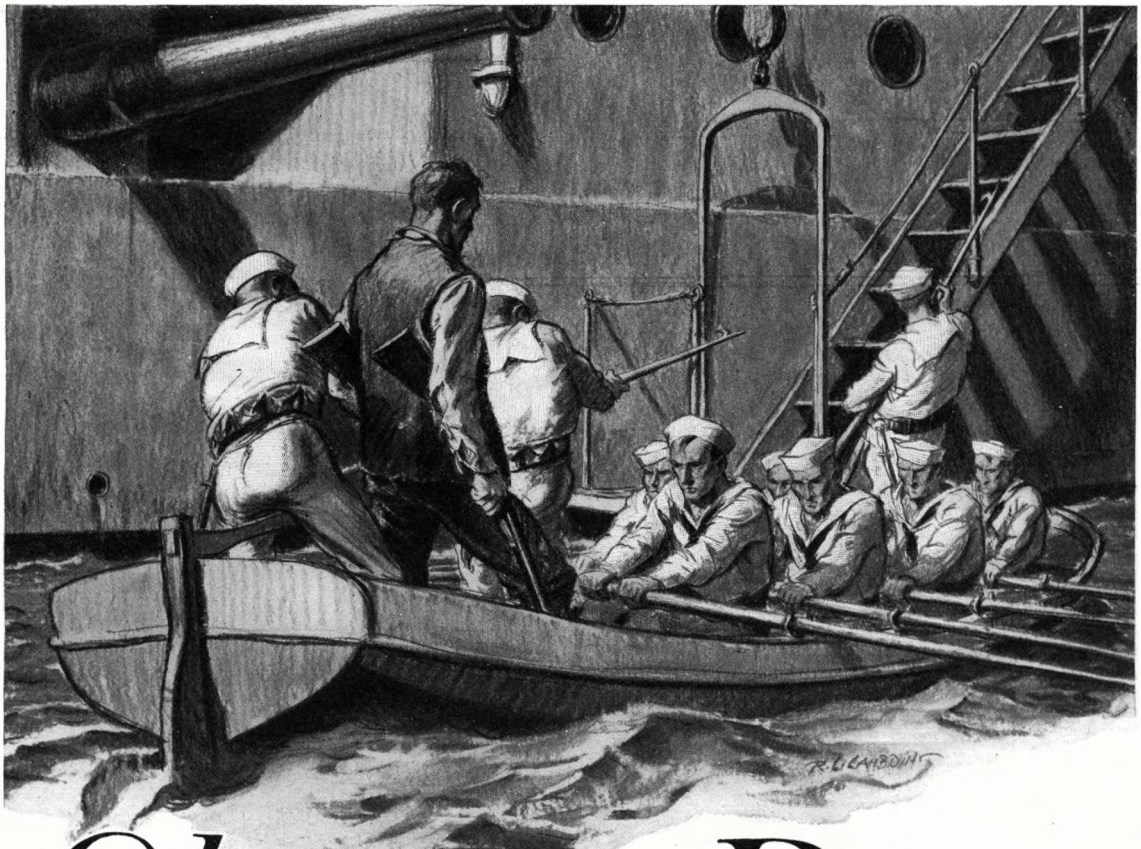
"You counted on handling that money for your sick sister. You were frantic at the thought of losing it. You'd go any lengths to keep it, to keep Phil where you could have a hold on him. . . Very well—who else would you tamper with? Who could give you information that would prevent Phil's getting that divorce? Dervish, of course! An old servant, loyal enough—but who doesn't want money? Something you can get without advertising the fact. . . . It might have seemed to Dervish that there was small harm in revealing his master's philanderings. No harm, that is, compared to the good it would do Dervish's bank-account. Dervish was a proud little chap. I daresay he longed to return to England in his sort of affluence."

"I'll bet he planned to pose as a duke!" Devlin interjected.

"There was a thousand dollars deposited by Dervish the day after the murder. Where could a thousand dollars have come into that little man's hands? The market? Not a sign of that among his papers. Now the day he deposited it, the morning after Darrow had been killed, you had come to see him at the apartment, Bartlett. Very natural. Very proper. But what passed between you? The bank said Dervish had deposited that money in cash. I say, that a thousand dollars' cash had passed between you—in payment for Dervish's services the night before."

Ascher was taking hasty notes. He looked up now. "The night before? But what did Dervish do?"

But Ryder was steadily addressing Bartlett. "When you came first to Dervish with your proposition, he hadn't any facts to give you. He had never spied on Darrow—never put down dates and people. But now, he started out to earn what you promised him. When Phil planned to have company in his flat that night—that was his first plan, as I am aware—Dervish thought his chance had come for easy money, and tipped it off to you. Then Renfew came and spoiled that. Dervish probably telephoned you it would be off. You told him to keep his eye out—Phil would be meeting the lady somewhere. So Dervish planned *(Please turn to page 134)*



Shotgun Riley

by James Warner Bellah

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

MUSIC rippled faintly across the water on the tropic breeze that sighed round the walls of old Panama—music carrying the thump and beat of dance-rhythm from a thousand feet. Music from the Union Club terrace, from Kelly's Ritz, from honky-tonks along the waterfront. It came in faint fragments that passed over the brooding fleet and died along the black velvet sky. Great ships winked sleepily to that music and slept again.

The Oklahoma Wonder stirred and spoke. "I wish something would happen! Life is tough in this man's navy. I wish my uncle would die, or that we would have a war."

Poke Carson spat over the rail.

"You don't know nothin' about wars, Oklahoma," he growled. "You aint been in any, and the last one you heard about aint a good one to judge from, 'cause they was too many people in it. A guy who aint been in any or only been in one or two wars, shouldn't open his hatch. It aint polite." Poke yawned languidly and stretched.

"Well, it's pretty tough listenin' to them officers dancin' every night," insisted the Wonder. "An officer does less work an' gets more fun than anybody else. I love officers."

"Why, man," said Poke, "you wouldn't know a real officer if you seen one. They only make one every ten years, Oklahoma; an' when they do, he ups and marries hisself to a skirt with ten millions bucks an' becomes a ambassador or somethin' where he don't hafta lose his sleep worryin' over swabs like you." Poke scratched his chin reflectively. "There was old Shotgun Riley, f'rinstance. I never seen a better officer nor a fella that had worse hard luck. I've seen him on the bridge in the early mornings when you could tell by his eyes that he was just achin fer a fight. You could see that the only thing he wanted was to smell a back draft from a broadside an' see the smoke layin' flat aft, under full speed forced draft, with the engines strainin' an sobbin' their hearts out to bring him into range where he could lash it out ship-to-ship to the finish, until the last short splashed its spray on the deck an' the last hit tore home an' ripped the vitals outa the hooker whose number was up. I guess he was ol'-fashioned or somethin', 'cause he come into the Navy to fight. He had an idea that was what it was for."

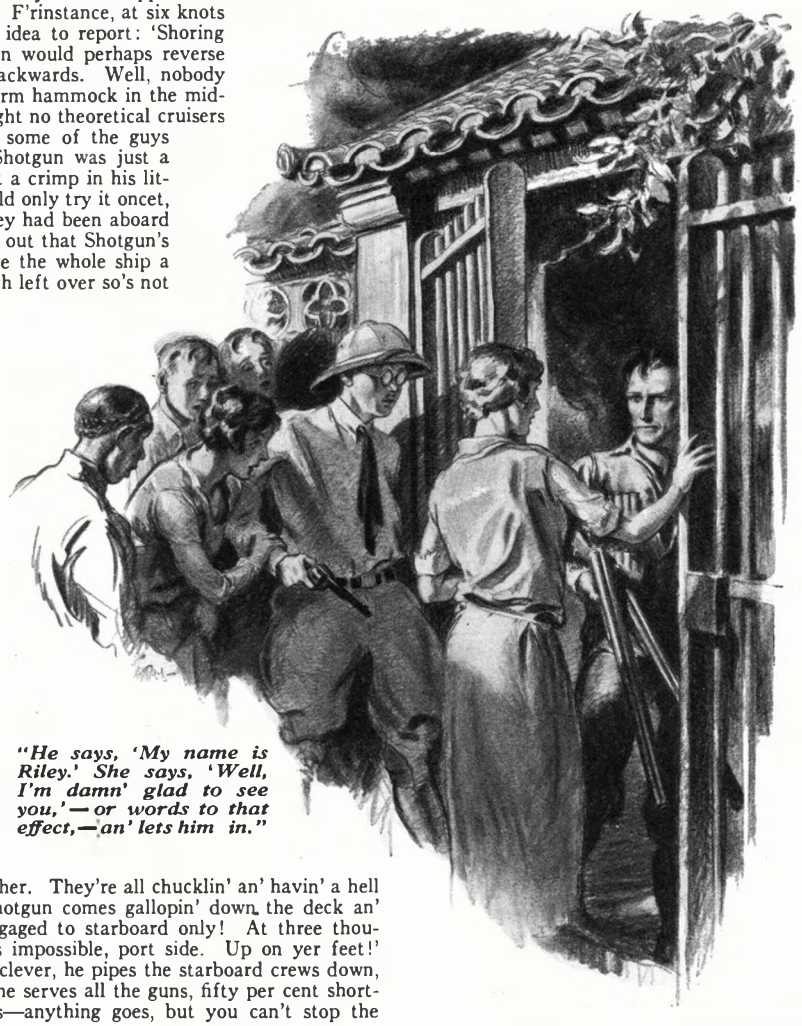
"'You gotta fight'—I've heard him say it like it was a commandment. 'You gotta fight like hell to get peace, and you gotta be ready to fight to keep it.'

"An' they was no one deserved a war like Shotgun. It was his business, like real estate or keepin' a hot-dog stand is for some folks. He was trained for it—he lived it—he breathed it an' ate it, an' he oughta had one if anybody ever did. But in '98 ol' Lady Luck catches him halfway between Manila an' Santiago, an' no chance of makin' either scrap in time. In 1900 when the Chinks get uppish, he's already on the spot an' has orders to go get hisself some fun—when he eats a antique tomato an' gets sent right back to Frisco on a hospital boat. With all this here now Spig musical comedy that's always in fashion in Mexico, he either isn't there or if he is somebody else gits the job, or like at Very Cruise, he has to up an' stub his toe on the grating in his shower-bath an' break two toes an' get put in sick bay, while the boys went callin'."

Poke shifted his quid. "But, gosh—that Shotgun! He knew more about wars than the guys who was in 'em. I mean things an officer is got to know, like performance-dope an' the like, so's mebbe he can fight one of his own some day. People who didn't know Shotgun an' served with him, was afraid of him, but he got hisself to be the youngest skipper on the lists. He'd get the best performance on an availability here—he'd win an international scratch cutter-race there—he'd take a gunnery cup somewheres else, or mebbe the boxing championships. His ship worked fer him, an' he worked fer the ship, an' just because they wasn't a war handy, he made 'em up to order.

"It was sort of a game that went like this. He'd come out on the bridge in the middle of a pea-soup night an' say quietly: 'Mr. Petherick, two blue cruisers to starboard—we've struck a mine, an' we're down slightly by the head. Send a man for'ard to estimate damage an' engage. Mind your bows till you find out what speed she'll take an' hold together on.' Well, the lads'd come tumblin' up to action stations. Mr. Jones or Mr. Mayhew would go for'ard to estimate this here, now, theoretical damage, an' they'd always hafta have a ready answer made up when they come back, like: 'Bows crumpled; deck-plates badly sprung. Bulkheads holding so far, sir.'

"Then it'd be collision-mats an' shore up the bulkheads an' try six knots, an' off we'd go into theoretical action. Now, everybody was supposed to enter into this here dumb show, an' the more you got bright ideas, the better you was supposed to be in with the Old Man. F'rinstance, at six knots some bozo would git an idea to report: 'Shoring buckling.' Then Shotgun would perhaps reverse an' continue the fight backwards. Well, nobody likes to get out of no warm hammock in the middle of no cold night to fight no theoretical cruisers in no underdrawers; so some of the guys who thought this here Shotgun was just a stuffed shirt, tried to put a crimp in his little game. Each guy would only try it oncet, though, because after they had been aboard a week or so, they found out that Shotgun's brains was plenty to give the whole ship a new issue an' have enough left over so's not to be no halfwit hisself. They was one gun-crew got a bright idea reporting a direct hit as soon as the game started. They simply flops down around the gun, pats themselves on the back an' prepares to take the whole thing leisurely like theoretical dead men should, while the rest of the ship works an' sweats blood. They even starts a poker-game to pass the time. Well, it gits by, an' looks like a great idea.



"He says, 'My name is Riley.' She says, 'Well, I'm damn' glad to see you,'—or words to that effect,—an' lets him in."

"The next time they try it again, an' one by one every port gun goes outa action in sympathy under theoretical direct hits—one after another. They're all chucklin' an' havin' a hell of a good time when Shotgun comes gallopin' down the deck an' yellin' blue blazes. 'Engaged to starboard only! At three thousand yards. Direct hits impossible, port side. Up on yer feet!' An' because they are so clever, he pipes the starboard crews down, while the port crews alone serves all the guns, fifty per cent shorthanded. The game was—anything goes, but you can't stop the game.

"After that little job, Shotgun looks up direct-hit casualties in past actions an' comes to the conclusion that the odds is for one man to be still capable of duty after a hit on a gun, so he works out a system of 'casualty stations' in which one man from every gun-crew that suffers a theoretical direct hit has to report hisself to the bridge fer a new job. That stopped it, because no one wanted to take a chancet on what that job would be.

"Well, they tried other things. Oncet we aint no more'n fired one theoretical round than the after magazine is reported theoretical blown up. An' the magazine no more'n blows up theoretical than the engine-room decides that the boilers have got to blow up theoretical too. Well, you'd of thought that would of stopped it, an' it did. When Shotgun gets the word, he says: 'Muster the theoretical survivors on what's theoretical left of the for'ard deck.' That was all of us, o' course.

"Well, we stands there in the dark, while the ship goes theoretical down. After a few minutes Mr. Petherick whispers to the Old Man: 'I believe we'd be under now, with the magazines an' the boilers gone too.' An' Shotgun comes right back: 'I believe ye're right,' he says. 'Now we'll have emergency inspection.' An' he keeps us on deck fer an hour while he sees what the men grabbed up when 'action stations' went. 'You'd be pretty cold, m'man, in just an undershirt. Always try to grab yer pants.' Or, 'If you was floatin' around in the water, son, with just a towel wrapped around yer middle, there wouldn't be nothin' to identify yer body.' An' there we was shiverin' and shakin', while if we hadn't been so wise, he'd 'a' kep' us warm, workin'. It seems to dawn upon him that we need warmin' up before he pipes us down, so he puts us through some snappy calloustenicks in the dark."

"But why'd they call him Shotgun?" the Oklahoma Wonder asked.

Poke stared at him sternly. "When I'm tellin' a yarn," he said, "don't never interrupt me. Ye're askin' questions two enlistments too soon." He spat overside and hitched up his trousers. "You lemme tell this my way, son!

"There wasn't no town we ever put in at from New York to Frisco that we didn't theoretical shell it first. This here private war of his'n was always goin' on. I 'member the leathernecks tried to crimp his game oncet — but only oncet. He decides to give them slobs some work to do 'lessen they git fat, so he picks a flea-bitten strip of sand, an' he lands 'em an' tells 'em to advance on a certain point, or some sech. Well, it's hot an' dusty an' heavy goin', so after they git over the first enthusiasm of stretchin' their legs, they sends back word that there's a theoretical town ahead full of theoretical strong points, an' would he please theoretical barrage it out of their theoretical way—an' they sets down for a rest.

"Well, we give that there now place a whoopin' good theoretical lacing with the big guns, but them damn' lazy gyrenes jest sets down an' asks fer more barragin' before they will advance. Well, Shotgun sees what's up, so he sends word that there's a blue cruiser

in the offing an' he's got to engage. He sends a cask of water ashore, pulls out an' leaves them guys where they is. Well, this here now theoretical blue cruiser gives us a running fight, an' we give it a good theoretical licking, but all that takes time, so we don't git back till about two A.M. fer them marines. I guess the mosquitoes was pretty bad, for they seemed glad to git aboard. When the looey reports to Shotgun, he says: 'Another time I shouldn't show pup tents nor no galley fires in the face o' no enemy. That's all. Good night.'

"Well—say what you will about his methods, but we all learned our jobs better under Shotgun, an' got fairer treatment than under anybody else. Fellas on other ships useta kid us an' ask us how was the war comin' along, an' was we wounded lately, an' how did our wooden legs fit, an' did the Old Man git the Congressional Medal for the shelling of Coney Island yet, an' was our mothers gittin' our pensions regular. An' I guess Shotgun useta take the ha-ha from other skippers too, but that didn't faze him none. He kept right on earnin' his pay an' learnin' how to do his job. I seen that guy workin' the whole shebang oncet with nobody on the bridge but hisself, an' the telegrapht theoretical out of action—just to prove he could do it. It was 'Fire stations' an' 'Net defense,' 'Collision stations' an' 'Abandon ship,' but somehow it was all more interestin' on Shotgun's ship than on any of the others where it was all sort of formal an' by-the-numbers, like.

"An' now, Oklahoma, is where you gets your answer to what you butted in an' asked out o' turn a while ago." Poke untwisted his legs and twisted them again more comfortably, as he went on:

"Well, they aint nobody called Cap'n Riley 'Shotgun' an' lived to do it twicet. Riley was kind of a series guy, an' he took his job series. Maybe they give him the ha-ha a lot for this here private war of his'n, but they aint no denyin' he was the best skipper in the Navy in his time, even if he did have such tough luck. He was itchin' fer a fight, an' the fellas that served with him would of rather had him on the bridge of a life-raft when they went into action than be on the best battle-wagon an' fight against him. The only trouble was, there weren't no fights. They kinda go outa fashion every now an' then, an' guys like him lose heart. Durin' the Rushoo-Japanee war he nearly shot hisself because he wasn't on one side or the other. An' when Jutland happened in 1916, it broke his heart."

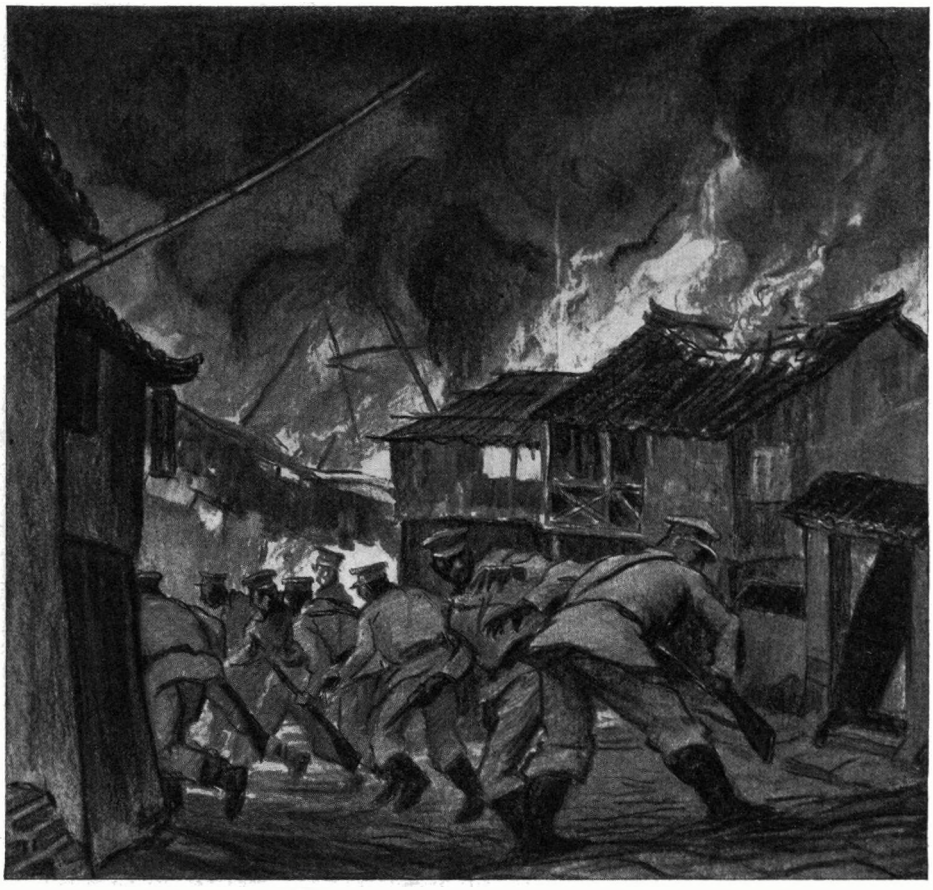
Poke frowned and studied his fingernails. He seemed to be considering how to tell the rest of it.

"'Course nobody ever thought much about this here now town of Chong-fu. It weren't more'n four hours from the Base by speed-boat or anythin' drawin' less'n four an' a half feet. This here Liotang Peninserlar aint really no peninserlar at all, 'cause it's got sort of a natural winding canal cut through it with a lot of islands that a small boat can navigate through if it knows the way. A cruiser, on the other hand, has gotta go all the way around an' back again. But nobody thought nothing about that, 'cause Chong-fu weren't nothin' but a summer place where women an' children went when it was hot. There weren't no roads to it, either, 'cause it weren't important enough, an' the Tai-Nan-Woo mountains is so rocky that roads'd cost too much, I guess. Well, this here is a pretty little town like them pink towns on the Riveer-uh, such as Villafranckee an' Montey Carlo an' the likes, only not so big. They's an old Chink town along the waterfront, an' the hill behind has got a lotta little summer places all painted up like ice-cream an' cake in light blue an' pink an' green.

"Well, nobody ever thought nothin' about Chong-fu exceptin' that they was such a place—an' who cares? I suppose we'd been about six months on the Station watchin' dead Chinese floatin' down the river, drinkin' boiled water an' Shanghai whisky, an' dancin' now an' then with some sing-song girls with an odd fight here an' there with some Portugee or mebbe a Limey to liven things up. We was wishin' we was anywheres but where we was, when ol' Shotgun gits hisself due fer a couple weeks' leave an' goes off with a guy named Mr. Doyle to shoot pheasants at Pei Tang. We oughta taken that fer a sign, but we was so bored with life we didn't think nothin' about it at all.

"Well, s'help me Gawd, he aint off'n the ship more'n six hours when we gits a garbled wire from Wonan sayin' Chong-fu is in the soup an' needs help at once. They aint a destroyer on the lot except one in D area, so it means us. We don't know what's up nor why; we just yanks up the hook an' dusts out of there—an' mebbe we wasn't pleased. 'Cause here was mebbe a fight, an' we was off to a head start. Well, now, I aint criticizin' nobody fer what happened, because nobody aint perfect; but the fact is that we got a good run ahead of us an' we're on our way two hours an' a half, an' we've got word from the D-area destroyer that she's way north an' tryin' to git back, but we can see she aint got a chance to beat us—when what do we tumble to but that we can't git into Chong-fu Bay on account of our draft.

"Well, I can see by Mr. Petherick's face that that draft business is a deuce which he's drawn to his ten, jack, queen, king. He's got two alternatives; he can back up an' send a party through the islands in small boats in the dark, or he can crowd on his last notch, round the point an' land a column to go four miles overland. However you figure it, he's lost two hours an' a half, an' it'll be five flat if he goes back; so he keeps on. Well, as I say, we don't know what's up, but we aint takin' no chances. I hear



"What does he do but counter-attack—starts down that alley

Mr. Petherick an' Mr. Boldine talkin' about it: 'They's Dolly MacIntyre an' her young sister up there.' 'Yes,' says Mr. Boldine, 'an' Mrs. Evans. They aint never had trouble. Must be a tag end of some faction that's happened to drift through the pass.' I can see they're pretty worried, because they don't know nothin' definite.

"Then suddenly Mr. Petherick slaps his hand on the bridge rail an' says: 'My God! Here we got fun, an' the Old Man aint in on it! It'll break his heart.'

"Well, that sorta filters through everybody on board—what a damn' shame it is, after fightin' a perpetual war with hisself fer years on end an' never gettin' a crack at anythin' more real than shootin' clay pipes in Havana or an odd duck here an' there—an' now that we got somethin' before us that may be anythin', he has to be out of it after waitin' six months in that hole for somethin' to happen!

"Nobody can't do nothin' about it, but it sorta sticks in the backs of our think-tanks, even if we're all gittin' that there, now, tingle in our throats that always comes when the tampions is out and the guns is gettin' ready to fire mad.

"The marines is havin' gear-inspection an' gittin' all set fer daylight an' what's to come, whatever it is. We got a couple buckets of coffee to rust up our whites in, an' we're gittin' an issue of weg belts an' bayonets. The small-arms ammunition is up from the magazine, an' we're gittin' a hundred an' fifty rounds apiece for the fireworks. That does somethin' to men that nothin' else ever does. There aint nobody can sleep. They just sorta lays there an' turns over an' stares at the bolt-heads an' tingles, an' waits till daylight; meanwhile the engines is pounding an' snorin' off the knots like Billy-be-damned.

"Well, daylight comes, an' we're up an' out at the first crack. An' the first-hitch men are all excited like schoolgirls let outa Bible class. An' there's a hell of a lotta letters been written, an' a hell of a lotta empty talk been talked, an' there you are.

"We fill up our canteens an' git fell in fer a look-see 'longside o' the gyrenes, and the butt-plates are sorta murmuring restlessly on the deck with a soft, muttering sound. The boats is all ready to go down the moment the hook splashes. Well, to make a long story short, we comes ro- in' around the Cape, an' there's Liotang ahead like a long gray finger pointin' at us. We break out the lead an' cut down to headway an' start nosin' in careful-like—an' fifteen minutes later, just as the hook goes down an' the boats are in the water, full of us—the signalman picks up a spot of color in a tree-top, an' it says, slow an' awkward-like:

" '*Come ashore with boat's crew only—Riley.*'

"Well, you shoulda seen the looks on those guys' faces. They just sorta went blank an' wilted like hot cheese. Here we was all set fer a war, an' we aint got it—just like that! Nobody says a word. The boats come up, an' everybody gits out, like they'd been caught stealin' pennies off'n an old blind woman.

"Petherick calls the cutter away an' starts fer Chong-fu while everybody just leans on the rail an' watches him off. They aint no heart in anybody, an' nobody cares whether school keeps or not. Finally some lad says, 'Well, it's the best war we had this week, anyways.' But nobody laughs. They just stare at him disapprovin', like he'd swore in church. An hour later the cutter comes back, an' there's Riley standin' up in the stern sheets. His golf pants is all tore an' frazzled, an' he aint shaved nor nothin'. An' he's got a shotgun in each fist. He stumps up on deck an' goes right to his cabin without sayin' a word.

"Well, it aint until that afternoon that I gits into Chong-fu m'self an' gits the rest of the story. It goes like this.

"This here now Mr. Doyle has got a bungalow at Pei Tang. He an' the skipper take a cart an' trek out most of the way; then they climb up to the bungalow fer supper. A China boy named Wong is house-boy fer Mr. Doyle, an' when he an' the coolie come up with the gear, they see he's kinda worried. He sorta stands around an' gits sorta nervous with his feet. Finally Mr. Doyle says: 'What is it?'

" 'Me t'ink, Master, we go way *chop-chop*.'

" 'Why?'

" 'Not ver' long stop here. Soldier come.'

" 'Nonsense—what soldiers?'

" 'No savvee—ver' bad soldier. Make fire Tai-Nan-Woo. Soldier ver' bad. Dlink much—no like foreign people. Make *cham-tow*.' An' this here now Wong takes a swipe at his neck with his hand to show for sure what he means.

"So the Old Man an' Mr. Doyle take a look, an' sure enough, there on the mountainside was campfires winkin' through the mist. Now, Mr. Doyle had been twenty years in the country, an' it didn't mean nothin' in his life, 'cause he seen it before; but he suddenly remembers Chong-fu, which is eight miles through the pass an' twenty over the shoulder. Wong don't know whether the soldiers are goin' there or not. It seems they're a bunch that has drifted off from an army to feed off the peaceful natives, an' just to while away the time they've got hopped up an' liquored, an' of course Mr. Doyle sees that the next move'll be Chong-fu. Now, as soon as Shotgun hears this, he begins to smell fight, so he ups an' figures how quick we can get there, decides it aint quick enough, an' off he and Mr. Doyle start with their supper in a game-bag an' only their shotguns an' a bunch of shells. They figured that it wouldn't do no harm an' it might do a hell of a lot of good, specially as *(Please turn to page 103)*

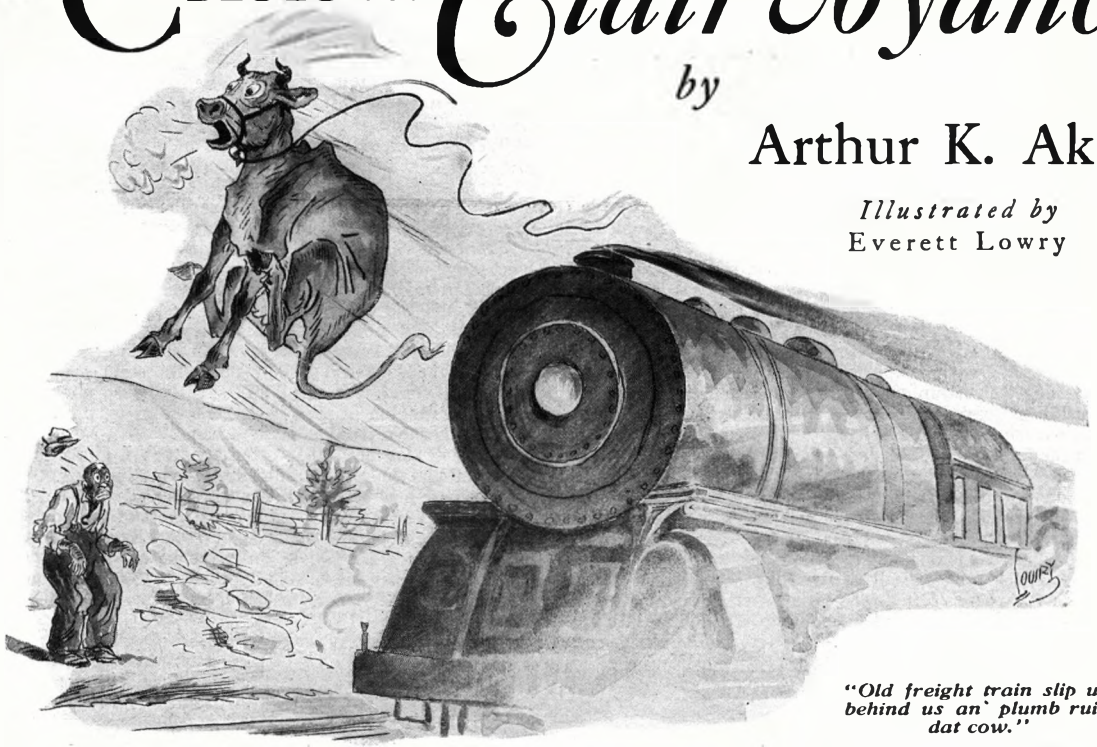
firin' as fast as he can; Mrs. E. grabs his empty guns to load."

A Crisis in Clairvoyance

by

Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by
Everett Lowry



"Old freight train slip up behind us an' plumb ruin dat cow."

SHAKESPEARE SHACKELFORD was as uncomfortable as a polar bear in front of a hot stove—wondering what Captain Ed Rogerville was going to say next. Cap'n Ed, once of the A. E. F., now of the Demopolis bar, was laying down another sort of law to Shakespeare.

"Ball this up, and I'll put you back in the army," the Captain was warming to his words this morning. "Not that even *you* can go wrong on *this* job, if you half listen."

"Is you want nothin' 'tended to, jes' le' me git hold of hit!" bragged the boat-footed Shakespeare. "Aint nobody cook like me on dese heah fishin'-trips—"

"Who said fishing-trip?" demanded Captain Rogerville disappointingly. "You know that best cow of mine—that Jersey?"

"Old high-jumpin' cow? Sho' is! Me an' dat cow jes' same as broth—"

"Shut up and listen! I've sold her to Mr. Post, over at Livingston. She's worth more, but I took two hundred dollars for her delivered—which is where you come in. It isn't far, and nobody in the world has got more time than that cow—except you. So you're to hook a halter over her head and start hoofing it to Livingston with her. That makes you responsible for her. I don't get a cent for her until she's safely delivered to Mr. Post. Do you get that?"

Shakespeare brightened and tried to look as busy as a lizard on a greased pole. A boy that worked this right could stretch the trip to Livingston out to cover three or four days, with a detour of twenty miles in the opposite direction to see a cousin—and meals furnished.

"Old cow all busted out wid luck!" he congratulated all concerned. "I sho' handles a mean halter," he further made it plain that Cap'n Ed couldn't have picked a better man for the responsible position of pilot for his cow.

"I is done decided you gits drowneded," pronounced Mr. Bates firmly.

Captain Rogerville still didn't enthuse. "You fall down on this job now," he completed the conversation, "and your kinfolks'll be asking all over Baptist Hill whatever became of you—and not getting the right answer, either. Now step on it!"

Shakespeare stepped on it. Cap'n Ed was his self-appointed "white folks," which gave responsibilities to Cap'n Ed, and privileges to Shakespeare. It meant that such white folks were expected—by Shakespeare—to stand between their protégé and any undue consequences of law, luck, or improvidence. When an Alabama darky picked the right white folks this way, he was fixed for life. Cap'n Ed was rough but reasonable. Only trouble was he had been in old army too long—and meant exactly what he said. But, then, every rose has its thorn! "—*Mighty good waggin, but she done broke down!*" Shakespeare caroled happily as he set out through Rock Cut, using the railroad right-of-way as a short-cut, and with Cap'n Ed's prize Jersey ambling placidly in his wake. . . .

Four hours later a different Shakespeare hunched himself on the curb in an obscure alley of Baptist Hill, Demopolis, and called on his brain for results.

For the first time in his life Shakespeare was regretting a nap he had taken —specifically, the one beside the railroad track running toward Livingston that morning, with the prize Jersey he was to deliver to Mr. Post grazing near by—a nap during which old freight-train sure had messed up that cow! —Also the two-hundred-dollar sale of her that Cap'n Ed had all but consummated. Before long, Cap'n Ed was going to have to know about it.

Not, he groaned, as his eyes added to his miseries, that things ever got so bad they couldn't become worse. Proof of that dismal fact was puffing into view now, in the plump personage of Samson G. Bates, Baptist Hill's colored Wolf of Wall Street.

Your choice:
Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Its flavor is as happy as its color!

I sing a song of Campbell's
Of sunny health and mirth—
The soups that are so famous
They go around the earth!

YOU never forget it — the racy, sparkling flavor of Campbell's Tomato Soup. It sends a glow around the table. For into it Nature herself has poured her sunshine and healthfulness, her most winning smile, her wholesome invigoration. And there are 20 other Campbell's Soups each with its individual charm. Look for the Red-and-White Label! 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

"DON'T GROW OLD"

warns John Boles

JOHN BOLES, Universal, whose excellent singing voice and fine acting ability have made him one of the screen's most popular stars, tells you what he considers woman's most priceless possession.

Learn the complexion secret 98% of the famous screen stars know

"NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes.

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women, too, have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

★

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," the fascinating actresses will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth, alluringly aglow!"

The actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theater dressing rooms everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 important actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in *all* the great film studios.

Of the countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so neutral, so bland is its effect on the skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white soap: "It keeps my skin like velvet."

Youth LUX TOILET SOAP..10¢

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

This noon Samson had a lot on his mind: Shakespeare was fifty per cent of it. The other half was Jeff Baker.

Jeff Baker was a knotty little man with big feet. Having fallen heir to a much-larger white judge's legal wardrobe, Jeff had swiftly proven that the clothes *do* make the man, by becoming president of a fast-failing negro bank within two weeks, and husband of the feminine treasurer of a woman's lodge in three. Jeff was a fast worker.

Emboldened by these achievements, he had entered the big-league class and challenged Samson's supremacy in lodge, legal, and loan matters by starting a rival burying-society to Samson's. Such a society collects dues from its members all their lives, with a view to guaranteeing them a two-brass-bands funeral when they die. With this ultimate glory in prospect, an Alabama darky will let his life lapse, sooner than his burial-dues.

What had added fuel to Mr. Bates' current flame was that Jeff had already twice tried to add insult to injury by offering to sell Samson his new burying-society at what Mr. Bates considered the inflated figure of fifty dollars, f.o.b. Strawberry Street, during the alarming illness of a new policyholder.

Seeing Shakespeare now reminded Samson that Mr. Shackelford had also peeved him by becoming Jeff's Policyholder Number One —Shakespeare, who by all rights of discovery, exploitation, and first mortgage was Samson's exclusive sales territory. This made Shakespeare guilty of *lèse majesté*, trading with the enemy, and bad judgment!

"Skunks is s'pose' to stay off de sidewalks in de daytime," Mr. Bates therefore made delicate reference to Shakespeare's recent disloyalty as he approached him. "Jes' lookin' at you gives me de toothache in both hips."

"Seein' you comin' is done *finish* ruinin' de day fo' me too," countered Shakespeare lifelessly. "I done got plenty trouble a'ready, nohow. Hit come by freight."

"Boy, you aint had no trouble a-tall yit," corrected Samson.

"You dawggone tootin' I aint!" corroborated Shakespeare, his mind still painfully on Captain Rogerville.

"You gwine look back on five minutes ago," continued Samson impressively, "an' tell yo'se'f you aint know you *wuz* doin' so good. You got to squar' yo'se'f wid me, is whut I heahs 'bout you true."

"Whut you heah?" Shakespeare sought light. A boy was liable to gum up his business, denying one thing when accused of another.

"Done found out you bought yo'se'f one dem special buryin'-s'ciety pol'cies off dat runtified Jeff—two bands at yo' fun'ral an' hundred dollars cash ben'fit extra. From *Jeff*, whut already tryin' sell me dat very society of his'n fo' fifty dollars—which is fawty dollars too much! Boy, you better lay off spendin' yo' money wid my compet'tors while you still owes me, or I'll bust you down to yo' right size wid a stick."

"Aint spend no money wid him," defended Shakespeare weakly. "Jes' take hit out on credit. 'Sides, dat aint got nothin' do wid Cap'n Ed's cow—"

"Huccome cow git so low-down she start 'sociatin' wid you?"

"Cap'n Ed sell her, in Livin'ston, an' I wuz leadin' her 'longside de railroad track when old freight train slip up behind us an' plumb ruin dat cow befo' I could do nothin' 'bout hit." Jeff tried out on Samson the lie he had figured on using when Captain Rogerville got him pinned down later on.

"Be better fo' you is de train run over you, 'stead of de cow—wuz hit Cap'n Ed's cow," summarized Samson.

"You aint tell *me* nothin' new," gloomed Shakespeare.

"And yit," went on Mr. Bates reflectively, "—ornery as you is, you *could* squar' yo'se'f wid me yit; he'p yo'se'f by he'pin' me."

"Meanin' how?"

"Meanin' a boy whut's gwine be drowneded aint need worry no mo' 'bout no daid cow."

MR. SHACKELFORD snapped suddenly erect. What Samson wouldn't instigate for a profit was merely what he hadn't thought of yet. And all of Samson's debtors' policies—including the one Shakespeare had bought from Jeff—were automatically assigned to that financial wizard, at time of issuance and until death do us part in respect to policy and policyholder.

Samson kept on talking—seemingly to himself. "Jes' *one* way to wreck a new buryin'-society—an' dat's cheaper dan buyin' hit," he voiced his conclusions carefully. "And all I needs to bust hit is fo' Jeff's society to have to pay off on hits first policyholder befo' hit's been op'ratin' long 'nough to take in dat much in dues. . . . I'll teach dat Jeff to buck *me* in de buryin' business! Have dat boy hollerin' round heah like scalded dawg wid hives befo' I gits through wid him!"

Shakespeare batted his eyes foolishly. Mr. Bates was getting easier to understand but harder to believe.

"W-w-whut you means—pay off de first policyholder?" he quavered anxiously.

"Means I is done decided dat *you* gwine git drowneded," pronounced Mr. Bates firmly.

"I aint no litter of pups!" protested Jeff's first customer, instantly wild-eyed. Already his feet were making little movements all their own in the gutter.

"Quit insultin' de dawg kingdom, classin' yo'se'f wid dem," rebuked Mr. Bates. "You's in bad wid me, an' got to git right. 'Sides, you know I aint never waste no rocks; when I flings one rock, dey's gin'ally two birds hits de ground."

"Yeah, an' sounds like I's fixin' be both of 'em too!" mumbled Shakespeare rebelliously.

"You splatters yo'se'f!" retorted Samson. "Whut I means, I wrecks Jeff's business by gittin' his first policyholder—dat's you —drowneded. Den I takes over his buryin'-society cheap, 'stead of buyin' hit high fo' fifty dollars, like he all time hollerin' round fo' me to do. Dat's rock Number One—"

"Look like whole pile of rocks to me!" muttered Policyholder Number One.

"Den after you's *daid*," Samson continued to ignore him, "you's in jest de right shape to manage a new business fo' me whut I's fixin' to start. You gits credit on yo' int'rest in hit in de 'mount of de hundred-dollar special cash payment dat Jeff busts his society makin' me on yo' pol'cy too."

SHAKESPEARE'S weakened mind began to crack under the added strain.

"You talks 'bout me gittin' drowneded—an' den 'bout me managin' new business fo' you after I *is* daid!" he voiced his perplexity. "Whut kind business daid man run?"

"Fawtune-tellin' business—"

Shakespeare's feet suddenly tried to walk out not only on him but with him. Anybody that employed his ghost as a means of communication with the spirit world was going to have to overtake him, was all!

"Halt or I'll fo'close!" Samson bellowed the magic phrase that stopped all footwork on Baptist Hill when he resorted to it.

Force of habit slowed Shakespeare, and brought him reluctantly back.

"In bein' a fawtune-teller," resumed his principal, "you makes a fawtune—fo' me. And de job calls fo' a stranger whut ev'ybody round heah aint know."

The big trouble about Shakespeare was he couldn't handle a lot of new ideas all at once. Samson's scheme brought them in too fast—kept getting him groggy before he could grasp them.

"W-w-whut I know 'bout fawtune-tellin'?" he stalled for time.

"Aint need know much—jest 'nough to promise dey all gwine be rich an' happy. Old fawtune-teller gives de cust'mers whut dey wants, same as in any other business. 'Sides, you covers a heap up by not knowin' hardly no English. You talks mostly in Abyssinian."

"*Huh?*" Shakespeare's intellect bogged to the hubs.

"After you's drowneded," Samson sought words of one syllable to convey his meaning, "you aint Shakespeare no mo', is you?"

Shakespeare wrestled with that—and saw light! He wouldn't be Shakespeare. And Shakespeare was the boy facing all that trouble with Cap'n Ed about that cow. It was a way out! Mr. Shackelford answered favorably both of St. Paul's questions about the victory and sting of the grave and death! Then he chilled—death might be all right, but how about this drowning business? Again his feet scrabbled in the dust.

"—Now a boy whut's all time sleepin' round de streets, and has to be fotch' in by he folks when hit rains," continued Samson, "cain't be no fawtune-teller. Becaze is ev'body know him, aint nobody pay no 'tention to him. He got to be a stranger, from a furrin country. So I 'tends to dat too by drownin' you—"

Shakespeare shied violently.

"—Not sho' 'nough; but you jes' dis'pears in de river—an' aint come back—"

Mr. Shackelford sighed in gusty relief.

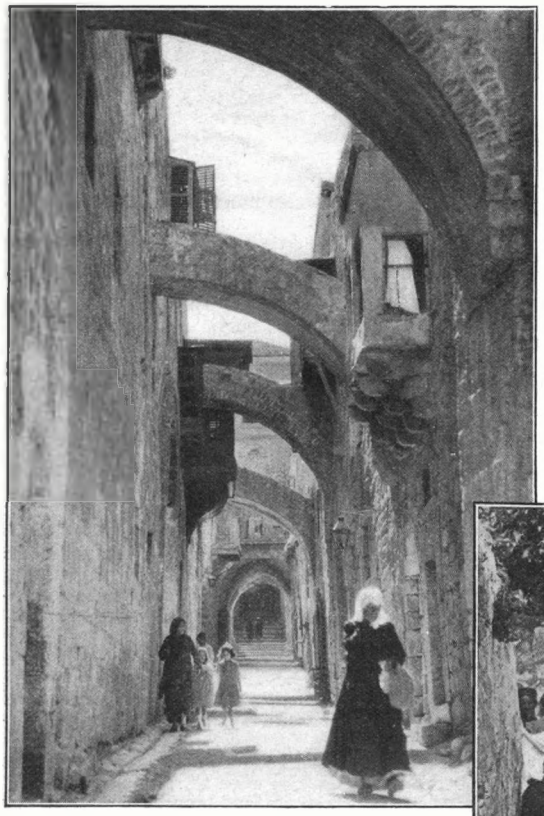
"Dat way," outlined Samson, "you pays off wid me; busts Jeff's buryin'-society in payin' me yo' death-benefits, so I buys hit cheap; an' aint leave nobody fo' Cap'n Ed to kill 'bout dat cow."

"*Dawggone!*" admired Shakespeare.

"So git yo' mind on yo' new business now, *El Toro*."

"Hollers which?"

"El Toro. Dat's yo' new name—in Ab'ssinian. Put dat name an' a bathrobe on you, an' tie yaller curtain round yo' haid, and start you jabberin' what *you* thinks is Ab'ssinian round heah, an' cain't even Cap'n Ed tell you wuz once *(Please turn to page 106)*



Here, where we pass, Mary and Joseph might have walked; perhaps this very road felt the feet of Christ.

An *American* Visits Palestine

by Will Durant

At the Wailing Wall Jews beat hands and heads against the stones, praying for restoration of their ancient state.

Photos by Ewing Galloway

SW-ISS-SH, Oo-oo-m-m, roar! . . . The ocean rushes past our porthole, hissing and foaming with rage at being torn apart by our iron prow; the winter wind shrieks and moans as if all woes had found voice in it; the waves crouch in dark valleys behind white crests to raise themselves in fluid mountains and smash madly against our plodding monster, who bears all buffets patiently, and obstinately retrieves his course.

After two weeks of sailing, we disembark upon Asia's ancient soil. Here is Beirut, lively port of Syria, the harbor full of French vessels, the sidewalk cafés full of French officers. It is incredible that these dapper little men, whose sole visible armament is their fierce mustaches, will long keep in subjection these majestic Arabs and these terrible Turks. For France, as you know, has a "mandate" over Syria; it is a word coined no doubt by Clemenceau to save Woodrow Wilson's face, and means, in courteous language, that the French are privileged to gather taxes in Syria. One Turk, tall and tremendous, drives us at forty miles an hour over the peaks and sandy curves of the Lebanon range.

We pass the mouth of the Dog River, and read on the stony face of the hills the proud inscriptions of conquering invaders from Rameses II and Marcus Aurelius to General Allenby; for three thousand years these passes and these peoples have been overrun—for thousands of years, presumably, they will be overrun—by imperial nations seeking routes to the inland East. It is the fate of strategic points to be the prey of every wolf in history. Then before we know it we are in Baalbek, staring up breathless at the most beautiful columns on earth; soon we are at quaint Damascus, which has ceased to count its years, and we look upon the spot where French cannon taught the Damascenes the rights of small nations; and then again, over dusty roads through desolate fields to where the ignominious Jordan trickles its trivial course, and tells where Syria ends and Palestine begins.

British officers question us amiably, and send us on without vain formalities. Here and there, out of the dust, a Jewish face appears, roughened with uncongenial rural toil, lined with worry and want, affectionately greeting us from the America he left or hopes to see. Dark Bedouins pass us on swift horses, or on placid camels, or on rag-shod feet; we look at them and they at us distrustfully, and move on. Out on the wastes, symbol of unchanged centuries, a lonely shepherd stands, clear-sketched against the sun; bending over his staff he contemplates in silence his patient flock foraging for the elusive desert grass. For everything, is dry here: the rivulets bare their pebbly beds, no trees shade the parched earth, and rocks—endless mounds and

Will Durant combines a genius for observation with a genius for understanding. He sees and he comprehends with exceeding clarity. The distinguished philosopher who wrote "The Story of Philosophy" here takes you with him to the spiritual home of Christianity—and to the land where American millions are lavished for a great ideal.

"Every girl wants a nice skin!"

... MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON

...the Lovely bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson

With lovely fair skin, wide hazel eyes and blonde hair full of golden lights, young *Mrs. Alexander Hamilton*, bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson, a great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, is a tremendous favorite in society. As Katherine Comly, of Tuxedo and New York Mrs. Hamilton was one of the most popular of all New York's débutantes

In her flower-filled paneled sitting-room high above distinguished old Sutton Place, young and lovely Mrs. Hamilton talked of the care a girl should give her skin.

"Most of the girls I know lead outdoor lives all day," she told us. "In summer they are swimming and playing tennis . . . in winter it's skating or some other sport . . . and in the evening it's dining or dancing or going to the opera. This strenuous existence makes it important to give one's skin care to keep it looking as nice in sunshine as by candlelight.

"I have used Pond's for years," Mrs. Hamilton said. "In fact, it is the only cold cream I have ever used. I have found that there is nothing like Pond's Method for day-in, day-out care of the skin.

"The Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream are splendid," she added, with her clear eyes intent. "They are so much more absorbent than ordinary tissues. And the new peach-colored ones are lovely!

"Everyone's skin needs something to tone it up and keep the pores fine. Pond's Skin Freshener is wonderful. Most New York girls use very little make-up, only lipstick and powder, and the Skin Freshener helps to bring out a natural color.

"It is a mistake to put powder right on the skin without a protecting foundation," Mrs. Hamilton pointed out earnestly. "It is bound to clog the pores, and tends to coarsen and harden the texture. Pond's Vanishing Cream is an excellent powder base and makes powder last *much* longer.

"I am always faithful to the Pond's Method—the four steps are so quick that, no matter how crowded your engagement book is, you always have time for them. And every girl wants a nice skin!"

These are the four simple steps of the famous Pond's Method that keep Mrs. Hamilton's skin exquisite, as they do many famous beauties'. Make them part of your régime:

DURING THE DAY—first, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. They come in Parisian peach color and pure white.

THIRD—pat skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm. So gentle that it cannot dry your skin, this mild astringent is safe to use as often as you please.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it wherever you powder, neck, arms, shoulders . . . Marvelously effective to keep hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. O, 108 Hudson St., New York

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The noted DR. HENRI VIGNES *of Paris*

DOCTOR VIGNES

Clinic Head, Faculty of Medicine of Paris. Dr. Vignes has one of the largest private practices in Paris. He is an executive or member of half a dozen French medical societies and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

"My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* Miss Ann L. Merritt, *New Haven, Conn.* "I was constipated and my skin was broken out. Yeast corrected both troubles."

(RIGHT)

"About two years ago," *writes* Lenny Rashall *of Beverly Hills, Calif.*, "I was in a very sluggish condition—tired, pepless, no appetite, etc. . . . At last I decided to try eating yeast, as so many people had recommended it . . . I felt better very soon. It wasn't long before I had regained my former vitality."

Doctors recommend Fleischmann's Yeast because it is fresh—the only way

reports:

"When intestines are *sluggish* I prescribe Fresh Yeast"

IF you're not enjoying perfect health you probably know what the trouble is. In most cases it's that same old depressing evil . . . *a sluggish, unclean condition of your intestinal tract!*

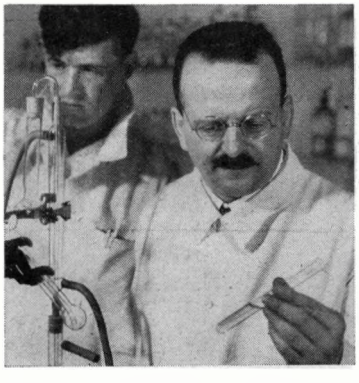
Now perhaps you don't like to think about this condition. Perhaps it's easier to go right on neglecting it—depending more and more on cathartics or laxative pills.

But you know very well you can't *cure* constipation that way. You know such measures are harsh, crude—often dangerously violent . . . that ultimately you pay a staggering price for temporary relief.

What Physicians Say

Then why not adopt a method that will really *correct* internal sluggishness? Today, all over the world, famous physicians are advocating such a method . . . the regular eating of fresh yeast!

Here is what one of the greatest physicians in France, the noted Dr. Henri Vignes, says about this method.



"Fresh yeast," he explains, "is a food. For that reason it excels as a means of reestablishing normal bowel action.

"I prescribe fresh yeast for constipation . . . because of the gentle laxative action it produces. I have also used it successfully in cases of skin disorders such as boils and pimples. Doctors have recommended it for a long time."

Eaten daily, like any other food, Fleischmann's Yeast quickly gets in its good work. It attacks the poison-breeding wastes that have collected in the intestines. Softens them. Stimulates the muscular contractions of the intestines that help to clear them away naturally.

And when intestines start functioning normally, your whole health responds! Eyes brighten, color returns, appetite picks up! You are no longer subject to those terrible sick headaches. Colds and sore throats become less frequent. You are peppier, cheerier—more alive!

But a warning! Don't expect yeast to make a new person of you "overnight." Your troubles have been developing for years. So give yeast time to correct them. Eat it for sixty days at least—longer if necessary. It can't hurt you.

(*Above*) **Here's where poisons collect that cause so much sickness and poor health! X-ray shows intestines kept clean by means of fresh yeast.**

(*Left*) **Try Fleischmann's Yeast in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold). Or eat it just plain, or any way you like.**

Eat yeast before every meal!

And start today! Get it—*Fleischmann's* Yeast—at your grocers' or at a restaurant or soda fountain. Just eat three cakes every day, regularly—before or between meals and at bedtime. Every cake, you know, is rich in three vitamins indispensable to health—vitamins B and G and the "sunshine" vitamin D.

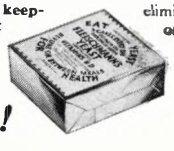
For free booklet on Yeast for Health, write Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington St., New York City.

(*Left*) DR. MUELLER-DEHAM, noted Vienna clinic head, states: "Fresh yeast is a food, of very special nature. It stimulates the stomach and intestines. Regularly eaten, it will correct constipation in a natural way. By keeping the intestines free of poisons it helps prevent headaches and promotes resistance to colds, etc."

Scientists Explain Yeast Benefits

DR. LORENZO CHERUBINI, of the University of Rome, explains: "Yeast helps intestinal peristalsis (rhythmic muscular contraction) . . . suppresses intestinal putrefaction . . . brings about better elimination and assimilation of food. It is one of the simplest sources of health."

DR. BERCZELLER, noted nutrition scientist, says: "Science recognizes the value of yeast for correcting constipation."



yeast benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes every day!

litters of rocks—seem to be the chief natural product of Palestine, which was once the "land of milk and honey." The glory is departed—that is to say, the rain; and without rain the sun does not create, it kills.

We are traveling the road the Crusaders took almost a thousand years ago; in the boiling air their images dance before our eyes in all their armored accouterments. Then, even as once they saw it, we sight Jerusalem far off on its many hills: dim battlements and walls, and over their peaks the spires and towers of the Holy City, dear alike to Christians, Arabs and Jews. An old emotion rises in us: here, where we pass, Mary and Joseph might have walked; perhaps this very road felt the feet of Christ.

We enter the Capital of Hope through the Jaffa gate, and find ourselves in the streets of Jerusalem. But they are not streets, they are alleys ten feet wide, walkless and uncomfortably paved, narrowed for defense against man and sun; crowded on either side with the wares of myriad tradesmen squatting amid their goods in shops that are only holes in the wall; filled in the center with men, women, children, camels, donkeys, goats, sheep, and dogs; in all the world there are no other streets like these. No trolley-cars are heard here, few automobiles are seen; hardly a dozen streets are wide enough to admit these incongruous symbols of our secular and blasphemous speed.

What a motley of men! Here is a tourist in mohair and topee, weighed down with guide-book, note-book, camera, motion-picture machine, films and plates; here is a lady seated bravely on a wall, sketching the turmoil of the market-place; here is a British soldier, an unwilling Zionist doing his duty without fuss and with good cheer; here is a Greek priest, with a beard like a tree and a cap like a commencing B. A.; here is a pale young missionary engaged in the task of converting Jews to Christianity; here is an Arab merchant, bent and yet proud, gentle and fierce by turns, black of beard and black of eye; here is a lowly woman carrying a great load of food on her back, her black dress symbolizing the subjection of women in the East; here is a Moslem lady in silken robes and cap, just liberated from the veil, and another Moslem woman, dark and poor, proud and erect under the groceries balanced on her head; here an old man sits on a grimy doorstep, absorbed in meditation amid the traffic that brushes against his feet; here are young Jewish laborers dressed and barbered as in America; here are Jewish students wearing orthodox side-curls and unshaven beards; here are old Jews with velvet cloaks and fur-trimmed hats; here are turbans, *tarbooshes*, helmets, straw hats, felt hats, caps, bare heads, shod feet, slippered feet, sandaled feet, bare feet: what a motley of men! This is a variety that makes our Western uniformity seem slavish and dull.

Now and then, through the din, three solemn sounds come to the ear. A muezzin has climbed a minaret at Omar's mosque, and is calling the Arabs to prayer in tones that seem to come from another world. A Jew greets a Jew with an ancient and beautiful salutation: "*Sholem aleichem*," "*Aleichem sholem*"—"Peace be with you," "Be with you peace." And far away the bells of a Christian church are tolling. . . . .

We had almost forgotten it: this city of Arabs and Jews is the birthplace of Christianity. Triumphant Mohammedanism, resurrected Judaism, have overlaid and concealed it; only these Greek priests walking serenely through the streets suggest that here and there, hidden away in the labyrinths of the Holy City, are the sacred places and relics of the Christian faith.

Through dark alleys and across the feet of a hundred traders we come to the Holy Sepulcher, for whose sake—they said—Crusaders and Moslems killed a million men. A vast gate of brick and stone admits us into the sacred precincts; an attendant gives us candles which we light and relight in silence as gusts of wind extinguish them; a young English guide with cockney accent leads us on into the tomb, and shows us the very rock (he assures us) that closed the entrance to the grave of Christ. On all sides are altars and shrines; and a thousand sanctuary lamps, many of precious metals, hang from the moist rocks above. In a quiet corner an old priest is saying mass; on the stone floor six beggars importune us till we give; and standing near one of the dim lights a black-robed crony lifts her veil, adjusts her glasses with bony hands, and reads in Greek from a time-stained book of prayers. In former years a thousand pilgrims passed here in an hour; today there are no pilgrims, there are only sightseers; even of the tourists, who have come from so far to see, hardly a handful retrace all the stations of the first Way of the Cross. The fat visitors complain of the steep stairways and the slippery steps, and a richly caparisoned lady of two hundred pounds repeatedly admonishes the guide: "Will you make sure to leave us time for shopping?"

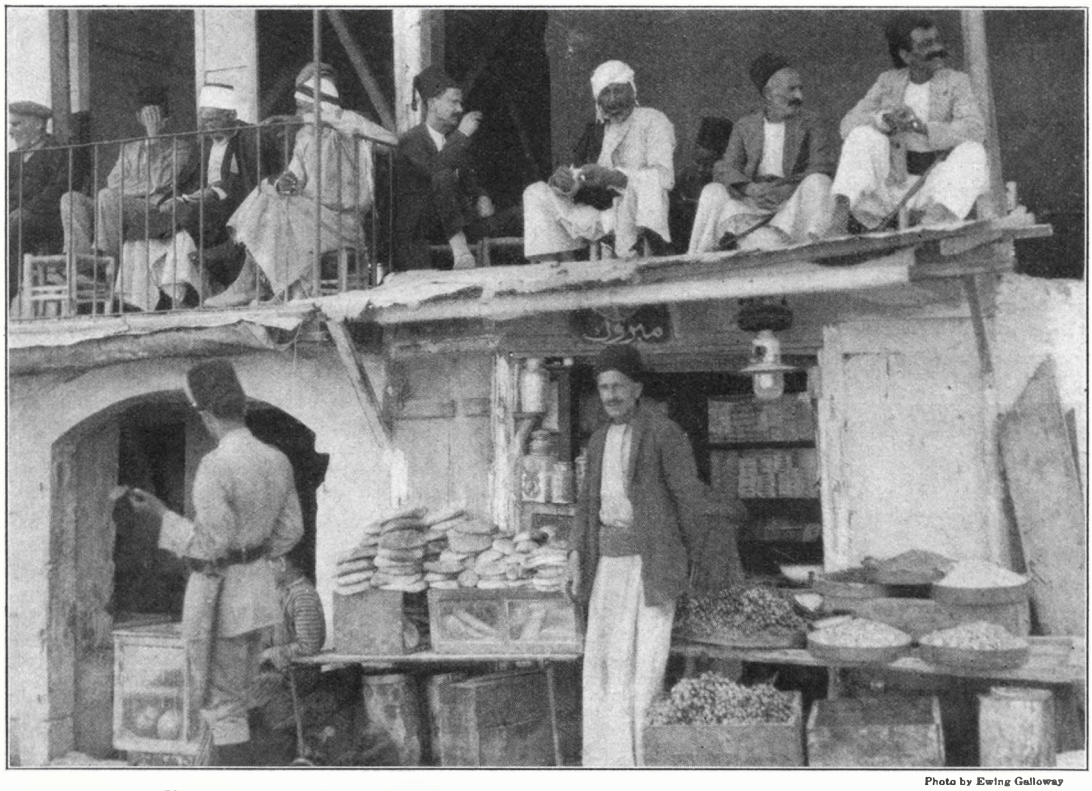


Photo by Ewing Galloway

What a motley of men! This is a variety that makes our uniformity seem dull.

WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING?

A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, enlarged, on heavy art paper without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4¢ in stamps and the circular top of the outside wrapper of a Listerine bottle. Address Dept. R2, Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

To guard against, to treat Sore Throat *gargle Listerine-reduces mouth germs 98%*

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the Micrococcus Catarrhalis, associated with head colds; the dangerous Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount. At the same time, it is one of the most powerful germicides known when used undiluted.

Within 15 seconds it kills the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)

Then modern petrol whisks us away over the ancient hills through magnificent mountain vistas to little Bethlehem, and in half an hour we pass from Christ's burial-place to the scene of his birth. Three Christian sects—Greek, Roman Catholic, and Armenian—guard the home of the Nativity, and maintain here their rival churches, while a soldier keeps them in unwilling peace. Electric lights guide us as we descend into the earth, under dripping stones, to see where the Magi found the infant God; little figures, charming idols, help the imagination, and even the doubter feels an atavistic thrill as he is told that on these very rocks the Virgin Mother sat and nursed her child. From the Greek church comes the murmur of holy chants, guttural and profound; the very air is sacred with incense; every sensation conspires to reawaken the fair faith of our youth. But the pretty girl leans over archly, and whispers, in prose: "I don't believe a word of it, do you?" Her candle has gone out, and she has not bothered to relight it.

Some of us were here three years ago, and then no skeptical word passed any lip. How rapidly the thought of Europe and America is changing! The sacred places are dingy now, and in poor repair; philanthropists begin to give to science more than to piety. We are too rich for religion today; the poor can believe, for to them hope and life are one. Do we enter a stage in which the stories of our ancient creed will lapse into a merely literary and symbolic use, as poets employed for a thousand years the myth of Greece and Rome?

No, Christianity is not in the ascendant here. Of the 62,578 people in Jerusalem in 1922 (the last census), 33,971 were Jews, and nearly all the rest were Arabs. Of the 757,182 total population of Palestine in 1922, 73,024 were Christians, 83,000 were Jews, and 590,890 were Arabs. The birthplace of Christianity is now the second of Mohammedan cities, greatest and holiest in Islam after Mecca alone; the Mosque of Omar caps all the architecture of Jerusalem; the very name of Palestine is a corruption of the Arab word *Falastin,* for the "land of the Philistines."

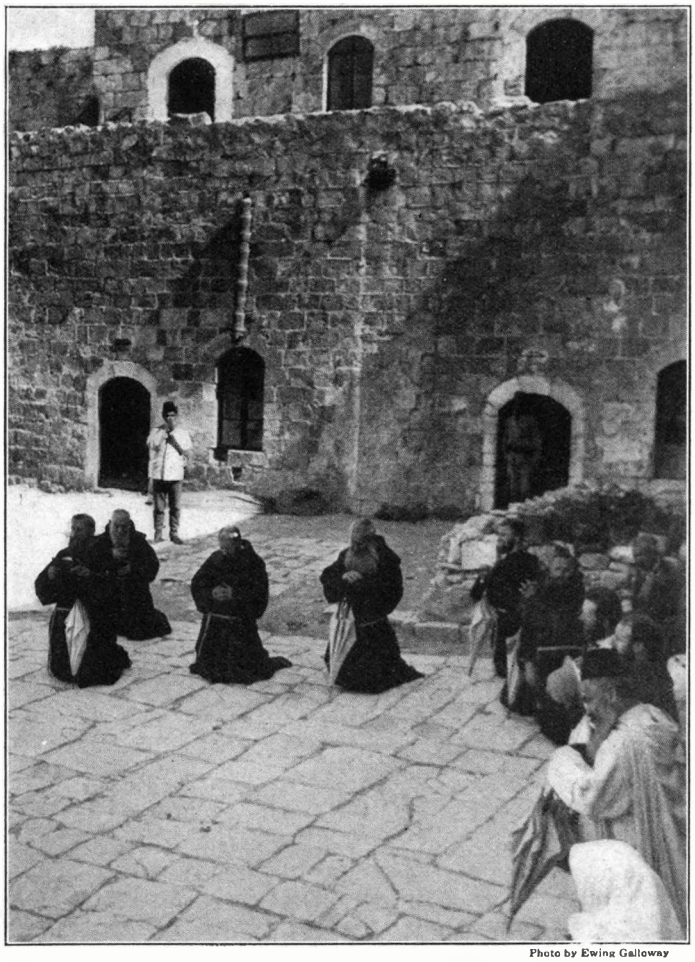


Photo by Ewing Galloway

The first station of the Way of the Cross, where Christ was sentenced to be crucified.

Everywhere one sees the Arabs here, fierce in their subjection and proud in their poverty. One robe or a bag will serve them for raiment, and a simple *fez* for hat; even so they have a dignity not to be found in European statesmen or American millionaires. They are a handsome race when they are washed, seeming then to be a cross between a Spaniard and a Jew; they have all the passion of the one, and more than the loquacity of the other; they quarrel for an hour, disappointingly, without coming to blows; they can say more and do less in a day than any other people north of Suez. . . .

Down at the Wailing Wall half a hundred Jews beat their hands and heads against the holy stones which according to their traditions survive from the Temple of Solomon. The Wall is on Arab property, and the Arabs will not sell; the Jews only ask to be allowed to read their prayers in safety there, and to send their appeals to Yahveh for deliverance and freedom. They have been praying here, these men and women or their ancestors, for over two thousand years—ever since Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the Temple. They have mourned under Babylonian conquerors, Persian conquerors, Macedonians, Romans, Crusaders, and Turks; under Arab hatred and our indecent tourist eyes they mourn even today, praying for the restoration of their ancient state. Hear the somber verses:

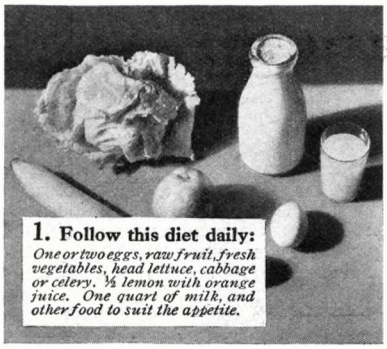
"Because of the Palace which is deserted, we sit alone and weep.
Because of the Temple which is destroyed,
Because of the walls which are broken down,
Because of our greatness which is departed,
Because of the precious stones of the Temple ground to powder,
Because of our priests who have erred and gone astray,
Because of our kings who have condemned God—
We sit alone and weep.
We beseech Thee, have mercy on Zion!
And gather together the children of Jerusalem.
Let Zion be girded with beauty and with majesty. . . .
Let the branch of Jerusalem put forth and bud."

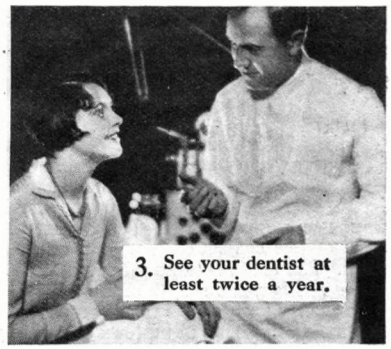
Has ever a prayer been so often repeated, or so obstinately sent up to an unresponsive sky? This hope of being regathered from among the hostile peoples of the earth, and given once more a nation and a home, has upheld the Jew through two millennia of oppression and wandering, and formed the very soul of his literature and his faith. Three times a day, in all quarters of the world, Jewish faces turned from every point of the compass toward Jerusalem and sighed for the end of their dispersion, their restoration to their ancient citadel.

And then suddenly, on November 2, 1919, the British Government, speaking through Lord Balfour, announced to the world that it proposed to restore the Jews to Palestine. It made no difference that this splendid gesture had its origin in economic and political considerations natural to the children of this world—that it aimed to loosen the pursestrings of Jewish financiers, that it looked to a friendly Jewish population in Palestine to serve as a useful barrier between the Suez Canal and the French in neighboring Syria, that it hoped to find through a Palestine committed by Jewish need to a British Protectorate, an overland route to the oil-wells of Mosul and the northern approaches to India. The Jews welcomed it as an almost miraculous answer to their millennia of prayers, and they responded with an enthusiasm and a generosity unknown since the Crusades. The Jews of America gave twenty-five million dollars to establish Hebrew settlers in Palestine; the Jews of Europe gave nine million dollars; Baron Edmond de Rothschild alone gave fifty million. From Poland and Russia and the United States a stream of idealistic youth flowed into Palestine; by 1922 eleven per cent, by 1928 nineteen per cent, of the population was Jewish. The immigrants labored in poverty and hope, and dreamed of the time when they would outnumber the Arabs, and build not merely a Jewish home but a Jewish State.

Would you see with your own eyes the transformation wrought throughout Palestine by the enterprise *(Please turn to page 109)*

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth





Eat correctly...See your Dentist ...Use Pepsodent twice a day

These are the three rules to follow
if you seek lovely, healthy teeth

EACH day new discoveries are made in dentistry. Now it's found that the proper diet aids greatly in building natural resistance to decay and gum disorders. Above is shown a list of foods to be included in the diet.

Remove film from teeth

There is another highly important thing that you yourself can do to keep teeth strong and healthy. On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth turn dull.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, *film must be removed each day.*

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

Pepsodent

– the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

The *Romantic* Husband

by Lois Montross

OPENING one eye, Patsy regarded the sunlight from a bed of silvery gray and apple green, and she scowled, disapproving of the day's buxom optimism. Nevertheless she was glad of having slept the morning away, for Patsy had once said that mornings, like stewed oysters, should never have been invented. In spite of this conviction it was often difficult to stay in bed until noon. She did it because the work of the house went on so much more swiftly when she, the mistress, was out of the way.

Wriggling upright, she thrust out a slim bare arm to the electric button, a tiny, fanciful button lacquered apple green to match the little table beneath poising on legs as thin and graceful as a fawn's. The room hung with hyacinth taffeta was elaborate in contrast to Patsy's clear-cut simplicity. Two waves disposed of her short, fair hair. Her straight, boyish body wore tailored pongee pajamas. But she was charming with a loveliness willful and impertinent—a vagabond loveliness defiant of laws which persisted even now when her cheeks were pale, her hair rumpled absurdly, her nose gleaming with cold cream and lips still sleepily pouted. Everybody knew she was pretty, but nobody could have explained why. She herself, passionately and mistakenly, attributed her whole success to cold cream.

"You see, a dry skin needs—" she would always begin, frowning earnestly; but plain girls felt the elucidation to be treacherously evasive. It must be a special powder and rouge, they believed, for all women want beauty defined in terms of cosmetics.

Martin was perhaps the only person who took Patsy for granted and never wondered just why she was lovely. And he might easily have been concerned: Martin was Patsy's husband. She was thinking about him this moment; her forehead puckered ominously just as the telephone on the little table began to ring.

"'Lo," said Patsy faintly. She always sounded ill and ambiguous over the telephone. Her defense was that if you didn't want to do things, it was well to sound ill in the first place. The other voice filled the room with a ludicrous, crackling stridency. Patsy clapped her free hand over one ear and carried on with the other.

"My dear, can you come over *this minute?*" It was that quite nice Annabelle Lovelace, who for some reason always shouted furiously into transmitters.

"No," said Patsy weakly. "I can't. Not in my pajamas."

"Come across the room," besought Annabelle. "But are you ill? Are you in bed?"

"Not ill," murmured Patsy, convalescing somewhat, "but thinking."

"Thinking!" shrieked Annabelle, as if thought were a form of *dementia præcox*. "But there is nothing, no, nothing to think about. There can't be. Everything was settled long ago—and by dear old philosophers so much wiser than we."

"I'm thinking about Martin," said Patsy, having a relapse.

"But you mustn't!" protested Annabelle. "When a woman thinks about her husband, she always arrives at unpleasant conclusions."

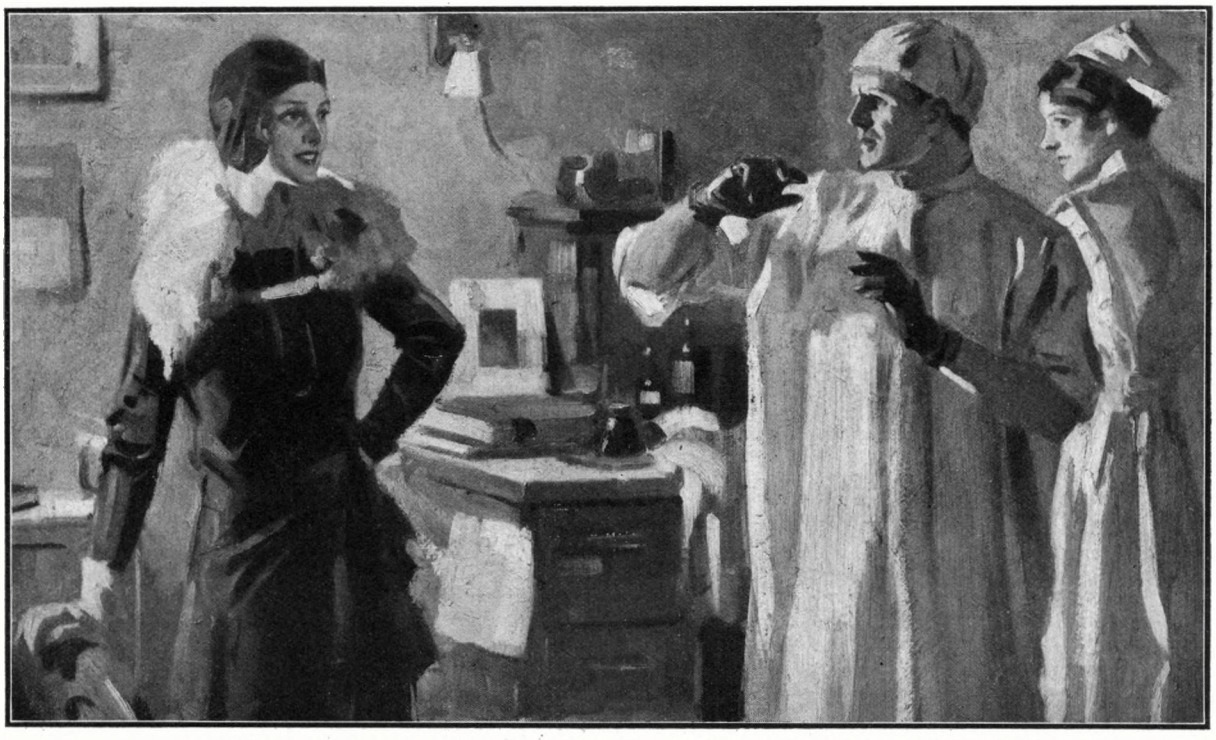
"*Why?*"

"If there is nothing unpleasant to arrive at, she doesn't think about him," Annabelle pointed out. "Can you come this afternoon, then? Or tonight?"

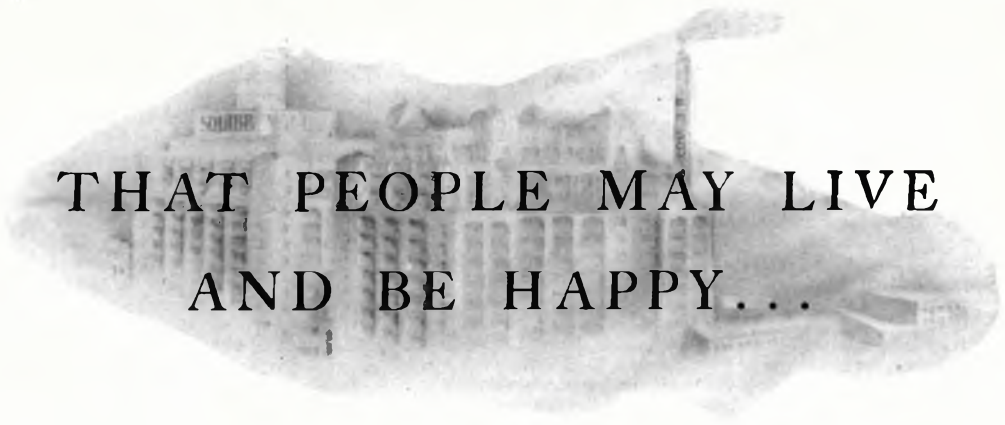
"Tonight," whispered Patsy, definitely dying.

"Take the pillows off the transmitter! And will you bring Martin?"

The question stabbed at the crux of Patsy's trouble. She knew that if she "brought Martin," he would have to be gagged and



He looked aghast and backed away. "Stop it!" he cried. "You'll contaminate me!"



THAT PEOPLE MAY LIVE AND BE HAPPY . . .

THOSE WHO serve medicine serve humanity. Theirs can never be an ordinary business. Nor can their success be measured by commercial standards. The conscientious maker of medicinal products must combine the ideals of the scientist with the pride of the artist . . . forgetting profit, remembering quality of product.

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS is more a professional institution than a commercial business. Its tools are science, experience and skill. Within its organization are more doctors than engineers, more chemists and pharmacists than business executives. And although it is one of the great businesses of the country, there is no thought of quantity over quality.

Squibb Products are made according to a single standard: the highest that the modern laboratory can attain. And whether it be a complex drug or a simple household remedy, every Squibb Product is tested many times in the making. Squibb quality can always be depended on.

No wonder then that doctors often specify the name Squibb in important prescriptions. Or that pharmacists display the Seal of Squibb over their prescription counters as an evidence of dependability. Or that the greatest surgeons and hospitals look to the Squibb Laboratories for many important professional products which demand unusual care and skill to make. And it is no coincidence that those drug stores which you consider the finest and most trustworthy are always ready to offer you a wide range of products under the Squibb label.

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E. R. Squibb & Sons make every type of medicinal preparation. Listed below are some of the Squibb Products most frequently purchased for the home. It is interesting that in preparing purer products, Squibb has also made products that are more palatable, pleasanter to take. This better taste is simply another evidence of quality and purity.

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA
SQUIBB TOILET LANOLIN
SQUIBB VITAVOSE
SQUIBB CASTOR OIL
SQUIBB OLIVE OIL
SQUIBB LIQUID PETROLATUM
SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM
SQUIBB COD-LIVER OIL
SQUIBB BICARBONATE OF SODA
SQUIBB BORIC ACID POWDER
SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER
SQUIBB EPSOM SALT
SQUIBB DI-PHEN (*the new antiseptic*)
SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

★ E·R·SQUIBB & SONS ★

MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

bound. And was not the phrasing significant: *"Will you bring Martin?"* Other men brought their wives. . . . . She brutally resolved to take Martin dead or alive. "Yes, we'll both come," she said.

"Martin—really?" cried Annabelle in astonishment. "Splendid!"

But it seemed to Patsy that the voice betrayed disappointment. And why should any woman be glad of Martin at a party? He wouldn't dance. He would flush, and stumble over things, and be publicly bored and make stupid remarks. And he wasn't stupid. It was worse than that. It was worse than if he forged checks. It was an infinitely horrible thing—the trouble with Martin. In thinking about her husband, Patsy had indeed arrived at the unpleasant conclusion: He was stodgy. He was romantic to no woman in the world. And it is tragic, thought Patsy, trying hard to smile, to realize that your husband is a white elephant—as if you had gone to a rummage sale and picked up something nobody else wanted!

But because she was twenty-three and had small room in her heart for tragedy, she spent the next hour denying her conclusion with a desperate loyalty. Besides, the maid had been late in answering the bell—even tardier in bringing the breakfast tray, and the toast was quite cold. The servants were all older than Patsy, and mostly they treated her like a spoiled child. She was glad to escape the house that afternoon, for the elderly Celtic cook was very angry because Patsy's friends had last night eaten the remains of a chicken which was to have been creamed for luncheon. It did Patsy no good to insist that she didn't want luncheon. The cook insisted darkly that it was the principle of the thing.

"Wotta life!" thought Patsy, laughing at the absurdity of her predicament.

Ensconced in her roadster, smoke-gray with smart crimson accents, she pulled and twisted everything in sight on the instrument board and jammed on everything else with the absent air of a mechanic who knows. She escaped in a cloud of dust around the elegant, languid driveway, headed for the city where in a tall office-building Martin was engrossed in a profession the goal of which was to afford Patsy even more leisure!

She tripped along the tenth-floor corridor to the oaken door bearing the small brass plate: DR. MARTIN J. HEIDSEL. Inside the crowded waiting-room she wished the women (there was only one man) wouldn't *stare* so. Their gaze seemed openly resentful, but perhaps they were only bored and uncomfortable.

Patsy wondered why a waiting-room should be done in flesh-mortifying antiques. Why the Oriental rug, why the Jacobean table, why the dull magazines? If Martin only had the imagination to supply tea and macaroons and a chaise-longue or two! Couldn't there be a radio and a hostess to introduce everybody? Doctors—conventional creatures as dominated by ethics as a club-woman by etiquette!

But perhaps the oddly assorted group wouldn't care about the introductions. That languid lady wearing real orchids and fondling a Pomeranian wouldn't want to know the nice fat charity patient who rocked placidly, surrounded by three untidy youngsters. And from her amused, scornful glance at the silky dog, she wouldn't get on with Mrs. Orchid Goldmesh. . . .

And now the nurse, Miss Crawford, popped her head out of the consulting-room, and seeing Mrs. Heidsel, nodded.

ON the tall, delightful heels of parchment kid slippers Patsy clicked superciliously out of sight while the waiting patients glowered at her precedence She felt very frivolous in the white shining office opposed to Miss Crawford's unadorned crispness—felt a little rush of pleasure in herself, undeniably cool and charming in the black crêpe frock with its useless cavalier cape lined with the same peach-yellow which was plaited in a soft, tight helmet around her small head.

Martin came out of the surgery—a tall lanky red-haired fellow with abrupt, awkward motions. He was like an overgrown choir-boy in his absurd white apron, and the rubber gloves gave a rather housewifely touch.

"Silly old Martin!" cried Patsy, laughing; impulsively she put both arms about his neck, but he looked aghast and backed away in terror.

"Stop it!" he cried. "You'll contaminate me!"

Patsy was very hurt. She said with dignity: "I'm just out of the tub and this dress came back today from the cleaner's, and the gloves are *brand* new."

Miss Crawford stared at her with angry scorn. She was very plain: short and squat, and no complexion to speak of, and a cast in one eye.

"You're simply germ-laden," said Martin candidly. "Don't dare to come near me."

"Well, so are you now," retorted Patsy. "I touched your neck. Ha-ha!"

Martin smiled, but absently. "I've a patient in there—"

And so, at arm's length, Patsy invited him to Annabelle's party. It was a difficult situation, for Patsy felt uncomfortable at arm's length, especially inviting Martin to do something he didn't want to do.

Nevertheless Martin said cheerfully and immediately that he would be delighted to go; then he backed toward the surgery.

"Don't forget to wash your neck," Patsy cautioned him. "Behind the ears wouldn't hurt either." Pleased with this parting shot, she turned to go; but with a backward glance she noticed that Miss Crawford, starting also for the surgery, had tears in her eyes, and her nose had grown quite red. Miss Crawford was crying!

Patsy paused. She was amazed and discomfited by the exhibition of emotion on the part of a plain woman so like an automaton. She knocked on the surgery and called Martin out again.

"Martin," she whispered with earnest solicitude, "Miss Crawford is *crying!* You must do something about it. Send her to a movie or buy her some flowers."

HE was invariably good-tempered, but he looked helpless and distressed, as a large Airedale looks on being teased by a child. "Patsy, dear! I'm not interested in Miss Crawford's doldrums, and I must ask you—"

"But you're so cruel!" Patsy was deeply concerned; her facile imagination had soared to tragic heights. "She has a secret sorrow. She may kill herself. Gee-jiminy—I didn't know that plain women ever cried! It somehow turns the world upside down—as if the moon had started going to bargain sales, or as if an automobile should enter the ministry, or as—"

"She probably has something in her eye," interrupted Martin.

"Maybe she is crying about something lofty and abstract," mused Patsy, trying to console herself: "The futility of life, or the Chinese insurrection or—"

"She's a very good nurse, and that's all I care about," said Martin, and hurried back into his surgery—and shut and locked the door.

Patsy went out very sad. She saw why Martin would never be romantic to any woman—no man is romantic to women unless he takes their emotions seriously. Martin thought of them in terms of anatomy and listened to the breath of sentiment with a stethoscope. That night she ate dinner alone sitting very straight in her high ladder-backed chair at the table made for two; and even the candles flickered cozily as if two people should be looking across them, and the silence in the crimson-curtained room expected two voices, a man's and a woman's; but the only sound was the stirring of the curtain, and the maid's quick footsteps. . . . And once Patsy pressed her napkin hard against her mouth. She crumbled her bread and wanted no dessert, though there was orange ice.

Martin had said he would be home for dinner. He had not even telephoned.

She sat in the more appallingly silent drawing-room, again choosing a stiff, straight chair, and gazed down mournfully at the folds of wood-violet and silver shimmering in the lamplight, and at the silver slippers, and at her own soft hands, adorable and unadored. She felt the dreary futility a woman feels when she is wearing her most charming gown with no man to see it. The white-furred cloak with its brocade of pistachio green and rose and gray lay in such piteously limp folds that it almost brought a lump to her throat. The lines of an old ballad drummed in lugubrious monotone:

He cometh not, she said,
O, I am a-weary, weary
Would that I were dead!

She burst out laughing. And seeing that it was two hours too late, she went to the party anyhow, and had an evening of high-pitched, frantic gayety which crumpled the silver slippers and brought a headache but stilled her unhappiness until she was back in the quiet drawing-room again.

There she smoked a cigarette and cried a little. Soon after that, Martin's key scraped in the hall door.

"Not in bed?" he said; and he glanced in surprise at the evening gown. "People been here?"

Too tired with her thoughts to be angry, she sighed. She was even guilefully gentle. "I went to Annabelle's party."

"Good! That's nice," he said cheerfully. "I thought you might be up to something, so I didn't telephone."

Martin had said he would go to Annabelle's party. . . . He had not even remembered it.

He sat beside Patsy and drew her head against his shoulder with masculine unawareness of any estrangement. Patsy allowed her head to rest as he put it, but her thoughts were bitter.

"You promised," she said at last in a stifled voice. "And you made me look such a fool!"

"Promised what?" The stupid fellow sounded vaguely alarmed.

"To go with me!"

"Oh—*that!*" He was actually relieved. "Maybe I did say I'd look in awhile, but I had to drive out to Carnavall Heights. Curious case. The woman had an acute—"

Patsy jumped to her feet and looked at him with a violent stare which he returned with mild interest, probably wondering if she were suddenly myopic.

She was furious. "Oh, you—you *appendectomy!*" she exclaimed, and rushed from the room.

Startled, he gazed after her, forgetting to light the pipe he had just filled. Martin was very shocked, but not by Patsy's vindictive use of an epithet. He was shocked by her sacrilegious misuse of a medical term.

AWAKENING the next morning, Patsy reflected that there was even no satisfaction in quarreling with a doctor husband. He was gone too much. When next she saw him, her anger would have been diluted by other thoughts and other incidents, and Martin himself would not be able to remember that a scene had occurred.

She had a sense of wretched futility. She was useless to her household, useless to Martin; there was no career or vocation that urged her interest, and neither was there any other man who called forth a response from her heart or mind, or who needed her hands to work for him. Patsy, so tender, so eager, so vivid, had the quaint, old-fashioned desire to devote her tenderness, her eagerness, to one man—her husband; and she was unable to discover any path which her devotion might take.

Martin was securely hers. Nothing else said or did could alter the calm channel of their life together. It was her instinct, so utterly feminine, to make herself alluring against the possible wavering or fatigue of his love; to offer in white hands the slender April moons of romance, the mists and fragrances, the gentle silken rustlings of delicate adoration. She wanted to hold him triumphantly against a world of women; but no other woman was aware of Martin, and he returned to Patsy day after day not because he prized her but because he accepted her. And he would have accepted her and returned to her if she had been querulous, stupid and dowdy. Even her charm was useless, and it was the only talent that she possessed.

SO thinking, she turned to her breakfast tray and began idly to tear open her morning letters. She reflected that if she were the heroine of a story, her mail would have been all bills and there would have been a bank statement that her account was overdrawn—for all heroines,

thought Patsy, overdraw their bank-accounts. But she was not even fictional material: she kept careful accounts, delighted in neat rows of figures, and had never paid more than twenty dollars for a hat—nineteen-fifty, to be exact.

Or, if she were a lady in a novel, her letters would have been from men; but one was from her mother, one from her sister-in-law, one a wedding invitation, and one—

"'*Mon homme*'," she read, "'*if you had known last night how completely*—'"

DROPPING the letter, she put one hand up to her face. Angrily she noticed that her cheek was very hot. From the coverlet the letter stared up at her—she tried desperately to tear her eyes away from the heavy, creamy paper with the strong, firm, sophisticated script dashing across the narrow page.

"Now, I'm not going to be upset," she whispered fiercely to herself. "I'm *not*. It's too *ridiculous!*" She hurriedly thrust the letter back into its envelope and saw that it was addressed, of course, to Mr. Martin J. Heidsel instead of to herself. But why had the silly woman sent it to his home? Had the sickening creature been unaware of the existence of a Mrs. Heidsel? That would eliminate any of their mutual friends or acquaintances—it would let out Annabelle, Miss Crawford, Mrs. Orchid Goldmesh. But what innumerable other women Martin knew!

Perhaps it was the woman in Carnavall Heights whom he had gone to see last night, the woman with the acute something or other. Probably an acute heart, thought Patsy, her lips curling.

But *had* Martin gone out to Carnavall Heights? He might have lied. . . . Martin lie to Patsy? The foundations of her trust in him began to rock and crumble. She saw now the most serious complication of her emotion. It wasn't so much jealousy as the feeling of insecurity. She was frightened. She had not known her own capacity for deep, quivering fear before, and it alarmed her to see that the hand holding her coffee-cup was unsteady.

"*Mon homme!*" It was so silly, silly, silly! And to Martin! He would think it was a horrid, vulgar letter. He would laugh about it. . . . But would he? Last night he had been with this woman, had lied to Patsy about a case in order to stay out until half-past one. He had broken an engagement with his own wife and humiliated her before Annabelle. A man of that sort would be horrid and vulgar enough to regard the letter with sentimentality.

THEN she caught herself up short. How strange, how distressing to be thinking these things of Martin. Dear Martin! His deft, quick, white fingers—his curiously inconsistent clumsiness—his trick of opening his eyes wide before speaking, and narrowing them afterward—his cautious manner of tamping a pipe—his look of childish contentment as he exhaled tobacco-smoke.

"Oh, damn—oh, damn!" she thought, breathing hard. Her hand flung out suddenly and grasped the letter almost before she understood the intent of her own behavior. She was horrified at her baseness in starting to open the envelope again. Incredible that Patsy should read a letter not her own! Jumping from bed, she hastily tucked the letter into her secretary and locked the drawer. She walked up and down the room, but her thoughts were growing more and more confused. She was disgusted at not being able to think clearly. With nervous swiftness she dressed and rushed down into the garden, where, hidden from the house by a tall hedge of spruce, she was free to pace back and forth with quick jerky steps unobserved by any eyes save those of an impudent catbird swinging in a honeysuckle shrub.

"*If you had known last night how completely*—"

How completely *what?* Such feverish curiosity was unbelievable torture. She had a conviction that if she only knew the woman, she would be relieved and free again. If it were only Annabelle, say. Patsy could laugh at Annabelle, perhaps pity her.

But it was this unknown and dangerous enemy possessing God knew what subtle allurements who threatened serenity. And she was somebody Martin had never mentioned—somebody who implied a mysterious, clandestine life away from Patsy. Somebody who made Martin behave stupidly and lie, somebody who was arrogant enough or unwitting enough to send a love-letter to his house.

WITH false confidence she decided she was thinking quite clearly now. She forced herself to walk slowly and even to smile a stiff humorless smile. In the first place, the thick, creamy stationery was that of a wealthy woman of some taste. The large, insolent writing was vertical and heavy in the down strokes, no wavering or nervousness in the hand that held the (undoubtedly!) slender jade-green pen. A woman intensely indolent and slumbrously intense, with dark hair shining like a blackbird's wing—soft, full throat—discreetly perfumed with an expensive scent never advertised in America—sitting at an Italian table in a room hung with Como-blue velvet and lighted by hand-wrought braziers—writing in assurance, even careless bravado, to Martin!

But why to Martin? Well, there *was* something about Martin. Stupid women might not perceive it, but there was a certain charm about his very awkwardness, perhaps—his shy, gentle laugh, his undisguised preoccupations, his red hair lying crisp and smooth. And yet how cruel, how treacherous he was! He had broken faith with Patsy. She hated, despised him.

And why should she cling weakly to a code of honor which he had not kept? She trembled with rage and clenched both small hands. She would read that letter! She would! It would be wicked—dishonorable. But Martin had been wicked and dishonorable.

Her feet flew over the velvety lawn. She banged the hall door and fled up the stairs with a feeling of being pursued. Once in her room, she locked the door and would not pause again to think but jerked open the secretary and snatched the letter from its hiding-place. "I can't help it, I can't help it," she almost sobbed in her self-consciousness of guilt. "I've got to read it! It's making me. It was lying there in the desk pulling me to it all the time—it wants to be read. It has to be read."

HER face was flushed, her breath quick and uneven as she spread out the page with its large arrogant writing.

"*Mon homme, if you had known last night how completely you filled my heart, we should have had certitude and peace, and the pain might have vanished. My pride has forbidden me to let you understand my surrender, but now there is no more pride, and this moment when I write these words to you in humility and self-effacement, I am happier than I have been during the past two years of knowing you. You have given me everything in your power, done everything possible to make me happy, forgiving my frequent coldness and inadequacy. It is only right that I should make this admission of my love—why should I be ashamed? It cannot hurt you to know that I love you, and it helps me a very great deal to write it. Do not feel any pain, do not grieve, do not be kind. I shall not sign my name—but you will understand!*"

And Patsy had no sooner finished reading than her heart was filled with pity and tenderness for the unknown woman who had written the melancholy, half-frantic, half-poetic, courageous words. The literary style was abominable, but the anguish and despair could not be doubted in spite of the spurious fine phrases. Yes, it came from the woman in the room hung with Como-blue velvet; a woman who had lived much on the Continent, loved perfume and color and song, flung her youth away in search of gayety, and now, weary of high heels and French novels and candlelight, she gazed with somber eyes at the ashes of unfulfilled romance. . . . Or might she be eighteen, trembling with dreams and love of life and finding in Martin her first image of adoration?

Martin! How had Martin aroused this overwhelming emotion? Patsy was glad and ashamed and sorry and resentful all in a single breath. The day seemed astonishing and dramatic. Her first sharp pain had disappeared; in its stead was a dull ache of longing to hold Martin very close and know that he was hers beyond question of another woman's hands.

SHE went to Annabelle because Annabelle was wise and knew many things the dear old philosophers had not settled long ago. On the sun-porch, wearing a yellow smock, Annabelle was painting furniture an amazing Chinese red. She was a large girl with a small, beautiful face and black hair cut in strange swirls invented by some eccentric barber.

"I adore Chinese red," she remarked, kneeling on the spattered newspapers. "It's the most naïve color, of course. I love anything naïve."

But Patsy wanted terribly to talk about Martin. "Do you like red-haired men, Annabelle?"

"The color of a man's hair," said Annabelle, "simply does not matter."

Patsy perched uncertainly on the arm of a wicker chair. "I wonder," she murmured, "what makes a man romantic?"

Annabelle rubbed her chin. "His detachment, usually," she said with finality.

"But women want more than that."

"Of course they do! And so they use all their charms to attract the detached man."

"But—but take Martin, for instance. He is utterly aloof, detached, preoccupied. And of course *he* isn't romantic. He might be to one woman, because every man is romantic to at least one woman. . . . . But to numbers of women he would seem positively stodgy, you know."

Annabelle straightened and stared incredulously at Patsy. "*What* do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean—well, what kind of woman would think about Martin twice—fall in love with him?"

"What kind!" cried Annabelle. "All kinds."

"I said *Martin*," faltered Patsy. "Not husbands in general. Martin!"

"I know you said Martin!" Annabelle exclaimed impatiently. "And I don't think there's a type of woman that hasn't fallen in love with him."

PATSY came down from the arm of her chair with a bang. She seized Annabelle's shoulder. "Crazy idiot! What are you talking about?"

"About your husband. Do you mean to say you don't know he's the most romantic man in this suave city of two hundred thousand?"

"Of course not," said Patsy with unwitting irony. "I'm his wife."

At this Annabelle gave a gay little shriek of laughter as she brushed Chinese red thickly on a table-top. "Even a wife may have some intelligence. Even a wife may realize that the medical profession fascinates all women. In all ages the feminine heart has desired confessors. It doesn't matter what a woman confesses. She merely wants to confess *something*. In these modern days when she can't interest anybody in her soul, she has to be satisfied with confiding her symptoms. The doctor is detached. He doesn't interrupt. He listens soberly. He lends his ear to hordes of neurotic women describing their nervousness, their peculiar and unique constitutions, their fears, their emotions, their complexes. They say to themselves, '*He* understands me!' because he has looked grave. Ergo! He is romantic because he has understood them." Annabelle painted in silence for a moment with broad, sweeping strokes.

Patsy could not speak. Her lips were parted in amazement.

"Why, my dear," said Annabelle, "even *I* was in love with your darned old husband that year I had the flu. Couldn't help it. I was just like all the rest. It seemed so marvelous to have a man take me seriously. George doesn't, you know. I don't blame him. And Katherine MacKenzie was frantic about Martin that same year. And Dorothy Jean—you know that cunning little flapper just out of school? And Mrs. Todd."

"But she's *old!*" protested Patsy in an injured voice. "At least thirty-eight."

Annabelle looked adamant. "Doesn't matter. Young or old, they all crowd his waiting-room and sit for hours waiting to talk about themselves. Maybe Martin thinks he's a successful doctor because he's really good. He *is* good, you know, but that isn't the reason he's wealthy and fashionable at the age of thirty-five. It's his nice, gentle smile, his grave, attentive

eyes, his quiet detachment, his delightful voice."

"Why, I believe—I believe Martin *is* romantic!" cried Patsy in breathless discovery.

Annabelle looked about with her quaint, crooked smile. "Exactly. Do I need to go on with my list of lovelorn ladies?"

"No, no," said Patsy in haste. "I think I'll go home and start devoting myself to him."

"I would," said Annabelle dryly.

"Lay out his dressing-gown and slippers?"

"The first step in being a devoted wife!"

"Wear the frock he likes best?"

"That's essential."

"A thick, monstrous steak for dinner?"

"That method is primitive, but certain."

Patsy powdered her nose thoughtfully.

"Annabelle," she said ruefully, "you wouldn't go as far as *talking medicine* with the man?"

"It's the ultimate sacrifice, I know," said Annabelle, "but when a man is so romantic—"

"Yes, I'll talk medicine," announced Patsy with melancholy grandeur. "Tell me, Annabelle, is he allopath or homeopath?"

"Allopath, my dear."

"And what is an appendectomy?"

"It's a topic of conversation that you pay eight hundred dollars for."

"Thanks awfully! Good-by." Patsy disappeared holding her chin very high like a woman who has just found a profound mission in life.

YET that evening she was tense and nervous in spite of Martin's pleasure and astonishment at finding his evening paper unfolded by his plate, a terrific steak with mushrooms, his pipe, tobacco and matches beside his easy-chair where the dressing-gown and slippers humbly waited, and a second cup of coffee served to him as he sat in the drawing-room. Patsy could not forget the opened letter which lay face down on the mantelpiece, and which she must give to him before the evening was over. Vainly she struggled to compose some remark in light excuse of her misdemeanor; her lips trembled slightly whenever Martin looked up, and her eyes evaded his.

"You're pretty," he said suddenly.

She tried to smile.

"And that's the dress I like."

"I know."

"And it's been such a wonderful evening. And you're the best and dearest Patsykins in all the world."

She made an inarticulate sound, leaped to her feet, and thrust the letter into his hands. "I'm not! I'm mean—mean as dirt."

He stared at her, then at the torn envelope. Seeing his face change, become all at once reticent, she stood before him, crying angrily: "But so are you! Why do you let women write you letters like that? *'Mon homme!'* It's silly, it's idiotic! I read it. It made me want to laugh—" But instead of laughing, she began to cry with little choked sobs muffled by the soft crook of her arm.

With utter composure he glanced at the letter, put it into his pocket, and faced Patsy. "Do you mean to say you read my letter?"

She nodded. She peeked at him from under her elbow and finding his eyes stern, began to cry conscientiously with more attention to detail.

"And it wasn't even a mistake?"

"At first it was, and I saw that horrible *'Mon homme'* by accident. Then when I thought about it, I got so mad I had to read it. I hate her! I hate Annabelle and Katherine MacKenzie and Dorothy Jean and Mrs. Todd and the Como-blue velvet woman and Miss Crawford and Mrs. Orchid Goldmesh and—"

"Stop that." His voice was the peremptory voice of a male who doesn't take women's emancipation too seriously. He strode over to Patsy and hauled her arm down from her tear-stained face. Immediately she hid it against her shoulder. He looked down at her ruffled hair but wisely did not stroke it just then. "Will you have the decency to apologize for reading my letter?"

"Please forgive me," Patsy whimpered meekly.

"And will you promise never to be so foolish as to blame me for what a pack of silly women say and do?"

"I said they were silly!" cried Patsy triumphantly. "But I promise," she added, crying a little more because it was difficult to stop gracefully.

"And you'll never mention them to me again?" he concluded, being masterful and enjoying it.

"Never," breathed Patsy, enjoying it too. "Do you love me?"

And now he stroked her hair. "Of course I love you," said Martin. They clung together, and he kissed her wet cheek, and there was only a broken whispering in the quiet room while the great orange moon of August came up slowly like an envious king to brood outside the window.

It was not until she was alone that Patsy remembered Martin had never once apologized for receiving the letter. But, thought Patsy, so romantic a husband must be forgiven if he is a little too high and mighty.

AND it was not until Martin was alone that he remembered poor Miss Crawford again. Doubtless she had sent her letter to the house because she feared seeing him receive it at the office. He had always suspected her of reading too many romantic novels, but she had been a splendid nurse in spite of her sentimentality. Neurotic, he supposed. . . . . That night, she had behaved very oddly driving out to old Mrs. Carnavall's, and had scarcely spoken the whole way back. It was too bad she was leaving him, but she could scarcely stay after this outburst. It had been the same way with Gertrude Herrick, his office girl. She had left a silly note in the pocket of his overcoat and failed to show up at the office next morning. He had hoped a person of Miss Crawford's age and appearance would be more sensible. . . . . Neurotics! What was a man to do?

He read the letter once more, sighed, and tore it into tiny shreds. Imagine Patsy being jealous of Miss Crawford! But, he thought guilefully, remembering the steak of the evening, he wouldn't tell Patsy who wrote it.

For Martin, so detached and grave and disinterested, knew a very great deal about women.

WISE GUY

(Continued from page 71)

move for a minute and then I ran and jumped in after her. Gawd, was that water cold! Almost as bad as tonight. I kicked around until I got hold of her arm and began to drag her up on the bank. Gee, that kid fought some at first but then went kind of limp. I pulled her up—the two of us wetter than Chicago—and just lay there done up for a second.

I'll give you the low-down, buddy, because I know you're a friend, see? In that couple of seconds after I fished her out, I thought maybe after I took her home to my old woman to get dried out and fixed up comfortable we might—Aw, I was soft then, see? Hadn't learned the rules.

She looks at me and says—"Oh, you, you *dope!*"

I didn't have time to argue with her because just then I sees there's a car drawn up near my bus and the guy that's been chasing her runs toward us. He must of been all the time in that Blue-Top I seen and just sneaking up on us slow. Before I could lam him he grabs the kid and if he didn't begin talking baby talk to her! I'd blush to say the things he did to a three-year old kid, see, even if it was my own. *Itsy-wootsy* stuff!

I WAS still trying to decide where to hit him without hurting no innocent bystanders when them brown eyes opened real wide and looks up at him as if she'd just come to, see?

"Oh, Billy!" she kind of moans. "You saved me—I wanted to kill myself but you wouldn't let me go. You didn't mean those things you said, did you? I'm sorry I was so cross with you, sweetheart. Oooh, you're all wet—poor lamb!"

Yeah, I'll say he was all wet. But not the way she meant. Of course she'd got him kind of damp dripping on him while she passed out the old bologny.

"Let's forget the whole thing, baby," says he real noble. "I'd better get you home right away before you catch pneumonia."

With that he picks up her pocket-book and then her and carries her to the cab—the Blue-Top, not mine—and in a minute, the two of them drive off without so much as waving their handkerchiefs to me or saying *bon voyage!* And, speaking of handkerchiefs, she still had mine.

Listen, buddy, that aint all.

Here I was freezing and dripping without so much as a cigarette—she'd kept the deck I loaned her. I pulls out my watch to see how late it is, but it just gurgles when I holds it up. I walks over to my bus and, believe it or not, buddy, the meter's still ticking.

She hadn't paid her fare!

FILMS AND FLAPJACKS

(Continued from page 57)

ever seen were conducted in bachelors' apartments. I've been hoping that some genius would come along and pull one off in an ice-house or a dog-hospital."

"Later on," confides Phil, "she does have a tussle in Doakes' rooms."

"What a life!" says I. "Battling for your virtue at night and running your feet off in a restaurant by day! What's Trixie doing with herself these days—standing in front of dairy lunches watching 'em throw flapjacks for a loss?"

"She's studying," comes back Speed, "and getting herself poured into habiliments."

"That oughtn't to take long," I observes, "unless you're going to have her wait on tables in French evening gowns and ermine wraps. Talking about French—how does the Eiffel Tower get into this opus of yours?"

"That's a new idea of Terry's," explains Phil. "It works in like this—a lot of the girls at the restaurant are sent down to a liner in dock to work at the banquet. After it's over, Trixie falls asleep and the next thing she knows she's out on the Big Drink. The heavy happens to be on the boat. The gal borrows dough from him and that's how all her troubles start. It's all pretty logical, isn't it?"

"Very," says I, "but, if you must have the Eiffel Tower, wouldn't it be even more logical to have the heavy who's nuts and celery about Trixie buy it from the French Government, bring it over here and present it to her for a bangle to hang on her bracelet?"

"That'd be all right," agrees Speed, with a grin, "but there's nothing in the script about her having a bracelet."

"That does complicate matters," says I. "When do you start shooting?"

"Next week," he returns. "Come on down and look us over, but don't wear those squeaky shoes."

The following Tuesday I puts on my sneakers and beats it down to the studio which I gets into only after giving the bird at the gate the Masonic password, the Rosicrucian handclasp, the distress-call of the Junior Order of American Mechanics and a fragment of my mind.

The stage is laid out in a lunchroom set—counter, pie-case, coffee-urn, a few tables and the rest of the trappings of a third-rate trough.

NOTHING is going on at the moment but the shifting of lights, so I stumbles over cables looking for a familiar face.

Off in a corner I finally pipes Trixie Malone. She looks swell in her make-up, but sullen.

"What's eating you, sister?" I asks.

"That fat-head over there," she snaps, indicating a bozo in puttees and a megaphone. "He thinks he knows more about waiting in a restaurant than I do. Five years, man and boy, I've done the trick; and the sap's had me walk in fifteen times with a tray and he aint satisfied yet. I'd like to bend a chair over his brow."

"There, there," says I soothingly. "All directors are like that. I heard of one

once who spent two days and eight thousand feet of film getting a feller to light a match just so. They finally used the very first shot that was taken. A good director's known by his wastage."

"This one," declares Speed's girl friend, "is going to be known as the one bumped off by Trixie Malone if he doesn't quit riding me. All I'm supposed to do is come out of the kitchen over there and walk to this table balancing a consignment of fodder. How many ways are there of doing that?"

"I don't know," I returns. "The only trays I know anything about are the ones I catch when drawing to a king-high straight. Here comes the section-boss now."

"We'll try it again, Miss Malone," says the director. "Please follow instructions this time. A real waitress doesn't—"

"You telling me!" blazes Trixie. "I was a real waitress before—"

"Perhaps," cuts in Small calmly, "but it isn't a waitress we're trying to depict—"

"No?" exclaims Miss Malone. "What is it then—a herd of elephants stampeding down State Street?"

"We're trying to picture," explains the director, "the public's conception of a waitress in a place like this. Very few French doctors wear beards nowadays, but if you showed a French doctor on the screen without one the audience'd die on him. Get the idea?"

"Pick up the marbles," says Trixie wearily. "You win." And she steps off the set to prepare for her entrance.

IN a few minutes everything's jake with the lights and Miss Malone walks on, palming a tray and swaying at the hips like a hooch dancer. The whole business takes only a couple of seconds.

"That's much better," declares Small.

"It may be better," says Trixie, "but if you ever see a regular waitress with a wiggle like that let me know and I'll mail you a hand-knitted steam-shovel."

I sticks around the studio for quite a while watching Miss Malone do her bag of tricks, but it doesn't strike me that much is accomplished. When the acting is all right the lights are wrong and when they're both O. K. the sound apparatus gets the stutters.

Trixie's no Duse, of course, but she seems efficient enough. Over the playbacks her voice listens good. The gal's all in, though, when the director calls it a day.

"What a chore!" she murmurs. "I could wait single-handed on a national convention of longshoremen and not be half as tired."

"Your public," says I, "will show its appreciation."

"Yes, they will," scoffs Trixie. "I'll bet they won't even leave a dime under the plate."

Speed not being about, I offers to walk to the hotel with her. It's only a few squares from the studio. The wren's too weary for words and we ambles along in silence.

We've covered a block or so when Miss Malone comes to a sudden stop. In a restaurant window a gal's somersaulting wheats on an electric range and Trixie gazes on the work with a kind of fascination.

"Not so good," she decides, at length. "She doesn't put enough wrist into it. Boy, you should see me perform! I used to stand 'em up for blocks back in dear old Cicero."

"You'd do that," I assures her, "if you were shoeing horses or buying a subway ticket. But your flapjack days are done."

"Probably," says Trixie, with the suggestion of a sigh, "but it's a grand job."

"Hardly thrilling," I hazards.

"You'd be surprised," comes back Miss Malone, "at the kick you get snagging a 'flap' just as it's about to get away from you."

It's ten minutes before she tears herself away from the window. I leaves her at her inn and taxis to mine where I've a date to feed with Speed. He's there when I arrive, and I tells him of my visit to the studio.

"How'd things seem to be going?" he asks.

"All right to these lay eyes," I returns, "but Small's got a little-onion-hard-to-peel in Trixie. There was some difference of opinion between 'em as how waitresses do their waitressing."

"I know," says Phil, "they were at it this morning, but everything'll work out K.O. I saw some of Monday's rushes and the gal stands out like a mountain peak in a prairie. And them voice!"

"Where were you this afternoon?" I asks.

"Hunting up a lad to write me a theme song," replies Speed.

"Theme song!" I exclaims. "How you going to fit a song into that pic?"

"I don't know," admits Phil, "but you've got to have one. A picture's practically naked these days without music. Folks wouldn't think it was a sound picture without singing."

"I heard a good title the other day," I remarks, "that you might use—'It's Better to Have Halitosis than to Have No Breath at All.'"

"You're just a big help," says Speed. "Got any more tasty ideas like that one?"

"I got another idea," I comes back, "but you might not find it so palatable, either. When I was a kid, a gang of us built a raft in the basement. When it was finished we found we couldn't get it out. It was three times broader and longer than the door—"

"I'll bite," interrupts Phil. "What's the connection?"

"How," I asks, "are you going to get your picture out after it's finished? Have you arranged for distribution?"

"Everything's set," declares Speed. "I broke in on Davis at Pinnacle Pictures today and he as much as promised a release on the basis of the story. He was all het up about it—wanted to know the name of the author—"

"Did you tell him?" I inquires.

"Yeah," returns Phil. "And the old boy says: 'I wish we could get a writer like that on our staff!'"

FOR a quickie "Royal Raiment," as the piece is tentatively titled, makes but slow progress.

This Small is the sort of director who photographs a doorknob eighty-six times before he gets the kind of doorknob he wants and he runs Trixie and her royal raiment ragged with his rehearsals and his repetitions. By the end of the first week the gal's almost in a state of collapse.

"A few more days of this," says she, "and an *X* will mark the grease-spot where I used to be. I once thought they were batty paying picture stars five grand a week. They're not batty—they're a lot of nickel-nursers!"

"Aren't you having any fun?" I asks.

"In your velveteen beret!" comes back Miss Malone. "About the only fun I have is watching the girl down the street taking flapjacks for a ride. Do you know, her work's getting better."

"What's she doing now?" I inquires. "Following through and hesitating for a second at the top of her swing?"

"In a way," says Trixie, "I guess I'm responsible. I dropped in there a couple of days ago and showed her a trick or two—"

"You!" I gasps. "You, the next toast of Hollywood, in a—"

"Toast, your toes!" she shoots back. "I'm just a hard-working sap and when I say hard, I don't mean difficult."

BUT she is difficult. From what I see for myself and hear from Speed, there's constant friction between her and the director, practically all of it over restaurant technique. Small generally has his way but he's so weak from struggling by the end of a shift that he's a sucker for any germ that features run-down physiques.

"Imagine that flat," she complains to Phil one night when I'm around, "telling me how to park a set-up! I was laying out knives and forks—"

"Sure, sure," cuts in Speed placatingly, "but you didn't get Small's angle. He wanted you to do it wrong on purpose to suggest that you were nervous and absent-minded. Remember you'd just seen your boy friend with the other gal—"

"Hoosh!" says Trixie. "I could be nervous and absent-minded and hanging by my toes from a red-hot church steeple, and still not put a knife in front of a fork."

"Remember the French doctors and their beards," I chimes in.

"Listen, honey," pleads Phil. "I'm particularly anxious for things to run right at the studio the next couple of days. We're shooting the Doakes sequences tomorrow and we want to clean up with him quick. You might have to work a twenty-hour stretch, but the work'll be easy after that."

"Sure," scoffs Trixie. "All that'll be left'll be about five reels of the picture with me at the rat-hole every second. Don't they have doubles in these parts to—"

"They only use 'em in dangerous spots," explains Speed.

"If that's the case," says Miss Malone, "you'd better have a double ready for Foster Small. He's in one."

I drifts down to the shop with Phil the next day to see the great Doakes do his stuff. Believe me, these free-lancers earn their pesetas in the quickies. The whole studio's a clutter of sets and suggestions of sets and Doakes is no sooner shot in one than he's hustled to another.

The battle of the century—Virtue *vs.* What Have You—turns out to be a darb. Out in Cicero the gals apparently are taught not only to dodge machine-guns but also to nail the machine-gunner. Trixie turns loose one wallop in the course of the proceedings that flattens into Doakes' jaw and sends him kicking. He staggers to his feet in a rage.

"Where do you think you are?" he howls. "In a bar-room?"

"Go lay an egg!" says Miss Malone.

"Cut!" yelps the director. "The best shot in the picture and you spoil it with talk! We'll never get another as good."

"Sure we will," chirps Trixie. "Stage the fight all over again and I'll hit even harder."

But not for Doakes. He's had enough of this scene. It's finally decided to cut the concluding repartee between the leading man and Miss Malone out of the sound-track and let that particular bit of action end with the dropping of Doakes.

There's bad blood between the two for the rest of the shift, but they manage to get through the succeeding action well enough. By six o'clock Doakes is all washed up and went, except for some possible re-takes. Trixie, however, still has a couple of hours' work to do before the sets are demolished and new ones rigged up for the next day's shooting.

"My gosh!" she wails. "And I used to kick when a guy ordered a second cut of pie at my quitting-time!" But she still has energy enough to stop for a peek at the flapjack girl. It seems to perk her up.

"When do you expect to be finished?" I asks Speed.

"It'll take about a month to get the picture in the can," says he.

"Not so quickie," says I.

THAT night I have to leave town; it's a week before I'm back in Los Angeles. The first chance I gets, I calls Speed at the studio, but I can't raise anybody so I decides to walk there. As I reaches the restaurant a block from the plant, I finds a crowd gathered in front and I edges in to see what it's all about.

There, flashing her million-dollar smile and tossing wheats with an enthusiasm she'd never shown in the studio, is Trixie! She tosses me a grin and I pushes into the eats joint to get the lowdown. The place's jammed, but not far from where Miss Malone's doing *adagios* with dough I spots Phil and makes a bee-line for the table.

"What's this?" I asks. "A publicity gag?"

"Nope," he returns. "Trixie's working here regular."

"*Working* here?" I mumbles.

"Yeah," says Speed. "The other girl quit and Trixie couldn't grab the job fast enough. She never was steamed up about pictures. I'm here too."

"How do you mean, here?" I inquires.

"I knew Trixie'd stir up a land-office business," replies Phil, "so I just bought the place."

"You did what?" I yaps.

"Bought the place," he repeats. "I'm a restaurateur now, and knocking the cash-register cold."

There's nothing strange in Speed changing grafts without notice, but this sudden switch seems to call for an explanation.

"How about the picture?" I asks. "That hasn't been finished already, has it?"

"Not yet," answers Speed. "Pinnacle's taken it over and are remaking it with Joyce Kincaid. Davis gave me all I sunk and five grand to boot. How about a cup of Java and a stack of wheats? Trixie's will melt in your mouth. —Oh, Trixie!"

"Coming up!" says she.

THE KING OF SWINDLERS

(Continued from page 53)

plans one day to return to his beloved Genoa. The present Russian Government lays claim to ownership of the painting. Therefore, because the Duchess fears the present rules of her native land, the sale must be quiet. Do you begin to understand?"

"How old must I look?" I asked.

He beamed approvingly.

"I knew you'd get it. About thirty-six. A little gray powder in the hair, lines under the eyes, a few wrinkles drawn in the satin skin, a marked accent—"

"But I speak no Russian," I objected.

"Nor does Pelliti," he laughed.

"Is there a Grand Duchess Marina?" I inquired.

"Lord knows," he answered. "And certainly Pelliti doesn't. Can do?"

"Can do," I assured him.

I WAS seated in the living-room of a shabby little apartment on Lexington Avenue when the grim-faced landlady announced that two gentlemen wished to see me. And I was standing by the window—my back carefully to the light—when Randolph and Pelliti entered the room.

For two weeks I had been practicing broken English. Every morning I had made myself up carefully. I had cooked my own breakfast and my own luncheon, and in the evenings had repaired to a cheap restaurant for my dinner. Anyone who investigated me would learn that the Russian lady in the second floor front apparently had no friends, and if her clothing and manner of living indicated anything, equally apparently had little money. All that my landlady could say was that I had arrived in answer to an advertisement offering the apartment for rent, that I had paid a month in advance, and that I had volunteered no information about myself except that I was a Russian refugee who had been living in California for the past few years.

And she could add that I took the most loving care of the painting on the wall. It was, Randolph had assured me, a most convincing imitation of Correggio. The angels fluttering about the head of the saint, whose mystic eyes seemed to be conjuring up visions of paradise, the soft sheen of the colors—I know nothing about the master's work, but I took Randolph's word for it. . . . .

I looked at my two callers. Randolph bowed low.

"Your Highness," he murmured.

I stared coldly at him.

"If you will permit me," he went on. "This is Mr. Pelliti. I am Randolph Barnard."

"Well?" I was not cordial.

"We have been told that you possess a Correggio— But look!" he cried, the enthusiasm of the art-lover making him forget formality. He stepped toward the painting. He looked upon its soft colors in rapture. He turned to Pelliti.

"If that's not genuine—" he began.

"Who has said that it is not?" I demanded shortly.

Randolph turned to me and bowed again.

"Forgive me, Your Highness," he said.

Altogether too good to miss—Ring Lardner's report of a married man who tried to reform and called in expert assistance.

CURED!

By Ring Lardner, next month.

"In my enthusiasm— My friend is a collector. I am merely an amateur. But we were told that you owned a Correggio—"

"Who told you?" I demanded icily.

"A compatriot of yours. One Dmitri Oncevitch. He even intimated that it might be for sale," he said.

"What is not?" I asked bitterly. "Since the Revolution—" I stopped, as though choking with indignant grief.

"It is for sale, then?" asked Randolph.

"If peasants who once worked on my land know my poverty, why should I deny it to strangers?" I asked. "It is for sale—yes."

"And for how much?" asked Pelliti.

I looked him up and down with an insolence that I hoped was royal.

"Too little," I said. "How can I ask its full value, when the present Government in Russia, if it hears of the sale—if it even knew I still possessed the picture—"

"Of course," interrupted Randolph. "But still—there is a price?"

"Forty thousand dollars," I said shortly.

"And I suppose you can prove it's genuine?" suggested Pelliti.

I stared at him again and his swarthy skin flushed slightly. Randolph laughed.

"Her Highness hardly brought with her, on her flight from Russia, documents of any sort. The painting—may I examine it, Your Highness?"

CURTLY I nodded permission. Randolph removed it from the wall; he took it to the window; he conferred in whispers with Pelliti.

Then the confidence-man spoke to me.

"Thirty thousand, lady. That's what I'll give you. Take it or leave it. Myself, I aint nuts about these religious chromos, but I hear Correggio was a big shot in his day, so— Well, what about it?"

"I will accept," I told him.

He threw open his coat and from an inner pocket drew forth a packet of bills. He counted off thirty of them.

"Cash, that's me," he said. "Ever since my last trial I've been dodging writing checks. The Government looks up a man's bank and claims he held out on his income. A man can't have any private business any more unless he's careful. There you are, lady. Got anything we can wrap it up in?"

At eight that evening Randolph called for me at my own apartment. I had packed my worn suitcases, informed my grim Lexington Avenue landlady that I was leaving New York, and had—through an elementary precaution—taken several taxicabs before arriving at my own little flat. Here I brushed the powder from my hair, and removed the grease-paint wrinkles from my face. I was certain that Pelliti, if suspicion should enter his head, would not be able to trace me. I gave to Randolph, after certain tender preliminaries, fifteen of the bills.

"You were magnificent," he flattered me. "So magnificent that I refuse to take any portion of the profits. You deserve them all."

I nodded acquiescence, and returned the bills to a secret drawer in a trunk.

"They go to the bank tomorrow," I said. "Into a trust fund for us both."

"The wiser head," he laughed.

"Everything we make together, beyond our living expenses, goes into that fund from now on," I told him. "So we can't lose it in any business or speculation. And when there's enough to yield a living income—"

"Then I shall be marrying you for your money," he laughed.

"For our money," I corrected him. "Where do we go?"

"For dinner, if you approve," he said. "Then to a picture—like that?—then on to the Ministerial for supper and dancing."

"It sounds marvelous," I said.

AND it was. The dinner was perfect, the picture entrancing. And when at ten-thirty, we entered the charming supper-club I was happier than I had ever dreamed, a few months ago, Lydia Grey could be. People nodded to us, and called invitations to join them, but we gayly refused.

Randolph gallantly said that he wished to dance with no one but myself and I knew that I would resent the intrusion of another man upon our happiness. And we were just finishing a waltz when I saw Pelliti. Randolph saw him at the same time, and his face was grave as we sat down at our table.

"He won't recognize me," I asserted.

But Randolph was doubtful.

"A week from now—no. But tonight—I'm afraid. It's so soon—and he's clever. And who dared bring him in here? Whoever it was will be expelled. A notorious crook in this club!"

Incidentally, he was correct. The governors of the Ministerial are no more fussy than the rulers of a semi-club, semi-restaurant, must be. Doubtful people are often to be seen there. But not notorious swindlers. And Pelliti's host, who had sought a thrill by introducing him here, got a different thrill next day when his resignation was demanded.

Pelliti saw us. He nodded to Randolph. Then I saw his brows knit. Abruptly he left the titillated party who had brought him here. He stalked over to our table. He stared at us. Randolph rose and I saw his body grow taut.

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun," said Pelliti. "If I was the kind ever to forget a face—but I'm not. And if I haven't seen this young lady before— Barnard, she was in that speak' where we lunched together a coupla weeks ago. And she— How is Your Royal Highness?" he jeered.

"What are you driving at, Pelliti?" demanded Randolph.

Pelliti laughed.

"I'm laughing at me. Can you beat it? Trimmed by a yap. Thirty grand for a chromo! *Me!* Well, for crying out loud!"

"Whatever does he mean?" I asked Randolph.

"Nix, nix," said Pelliti. "When you're caught just laugh it off—don't try to bluff. So I fell for a phony, eh? Introduce me, will you, Barnard?"

"Miss Grey, may I present Mr. Pelliti?" said Randolph.

"And glad am I to meet the swellest actress I ever saw," grinned Pelliti. "Gee, but it's funny."

"Glad you take it that way," said Randolph.

"Yeah? Well, I always take my licking. A man deserves a trimming when he steps outside his own specialty. And to think, because he was beefing about the tough break he'd had in buying certain stocks from me, I let Sammy the Rod have that picture for only fifty grand two hours after I bought it. It's a laugh, isn't it? Sammy makes his selling cut whisky and ether beer. I make mine trimming suckers on stock deals. You make yours trimming guys like me. You trim me, and I trim Sammy, and Sammy— Well, well, so even the people that hang around swell joints like this are on the make, eh? Fair enough. I never talk—unless I have to. But if Sammy should ever discover the picture is a phony—then I'd *have* to talk. And in that case, you'd better keep out of Sammy's way, Barnard. And you too, lady."

Which was well-meant advice that we really didn't need.

(Conscience sometimes acts suddenly and with startling effect—as Lydia Grey learns, in the adventure which surprises her, next month.)

SHOTGUN RILEY

(Continued from page 79)

they aint no men in Chong-fu in the middle o' the week.

"In the meantime, this here now Chong-fu is commanded, as you might say, by a lady name of Mrs. Evans. An' believe me, she was some lady too. She sets up her P.C. in Mr. Forrester's compound, who's got a broken leg an' can't do nothin' but sit in a deck-chair an' swear sorta soft an' earnest-like. They's a guy too named Roy Burgher who's a Y. M. C. A. bozo an' has a big horse-pistol an' a mind to be a hero, but no brains to tell him how to go about doin' it. Then they is two young fellas about sixteen years old named the Meacham twins, an' this here now Dolly MacIntyre an' her sister. Them there's the available strength, as you might say.

They's about twenty other women an' children an' *amahs*, who don't count much.

"WELL, it's about sundown when this here now army starts straggling into Chong-fu from the mountains, an' outside of town they gits into a private scrap amongst themselves, an' about six of them ceases to draw pay. That arouses Mrs. Evans to what's up, but the next move comes too quick fer her to do nothin'—they catch two coolies from the summer colony, carve them up pretty, an' steal the chow they're bringin' in from the garden. Right then an' there she sees it's goin' to be series-like, so she an' ol' Mr. Brainerd the minister talks it over, an' Mr. Brainerd beats it around the outside of town, climbs into his motorboat an' starts for Wonan to telegrapht the Base.

"As soon as he's gone, this here now army goes down to the Chinee town on the waterfront, an' starts raisin' sweet particular hell. More of 'em drifts in from the hills, an' Mrs. Evans can see that as soon as they get gay enough, they'll take a walk up the hillside an' lay into the white people. Now, it's gonna take Brainerd two hours to make Wonan. That means six or eight hours before help arrives—so she has a council of war, like you might say.

"'First of all,' she says, 'the important thing is not to be afraid even if we *are* afraid. We'll just go on as we always do, an' pretend that nothing is happening. We'll put the lights out an' settle down fer the night.'

"'I think,' says Burgher, 'we ought to keep 'em on, so if anything happens we can see what it is.'

"'Certainly not,' says Mrs. E. 'That means we're afraid of something an' we're not—at least on paper we're not. I'll keep the Roscoes an' the Blythes at my place overnight. I don't think anyone who lives off the Ridge Road ought to go home, for the compounds here all run along together and make a natural fort.'

"'I'm goin' out to look around,' says this Burgher guy, aimin' to be a hero.

"'Not tonight, you aren't,' says Mrs. E. 'You don't speak the language, an' with that silly pistol of yours you'd be sure to start somethin'. Kuo my houseboy says they are drunk and rowdyish, but that they won't leave the native village unless we attract their attention.'

"'I wouldn't trust him too much,' says Burgher, sulky.

"'Is that so?' says Mrs. E. 'Well, let me tell you I know this country a great deal better than you do. Kuo is a Pekin boy, an' I'd rather have him tonight than a squad of marines.'"

Poke spat overside. "For which you can't blame her overmuch," he commented. Then he continued: "Well, pretty soon this Burgher gets another bright idea and wants to put up a flag.

"'My dear Mr. Burgher,' says Mrs. E. 'Will you stop havin' brain-waves? This is not the New York Hippodrome; it's Chong-fu. Do we ever put up a flag except on the Fourth of July? Do we ever put one up after dark?'

"Then this Dolly MacIntyre, who is certainly a swell looker, puts in her oar. 'I don't know how you feel about it—but I'm willing to do what Mrs. Evans says. I think she knows more about it than any of us.' And the two Meacham boys, who is in puppy love with her, grunts an' says; 'So are we.' So Burgher is out-voted an' shuts up.

"Well, they all sit down in the compound where Mr. Forrester is, with his busted leg, and prepares to wait. It's ten o'clock by then, an' Mr. Brainerd ought to be in Wonan an' have the wire sent. It was just about ten that we pull out o' the Base. That means Chong-fu can expect us at four bells, only we didn't git there till dawn, which is about eight bells that time o' year.

"These soldiers is all down in the Chink town shoutin' an' yellin' blue murder an' firin' off guns. An' more an' more of 'em is comin' in from the hills every minute to git in on the party. Well, it's about midnight when somebody down there tips over a lamp an' sets fire to a couple shanties. Mrs. E. sees the flames an' gits up and goes to the gate. It means simply if the Chink town burns, the army will come up the hill that much sooner. Well, she peeks through the bars an' sees, comin' up the Ridge Road, a terrible-lookin' tramp with no hat, an' a shotgun under each arm.

"'Who are you?' she challenges, an' he stops an' says: 'My name is Riley—Cap'n Riley.' She says: 'Well, I'm damn' glad to see you, whoever you are,'—or words to that effect,—an' lets him in. She sends one of the Meacham boys into the house for a bottle of whisky—the Navy was allowed to take a snort or two in those days to keep comfortable—an' she tells him the story so far. He tells her about startin' out with Mr. Doyle an' Wong, the houseboy from Pei Tang. It seems that this here now Mr. Doyle has caught his foot in somethin' an' hurt his ankle so he can't go no farther; so Shotgun has left him with Wong, taken both guns an' come on alone across the shoulder. Well, he won't sit down, but he drinks a hooker or two an' looks at the burnin' town. Then he makes some rapid calculations as to where we is at the time an' asks for a boy scout.

"The two Meacham boys sorta blushes 'cause they figure they're grown up now, but finally they tell him they was boy scouts once themselves in their youth. So Riley asks could they wig-wag, an' they says they can. Then he puts one of 'em up in the fightin' top on Mrs. E.'s villa, which is a cupola sort of thing, an' sends the other one dog-trottin' down to the end of Liotang—to a sort of ridge called Fu-tai, where he's to climb a tree an' wait fer us to round the Cape, the idea bein' that Riley don't want the ship to lose face an' land no coupla hundred men when a boat's crew'll do. If there's trouble—all right. If there aint, what's the use of lookin' fer it in force? That's Riley—efficiency every time!

"SO after young Charley Meacham starts fer Fu-tai, Cap'n Riley takes his two shotguns an' goes out to the Ridge Road an' stands at the top of the main drag that leads up from the waterfront, talkin' to Mrs. E. The Chink town is pretty much all on fire now, an' the army is dancin' around it like they enjoyed it. This goes on fer about half an hour before they git the idea to start up the hill. Mrs. E. spots them, an' she can make out what it is they're yellin', because she can *habla* a little bit. Riley thinks pretty fast fer a minute an' sees that if them Chinks make to the Ridge Road, it's all up with Chong-fu. He also sees that he's the only thing between twenty or so women an' children an' twenty or so golden harps with trimmin's.

"Well, ambush aint no good, 'cause there aint enough of him to make a decent ambush, so what does he do but counter-attack! 'Can do,' he says, and he just starts right down that alley, loadin' an' firin' as fast as he can—an' it aint thirty seconds before Mrs. E. follows him an' grabs his empty guns to load an' hand 'em back to him. Now, a Chink don't like too much noise from anybody but hisself. If the opposite side is makin' more noise than his side, it means he's licked—an' a shotgun makes a lotta noise. They stand still fer a minute, an' then beat it back to the burnin' town.

"Now, to make a long story short, that town is pretty hot by now, so three more times the army starts up the hill. Riley's gittin' short of shells by now, an' he sees this thing has got to stop. Also it's gittin' toward daylight; so the third time he an' Mrs. E. start down the alley, they go right all the way down, chasin' the army around the burnin' shanties an' out into the open country until they've got it well on its way back to the hills. When they do that, they come back an' young Arthur Meacham on the roof says his brother has wig-wagged from Fu-tai that we're in sight. Riley, havin' won the war hisself, tells him to wig-wag fer us to only lower a boat an' come to Chong-fu.

"Well, when Mr. Petherick steps out on the quay, there is Shotgun an' Mrs. E. an' Miss MacIntyre an' the rest of 'em. Cap'n Riley says, 'Good-morning. This here's Lootenant Commander Petherick, Mrs. Evans,' like it was a sorta garden-party he was giving. After that, he says the trouble is over an' fer Mr. Petherick an' a coupla men to stay ashore until he gits back. Then he climbs into the boat hisself an' comes out to git cleaned up while a party goes out an' brings in Mr. Doyle on a stretcher."

POKE CARSON sighed deeply. "So that's how we got done out of a war, an' that's why nobody calls Cap'n Riley 'Shotgun.' After he stumps up on deck sorta angry-like, an' goes to his cabin, I'm in the gangway, when I see the doc go into Shotgun's cabin too. Well, I hafta pass the door oncet to git out m'self, when I hear Shotgun say: 'Fer God's sake! How many more? Aint ya done yet?' I gits sorta curious-like, so I manages to come back like I'm on series dooty, an' as I pass the Skipper's door again, I hear: 'Well, damn you! Put 'em in my stud box. I'm gonna keep 'em fer sooveneers!' Well, that sets me to thinkin'. I goes ashore meself that afternoon, but I can't find out nothin' except that Mr. Doyle is in by that time nursin' his ankle an' a whisky beside Mr. Forrester, who is nursin' his leg an' another whisky. 'An' it's a wonder I didn't kill the whole three of us when I tripped,' says Mr. Doyle, 'cause my gun went off when I fell, an' Riley was ahead of me at the time about ten feet walkin' with Wong—but the load passed between 'em, fer a mercy.' That gives me m' clue, so when I gits back I finds the Cap'n's Filipino boy, an' I says, casual-like, somethin'

about the Cap'n bein' dirty when he come aboard an' was he all cleaned up now, an' the boy says, yeah, he was dirty, an' after a minute he says he guesses the Cap'n musta got scratched on some brambles, 'cause his pants is sorta bloody an' torn in half a dozen places like they'd been ripped by thorns.

"I sees this boy aint bright, so I says: 'Sometime you look in the box where he keeps his collar-buttons an' the like, an' tell me what there is in it now.' So he does, an' tells me they is ten little lead shot in it. That's all. This here Cap'n Riley just had to keep movin'. That's why he made Chong-fu so quick, an' that's why he was so nasty to them Chinks when he got there. That's why he couldn't set down an' rest none, an' that's why he was standin' up in the boat when he come alongside. The doc kept his trap shut about it, an' I guess they's only a few of us knows it to this day. Riley weren't proud of it, an' he weren't very proud of us: but all he says when he comes on the bridge an' Mr. Petherick is back, is: 'Oh, by the way, I expected you two hours sooner. Why didn't you send a party through the islands by small boat?'

"Mr. Petherick sorta fidgets an' says: 'We could of, but it was after dark—'

"'True,' says the Skipper, 'but even at that I think it's feasible. Make up a party an' take 'em back that way tonight, will you? Just to see if it can be done.' That was all—no nastiness—no bawlin' out. Nothin'. He was a real officer, was Shotgun, an' they don't come like him often. He coulda got all sorts of publicity outa Chong-fu an' bein' wounded an' all, but he never opened his trap about his part in it, partly 'cause no man likes the world to know he got a load of shot in the seat of his jeans, an' partly because he was just too good an officer to make a row over a little thing. It's a shame he's got such rotten luck with his wars."

"Didn't he get a crack at the last one?" asked the Wonder.

POKE let his quid drop overside and bit off a fresh one. "Well," he said, "when Mrs. Evans comes back to the States, she an' Shotgun fixes it up to git spliced, an' they do. Now Mrs. E.'s old man owned most of Eastern an' Oriental Petroleum, an' when he died, she inherited about ten million. Shotgun gits hisself a job in Washington fer a bit because he was so sick after the Battle of Jutland, an' him not bein' in it 'count of us not bein' in the war, that he seemed to hate bein' at sea at all. Well, some destroyers was ordered to England right after we go into the scrap, an' Shotgun was given command, so he hops into a auto an' starts fer Brooklyn so fast you can't see his dust."

"I'm glad," said Oklahoma. "A guy like that deserved it."

"Yeah?" said Poke, untwisting his legs again. "You can always talk a little too soon, Oklahoma. The auto run into a ditch outside of Newark; Shotgun breaks both legs an' an arm, an' another guy takes his place in the war while he goes to hospital."

Poke spat laconically. "So don't never say nothin' about no officers always gettin' more fun than anybody else. Some of 'em leads some pretty tough lives—even as you an' me."

A CRISIS IN CLAIRVOYANCE

(Continued from page 83)

Shakespeare de cowboy, wid de great dis-'pearin'-cow act!"

Across the street from where his newborn burying-society was engaged in its desperate race between dissolution and a favorable sale to Samson, Jeff Baker saw a skinny-looking darky appear with a ladder and can of white paint, and proceed to do things to the outside of the show window of a vacant store there.

Shortly it began to become public on the window that—

> EL TORO THE FAMUS AB'SIS-SINION FORTUNE TELLER WILL OPEN HERE TODAY. HE READS THE FUTURE, fINDS MISSin HUSBANDS, loKatES BERRIED TRESURE, AND TELLS WHAT IS HiddEN. CONSULT EL TORO THE GREAT ANd KNOW ALL. 25c.

Which produced no excitement at all compared with the subsequent arrival of the great El Toro himself, in a flivver, and wearing an orange-colored turban and a red bathrobe.

"Dem clothes," muttered the watching Jeff to himself as the mystic disembarked, "looks 'xactly like Abyssinia. But dem *feets* looks like D'mop'lis, an' will b'ar watchin'."

The fortune-telling business proved even better than Samson had hoped, which but made impending events all the more distressing.

Jeff Baker looked on enviously at the inflow of quarters that might otherwise be swelling the shallow coffers of his burying-society. Jeff had to sell out or shut up—and neither operation could be long delayed. . . .

At five that afternoon the great El Toro ceased handing out greasy green cards, printed in English, promising health, wealth, and success to all cash customers, and set out in the firm's flivver to answer a cash-in-advance, double-rates call from beyond the white folks' country-club, to advise a crippled bootlegger in respect to what the Prohibition officers had in mind in his direction for next week.

IT was during El Toro's return therefrom that the first great crisis in clairvoyance arose. Homebound from his latest European and Marengo county, Alabama, successes, the eminent Abyssinian ran out of gas—from which minor incident arose an awkward meeting which broke up his new business and led to harrowing scenes upon a peaceful river-bank.

As a turbaned and dark-faced Oriental was shuffling along the shoulder of the road leading back from a filling-station to a stranded flivver, with a gallon can of gasoline dangling from one dusky hand, a golfer whirled out of the white folks' country-club gate. Locked wheels scattered gravel as the driver sensed an oddly familiar look about the approaching mystic—especially below the ankles.

"What the hell!" was his first audible reaction.

El Toro's was even stronger—to match his perturbation. This thing could easily get serious: fur was sure enough fixing to fly now!

"Come over here!" barked Captain Rogerville sharply at him.

EL TORO'S red bathrobe began vibrating as though agitation had set in beneath it, but he drew irresistibly though reluctantly nearer.

"What the devil's *that* rig for?" snapped Cap'n Ed. "Where's my cow? I thought you were driving her to Livingston for me!"

The great El Toro couldn't have thought up a suitable answer in a week.

"Glub! I—I—I—uh—y'see—glub"—he broke into the best Abyssinian he could muster, pulling the turban lower upon his furrowed forehead. If Cap'n Ed ever got through his disguise for sure, he was going to have to get through three or four fences that right at present stood in his way!

"You heard me!" thundered Cap'n Ed. *"Where's my cow?"*

"Cain't speak no English, Cap'n," emerged defensively and desperately from the trembling folds of the red Demopolis substitute for a burnoose. "Jes' knows Ab—Abyssinian, suh!"

Cap'n Ed's snort could be heard a block, but the just-exposed Shakespeare had traveled farther than that by the time his astounded patron got around to some more language.

Now Cap'n Ed *would* get to looking for that cow! El Toro was out of gas, but Shakespeare was out of luck. And he was going to keep on traveling now until he was either out of breath or out of danger!

Under the stimulus of this Shakespeare—no longer El Toro except on the surface—accelerated further, and went hurriedly around three corners. But the last one of them was the wrong corner. For it brought him face to face with Samson Bates with his hands full of important-looking papers and in no humor for fooling.

"Now whar you gallopin' to?" he halted the refugee.

"Jes' any place," panted Shakespeare truthfully. "Meets up wid Cap'n Ed, an' my feets won't lemme stand still. He know 'bout El Toro now, but he aint know 'bout de cow—*yit*."

"When he do know, yo' feets won't have nothin do wid hit," pronounced Samson darkly. "Dey jes' be in yo' cawffin along wid you—w'arin' shoes in de summertime."

Mr. Shackelford winced at the note of accuracy in this gloomy prophecy. And sighed at the swift loss of a good fortune-telling business.

"'Sides—speakin' of cawffins—I got business to 'tend to wid you," resumed Mr. Bates, "befo' Cap'n Ed gits hold of you. Outside of tryin' to sell me he burying-society fo' too much, dat Jeff got mo' sense dan us figured on."

Fresh curiosity helped hold Shakespeare where he was.

"Whut ail Jeff?" Shakespeare queried.

"Gits rush of brains to de haid, 'bout payin' off yo' policy, dat whut. He stallin' round—he wants see de cawpse first, he say."

"See whose cawpse?"

"Yourn."

"Jeff out of luck," boasted Shakespeare prematurely.

"—So reckon us got to show hit to him," concluded Samson. "You *got* to git drowneded now, to make de papers reg'lar! An' let Jeff see hit done. Old fawtune-tellin' business done ruin' by Cap'n Ed—an' now Jeff kind of got us cawnered too. He aint got no mo' sense, neither, dan to git to talkin' to de white folks round at de courthouse 'bout you gittin' drowneded de wrong day. So fur, I tells him I jes' make a mistake in de date—you gits drowneded today 'stead of yes'day."

At this, Shakespeare collapsed between the ears. Reincarnation had but put him right back where the old freight-train had left him! Never had he seen a boy's personal corpse in such demand! By Cap'n Ed when he should hear about his late lamented cow; by Jeff before he would pay off, and by Samson before he could collect from Jeff. Sure was an unpleasant way to satisfy a lot of different people all at once.

"Go on an' make haste about hit," urged Samson. "Aint nothin' wrong wid de papers I gits up 'bout yo' drownin', 'cep'n you aint daid yit. Sho' is lucky I done left dat date blank!"

Shakespeare cast about him desperately. And again Necessity became a mother.

"Is Jeff got see me *after* de drownin' or jes' durin'?" he questioned anxiously.

"Papers aint say. Jes' says you comes to yo' decease accidental' by drownin' in de Tawmbigbee River." Samson scanned the fine print of various qualifying clauses which Jeff had had his printer borrow bodily from the World Almanac.

SHAKESPEARE'S sigh of relief all but shook near-by houses.

"Why aint you say so sooner?" he demanded. "You knows dat medal I gits fo' bein' de second-best swimmer in Convict Camp Number Three last yeah?"

"Whut dat got do wid hit?"

"Whole lot. Dat medal's fo' bein' de longest under-water swimmer. I gits de medal becaze de boy whut win hit aint call fo' hit—"

"Huccome he aint call fo' hit?"

"Well, you see, dat boy he git drowneded winnin' hit—"

"Why aint you quit talkin' an' say somep'n?"

"Fixin' to now. Old river heah aint so wide across, down past de cee-ment plant. Us fix hit so Jeff see me fall in de water an' start drownin'—but aint see whar-at I comes out, under de bushes on de fur side."

For the first time in his life, Samson paused to admire Shakespeare's brain!

"Old Jeff's a land an'mal," continued Mr. Shackelford. "He aint know nothin' 'bout swimmin' an' divin' nohow. He aint even know whar to look fo' me. Jeff be 'bleeged to pay off after he done see me go down an' not come up no mo', wid he own eyes, aint he?"

"I collects or cripples," Samson covered that point. "I'll ruin dat buryin'-society business wid one good drownin' now. —And him wantin' to *sell* hit to me fo'

fifty dollars! You git in the bushes now while I sends fo'—"

"Bushes is right!" Shakespeare suddenly cut him off. "Cap'n Ed must've done find out 'bout dat cow *now!*"

Undeniably the approaching Cap'n Ed had found out about *something*. When his jaw got that far in front of him, and he got that look in his eye, it was no time for odd-job boys like Shakespeare to be left out in plain sight, either. A fast rustling in the near-by bushes along the bank told what Mr. Shackelford had done in the emergency.

"Come here, Samson," Captain Rogerville addressed that financier.

"Comin', Cap'n! Cain't see me fo' de dust!" acknowledged Samson. Cap'n Ed was big folks at the courthouse—a place where Mr. Bates couldn't have too many friends, as long as he maintained his present interest-rates.

"Where's the other boy?"

"Aint nobody heah but me, Cap'n—jes' fixin' fish li'l bit."

"Hope you fish that Shakespeare out, dead—and save me the trouble of shooting him!"

"Dawggone! Whut dat boy do, Cap'n?"

"Got a cow of mine killed on the railroad track, I just found out. I'd sold her for two hundred dollars, in Livingston, and started Shakespeare leading her there. Five miles out he lets a train run over her, and that's the last I see of him until I meet him in a bathrobe and turban, carrying a gasoline can and claiming he can't speak English. He *can't,* either—after I get through with him! I've got to go back uptown to my office, but I'll be right back. I've dedicated the day to finding that cow-killer!"

DURING all this, Jeff Baker was pacing Strawberry Street in an itch of anxiety. If he didn't sell his burying-society shortly, the sheriff would. Additional peril lay in Samson G. Bates' so-far-unsupported claim for one hundred dollars for the drowning of Shakespeare—a peril which was considerably mitigated as yet by Jeff's keen-eyed discovery of Shakespeare's feet projecting below the bottom of the newly arrived El Toro's bathrobe. That was in the nature of Jeff's ace in the hole. But it was likely to take more than that to foil the avaricious Samson. Once let him get on the trail of an easy hundred dollars, and nothing short of the white folks up at the courthouse could stop him. A little thing like the absence of the *corpus delicti* wouldn't do anything but delay Samson until he dug up—or drowned—one!

An urge to check up on the scene and circumstances of Shakespeare's reported demise seized on Jeff. Two blocks from the river-bank, he increased his pace sharply, for there was excitement ahead. In the river there was vast splashing. On the bank, with eyes bulging, Samson G. Bates had cast coat and dignity to the winds, and was denting the near-by welkin with shouts of *"Help! Help! Man overboa'd! Man drownedin'!"*—while making no personal move to plunge to the rescue.

ODDLY, too, the drowning one was moving steadily toward the center of the stream. But Jeff missed mere details before the impact of the main fact—that it would cost his burying-society a hundred

dollars if the struggling Shakespeare succumbed! Which fact reminded him of the reason Samson was doing all *his* rescue-work with his mouth! If Shakespeare perished, Samson would be in a hundred dollars—Jeff's hundred. And paying out that same hundred would wreck Jeff's burying-society—which was what Samson wanted—so that Jeff could no longer sell it to him for any sum.

Jeff's anguished eyes took in the foaming surface of the river, where Shakespeare was plainly going down another time. They took in the sturdily shouting Samson, with Shakespeare's policy sticking out of his pocket, ready to cash in when Jeff's wildly splashing Policyholder Number One should sink for the third and final time.

"Help! Help! Man overboa'd!" bellowed Samson safely from the shore.

"Help!" echoed Shakespeare feebly from the river. If a boy hollered *too* loudly he might get it!

"Help!" squealed Jeff desperately from the bank above.

Samson paid no attention to him, once he saw that Jeff was aware of what was about to happen in the river. He and Shakespeare didn't need any witnesses, now that the protruding eyes of the horrified proprietor of the burying-society were furnishing their own proof of Shakespeare's drowning. It couldn't have come about better if Samson had arranged it himself! Painful as it must be to Jeff to see a hundred-dollar policy in his society fast coming due in the water before him, he couldn't do anything about—

SAMSON'S gloat got cut off in the middle. As a non-swimmer, Jeff had an excuse for being a non-life-saver. But there wasn't anything satisfactory he could say to himself about his hundred dollars if Shakespeare sank.

"Help!" Samson had redoubled his bellowings, but Jeff wasn't saying anything now. Instead, he was racing madly up the bank toward something he had just spied there. And before the horrified Samson could reach and stop him, Jeff was in the water, to the rescue—about his waist a much-patched but still inflated inner tube, left on the bank by boys at play.

The Tombigbee began to be lashed to a fresh foam as Jeff, buoyed by his inner tube, thrashed his way to the frantic rescue of his hundred dollars and—incidentally—of Shakespeare. Everything, from life for himself and Shakespeare to life for his burying-society, depended on that tube now! Jeff's bulging eyes and shortened breath betrayed and portrayed that knowledge as he neared his Policyholder Number One.

This made it Samson's turn to worry. Jeff was swimming his way right into the middle of a rescue for Shakespeare that would create a bad situation for Samson with a fraudulent death-claim on his hands if Jeff succeeded.

But luck had not yet deserted Samson! From the agitated surface of the river suddenly came a most un-aquatic sound. Loud, familiar, and unmistakable it was. In brief, when yet ten feet from the supposedly imperiled Shakespeare, the frenzied Jeff suffered that bane of the motorist, a blow-out of his inner tube!

A blow-out on land at sixty miles an hour may be serious enough, but to a boy in a big river, who can't swim, it can be practically fatal. Already Jeff had lowered the level of the Tombigbee approximately an inch by the quantity of water he swallowed as he went under the first time.

Samson pranced agonizedly upon the bank, resuming and redoubling now his yells for aid. To have anything irrevocable happen to Jeff, with negotiations in their present shape, added a new danger of not getting the hundred dollars after all their trouble. Which made it no time for privacy. If the world heard him issuing directions in the conduct of his affairs now, it couldn't be helped. Too much was at stake. A bad inner tube was fixing to mess up his business in a brand-new place if something wasn't done about it quickly.

"Tu'n round, Shakespeare! Don't git drowneded *yit!*" he hoarsely implored the supposed victim.

BEWILDERED by the explosion and the swift reversal of situations, Shakespeare came up for air and fresh instructions. He could hardly believe Samson's last ones!

"Git dat Jeff out first! And drown yo'se'f later!" shouted the humanitarian Samson to him. "He still *got* de hundred dollars! Us cain't collect nothin' from drowneded boy!"

"Git who out of which?" sputtered Shakespeare groggily.

"Git Jeff out de river!"

Shakespeare saw something else, behind Samson, and issued an S. O. S. of his own—just before he went under on his own hook.

"Too busy gittin' drowneded my ownse'f to mess wid nobody else!" he demurred just loudly enough for Samson to hear. "*Look behind you*—whut come of all yo' yellin' round so loud!"

Jeff joined Shakespeare beneath the surface, for the second time.

Samson followed directions—and temporarily lost interest in marine matters. The size of this new jam he saw coming as a result of doing his life-saving out loud, depended altogether on how much of it Cap'n Ed Rogerville had heard—and understood.

But Cap'n Ed wasn't stopping to talk now. He was shedding his coat as he ran riverward, his gaze fixed on two struggling shapes in the water.

"Hold my coat, Samson! While I—get 'em out!" he shouted as he raced past that frog-eyed financier.

Out in the Tombigbee, Shakespeare was proving that a drowning man thinks fast. For, now that he was cornered in the river, the most important thing in the world had become to appear in a good light in Cap'n Ed's irate eyes. And it flashed over him that everybody loves a life-saver!

FOR the strangling Jeff it was the third down and a sure ten yards to gain—straight downward—when he felt a hand in the slack of his deflated inner tube.

"Hold on, Cap'n Ed! Don't come in! I done got him!" called Shakespeare excitedly as he emerged into the sunlight. "Been lookin' all over de river fo' dis boy!"

Cap'n Ed's face might be a study for some, but for Shakespeare it was a whole curriculum. Samson shifted about uncertainly, wondering how much of his business was liable to come out in a minute now.

But in the crowing, coughing Jeff was the proof that you can't keep a good business-man down, even in a river. Barely had he cleared his eyes and lungs and made very sure that Cap'n Ed Rogerville of the courthouse was listening, before he was back at his desk, figuratively speaking.

"Whar at that death stiffcate, Samson?" he coughed. "Cap'n Ed liable want see hit. Cap'n Ed my 'torney in dese heah *purchase* cases."

Samson sagged suddenly at the knees—and wished they had left Jeff drown. Let any courthouse white folks see this death-certificate he had fixed up in advance for Shakespeare, and he could see bars—running up and down.

"Whut purchase case?" he stalled, while the sweat sprang out on him.

"Well, co'se now," rasped Jeff, "de *stiffcate* aint impawtant unless dey's some hitch 'bout de *sale* of my buryin'-society to you—"

Samson sickened and surrendered. "Jes' gittin' round to takin' you up on dat," he interrupted. "Fifty dollars you says you takes fo' hit as a goin' business?" His hand went into his pocket and came out burdened with a bill.

"Goin' business is right," agreed Jeff briskly. "Dat's huccome hit's done gone on up."

"*Up?*" Samson staggered and awaited the worst. Jeff had him.

"Hundred dollars is today's price—in case dey aint no death stiffcate git in."

"Cheap at dat," acquiesced Samson feebly, as he added on another fifty to the first one.

LIFE-SAVER Shakespeare gaped, dripping, and said nothing. With Jeff's business out of the way, Cap'n Ed would get around to him in a minute. A boy that left Demopolis with two hundred dollars' worth of cow and came back empty-handed, needed exactly what Shakespeare still didn't have—a good alibi.

"*Shakespeare!*" Cap'n Ed barked at him.

"Y-y-yassuh!" —Old fur was fixing to fly now! *His* fur—

"I've got a cow to send to Mr. Post over at Livingston again. I want you to drive her over in the morning—*away* from the railroad track!"

Shakespeare wiggled his ears, to see if they were working right. What he was hearing didn't fit in with the facts—or with that funny look on Cap'n Ed's face. Kidding him before killing him, was the only explanation Shakespeare could figure out.

"C-c-carry cow to Mist' Post?" he stammered his amazement. "Why, dat *last* cow—"

"—Proved that you are a better business-man than I am!" chuckled Cap'n Ed in the face of his dripping henchman's blank bewilderment. "*I* sold her to Mr. Post for two hundred. But *you* turned around and without knowing it, sold her to the *railroad*, instead, for two hundred and *fifty*—after their claim-agent and I got through closing your deal in my office a few minutes ago!"

AN AMERICAN VISITS PALESTINE

(Continued from page 90)

of these immigrants? Enter at stormy Haifa, riding by modern railway from the port to the capital. Look out at Benjamina, at Richon, at Kudeirah, at Petah-Tikvah, and see the once arid fields flourishing; note the great orange-groves in the hinterland of Jaffa; and at Tel-Aviv observe a new Jewish city risen in a decade out of the sand. Alongside the individual Arab peasant tilling the earth primitively with camel and plow rise the Jewish cooperative farms, uniting to finance new methods, new machinery, agricultural experiment stations, and agricultural schools. The climate is almost Californian: hot summers, springlike winters, and insufficient rain; only a Venice of irrigating canals can make this soil bloom like our Imperial Valley, and support again the two-and-a-half million population which historians attribute to ancient Palestine.

HOW can an Arab love a Jew when the Jewish farmer, although city-bred, given to letters, and completely unfitted for the rural life, produces four to five times as much per acre as the Arab coaxes from his soil?

Add to this hospitals and dispensaries, the schools and the university which the immigrants have brought to Palestine with unforgivable initiative. The Jews are too brilliant to remain content with farming; their active minds demand commerce, industry and urban variety as a vital need; and now that they have revived agriculture in their ancient home they are building there workshops, markets, banks, cities and towns. They introduced new textile industries, and new handicrafts; they organized labor, and won shorter hours and higher wages for Jewish and Arab workers alike; they made valuable experiments in communism, and when these seemed to fail they established great cooperatives for farmers, builders, tradesmen, and consumers. They found the soil destitute of fuel resources, and erected, with the money of foreign Jews, a gigantic hydro-electric power system. They found a country without reliable water to drink, with typhoid, dysentery, malaria, and eye-diseases rampant; they drained the swamps, cleared the water-supply, brought malaria and trachoma under control, established public sanitation, and opened these services to all. They built and operated their own schools, and at the same time paid heavy taxes for the maintenance of the public schools in which Britain is educating the Arabs. They abandoned the mongrel speech which had developed among them in exile, and restored the magnificent Hebrew tongue as the language of Jewish life in Palestine. They collected funds from all over the world for a Hebrew university at Jerusalem, and filled its library—built in part by the hands of the students themselves—with two hundred thousand volumes dedicated to the preservation and development of the cultural traditions of their race. Seldom has a people done so much in so little time. The economic problem, which to one pilgrim in 1927 seemed insurmountable, seemed to him in 1930 on the way to solution. The dream of the ghetto was about to be realized.

But because of these very achievements, the racial problem—if we may loosely speak of a racial problem between peoples who are of one race, Semitic brothers in origin and blood—had become more dangerous than before. The growth and success of the Jews inflamed the Arabs with jealous rage; this invasion of a soil that had been Arab for a thousand years by a people dissociated from it two thousand years ago seemed to the Arab a wild injustice in a world that was mouthing phrases about self-determination. He saw his country used for an experiment utterly alien to his understanding and his interests, under the bayonets of an empire that had promised him liberty. He recalled the agreement between General MacMahon and the Sherif of Mecca; he quoted bitterly the French and British Declaration of 1918; he recited the League of Nations mandate requiring the freedom of the Arab peoples under protectorates confined to external and military relations. He complained that the Jews, who had preached democracy, equality and brotherhood to all the world, were here violating democracy drastically—that they were preventing the establishment of a Palestinian Parliament, knowing that they would there be confronted by an Arab majority—that the Zionist organization was sharing the autocratic powers of the British High Commissioner in Palestine—that these two foreign governments, British and Jewish, were opening an Arab country to alien immigration far faster than this could be absorbed, and were using Arab taxes to replace an Arab with a Jewish State. They made representations, and received many concessions; they demanded a Parliament, and were very courteously refused. They resolved to put the matter to the ordeal of blood.

ON August 14, 1929, ten thousand Jews arrived in Jerusalem to gather at the Wailing Wall the next day and mourn together the destruction of the Temple. Arab leaders spread throughout Palestine the word that Jews had killed Arabs in Jerusalem, and that the streets of the capital were knee-deep in Moslem blood. On the sixteenth, the eve of Mohammed's birthday, a tide of Arabs swept into the city, and the incautious British, for once caught unprepared, could offer no barrier to the meeting of the floods. Here was a pretty chance for revenge—a few gallons of Jewish gore in the gutters, and all the Jewish world would take warning to keep its emigrants and its capital from Palestine! Besides, a dead Jew could never claim his debts.

So the Arabs swept down upon the Jews at the Wailing Wall, and slew scores of praying women and men. On the twenty-third of August the Jews organized a funeral for their dead, and the procession, playing somber music, passed through the Mohammedan quarters of Jerusalem. On the following days the riots were renewed; inflamed Arabs slaughtered helpless students in the Hebrew seminary at Hebron, and throughout Palestine armed Moslems fell upon unarmed Jews, until there was a total of several hundred Jewish wounded and dead. For four weeks terror ruled;

and then at last the British, self-appointed guardians of order in the land of many religions, brought in their distant battalions, and reëstablished peace.

Who was to blame? They were all to blame. Arabs and British and Jews alike; it would be well if they could accept the guilt together, and face together the problem of Palestine. How can they find a way whereby the Jews may realize their hope of a national home without enforcing upon the Arabs, with British arms, a subjection distasteful to every American, and to every American Jew?

It is an American Jew, long since domiciled in Palestine as chancellor of the Hebrew university at Jerusalem, who has offered a solution of this holy war. All the world should by this time know of Judah L. Magnes, who left a rich home in New York, and a high place in the American rabbinate, to live in scholarly simplicity on Mt. Scopus, and devote his life to the building of a university that should serve as a cultural repository and center for a scattered and imperiled race. On November 18, 1929, in his address at the opening of the fall term at the university, Dr. Magnes announced that for his part he would no longer seek in Palestine a Jewish *State*, but only a Jewish *home*, that Palestine must be considered "an international Holy Land," sacred to three religions; and that "in making it a home for Jew, Moslem and Christian alike, all ideas of Jewish political domination" must "be abandoned."

This statement, which has been condemned by so many fervent Zionists, and was met on the occasion of its utterance by the hissing disapproval of the student audience, is merely a courageous acceptance of facts long since made clear by the British White Book of June 3, 1922. That document said:

"Unauthorized statements have been made to the effect that the purpose in view is to create a wholly Jewish Palestine. . . . His Majesty's Government regard any such expectation as impracticable, and have no such aim in view. Nor have they at any time contemplated . . . . the disappearance or the subordination of the Arab population, language or culture in Palestine. They would draw attention to the fact that the terms of the (Balfour) Declaration referred to do not contemplate that Palestine as a whole should be converted into a Jewish national home, but that such a home should be founded in Palestine."

This is assuredly a "hard saying" for those who hoped that Palestine might give the Jews a State specifically Jewish in language, customs, and law, as a tower of strength and pride to every Jew in every land. But necessity knows no sentiment: it will be impossible to establish a Jewish State in a population seventy per cent Arab and hostile; impossible to protect Jewish life in the midst of a virile population kept disfranchised while neighboring Arabs in Syria, Iraq, Transjordania and Egypt are given almost total liberty.

IT would be ridiculous for an outsider who has paid but two brief visits to Palestine to offer a solution for a problem so intricate that Jewish intelligence and British subtlety alike have failed to meet it. But the Jews have shown since the Dispersion the strength and self-control of Romans; they are strong enough—even at the cost of a century of despair like that which followed Zabbatai Zevi—to make again the Great Renunciation. Perhaps as time moves on, unforeseen factors may alter the problem and make Palestine not only a Jewish home but a Jewish State; there is no telling what can be done in a hundred years by such men and women as have recreated Palestine in ten. Here in a decade they have conquered the death of the soil; who knows but that in a century they will triumph over even the stupidity of Fate?

OVERHEARD AT RENO

(Continued from page 49)

"Oh, this love bunk! I get so tired of the word love."

"I don't know whether my husband will sign the papers. If he doesn't, I'll have to stay here forty-five days extra—and be a bigamist in some States if I marry again."

"I tell you we haven't emerged from barbarism."

"They say nine out of ten women are afraid their husbands won't sign the papers."

"Seven out of ten women have a sweetie back home they're planning to marry."

"Everyone back East says that people go on wonderful parties in Reno."

"Perhaps this is better for us than being back home with our solemn dripping relatives. Some women here are so gay—"

"Wonder if this gayety comes from courage or from a lack of heart?"

"Dear God, the complacent self-righteous letters one gets from friends! From the smug heights of married security—"

"Do you notice it is usually the fat strong women who get their divorces on 'extreme cruelty'?"

"And the ones with diamond wristwatches who get theirs on 'failure to provide'?"

"I can't help feeling there's real love in the world, if I could only find it."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm beginning to believe there isn't much use in trying to be honorable. I can't help but feel it never got me anywhere."

"That's what happens to a woman's mind when she goes through this. We mustn't let it."

"I didn't know there could be so much mental suffering. The other night I lay in bed *encased* in suffering. I could feel it around me like an enamel."

"Don't grouch. You'll have a good time here, after you get used to it. After all, it's an adventure everybody doesn't have. Let's gamble with our heads up."

"We're an educated, nice-looking bunch of women. We've all got fairly decent dispositions. Why did we all fail?"

"Because our emotions and our minds didn't tell us the same thing."

"Let's not get cynical. It makes a woman so unattractive. It digs great gouges on the sides of her mouth and gnarls her hands."

"When does one get over remembering? Is there a time when the burden rolls down the hill?"

"It'll be a long time before a man catches me in marriage again. I've been engaged or married ever since I was seventeen. Now I'm going home and have a little girlhood."

"There's something wrong with civilization that we're all here like this."

"Dear God, I've gotten so that I'm grateful for kindness. I—well—there's nothing like it. I haven't had much of it in the last five years. I suppose it's awfully abject to be grateful for kindness. People *ought* to be kind, hadn't they? A man could win me by being just plain honest-to-goodness gentle."

"They say if you can just stand the first week, after that the time goes fast."

"There are mental states much worse than suicide. I've sunk so low that I want to play safe for the rest of my life. Something has stolen my gallantry."

"But there must be romance—"

"I'm surprised at how good-looking most of the women are. I expected to find a lot of cast-off hags."

"It's only the good-looking women who have the spirit to get divorces. The hags hang on."

"Funny—there's no reticence here, is there? I hope I never see again all the people to whom I've told my life-story!"

"They say the actual divorce takes only about five minutes. I wonder how I'll feel when it's over."

"My chambermaid told me that every woman wonders about that. She says the divorcées get more and more nervous as their time gets near—"

"When I walk down the courtroom, I'll think of the time I was a bride, walking down the church aisle. I thought I was going to have a perfect marriage. We were going to love each other more and more as the years went by."

"I wish you had seen the length of my veil, when I was a bride. My dress was all trimmed with seed pearls."

"Dear God, how'd you like to be in New York right now, walking into Sherry's, wearing a gold wrap?"

"Don't—don't talk like that. I dream about New York at the theater hour."

"Reno is an awfully friendly little town. Everyone seems anxious to help."

"Well, we're an industry, aren't we?"

"Whenever I can't bear it any longer, I rush out to the movies. I've never seen so many movies. My mind has rotted away."

"I've had to write noble letters home saying I was learning life's lessons and all that. It would never do for me to say what I was actually learning."

"I keep wondering if I'm doing the best or the worst thing of my life. Will I look back and think this was the place where I took the wrong turning?"

"Don't be so depressing. It's hard enough to push along as it is. I think I'll go get an ice-cream soda."

"I'll go with you and stop at the library. I'm reading up on the West."

"They say if you can stand the first week here, after that the time goes awfully fast. Really it does."

"All I mind is the memories. . . ."

ISLAND OF DESIRE

(Continued from page 63)

Kilgore briefly sketched his life up to the present, omitting nothing, not even the incident of his escape from the crashing plane and the subsequent losing of himself in a world wherein he was no longer presumed to exist.

"Then we are two lost babes in the woods," the girl suggested sadly.

"It is eminently fitting that we should meet and together find our way out, Greta."

"But I want to be returned to the world I have lost—and you don't, it seems, Bob."

"It occurs to me that with you in the world upon which I have turned my back, I shall be very happy to return to it."

She laid her hand suddenly on his. "Some one has arrived ashore," she told him. "I must go. Listen to me, Bob. I do not live in the village. Follow this stream. There is no path, but it is easy to wade, and one avoids the jungle. Perhaps a quarter of a mile upstream you will see the roof of a house. That is my home. Come to me there when you may."

SHE was gone, splashing recklessly up the little stream; it occurred to Kilgore that she was leaving no trail that might be followed. He rose and made his way back to the beach, and upon arriving at the spot where he had cached the two casks of gin, beheld Boots Kendrick busy with an auger, about to broach a cask. The skipper glanced up angrily.

"I thought I told you to dispense this gin, Kilgore," he cried.

"The white girl canceled your orders, sir."

"And you let her do it? You obeyed her rather than me?"

"Man, she's queen here, and what she says goes. She had her gang with her. They obeyed her—so I thought I had better do so too."

"Hum-m-m! Well, I'm in command now. Where have you been?"

"Scouting for food, wood and water. I've found the wood and water."

Boots Kendrick in silence proceeded to place spigots in each cask and with a wave of his hand invited the natives to help themselves. They needed no second invitation. Children were sent scurrying to the village for coconut dippers and the revelry began. Then Kendrick turned to Kilgore. "Show me this wood and water," he commanded.

"Follow the trail yonder. It goes up through the village and beyond it. You can't help finding the brook. The path crosses it. Close beside the trail is a huge tree that has been down a long time. I think it is dry enough to make good fuel for the galley stove when cut into the proper lengths."

"I told you to show me where it is, didn't I?"

"Very well, then, I'll show you. Be good enough to walk ahead of me. I have an uncomfortable suspicion that if I walk ahead of you, you'll shoot me in the back. I notice you're wearing a pistol, which is most unusual for you."

"You're a fool, Kilgore—a blithering fool."

Kilgore drew his own weapon. "I must disprove that statement. Hand your gun over, Kendrick—butt first, or I'll let you have it between the eyes."

Silently Kendrick handed his weapon over, but his eyes burned like twin coals. "Where's the girl gone?"

"That's none of your business. She's got out of your way, I imagine. And I think she has sufficient intelligence to remain hidden until the *Dashing Wave* pulls out."

"Most of the things you know, you imagine," Kendrick sneered. "Go back to the schooner and get saws, axes and four empty watercasks. You'll find the whaleboat down on the beach."

FOR an instant Kilgore hesitated in the face of suspicion that Kendrick, knowing the populace would soon be stupidly drunk, was desirous of being alone to make a search for the girl. He decided the search would be futile, however, and that it would be politic for him to obey this last order. So he departed for the beach.

Larson, meeting him as he came up the Jacob's ladder, noted at once that Kilgore was wearing two belts and two pistols in holsters. "Did you and Boots have a little run-in?" he queried pleasantly.

"A little one. I thought it best to relieve him of his gun."

"What's he doing ashore?"

"He's started the natives on a jamboree, and I think he is now hunting for the girl."

"I'm glad you took his pistol. I've felt a little lonely since I loaned you mine to protect yourself against him. Let me have his, and then we'll both feel better, Tommy."

Kilgore handed him the pistol, and Larson buckled the belt around him. With the exception of two of the crew, himself and Larson, the decks were vacant. "You didn't get the king and his men ashore, did you, Mr. Larson?" he asked.

"They're laid out dead drunk below." Larson gave a hitch to his cotton shorts and stepped up on the rail. "I'm going ashore, Tommy," he said. "I'll leave you in charge until I come back."

Kilgore grinned down at the mate as the latter settled himself in the stern of the whaleboat and took the tiller ropes. "I hope you're a decent pistol-shot," he said; "because if you miss the skipper, it's liable to be just too bad for you."

"Tommy, you're too damned smart," Larson replied gravely, and ordered the boat's crew to pull away. When the mate was halfway ashore, Kilgore went below, and discovered that during his absence ashore the Captain and the mate had had a manacle locked on the right foot of each drunken native and fastened the manacle at the other end of the chain to a ring bolt which protruded from each of the schooner's stout oak ribs. He counted fifty men—all in the prime of life.

"This *is* a devil-ship," Kilgore decided. He had thought the old wicked game of labor recruiting in the South Seas—or "blackbirding," as it used to be called more truthfully—had perished thirty years or more ago, but here was evidence that it had not—evidence that it could still be risked on uncharted islands which British

or French war vessels seldom touched and which were not, nominally, under the protection of some government official.

The cargo space on the *Dashing Wave* was not sufficient to accommodate more than fifty men below-decks, and already Boots Kendrick had his human freight aboard and helpless to escape. A slave-ship! Presently Kilgore knew she would smell like one—and now too he realized another reason why the presence of a decent white man like him aboard the *Dashing Wave* was so undesirable. It was patent to Kilgore that Kendrick, having observed a golden opportunity to raid this unknown island, had contracted with some unscrupulous planter in some other island to furnish him with fifty slaves—a cargo quickly loaded, promptly delivered, and at a far greater profit, doubtless, than would accrue from months of trading among the islands farther east.

THE safe loading and delivery of this human cargo demanded efficient white help. Kendrick had had to have an associate as heartless as himself—and Larson had supplied that need. But for their mutual desire to acquire Greta Gunderson, their foul partnership might have continued uninterrupted. But the wolfish soul of each had willed that the other—with Kilgore—must die, since dead men tell no tales, and a profit is much greater when not equally divided. Moreover there was Larson's yearning to command the ship—something not possible until Kendrick was out of the way and Larson had demonstrated his ability to command.

And now Larson, knowing Kendrick to be unarmed, had gone ashore to kill the skipper, well aware that the opportunity to do so would, in all probability, not occur in the presence of witnesses. Well, should Larson, having killed Kendrick, locate Greta Gunderson, capture her and forcibly carry her out to the schooner, there was but one thing for Kilgore to do, and that was to kill Larson. He realized he must not be squeamish about it, much as he disliked the prospect. If he did not kill the mate, Larson would spare him for a while, because of his great need for Kilgore's services, but a few days out from whatever port the *Dashing Wave* was bound, the issue would have to be decided. Better, therefore, to meet it now.

From the hold Kilgore went up on deck and down into the cuddy. A glance at the chronometer showed him it lacked five minutes of noon, so he brought the chronometer up on deck, together with the sextant, and almost exactly at noon measured the angle between the sun and the horizon and figured the latitude and longitude of the schooner's position. Then he went to the chart case and located the ship's position on it. He discovered, as he assumed he would, no land marked in that spot on the chart, but a small cross in red ink indicated that Boots Kendrick had, upon the occasion of his first visit to the island, checked off the ship's position there. So Kilgore was satisfied that the latitude and longitude he had figured was correct, since it coincided with the skipper's earlier calculation. He committed to memory not only the latitude and longitude, but also the number of the chart, on the off chance that the information might come in handy some day.

There was a native canoe tied to the starboard main shrouds and at sight of it, Kilgore was moved to a sudden inspiration. He collected every chart aboard the ship, rolled them into a long cylindrical package, placed them and the sextant in a gunnysack, and while the two Tahitian sailors slumbered in the shadow of the house, lowered sextant and charts into this canoe; then with a boathook he dragged the woven grass sail lying in the bottom of the canoe over on top of the sack.

ABOUT sunset the whaleboat hove alongside, and Larson came over the rail. "We're pulling out," he told Kilgore. "See that the whaleboat is hoisted aboard properly and put in the cradle, then go forward and break out the anchor."

"Aren't you going to wait for the skipper, Mr. Larson?"

"No," the mate replied sharply.

"Where are we headed?"

"It's none of your business, Tommy, but I'll tell you. We're bound for a dog-hole on the coast of Central America to deliver a cargo of blackbirds to a hennequin-planter there."

"Before we start, sir, permit me to make a suggestion. Without charts and a sextant I fear we'll never arrive there."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I tried to shoot the sun at noon but couldn't find the sextant anywhere. When I went rooting through the chart-case to see if it might be in one of the drawers, I found the charts all gone." The lie fell glibly from Kilgore's lips.

Larson's face went pale with rage, and all the foulness of the Seven Seas tumbled from his tongue. "What's become of the sextant and the charts?" he demanded.

"I imagine the skipper didn't care to have you or me figure out the position of this island, and probably, he decided to take precautions on not being marooned. I should say he took them ashore with him, and until he brings them back, it would be an excellent idea to remain at anchor here."

Larson sat down on the hatch-coaming and covered his face with both hands. He was the personification of despair.

"While I realize, Mr. Larson," Kilgore went on soothingly, "that the filthy animal needed killing, and I'm not sorry you killed him, still, it was unfortunate that you bumped him off under the circumstances. Now he can't tell us where he hid the sextant and the charts."

"We're in a hell of a box now," Larson almost moaned. "I didn't kill Boots. I decided I didn't have to. Did you notice I came back with three of the crew instead of four?"

"I didn't notice, but now that you mention it, the supercargo is missing."

"That half-breed speaks twenty different island dialects, and he can make a fair stab at communicating with these people. So Boots took him ashore to interpret for him and kept him there. I'll tell you what Boots' plan was. He felt pretty certain, because of his experience on our first trip, that the girl wouldn't step aboard the schooner, and that ashore she'd hide out on him. And the natives wouldn't give her away. So he got their king and his sons and a bunch of the young men aboard, got them drunk and put 'em in irons below. Then he sent you ashore to get the shore gang drunk, so he'd have time to search for the girl and abduct her in peace. If he couldn't do that, it was his plan to have his interpreter tell her that unless she came aboard willingly, he'd put to sea with the king and his men, knock them on the head and throw them overboard. Boots had an idea that plan might work—that she'd surrender herself to save her friends."

"I BELIEVE that that plan would have worked, Mr. Larson," Kilgore agreed. "These people have been good to her, I imagine. And she wouldn't be willing to sacrifice them."

"When you came back with Kendrick's pistol and gave it to me, I decided to go ashore and kill him. I made no bones of it, Tommy. He's in my way and dangerous as a mad dog, anyhow. When I got ashore, all hands were helplessly drunk, so I wandered around looking for Boots and the supercargo. I couldn't find Boots, and the supercargo was drunk, but suddenly I ran into the girl. She was carrying a rifle, and she got the drop on me, took my pistol away and told me, in very good English, to get back to the schooner or she'd let me have it."

"Naturally you took orders, Mr. Larson?"

"Naturally. But on the way back I did some thinking and hit on the plan of marooning Boots with the girl! She can take care of herself, and with the schooner gone, he wouldn't dare get fresh with her. Besides, when that mob woke up tomorrow morning and found the schooner gone with the king and forty-nine young men, it would be just too bad for Boots Kendrick. If the girl didn't shoot him, the natives would brain him with a war club—probably eat him. So I decided the jig was up, that neither Boots nor me could hope to take the girl unless she wished to be taken."

"Your reasoning, Mr. Larson, was eminently sound."

"Well, whether it was or not, I decided to pull out and make a profit out of a deal that had blown up. I had the blackbirds aboard and I know where I can sell them at a hundred pounds sterling each. That's five thousand pounds and it would be all

There is no rein to some men's recklessness except the fear of punishment; and these three men are so far away from civilization that they fear only each other—as the next chapters of this vivid serial show.

mine. Owners wouldn't need to know anything about it. I could make delivery in about thirty days and then be off again on a regular trading voyage. Bad weather could account for the lost time."

"But how about me, Mr. Larson? You figured I would be an embarrassment, of course."

"I figured I could use you, Tommy; and maybe, if we split the swag, you'd play the game with me."

"I wouldn't. I'm no slaver, you dog."

Larson eyed him bleakly. "Well, it's foolish to talk about what might have been, Tommy. With the sextant and charts gone, we can't put to sea and hope to get where I intended to go."

KILGORE puffed his pipe and smiled at the harassed Swede. "Don't you think it would be an excellent idea to cast your blackbirds loose and let them swim ashore? I imagine a little swim like that will not bother them."

"I haven't got the key to the irons, Tommy. Boots has it," Larson ground out hopelessly. "And I never thought of that until now."

"It would be a long and tedious job to cut them loose with a cold chisel," Kilgore continued. "As fast as we cast them loose, we'd have to guard them—and we couldn't do that. The first man loose would swim ashore and carry the tale to his friends; then they'd be out here in canoes and make a shambles of this packet. Besides, it wouldn't be nice to cast them loose with a steel anklet and a section of chain to wear the remainder of their lives. I wouldn't do that to a dog. Have you got a hacksaw aboard?"

"No—and if we did, it wouldn't stay sharp long enough to saw the bracelets off more than two men. Tommy, for God's sake, what shall we do?"

"Wouldn't it be a good plan to go ashore, round up Boots Kendrick and his supercargo-interpreter, get rid of this flock of blackbirds, shove off and stay away? Your deal has backfired. The shore natives are probably too drunk still to interfere with the job. Besides, they suspect nothing as yet, for I imagine you didn't put any ultimatum up to that girl."

"If I had, she'd have shot me. I'm a fool, but not that big a fool."

"Well, then, Mr. Larson, listen to my plan. I met that girl ashore, and we talked. I told her what to expect from you and the skipper, although the information was wasted. She already knew—or at least she suspected. And she knows I have no evil intentions concerning her, because she didn't take my gun away from me. She trusts me. So I think, perhaps, I had better round up Boots and the supercargo. I don't think you'd be safe ashore."

"That's a grand idea, Tommy. As soon as the boat-crew has had supper, go ashore."

"I'll not disturb them. I've had my supper, so I'll paddle ashore in that native canoe lying alongside. I can bring Boots and the supercargo back in it. Meanwhile you'd better have the whaleboat swung inboard and be all set to get out of here as soon as the moon is up and we can see our way out of the lagoon."

Larson leaped up and slapped him, almost affectionately, on the shoulder. "The moon will be up in an hour, Tommy. Help me put the hatch over those damned blackbirds, or their howling will be heard on the other side of the island."

When the hatch was on and the outcries of the rapidly sobering natives had silenced, Kilgore slid overside into the canoe. He chuckled to himself as he paddled off into the darkness, for he had the sextant and charts in the canoe with him, and, until they should be back aboard the *Dashing Wave* again, he knew the schooner could not sail, that he could not possibly be marooned, albeit the prospect of being marooned with Greta Gunderson occurred to him as not particularly repellant.

Once well clear of the schooner, however, he ceased paddling. He knew what he was about. The girl had driven Larson back to the ship; hence it was reasonable to presume that if she met Kendrick, she would drive him back also, in which event the skipper might arrive in a canoe from the beach at any moment. And, once aboard the *Dashing Wave*, he would not dare go ashore again. Neither dared he sail. He and Larson would be prisoners aboard their own vessel, and Kilgore would be in command of the situation.

FOR an hour after Kilgore had left him, Boots Kendrick prowled around the vicinity of the village, every inhabitant of which was absent at the gin party he had so thoughtfully provided. Failing to catch sight of the girl, he decided to look in on the native population clustered around the gin casks, so cautiously he made his way to the coconut-palm grove.

A hundred feet from it, he was halted by the sound of a woman's voice, speaking in English with a faint foreign accent. "You have no honest business ashore, Mister Mate," she was saying. "So get back to your schooner. No argument, if you please. This rifle is loaded."

"What are you getting fussed about, girl?" the skipper heard Larson's deep bass answer her. "I don't mean any harm."

"You lie. I know you do. Go back to your schooner, or I'll shoot you where you stand."

"All right, I'm going," Larson replied—and went.

Instantly Kendrick stepped into a clump of bushes and hid; presently up the path to the village the girl came, her rifle at the ready, her glance roving suspiciously about her. She turned in at one of the native huts, which was built some five feet off the ground to keep the land-crabs out. The entrance had a rough wooden ladder leading up to it, and on the lowest rung of this ladder the girl sat, with her rifle across her lap. From time to time she glanced warily up and down the straggling village street.

It occurred to Kendrick that the girl had put a quietus on his gin-party, for the clamor in the grove had subsided. He was further confirmed in this belief when presently half a dozen drunken men and women staggered up into the village and sought their houses. The remainder of his guests, he decided, had fallen to sleep in the grove, for presently not a sound broke the silence save the trade wind rustling the palms and the cries of sea birds flying overhead.

A half-hour passed; then Kendrick very cautiously withdrew further into his concealment and, when he could no longer see the girl, he realized she could not see

him; so he rose, made his way slowly and soundlessly in a wide circle down to the beach, along the beach for a hundred yards and then up through the bush, again traveling on the reverse arc of the circle to come up on the village from the rear. An hour had passed before he found himself in the rear of the hut in front of which the girl must still be seated on watch. Kendrick believed she was watching for him!

ON velvet feet, avoiding every fallen leaf and twig, he crept to the side of the hut. He peered around. The girl was still seated on the lowest rung of the ladder, her gaze bent up the street, as if she expected her enemy to appear from that quarter—so Boots Kendrick leaped around the corner of the hut and struck her brutally on the jaw with his left fist, before she was aware of his presence and had time to cry out. She slid off her seat unconscious; whereupon he gagged her with a dirty handkerchief, tied her hands behind her with short strips of marline produced from his pocket, bound her at knee and ankle, picked her up and disappeared into the bush with her. Nor did he neglect to bring the rifle also. A couple of hundred yards from the grove he secreted her in cover, and sat down patiently to await the return of the whaleboat. Surely, he argued, Larson would send the boat ashore for him before nightfall, since his failure to return would surely arouse the mate's suspicions.

Of one thing Kendrick was certain. This girl could speak English, and since she had, undoubtedly, met Kilgore ashore earlier in the day and had not driven him back to the ship, that argued she had conversed with him; the fact that she had, subsequently, armed herself and been on her guard, indicated that Kilgore had intimated to her something of his, Kendrick's plans regarding her. Kendrick decided that Larson, the fool, had divulged that plan. Well, if Kilgore should have the bad luck to come ashore with the whaleboat, Kilgore would remain ashore. With the girl's rifle, Kendrick would pot him from ambush.

He thought, with a certain malicious enjoyment of the thought, of his supercargo. At the meeting with Kilgore in the forenoon, he had forgotten the supercargo and left the fellow to his own devices; whereupon, so Kendrick decided, the latter's half-native blood had led him to the gin-casks and subsequent oblivion. Well, the natives would attend to him in the morning—one more witness out of the way, without fuss or feathers. He congratulated himself on no longer requiring the services of an interpreter, as poor an interpreter as the supercargo had been. The man had served his purpose, and to the devil with him now. . . .

The sun set, and the tropical night fell swiftly. Were they going to come for him, Kendrick wondered. Perhaps Larson feared to venture ashore again, and Kilgore, the insubordinate pup, now the possessor of two pistols, had declined to come. What if they marooned him there? It would be like Larson, the dog, to up hook and away. Kendrick realized Larson knew where he could dispose of his human cargo at a fat profit.

Fright seized Kendrick. He could not afford to be marooned on that island, for at sunrise he would die. So he went down on the beach in front of the grove, launched one of the smaller canoes drawn up on the beach, ran it up through the line of low surf to the point opposite where he had hidden the girl, beached it again, carried the girl down to it, laid her in the bottom and shoved off! He had waited as long as he dared. The schooner was not visible, but the white riding-light sixty feet up in her jib-stay was. He paddled toward it.

NEXT MONTH

A startling consequence follows from the fact that the *LONE WOLF* not only met his son—but trusted him.

TO Kilgore, waiting in the darkness some fifty yards off the schooner's bow, came presently the splash of a paddle. He backed water cautiously and silently, and heard a canoe go by in the darkness; a minute passed, and then he heard Boots Kendrick hail the *Dashing Wave*.

"Schooner, ahoy! Throw the Jacob's ladder over."

Larson came running to the rail. "That you, Boots?"

"Don't ask fool questions. Where's Kilgore?"

"Ashore. Went in a native canoe about fifteen minutes ago to see if he could find you. I was commencing to worry. Thought maybe one o' them natives might have skewered you."

Boots tossed the painter up to the mate, who caught it and made it fast to the shrouds; whereupon Kendrick cautiously climbed out on the Jacob's ladder and went up. Kilgore heard the thud of his feet on the deck. "Rouse out two of the hands, Larson," he began, but the mate cut him short.

"A hell of a fix you'd have left me in, you dirty dog," the Swede roared, "if you'd been killed ashore, and me not knowing where you'd hid the sextant and the charts! When I found they were gone, I was all for turning the blackbirds loose, but you had the keys to the bracelets, and I couldn't. I thought I was stuck here helpless and would have to fight the natives off in the morning."

"What do you mean—I took the sextant and charts ashore? I didn't."

"Who did, then? They're not aboard the vessel. I've looked everywhere. Kilgore tried to find the sextant at noon to shoot the sun and it was missing then."

"You must both be blind," Boots snarled. "I'll go below and find it, and while I'm doing it, rouse out two or three of the crew. I want help to get some cargo out of the canoe I swiped off the beach to come out in. I'm tired. I must have paddled three miles, in circles, before I got the hang of that native paddle. Hell's fire, I want a drink before anything else."

BUT Larson did not go forward to rouse out the men. His interest in the lost sextant and chronometer was paramount, so he followed the skipper down into the cuddy. In the faint radiance from the riding-light, Kilgore could make out their heads dimly as they disappeared, so he ran his canoe in to the side of the *Dashing Wave*, and laid its bow up against that of the canoe in which the skipper had arrived. He climbed up the Jacob's ladder to the shrouds, untied the painter, got back into his own canoe and crawled aft, where he picked up his paddle and with the painter of the other canoe tied around his waist shot forward again into the murk, towing. He described a wide arc, and guided by a tiny fire ashore, where some semi-sober islander was doubtless preparing a belated evening meal, shot straight in. Just outside the line of low surf he went overboard, and walking up to his armpits between both canoes, beached them and hauled them up, in turn, high and dry.

"I suppose he had some pigs and chicks trussed up in the canoe," he decided. He went over to it and struck a match. The pale face of Greta Gunderson, gagged and with a trickle of blood at the corners of her mouth, stared up at him.

He removed the gag. "Thank you very much, my Robert," she said softly. "And now my hands and knees and ankles, if you please, good friend."

He unbound her, lifted her out of the canoe and stood her on her feet, only to have her lurch weakly into his arms. "He struck me," she sobbed. "I think my jaw is broken."

He held her close and felt her jaw. "No, not broken. Knocked you out, did he, Greta?"

She could only nod. His hands caressed her head as he permitted her to sob out her loneliness and terror and despair. And all the time he was visualizing the scene aboard the *Dashing Wave*. He wanted to shriek with mad laughter, but he did not, for after all, there are occasions when, no matter what the provocation, one may not laugh. Moreover, it had occurred to him that he had set forth into the world to lose himself, and the chances were now rather bright that he *had* lost himself—forever.

And he didn't care!

Absolutely irresponsible, except to the code of honor each man finds in himself, Kilgore, Larson and Kendrick attempt to deal with the violence of each other in a manner which Mr. Kyne details next month.

THE LONE WOLF'S SON

(Continued from page 23)

a wait, "if it has ever happened to you to be told you're rather a minx?"

"Most men one meets are much too dumb. That boy who is so like you wouldn't be, though. It wouldn't be so bad to have him interested enough to call one a minx. I think I might manage it before the end of the voyage." She had a quiet laugh for the gleam that responded to this audacity. "That reminds me: you haven't answered my question. Who is he?"

"I never laid eyes on him till tonight."

"Honestly? But why did he keep staring—"

"In this direction, I don't doubt, but not at me."

"Not at me, if that's what you mean. It was downright brazen, the way I angled for his eye, but he wasn't even aware I existed."

"He is no son of mine, then."

A speech of jesting gallantry, conceived in idleness of mind, but no sooner spoken than repented by the man who heard his heart find tongue in it and betray him to himself, that heart whose whispered promptings he had till then willfully declined to hear.

But if he stared aghast into the features of the predicament it threatened to pose him with, he knew at the same time a keen throb of hunger to have it realized and making its inexorable demands on him—to find the incredible come true and himself tied down to life by living bonds again.

And with all this, he had himself so well in hand that he was quite up to preserving a countenance of remotely amused unconcern, even when Fenno had the audacity to flute: "Are you sure, monsieur?"—was able to lift one ennuied yet indulgent eyebrow and find a dry voice for his reply:

"*Minx* is too mild by half, mademoiselle. I shall have to speak to your parent about you."

"That would be dear of you," Fenno Crozier tranquilly returned, "—a true charity. Fay would be so grateful for an excuse to give me a good talking to. It's the other way round with us, you know, as a rule; it's I who am spoken to aside by people whose holier feelings she has stepped on—especially by Father, I who have to scold her till she vows not to do it again. But I'm afraid you'll have to contain yourself till later, monsieur; the poor dear has just finished eating too much dinner and is wildly trying to signal me she needs air."

THEIR departure might have been a set signal for the others of the Captain's group, for it wasn't long before Lanyard found himself finishing alone and free to start a discreet investigation of the personality which was beginning to fill all foreground of his thoughts.

His steward brought back from consultation with a colleague at the chief engineer's table the uninforming name of Maurice Parry.

Lanyard asked for a passenger-list and, while this was being fetched him, sat in critical inquest on the circumstances of their encounter.

The mechanics of that speciously mysterious entrance to the scene were in his sight simple: The young man, with whatever reasons for wishing to deceive a hapchance witness, had first reconnoitered the approaches, with the door on the crack, from within the stateroom with which he preferred not to be identified. Then, as soon as he felt reasonably sure the coast was clear—instead of marching out squarely to turn at right angles in the ordinary fashion—he had jumped out sideways, to alight facing directly astern and in the same instant take his first stride down the passageway, either leaving the door to shut itself or trusting to a confederate to close it behind him.

BUT to what end? Why had Maurice Parry reckoned that antic advisable? Had he merely been calling on somebody whom he wasn't supposed to know? Or was he engaged in a more ambiguous adventure?

The passenger-list gave Paris as the domicile of M. Maurice Parry and his booking on the *Navarre* as Stateroom 67, C Deck—if one needed more evidence that he had, when seen on A Deck, been up to something shady.

This Lanyard, on his part, didn't. Lanyard had only to recall the aplomb with which Parry had carried off the contretemps. Common vanity would have caused any man of good conscience, surprised in such a childish caper—certainly childish if innocent—at least to color. But M. Parry had not colored. Neither had he blenched. M. Parry simply and rather magnificently hadn't turned a hair. The attention paid Lanyard in passing had been both incurious and unconcerned, or as much as to say that he always made his exits from staterooms that way and, if anybody chose to think his way eccentric, what anybody thought was the least of Maurice Parry's cares. The one flaw in the performance being that nonchalance so consummate was proof sufficient that he had foreseen his ruse might be unsuccessful and had steeled himself to dissemble any consequent embarrassment.

Lanyard put off resorting to the smoking-room for coffee in favor of a stroll round the decks—which was repaid by no other glimpse of M. Parry.

Fenno Crozier he saw, however, but not her mother, in one of the lively groups that swarmed over the veranda café; for that September night was warm and still and clear, a night with a moon that manifestly had been brewed on purpose to beguile the young-and-twenty. The ship, one foresaw, would be all a ferment of romance ere this passage was half seas over, given such a first night out to incubate the germs. But the girl had seemingly had no better luck thus far than Lanyard, and she had disappeared when, after an hour's chat with Crane, Lanyard came out again to begin another restless round.

His quest this time was more successful, and so had Fenno's been, as Lanyard discovered when, from the threshold of the ballroom, he watched her drifting around the floor in the arms of Maurice

Parry—drifting on the rhythm of a waltz like a girl in a dream till she sighted Lanyard over her partner's shoulder and broke from the spell long enough to flash him eyes of sprightly understanding and nod her pretty head meaningly toward Parry.

Lanyard took himself off before the two would complete another circuit—and welcomed the distraction promised by a steward who waylaid him to say that Mme. Crozier would be glad if M. Lanyard would call on her in Suite 39, A Deck.

After all, middle age had its compensations. He owed to its hard-won lore the satisfaction of being able to assure himself, as he made his way down the starboard alley to the designated door, that he had ever since dinner been expecting just this summons.

"How very good of you, monsieur"—Fay Crozier, receiving him in her sitting-room without the chaperonage of her daughter, was subtly more the woman of the world than the child of nature—"to come so promptly—"

"Madame underestimates the felicity they know who are fortunate enough to please her. But one is puzzled to infer that she imagines the *Navarre* has other attractions as potent."

"Not even contract? Oh, but I know cards are your passion!"

"One is pardonably jealous of the only refuge from modern conversation."

"Is that gallant, monsieur?"

"I am sure madame didn't send for me to trade risqué fables and current stock quotations. Neither was it for the sake of my *beaux yeux*."

"What do you think, then?"

"That madame is too sensible to do me the injustice of asking me to guess."

"True—you're too clever." Madame made a brief stay on this, then a rueful mouth. "So you didn't believe me?" she inquired.

"That you hadn't been able to afford Rumbold's price? Oh, madame!"

"Well!" Fay Crozier said, with a shameless little laugh. "I couldn't tell who was listening, could I? Table stewards have been known to tell the Customs people on passengers who bragged that they meant to smuggle."

"Surely you are not thinking of trying to avoid paying the duty—"

"I don't know why not. Everybody does it. And I'm sure I've figured out a way they'll never suspect. I hope I don't shock you?"

"One's private morals are a matter of one's conscience. Neither do I think so well of myself as ever to set up for a censor. It is rather the folly I would deplore, madame, of imagining that jewels so celebrated could be sold and the transaction kept secret."

"You can't have much opinion of my intelligence if you think I wasn't smart enough to buy through a third party." Fay Crozier with a toss of her snowy head put the debatable by and, her sunny self once more, jumped up, scurried into the adjoining room, and returned to hand over, with conscious pride, a shagreen-covered case. "You said you'd be glad to see them again."

LANYARD lifted the lid, and for a long minute sat silent, his puckered gaze constant to the seven great stones bedded in white satin, then pinched one out, held it to the light, and replaced it.

"May I ask, madame," he said in a reluctant voice, "if you are quite sure of the good faith of your go-between?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Rumbold's, of course, is above suspicion."

"Are you trying to tell me those aren't the Habsburg emeralds?"

"I am sorry, madame—they are not even plebeian emeralds."

WITH a low cry the woman pounced upon the case.

"What are they, then?"

"Zircon, madame, cunningly cut and stained to counterfeit the real jewels. You may not know how clever the Germans have grown at that sort of thing, of late years, how they have learned to process such soft semi-precious stones by sealing them in retorts with certain chemicals which, when subjected to great heat, release gasses that dye the stones almost, if not quite, indelibly. These, for example, will fade if often exposed to sunlight. Exquisite forgeries, I grant you, but—"

"I quite see that," Fay Crozier huskily replied; and suddenly casting the case from her, sat down heavily and disclosed haggard eyes. "What am I going to do about this?"

"First rid your mind of all bias in favor of the several parties involved in the transaction. Then review it step by step—"

"It would only be time wasted. I tell you, they were the genuine stones that I bought—that were brought to me straight from Rumbold's by the person who made the actual purchase. I guess I ought to know; I stared them out of countenance time and again in Rumbold's private salesroom before I made up my mind I couldn't live without them and—told old Rumbold I simply couldn't screw the price out of my husband and he'd better sell to the first party that came along with the cash. Then I gave Connie Trenholm a check and got her to do the dirty work—you know, Lady Ashlar. But she was Connie Trenholm when she toted a spear with me in the chorus, and I'll never get accustomed to her title. We figured, you see, the Customs people back home wouldn't take any notice of the transaction, because Connie's gone so British she makes Ashlar's lot look like Colonials, and she's never gone home since she married and swears she never will."

"And you feel quite sure she was to be so trusted?"

"I tell you, Connie brought the stones to me with her own hands, and I examined them and knew them; and they've never been out of mine a minute since, day or night; I carried them with me wherever I went and even slept with them under my pillow—until this evening."

"Ah!"

"Why, I naturally figured nobody on board knew I had them, so it would be all right to leave them in the little safe that's built into my wardrobe trunk, with a combination lock and everything—"

"Would you care to wager a sum of money, the loser to pay it over to charity, I cannot solve the secret of that precious combination with my fingers in five minutes?"

"Oh, you perhaps, with your Lone Wolf training—"

"The Lone Wolf at his best was not more than human, madame. He accomplished nothing beyond the range of mortal ingenuity and perseverance. He was neither the first nor the last to master the mystery of safe-locks by means of patience and an educated sense of touch. Obviously the fellow knew the trick who substituted these pretenders for the imperial Habsburg emeralds tonight. When did you place them in your trunk, madame?"

"When I came below to dress."

"And only took them out again when you brought them in just now to show me? It seems to me the crime is plainly dated."

"But what shall I do? Inform the Captain?"

"Give me time to think—but half a minute." Lanyard let a bright but calculating look take in the easy proportions of the sitting-room, its tasteful furnishing and decoration. "One notices scarcely any motion worth mentioning here," he remarked. "We must be about amidships."

"We are."

"And you went down to dinner early?"

Fay Crozier nodded.

"As soon as the second call sounded."

"Did you observe anyone in the passageway or on the landing who seemed to be paying you special attention?"

"Why, there were so many people about at the time—"

"I am glad." Lanyard said after another reflective wait, "it occurred to you so soon to satisfy my curiosity. I have a theory. . . . I may be wrong, but I do believe, if you will give me, say till noon day after tomorrow—and lend me these zircons meantime—I do believe I can restore the emeralds to you."

"I'm sure you can, if anybody. You are simply the kindest creature!"

"I promise merely to do my best—and that only on condition that you promise me to hand the emeralds over to the purser for safe-keeping—"

"But won't that mean I'll have to pay the duty?"

"Precisely, madame. Figure to yourself that, since this theft proves you were known to have been the actual purchaser, the same information must have been open to informers in the pay of the American Customs—"

"Oh, have it your way," the woman cried with a tragic gesture. "I daresay you're right. I'll be good and pay up, like a little patriot."

ON leaving Mrs. Innes Crozier, Lanyard made for the third time since dinner a tour of the first-cabin quarters, marching a slow round with the heavy step, the heavier mien, the introspective eye and the long halts to gaze on nothing in particular, of a man who has arrived at the stage where his time has ceased to have a value.

The night was still young, at least for those whose spirit was youthful; the band in the ballroom had still two good hours in which to go on grinding; but Fenno Crozier and her marked prey were no more among the dancers, and Lanyard had to mouse about for some time longer before he found the two parked in the shadow of a life-boat.

Neither, as far as he could see, had any heed to spare from each other as he stumped by, to go on watch below and—earnestly hope that what Fenno had started in jest wasn't going to work up into any serious attachment. Fenno, to be sure, was probably as well able to look out for herself as any modern young thing; but that wretch of a boy, if he harbored within him any qualities in keeping with his outward likeness to that long-lost youth, the Lone Wolf, was capable of taking love like a drug and suffering agonies if it ever came to the pass that he would be compelled to undergo a cure.

A QUARTER of an hour later Lanyard caught yet another glimpse of the pair, but this time from a distance, as they returned to the ballroom; after which the man made off and wasn't seen again in the public places of the *Navarre* till shortly before midnight, when he turned up in the smoking-room.

Crane was still there, but had come out of his corner to watch the play at one of the two tables where contract at a quarter a point was the game and proportionately wise cardsmanship was the rule.

One of the players, and not the least skillful if never the most judicious, was young M. Parry, flying every evidence of a successful evening, including a disposition to push his luck to the limit. He played his cards with nice judgment even when on the defensive, that final test of a bridger's ability, but inclined to be a bit too optimistic in his bidding, and while Lanyard looked on, took without wincing a couple of cruel sets which occasioned his partner not a little anguish, and twice lost a game that had looked, when the dummy went down, "in the bag" for his side—lost on points of sharp play by the opponents which, to Lanyard, seemed strangely inspirational. In the end the rubber was scored against him, and Lanyard, when the total was added up, observed that Parry, whereas he had played but two rubbers, was more than a thousand dollars down.

His partner by this time had had enough and said so—settled his losses in cash and morosely withdrew from the table. M. Parry, a good-tempered but by no means a contented loser, frankly wanted a chance to recoup, and his late opponents were willing to oblige him, but the fourth was lacking and the size of the stakes enough to deter any of the little group of onlookers from offering to fill in.

In this plight the youngster lifted eager eyes to Lanyard.

"Perhaps you might care to cut in, sir?" he courteously asked in English neither too Oxford nor colored by the French inflection. "I really wish you would!"

"I don't mind," Lanyard said with no more enthusiasm than reluctance—and overlooked the glints that lighted of a sudden in Crane's regard. "If the partner I cut will bear with me till I get the hang of his bidding—"

He was promised that much lenience at least and introduced to M. Parry, to a saturnine Mr. Clay who talked through a New England nose, and to a Mr. Thwaites, of stone-blue eyes in a plump and ruddy countenance and the clipped speech of the upper middle-class Londoner.

"I must warn you, messieurs," Lanyard pursued, lightly resting the tips of his fingers on the backs of the cards spread for cutting, "I have my own little peculiarities. They will come out, naturally, as we play. I trust you won't find them too trying."

Mr. Clay and Mr. Thwaites had cut respectively an ace and an eight-spot, M. Parry the three of diamonds. Lanyard as if by inadvertence drew two cards toward him. One, to his supernormal sense of touch, pulled a little, the other slipped more smoothly. The latter, then, would be a low card, less sticky with applied pigment. He turned it up—a deuce—and paid a bland smile to the watchful eyes of Mr. Clay, which were for an instant darkened as by a flying doubt.

"Well, partner," he said to the young man, "you have yourself to thank if you lose on my play. You asked for it."

Mr. Clay dealt and, swiftly scanning his hand, pronounced "No bid" as though the two words were one: "Nubbid!" M. Parry on his left declared a hopeful diamond, Mr. Thwaites with hesitation a spade.

Then Lanyard, holding fair support for his partner's bid, called two diamonds, which Mr. Clay coldly overcalled with four hearts. M. Parry was pained to pass but did. Mr. Thwaites passed.

"Let me review the bidding, please," Lanyard temporized.

"I dealt and passed," Mr. Clay replied; "your partner bid—"

"One moment, by your leave," Lanyard interrupted in a pleasant voice but with unsmiling eyes. "You said 'Nubbid' instead of 'pass,' didn't you?"

"What's that got to do—"

"You forget I have been standing by for some time and listening to your bidding. It would have been stupid of me indeed not to have observed that, when you wished to tell your partner of a worthless hand, you said 'Pass!' with considerable decision; whereas, if you wished him to understand you had a hand of some strength, but short of an opening bid, you said simply, 'By'; while, if he was to gather that you had great strength and were holding your bid back till you found out what the opponents had to declare—in other words that he was to keep the auction open even at cost of making a thin third-hand bid, in order that the hand might not be passed out before the call came around to you again, you said, as you did just now, 'nubbid.' That is your system, isn't it? Forgive me, but when I play for high stakes I must know how to read your little ways."

"DO you know what you are accusing me of?" Mr. Clay snarled.

"Perfectly. Prearranged signaling is, to put it bluntly, cheating." Without rising Lanyard caught Clay's right wrist as the New Englander offered to jump up in a fury, and with an ease that his victim manifestly found surprising, forced him to resume his seat or risk a broken arm.

"Sit down," snapped Lanyard, "and admit you work the steamers for a living with your confederate here—and call off

the losses of this green young person, or you'll find yourselves posted tomorrow morning as transatlantic card-sharpers."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," the young man said, turning to Lanyard as they left the after companionway on the C Deck landing. "I don't really. You've been most awf'ly decent and all that. It was priceless, the way you put it over those blacklegs. I don't mind telling you I would have felt the loss of that thousand."

"So one fancied."

"I mean to say—I really don't know how to thank you."

"There is a way," Lanyard told him in an odd key, "if you care to ask me into your stateroom for two minutes, M. Parry."

The young man stood darkly at gaze for an instant; but the countenance of the older, for all of its urbanity, was unreadable.

"Surely, sir. Only too delighted!"

M. Parry made a nervously abrupt turn and led down the passageway to Stateroom 67, switched on the lights, stood back to permit Lanyard to precede him and, following in and shutting the door, faced him with dilated eyes in a face of odd excitement.

"Well, sir?" he asked with some hesitation—then remembered his manners. "I'm sorry! Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

LANYARD took the one easy chair in the cramped room, but M. Parry remained on his feet.

"You," he said in a stammer, "—you were going to tell me how to thank you?"

"It's quite simple," Lanyard replied. "Let me have the Habsburg emeralds to restore to Mrs. Innes Crozier and we will say no more about the business."

Maurice Parry put out a hand toward the berth as if groping for support, and all at once sat down on its edge.

"Sorry, sir! But I don't think I quite follow."

"I am sure you do, monsieur."

"I mean—I don't understand how—I mean, what—"

"How I found you out so quickly, you were going to say? Don't forget I observed you up in the starboard passageway of A Deck, where you had no business to be, and leaving Suite 39 in a fashion unbecoming a man who had not to fear observation, just before dinner. Later in the evening Mme. Crozier discovered her loss and—we are old friends—did me the honor to consult me. I am too well versed in thieves' ways, monsieur—"

"So," the young man interrupted in a flash of reviving spirit, "—so they say."

"It is true: what you are tonight, I in my time was—a common sneak-thief. Only," Lanyard amended, smiling thinly, "—if you will forgive my saying so, if you will make allowances for the silly vanity that is ever stronger than shame in us—I at your age was hardly a bungler. Having done what you have done tonight, I should, I am sure, have covered my traces more carefully."

"Perhaps," Maurice Parry allowed. "But then you wouldn't have been pitting your wits against the Lone Wolf's."

"Something in that, perhaps. Still, you are mistaken. I am not to be got round with flattery tonight—I find myself too old and tired, *distrait*. This interview begins already to fatigue and sadden me. If you will be good enough to hand over the emeralds, I shall be glad to end it."

"But what if I tell you I haven't them, sir, that I have made away with them, stowed them in a safe place where nobody will ever find them?"

Lanyard's gaze was level.

"You appreciate that what you are saying is equivalent to a confession?"

"Oh!"—the boy's head jerked back in nervous defiance and his mouth was mocking—"just between thieves—"

"I trust monsieur will not regret obliging me to end this interview in my own way," Lanyard said, getting up. "Nor take it too much to heart when I tell him that the hiding-place of the emeralds is no secret to me. Monsieur does not believe that?"

"I don't think you are quite the devil himself, sir—if that's what you mean."

Lanyard had a half-smile. "That is a handsome piece of malacca you have over there." He nodded toward a corner where stood the walking-stick in question. "With its screw top and its shank partly hollowed out, if not, perhaps, the best place to secrete loose jewels, not at all a bad one."

The young man with a groan of impatience swung about to snatch up the stick and, hastily unscrewing the silver cap, inverted it over the bed. Upon the counterpane, one after another, seven superb green stones fell and lay winking at the dome-light.

Into the questioning wait he made, Lanyard dropped three words like pebbles into a dry well:

"Useful stones, zircons."

"What!" Maurice Parry gasped, and caught up one of the stones only—after the briefest inspection—to drop it with a grunt of chagrin. "I suppose you think you're clever!"

"It is true," Lanyard affirmed without emotion. "I restored the emeralds to Mme. Crozier while you were dancing with her daughter. They are now in the purser's safe."

"I SEE." The boy nodded heavily, and his voice was bitter. "Mme. Crozier—that girl's mother!"

"I agree, monsieur; it is most lamentable that you had not met Fenno before you robbed her mother."

"And now they know—"

"Calm yourself, monsieur. They know nothing more than that the business has been corrected—the emeralds and the zircons restored to their respective rightful owners. Assuming for the sake of the argument that you came by the zircons honestly—"

"You didn't tell Mme. Crozier it was I—"

"No, monsieur. I told her nothing."

"Why not? What right do you imagine you've got to protect me?"

"The right every man has to show a little common kindness. I may," Lanyard continued almost deprecatorily, "have been moved to be more generous than wise by memories of the time when I was as you were tonight, monsieur, a young man in a bad way and wedded to my error—insolent with pride of success in the profession of a felon—"

HE ceased only to stand sadly gazing at the heat flood that handsome, hangdog face.

"That's all very fine, I'm sure!" the boy sneered—and repented. "I don't mean to be ungrateful, sir, but," he passionately remonstrated, with a gesture at the zircons, "why did you want to play me for a fool like this? Is it your idea of a good joke?"

"Not at all. I wanted merely to demonstrate how short-sighted you are, how poor a hand at a trade that calls for ingenuity of the highest order as well as wit and dash."

"But let me remind you again, monsieur, it took the Lone Wolf to out-think me!"

The boy faced the man for an instant with a dark smile before adding:

"If you think I'm ashamed of being no match for my own father—"

THE silence of a minute long was stressed by the wind that swept the decks, the clash of riven water down the side, the drone of engines drudging in their crypt, but even more to Lanyard by the rumor of his bewildered heart; a wait during which the speechless lapse saw no change in the countenance that covered his self-styled son, other than a deepening shade of pain in its compassion, and none in the brashness of the young man's challenge, either.

At length, with a shrug, "You believe that," Lanyard said in a tone as well suited to a simple declaration as to an incredulous question.

"I suppose that means you don't!"

"I don't know. . . . It had already occurred to me to wonder. . . ."

"Had it?" The young man made a malapert face. "Why? Because of the resemblance?"

"The physical? Yes, one was struck by that at sight. But more by—shall we say—the psychic likeness."

"'The psychic,' monsieur?"

"At your age, I too was a young fool."

"Oh, as to that!"—the stripling took the slap without a quiver—"there's no gainsaying you have made a fool of me—"

"And—provided your claim holds—made me a fool."

"Like to play with words, don't you? And how it suits your vanity to crow over me!" To redress the smart of his own, Maurice loftily added: "You disappoint me."

"That need not astonish us." Lanyard gave a short but generous laugh. "It is the common lot of youth to be disappointed in its parents."

"Ah, monsieur! Then you admit—"

"When you tell me something definite in support of your pretensions, I shall be better instructed as to my answer."

"I must say you don't act as if you found the prospect welcome!"

"Reflect that you offer me as my unknown son—if any—a thief."

"And if so? What were you—"

"At your age, as I have already pointed out, also a bumptious young jackass. But come, monsieur! It would appear that we do not get anywhere."

"But it seems to me you hardly care to." The young man gave his own version of a baffled shrug. "Frankly, you discourage me."

"Because I decline to play the hypocrite?"

"How, 'play the hypocrite'?"

"Affect what I do not feel—pretend to approve, in one who may or may not turn out to be my own flesh, courses which I actually deplore."

"I see, monsieur. You do not wish to believe."

"You are mistaken"—a slow nod lent the protestation sincerity indisputable—"so far so that you find me already, with little more to go on than a certain likeness, half-persuaded. But my reason wants proofs that my heart would dispense with. You might, for example, begin by telling me what your name was before it was Maurice Parry."

"Ah, monsieur! I have had so many."

"No doubt. But the first you can recall, your name as a boy."

With dark eyes fast to Lanyard's the young man deliberately pronounced: "Choin, monsieur—Maurice Choin."

And all at once Lanyard knew he would have been inconsolable, given any other answer; and hearing his own murmur in the hush—"Impossible!"—in immediate denial of it opened his arms. "My dear boy!"

And his son went to him. Akin as both were by lifelong habit to the Latin temper, those two grown men embraced and were not ashamed.

"How did you know?"

"I didn't," Maurice protested as they disengaged. "It was only tonight that I guessed. . . . But I never forgot the last words my mother breathed as she lay dying, with my sister dead in her arms—"

"How—"

The youth shook his head.

"I hardly know. Think how it must have been with a child caught in that terror which broke, like hell out of a clear sky, on the peaceful home you can't have forgotten. Everything was suddenly blood and flames and great guns bellowing. I recall as fragments of a nightmare, running through a street that was full of dead, clinging to my mother's skirts while she carried little Jeanne, and a great explosion that tore me from her and stunned me. When I recovered sufficiently to crawl to her side, she kissed me, whispered, 'Your father—Michael Lanyard'—and died. After that. . . . I am not sure."

"You were not wounded?"

"No; but I must have been for days half-demented. I retain inconsecutive glimpses of the child I was wandering across open country in the rain, begging crusts and sleeping where night overtook me, in byres or under hedges. In the end I came to myself convalescent of a fever in the home of some old folk in Antwerp. They had found me delirious in the streets. They permitted me to share their poverty while they lived. But at thirteen I was once again without a home."

"And then—"

"WHAT would you?" the young man lightly deprecated. "I was at that age when one is always hungry; when I couldn't get enough to eat otherwise—I stole. In fine, I grew up a guttersnipe—at fifteen an expert pickpocket, at eighteen a finished burglar, with Antwerp and Brussels too small for me. So I tried my luck in Berlin, later in London, eventually in Paris."

"Unhappy child! And did it never occur to you to seek for traces of the father whose identity your mother had confided?"

"It never occurred to me that she had meant anything but to recommend me to the charity of some friend of my father's; but I could find no one in Louvain after the Armistice who had ever heard of a Monsieur Michael Lanyard—hardly a soul, indeed, that remembered the father whom I knew only by the name of Maurice Choin. I conceived you to be dead; and it was only a year or so ago that I heard, in Paris, tales of that legendary hero of the French crook, the Lone Wolf, who—they said—when he had finely feathered his nest, retired to private life and under the alias of Michael Lanyard bought an interest in the house of Délibes. It seemed little likely he could be the man whom my mother had named, but I had the whim none the less to call on him and ask if he had ever known Maurice Choin of Louvain, my father."

"Why didn't you?"

"They told me, at Délibes', you were enjoying a holiday in Italy."

"But I returned."

"True. I might have called a second time, but that didn't appeal to me as expedient. The truth is," the youngster told Lanyard with a graceless grin, "what I had seen of the treasures of Délibes had interested me strangely."

"Ah! That small affair, then, was yours? I told them it had been the burglary of a highly practised hand."

"One hoped that the truth would deal no blow to your natural pride of a father."

BUT Lanyard refused to answer Maurice's smile. "Figure to yourself that I love you," he said in all simplicity, "and never ask me to speak of your imbecility in jest."

"'Imbecility'!" The young man reddened. "I must say, monsieur, you prove your affection in strange terms."

"Have I pretended to admire the ways of your infatuation?"

"You might, I should think, be a little broad-minded—you whom they once called the Lone Wolf!"

"If I had not been that one I might be more patient with your evident impression that his pelt has fallen on your shoulders. They called him the Lone Wolf because he had the wit never to have accomplices to betray him—his identity was never known till long after he had made his last prowl."

"Must you assume I have accomplices?"

"You have one, at least, in myself,"—Lanyard smiled,—"an accomplice after the fact tonight—and probably the only one who will never betray you."

"Not even if I refuse to be moved by your preaching?"

"Not even if you continue to discredit your good sense."

"I don't see why, if you disapprove so strongly—"

"Because I too am an imbecile, in my own fashion, because of this deep affection I already have for you."

"Is it then imbecilic to have a father's natural feeling?"

"What else, when I must, against my better judgment, protect and cherish one whom I may not trust?"

"You think as ill of me as all that!"

"I know men's hearts too well. I know that the man who thinks himself too clever to play the game by the rules is cheating not life but himself; that the man who can't be true to himself will end by being false even to those who love him."

"Yet you were the Lone Wolf when you won the heart of my mother."

"The day I won her I ceased to be the Lone Wolf; not so much for her sake as for purely selfish considerations. A woman may love a man she can't respect, but her love won't last."

"One is to understand the Lone Wolf never prowled again?"

"Never."

"What, never? Not even once, for old sake's sake?"

"Are you being foolishly impertinent? Or just damned impertinent?"

"Forgive me. I had merely the wish to be humorous." The contrite look which the son put on passed into a dark stare. "By what you tell me, you are a sentimentalist. Sorry if I wound you." A sign of amused indulgence encouraged him. "You put love on a pedestal: a pretty gesture, but today—is it not a thought démodé?"

"I am afraid you have been unfortunate in your young experiments."

"Not at all," the boy retorted in some pique. "Permit me to assure you—"

"Since you have it yet to learn that true love is never out of fashion."

"I know women too well to take love seriously."

"I am sure you do. But your views will change, once you are loved by a right woman. Till that happens we only waste each other's time with such discussions." Lanyard got up and, as Maurice rose in turn, dropped both hands upon his shoulders. "Good night, my son. It grows late, and we have all this voyage—"

"But," the scamp objected in a twinkle, "aren't you forgetting something?"

"What, for example?"

"To make me promise I'll try to be a good boy for your sake."

"That I shall never ask of you."

"What! You don't consider it your duty—"

"Man never yet quitted his folly for anybody's sake but his own, and didn't return to it. The day will come when you will fall out of love with the picture of yourself as a devilish fine fellow, thumbing your nose at a pack of stupid police. Till it does—you couldn't make any promise good you might give me."

But at the door Lanyard turned back for a last word.

"Oh, by the by—watch yourself with Fenno Crozier."

"Why?" Maurice was startled and resentful. "What does she know?"

"Much more than you do. She's far cleverer than you. If you value your secrets, pull wide of that young woman."

Lanyard reserved his wink to the ironic gods till in the dusky passageways that led to his own cabin.

IT isn't the matter of common knowledge it might be that the timeless gods are lonely and as a rule more gratified than huffed by minor irreverences which impute to them some fellowship with men. That other amateur of human nature, ironic *Eros,* for example, repaid Lanyard's wink in the dark by staging for him, when he came on deck about midmorning, a tableau as winsome as you please.

The day had broken clear but windy with a jeweled sea and one lively enough to lend the lean swift ship a noticeable roll. The poorer sailors were keeping their cabins and most of the passengers about were males. Fenno Crozier might have claimed two-score cavaliers if she had cared to, but had suffered herself to be cut out by one. Maurice Lanyard had the girl all to himself where a jog in the superstructure served as a windbreak —and was flying every indication of being much set up by his success.

AS he might well have been! There wasn't a prettier nymph aboard the *Navarre.* Lanyard would have laid long odds for that matter, there wasn't another so fetching on the whole Western Ocean, whose coloring was as clear as the day's, whose eyes held the blue dream of the sea as well as its laughter. Eyes that were all for Maurice too, as his were for Fenno; though his father, emerging from the forward companionway entrance, stood a full minute at gaze, neither of the two was aware that he existed.

Lanyard didn't mind that, but bucked the wind that blustered aft rather than risk raising a bid to make their company a crowd. Enough thus to have seen one's hard-won heartcraft proving itself in practice: a parent less elderly might not have known that one only needed to warn one's young of danger to see them rush to meet it with widespread arms. The sooner that sweet mischief achieved her ambition to hear Maurice call her hard names, the happier for the dark paternal design. Maurice with a sore heart wouldn't be half the danger to himself that Maurice was today in his overblown conceit.

Lanyard battled round the forward end of the superstructure and with the wind at his back, scudded down the port side till he brought up standing at the after-rail, elbow to elbow with Crane.

"How, Lone Wolf!" Crane without releasing the stem of his pipe gave a tight grin. "Heap plenty war medicine-man and proud of it, aint you? All I got to say is I hope you come through with your scalp on."

"Meaning—" Lanyard had an unaffected stare.

"The way you've always had, anyhow as often as I've had the pleasure of watching you strut your stuff, of making a dead set for trouble and landing in it up to your neck. Referring particularly to last night's performance. Mind telling if you had any special reasons for not letting that kid take his trimming, after he'd asked for it?"

"One is to understand, then, you believe in standing idly by when card-sharks are at work?"

"Wouldn't go so far as to say that, exactly. It would all depend on the card-sharks in question. If I'd had any idea you were going to wade into that show like you did, I'd've tipped you off to go slow and let the Captain settle their hash —as in due course he'd be bound to. I don't suppose it'll mean much to you, seeing you're only a poor ignorant foreigner, but I'm going to tell you who those birds were you got so fresh with."

"Does it matter?"

"That just goes to show how little you realize what New York has turned into, with what we called the underworld in the old days come right out of its burrows and doing business plumb in the public highways, as bold as brass and twice as hard-shelled. The down-East Yank that calls himself Clay this trip is John K. Anderson—'Jack-knife' Anderson back home—that used to be Leonard Schwartzstein's bodyguard and gambling buddy. The other, Thwaites, also alias English Archie—Archibald Barker's his right name—is king of the fence ring and the only bozo you can do business with when you've been sap enough to load up with high-class swag such as the run of fences are scared to handle."

"But I haven't. Thanks all the same for the useful information."

"Go on," Crane grunted, "—laugh, mug, and show your ignorance. If you kid yourself that it's any matter for ribald mirth to run afoul of those two known murderers—"

"But for desperate characters such as you wish me to believe them," Lanyard argued, "I must say they seemed to take my interference meekly."

"'Seemed to' is right, and about the only sensible words you've said so far. If it was me I'd feel a lot like a guy that had stepped on the tails of a couple of rattlesnakes, preventing them from sounding the well-known alarm, but not from turning on him. What cramped their style last night was the fact that I knew them and didn't hanker for any shipboard publicity."

"Then I should say I hadn't a great deal to fear from them."

"Not this side Quarantine—*maybe.* I wouldn't put any cussedness past them, seeing they've got to get hunk with you for spoiling all their smoking-room sport this voyage; and there's no knowing how many hatchet-men they've got seeded among the passengers—mobsmen of their class seldom travel without a tail-guard. If you take my advice, you'll take care not to get caught lonesome, say on deck late at night when there aint any crowd of innocent bystanders."

LANYARD smiled amusedly. "But really! You alarm me."

"Yeah, I know—you scare awful easy. But they don't know you're one hard guy to tackle. Anyway, you used to be before you put ten years of living soft behind you."

"I think you will find I still can give a good account of myself—if, that is, these gentry—"

"Well, if you've got any idea that either Jack-knife or English Archie is thinking of making passes at you in person, you're crazy. That sort of thing aint being done by the swell mob of the new school. Chances are, if anything does come of this, you'll find yourself up against some bird you never lamped before. So don't count too much on being able to think quicker than the other fellow; it's a good trick but only works when you know who it is you're outthinking. Say, if I was able to think as

quick as you can, I wouldn't be where I am today, sweating to keep level with my expenses."

"First you frighten me, then you flatter me! I am confused."

"I mean it. As a thinker I'm a plug," Crane glumly confessed. "Only way I ever get anything is by sinking the teeth in and hanging on till something gives. That reminds me: you haven't answered my question yet."

"'Question'?"

"The one you ducked at the start-off—when I asked what come over you to make you feel you had a call to rescue that punk from a couple of tinhorns who weren't doing a thing, only trying to pick up a piece of pocket-money."

At this Lanyard gave a slow "Ah!" of admiration. "And you ask me to believe you slow-witted!"

"I don't call it any great stunt to take notice when you don't run true to form—man who can mind his own business as well as you can."

"All the same," Lanyard announced, "it will amuse me more to see how long it takes you to ferret out my motive unassisted."

And with a laughing shake of his head, Lanyard took himself off. He wasn't ready to publish his relationship to the Maurice Parry of the passenger-list before he had had another talk with the boy and settled on some tale to account for his manifest prosperity. And although any tale would serve as long as both father and son told it, there was no time to be lost, with Crane openly sniffing already at their secret. . . .

But Maurice, when again sighted from a distance, if still dancing attendance on Fenno Crozier, was no longer alone with her. A knot of young folk had formed round her deck-chair, and the boy seemed to be so high in their favor already that the father once more forbore from disturbing him.

Nothing could be more calculated to prosper the fond paternal schemes, indeed, than such unexceptionable associations.

Lanyard accordingly cut through to the port deck, emerging from a thwart-ship passageway just in time to meet Messrs. Jack-knife Robinson and English Archie Barker strolling morosely aft, and to be cut dead by them.

For all of Crane's warning, the circumstance left no more immediate impression than that a casual glance aft from the forward companionway entrance marked the saturnine Jack-knife person all alone by the rail and English Archie nowhere visible.

PERHAPS because the wind was freshening, with the sea beginning to break out whitecaps, Lanyard found the writing-room quite without its customary quota of ladies, assorted as to ages and conditions but all of one familiar frame of mind, tritely inscribing post-cards, supplied gratis by the steamship, to presumably envious friends at home. And when, after an hour or so, the long roar of the whistle drove in through his muffling concentration the news that it was noon, the abstracted eyes which the man lifted saw the room otherwise empty.

That it could conceivably matter how long he had been sitting there alone naturally never entered Lanyard's head.

He bent again to his letter and had plied a lively pen for perhaps fifteen minutes more when a voice pleasingly tuned said at his elbow: "So this is where you've been hiding! Maurice and I were looking all over!"

THE reflection which leaped to his mind—"Maurice already, eh?"—and the normal association of ideas, caused Lanyard, as he rose, involuntarily to say aloud: "Fenno!" To which he was quick to add: "I beg your pardon—"

"No, no!" the girl gayly insisted. "I like it, M. Lanyard, from you."

"It's such an odd name and so delightful, so utterly the only name for you, one finds it far from easy to think of you in a style more formal—"

"And anyway it would be silly—wouldn't it?—to 'mademoiselle' or 'miss' a minx! Please never call me anything but Fenno—I shall feel so much more at ease with you. And do sit down. I'm dying to talk."

When Lanyard had drawn up another chair he sat down, and in grave good-nature prompted:

"About—"

"But—of course!—about your son."

"You are getting on with your siege of his peace of mind, aren't you?" Lanyard fenced to cover a disordered moment. "Considering that you have him at the stage already where he can't wait to tell you all his secrets."

"I don't deserve the credit, really." The girl had her mother's trick of dimpling on those in her good graces. "It wasn't my rude trooper's wooing that made the lad tell all—it was because he's so proud of you, he just had to tell some one or bust."

"But had the good taste to choose you—"

"Oh, I don't say he would have been so ready if I hadn't made eyes at him! But his pride in you was the compelling motive, really."

"You make me very happy, Fenno."

"I should think you ought to be; it's so marvelously romantic, your finding each other like this. And when I think I had something to do with it, that it was I who first drew your attention to him—"

"Yes," Lanyard thoughtfully assented, "it is true, I do owe you that."

To undeceive her was, of course, not to be thought of. Lanyard for all that would have been glad to know how much, and in what detail, Maurice had told the girl. Beneath the lightness of Fenno's manner there were intimations of an *entente* which he found disturbing.

"And how proud you must be of him, that he not only came through an experience which would have destroyed any ordinary boy but came through a son you needn't be ashamed to own!"

"He is fortunate to have you think so well of him, Fenno. Maurice, then, bears out the diagnosis of his *geste* you made before you knew him?"

"I said he was, like you, dangerous but somehow sweet, didn't I?" She played teasing eyes in a pause of mock uncertainty. "Well, if you must know, I find him far less dangerous than he thinks he is and far sweeter than he wants to be thought. I mean—very much a man; that is to say, at heart a child."

Lanyard gave a little quiet laugh. "If

I hadn't lived so long in this world I might be more astonished. But I have learned that there are women who are born manwise, my dear, gifted from the cradle with an insight into our hearts that is, frankly, terrifying."

"Nonsense. That all men are children is what every woman knows."

"And you think Maurice will be a child in your hands? That you won't need five days more to make him call you hard names?"

"Not two!" She deliberated, but with merry eyes. "I don't know, though. Maybe I'll change my mind. After all, sweet names are sweeter."

At this point one of the ship's officers poked his nose in at the door, trained it like a hunting dog on Lanyard, and followed it in—a trim young Frenchman with unimpeachable manners who none the less comported himself, Lanyard thought, most mysteriously, for all the world like an amateur undertaker.

"Monsieur Lanyard, is it not?"

"I am he. Is there something—"

"The Captain presents his compliments and will be gratified if monsieur will do him the honor to consult with him—if convenient, at once."

"Certainly, monsieur," Lanyard replied when an astonished wait had been prolonged without drawing one word of explanation. "Mademoiselle, I know, will excuse me." And gathering up his letters, he stuffed them in a pocket and followed out to the landing.

"But this way, if you please," the officer objected when Lanyard, supposing himself bidden to wait on the Captain in his quarters, made to go out on deck. "Monsieur is expected in Suite 39, A Deck."

Lanyard stared.

"But that is Mrs. Innes Crozier's!"

"Yes, monsieur."

The officer, while still polite, put on a mulish look, and Lanyard after another instant shrugged and turned to the staircase.

What now? And why had his guide so pointedly neglected to mention, in Fenno's presence, just where it was the Captain was waiting?

Granted that his discretion might be held significant only on the assumption that he knew Fenno was Fay Crozier's daughter—

The foot that Lanyard advanced to take the first step down was arrested by a hail from the deck.

"I say, old boy—half a minute."

Lanyard gave perplexed eyes to the detective, who was lounging in the doorway, then humored a slight beck of Crane's head and turned back.

"Forgive me, my friend—I am in some haste."

"I only wanted"—the American provokingly drew out his drawl—"to ask if you had seen your son."

"Devil take you!" Lanyard retorted between a smile and a frown. "But it is not possible to cope with your acuteness."

"Don't hand me any applause. I only know what I'm told. I met the young man a while back coming out of your stateroom, and he said he was looking for his father."

"Many thanks." Lanyard recomposed his countenance. "If you see him again, please tell him I am counting on his company at luncheon."

THE sitting-room of the Crozier suite, when Lanyard saw it for this third time, presented for his further mystification all the effect of one of those improbable inquests which take place behind footlights, with poor Mrs. Crozier in the part of the impromptu corpse.

Engagingly disheveled though dressed as if ready to get right up and go on deck, the hapless lady was stretched out with her eyes closed on a sofa and looking decidedly blue about the gills and limp—looking, for once in Lanyard's acquaintance with her, all her age.

The other actors in the scene were the captain, M. Pascal, a sturdy seaman with the steely eyes of tradition in quaint contrast with the complexion of a bisque doll and ripe red lips pouting through a black spade-beard; another gentleman with a beard, in this instance grizzled and pointed, the right badge of a ship's doctor, a M. Louvois whose mien was modest and whose other points were equally unimpressive; and one M. Plon, with sly eyes and a sardonic mouth in a plain shaven gray face, whose presence would have been unaccountable, since he didn't sport the ship's cloth, had Lanyard not known him of old as an agent of the *Préfecture de Police* of Paris.

The Captain, squared to a table with his peaked cap and one clenched hand resting on it, had much the air of a truculent and hairy cherub sitting as coroner and prepared to call the proceedings to order as soon as the culprit was haled in; the French detective was stationed to one side and observing the invalid with his smallish head at a critical angle; the physician was hovering in solicitous attendance on her.

From the first Lanyard as he entered had a brusque nod, from the second a slanting glance without one gleam of recognition, from the third no sign of interest whatsoever. One of the windows had been opened, a strong salt draught was sweeping through the room, but its air held still a stain that was unmistakable, the smell, well-diluted, of an operating room; and in sharp alarm for Fay Crozier, Lanyard crossed directly to the sofa.

"My dear madame!" The blue eyes at the sound of the door had opened. "Are you ill? What has happened?"

"I'm all right," her accents protested as listless as the hand which Lanyard bent low to lift to his lips. "I've been robbed again, that's all."

"Chloroformed," the physician took the trouble to explain, "—but lightly. The stewardess found madame unconscious on the floor here, but she was coming to by the time I arrived."

(How the Lone Wolf struggles to shatter the shackles of the past, Mr. Vance relates next month.)

SINGLE COMBAT ON THE COURTS

(Continued from page 66)

The thrill of tennis comes with outwitting and outmaneuvering an opponent who is directly opposite and facing you and who is doing his utmost to put the ball past you while you are doing your best to make your return "unplayable" or so swift that it forces him into an error. The resistance to your game depends entirely upon the quality of tennis your opponent is able to produce; you constantly affect the quality of his play and he unceasingly influences yours. One of the expressions often heard at the end of a match is: "He beat me because his style of play prevented me from playing my best game."

Golf produces no such situation as that. A golf match may be compared to two men, side by side, competing with each other in shooting arrows at the same target; tennis is like two duelists fencing and each trying to get past the other's guard and get a thrust "home."

Your rival in a golf match never even so much as touches your ball and no stroke of yours ever physically interferes with a stroke of his, except in the rare cases when a stymie occurs; and in the great open tournaments, when medal play predominates, Bobby Jones has played without a glimpse of the rival who most closely threatened him; his actual competitor for the low-medal score may be a thousand yards away on the other side of the golf-course.

In tennis, however, your opponent has always just hit the ball you are about to hit—if you can; he is always face to face with you just across the net, trying to put more "stuff" on the ball than you can.

BUT in both our great games, the fundamental equipment for victory is the same—the will to win. I was told long ago by my aunt, May Sutton Bundy, who was American woman champion in 1904 and English champion in 1905 and 1907, that the will to win was more than half the game. I think it is; the will makes the difference between many a good player and many a winning player. You can see in tournaments in many places a number of players who have all the strokes, who practice every day, who have the benefit of good coaching and all the essentials to carry them to the top flights—except the real desire to win.

It is most conspicuously a part of Tilden's equipment. There has never been a figure or a personality in tennis that has stood out as prominently as the many-times-crowned American champion, William Tilden, who won at Wimbledon ten years ago and again this last year. I think it is doubtful if there ever will be another personality to command the attention he does in tennis. It seems certain to me that nobody else can ever command the variety of strokes which he has perfected; none can compare with him in ability to play along with an opponent until victory seems almost within the opponent's grasp and then find within himself the resources to put on the pressure to pull the match out of the fire; no other player, I believe, has the interest of the game so genuinely at heart. None, of course, can compare with him for the number and variety of tennis titles he has acquired; and if anyone says that he is through winning them, I reply that person does not know—and certainly he has never played against—Tilden!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

(Continued from page 32)

the street level. An ambulance clanged past her as she reached the sidewalk, but its bell sounded muffled and distant on her bewildered brain. As if light had been taken from her by the rolling down of that curtain of fate which would forever hide from her the truth she had sought from Audrey Blake, she groped her way along the iron fence, pausing uncertainly at a crossing. From out of the darkness a police officer loomed above her. "Looking for some place?" he asked.

She held out her hand as if to steady herself. He must have seen the gleam of white against her palm, for he took the card on which the hospital clerk had written Audrey's address. "Ada Street," he read. "You can take the car here, and transfer. It's a long walk."

"I'll walk," she said.

She had no thought, as she moved onward, of going to Ada Street. She would find her way home, she knew vaguely, when she would feel able to face Tess' curiosity and Sheila's solicitude. Meanwhile she would walk on and on until she had wearied her body past the point of consciousness of the dull misery of her spirit, past the throbbing thoughts of Audrey, who was dead, and of Joe, who wasn't. "I've got to forget them," she flayed her will to decide.

Through streets dark under closed factories, and streets bright with the gleam of lights from tall apartment buildings and little houses, she went, driven by an emotion more intense than had been the utter loneliness and appalled friendlessness of her first knowledge of the city. Then beneath her dread of the strange place had surged a surety in her own power, the hope for her future which had beaconed her through stormy waters. Now, with faith in her strength and in her fate broken by the storm of doubt and despair, she felt herself nothing but a wind-tossed, wave-beaten spar on the surface of existence. Thoughts dark as the furtive alleys she passed swept over her. "I don't count with any one," she felt. "Tess and Sheila can take care of themselves now. They don't need me any more. Joe doesn't love me. I've nothing to live for. Why didn't I die instead of her? Perhaps she wanted to live. I don't—not now."

In wreckage around her piled those hopes she had held for Joe and herself, the plans for the home they would make together, the work he would do, the future they would build. "It's all gone," she sighed, too wretched in the devastation of her destiny to blame anyone—Audrey, or Joe, or herself. She had loved Joe, and trusted him, and a girl named Audrey Blake had wanted him to take her child. It was all as simple as that when it was put into words; but no words could phrase the misery that the statement meant to her. Love, trust, faith, all the essence of life, had been destroyed by that tidal wave of doubt which a strange woman's plea had created. "I can't bear it," she sobbed suddenly, and came into realization of the place into which she had wandered.

A DARK, forbidding neighborhood, sinister in its flickering lights as well as in its looming shadows, it rose around her like a wall of menace. Gloomy houses façaded the street where she stood. Slinking figures moved past her toward the red and blue lights back of the dirty windows of a drug-store at the corner. Degradation lurked in the darkness, a debasement so arrant that, for all her woe, Rose Gilby shrank from touch of its defilement. "I must get out of here," she decided. To find her way, she looked up at the lettering of the sign on the support of the high arc light. "Ada Street," she read. From the forgotten depths of her sympathies emerged her first thought of anything beyond her own sorrow. "Oh, that poor little baby!" she gasped. "She can't stay in a place like this alone."

DRIVEN by a pity older than her love for Joe, a yearning to save any child from the dumb miseries of her own orphaned childhood, Rose Gilby climbed the steps of the miserable house which bore the number the hospital clerk had written on the card. She could find no bell, and she knocked until a slatternly woman came, wiping her hands upon a dirty apron. "Is a little girl named Clayton here?" Rose asked her.

"Who wants her?" the woman demanded sullenly. "Her mother?"

"Her mother's dead."

"She would be," the woman said surlily. "She owes me two weeks' room-rent. You anything to her?"

"Nothing," Rose started to say, then paused in realization that her denial would cut her off from chance to see the child. "She sent for me before she died," she shifted. "She wanted some one to look after her baby."

"Well, that's more than she did," the woman grunted. "You can't take that youngster off, though, without paying me what I'm owed."

"I'm not taking her," Rose said.

She went down the ugly hall where dirty paper hung from damp walls, and where shaky boards creaked under her tread, to a room which she thought empty as she opened the door. Then, under the glimmering gaslight from the hall, she saw a little girl lying, fully dressed but sound asleep, on the shabby bed. Her fine hair, unkempt from neglect, had been tossed by a dirty hand back from a face so grimy with tears that no one could tell whether or not it might be lovely. There was upon her, though, such stigma of childish unhappiness that Rose Gilby forgot that she was Audrey Blake's child, the cause of her quarrel with Joe, and the living symbol of her own wrongs, real or imagined, and remembered only that she was a tiny human creature, bereft of whatever care her mother might have given her, and cast upon the uncertain kindliness of a careless world. "Oh, you poor, poor little baby!" she cried, and kneeling beside the bed, put her arm around her.

Restlessly the child stirred, and opened saddened eyes. Recollection of Sheila's misery on that night, long ago, when their mother had died, came to Rose with that look. In its train flocked a host of other memories: the years in the orphanage, the realization of their lot, the longing for some one who would love them as chil-

dren yearn to be loved. Not for Joe Hendrick and for anything he might have been to her, but for the deepest feeling in her own soul, Rose Gilby made promise.

"Don't cry, baby," she told Audrey Blake's child. "Rose'll take care of you."

SHE was gathering up the little girl's few belongings when she heard a knocking at the door. For a moment she waited for the slovenly woman to answer it. She did not come, and the knocking grew more insistent. "Will you see who's there, lady?" the woman's voice called to her from downstairs. Reluctantly she went to the door, flinging it back.

"Rose!"—Joe Hendrick's amazed voice.

"Well?" she said uncertainly, clutching the little girl's dress she had in her hand.

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you?"

"How did you find it?" His eyes asked questions his lips would not frame.

"They gave it to me—at the hospital."

"You went there?"

"I didn't see her. She died before I came."

"I know. I telephoned." He stood under the flickering flame of the gas, twirling his hat nervously. "I shouldn't have asked you to go, Rose. I'm sorry."

"You needn't be, Joe. I'm sorry that I said what I did."

"It's all my fault."

"Oh, it isn't! It's mine that I didn't trust you—as she did."

"Audrey?"

"She knew, when she was dying, that you were the only man of all the men she'd known that she could trust. It doesn't matter whether she loved you or you loved her. Nothing matters except that she knew she could ask you to look after her baby. And she was right. You've proved it by coming here."

"How about you?"

"I don't know why I came."

"I do." A gleam brighter than the eerie gaslight blazed in his eyes. "You're a peach, Rose. There's no one in the world like you."

"Don't, Joe! I don't deserve it."

"Rose, you didn't mean what you said? That it's all over between us?"

"I've learned better. I've learned a lot tonight."

"About—me?"

"About you, and me, and death, and life. Oh, Joe dear, love's all that counts!"

"Isn't that what I've always told you?"

"Not just our love for each other, though. If we're going to keep that right, we've got to care about other people too, about the people who need us, who ask us to help them. "Joe,"—she moved near to him,—"we're going to take Mimi with us."

"We'll have to get her out of this dump, that's sure."

"I mean more than that."

"I'll see that the kid's looked after. We can find a home for her somewhere where she can be—"

"I'll never put a child in any home!"

"But Rose, we can't keep her, you know."

"Why not, if I'm willing?"

"But you said—"

"Don't you want to?"

"It doesn't seem fair."

"That's what I said."

"Well, if you feel that way, go ahead. Where is she?"

"I'll get her."

He followed her to the dingy bedroom, only to find the rooming-house keeper blocking the way. "You can't take that child out of here," she told them, "without paying her bill."

"I'll pay it," Joe said. He counted out the sum of her demand, then took the sleeping child from Rose's arms. "It isn't everyone," he said to her as they went down the outer steps, "who starts life with a ready-made family. What do you suppose the girls'll say?"

"I don't know," said Rose, "and I don't care." She smiled up at him, then looked beyond to the faded, dim stars of the city night. "It's a good old world, Joe," she said happily.

"The best I know," he said blithely, and whistled for a cab.

THE FOOTPRINT OF CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 47)

room, he picked significant items from his brain with the delicacy and care that one withdraws jack-straws from a tangled heap. There was the feeling that, if she was the real Muriel, he would like to become her best friend before she went to Philadelphia. The feeling was disguised as brotherliness. There was a vague and personal dread of what might happen to her in the cultured barbarism of Philadelphia society. As her lawyer, that dread should be at most a mere worry. And there was his confusion when he saw her.

It had gone, now—a momentary perturbation, a temporary flurry. He could act composedly. He could plan. First, he would have to wire his father that Janet was satisfactory. She might, he realized, be engaged. He made a mental note to look for a ring when he saw her again—which would be very soon—in an hour, if possible. The wire would have to be disguised so that no gossiping small-town telegraph agent would comprehend anything from it. After that, he would try to make her acquaintance.

He walked up Main Street to the telegraph-office and sent two words: "Ravishing presentable."

Then he returned to Dorman's. The proprietor was bending over his desk in the office. Janet was arranging a display. She smiled when she saw him.

Barney was bland. "I forgot ink."

"Oh! I should have reminded you."

Her concern was genuine. In a pause that was scarcely noticeable Barney wondered if she too had been disturbed from her tranquillity by his entrance in the store; he hoped she had, realized that the idea was conceited and ridiculous, was amazed at the mental complications to which the last hour had given rise, and framed the words which he spoke next—all without taking his eyes from her. "Not at all. I suppose, really, I have writing-things at the hotel. But I need them, anyway."

She held up a bottle. "Writes blue—turns black."

"Fine." He produced the money for the ink casually. "Nice town, Mayville."

"It's pretty—parts of it. But it's dreadfully small."

Her manner indicated that she would converse a little longer. Yet it was not too friendly, not the manner that would welcome banter with every traveling salesman. Barney lifted his eyebrows. His plan was now to have its chance. "It's small. But I'm fond of small towns. Why, Mayville gave me an example of what I mean this morning. I'd just arrived and I took a walk—down a street called—Alexander, I think. I met an old gentleman who kept bees. He told me all about them and even sold me a jar of honey. That could never happen in a city—and I think it's charming."

THE illustration was introduced offhandedly and her surprise was unsuspecting. "Isn't that funny!"

"Isn't what funny?"

"That old man was my father."

Barney looked incredulous, then grinned. "You see! That couldn't happen in a big city—either."

"Of all the coincidences!" She halted. "Did he find the honey all right? I put it away."

"He found it—after he had substituted spectacles for his bee-hat."

Janet began to laugh. "Poor Dad! He's so—" She remembered suddenly that she was talking to a stranger.

The time had arrived for the last strategic move. Barney put the ink bottle in his pocket and half turned. Then, as if on sudden inspiration, he faced her again. "I just had an idea. By the way, my name is Avery—Barney Avery—and I represent a New York and Philadelphia corporation. This is my card. We—my company, that is—plans a rather large-scale enterprise for which Mayville is being considered as a possible site. I do not want to go to the regular real-estate brokers, because they will make my presence generally known, as well as my intentions—and I could not operate at the same advantage. But I do want to find some one in whom I can have confidence and who would be able to guide me around the country in and near Mayville. I'm a total stranger and it occurred to me that you might be interested in acting as a sort of guide. You live in the vicinity—and that's all I require. I could easily furnish you with credentials concerning myself—and the commission, if we located our object, would be quite handsome. You would probably be able to look up the most recent sales of tracts that interest me and get a rough price on them. You possibly have a fair idea of town real estate now. And such a service would be invaluable to me."

Into her eyes came repressed eagerness. "That's very kind of you—but, you see, I'm busy here all day."

He made a gesture of indifference. "You could do it after hours. I'd prefer some one like you, to a broker. What time do you stop?"

"Five."

"Why—that's splendid! We'd have a good deal of daylight."

"But I have to get supper for Father."

"Afterward, then. I don't need any violent daylight. Just enough to look over the superficial topographical aspects." That, he though, was effective; it sounded like a quotation from a prospectus.

"Why wouldn't Father do?" she asked suddenly.

He was not prepared for that. But he was game, and it was better than nothing. He could see her when the trips were ended by the simple expedient of extending them to the verge of supper-time. "Fine! I hadn't thought of your father. I'll see him at once."

She shook her head. Somewhere in her eyes was laughter he did not understand. "Father wouldn't go. He hates automobiles—and I suppose you wouldn't condescend to a horse and buggy—"

"If necessary—" Barney began.

She blushed a little. "No. If you really think I could make some money—I'll try. I only suggested Father to see—well, to see if you were serious about looking at land. You see when a girl works in a store there are a good many men who—well—try to put over a fast one—if you understand—"

Barney's laughter boomed out—delighted and reassuring laughter. "Boy! What a head! No—I'm serious enough." He began to laugh again.

"Miss Jamison!"

They turned quickly. Mr. Dorman had risen from his desk with a trace of annoyance on his face. He nodded curtly toward the door where a customer stood, unnoticed either by Barney, whose back was turned, or by Janet, who really should have seen.

In his room again Barney executed a dance that was a combination of many curious steps. He could not be sure whether he was happier that she had accepted his trumped-up offer or that she had been so ready in protecting herself. He wanted her to be intelligent—and her intelligence seemed to be of a high order.

The telegram he sent to his father after lunch caused Douglas Avery a few minutes of concentrated deductive reasoning and afforded him an extremely amused smile afterward. It was addressed to him as treasurer of the "Rittenhouse Realty Company," and read:

PLEASE PLACE MISS JANET JAMISON ONE FIFTY-FIVE ALEXANDER STREET MAYVILLE ON PAYROLL TWENTY FIVE WEEKLY AS LOCATING AGENT.

B. AVERY.

The name and address were correct, but the treasurership, and the company were, of course, fictitious. The senior partner of Avery and Avery guessed the action behind the wire, as Barney knew he would, and, that night, he said to his wife:

"Barney's a chip off the old block, all right."

That silver-haired dignified lady nodded contentedly. "Barney is a good boy."

"And he'll make a great lawyer."

AT seven o'clock Barney, in a rented flivver roadster, drew up at the gate of 155 Alexander Street. Janet and her father came out to meet him.

"I told Daddy you dropped into the store," she said, "and he's been trying ever since to remember if he told you that I worked there."

Barney saw that another deception was necessary. "Why—that's too bad. But even if he had mentioned it—I would scarcely have remembered and connected the two facts."

"That's what I insisted."

Barney smiled. "In any case, Mr. Jamison, I'd like you to have this copy of a telegram I sent to my company. It puts things on a business basis." He turned to Janet. "I thought afterward that it would be fairer to pay you a small salary for your work—we may not find what we want and then you'd be disappointed on the commission."

She read the message aloud. "Twenty-five dollars! Why—that's twice what I make at Dorman's."

Barney nodded. "I know—but your work may be only for a few days. Now, shall we start? And will you ride in the front seat—or would you prefer the back?"

"I'll ride in front, of course."

"You're sure you can manage one of those things?" Mr. Jamison asked.

"All my life."

"Well—I've kept out of them all of mine! Janet can drive. The Demar boys taught her. But I was born in an age that didn't have much respect for machines, or confidence in them. Bees are more my style."

Barney laughed respectfully. "That's quite understandable."

"Well—be careful."

The car rumbled and moved away.

BARNEY afterward remembered vaguely that he saw the old water-works, the something-or-other lumber-yard, a half dozen farms that were for sale, and a machine-factory that had been built during the war and since then stood deserted. But he remembered vividly that Janet had been sitting beside him all that time, that she smelled very faintly of a dulcet perfume, that whenever she laughed he was forced to grip the steering-wheel tightly. He had known that feeling before, with other girls—but never so poignantly.

He remembered such things as—

"Sometimes I get so tired of being in Mayville, of having always been in Mayville. Sometimes I even feel that I have not always been in Mayville—that somewhere, in another life perhaps—I was different and everybody knew about me and I went to all the grand places. That's pretty dopey, isn't it?"

"I don't think so."

Or such things as—

"The boys at Demar are pretty nice—lots of them. They're mostly country boys from around here working their way through college. But you get tired of them. They're sort of—rowdy. That's disloyal. And it's your fault, because I never knew a man who came from New York before. Not a young one, anyway."

"I really come from Philadelphia."

"Did you go to college?"

"Yale."

"That's a big one, isn't it? I got through high school. Mother died when I was in my third year there. Afterward I went to work. There's nothing much else to do in Mayville. But we're not really backwoodsy. We go to the movies—that teaches us what to wear. I make my own things, mostly. We have radios, and all winter at night we can tune in on New York. I'll bet we were talking about Rudy Vallée as soon as you people were. And we read the new books, and, of

course, the magazines. My best friend works in the Carnegie Library. But I imagine this is interrupting your work—"

"Not a bit."

"It was luck to have a chance like this—plain luck. Father has always wanted to go up to Sandusky to see the bee-farms there, and I've been saving for it. He'll be able to do it, now. If we last a week, that is."

Three days, golden days, went by like slow ships in the sunset. Most of it was sunset, because it was after supper and until twilight that they went together on a rambling inspection of the countryside. Barney read and loafed and walked through Mayville in the daytime. On the third day she invited him up on the porch and he rocked in the twilight with Janet and her father, talking about property and Ohio floods and bees.

"Your father, I take it, Mr. Avery, is an officer in this Rittenhouse Company?" Mr. Jamison said.

"Yes. The treasurer."

"I presume you're not very comfortable in a little place like this?"

"I'm happier than I've ever been."

"I'm glad to hear it. Most city people miss the peace of a place like this. There's philosophy in it, young man."

"That's true. *The* philosophy."

"Exactly. Take bees. Bees are like people—"

"Oh, Father! You don't even know that Mr. Avery cares about bees."

"I suspect he does, Janet. He seems to have a feeling for things. Most people don't. Most people go around saying this is the machine age or the iron age or the age of electricity. Forgetting all about Nature, and not even right at that. You know, young man, this isn't any grand age. It's a puny one. Not the iron age—the gadget age."

Barney chuckled. "That's a pretty good name for it."

"Sure it is. Take me. For thirty-seven years I carried mail here in Mayville. Nothing but a leather bag and Shanks' mare. Then I got to be assistant postmaster. And I ran head-on into it—the gadgets! Three dinguses for canceling stamps. Twenty-eight rubber gadgets for marking letters and packages. *This side up. No hooks. Special delivery. Registered. First-class mail. Second-class*—and so on. Trick locks on the mail sacks—trick chutes for night mailing. Why, it got so complicated you couldn't even take time from mail-sorting and gadget-operating to read the postcards." He laughed with gentle mirth. "So, when I was retired, I began on bees. Once a year they swarm. When it's cold, they hibernate. The rest of the time they just gather honey, drop by drop, all day long. Simple kind of life."

WHEN he had gone to bed, Janet and Barney moved their chairs closer together. They did not rock any more, and Barney thought that he was going to kiss her. He dreamed afterward that he did. But in point of fact they sat until late, in the sweet darkness, talking barely above a whisper about things they never tried to remember.

When Barney returned to the hotel the night clerk looked up from a magazine he had been reading. "You're Mr. Avery, aren't you? Philadelphia's been trying to get you on long-distance. Told me to put the call through whenever you came in."

"All right. I'll take it in my room."

When the phone on the wall finally tinkled, Barney heard his father's voice. "Hello, son! I haven't heard anything from you for three days."

"Sorry, Father. Been busy getting acquainted."

"And—"

Barney thought of the undoubtedly attentive night clerk. "I can't be too explicit"—the connection was blurred for an instant and he repeated the phrase—"for obvious reasons. But the proposition we are considering is wonderful. Remarkable. There should certainly be a reversal of things as they stand. Is that clear?"

"You have what you went for?"

Barney realized his father referred to the footprint. "Not yet."

"Well, better hurry. Chloe came in day before yesterday and she was pretty unpleasant about the delay. I headed her off. This morning I called the house and Muriel said that she had gone out of town for a day or two. Muriel seemed on edge. Asked what I was procrastinating about. So I advise putting on a little speed. Your ideas so far have been sound and this isn't much more difficult."

"Well—all right, Father."

"Bye, son."

BARNEY went to sleep with a restive sense of guilt. The days had slipped past and he had submerged in them the purpose of his trip to Mayville. It was true that he had met Janet Jamison, but it was equally true that his mind, for some obscure reason, had fought against the consciousness of her alliance to matters of the outer world. He had tried to shut her and himself into the halcyon peace of Mayville and to forget that such peace was subject to interruption. He was to a degree falling in love with her. He was impatient, almost indignant with the fact of his errand; nevertheless he forced himself to think of it.

Dorman's was closed on Saturday afternoon. And on Saturday afternoon, as if by a casual miracle, the entire purpose of Barney's journey was culminated. She telephoned in the morning from the store.

"Hello, Mr. Avery? This is Janet Jamison." Superfluous, he thought, as he listened gladly to the clear, warm voice. "I'm off this afternoon and it occurred to me that we could look at some of the places farther out if we started right after lunch. Father's going to a lodge-supper and I thought I'd bring along some sandwiches so we wouldn't have to get back until nine. Would that help you any?"

"Would it! Certainly. I've been wanting to scout the country around Mayville a little before I make up my mind."

He began to put on his clothes, whistling. All afternoon, all evening—together. "I am," he murmured over his lathered face, "a swain at heart—a yokel and a swain! Perhaps a shade toward the oaf. And I thank my Maker that I am."

Mr. Jamison watched his daughter closely while she made the sandwiches. Her hands fluttered and she gave each slice of bread an attention unnecessarily exquisite. "You're getting pretty fond of this fellow, aren't you?" he said.

"Mr. Avery?" she asked.

"I didn't mean anyone else."

"Well—he's nice." She was defensive.

Her father chuckled. "Yes, he seems like a mighty nice boy. But he's only here on business and he'll be going a long way off pretty soon. So don't get your little heart wound up in him. You know he could write a few letters and dwindle off to nothing and you'd never hear of him again—and he'd still be nice."

A far-away look came into her eyes. "I've been thinking about that."

Her father read that expression and turned away. He was old enough to know that the world was not plastic to his wishes and he was kind enough not to scratch it with premature disappointments.

HALF-PAST five. She had remembered a spot near a brook where it would be nice to have supper. There was in the behavior of both of them patent admission of a truth: the last hour of driving had been dedicated to the discovery of that spot rather than the search for new lands where the Rittenhouse Company might commence its industry. And all afternoon they had enjoyed the warmth of the sun spread over the growing fields far more than the tabulations of factory-site advantages. Flowers were more important than the proximity of adequate water-supply, and the birds flying above them were more interesting than adjacent land where the homes of employees could be constructed.

Now, in a whispering, wooded glade, with the brook bubbling under the roots of trees and over the smooth pebbles which an ancient glacier had dropped in its course, this research was at an end. Janet pushed back her hair and leaned on her elbows. Barney sprawled beside her. The car, parked at the side of a woods road, was the only visible intrusion of the outer world.

"I suppose you'll be going back pretty soon. You've seen nearly everything around Mayville."

"I suppose so."

"And you haven't found anything?"

"What? Oh, I've found a great deal. The—the Rittenhouse Company will certainly do something or other in Mayville."

"Honestly!" It was more exclamation than question. "Then you'll come back?"

Barney threw a stone into the water. Its swift current obliterated the ripples almost at once. He wanted to take her into his arms and tell her that he was coming back for a reason different from the interests of big business—that there never had been a Rittenhouse Company. He remembered that he did not even know certainly that she was the real Muriel Leigh and he realized at the same time that it did not matter. She was in his employ—trusting him with a naïve simplicity. He could not betray that trust. It did not occur to him that the generation, the times, the Demar boys, had conspired to alienate Mayville girls from the chaperone custom, or that the girls in Mayville had understood and attained a certain emancipation. He preferred the uninterrupted chivalry of his romance.

"I'll probably come back."

"I hope you do."

"Do you? Why?"

"Oh—you're different from most of the boys and men I know. A lot different."

"How?"

She shrugged. "Guess."

"How would you like to go wading?" he said with an abrupt change of expression.

"Wading? Why—that's a swell idea." Janet was standing. "I haven't waded since I was a kid. And it's plenty warm."

The mood of questioning was dispelled—or at least postponed. They took off their shoes and stockings. Barney felt the cool smoothness of the clay bank of the brook under his feet. He rolled up his trousers, took her hand, and walked out into the water gingerly. They went upstream, picking places where the bottom was free of stones, splashing, laughing.

"People," Barney said, "ought to wade every so often. It would soften the conventions."

"And what does that mean?"

"Wading is hard on the dignity, but good for the soul."

She looked searchingly at him. His coat was off, his sleeves rolled up, his feet bare. His dark hair was wind-tousled and his eyes were merry. "I suppose you consider that you have dignity?"

"Why not? You should see me in my office in Philadelphia. I can say 'madam' in such a way that it adds years to me. And I can make a clerk shake right out of his shoes."

Janet laughed. "I doubt it. I wish your clerks could see you now. I wish the reporters could see you. *"Philadelphia and New York Business-man Caught by the Camera while Wading with Miss Janet Jamison, Mayville Debutante'."*

"From left to right: Miss Jamison, Mr. Avery, crawfish," Barney amplified.

JANET looked down. "Is there a crawfish? I'm terrified at the thought. Let's get out."

"There wasn't any crawfish."

Her expression was dubious. "There might be. I think I'll get out. You *would* remind me of crawfishes! When I was a little girl I used to pick them up. Now—just thinking about them gives me the creeps." Suddenly she gasped. "There *is* one! A great big one—it went under the rock." She stood on one foot and then the other. Glancing toward the shore, she saw that it was impossible to step from the brook at that point. Her agitation increased.

Barney eyed the stone she had indicated and near it he did see a small crawfish rapidly scuttling backward. He gave a half-chuckle; then he perceived that Janet was really in terror. A moment later he had picked her up and was striding down the brook toward the place where they had started. He forgot the crawfish, because her face was beside his own. With every nerve he realized how light she was, and how pliant. He set her down on the sloping bank. They stood looking at each other.

The few steps of carrying her had left him with a strange and trembling emotion. But he was startled by the change she had undergone. Her eyes were wide and starry. Her breast rose and fell. She held out her hands in a mute, incomplete gesture. She looked like some one awakened in the midst of a vehement dream. Barney put his arms around her. He held her head in the palm of his hand, his fingers in her hair. He kissed her.

Afterward they sat down quietly on the high mossy bank. She waited as long as she could. "Aren't you going to say anything?"

"Yes." He faced her solemnly. "I'm crazy about you. I'm crazier about you than I have been about anything in my life. I've thought of nothing else since I saw you. I haven't said it before, because—well—because I gave you a job and it didn't seem fair. Because the time has been so short, if you see what I mean."

She said, "I'm so happy." And she began to cry.

He said, "Don't cry."

SHE moved close to him, put her arms around him. Her voice was husky. "Cry? I'm not crying. I don't know what I'm doing. It was like that with me. Probably you think—never mind. I've been kissed before—many times. But not like this. I—"

Barney, pressed close to her again, found a minute cell of his brain occupied by the thought that Daisy Storey was the mother of this girl, that proud Johnathan Leigh had loved her mother with a savage integrity—and as Barney felt the strong passion that lived in the daughter a particular understanding was born in him.

"What'll we do?" she said later. "The world seems wrong. I've been frightened ever since I saw you. I don't know why."

He smiled. "What will we do? What *do* people do? Marry!"

"Will we?" she asked incredulously.

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I've had a feeling we never would."

Barney mussed her hair. "Well, then, exchange it for a feeling that we will." His voice modulated. "The world's a darn' peculiar place. And perhaps I know more about it than you do." He thought of her in his arms. "More about the mechanics of it, that is. But I have a feeling that, in the end, you and I are going to carry the memory of this little spot together through years that will astonish us."

"That sounds very impressive."

"You'd never guess what it really means."

An hour later they thought of sandwiches. And an hour later Janet changed the tenor of their conversation, interjecting a sudden seriousness into the fragrant, singing words. "There's something about me that I've got to tell you. I've been wanting to for a long time."

"What's that?"

"It may make a difference in the way you look at me." She seemed very jealous of that regard.

"Nothing could."

"I suppose not. You probably have a grand family and all that. I could tell by the way you talked about them the other day. And Father was only an assistant postmaster. Even that's boasting, because he carried letters first. What I meant was—"

"Was what?"

She struggled with herself for a moment. "Well—he's not really my father."

Barney stiffened. So she knew that much about herself. It made him certain, now, that she was Johnathan Leigh's child. He said calmly, "Did you think that would matter?"

"I'm not even related to him. He adopted me."

"And you've been afraid I'd mind that?"

She repulsed his arms gently. "But I haven't any idea who my parents were. Father and mother—that is, Mr. and Mrs. Jamison—never had any children. When he was made assistant postmaster, they decided to adopt a child. They went to a sort of agency in Buffalo and got me. Maybe—maybe my parents weren't even even—"

"Your parents," he interrupted, "must have been wonderful to have had a child like you. They couldn't be otherwise."

"That's a nice thing to say. But I'm not so wonderful. I have lots of vices."

Barney covered the elaboration of his inner thoughts with amused irony. "Indeed? Opium, and absinthe and kleptomania—"

"Silly! But I'm temperamental. And I have days when I just won't do anything. And I was positively stupid in mathematics and—"

"Goodness!" said Barney.

She laughed and tried to put aside the fact that Barney had frowned thoughtfully when she told him that she was an adopted child. But she had not missed the frown and it troubled her.

They drove home slowly in the gathering twilight. Sound of sleepy birds in the trees above. Touch of the May-wandering wind. Harps playing in heaven, and a far-away, insistent, syncopated obbligato that remotely keyed the nerves into a tenseness for the unwinding future.

Late at night Barney lay in the luxurious darkness listening to the fascination of small-town night noises with impatient and automatically forced attention. The quick use he had made of the brookside would bear fruit when it was light again. The bank had been firm, damp clay. After they had come from wading he had set her upon it deliberately. And he had noticed that the marks her feet made were sharp. The tiny lines would show—in the morning. He did not need them for his own satisfaction. She knew her father was not real. She knew Chloe—not by name; but Janet had told him that there was a woman in Philadelphia who sent her father, annually, a monetary gift. Barney wondered how much. Little enough, he imagined. A sordid leakage of Chloe's temporizing conscience. He would have to be about his business at an early hour. He had promised to go to church with the Jamisons.

Finally he rose and telephoned to the desk. "Call me at seven, please," he said.

THERE it was again—the glade in the oak and maple trees. The chattering rivulet, the dappled sunlight—all stripped of her presence and yet still magical because he could imagine her there. He was shaken by yearning sentiment. The fact that he would see her again in a few hours did not lessen its poignancy. A Sunday hush permeated everything.

He took the photostat from his pocket and walked to the brook edge. There were numerous tracks of bare feet—many of them quite clear. He bent over, realizing suddenly that his suspense was almost insufferable. The small tracks with the high, narrow mound in the center. Admiration was lost in interest.

A few showed faint lines. He chose the best one. He squatted and moved around so that the light fell diagonally. Finally he spread a newspaper he found in the car and knelt. Then he could see, quite clearly, the lines that meant a world of difference in Janet's life. For a half-hour he studied them, moving from one print to another. He was diverted from his research by the pair that marked the spot where he had set her down. The toes were deep. She had stood that way when he kissed her.

FINALLY he was satisfied. The method was not ideal, but it was sufficient. There could be no doubt, not the slightest doubt, that Janet Jamison's feet had made the marks that Johnathan Leigh had treasured for twenty years in his safe.

Almost, yes, actually, Barney wished that the two imprints had not matched, that Janet was no one but Janet Jamison, a girl into whose life the most shining intrusion would be himself. But it never occurred to him to dissemble. It never occurred to him to consider the fact that he held a scepter over her life. By denying his discovery, he could leave her as she was and launch the Philadelphia Muriel into her career of royal marriage.

The highly colored mental pictures he had made on the way to Mayville were even more brilliant on actual display. The girl in question was beautiful and charming and poor. Realization of the facts would carry with it the rising chords of trembling incredulity, dawning belief, and exaltation. She would be happy. But her happiness would be his increased anxiety. Barney knew Philadelphia. He also knew wealth and its swift, destructive effect even on strong personalities. He knew a hundred girls—beautiful, disillusioned, bitter, hard—because of their class and their money. The Muriel whom Chloe Laforge-Leigh had sponsored was only one of them. And money, even if Janet could surmount its temptations to the inferior characteristics of human beings, would be but the first factor with which she would have to cope.

There would be snobbery. Despite her charm and the straightforward, lucid education she had gathered, Philadelphia's society was filled with things she did not know. There would be jealousy. And people—people who would hate her from envy and people who would hate her for more cogent reasons—Chloe herself, Muriel and Valak, who would be cheated out of his campaign. In considering the four people most directly connected with the Leigh estate, Barney felt that only the Prince could survive the truth with any grace. And even he would be compelled to break the engagement.

Standing in the shady quiet it was difficult to believe that fury and disaster were silently breeding in the Quaker City. Barney wished that he were a little less introspective. He rolled up the newspaper and tossed it into the stream. . . .

They sat together in the church. Music of the organ rose and fell, the voices of the congregation following it through the hymns. Barney put a dollar in the collection plate and the usher smiled at him. Heads turned and craned occasionally to look at him. Janet was proud and a little shy. She wore a blue dress, of floating material. Barney did not know the name of the material, but he could call the exact shade to mind ever afterward. He tried to listen to the sermon as it poured in a continual stream from the lips of the minister. In Philadelphia Barney never went to church; it seemed stodgy, hypocritical, exhibitionary—he could not find the right word. But in Mayville it was pleasant and appropriate. He felt that he would join a church—if he lived there always.

When the service was finished the minister greeted him in the vestibule. "I've seen you on the street, Mr. Avery. Glad the Jamisons brought you here."

"Glad to be here, thank you."

"Going to stay in our town a while?"

"Well—I'm leaving soon; but I'll be back."

"Good." A hearty handshake.

Some one behind him was saying, "Where have you been keeping yourself, Janet? We've been around about ten times." A smiling youth in wide-cut gray trousers and a brown coat. That, Barney thought, was unmistakably the Demar costume. Where there had been one boy six suddenly appeared, all importuning Janet. She laughed and took Barney's arm, introducing by first names.

"And now you're coming home for dinner," she said.

They walked along Alexander Street. Mr. Jamison was behind them, telling a deaf and cane-supported old gentleman about his eternal bees.

Janet squeezed Barney's arm. "Happy?"

"I'm dizzy with happiness.

"Me—I'm scared."

"Why?"

"This is the first time you ever ate a dinner I cooked. The way to a man's heart, you know—and if something burned, I'd die."

In a month or two, he reflected, she would be telling a butler what to tell the cook to prepare. Preposterous thought!

"What are you laughing at?"

"Me? You."

Roast chicken—started, Janet said, in the fireless cooker and finished in the oven. Raised biscuits and gravy. Mashed potatoes, butter-crowned. Carrots, peas, jelly she had made. Strawberries that bled crimson into thick cream.

In the afternoon he said: "I've got to go back."

Her face fell. "For how long, Barney?"

"I'm not sure. Perhaps a week."

"A week! That's terribly long."

"My thought, exactly."

"I suppose it will end—"

"In a week."

She smiled. "Then let's get your car and take a long ride."

"Swell! But—won't your father disapprove?"

"Because it's Sunday? I don't think so. In the first place, he indulges me a good deal. In the second, he thinks you're grand. And in the third, he's much more philosophical than religious. He argues terribly with the minister sometimes." And with a gay farewell to Mr. Jamison they started away.

HER hair had been mussed, not altogether by the motion of the car, and there was in her eyes an expression that could not be ascribed to the thrill of fast driving over country roads.

"You know, every year at high school a woman used to come and lecture to us about morals. The main thing she said,"

—Janet looked at him with mock attrition.—"was to beware of strange men from the cities. They loved and left, was the burden of her story. Somehow I don't believe her."

"My fine face assures you that, at no matter what cost, I shall return."

"Like *Lochinvar*."

"Going in the wrong direction!"

"*Don Quixote*, then."

He laughed. Presently they were serious again.

"Has your family very much money?" she asked. It was direct. No one would have dared it in Philadelphia.

"Not so much," he answered.

"But you must—building factories, and all."

"Oh—the company has money."

"Do you think your people will like me?"

Barney knew the answer to that. "Mother will adore you. And Father will pound my back until I drop."

She leaned against him. "Gee, I hope so. All but the dropping."

"What."—and he looked steadily in her eyes,—"would you do if you did have a lot of money?"

"You mean—all my own? Thousands of dollars?"

"Millions."

"I don't know. I'd be scared somebody would rob me, I guess."

They talked about her father. "If we ever do get married—" she began.

"*When*—"

"Well—*when*, then—we'll have to do something about Father."

"Sure. Bring him to live with us."

She shook her head. "That would be nice of you. But he'd hate the city."

"I know. There's a place he could have in the country right outside Philadelphia. He could raise more bees than there are anywhere else on earth—"

PERHAPS Barney was thinking of his father's country-place—or perhaps of the broad and majestic acres of Leigh.

"You seem depressed," she said.

"Kiss me again, then."

"This is the first time I ever heard of anyone parking in broad daylight."

"The road's empty."

"Well—"

The night clerk handed his key and a telegram to Barney. The wire was from his father, and evidently a reply to his of that morning which told about the footprints. It said:

"Return immediately and bring girl. Inform her of situation."

Barney stood with the yellow sheet in his hand. The country idyl was ended, then. . . . He realized that there was no other way out. Janet must know before the newspapers all over the country resounded with her name. It would be hard to tell Janet. And suddenly he perceived a dreadful thing: she might, she almost certainly would believe that he had made love to her because of the money she was going to inherit!

Stunned, numb with apprehension, he stumbled toward a chair. The thing was simple. He had been so quick to admire, so ready with a scheme for acquaintance—which would now prove to be false. On the face of it, she could give no other interpretation to his actions. He would have to tell her that she was rich. He would have next to tell her that he had deceived her. He would have to make it clear that he knew all the time she was going to be rich. Then—the love he offered would seem ignominious, scheming, mean. Only the greatness and integrity of his feeling for her could have made him blind to so obvious and terrible a fact. But in the staggering realization of the appearance of his behavior, she would be humanly compelled to overlook the evidence of anything deeper.

At four in the morning Barney was still walking. He had walked all night, cursing himself, his stupidity, cursing Fate which led him to meet love by giving him the tidings which would strangle it. He was angry and dramatic in the dawn. He stalked and muttered. His feelings leaked through his muscles and more acid feelings rose to take their place. He could see her, proud and aching. He could see himself, proud and silent. Neither of them could behave in any other manner.

DAY came. Pale and hollow-eyed, he sat in an early-opened restaurant drinking coffee. "Another cup," he said. And another. He was unconscious of fatigue. How she would despise him. . . .

She would go to Philadelphia. They would ride side by side on the train, unspeaking. Or perhaps she would not even ride with him. "Maybe you did like me a little," she would say. "But you came to get my money. How can I believe anything else? If you didn't—then why did you make love to me first and tell me afterward? City men! Even that fool lecturer knew something!"

While he sat in the restaurant, staring wretchedly out through the lettered plate-glass window, he discovered one single idea which gave him relief. Mr. Jamison might understand. Faint hope rose in him. Mr. Jamison was a philosopher. He knew people and he understood them. If he went to Mr. Jamison and told him in detail just what had occurred, perhaps he would win a helpful ally against the dark hours ahead.

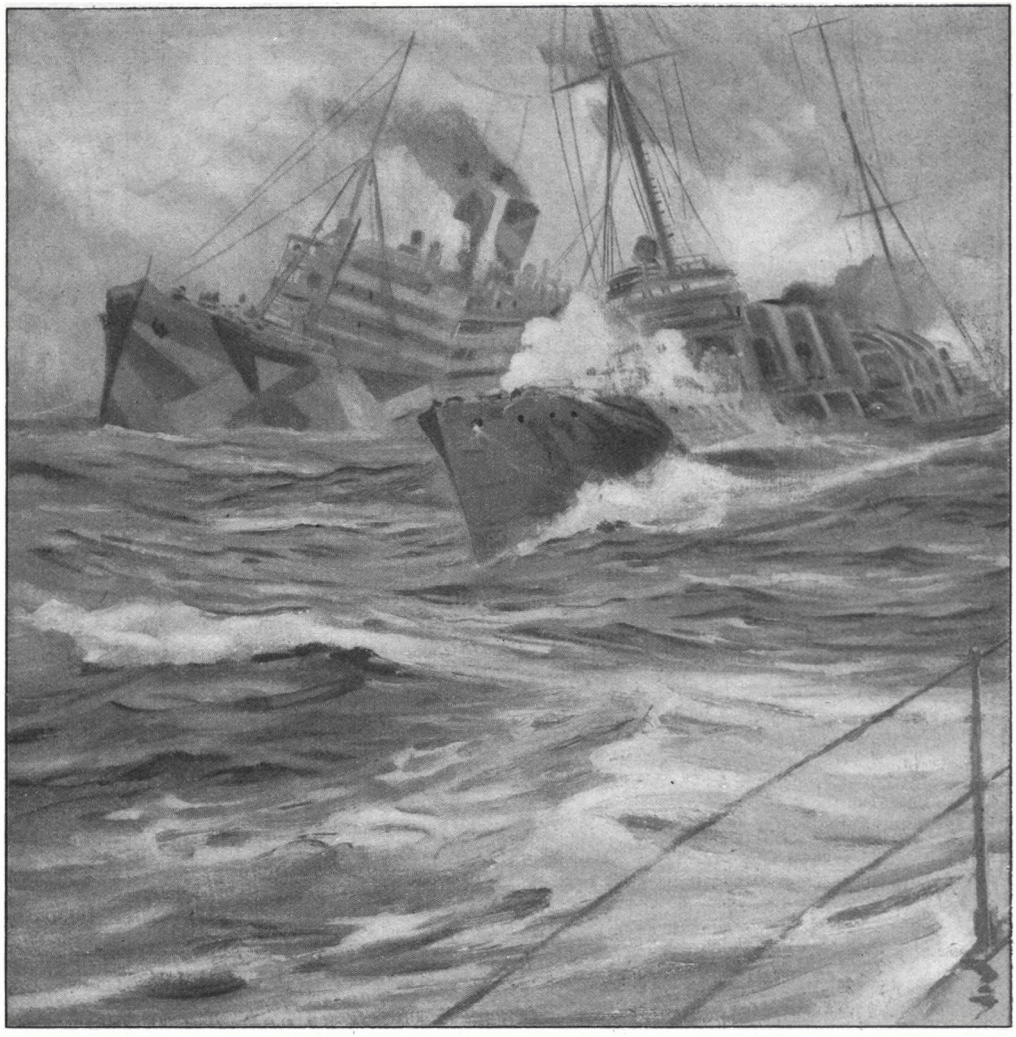
He glanced at his watch. In an hour Janet would go to business. Then he would call at her house and talk with her foster-father. Barney went to his hotel room and spent the time changing his clothes and shaving with nervous hands. He smoked parts of eleven cigarettes. Then he started down the street.

There was a limousine in front of the Jamison house. For a puzzled instant Barney's weary mind realized only that it was familiar. People in it. Motor running—he could hear it faintly at that distance. The gears meshed and it moved forward toward him. He remembered and he saw simultaneously. A chauffeur. Inside—Chloe Laforge-Leigh, and Janet. Their heads were bent together in earnest conversation and she did not see him as he stopped, his face frozen. He half waved. He swung around as if he were going to chase the accelerating car. Chloe had come for her and taken her away!

He walked weakly toward the house. Mr. Jamison was leaning on the fence looking in the direction the limousine had taken. He smiled at Barney.

"Janet left a note for you," he said.

Most astonishing indeed are the amazements which meet Janet and Barney—in the chapters next month.



Up from the depths, like the Sword Excalibur, emerged the shattered bow of a German submarine.

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

What Price

SO many times had the letter been folded, unfolded, read and reread, that the cheap pink stationery on which it was penned had been reduced to little more than a sheaf of dog-eared rags. John Jones, seaman second class, U. S. N., settled down on his locker and read it once more.

"Dear John: It is too bad you went away. There have been a lot of parties since you went away and I have had a good time all the time . . . ."

John Jones glowered through the open port; then read on:

"While you are away at the War, do not forget me. If you love me like you said, I think it would be grand if you get a medal and bring it home to me. If you do I will love you all my life because I always wanted to be in love with a hero.

"Your friend—Marjorie."

A medal, a bit of ribbon on his jumper! He'd show her if he got the chance—believe *him!*

He pictured himself returning home triumphant—taking his honors modestly as any hero should. The whole town turning out to meet him—and she standing there before them all with wonder in her eyes, her arms outstretched—her lips. . . . .

The hatch above his head darkened, and a voice shouted:

"Any mail for the States? M-a-i-l ho!"

"Here—hold everything!"

Seizing paper and pencil, John Jones scribbled feverishly.

"Dear Marge. I aint ans'd your letter before because maybe I'd have a medal already. I will get one never fear dear and will bring it home to you. Medals are hard to get on acct of there aint many chances but I guess I got to take a chance eh Marge ha ha. Dont forget to wait for me I will bring you a medal sure.

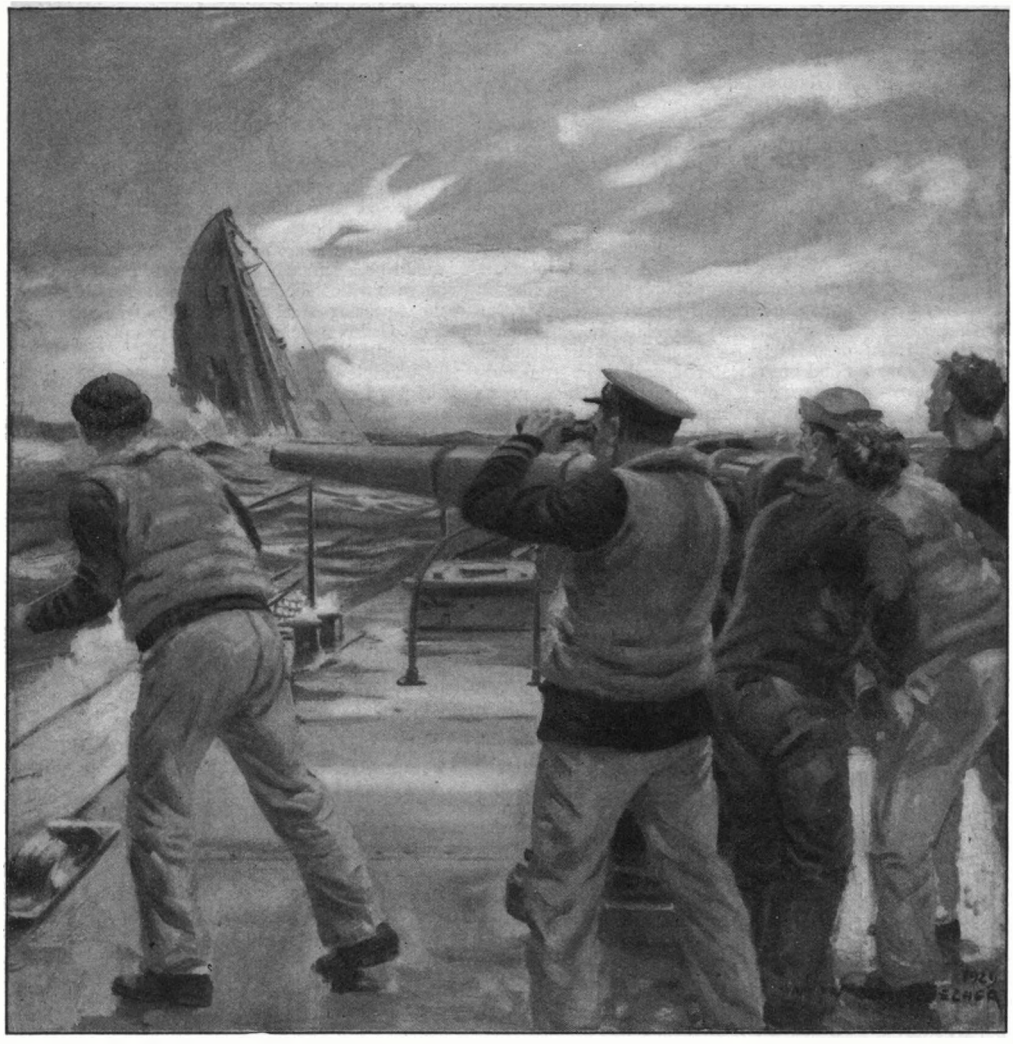
"With love, John Jones."

He flicked his tongue across the envelope-flap, scrawled an address, and running up the forehatch ladder, crammed the stirring message into the mail yeoman's bulging sack.

"Hell," he grumbled to himself as he watched the motor dory shove off on the mail trip, "even a yeoman's got sump'n to do but scrub decks and paint camaflawge and stand watches four on an' four off! Nothin' ever happens to a lousy deck-hand on one of these tin boats. Medal? Fat chance! I should ha' shipped in some other outfit!"

He spat venomously to leeward, and disappeared down the forehatch. . . .

The U. S. S. *Nickerson* cast off from her mooring buoy, and with



Courage is grace under pressure

Medals?

by Weston Hill

Four hours of wide-eyed staring into spray-whipped darkness—then four hours of corpselike slumber in a stuffy compartment on a seesawing canvas bunk—a shake back to life at the rough hand of the boatswain's mate, a jolt of Java at the foot of the gangway, and another nerve-racked four hours on the bridge, daring not a moment's inattention, lest the blunt prow of some wandering British merchantman or the deadly nose of a German torpedo send them all to Davy Jones. . . . . Then the murky dawn, and finally the sun.

five sister destroyers in single line astern slipped seaward in the evening dusk through the narrows of Queenstown Harbor.

John Jones climbed the steel ladder to the *Nickerson's* bridge, dark as a peacoat pocket but for the tiny light in the binnacle, and settled himself behind the dumb compass in the port wing for his lookout. The short, choppy waves, strong enough already to give the *Nickerson* a good swinging roll, slapped and cuffed at the sharp steel bow that sheared through them like a knife through butter. Along the rock-ribbed beach to starboard roared the surf of the Irish Sea, gruff and uncompromising as the cliffs against which it spent its strength. On deck, the fireroom blowers hummed their smooth song, and the voices of the gun's crew standing by in the chart-house rose and fell in desultory argument.

The column passed the last headland and nosed into the fast-falling darkness of the open sea. Not a light showed—for this was war.

John Jones surveyed the almost invisible horizon in deep disgust. Nine days out and three days in; an evening's liberty ashore, a fight with the Sinn Feiners, and out again to chivvy a bunch of rotten-bottomed cargo-boats or twenty-knot transports through the war zone, and no thanks for it, at that, to say nothing of a medal. War? A hell of a war!

Relieved by a sleepy sailor, John Jones went below to his lye-like coffee, "socks," watery oatmeal and bread. A guy didn't get medals for hanging over the windbreak all night with his eyes bulging out like grapes, looking for a sub. Marge ought to see how hard it was. Maybe if he explained—but no. Maybe his chance would come—never could tell in this man's war. . . .

"Four men to paint them hatches aft! Wagner, Jones, Smeed—an' you there, wit' y'r head in y'r locker. On deck—lively now—an' don't leave no holidays!"

There it was again: Paint, scrub, drill, stand watch. All that stuff! No medals for working like a— But fight? Hah! So this was the fighting Navy! John Jones stuffed his head resentfully into his watch-cap, went aft along the reeling deck like a squirrel on a wind-blown bough, and turned to with the paint detail on the engine-room hatches.

Ten thousand horse-power hummed and throbbed. The *Nickerson*, leaving a long white trail for the ships astern to whip anew into wake, drove on through the clean blue water. Eighteen knots; the convoy would be sighted any minute.

The radio crackled and buzzed. John Jones, warned by his sailorman's sixth sense, straightened his aching back. Sure enough, the Skipper, buttoning his new non-regulation leather coat over his pajamas, hurried out of the wardroom passageway and swung himself up to the bridge. A jingle of the engine-room telegraph—the rising whine of the blowers as they answered the demand for thirty-knot speed—a flash of bunting at the port yardarm—and the *Nickerson* swung careening out of the column and tore past the remaining destroyers toward the horizon.

John Jones carried on with his painting. Gee, what was up? Perhaps now he would have his chance! Look at the *Chassett!* Went out on a regular trip and got plugged with a torpedo. Not that John Jones was strong for paddling around in the ocean for a couple of nights, waiting to be picked up. But two of the *Chassett's* twenty-eight survivors had Medals of Honor.

With her stern tucked down into her wake like the hindquarters of a whippet, the *Nickerson* had settled down to the best speed that her twin screws could kick out. The great cowled blowers roared and sank like a battery of airplane motors, and great billows of turgid smoke hung out astern in a huge streamer that lost itself back over the ocean rim. The white water, in two perpetual breakers that raced momentarily on even terms with the ship, tore past to widen into a long, horizonward track of mottled green.

The chief boatswain's mate hurried aft to the paint detail.

"Knock off that paintin' and stand by f'r gen'ral quarters!"

A fight! John Jones spoke up eagerly.

"What is it, Chimmy? Who's gettin' gunned—some Limey?"

"Naw, it's one of them Lachenbach boats outa New York. Them ships is always in trouble. Last month the *Harry Lachenbach* was sunk off La Police, and now they're after the *J. L.* She's afire and the sub's got a five-two gun that outranges her a mile. She's got a Navy gun crew, and they're puttin' up a good fight, but they won't last long now. We'll be sightin' her soon if she stays up."

The general quarters gong clanged its call to battle-stations. John Jones fought his way up to the spray-swept forecastle, worked the sights of Number One Gun to free them from their hardened coat of vaseline, and reported through the voice-tube: "Numbe' One ready, sir!"

"Range, nine thousand yards!"

JOHN JONES set the sights with a practiced twist of the wrist. Were they crazy? Nine thousand yards was the maximum range of a four-inch gun! What the hell was the idea of scaring the U-boat away? Sneak up on the lousy son and let her have it before she knew what hit her! She'd sneak up on a merchant ship, wouldn't she? Well—

Hullo—a flash off to port! Gunfire! And downwind came the faint but unmistakable grunt of a short-caliber gun.

John Jones checked his sight-readings and looked ahead. Pointer and trainer, eyes at their telescope sights, jockeyed with their training gear.

"Fire!"

Number One Gun spoke sharply, squatted back on its haunches, and spat a non-ricochet shell at a thirty-degree elevation. The fight was on!

"Fi— My God, *look out!*"

Number One Gun's crew, deafened by the slap-in-the-face crack of their gun, did not hear the frantic warning from the bridge. Too late they saw the tremendous deep-water swell into which the *Nickerson*, breasting the preceding wave-top like an aquaplane, buried her length clean up to the waist-guns; too late they snatched desperately for stanchions, rails, lifelines. Solid green water dashed them stunningly to the deck, overwhelmed them in its strangling embrace, and swept them headlong across the narrow forecastle.

What ship of war, answering an S. O. S., can lose precious time for men overboard when a whole ship's company is at stake? Shaking herself free of the staggering weight of water, the *Nickerson* roared on while death, up on the sea-flooded forecastle, missed Number One Gun's crew by inches. Somehow, some way, catching a stanchion here, a line there, they hung on for their lives as the sea clawed at them with all its maniacal strength. Then, panting and white for all their tan, they picked themselves up and went doggedly back to their gun.

John Jones shook the salt water from his hair and had another look ahead. Hah! There she was! Sort of low in the water—must have hulled a couple of times! And—yep, there was the U-boat, now plainly visible, off there to port.

"Down five thousand! . . . Fire!"

Number One Gun cleared its metal throat and spat again. This time the U-boat grunted a reply, and a screaming German shell buried itself in the sea fifty feet to port and splashed water over the *Nickerson's* whaleback.

THE marksmanship of Number One Gun's crew was getting too close for the submarine's peace of mind. She steamed ahead, and as they cursed her for a yellow so-and-so, went into a crash dive and disappeared.

The quartermaster, flags in hand, climbed to the flying bridge for conversation with the battered merchantman, which now lay spent and exhausted after her long fight. John Jones, standing by his gun, looked her over and pitied her. Battered she was, indeed! Sixteen neat pock-marks dotted her side, and a direct hit on her very stem gave the effect of a half-section of pie with a bite out of it. The radio antenna lay a tangled mass on deck, and from the forehatch rose a thick column of yellow smoke.

A dungareed figure on the merchantman's gun-platform acknowledged the quartermaster's offer of help, and with his arms semaphored a long reply.

"Send—surgeon for five wounded—three U. S.—two crew. . . . Captain wants abandon. . . . Suggests you take charge."

"Number One Gun's crew fall in on the superstructure to man the whaleboat! On deck! Stand by to lower away!"

Number One Gun's crew clambered up to the whaleboat in its davits, grabbed the life-lines, and were lowered to the water. John Jones cast off the sea-painter and bent to the bow oar. Same old stuff. The fight was over—now back to work. No medals this time, and God knew how long before the next battle, if a guy could call it that. His hands were blistered already, in spite of their horny palms. A long pull over to the old bucket, too.

"In bow—up oars! Grab that line!"

Great deep-water surges bore the fragile whaleboat alternately up on their lofty crests and down into their cavernous troughs, until it seemed inevitable that she would be swamped. John Jones, fending off with a boat-hook handle, looked up at the towering steel side so lately under fire. Grimy, smoke-scorched faces peered strainedly down over the low rail.

"Tumble up here, one of ye!"

John Jones scrambled up a line, gained the shell-torn deck, and followed aft through a veritable carpet of shell-fragments to the deck house where a white-faced American sailor, grinning foolishly, stood gripping a stanchion while the surgeon, with probes and instruments, extracted shell-splinters from his back. Other wounded men, bloody and pale, lay here and there in silent agony. John Jones cleared a cabin for use as a sick bay, and carried to a bunk the American sailor, who had fainted. Finally, when no more remained to be done, he tumbled back into the whaleboat; and as the *Nickerson*, still under way in a vain search for a periscope, slid past, Number One Gun's crew made a perilous hook-on and were hauled dripping to the davits.

BACK on the bridge for the first dog-watch, John Jones saw the cripple escorted slowly across the sunset to the destroyers and transports awaiting them, and railed at Fate. Why, for instance, hadn't he been in that other gun's crew that had fought so glorious a fight? Like as not they'd all get citations or sump'n. But John Jones, seaman second class, was nothing but a deck-hand, pulling a whaleboat halfway across the Bay of Biscay or getting damn' near carried overboard!

Some one tapped him on the shoulder. "Six bells. Go on below an' get your chow!"

"Don't the time go quick on the dog-watches? I would ha' thought I no more'n got here! What's for chow?"

"Tea an' toast an' beans. Get outa here!"

Seated below at the wood-railed mess-table, John Jones filled his enamelware plate with beans, helped himself to as much toast as one oar-blistered hand could manage, and was in the very act of falling to when a far-away, tinny explosion—only a torpedo, detonating against a steel side, makes just that identical tinny sound—arrested his fork in full flight. Even before the engine-room telegraph signaled full-speed and the general quarters gong began its tocsin for the second time that day, John Jones and his mess-mate were on their way to the deck.

Number One Gun's crew reached their gun and waited. A huge transport, listing heavily, steam spurting in jets from her shattered boilers, lay hove-to and sinking. But where was the blankety-blank U-boat? Did they give medals for sighting periscopes? Hell, what of it? Where was—

A shout carried across the water; and an American destroyer, her gun-crews frantically depressing their guns to bear

upon the sea close aboard, turned almost in her tracks and set off wildly through the convoy. A three-hundred-pound depth charge rolled quietly from her fan-tail, and a huge boiling column of white, agonized water, stained with something dark, rose majestically in the air and fell back upon itself with a swishing roar.

The remaining destroyers, with gun-crews tense and set-faced, screened the convoy and waited. John Jones, little shivers playing up and down his spine, watched the black oil ooze ominously to the surface. Even if they were enemy, it was tough to die like that—down in the dark, the water coming in. . . .

"*God!* Look at that!"

Up from the depths like the Sword Excalibur, in the very midst of the convoy, emerged the dripping, shattered, lead-gray bow of a German submarine. Slowly, foot by foot, as though forced back by an omnipotent hand for a last glimpse of the world, the whole forehull came into view. For a long minute it hung there, pointing, like the finger of Fate, straight toward the evening sky. Then, as though the unseen hand withdrew it, the apparition slid silently from sight, and was gone.

John Jones drew a great breath that caught in his chest like a sob.

"'At transport's a goner! See her list? Fulla troops, too!"

Bad enough for a lot of krauts to go, without seeing all those doughboys go too. But what could be done? Lifeboats could not be launched—the list prevented that. And to transfer the men to other transports would only be courting another torpedo from some U-boat skulking in the background.

"Listen—what's that? By God, it's the band on her, playin'! Boy, that's guts fer yuh! Wit' that hole in her, she won't last no time now! Say, they're singin' on her! Singin'! Can yuh beat that fer nerve? Jees!"

John Jones felt the little thrills again. Think of it! Standing there with the deck sinking under them—singing!

"Over there. . . . Over there . . . . *Over* there, *Over* there, *Over* there!"

A lump rose in John Jones' throat. He gripped the gunsights tightly.

"Oh, boy, oh joy! *Where* do we go from here?"

Night was falling. In another half-hour it would be dark. In desperate defiance of torpedoes, a destroyer nosed alongside the stricken ship for a deckload of khaki-clad human cargo. John Jones figured quickly. Six destroyers—two thousand troops—no. Some of those youngsters could not be saved. . . .

Decorations? To hell with decorations! Here were men who, faced with the terrible uncertainty of life or death, could *sing!* There they stood in ranks on the slanting deck, awaiting the word that for some of them could not come—*singing!* No decorations for those guys! Too many of them—too many. . . . And yet—

The dying ship shuddered, lurched, and reared her head like a mammoth in death-agony. The last destroyer, with a deck-load of troops, dashed away just in time.

John Jones, sobbing at the sights of Number One Gun, took a crumpled letter from his pocket, tore it into bits and cast them into the Bay of Biscay.

MURDER IN ROOM 700

(Continued from page 75)

—and listened. He heard Phil telephone a change of plan. Possibly he heard the name of the restaurant—Phil may have telephoned the place for reservations. You can enlighten us there. . . . No?" he continued after a pause. "Then I'll outline the thing, as I see it. Dervish must have suspected that Phil was crazy about this—this unknown lady—and wanted a rendezvous. His attempt to have her come to the flat had showed that. And Dervish knew of the suite at the hotel. He thought it possible that Phil would take her there; he stationed himself by the door, watching, then asked the doorman to make sure he had noted the lady too. Just seeing a couple enter a hotel is evidence, now."

"But look here, the chap who did that had whiskers," Devlin objected.

"Dervish had whiskers on. There was a Santa Claus suit among his effects, neatly folded in moth balls—relic of an old party. I nearly passed it by. And then—then I thought of that thousand that Dervish had received. From whom? I thought of Florence Fane and her hush-money. I thought that Dervish might be trying to earn his by spying on Phil. I went back to that suit. The whiskers were there, neatly trimmed to everyday proportions. Dervish hadn't had time to prepare any other disguise—this thing had been sprung on him since late that afternoon. So he made the best of what he had. I saw the whiskers had been worn, recently, not in Santa Claus fashion, but with an actor's carefulness. He wasn't taking any chances of having Phil recognize him. Then, when he found Phil had entered the Eastgate with a woman, he either telephoned you at once— Suppose you enlighten us on that, Bartlett?"

Bartlett tightened his hard lips.

"That's negligible," said Ryder. "I am inclined to think he telephoned you again, asking you to ring him later at the apartment—"

"Rubbish," said Bartlett harshly, speaking for the first time. "I rang him up, of my own volition, at nine-fifteen. Renfew will verify that. Darrow and his companion did not enter the hotel until ten."

ASCHER held his pencil poised, regarding Ryder. Devlin drew on his cigarette, his eyes intent.

"Yeah," he said slowly, "Dervish could hardly have seen them go in—"

"How did Renfew know it was nine-fifteen?" said Ryder impatiently. "Dervish told him. It was undoubtedly after ten. But ten o'clock or nine o'clock were all the same to a man in Renfew's condition, in bed in the dark, sick and dopey with cold and fever. He did not look at his watch. . . After that, he says Dervish came in rather often of his own accord. Registering his presence in the apartment, of course. . . You and Dervish set that time to protect him, Bartlett. He was anxious not to be connected with any spying on his master. I remember you were very exact and careful about it in your account to me."

Bartlett merely made a noise in his throat. His small, intent eyes never left Ryder's face, as if he were waiting, waiting for those words of conclusion to come.

"And then you went out, taking that revolver with you, thoughtfully fitted with a silencer. . . You had the room number. Dervish knew it—he lied to me there. It was easy to gain access to the elevators at that hour without passing by the desk. You probably got off at a higher floor and walked down. The signs over the stairs are lighted. And then you came to the door of Room 700."

EVERY eye was on Bartlett. Every eye was beholding him two-fold, there, stertorously breathing in that chair, and beyond, three nights back, in that hotel corridor outside the door of that fatal room.

"You must have bent first to listen at that door," went on Ryder's voice. It seemed a disembodied voice now, putting picture after picture before them. They could see Bartlett, waiting and listening there.

"You had one hand in your pocket where that revolver lay—for safety's sake, let us say. You had some reason to know what rages Phil was capable of. Then you went in. Perhaps the door was unlocked—a boy had just delivered ginger ale; perhaps you knocked and Phil thought it another boy with ice-water. Anyway, you walked in on Darrow. He was in the room—the living-room of his suite—his working place. Suppose we say he was alone in the room, that his companion was in the bedroom. And in an instant, the advantage of your opportunity rushed over you. No witnesses! The woman, there at hand, to bear the brunt of the crime! No more chance now of his changing the will! How much better, instead of evidence to keep him from a divorce—how much surer and swifter—to *kill!* And you let him have it!"

"It's a lie," said Bartlett heavily. "A lie—a lie. I was never there—my housekeeper will swear I was not out of the house."

"She never heard you go out—her rooms are at the back. That is no evidence."

"You can't connect me with it. It's a lie. I was never there."

"Virginia," said Ryder, without looking at her.

She spoke instantly, in a low, level voice. "I saw you, Mr. Bartlett. I looked through the door. I identify you."

"That door was shut," said Bartlett furiously. Then his eyes glared. He made a furious, strangled noise in his throat.

"It was self-defense," he gasped. "He sprang at me. I could not hold him off—I fired only in self-defense."

Ascher was writing rapidly.

"And then?"

"Then I turned out the lights," said Bartlett mechanically.

Again he made that impotent motion to wipe the sweat away. "I shut the door behind me. I found the stairs and went down them. At a floor where there were people I mingled with them and came down in the elevator. I walked home."

"You can call the wagon, Devlin," said Ryder quietly.

Bartlett rose convulsively to his feet, and in the same breath the men rose too, alertly. He thrust his great bulk forward across the table and made a gesture with his chained hands at the woman.

"You—you identify me, do you?" he gasped. "You'll ruin me, will you? You—Darrow's paramour! I'll drag your name down with mine! I'll trail you in the filth—I'll make you a scorn and a by-word—"

"Wrong again, Bartlett!" Ryder cut peremptorily into the raucous threats. "Mrs. Channing was not the lady. She has a complete alibi. Her fingerprints are not those of the unknown lady who stood listening—and then fled. That lady, unfortunately, is not here to identify you, but we were so sure of our facts that Mrs. Channing gave us this aid. . . . You are trapped out of your own mouth, Bartlett, about Darrow—and trapped by your fingerprint on the cartridge of the bullet that killed Dervish!"

"Dervish," said the man, as if he had forgotten him. Then he spoke contemptuously. "He was a rat—and a blackmailer." He went on heavily: "I took Darrow's life in self-defense. I regret the necessity—but self-preservation is justifiable. And it was an unworthy life."

He turned his heavy head and looked at Ascher's racing pencil; he had stooped to write again.

"Sure," said Devlin ironically, "they are all unworthy lives that stand in your way. . . . I suppose this little Dervish was unworthy of living, too?"

"He was a rat—and a blackmailer," said Bartlett in the same voice. "I went to that apartment that Monday morning and gave him that thousand. I had promised him only five hundred for his information but I told him I did not want it known that I was seeking proof. I told him that I had not acted on his information—had never left my house—that I was shocked at the murder. I assumed with him that it was the woman. But of course he suspected."

RYDER thought of the little man, polishing his silver that afternoon, turning things over and over in his mind.

The heavy voice went on, as if speaking were automatic: "He was avaricious. He saw the way to make a lot of money. He thought he had a fortune in his grasp. But he felt he must strike quickly. Before the woman was found, whose confession might make his silence of no value. . . .

"I had no idea," Bartlett broke off to explain, almost righteously, "of having the woman suffer for what she did not do. But even if she were found, any jury, without proof, would let her off. You remember," he said punctiliously to Ryder, "that I told you she was probably innocent of the murder, and fled. I trusted she would never be found. Guilty as she was of sin, it would have been a strange judgment on her to have to suffer for a sin she did not commit—"

"Yeah, and you're the boy who would let her do it," said the sardonic Devlin. "Saying to yourself, for heart-balm, that she had it coming on other counts. . . . Yeah, you're a pillar of righteousness—with your hands red!"

Curiously Bartlett looked down at his

hands and continued staring at his manacled wrists.

"Then Dervish—" Ryder prompted.

"Dervish called me up Monday afternoon from outside the apartment, and asked for twenty-five thousand dollars for his silence," Bartlett said, still looking down. "I had not that much money available. I am not a rich man. I told him ten thousand. I told him that was all I could raise. We had to talk guardedly over the phone as if it were a business deal, but I could see the man was utterly determined. He reminded me that my life was at stake—that his knowledge would send me to trial if not the chair. Finally we compromised on fifteen thousand. He was insistent about having the money at once, and I told him I would get it the next day. He did not want to come to the house, and I told him to meet me at nine that next evening—Tuesday—near the mail-box on the corner of my street. I asked him not to move till I recognized him."

"Might be people about, at first," said Devlin conversationally.

"But I swear to you," said Bartlett earnestly, "that I did not at first intend—it was only that next morning when I was turning over possible ways of getting the money, that the idea came. . . . I even thought of taking the money from a possible donor, who came in at six that afternoon, and turning it over to Dervish.

"But that would have been defrauding my societies," Bartlett went on, with discriminating righteousness. "And I had no assurance that this Dervish would keep his word. He was a menace as long as he lived. I saw my whole career threatened—my life, my name. And then—since my other act had not proved disastrous—"

"Yeah, you got away with murder once and found out how easy it was," said Devlin sarcastically. "It works that way—until it quits working."

"I AM not a man to be intimidated," said Bartlett, pursuing his own analysis. "I considered this man a menace to me and to my work, and I saw no more reason to hesitate putting him out of the way than I would a venomous reptile. I meant to run no undue risks, but to depend upon circumstances. If the street were crowded, if Dervish and I were seen together, then I would simply talk with him and plead my inability to raise the money, asking for time. I prepared an envelope of blank paper to give him, however, in case—in case I should have opportunity for the plan I considered the most—necessary."

He stared ahead of him, nodding judicially at the word. "The street proved to be deserted. I walked toward the mail-box, with the envelope of blank paper in my left hand. He would think it the money. I went to the mail-box and clanged the lid, in case anyone should happen to be observing from a distance; then I turned about and walked past Dervish. I had seen him there, in the shadow of the building, waiting for me. I hardly paused. I turned a little and gave him the papers with my left hand. Then as he took them, I thrust the revolver against his side and fired. I stepped away from him before he fell. I did not look back."

"But the liquor—you took time to throw that liquor over him?" Ryder demanded.

"Oh, the liquor." Bartlett made to pass a hand over his forehead but at the tug of chains his hand fell back limply. He moistened his lips again. "Yes, yes, I had forgotten the liquor. . . . How did you know?"

"You were so anxious to have him thought a drunk. I suppose you thought that if people saw him staggering, after you left, the smell of liquor would make them put it down to drink—then think he had shot himself in a drunken souse. But that liquor was another of the threads reaching back to you, Bartlett. I smelled it on his coat. But not on his mouth. Nor on his shirt. Only blood on that, Bartlett! So some one wanted him thought a drunk. And why?"

RYDER'S voice sharpened. "I walked the floor, over *that*. I figured that you figured you might just be seen on the street passing close to him and you'd better speak of it first. You'd better speak of seeing a drunk out there. You did speak of it to your housekeeper, and to me. But you overreached yourself there. No one had seen you. . . . The breaks were for you, but you gave yourself away. You were too cunning—taking care of every contingency. Of course, if you *had* been seen it would have been wise. . . . But another thing. When you spoke to me of passing a drunk—spoke with your righteous indignation—do you suppose I believed that you would *pass* a drunk? Not you! You'd have called an officer, had him arrested and taken off to jail. You let your foot slip when you spoke of passing him!"

He glanced about the room.

"You hoped that death would be taken for suicide," Ryder went on, "for you threw the gun at his feet. But you were flurried—all the self-justification in the world could not make even those nerves of yours shock-proof. You did not stop to consider the implication of those papers in the right hand. And the shot entered from the right. A natural way—for a suicide. But the right hand held those papers—those papers that he thought were a fortune. . . . But not a print of yours on them. Nor on the gun. You thought you'd seen to everything. But you forgot the cartridge."

"We all forgot the cartridge," said Inspector Ascher thoughtfully. "All but you, Ryder. You were shrewd to think of it."

"And lucky to find a print. That print was all the *proof* I had. And that would not carry me far. Prints have been faked—as perhaps you don't know, Bartlett. And it didn't connect with Darrow. But I knew that if Bartlett had killed Dervish, it was to silence Dervish because he knew too much—he knew Bartlett had killed Darrow. And if Bartlett was the man to strike down Dervish in cold blood, then I could provoke him to strike me—before secret witnesses. It was a chance. But it was a fighting chance—and it worked."

Devlin had telephoned. Through the curtained windows now they heard the clang of a bell, and then the screech of suddenly applied brakes. Then the door bell pealed through the quiet house.

No one moved. From her room on the third floor, the housekeeper was heard, slowly descending the stairs. Bartlett raised his head, listening acutely. For the

first time he seemed to realize his situation, to visualize himself, standing there for the last time in his house where he had been so bulwarked with comfort and position—standing there waiting, while his housekeeper, all unknowing, was creaking down the stairs to admit the supreme retribution for his deeds.

His face set in granite lines. His eyes stared bleakly ahead. Stiffly he turned, fronting the closed door.

"We might as well meet 'em halfway," observed Devlin, the unconcerned. "Coming, Mr. Inspector?"

Ascher was folding his papers very neatly. "This is a remarkable piece of work, Mr. Ryder," he said earnestly.

RYDER turned quickly to him. "I gave you fellows no chance. I felt you wouldn't be with me—and I had to work it out in my own way. . . . But we were all in on this tonight. You gave me a vote of blind confidence when you agreed to my mad plan. We are here together. That's all anybody needs to know."

"Wel-l-l, we'll give you the edge on it, Mr. Attorney," said Devlin nonchalantly.

"You don't need to come down with us," Ascher said hastily. "We've got everything. We'll just lock him up and start things going in the morning. You take care of yourself. That blow may have done more than you know."

He turned to Mrs. Channing. "And I want to thank you, Mrs. Channing, for the assistance you have given. Not only in words—you were very quick, in blocking that revolver. You didn't see that, Ryder. He had us covered. There might have been another shot—and Devlin and I didn't have any steel jackets on! We are much indebted to you."

"Yes—and we'll see that this bird does not mention your name in this—not if the court knows itself," said Devlin. "You can count on us."

For a moment, with unusual openness, his slant gaze dwelt on her, on her clear, high-bred look, the loveliness and courage of those dark eyes that were now so shadowed with strain. There was admiration, there was liking, there was faint envy and a curious contrition in his look, remembering how his thoughts had brushed her. Then, with a sudden jocose twinkle, he flicked Ryder a knowing glance and turned to their prisoner.

"Well—let's go."

An excited colloquy had silenced in the hall. The feet of the oncoming policemen were heard now on the stairs.

Bartlett went. But at the door he stopped, straightened his shoulders defiantly, and said, in set, arrogant words, "I have done nothing—that was not justified!" Then he went out.

Chapter Thirteen

"THAT'S what he thinks, too," said Ryder grimly.

They were in the taxi, then, side by side in its solitude. A dim light shone down from the top. Ahead rose the bulk of the driver's back, beyond the glass barrier—outside, the flashes of street lights and the interposing shadows of passing taxis.

"Devlin was right," he went on. "Any life that got in his way was an unworthy life. He felt himself the act of God."

Relaxed, Virginia Channing leaned back against the upholstery. She took off her casque of a hat and ran her fingers smoothingly over her banding hair.

"I feel as if I'd lived a million years," she murmured.

He drew a long breath. "It's over! I can hardly realize it. . . . And you are safe."

"Safe," she said after him. It was a beautiful word. She had never known a word so good. "Safe!"

Then, "I feel as if I'd been afraid forever," she told him.

His hand made a motion toward her, then drew back.

"Forget it, now," he said a little curtly. "Never think of it again if you can help it. Forget it."

"You think I can?" Her lips smiled.

"I think you are strong. Too strong to brood."

"How do you feel?" she asked suddenly.

"Right enough."

"You took a dreadful chance. Suppose he had aimed for your head?"

"I had to take that chance. But I knew he'd figure that a shot through the head couldn't be explained away as well as one through the heart. He would have explained that I'd been pointing the gun at myself—picturing Darrow or Dervish. Oh, I counted on his firing for the heart. And I rose a little, to give him the better aim."

"Where in the world did you get that jacket?"

He grinned triumphantly. "From an address supplied by the museum. It's a valuable relic."

"Is your heart really all right now? Does it hurt?"

"Like the devil, if you want to know." The corners of his mouth quirked ironically. "But not from that bullet."

WHEN he heard himself say that, he was astounded. "What are you saying, you fool?" he asked himself roughly. This was Phil's love—the woman who loved Phil, only so few days ago.

"I'm not going to worry you," he said hurriedly. "Not now. But it's no good pretending it hasn't happened. I'm in love with you. . . . No good telling me I don't know you," he said almost angrily, though she had made no move to speak. "I know you more from these days than years of normal living could tell me. . . . You know I'd have died to keep you safe."

To himself he added, "And I damned near did."

Aloud he insisted, "And it's no good saying I don't want you. I do. I want to take care of you more than anything in the world. . . . Perhaps—some day—you'll let me."

Now he had done it, he thought—made a mess of everything.

He wasn't looking at her. He was staring straight ahead. He felt her eyes lifting to him.

"Stephen, you—you're *sure?*"

"Sure? Oh, good God!" He made a violent gesture.

"You love me? In spite of—everything?"

"There are no *in spites,*" he said steadily, still looking fixedly in front of him. "You are you. I love you for what you are. What you did with your life before you knew me—that's your affair. You—loved Phil." He brought it out with difficulty. "Well, I hadn't a chance to win you then. You didn't know me. I didn't know you. But I know you now. And some day—"

"But I *didn't* love Phil!" She flung it out on a sobbing breath that brought his eyes sharply to her. "Oh, Stephen, I can tell you now! I never meant to tell a human soul. But you—you have to know—"

"I don't want to know anything you'll be sorry for having told me," he said stonily.

"I won't be sorry. You must listen. Then never, never let her know . . . . It was my child, Stephen. Little Nina—Phil loved *her*. Oh, back in the beginning, when I was first a widow, he was fond of me; but I turned that aside and he remained a friend. Never anything more. At times—some years—we didn't see so much of each other. But we were always friendly. Then—then Nina grew up. And last June, when she came home from school—so changed, and so beautiful—he fell suddenly, terribly, in love with her. And she with him."

VIRGINIA'S voice broke. "She was just a *child*—thinking herself so sophisticated! Just a child—mad with infatuation. You know what Phil could be. He enchanted her. I was helpless. He was frantic for a divorce. He couldn't keep away from her. I did everything to hide it—I went everywhere I could with them. Finally I begged her to go away for a year—abroad—and then, if she still wanted to, and he had his divorce—

"*Now* you see why he was so wild for it. Well, they consented, and Phil planned to get his freedom while she was gone. . . . Then, when Bartlett opposed him and finally threatened him so definitely, Phil must have gone utterly mad. Nina was going to a dance that night, her last night before she sailed. On Long Island. She said she wanted excitement—to help her keep going. Planned to stay all night and come home in the morning. Phil wasn't asked. These were youngsters—of her own age. But he had begged to take her to dinner first and drive her out. He swore he'd not make her unhappy. Only a good-by! *'Safe as a saint, Jinny dear,'* he promised when they went away together. *Safe as a saint!"*

She was sobbing wildly. "The child didn't mean any wrong. She wanted only to see him alone. They meant first—their secret plan they didn't tell me—to go to his own place and have dinner together. I think he meant to take her to the party. She had her evening dress with her in her little bag—she was going to dress there. But when he found Renfew was staying in—he must have felt desperate with frustration. And then he asked her to his workshop at the hotel. I suppose she didn't think that it made much difference. His studio, he called it. Perhaps he didn't mean any harm to her, even then. Only a good-by. He was so crazily in love. And she was going away."

The mother sat up straighter, pushing the hair from her wet eyes. Her voice steadied. "She didn't realize what she was doing," she insisted again. "She is scarcely seventeen, and she was full of modern notions of freedom and courage—all the old romance in fresher words.

Defiant of convention. . . . So she went. And—and it all happened, just as I told you. About the going into the next room, and hearing the noise, and coming out to find Phil there—dead."

"Those were *her* prints on that bedroom door," she added dully.

Ryder caught his breath. "And you—"

"I was out at the theater with a friend."

"You were actually at the theater? You had a genuine alibi?"

"Only for the first part of the evening."

"But for God's sake, why didn't you give it to me—at the beginning—when I found the key? You could have saved yourself all suspicion—gained time for arranging the sick-friend alibi—if that had ever been needed—"

She said slowly, "I thought of it—*how* I thought of it! I was at 'Journey's End' with an old friend from out of town, Cecil Garnett. He took the eleven-fifty to the West, afterward. He doesn't know a thing about this yet. But if he ever gave me the alibi, he'd stick to it and save me in spite of myself. And I couldn't use the truth. I wanted to throw off suspicion—but—but I didn't want it proved that I could *not* have been at the hotel—in case Nina was suspected. I had to keep myself ready to save her."

"Oh, my dear!" Ryder's voice was very gentle.

Mentally he was saying that he would give that alibi to Devlin and Ascher the first thing the next morning. Tell them casually she hadn't wanted to mention that friend to him at first. They would think it a matter of jealousy—that she had tried to hide behind the Garlands. Complicated—yes, but life was complicated. And he didn't want the breath of suspicion resting on her.

"When I got home from the theater," Virginia rushed breathlessly on, "I found that some one had been calling up, leaving no name. Then the phone rang again and I answered. It was Nina, calling from a drug-store downtown. She asked me to meet her. I went—I found her frantic with terror. Think of her, the child, in that horror! Terrified and trapped—she had fled from that hotel, leaving her bag behind. When she thought of it, she went into a drug-store and began to call the house. She was beside herself with grief for Phil and fear for herself. I told her I would get her things. I sent her home. I made her feel safe. I spoke as if it were nothing. You know, the competent way mothers speak—"

PITIFULLY, she laughed under her breath. "I went to the hotel. There were people coming in late in the lobby and I went up with them. No one seemed to notice me. I could have gone in the side entrance that she had told me about—she had got out the stairs and the side way—but when I saw the people in the lobby I thought that was best. I got off with the crowd at the sixth floor, then turned down the hall, found the stairs and went to the seventh. I had the key; she had given it to me. I shall never forget standing outside that door. . . . Nor when I got inside it."

Ryder said something inaudible. His mind was a chaotic series of pictures. Nina, the girl he had seen in her mother's drawing-room, that exquisite little creature in her young dawn of beauty. He remembered her strangely troubling dark eyes, her childish curls, the heart-shaped little face sharpening to its defiant chin. . . .

He remembered the quiet figure beside her mother in the taxi, on the way to the steamer, holding her mother's hand in silence. What thoughts had possessed them both! The girl must have been strung up to the breaking-point. But she had carried herself steadily.

He saw again that picture on Phil's dresser, that exotic beauty of Nina in its Spanish masquerade of tantalizing maturity and seductiveness. Phil had framed that picture with care. Discarded every other one for it but that snapshot which showed the child of earlier years in his arms.

And he had never guessed! Even knowing Phil, he had never guessed.

AND then he saw Virginia Channing, standing in that hotel corridor fitting that huge key with its numbered disk into that door of Room 700. Saw her steeling herself for what she must face—stepping in, closing the door behind her.

She was saying, "You know the rest. I wound the things about me—I was afraid to carry out the bag, for fear I'd look suspicious. You see I didn't know what Phil had told the clerk about—his companion. I scratched the initials off the bag—I. A. C. She is Virginia too, though she has always been called Nina. And then, because I had telephoned back from that drug-store, after I had talked with Nina, that I was going to be away all night with a sick friend—I hadn't said I'd be away all night when I went out—I felt I had to stick to it, that I would be less conspicuous coming in at breakfast-time than alone at some unearthly hour. I couldn't think very sensibly. I just clung to my plan. My mind was numb."

"And Nina went home?"

"Went home, and said she'd had a headache and came back. Ellen didn't notice that she didn't have her case. Ellen told her I'd been called out, and that was all. . . . Ellen said she heard her moving about very late. I daren't think what the child was going through. But she got herself together. And finally, mercifully, she slept. She looked like a sleeping child when I saw her in the morning. And she *is* a child and she *will* forget," Virginia insisted passionately. "She has no idea of all she has escaped. She will remember it only as a bad dream."

She added: "I'll wireless her tonight that the murderer has been found. I'll say something reassuring about the woman's remaining unknown—I'll say it carefully. She may be concerned about the wireless the Garlands received about the theater-party with me. But Nina has strong stuff in her—I'm not afraid for her courage and self-control. She'll fight through."

"She came by it honestly," said Ryder quietly.

"Now don't you see," she went on eagerly, "why I was so vague about the restaurant? And all the plans? I've had so few details from her! I couldn't say anything *definite* to you for fear it would be wrong and hinder you. I had to keep all the avenues open. When you overheard Ellen and learned I'd returned—that was when I came back from the theater—I had to say I'd come back from the restaurant. I know how idiotic it all sounded. But what could I do? It was a wonder you trusted me at all. You must have known I was holding something back."

"I thought, perhaps, you were trying to shield some man," he admitted. "Some man that might have been jealous of you. But I believed what you said about yourself and your own innocence."

"That was a miracle! I was so bound round in lies! I did get startled over that man, when you first spoke of it—I had to wonder if there was anybody mad enough about Nina and suspicious enough to be murderous—several boys are crazy about her. But I realized that couldn't be so. Those boys were all at the boat."

She sighed. "She'll turn to some boy, later. This flare-up for Phil was just an adolescent romance—partly his charm, partly the flattery of his age and position. She half realized it herself, at times."

She reverted, as if childishly anxious to exculpate herself in his eyes: "Now you understand why I was so vague, don't you? Oh, I didn't know which way to turn! At the beginning, when you first came to see me, I hadn't meant to admit anything about Phil—about his intimacy with us. So of course I denied that I was the one he wanted to marry. Then, when you told me about the will, I was frantic. I knew he'd done it for Nina—he wanted her to have the money but to have her name kept out of it. Then I was so afraid that you would suspect—that I had to pretend that I was the one he loved."

She added, shivering in remembered fear, "I was so afraid when you saw her that you'd suspect. She was so lovely."

"But such a child," he said wonderingly. "Just beginning beauty—nothing more."

"It was enough for Phil—more than enough. He was a child at heart, too. . . . Poor Phil. . . . But she'll get over it," reiterated Virginia. "She is so young. And the child has character—see how she pulled herself together, that day, and went away without a betraying word. Oh, she has courage—"

"Her mother's courage."

HE was looking down at her, his eyes shining. He was young with love, love that had come strangely and almost bitterly, sharp with apprehensions and weighted with heavy circumstances. Now he knew release from all his fears, from all the hedging inhibitions that he had thought were truths.

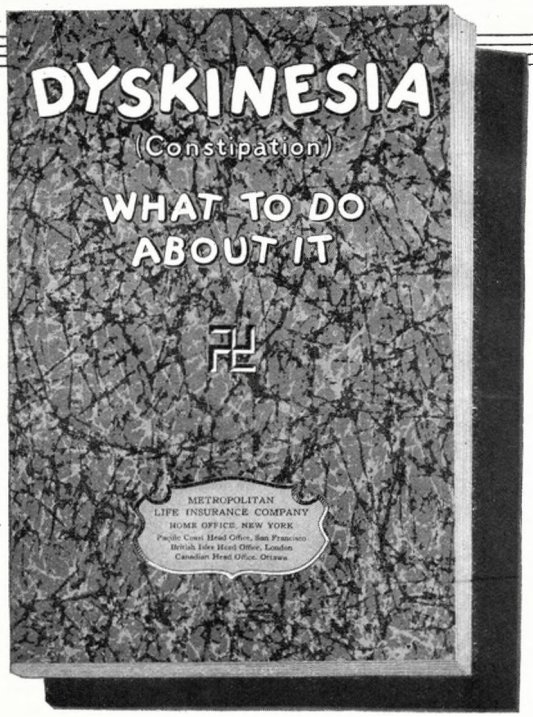
She had never loved Phil. She had never known that blaze of passion and despair. The flame in her had been her love for her child. Her heart, her woman's heart, had not been through those fires. It was beating there beside him. . . .

They were all alone. The square back of the driver, out in front of the barrier glass, did not matter. He had driven hundreds of other lovers before. He did not look back. The taxis rolling past did not matter. The shadowy forms of trees in the park, dark against a city-lighted sky, did not matter.

Nothing mattered but the woman beside him, the fire and sweetness of her, the warmth of her dark eyes, the murmur of her low, moving voice. He put his arm about her and she leaned close to him. His arms, his love, were harbor after the storm.

THE END

DYSKINESIA



IF MISERY loves company, the person who has Dyskinesia [dis-kin-ees-ia] may be interested in learning from his family doctor that at least one in every three of his adult patients suffers from the same ailment. But he can take a good deal more comfort in knowing that Dyskinesia not only can be prevented but it can be cured — without resort to drugs.

Continued dependence on laxatives and cathartics, taken to relieve Dyskinesia, may be dangerous. They may bring temporary relief while causing great damage as time goes on.

Doctors attribute many serious troubles to Dyskinesia — colds, sick headaches, indigestion, dyspepsia, chronic inflammation of the intestines, in addition to "below-par-ness" in general. They also suspect it is responsible for certain disturbances of the gall-bladder, or of the kidneys, and for other disease conditions frequently associated with old age.

Just as improper diet, incorrect health habits, lack of needed exercise, rest and fresh air will cause Dyskinesia, proper diet, correct health habits and exercise will cure it, even when chronic.

Take no medicine for it unless advised by your doctor. Send coupon for the booklet, "Dyskinesia", which describes diet, living habits and exercise necessary to overcome constipation. Mailed free upon request.

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Please mail without cost to me a copy of the booklet, "Dyskinesia", which tells how to avoid and how to overcome intestinal sluggishness.

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CRAFTSMANSHIP

in volume production

ONE of the outstanding features of the new Ford is the precise care with which each part is made and assembled. Many measurements are accurate to within one one-thousandth of an inch. Some to three ten-thousandths of an inch.

This craftsmanship in volume production is particularly apparent in the pistons, valves and crankshaft—the most important moving parts of an automobile engine.

To insure perfect fit in the cylinders, the aluminum pistons of the new Ford are held true to within one one-thousandth of an inch of the specified diameter of 3⅞ inches. In weight they are not permitted to vary more than two grams (1/14 of an ounce). The wrist-pin holes are diamond bored within a variation of three ten-thousandths of an inch.

The Ford valves are made of chrome silicon alloy, selected because of its durability and resistance to the oxidizing effect of hot gases. The valve stems are held exact in diameter to one one-thousandth of an inch along their entire length. There is never a variation of more than two one-thousandths of an inch from the seat to the mushroom end.

Each half of the hole in the guide through which the valve stem passes is made to limits of five ten-thousandths of an inch. This insures accurate centering of the valve and minimizes gas leakage and loss of compression. It also reduces carbon deposits which cause sticking.

The Ford crankshaft is made of carbon manganese steel and is machined to measurements as fine as five ten-thousandths of an inch. Ford crankshafts receive more than 150 gage tests for accuracy.

Great care is taken to insure the proper static and dynamic balance of the crankshafts. The machines for the dynamic balance tests are set on rubber foundations and are so delicately adjusted that the very air which surrounds them is first cleansed and then held at 68° by thermostatic control.

This accuracy in manufacturing, combined with simplicity of design and high quality of materials, has a definite bearing on the good performance of the new Ford. It has been made for many months and years of satisfactory motoring.

Ford

NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

A beautiful family car, distinguished by the beauty of its appointments and upholstery. You may choose either Bedford cord or luxurious mohair. A choice of body colors is offered also. Other features of the new Ford Town Sedan are its fully enclosed four-wheel brakes, Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, more than twenty ball and roller bearings, and the Rustless Steel used for the head lamps, radiator shell, cowl finish strip, hub caps, and other bright exterior metal parts. The first cost is low and the economy of operation and up-keep will save you many dollars each year.

Shivering is out of fashion !
Woolens have taken the shops by storm

And salespeople tell me, *"For washing, use* Ivory ·· *it's safer for wool !"*

How sensible we women are becoming—let the men jest at our fashions as much as they wish. *We* wear short sleeves and filmy things when it's hot—and now we're going in for cosy winter woolens. Even some of the debutantes I know are wearing real underwear—to be sure it's rabbit's wool, thin as silk and more expensive. But it's *wool!*

Then there are swanky flannel pajamas, angora sweaters like pussy willows, jaunty housedresses of wool crepe (very practical, because they can be washed and kept as fastidiously clean as gingham). Woolens of all kinds — and what lovely ones I saw when I visited the Botany Worsted Mills the other day.

When I talked to salespeople in the leading stores all over the country, as I'm constantly doing, I found that they are being very careful about the advice they give this season: "When you wash woolens," they are saying (as you'll find when you shop yourself), "use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. *Woolens especially need a pure soap.*"

Well, most of us know that! But we can't be *too* careful with wool. Hot water is dangerous — it shrinks and mats woolens . . . A soap even a little less pure than Ivory harshens and shrinks wool.

That's why you'll get advice like this which I heard in one of Philadelphia's leading stores: "Be sure to use tepid water and Ivory Soap for woolens. It will cleanse them well and keep them soft. Other soaps are likely to be too harsh."

Or: "Absolutely nothing but pure Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes should be used on baby woolens — not only to prevent shrinking, but also chafing of the baby's skin." (From a smart Detroit shop.)

Salespeople feel *safer* when they advise Ivory. They know that garments which can stand water alone are safe in lukewarm Ivory suds. And *you* can feel confident when you use Ivory — you know that a soap pure enough for a baby's skin is safe for woolens, silks, rayons—all your nicest things.

HOPE ANDREWS

– kind to everything it touches –

99 44/100% pure

New..Ivory Snow

QUICK — Ivory Snow is real Ivory Soap blown into snowy pearls. It dissolves *instantly* and *completely* at the touch of lukewarm water. Very *kind* to silks and woolens because it is 99 44/100% pure.