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October 1921

THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE



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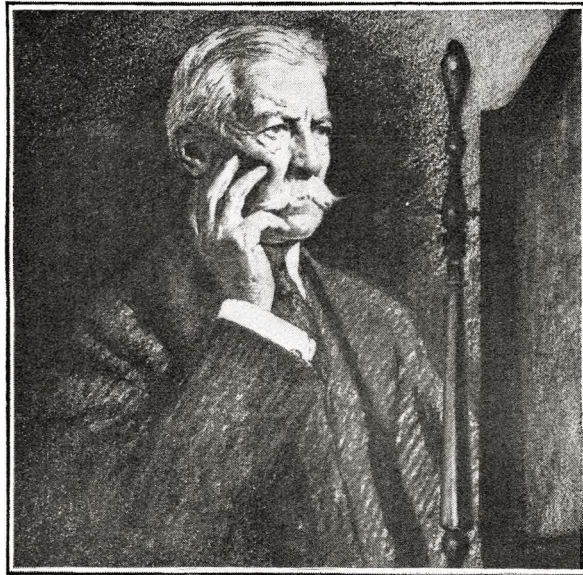


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And suddenly you are old

Do you imagine that old age does not come suddenly?

It comes like a thief in the night

THIS is not an advertisement in the strict sense. It is only a story—a very human story.

You can add your own moral to it; you, who say to yourself, "I am doing well enough: I have plenty of time."

It has to do with a man who woke up suddenly—with a start—to discover that he was old.

He applied for enrolment in the Alexander Hamilton Institute a year ago, and when he submitted the brief biographical data that helps the Institute to fit its service more closely to each man's particular needs, it revealed these astonishing facts:

He was sixty-nine years old.

He had drilled along in the organization of the same company for more than fifty years.

At sixty-nine he was resigning to enter business with his son; and he wrote these words in which lies a whole world of significance.

"This is my effort to provide the munitions for the fight wherein old age may, to some extent, redeem the neglect of youth."



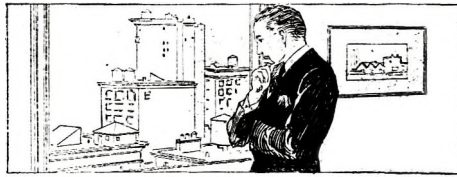
"Redeem the neglect of Youth"

One needs no more than that single sentence to construct his story. You can see him at twenty-five, young, vigorous, full of hope, finding a small place in a big organization and rejoicing in the chance.

He is thirty and married; little, regular promotions have carried him forward into a departmental place that provides a living and a tiny surplus.

He is thirty-five; and forty; and forty-five. They look on him as a "steady man," a useful cog in the big machine. He looks on himself still as a future executive. Forty-five is still young, he says to himself; many men have only then begun their really important progress.

So the months pass and the years, each bringing its little reward in salary, with the big chance always just over the hill. And suddenly, like a man waking up from a dream, he discovers that he is old.



Where have the years gone to?

Who has cheated him of his youth? How have these other men who started by his side outstripped him and climbed to the top? What did they have to sell that he lacked?

Almost too late he understands; men rise only in proportion to what they know. He has been content to know only one little segment of the business circle. They have "boxed the compass;" they have learned something of every department—sales, advertising, accounting, costs, factory and office management, merchandising, corporation finance.

No one of them knows as much about his little job as he does. But they know enough about his department to direct him, and enough about every department to direct hundreds of men like him.



Thousands of men who faced the facts in time

The Alexander Hamilton Institute long ago passed the point where added enrolments were of prime importance to it. Every single year men turn to it in increased numbers, more men enrolled last year than enrolled in the first five years of its history; not a day goes by in which men are not turned away because they are not equipped to profit by the training, and to take their place beside the thousands of men whose success has given the Institute its reputation and pre-eminence.

The prime interest of the Institute is this—*somehow to jar out of their false security the thousands of men who are drifting into mediocrity*—carried along toward old age as relentlessly as if their boats were caught in the sweep of the Niagara rapids.

If the thousands of men who have reached success with the Institute's help could speak one sentence to the business men of America, that sentence would be this:

"What will your children think of you?"



Don't live to regret—as this man does—the "neglect of youth." Don't drift, lulled into false security by little salary increases.

Before you know it you will wake up to discover that your son has become a man and your daughter a woman, that they are looking at you out of critical, appraising eyes.

Before you know it, the men in whose hands your future lies will cease to think of you as a factor, and regard you merely as part of the factory.

In justice to yourself, and your family, get the facts of business training at least.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

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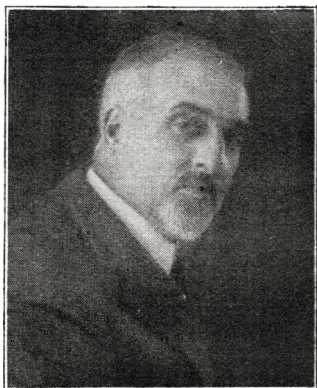
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Vol. XXXVII, No. 6

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

OCTOBER
1921



Photograph by Goldensky

GEORGE GIBBS

The distinguished author-artist has written and illustrated for this magazine a singularly real and vivid novel of present-day society in America.

It will begin in the next — the November — issue. Its frankness and essential truth promise to make it one of the most discussed novels of the year.

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin Art Section, Beautiful Women

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4. Exact age, and year you will enter school.
5. Religion and previous education.

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Educational Director

The Red Book Magazine

33 West 42nd St. New York City

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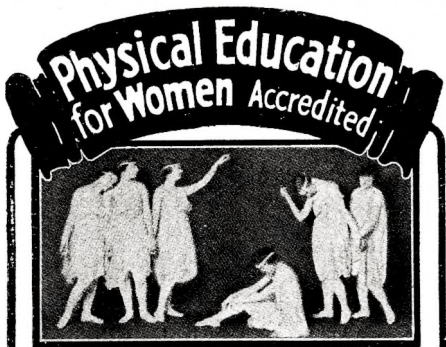
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

33 West 42d Street,
New York City

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S EDUCATIONAL GUIDE

SCHOOLS OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

BUSINESS COLLEGES



TWO-YEAR Normal Course for Directors of Physical Education, Playground Supervisors, Dancing Teachers and Swimming Instructors. Thorough preparation in all branches under strong faculty of experienced men and women. Our graduates are filling the most responsible positions in the country. *High School* graduates from accredited schools admitted without examination. Fine Dormitories for non-resident students.

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Kill the fear of stammering. Re-education the key. The widely famed Hatfield method fully outlined in an accurate, dependable, worthwhile book—"HOW TO STOP STAMMERING." It has inspired thousands. Free copy today. THE HATFIELD INSTITUTE, 109 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my large FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, Its Origin and The Advanced Natural Method of Cure," bound in cloth and stamped in pure gold. Ask for special tuition rate and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest, best equipped and most successful school in the world for the cure of stammering, stuttering, etc. No sing-song or time beat. Write today. The North-Western School, 2340 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Personality Building; Science of Reading Folk; Short Story-Writing; Art of Conversation; Character Revealed in Handwriting. 12 lessons, \$12.00. Character Analysis from Photograph, \$2.00; from Handwriting, \$1.00. HARRIETTE GUNN ROBERSON, Pres., Suite 752, Hotel Lafayette, Washington, D. C.

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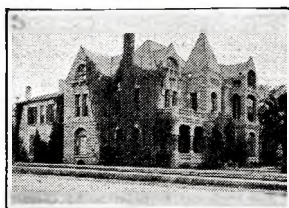
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BRILLIANT FACULTY EXCELLENT EQUIPMENT

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Educational Guide

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No preparation needed to become a "learner" in this school. You can start to learn on any day of any week throughout the whole year.

Visitors heartily welcome. Send for catalogue.

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Good-paying positions in the best studios in the country await men and women who prepare themselves now. For 26 years we have successfully taught

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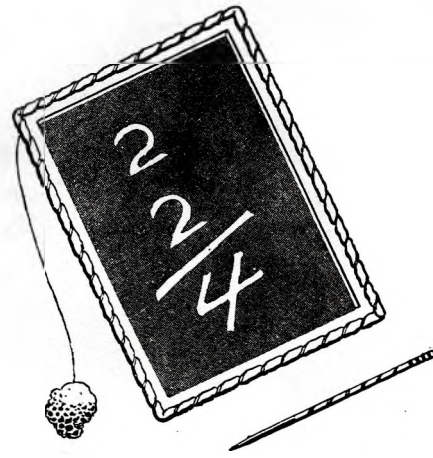
YOU can now quickly qualify for a good paying job in the Auto and Tractor field. At our great school you learn in a few weeks how to operate, adjust and repair all makes of AUTOS, TRACTORS, TRUCKS and GAS ENGINES.

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Thousands of other men are making good on the help The Milwaukee Motor School gave them. DON'T LET YOUR OPPORTUNITY SLIP! Special Low Tuition NOW!

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MILWAUKEE MOTOR SCHOOL
Dept. 4110 . 555 Downer Av. Milwaukee, Wis.



Have You Ever Heard of the Slate Age?

OF course you know of the Stone Age! It was tens of thousands of years ago when iron and steel were unknown and men used knives and other tools made of stone. The Slate Age, however, was only as long ago as your grandmother's time. Perhaps you yourself may remember when all children used slates, and you may remember those "de-luxe" ones with the red felt edge, dangling sponge and a scratchy slate pencil wound with a paper American flag.

Many are using today the educational methods of the Slate Age, unconscious of the vast educational changes and improvements that have been made since then. Of course, the cave man who lived in the stone age and cut his meat with a stone knife was perfectly satisfied that his knife was as good as anyone's, but that was because he did not know steel knives. Many people are still in the Slate Age educationally and are perfectly satisfied with its Slate Age methods which are the only ones with which they are familiar.

"WELL, I never knew that before!" is the frequent exclamation of those hearing for the first time that children can be successfully taught at home by correspondence. "How in the world can it be done!"

As one parent writes:

"It was not my boy's ignorance, it was my own! I simply didn't know anything better. I was simply overwhelmed when I found out what a child of the present should do and could do when taught by Calvert School by correspondence. At first I said it was impossible, only a prodigy could do such work as Calvert School showed was being done by its pupils. When I finally tried I realized what a waste my boy's schooling had been for the three years previous.

"Calvert teaching has spoiled me for any other. On account of convenience, I sent Harry to the local school this year, but the school suffered so by contrast with Calvert that I could not let him go on longer. I felt every day he

was losing golden opportunities, for I realized that, as you say, many things must be learned, if learned at all, at just a certain age or be forever lost."

A father writes:

"Most parents want their children to have the best education and are even willing to make sacrifices to give it to them. The only reason they do not, is that they do not realize how far superior what they get from Calvert School is to what they are now getting. If you could only show them what Calvert children learn and do and let them compare with what their own are getting, it would be a revelation, but they only compare their own children's work with that of their own playmates and companions and they think their work is pretty good. Their children are being trained for the commonplace—they are not having a fair chance—they may be capable of great things, but they are not being given the opportunity."

NO matter whether you are 3 miles from a good school, or 3000 from a really good one, you may have practically the same educational advantage as if you lived next door. This is the age of long-distance telegraphy, long-distance telephone and long-distance teaching. Live where you are living or have to live and let Calvert School with all its unusual advantages come to you!

Don't you think you might at least investigate this plan? Don't you think you owe it to your children at least to find out about what Calvert School can do and is doing for thousands of children all over the world? All you have to do is write or fill out the coupon to get full information without any obligation whatever.

CALVERT SCHOOL

9 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

Please send me full information about your Home Instruction Courses.

Name

Address



The Only Sure Way to Avoid Embarrassment



Do you know the correct thing to say in this embarrassing situation?

WE have all had our embarrassing moments. We all suffered moments of keen humiliation, when we wished that we had not done or said a certain thing. We have all longed, at some time or other, to know just what the right thing was to do, or say, or write.

Every day, in our business and social life, puzzling little questions of good conduct arise. We know that people judge us by our actions, and we want to do and say only what is absolutely in good form. But, oh, the embarrassing blunders that are made every day by people who do not know!

The Only Way

There is only one sure way to be calm and well-poised at all times—to be respected, honored and admired wherever you happen to be. And that is by knowing definitely, positively, the correct thing to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurant or at the most humble home, whether you are at the most elaborate ball or the most simple barn-dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordinary people, you will be immune to all embarrassment, you will be safe from all blundering mistakes—if you know the simple rules of etiquette.



Do you know the correct thing to wear to every social occasion?



Do you know how to word invitations, acceptances, etc.?



Do you know how to create conversation when left alone with a noted person?



Do you know what to say when you arrive late at an entertainment?

What Would YOU DO—

—if several plates and chafin-dish were set before you in a restaurant and you did not know how to use them?

—if you arrived late at an entertainment?

—if you overturned a cup of coffee on your hostess' table-linen?

—if you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left with him, or her, alone?

—if you were not asked to dance at a ball?

—if you made an embarrassing blunder at a formal affair?

These are only a few of the hundreds of situations in which you should know exactly the correct thing to do or say.

excuse yourself if you drop a fork, how to accept and refuse a dance, how to write and answer invitations, how to make and acknowledge introductions. It tells you what to wear to the dinner, the dance, the party, what to take on week-end trips and on extended Summer trips.

You cannot do without the Book of Etiquette. You need it to refer to whenever some important event is pending. You need it to refer to whenever you are in doubt, whenever you are puzzled, anxious. It corrects the blunders you have perhaps unknowingly been making; helps you to avoid all embarrassment; shows you the way to be always, at all times, cultured, impressive and charming.



Do you know the embarrassing blunders to be avoided at the wedding?

Send No Money Five-Day FREE Examination

The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you FREE for 5 days. Glance through the books. Read a page here and there. See for yourself some of the blunders you have been making.

You will immediately realize that the Book of Etiquette is a wonderful help to you.

Just mail the coupon below, filled in with your name and address. Don't send any money—just the coupon. The two-volume Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once—FREE to read, examine and study. After 5 days, you have the privilege of returning the books without obligation, or keeping them and sending \$3.50 in full payment.



Do you know the correct way to introduce people?



Do you know how to avoid embarrassment at exclusive restaurants?

Do It NOW!

Send off the coupon today—now—before you forget. You've often wondered what you would do or say in a certain embarrassing situation. You've often wished you had some authoritative information regarding right conduct.

Don't overlook this opportunity to examine for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette. Don't wait until some very embarrassing incident makes you regret that you never knew the right thing to do or say. Here's your opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette in your own home without cost. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 510, Oyster Bay, N. Y.



Do you know the correct etiquette of the theatre and opera?

NELSON, DOUBLEDAY, INC.
Dept. 510, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Send me, without money in advance, the complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days after receipt, I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. This places me under no obligation.

Name..... (Please write plainly.)

Address.....
The beautiful leather binding is far more attractive and costs but little more. For a set with leather binding change above price from \$3.50 to \$5.50 and send \$5.50 within 5 days or return the books.

My Son Stammered

This story told by a father should interest all parents who wish to give their children a better grip on success.

BACK in the days when Jack was a little tow-headed boy of six his inability to speak distinctly never bothered us. We looked upon his stammering speech as just a baby characteristic—one which he would eventually out-grow and certainly not one to cause worry.

Then Jack was started in school and we eagerly watched his development. In the primary grades he made average progress. Kindergarten, the first, second and third grades were passed with apparent ease—each promotion being an occasion of considerable family pride. Our boy was going ahead the way we had dreamed he would. As I look back now I wonder how we could have been so blind—so unconscious of impending danger and the great handicap that was to cause so many years of unnecessary worry.

But back to my story. One day in June at the end of Jack's fourth year in school, his mother informed me he was to take part in an entertainment and insisted that I attend. I shall never forget that afternoon. Jack had a very small part in the little play, but to us he was the star performer and naturally we waited with great interest the few lines he had to speak. Finally his turn came and Jack appeared on the miniature stage. Mary fondly laid her hand upon my arm and we expectantly leaned forward—afraid lest we miss a single word. Jack started—hesitated—began again, grew red in the face, sputtered, clutched at his little coat—but all in vain. The words just wouldn't come. Every syllable seemed to stick in his throat and at last after several moments of brave endeavor—he burst into tears and ran from the stage. A hush followed! Up front I detected a few of Jack's little classmates tittering in childish fashion. I glanced at Mary—she was hastily brushing away a tear. Then the realization came—Jack was a stammerer!

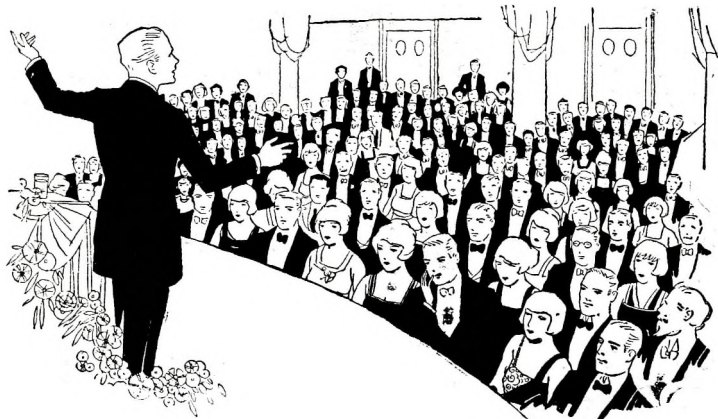
After that entertainment we no longer considered Jack's trouble a baby characteristic. Its seriousness dawned upon us. Now it was a problem—a perplexing one which promised to grow as the years advanced.

Later Mary learned from Jack's teacher that his affliction—so long considered so lightly by us—was holding him back in his school work. It was difficult, she said, for him to recite and she admitted with no little embarrassment, that sometimes the children laughed when Jack endeavored to do his best in recitations.

Personally, I was very much worried and I knew that Jack's trouble was continually uppermost in his mother's mind. Time and time again I now remembered the young fellow who had started at work with me. He, too, had stammered and although very intelligent his progress had been slow and I had long since left him on the up-hill climb to success.

I was bent on giving Jack all the education and opportunities I had missed in my boyhood days, but I realized my aims would be futile unless my boy could learn to speak with confidence.

Weeks slipped into months—months into years. At last Jack entered high school, much against his will. Progress for him had been hard. Although he had applied himself and studied hard he had become more and more backward—shunned speaking to strangers and loathed schoolroom recitations. During high school the only examinations he could pass with high averages were written ones and, unfortunately, the daily oral class work counted materially in the rating necessary for rapid advancement.



During all this time, since that boy and girl entertainment, we had consulted physician after physician, and tried many so-called cures, but Jack grew no better. He became nervous, morose, avoided the games that would bring him in contact with other children and missed those real joys of youth he should have lived. His second year of high school was started only after Mary and I had argued, pleaded and finally commanded him to continue his schooling.

It was during this year that one night I picked up a magazine my wife had bought. Idly turning the pages I came across a story entitled "Stammering Bill Woods." That word "stammering" caught my attention and held it. The story told of the trials of a young fellow, older in years than Jack, but afflicted in the same manner. He, too, had found it difficult to progress in his school days and when he got into business had found it practically impossible to work his way up.

Frantically seeking a way out he had tried all manner of cures and sought medical advice—all without results. Finally he had been permanently cured through Benjamin N. Bogue, at the Bogue Institute. I found that Mr. Bogue had stuttered and stammered for twenty years and had first worked out this scientific cure for himself. Once cured of the trouble that had made his own life so miserable, he was too big-hearted to stop. So he decided to help others. Soon he had a large class and, spurred on by wonderful results, he started the Bogue Institute and made the scientific cure of stammerers his life work.

The story told of the Bogue Institute at Indianapolis and something of Mr. Bogue's scientific methods. Somehow this story rang true. This was surely different from the other advertisements I had read. It instilled confidence and before I went to bed that night I filled out the coupon, asking for more information, and mailed it to Indianapolis.

In a few days I received all their descriptive literature and a catalog. I learned that Bogue Institute was a resident school with dormitories, class rooms and a regular schedule of work, just the same as any other boarding school or college.

The catalog showed pictures of the school and there were numerous letters written by graduates who had been cured. After carefully looking over the literature I became convinced that at least this was a more reasonable idea than any we had ever investigated before.

With the books and literature, I also found a questionnaire. On it we wrote all of Jack's symptoms and a general history of his particular case and sent it in. A few days later we received a personal letter from Mr. Bogue in which he completely and correctly diagnosed Jack's case from the questions we had answered. He seemed to thoroughly

understand Jack's condition and once again we entertained hopes of our boy being cured. So we wrote and had Jack's name placed on the Bogue registry list. We found the school to be always crowded. But then the courses were short and with the cure and graduation of students new vacancies were occurring constantly.

In about two weeks after we had sent in the application we received a letter to have Jack report at the Institute on a certain day. Jack was overjoyed and lost no time in making the trip.

Well, to make a long story short, seven weeks after he enrolled under Mr. Bogue, he was back home absolutely cured of the affliction that had made so many years miserable for him. Not only was he able to talk without stuttering or stammering, but he had learned how to speak correctly. He had mastered the art of becoming a convincing speaker!

Best of all, his seven weeks at Bogue Institute were really enjoyable. He found the institute was founded on the soundest of principles and Mr. Bogue a big-hearted man who is deeply interested in his work and gives every student his individual attention. Jack told us of the wonderful and marked improvement of pupils under Mr. Bogue's care. In Jack's classes were men and women, girls and boys of all ages.

Last year Jack was graduated from high school with honors. He made his mark in sports but, most remarkable of all, he was selected to make the class oration at commencement exercises. As Mary and I sat in that vast audience of parents, my mind ran back to the small group gathered several years before to witness a boy and girl entertainment. Then Jack had failed—now he conquered—thanks to Mr. Bogue.

If you stutter or stammer, do for yourself what this father did for his boy, Benjamin N. Bogue, who cured himself and hundreds of other men and women, boys and girls, can cure you!

The Bogue Institute was established twenty years ago. It is an old institution, founded according to good sound principles and being run upon an honest, business-like basis. Results by the Bogue Unit Method are guaranteed.

The average student remains at Bogue from three to eight weeks. It is a resident school—not a mail-order organization. The school surroundings are pleasant and comfortable. The faculty is composed of experts in their line of endeavor. If you stammer or stutter, find out for yourself what the Bogue Institute can do for you.

Without obligating yourself in any way, fill out the coupon below. By return mail you will receive full information regarding this sure, scientific cure for stammerers and stutterers. Or if you do not stutter, but know of someone who does, either see that this story is called to his attention or send the Bogue Institute his name and address. Your name will not be mentioned in any way. And the Bogue Institute may be the means of opening up a whole new world for him.

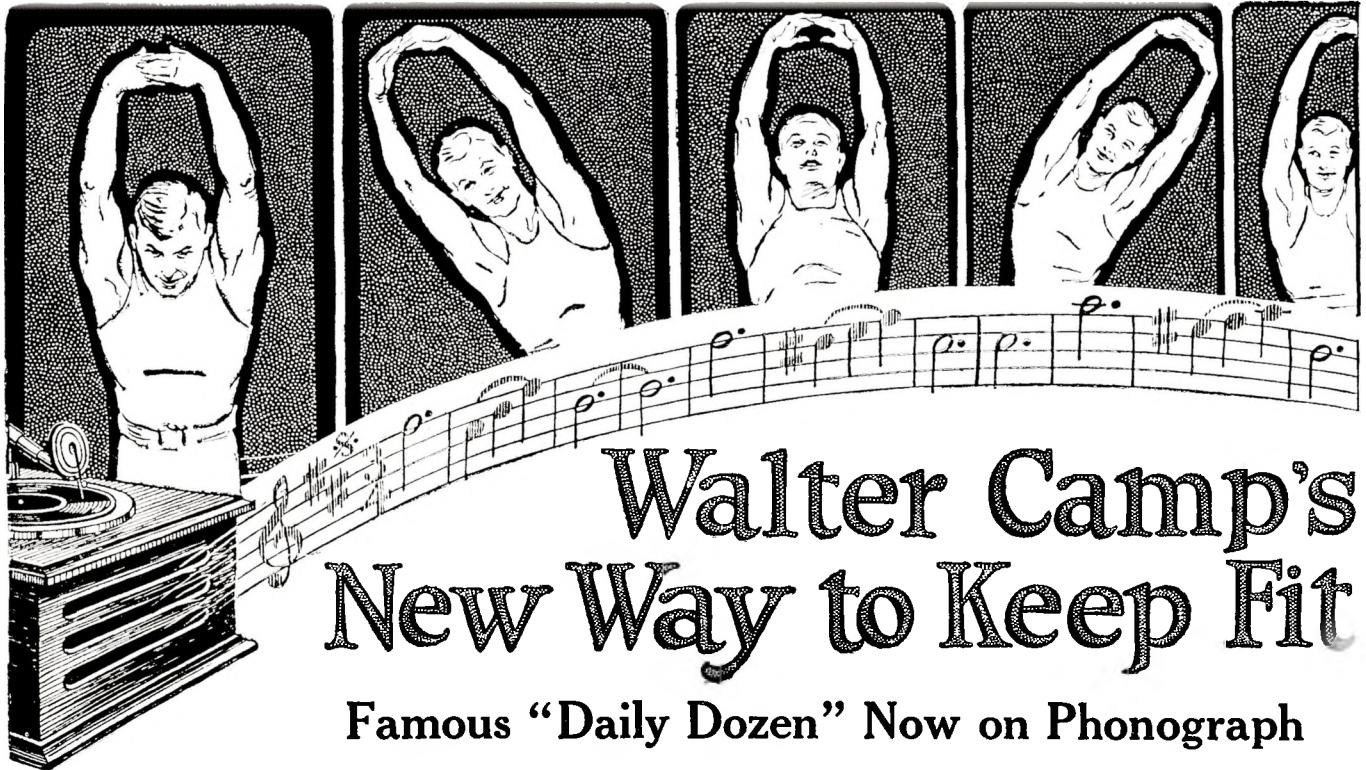
BENJAMIN N. BOGUE

4083 Bogue Bldg. 1147 N. Illinois St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation on my part, please send me full information regarding the Bogue Institute and the scientific cure for stammerers and stutterers.

Name.....

Address.....



Walter Camp's New Way to Keep Fit

Famous "Daily Dozen" Now on Phonograph

At last, a way to get joyous fun from your exercise! "Daily Dozen," devised by famous football trainer who helped thousands of business men to keep fit during the war, now on fascinating phonograph records. You get TRIAL RECORD FREE.

WALTER CAMP, Yale's famous football coach, who is famous throughout the nation for his keeping-fit methods for business men, has put joy into gymnastics—fun into keeping well—for busy men and women.

If you have ever pushed dumb-bells, swung Indian clubs, or hoisted chest weights—week after week in a gymnasium—you know what a stale, monotonous task that kind of exercise can be.

Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" exercises—set to music—are a different proposition! Yale's great football coach has trained so many winning teams that he knows how to prevent "staleness"—knows how to make keeping young fascinatingly interesting.

And he has done it—in his famous "Daily Dozen" which he has now set to irresistible music.

Mr. Camp devised these twelve remarkable exercises during the war, in response to the appeal of the commandant of one of the great naval training stations. The commandant wanted something better and more interesting than the regular "Swedish setting-up exercises," which produced staleness in the men, and he thought Walter Camp ought to be able to supply it if anybody could.

A Tip From a Tiger

The naval officer's letter set Mr. Camp to thinking. It struck him that what was needed was a series of exercises to take the place of the natural activity of the Indian or any other uncivilized man. He realized that the man of today is just as much a "caged animal" as a tiger in a menagerie, and that the average man's way of living weakens the muscles of the chest and abdomen.

What did the tiger do for exercise? Mr. Camp went to the Bronx Park Zoo to find out. He found that the tiger was always busy stretching and twisting and turning his body, his trunk; he was exercising the very muscles that tend to become weak when an animal is kept in a cage, or a man in an office.

Then Mr. Camp saw where all systems of calisthenic exercises have been weak—they develop the arms and legs, which are not so important, but scarcely develop the trunk at all. The result was that he worked out the "Daily Dozen." This is why these remarkable exercises have produced such amazing results for every man, woman and child who has used them—they put the body through exactly those movements which are needed

to develop the trunk muscles and keep them at "concert pitch"—yet they do it without tiring the body or becoming monotonous.

Make Exercise a Pleasure

Away with long, tedious exercises! With Walter Camp's new way, it takes only ten minutes, or less to go through the whole "Daily Dozen," and when you do them to music, with a splendid voice on the record giving the commands, this ten minutes becomes the most pleasant and fascinating time of the whole day. Twelve simple exercises cover everything required to keep you in the pink of condition.

You will receive handsome charts, with actual photographs showing exactly the move to make at each command. It is simple as A-B-C. You will enjoy every minute and feel thoroughly refreshed.

Makes You Fit

Here are some of the valuable things the "Daily Dozen" may do for you.

They should soon produce a strong, supple "corset" of muscle about your waist; your chest will be enlarged and your wind improved; your over- or -under-weight should be corrected. These exercises go straight at the causes of many annoying little ailments, that keep you from feeling fit. A good many headaches, for example, will yield to a few repetitions of the exercise called "The Grasp."

These remarkable exercises are wonderful for business men, and equally wonderful for women and children. They furnish the best possible method of reducing extra weight, for the music makes the needed exercise fascinatingly interesting.

Used by Officials in War

During the War, Walter Camp taught the "Daily Dozen" to members of the Cabinet in Washington and to many other officials—men like Charles M. Schwab and Franklin Roosevelt, men who had to do a vastly increased amount of work without breaking down. The "Daily Dozen" kept whole organizations "on their toes" for extra production.

And now these fascinating exercises have been made still more pleasurable by being set to music—on phonograph records. Every morning or evening you can go through them to catchy

music that makes you want to start and do them all over again.

SEND NO MONEY — Sample Record FREE

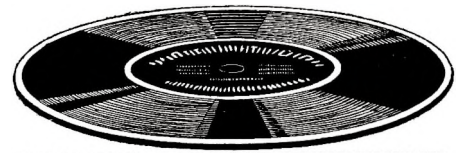
You can see for yourself what Walter Camp's New Way to Exercise will do for you—without a dollar of expense.

We will send you, entirely free, a sample phonograph record carrying two of the "Daily Dozen" exercises, set to music, with a wonderfully splendid voice giving the commands for each movement. In addition you will receive a free chart showing the two exercises and giving simple but complete directions for doing them.

If you are a business or professional man or woman, you need a body that keeps step with your brain. Energy and efficiency will get you ahead in business, but you can't have them without building a body to give them driving force. You know this yourself and you certainly will want to try out this new system of exercises that has proved the most efficient ever devised. Get this free "Health Builder" record, put it on a phonograph, and try it out. There is no obligation—the record is yours to keep. You need not return it. Just enclose a quarter (or same amount in stamps) with the coupon to cover postage, packing, etc. Send the coupon—today—now.

HEALTH BUILDERS
Dept. 810, 334 Fifth Ave., New York City

FREE SAMPLE RECORD



HEALTH BUILDERS,
Dept. 810, 334 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Please send me your free sample "Health Builder" record, giving two of Walter Camp's famous "Daily Dozen" exercises, also a free chart containing actual photographs and simple directions for doing the exercises. I enclose a quarter (or 25 cents in stamps) for postage, packing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way whatever and the sample record and chart are mine to keep.

Name..... [Please write plainly]

Address.....

RESULTS!

For four years I was a nervous wreck, with Collitis, rapid pulse, etc. After spending large sums on physicians, X-ray, etc. I found out about your exercises.

Within ten days after first using them, I was able to go to Boston and take up my law business and have been at it ever since.

Other systems of exercise have bored me so I couldn't continue them; but yours I can't stop.

Thanking you again for setting me on my feet, I am,

Very truly yours,
PRESCOTT F. HALL.

Announcing Our Second Big Title Contest!

Last month we offered \$5100 in prizes for the best titles submitted for a story in the September issue of The Red Book Magazine. Thousands of answers have been received from all parts of the country. The prize winners will be announced in the November issue. Here's another chance for you to put on your thinking cap, for we are again offering

\$5100 in Cash Prizes

for a few minutes' thought.

**Can you think of a better title for the story
on page 48 of this issue?**

The editors of The Red Book Magazine are seeking information regarding the naming of stories. A considerable discussion has arisen as to the proper naming of different stories.

We are willing to pay for the information we seek. We want to know how stories strike different people and what

names they would choose for titles.

For instance, there is a story in this issue of The Red Book Magazine, beginning on page 48, called "And That's That." Is it the best possible title? Could a better one have been found? Read it. Would you have called it "And That's That."

1000 prizes of \$5 One or more prizes of \$100

We ask you to submit what you consider a better title for this fascinating story by Royal Brown.

Out of those received we will select the best 1000 and for these we will pay \$5 each. (Only one title can be submitted by each person.) For the one we consider the best of all, we will pay \$100. (See note below.) Send in your title by letter or merely write it on a postcard, with your name and address.

Open to All

Simply think up a title you consider better for this story than "And That's That." All will be considered. And 1000 people will be paid \$5 each. One person at least will receive \$100.

Note: In the event the title considered supreme has been submitted by more

than one person, the \$100 prize will be paid in each instance. Thus, for example, if four (or more) contestants should submit the title which is considered best of all, each one of the successful contestants will receive the full prize of \$100.

Easy to Earn

Everyone has equal opportunity. It merely means clear thinking and a test of your imagination.

All titles must be received in our office by October 20th, 1921. Any received later cannot be considered.

Checks will be mailed out on November 1st to successful contestants. Names of winners will be published in the December issue of The Red Book Magazine. This will be on sale at all news-stands November 23rd.

Address your title to **THE TITLE EDITORS**

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

North American Building, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois



Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery. Weight 168 pounds. She thought her condition was hereditary, as she had relatives who weighed 200 pounds and more.



Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself. Weight 128 pounds. Not only did she regain her normal weight, but she gained a beautiful complexion as well.

Doctor's Wife Takes Off 40 Pounds Through New Discovery!

Tells how she quickly reduced to normal weight and improved 100% in health without medicines, drugs, special baths, starving or any discomfort. Thousands of others are losing a pound a day and more right from the very start!

BEFORE I began following your course my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was bad, my heart was weak and I had headaches always—didn't sleep and had constantly to use laxatives. It was a standing joke among my friends about me being fat and sick.

"With your help I am now in what you could call perfect health; sleep perfectly; my blood test is 100% pure; my complexion is wonderful and my weight is 128 pounds—a loss of 40 pounds."

Above is an extract from a letter written up by Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of Dr. J. C. Vermilya of Bloomington, Indiana.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Vermilya was distinguished for her perfectly-proportioned figure. Not one pound of unnecessary flesh marred her exquisite slenderness. No matter what she wore, the simplest little summer frock or the most elaborate evening gown, she was at ease. For she knew that she made an attractive, youthful appearance.

Begins to Put on Flesh

With marriage came more happiness, more friends. "I felt that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for!" Mrs. Vermilya confides. Yet even then a subtle enemy was at work, preparing to destroy her youth.

It was hardly noticeable at first. Then, slowly, she began to realize what the trouble was. She was putting on superfluous flesh. But how could she prevent it? It seemed that most men and women, once they became overweight, began naturally to add more and more flesh until they became very stout. Already she had gained flesh until she weighed 168 pounds, 40 pounds more than her normal weight.

Tries in Vain to Reduce Weight

She began to starve herself in an effort to reduce. She even gave up one meal a day and ate barely enough to satisfy her hunger. But it only weakened her without taking off a pound of flesh.

Then she drugged herself with medicines. "I even used a special corset to reduce my hips," she writes, "but it made me look just awful."

She exercised and dieted—all in vain. She was still 40 pounds overweight, and no matter what she did she could not take off the excess flesh that was spoiling her figure and ruining her health.

Mrs. Vermilya had just about resigned herself to being fat and unattractive when she heard about a remarkable new discovery by a food specialist. She found out that he had discovered the simple natural law upon which the whole secret of weight control is based. He had actually discovered a way to reduce weight by eating. And she had been starving herself!

Finds Right Way

"I grasped at that new discovery as a drowning man grasps at a straw," Mrs. Vermilya tells us. "I had tried almost everything and I was still 40 pounds overweight. I couldn't enjoy my meals any more—I felt sure that everything I ate would add more flesh. Oh, if this new discovery would only show me the way to regain my normal weight!"

A Miracle Performed

She gave up all medicines, starving and expensive "treatments" and just followed the one simple new law that has been discovered. It meant almost no change in her daily routine. She found that she could do about as she pleased, eating many of the foods she had been denying herself, enjoying her meals as never before. And yet almost from the very beginning a change was noticeable. She slept better than she had in months.

"Think of it!" she writes. "I didn't have to do anything discomforting, didn't have to deny myself anything I liked—and yet my excess flesh vanished like magic. Before I realized it I had taken off the 40 pounds that I wanted to lose. My health improved 100%; too, I no longer suffered from indigestion or sour stomach. And my complexion became so clear and smooth that my friends began to beg me for my beauty secret!"

What Is the New Discovery?

The remarkable new discovery—weight control—is the result of many years of extensive research by Eugene Christian, world-famous food specialist. It is one of the most amazing—and yet one of the most simple and inexpensive methods of weight reduction ever discovered.

He found that certain foods when eaten together are immediately converted into excess fat. But these very same foods, when eaten in combination

with different foods, actually consume the fat which has already accumulated. It's the simplest thing in the world. It's just a matter of eating the **right food combinations** and avoiding the wrong ones.

This is not a starving "treatment" or a special food fad. It's entirely new and different. You can bring your weight down to where you want it, and keep it there without any trouble whatever. Instead of starving yourself, or putting yourself through any discomforts or self-denial—you actually **eat off flesh!**

Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons called, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course absolutely free to any one sending in the coupon. No money. Just the coupon.

You don't starve yourself, or punish yourself with strenuous exercise. You just keep on doing practically whatever you please, eating many of the delicious foods you may now be denying yourself. All you have to do is follow one simple little natural law and you can weigh exactly what you should.

Mail coupon at once. The complete 12-lesson course will be sent to you promptly. When it arrives pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) and the course is yours. You have the privilege of returning it and having your money refunded if you are not absolutely delighted after a 5-day test.

Don't delay. This is a special offer and you can lose nothing—yet if you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW! The course will be mailed in a plain container.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W12010 43 West 16th St., New York City

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W12010 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me prepaid, in plain container, Eugene Christian's course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course to you within 5 days after its receipt and my money is to be refunded at once.

Name.....
(Please write plainly.)

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Price outside of U. S., \$2.15. Cash with order.

Read What These Users Say!

Following are just a few of the scores of letters on file at our office describing amazing weight reductions through Weight Control. The names are withheld, but will be furnished to any one sending for the Course on free trial who requests them:

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could go to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."

Mrs. New York City.

Loses 40 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the Course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost 40 pounds."

Mrs. Glens Falls, N. Y.

100 Per Cent. Improvement

"I weighed 216 pounds when I started, and today weigh 158 pounds. I can safely say that I feel 100 per cent better than I did when I was fat, and I am sure that I look much better also."

Mrs. Woonsocket, R. I.

48½ Pounds Taken Off

"After studying the lessons carefully I began to apply them to myself, and as proof of results will say that I have lost 48½ pounds."

Mrs. Colville, Wash.



For October appetites, Premium Ham aplenty!

When autumn whets the family appetites for truly satisfying food, good house-keepers naturally serve their Premium Ham on larger and larger platters.

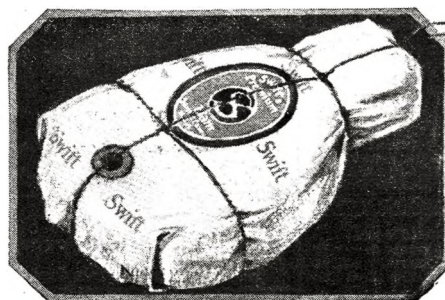
Cooking in quantity is the thrifty way of cooking; and buying Premium Ham whole is the thrifty way of buying.

Have the butcher cut off the butt end for baking, and a good slice or two for frying or broiling. Boil the rest.

Cover the boiling portion of a Premium Ham with cold water, add 1 tablespoon mixed spice, bring to a boil and simmer gently until tender—about one-half hour to the pound. Remove the skin and serve.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

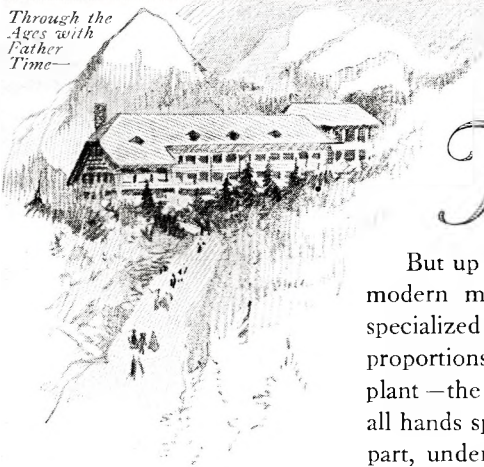


It is not
necessary to parboil
Swift's Premium Hams
before broiling
or frying

Look for this "no par-boiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice.



Through the Ages with Father Time—



The First Watch Factory

FOR three centuries after the first "pocket clock," watchmaking remained a one-man industry. This made the cost prohibitive, except for the wealthy few.

But up in the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland a modern manufacturing idea was stirring—the principle of specialized labor. By 1840 this idea had assumed factory proportions. The first factory building was a mere assembling plant—the real factory was the mountaineer's home. Here all hands specialized in shaping or finishing some one watch part, under the guidance of the manufacturer.

As everything was hand work, aided only by the fiddle-bow lathe, no two parts were precisely alike. A broken watch went back to the maker of the broken part for repair.

Not an ideal manufacturing situation—yet a long upward step toward the organized production of our day which has made possible those marvels of *standardized, interchangeable* construction—

One of the Corsican Series of Elgin Watches—"with the bow shaped like Napoleon's campaign hat" * * * *



Material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by the Elgin Guarantee * * *



Elgin Watches





GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD
Film Play Star
Photograph by Freulich



Beautiful Women



EDNA HIBBARD
Film Play Star
Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe, New York



GLADYS TAYLOR
in "Blue Eyes"
Photograph by Cambell Studios, New York

Beautiful Women



MARJORIE DAW
Film Play Star
Photograph by Abbe, New York





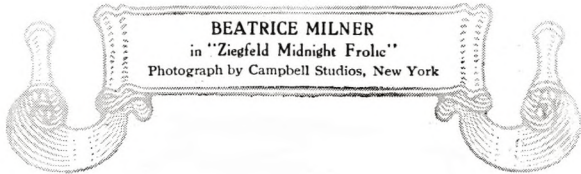
FAN BOURKE
Film Play Star
Photograph by Ira L. Hill, New York

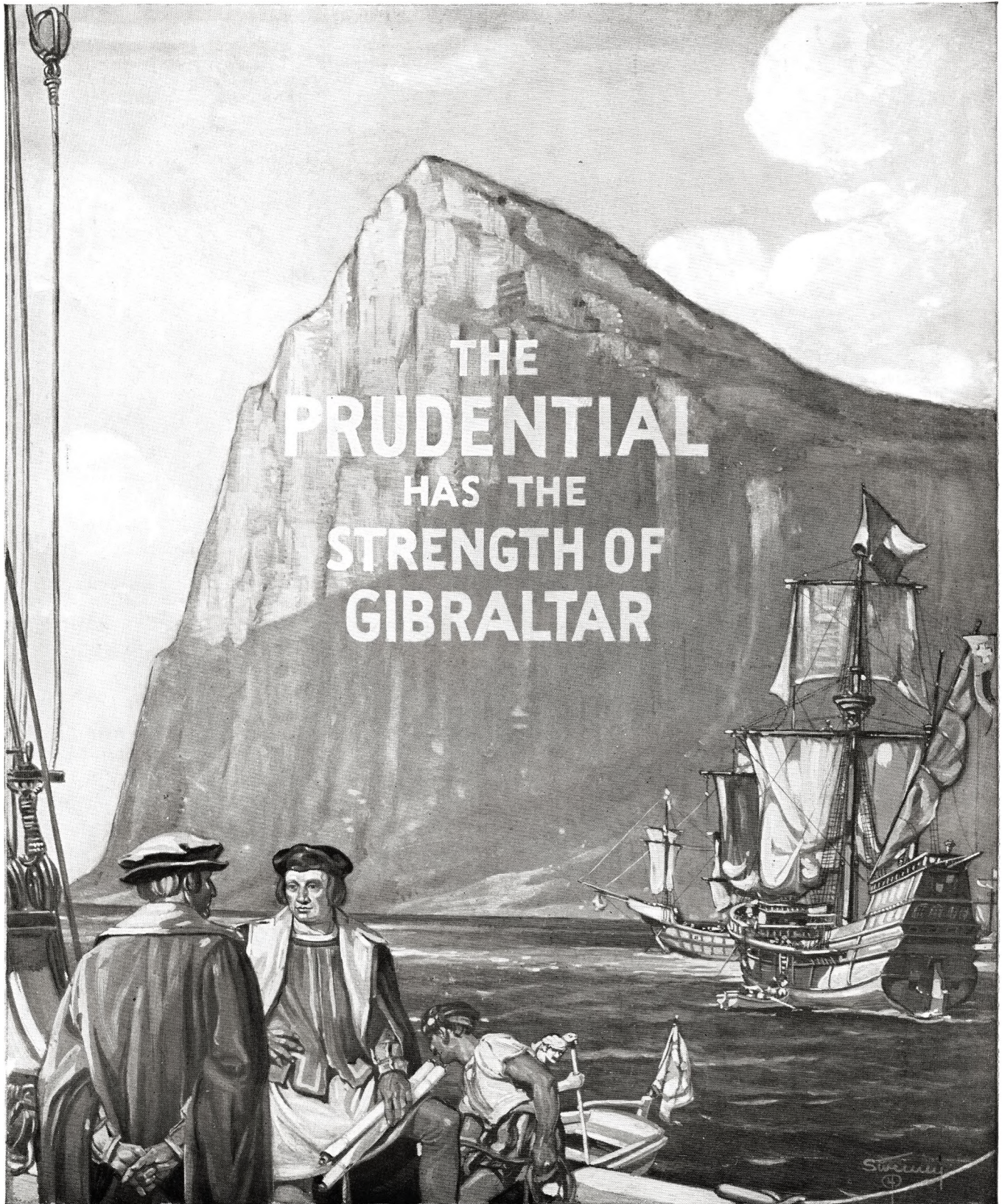


Beautiful Women



BEATRICE MILNER
in "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"
Photograph by Campbell Studios, New York





COLUMBUS, DREAMING OVER HIS PLANS OF EXPLORATION, NEVER DOUBTED THAT HE WAS TO OPEN A MIGHTY DRAMA, THE SPLENDID CLIMAX OF WHICH IS—OUR GREAT AMERICA.

THE FOUNDER OF THE PRUDENTIAL, ANOTHER DISCOVERER, FULLY REALIZED HOW GREAT WOULD BECOME HIS OWN IDEA—INDUSTRIAL LIFE INSURANCE.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Founded by John F. Dryden, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

FORREST F. DRYDEN, *President*

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

IF EVERY WOMAN KNEW WHAT EVERY WIDOW KNOWS--EVERY MAN WOULD INSURE IN THE PRUDENTIAL

Answering Nero's Advertisement

A Common-sense Editorial by
BRUCE BARTON

HERE is a curious thing: John D. Brown, farmer, spends his life putting in crops, and digging up trees in one part of his farm and moving them to another part.

John D. Rockefeller, with a billion and a half, finds nothing that entertains him so much as putting in crops and digging up trees on one part of his place at Pocantico Hills and moving them to another part.

Henry Smith works all day and goes home at night and takes off his shoes and sits in his stocking-feet.

Henry Ford, so some one told me in Dearborn, works all day and goes home at night and takes off his shoes and sits in his stocking-feet.

Henry Smith, looking at Henry Ford, sees only an income of several thousand dollars a day. And it never occurs to him that about all you can buy with an income of several thousand dollars a day is the satisfaction of going home at night and taking off your shoes and sitting in your stocking-feet and contemplating a good day's work.

How did we get so mixed up on this question of work, anyway?

How does it happen that the man who has so little money that he *must* work, regards

work as a servitude, while the man who has so much money that he does not need to work, can find no other pleasure so satisfying?

It all goes back to the first chapters of Genesis, I imagine. In those chapters Adam is represented as being very much pleased when he had nothing to do but loaf in the Garden of Eden, and very much penalized when he was given a chance to get out of the Garden and work.

The ancient error—that work is bitter and the escape from work is joy—is responsible for very many of our present problems

“Life would be tolerable if it were not for the pleasures,” Sir George Cornwall Lewis said.

That remark is not as cynical as it sounds. What agonies people do suffer in their set determination to have a good time! What a tasteless dish pleasure becomes, when you have it for every meal!

Nero discovered that. With unlimited money and power at his command, he advertised a rich reward for anyone who could invent a new pleasure. No one answered his advertisement.

He should have received a brief, crisp answer in the first morning mail. “I noticed your ad,” the answer should have read, “why don't you go to work?”

Another of Bruce Barton's Common-sense Editorials will appear on this page in the next issue of The Red Book Magazine.



Actual photograph of Georgette Blouse after 155 washings with Ivory Flakes. Blouse and letter from original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

155 launderings for this Georgette Blouse before this photograph was taken—and there are months of wear in it still!

THE Kansas City woman who owned this blouse sent it to the manufacturers of Ivory Soap Flakes with this letter:

"I attribute the length of service I have had from this blouse to the safe laundering of Ivory Soap Flakes. The Flakes really are wonderful. Their cleansing is as easy and quick as it is harmless. I simply make a lukewarm suds of the flakes, and dip my blouse up and down a number of times after a short soaking. Then I squeeze out the suds, rinse the blouse in lukewarm water, roll it up tightly in a Turkish towel for a while, then press it out with a warm iron while still damp, stretching it into shape as I iron."

The perfect condition of this Georgette Blouse after its scores of launderings is eloquent proof that the quick cleansing of Ivory Flakes is harmless to the finest fabrics. That Ivory Flakes cleanses without rubbing is

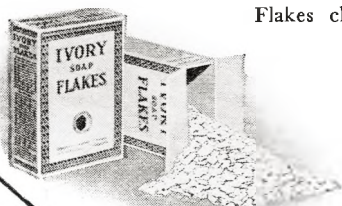
shown by the fact that the heavy braiding has not torn loose from the sheer fabric, as it would have done if it had been subjected to rubbing the many times it was washed.

Ivory Flakes does for all fine fabrics what it has done for this blouse. It preserves the luster and smoothness of richly finished silks. It keeps sheer materials crisp and charming. It keeps the most delicate colors bright, if they can stand the touch of clear water alone. It makes blouses and silk undergarments, silk hose and sweaters, fresh and lovely after just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl.

If you want to get the utmost satisfaction and service out of your pretty clothes, wash them with these flakes that have proven their safety on thousands of delicate garments.

Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the easy care of delicate garments that you would be afraid to wash the ordinary way. Address Section 28-JF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Makes pretty clothes last longer



OCTOBER, 1921
Vol. XXXVII, Number 6

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor



The Settling of the Sage

A serial of the old wild West by *Hal G. Evarts*

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

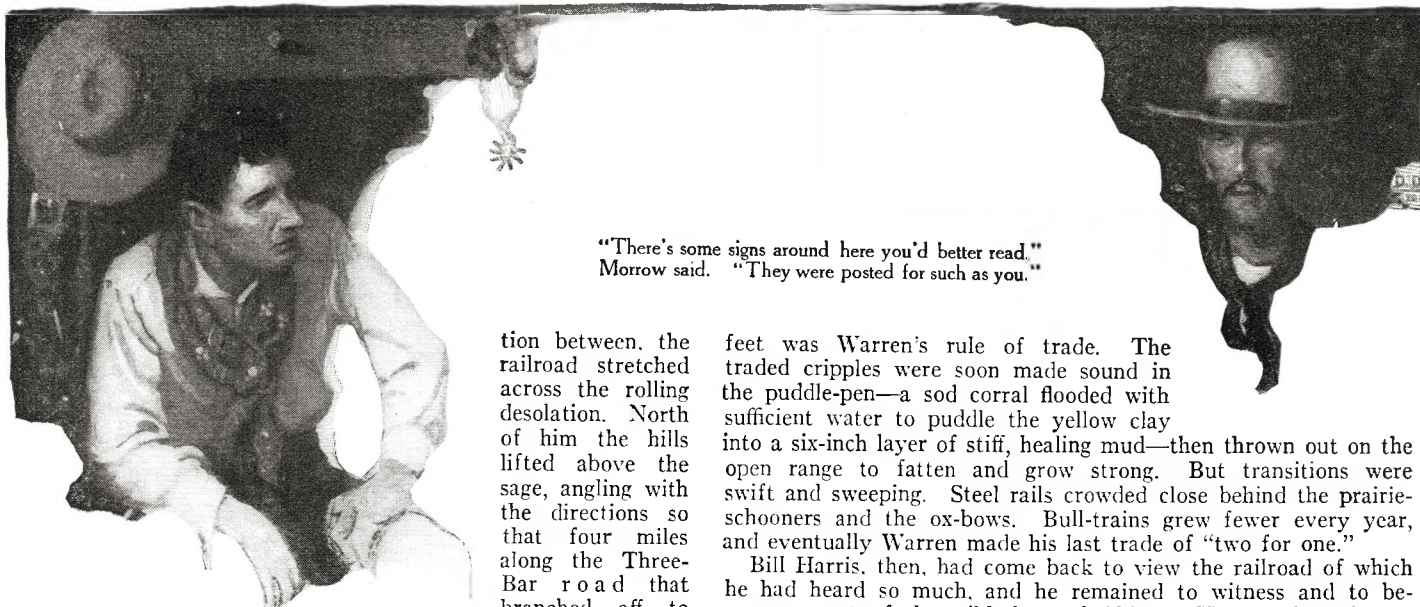
A RIDER jogged northward on a big pinto horse, with a led buckskin, packed, trailing a half-length behind. The horseman traveled with the regulation outfit of the roaming range-dweller—saddle, bed-roll and canvas war-bag containing personal treasures and extra articles of attire; but this was supplemented by two panniers of food and cooking equipment and a one-man tepee that was lashed on top in lieu of canvas pack-cover. . . . A ranch road branched off to the left, and the man pulled up his horse to read a sign that stood at the forks.

"Squatter, don't let the sun go down on you," he read aloud. "That's the third of those reminders, Calico," he told the horse.

"The wording's a little different, but the sentiment's the same." Fifty yards off the trail the charred and blackened fragments of a wagon showed in sharp contrast to the bleached white bones of two horses.

"They downed his team and torched his worldly goods," the rider mused. "All his hopes gone up in smoke!"

He turned in his saddle and looked back across the unending expanse of sage. Coldriver—probably so named from the fact that the three wells in the town constituted the only source of water within an hour's ride—lay thirty miles to the south, a cluster of some forty buildings on a wind-swept flat. Seventy miles beyond it, and with but two more such centers of civiliza-



"There's some signs around here you'd better read,"
Morrow said. "They were posted for such as you."

bring him to their foot, and a like distance along the main fork saw its termination at Brill's Store, situated in a dent in the base of the hills—the end of the Coldriver trail.

The man took one more look at the evidence left behind to prove that the sign warning was no empty threat, before heading the paint-horse along the left-hand fork. The crisp cool of early spring was blowing down from the slope of the hills. Old drifts, their tops gray-streaked with dust, lay banked in the gulches and on sheltered east slopes, but the new grass had claimed the range to the very foot of the drifts, the green of it intensified in patches watered by the trickle that seeped from the down-hill extremities of the snow-banks. He noted that the range-cows along his route were poor and lean, their hip-bones showing lumpily through sagging skin, giving them the appearance of milkers rather than of beef-stock. The preceding summer had been hot and dry, browning the range six weeks before its time, and the stock had gone into the winter in poor shape. Heavy snowfalls had completed the havoc, and ten per cent of the range stock had been winter-killed. Those that had pulled through were slow in recovering their strength.

A BIG steer stood broadside to him, the Three-Bar brand on its side; and the man once more pulled up his horse and lost himself in retrospection as he gazed at the brand.

"The old Three Bar, Calico," he remarked to the horse. "The old home brand. It's been many a moon since last I laid an eye on a Three-Bar cow."

The man was gazing directly at the steer, but he no longer saw it. Instead he was picturing scenes of long before, that the sight of the brand recalled. Step by step he visioned the trail of the Three-Bar cows from Dodge City to the Platte, from the Platte to the rolling sage-clad hills round old Fort Laramie, and from Laramie to the present range. Many times he had heard the tale, and most of the scenes had been enacted before his birth, but had become impressed so firmly upon his mind by repetition that it seemed as if he himself had been a part of them.

His mind pictured two boys of about eighteen years of age setting forth from their little home town of Kansas City, nestling at the confluence of the Missouri and the Kaw. A year later Cal Warren was whacking bulls on the Santa Fe Trail, while the other, William Harris, was holding the reins over four plunging horses as he tooled a lumbering Concord stage from Omaha to the little camp called Denver.

It was five years before the trails of the twain crossed again. Cal Warren was the first of the two to marry, and he had established a post along the trail, a rambling structure of 'dobe, poles and sod, and there conducted the business of "Two for One," a calling impossible and unknown in any other than that day and place.

The long bull-trains were in sight in those distant times from horizon to horizon every hour of the day. The grind of the gravel wore down the hoofs of the unshod oxen, and when foot-sore they could not go on. One sound bull for two with tender

feet was Warren's rule of trade. The traded cripples were soon made sound in the puddle-pen—a sod corral flooded with sufficient water to puddle the yellow clay into a six-inch layer of stiff, healing mud—then thrown out on the open range to fatten and grow strong. But transitions were swift and sweeping. Steel rails crowded close behind the prairie-schooners and the ox-bows. Bull-trains grew fewer every year, and eventually Warren made his last trade of "two for one."

Bill Harris, then, had come back to view the railroad of which he had heard so much, and he remained to witness and to become a part of the wild days of Abilene, Hays and Dodge as each attained the apex of its glory as the railroad's end and the consequent destination of the Texas trail-herds. The sight of these vast droves implanted in him a desire to run cows himself, and when finally he was married in Dodge, he broached this project to his boyhood friend.

It was the sincere wish of each to gain the other as a partner in all future enterprise, but this was not to be. Warren had seen the bottom drop out of the bull trade, and he would not relinquish the belief that any business dealing in four-footed stock was hazardous in the extreme, and he insisted that the solution of all their financial problems rested upon owning land, not cows. But Harris could not be induced to farm the soil while steers were selling around eight dollars a head.

So Warren squatted on a quarter of land. Harris bought a few head of she-stock and grazed his cows north and west across the Kansas line into the edge of the great unknown that was styled Nebraska and Northwest District. At first his range was limitless, but in a few short years he could stand on the roof of his sod hut and see the white points of light which were squatters' wagons dotting the range to the far horizon in any direction he chose to look. The first of those to invade his range was Cal Warren himself, moving on before the swarm of settlers flocking into the locality of his first choice in such alarming numbers that he feared an unhealthy congestion of humanity in the near future. The debate of farming *versus* cows was resumed between the two, but each held doggedly to his own views, and the partnership was again postponed.

Harris moved once more—and then again; and it was something over two decades after his departure from Dodge with the Three-Bar cows that he made one final shift, faring on in search of that land where "nesters" were unknown. He made a dry march that cost him a fourth of his cows, skirted the Colorado Desert, and made his stand under the first rim of the hills. Those others who came to share this range were men whose views were identical with his own, whose watchword was: "Our cows shall run free on a thousand hills." They sought for a spot where the range was untouched by the plow and the water-holes unfenced. They had moved, then moved again, driven ever on before the invasion of the settlers. But here they banded together and swore that conditions should be reversed, that it was the squatter who should move henceforth, and on this principle they grimly rested.

CAL WARREN had been in the vanguard of each rush of settlers that had pushed Bill Harris to another range, and the cowman had come to see what he took to be the hand of Fate in this persistence. The nesters streamed westward on all the trails, filing their rights on the fertile valleys and pushing back into the more arid regions those who would be cattle barons undisputed. When the Warren family overtook him still again and halted their white-topped wagon before his door, Bill Harris gave it up.

"I've come to see about getting that partnership fixed up, Bill," Warren greeted. "You know—the one we talked over in Dodge awhile ago, about our going in together when either of us changed

his mind. Well, I've changed mine. I've come to see that running cows is a good game, Bill; so let's fix it up. I've changed my mind."

"That was twenty years ago, Cal," Harris said. "But it still holds good—only I've changed my mind too. You was dead right from the first. Squatters will come to roost on every foot of ground, and there'll come a day when I'll have to turn squatter myself—so I might as well start now. The way to get used to crowds, Cal, is to go where the crowds are at. I'm headed back for Kansas, and you better come along. We'll get that partnership fixed up."

A single child had come to bless each union in the parents' late middle age. The Harris heir, a boy of eight, had been named Calvin in honor of his father's friend. Cal Warren had as nearly returned the compliment as circumstances would permit, and his three-year-old daughter bore the name of Willamette Ann for both father and mother of the boy who was his namesake, and Warren styled her Billie for short.

Each man was as stubbornly set in his new views as he had been in the old. The Harrises came into possession of the Warrens' prairie-schooner and drove off to the east. The Warrens took over the Three-Bar brand, and the little Willamette Ann slept in the tiny bunk originally built for the son of the Harris household.

FOR long minutes these old memory-pictures occupied the mind of the man on the pinto horse. The led buckskin moved fretfully and tugged on the lead-rope, rousing the rider from his abstraction. Distant strings of prairie-schooners and ox-bows faded from his mind's eye, and he was once more conscious of the red steer with the Three-Bar brand that had stirred up the train of reflections. He turned for another glimpse of the sign as he headed the paint-horse along the road.

"All that was quite a spell back, Calico," he said. "Old Bill Harris planted the first one of those signs, and it served a good purpose then. It's a sign that stands for lack of progress today. Times change, and it's been eighteen years or so since old Bill Harris left."

The road traversed the bench, angled down a side-hill to a valley somewhat more than a mile across. Calico pricked his ears sharply toward the Three-Bar buildings that stood at the upper end of it.

Curious eyes peered from the bunk-house as he neared it, for the paint-horse and the buckskin were not without fame even if the man himself was a stranger to them all. For the better part of a year the two high-colored horses had been seen on the range—south to the railroad, west to the Idaho line. The man had kept to himself, and when seen by approaching riders, he had always been angling on a course that would miss their own. Those who had, out of curiosity, deliberately ridden out to intercept him, reported that he seemed a decent sort of citizen, willing to converse on any known topic except those which concerned himself.

He dropped from the saddle before the bunk-house, and as he stood in



"Squatter, don't let the sun go down on you," he read aloud.

the doorway, he noted a half-dozen men lounging on the bunks. This indolence apprised him of the fact that they were extra men signed on for the summer season, and that their pay had not yet started; for the cow-hand, when on the pay-roll, works sixteen hours daily, and when he rests or frolics, it is, except in rare instances, on his own time and at his own expense.

A tall, lean individual who sat cross-legged on a bunk engaged in mending a spur-strap, was the first to answer his inquiry for the foreman.

"Billie Warren is the big he-coon of the Three Bar," he informed. "You'll likely find the boss at the blacksmith shop." The lanky one grinned as the stranger turned back through the litter of log outbuildings, guided by the hissing squeak of bellows and the clang of a sledge on hot iron. Several men pressed close to the windows in anticipation of viewing the newcomer's surprise at greeting the Three-Bar boss. But the man did not seem surprised when a young girl emerged from the open door of the shop as he neared it.

She was clad in a gray flannel shirt and black angora chaps. The heavy brown hair was concealed beneath the broad hat pulled low over her eyes after the fashion of those who live much in the open. The man removed his hat and stood before her.

"Miss Warren?" he inquired. The girl nodded and waited for him to state his purpose.

"What are the chances of my riding for the Three Bar?" he asked.

"We're full-handed," said the girl. "I'm sorry."

"You'll be breaking out the *remuda* right soon now," he suggested. "I'm real handy round a breaking-corral."

"They're all handy at that," she said. Then she noted the two horses before the bunk-house and frowned. Her eyes searched the stranger's face and found no fault with it; she liked his level gaze. But she wondered what manner of man this was who had so aimlessly wandered alone for a year and avoided all other men.

"Since you've finally decided to work, how does it happen that you choose the Three Bar?" she asked—then flushed under his eyes as she remembered that so many men had wished to ride for her brand more than for another, their reasons in each case being the same.

"Because the Three Bar needs a man that has prowled this country and gathered a few points about what's going on," he returned.

"And that information is for sale to any brand that hires you!" said the girl. "Is that what you mean?"

"If it was, there would be nothing wrong with a man's schooling himself to know all points of his job before he asked for it," he said. "But it happens that wasn't exactly my reason."

A shade of weariness passed over her face. During the two years that her father had been confined to the house after being caved in by a horse, and in the one year that had elapsed since his death, the six thousand cows that had worn the Three-Bar brand on the range had decreased by almost half under her management.

"I'll put you on," she said. "But you'll probably be insulted at what I have to offer. The men start out after the horses tomorrow. I want a man to stay here and do tinkering jobs round the place till they get back."

"That'll suit me as well as any," he accepted promptly. "I'm a great little hand at tinkering round."

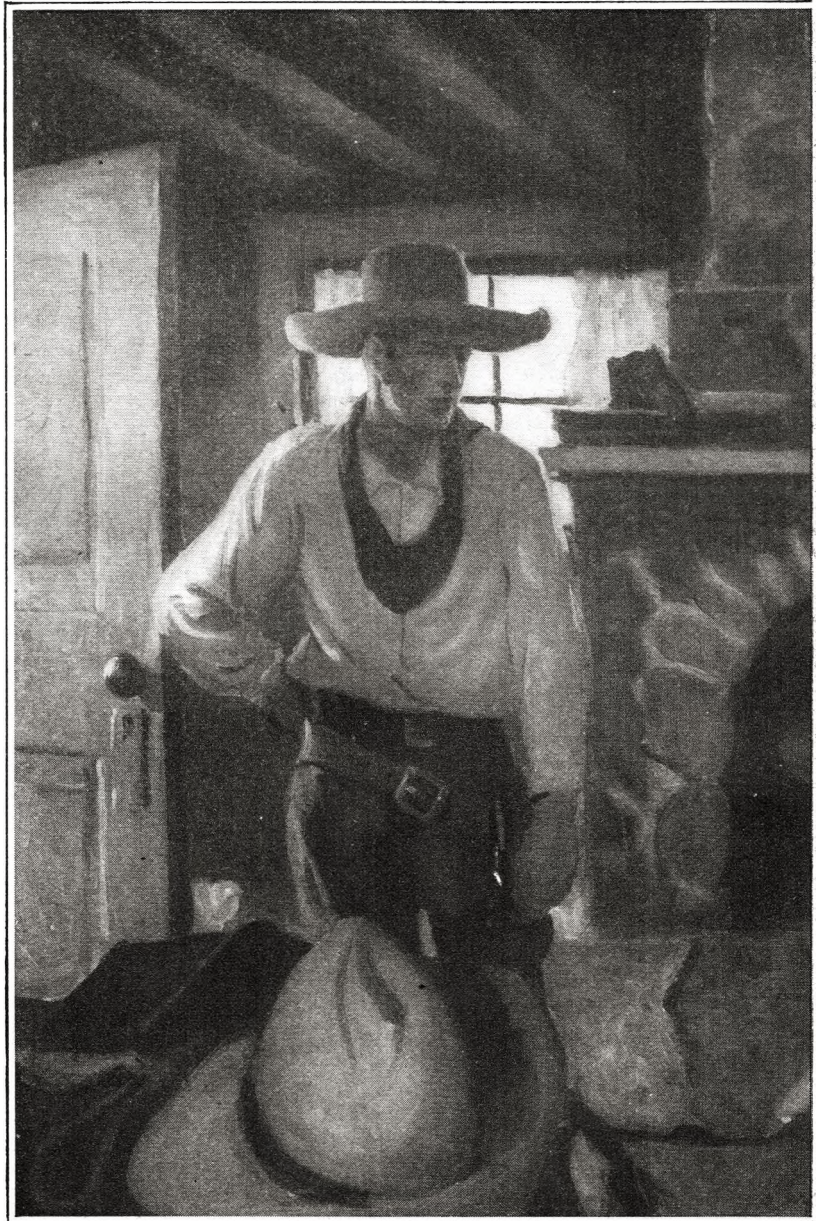
The clang of the sledge had ceased, and a huge fat man loomed in the doorway of the shop and mopped his dripping face with a bandanna.

"I'm glad you've come," he assured the newcomer. "A man that's not above doing a little fixing up! A cow-hand is the most overworked and underpaid saphead that ever lost three nights' sleep hand-running and worked seventy-two on end. Sleep in the rain or not at all—to hold a job at forty per, for six months in the year! The other six he's thrown loose like a range-horse to rustle or starve. Hardest work in the world—but he don't know it, or money wouldn't hire him to lift his hand. He thinks it's play. Not one out of ten but what prides himself that he can't be browbeat into doing a tap of work. Ask him to cut a

stick of firewood, and he'll arch his back and laugh at you scornful-like. Don't it beat hell?"

"It do," said the stranger.

"I'm the best wagon-cook that ever sloshed dishwater over the tail-gate, and even better than that in a ranch-house kitchen," the loquacious one modestly assured him. "But I can't do justice to the meals when I lay out to do all the chores within four miles and run myself thin collecting scraps and squaw-wood to keep the stove het up. I hope you'll work up a pile of wood that will keep me going—and folks call me Waddles," he added.



"I've finished cleaning up round the corrals," Harris said.

"Very good, Mr. Waddles," the newcomer smiled. "You shall have your fuel."

The big man grinned.

"That title is derived from my shape and gait," he informed. "My regular name is Smith—if you're set on tacking a Mister on behind it."

The girl waved the talkative cook aside and turned to the new hand.

"You'll take it, then?"

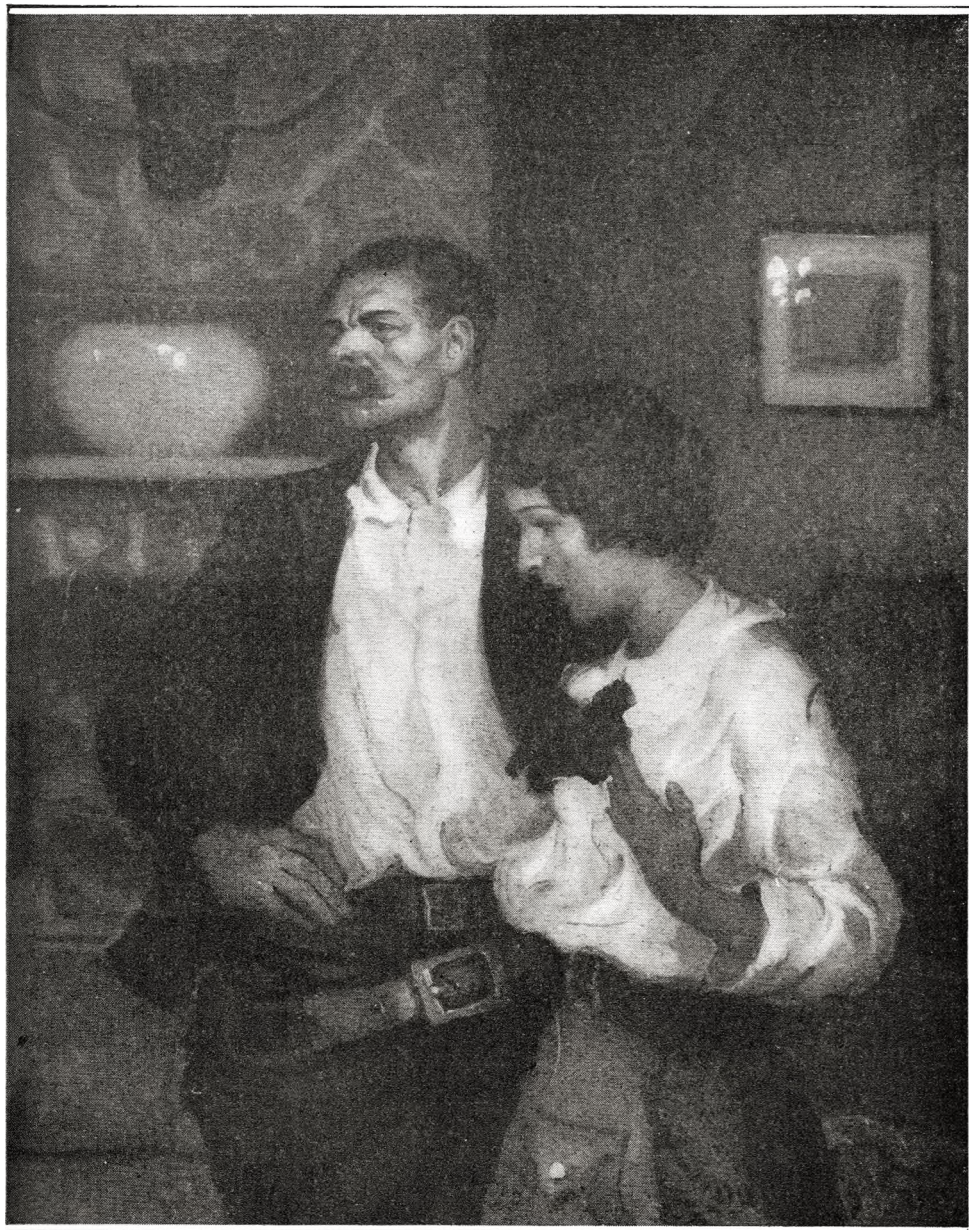
He nodded. "Could you spare me about ten minutes some time today?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'll send for you when I have time."

The man headed back for his horses and unlashed the buckskin's top-pack, dropping it to the ground, then led the two of them back toward the corral, stripped the saddle from the pinto, the panniers and pack-saddle from the buckskin, and turned them

into the corral. He rambled among the outbuildings on a tour of inspection, and the girl saw him stand long in one spot before the solid log cabin, now used as a storeroom for odds and ends, that had been the first one erected on the Three Bar and had sheltered the Harrises before her father took over their brand.

THE Three-Bar girl sat looking from the window of her own room, the living-room of the ranch-house, one end of which was curtained off to serve as sleeping quarters. The rattle of pots and pans came from the big room at



"Is there any rubbish round the house you'd like to have throwed out?"

the rear which was used by Waddles as a kitchen and dining-hall for the hands. The new man was still prowling about the place, inspecting every detail, and she wondered if he could tell her anything which would prove of benefit in her fight to stop the shrinkage of the Three-Bar herds and help her to face the drastic changes that were reshaping the policies of the range country.

The Three-Bar home range was one of many similar isolated spots where the inhabitants held out for a continuance of the old order of things. All through the West, from the Mexican border to the Canadian line, a score of bitter feuds were in progress, the principles involved differing widely according to conditions and locality. There were existing laws—and certain clans that denied the justice of each one, holding out against its enforcement and making laws of their own. In some spots the paramount issue was over the relative grazing rights of cows

and sheep, fanning a flame of hatred between those whose occupations were in any way concerned with these rival interests. In others the stockmen ignored the homestead laws which proclaimed that settlers could file their rights on land. As always before, wherever men resorted to lawlessness to protect their fancied rights, the established order of things had broken down, all laws were disregarded instead of the one originally involved.

In many communities these clashes between rival interests had furnished opportunity for rustlers to build up in power and practically take the range. Each clan was outside the law in some one particular, and so could not have recourse to it against those who violated it in some other respect—could not appear against neighbors in one matter, lest their friends do likewise against themselves in another.

This attitude had enabled the wild bunch to saddle themselves on certain communities and ply their trade without restraint. Rustling had come to be a recognized occupation. The identity of the thieves was known, and they visited from ranch to ranch. The owners, though possibly honest themselves, had friends among the outlaws for whom the latchstring was always out. Their toll was in the nature of a tribute levied against every brand, and the various outfits expected certain losses from this source. It was regarded as good business to recoup these losses at another's expense, and thus neighbor preyed on neighbor. Big outfits fought to crush others who would start up in a small way, and between periods of defending their own interests against the rustlers, they hired them to harry their smaller competitors from the range. It was indeed clover for outlaws, where all factions, by mutual assent, played their own hands without recourse to the law. It was a case of dog eat dog, and the slogan ran: "Catch your calves in a basket, or some other thief will put his iron on 'em first." It was to this pass that the Three-Bar home range had come in the last five years.

As Billie Warren watched the new hand moving slowly toward the bunkhouse, she pondered over what manner of man this could be who had played a lone game in the hills for almost a year. Was he leagued with the wild bunch, with the law, or was he merely an eccentric who might have some special knowledge that would help her save the Three Bar from extinction?

The stranger picked up his bed-roll and disappeared through the bunkhouse door as she watched him. The lean man who had first greeted him jerked a thumb toward an unoccupied bunk.

"Pay-roll?" he inquired; then, as the new man nodded: "I'm most generally referred to as Lanky," he offered tentatively. "Evans is the rest of it."

The stranger hesitated appreciably; then:

"Harris will do all right for me—Cal for every day," he returned. Introductions had been effected; it was up to each man to use his own individual method of making his name known to the newcomer as occasion rose.

There had been much speculation about the brand worn by the two horses. The hands were a drifting lot, gathered from almost as many points as there were men present, but none of them knew the brand.

A dark, thin-faced man with a slender black mustache was the first to voice a query, not from the fact that his curiosity was large,—it was perhaps less than that of any other man in the room,—but for the reason that he chose to satisfy it at once.

Morrow's personality was cold and bleak, inviting no close friendships or intimacies; he had been uncommunicative to a degree that had impressed itself on his companions of the last few days, and they looked up, at his abrupt interrogation, mildly surprised.

"Box L," he commented. "Where does that brand run?"

"Southwest Kansas and Oklahoma," the stranger answered.

"Squatter country," Morrow said. "Every third section under fence."

Harris sat looking through the door at the valley spread out below, and after a moment he answered the thrust as if he had been long prepared for it.

"Yes," he said. "And that's what all range country will come to in a few more years—farm what they can and graze what they can't—and the sooner the better, for all concerned." He waved an arm down the valley. "Good alfalfa dirt going to waste down there—overrun with sage and only growing enough grass to keep ten cows to the quarter. If that was ripped up and seeded to hay, it would grow enough to winter five thousand head."

THIS remark led to the old debate that was never-ending in the cow-country. There were men there who had viewed both ends of the game—had seen the foremost outfits in other parts tearing up the sage and putting in hay for winter feed, and had seen that this way was good.

Evans regarded Harris curiously as he deliberately provoked the argument, then sat back and listened to the various ideas of the others as the discussion became heated and general. It occurred to Evans that Harris was classifying the men by their views, and when the argument lagged, the lean man grinned and gave it fresh impetus.

"It's a settled fact that the outfits that have put in hay are better off," he said. "But there's a dozen localities like this, a dozen little civil wars going on right now, where the inhabitants are so mulish that they lay their ears and fight their own interests by upholding a flea-bit prejudice that was good twenty years ago but is a dead issue today."

"And why is it dead today?" Morrow demanded. "And not as good as it always was?"

"Only a hundred or so different reasons," Evans returned indifferently. "Then beef-tops brought ten dollars a head, and they're worth three times that now; then you bought a brand on the hoof, come as they run, for around five dollars straight through, exclusive of calves; now it's based on ten at the round-up tally. A man could better afford to let part of his cows winter-kill than to raise feed to winter the whole of them through—among other things."

"And have your water-holes fenced," Morrow said, "as soon as you let the first squatter light."

"The Government has prohibited fencing water-holes necessary to the adjacent range," Harris cut in. "If that valley was mine, I'd have put it in hay this long time back."

"But it wasn't yours," Morrow pointed out.

"No; but it is now, or at least a part of it is," Harris said. "I picked up that school-section that lays across the valley and filed on a home quarter that butts up against the rims." He sat gazing indifferently out of the door as if unconscious of the dead silence that followed his remark. More men had drifted in, till nearly a dozen were gathered in the room.

"That's never been done out here—buying school-sections and filing squatter's rights," Morrow said at last. "This is cow-country and will never be anything else."

"Good cow-country," Harris agreed. "And it stands to reason it could be made better with a little help."

"Whenever you start helping a country with fence and plow, you ruin it for cows," Morrow stated. "I know!"

"It always loomed up in the light of a good move to me," the newcomer returned. "One of us has likely read his signs wrong."

"There's some signs round here you'd better read," Morrow said. "They were posted for such as you."

"It appears like I'd maybe made a bad selection, then. I'm sorry about that." Harris deprecated in a negligent tone that belied his words. "It's hard to tell just how it will pan out."

"Not so very hard—if you can read," the dark man contradicted.

The newcomer's gaze settled on Morrow's face.

"Do you run a brand of your own—so's you'd stand to lose a dollar if every foot of range was fenced?" he inquired.

"What are you trying to get at now?" Morrow demanded.

"Nothing much—now; I've already got," Harris said. "A man's interest lays on the side where his finances are most concerned."

"What do you mean by that?" Morrow insisted.

"You're good at predicting—maybe you're an expert at guessing too," Harris returned. And suddenly Evans laughed, as if something had just occurred to him.

Morrow glanced at him without turning his head, then fell silent, his expression unchanged.

A chunky youngster stood in the doorway and bent an approving gaze on the big pinto as he swung out across the pasture lot. The boy's face was small and quizzical, a shaggy mop of tawny hair hanging so low upon his forehead that his mild blue eyes peered forth from the fringe of it and gave him the air of a surprised terrier—which effect had gained him the title of Bangs.

"I bet the little paint-horse could make a man swing and rattle to set up in his middle, once he started to act up," he said.

"Calico wouldn't know how to start," Harris said. "A horse, inside his limitations, is what his breaker makes him. I never favored the idea of breaking a horse to fight you every time you climb him. My horses are gentle-broke."

"But you have to be able to top off just any kind of a horse," Bangs objected.

"That don't hinder a man from gentling his own string," Harris returned.

Bangs turned his surprised eyes on Harris and regarded him intently as if striving to fathom a viewpoint that was entirely new to him.

"Why, it don't for a fact," he said at last. "Only I just never happened to think of it like that before."

Morrow laughed, and the boy flushed at the disagreeable ring of it. The sound was not loud, but flat and mirthless, the syllables distinct and evenly spaced. His white, even teeth remained tight-closed and showed in flashing contrast to his swarthy face and black mustache. Morrow's face wore none of the active malignance that stamps the features of those uncontrolled desperadoes who kill in a flare of passion; rather it seemed that the urge to kill was always with him, had been born with him.

"You listen to what the squatter man tells you," Morrow said to Bangs. "He'll put you right—give you a course in how everything ought to be done." He rose and went outside.

"That was a real unhumorous laugh," Evans said. "Right from the bottom of his heart!"

A raucous bellow sounded from the cook-house, and every man within earshot rose and moved toward the summons to feed.

"Let's go eat it up," Evans said, and left the bunk-house with Harris.

"Did you gather all the information you was prospecting for?" he asked.

Harris nodded.

"I sorted out one man's number," he said.

"Now, if you'd only whispered to me, I'd have told you right off," Evans said. "It's astonishing how easy it is to pick 'em if you try."

"Waddles is a right unassuming sort of man in most respects." Evans volunteered as they entered the cook-house. "But he's downright egotistical about his culinary accomplishments."

CHAPTER II

ALL through the meal the gigantic cook hovered near Billie Warren as she sat near one end of the long table. It was evident to Harris that the big man was self-appointed guardian and counselor of the Three-Bar boss. He showed the same fussy solicitude for her welfare that a hen would show for her helpless chicks.

"Praise the grub and have a friend at court," Harris murmured in Evans' ear.

Billie Warren had nearly completed her meal before the men came in. She left the table and went to her own room. When Harris rose to go, he slapped the big man on the back.

"I'd work for half pay where you get grub like this," he said. "That's what I'd call a real feed."

Waddles beamed and followed him to the door.

"It's a fact that I can set out the best bait you ever throwed a lip over," he confessed. "You're a man of excellent tastes, and it's a real pleasure to have you about."

Billie Warren opened the door and (*Continued on page 138*)

Ladies' Ways

By
Booth
Tarkington

Illustrated by
William
Van Dresser

TWO young people, just out of college and pleasing to the eye, ought to appreciate the advantage of living across the street from each other; but Miss Muriel Eliot's mood, that summer, was so advanced and intellectual that she found all round about her only a cultural desert, utterly savorless. This was her own definition of her surroundings, and when she expressed herself thus impressively to Mr. Renfrew Mears, the young gentleman who lived directly opposite her, he was granted little choice but to suppose himself included among the unspiced vacancies she mentioned. "The whole deadly environment crushes me," she told him, as they paused at her gate on returning from a walk. "This town is really a base thing."

"Do you think so, Muriel?" he said. "Well, I don't know; around here it's a right pleasant place to live—nice big yards and trees and all. And you know the population is increasing by fifteen to twenty thousand every year. The papers say—"

"Listen, Renfrew," she interrupted, and then said deliberately: "It is a cultural desert, utterly savorless!"

When she had spoken in this way, the first feeling of young Mr. Mears appeared to be one of admiration, and perhaps she understood, or even expected, that some such sensation on his part would be inevitable, for she allowed her eyes to remain uplifted gloomily toward the summer sky above them, so that he might look at her a little while without her seeming to know it. Then she repeated slowly, with a slight shake of the head: "Yes—a cultural desert, utterly savorless!"

But Renfrew now became uneasy. "You mean the *looks* of the place and the—"

"I mean the whole environment," she said. "These Victorian houses with their Victorian interiors and the Victorian thoughts of the people that live in 'em. It's all, *all* Victorian!"

"Victorian?" said Renfrew doubtfully, for he was far from certain of her meaning. His vague impression was that the word might in some remote way bear upon an issue of bonds with which he had some recent familiarity through an inheritance from his grandfather. "You think it's—Victorian—do you, Muriel?" he thought best to inquire.

"Absolutely!" she said. "Culturally it's a Victorian desert and utterly savorless."

"But you don't mean all of it?" he ventured, being now certain that "Victorian" meant something unfavorable. "That is, not the people?"



"I doe' care 'nything about it," she said coldly. "I doe' care whether she's dead or whether she isn't."

"It's the people I'm talking about," explained Muriel coldly.

"Well—but not *all* of 'em?"

"Yes, everybody!"

"You don't mean every last one of 'em, though, do you, Muriel?" he asked plaintively.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, but look here," he said. "You couldn't mean *that*. It would include your own family, and all your old family neighbors. Why, it might include some of your very best friends!"

She sighed. "Since I've come home, I've felt that really I had nothing in common with a single soul in the place. I don't live on the same plane. I don't think the same thoughts. I don't speak the same language."

He appeared to swallow a little air and to find some difficulty in doing so. "I know," he said, "you do talk a lot more intellectually than the rest of us dubs around here. It's because you've got a more intellectual nature, and everything like that; and that's one of the reasons I look up to you the way I do. I always used to think that a girl that usually had an intellectual nature had to wear horn spectacles and have her dress higher on one side than it was on the other, and wear these sensible—"

looking shoes, and everything like that. But you've showed me I was mistaken, Muriel. You made me see that a girl could have an intellectual nature and be prettier and dress niftier than all the brainless ones put together. But what worries *me* is—" He paused uncomfortably, and repeated, "What worries *me* is—" then paused again, and, with his head on one side, moved his forefinger to and fro between his collar and his neck as if he felt a serious tightness there.

"Well?" Muriel said, after waiting for some time. "Do you wish me to understand it's your neckwear that worries you, Renfrew?"

"No," he said absently, and frowning in his pained earnestness, again repeated: "What worries *me* is—" Once more he stopped.

"Well, well!"

"It's simply this," he said. "What worries me is simply this. It's like this. For instance, do you think it's absolutely necessary for them *both* to have an intellectual nature?"

"Both?" she inquired. "What do you mean—'both?'"

"I mean the man and the woman," he said. "Do you think they *both* have to have—"

"What man and woman?"

"I mean," said Renfrew, "I mean the husband and the wife."

"Why, what in the world—"

"Would they *both* have to have one?" he asked hopefully. "They wouldn't *both* have to have an intellectual nature, would they?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about,"

she said with emphasis, though a delicate color had risen in her cheeks, and people seldom blush on account of being puzzled. "I don't believe you know what you mean, yourself."

"Yes, I do," he insisted, his earnestness constantly increasing. "I mean, for instance, wouldn't it be all right for the woman to go on following her intellectual nature in her own way, if the man provided the house and the food and everything like that? Even if he didn't have an intellectual nature himself, don't you think they could get along together all right, especially if he respected hers and looked up to it and was glad she had one, and so—well, and so they could go on and on together—and on and on—"

"Renfrew!" she cried. "How long are you going 'on and on' about nothing?"

He looked depressed. "I only meant—did you—did you really mean *everybody*, Muriel?"

"When?"

"When you said that about—about the savage desert that didn't have any culture or anything."



"Stop it!" Renfrew commanded. "I haven't done anything to you. What do you want to kill *me* for?"

"That wasn't what I said, Renfrew," she reminded him, and her expression became one of cold disapproval. "I said, 'A cultural—'"

"Well, anyway," he urged, "you didn't really mean *everybody*, did you?"

"Seriously, Renfrew," she said, "—seriously, I don't understand how you can live the life you do."

"Why, I'm not living any life," he said reproachfully. "I never did do anything very dissipated."

"I don't mean that," she returned impatiently. "I mean, what are you doing with your mind, your soul, your spirit? You never have a thought that the common herd around us doesn't have. You never read a book that the common herd doesn't read, and you don't even read many of *them*! What do you do with your time? I'm asking you!"

"Well, the truth is," he said meekly, "if you come right down to it: why, most of the time I loaf around in our front yard waiting to see if you're not coming out or anything."

His truthfulness did little to appease her. "Yes!" she said.



"You sit hours and hours under that walnut tree over there in a perfect vacuum!"

"Well, it is like that," he agreed, "when you don't come out, Muriel."

"I'm not talking about anything of that sort!" she said quickly. "I mean, how can you bear to stay on such a plane? You don't have to just sit down and live on what your grandfather left you, do you?"

"Well, *but*," he protested, "—I told you I was thinking of trying to run for the State legislature!"

She stared at him. "Good heavens!" she said. "Do you think *that* would be rising to a higher plane?"

"A person has to begin," he ventured to remind her. "Even at that, they tell me I probably couldn't get nominated till I tried for it two or three times. They tell me I have to keep on going around till I get well known."

"Renfrew!"

"Well, I haven't made up my mind about it," he said. "I see you don't think much of it, and I'm not sure I do, myself. What do you think I ought to do?"

"What do I think you ought to do?" she cried. "Why, do anything—*anything* rather than be one of the commonplace herd on the commonplace plane!"

"Well, what do I have to do to get off of it?"

"What?"

"I mean, what's the best way for me to get on some other plane, the kind you mean? If you think it's no good my trying for the legislature, what do you think I *had* better do?"

He asked for information; in all honesty he simply wanted to be told. "I just don't know how to go about it," he added; "I don't know how to even start; that's the trouble. What had I better do first?"

Muriel stared at him; for in truth, she found herself at a loss. Faced with a request for groveling details of the lofty but somewhat indefinite processes she had sketched, she was as completely a vacancy as could be found in all the cultural desert about her.

"Really!" she said. "If you don't know such things for

yourself, I don't believe you could ever find out from anybody else!"

In this almost epigrammatic manner she concealed from him—and almost from herself—that she had no instructions to give him; nor was she aware that she had employed an instinctive device of no great novelty. Self-protection inspires it wherever superiority must be preserved; it has high official and military usages, but is most frequently in operation upon the icier intellectual summits. Yet, like a sword with a poisonous hilt, it always avenges its victim, and he who employs it will be irritable for some time afterward—he is really irritated with himself, but naturally prefers to think the irritation is with the stupidity that stumped him.

Thus Muriel departed abruptly, clashing the gate for all her expression of farewell, and left startled young Mr. Mears standing there, a figure of obvious pathos. She

went indoors, and having ascended to her own room, presently sat down and engaged herself with writing materials. Little shadows of despondency played upon her charming forehead as she wrote:

Life is so terrible!
Far off—far, far—oh, infinitely distant—oh,
Where far-flung fleets and argosies
Of nobler thoughts abound
Than those I find around me
In this crass, provincial town,
I must go!
For I am lonely here,
One lonely, lonely little figure
Upbearing still one white, white light invisible.
How could those see whose thoughts are all
Of marts and churches, dancing, and the links?

She paused to apply the blotter upon a tiny area of ink, oozed from the pen to her forefinger, which had pressed too ardently, being tense with creative art; and having thus broken the spell of composition, she glanced frowningly out of the window beside her desk. Across the way, she could see Renfrew Mears sitting under the walnut tree in his own yard. He was not looking toward her, but leaned back in a wicker chair, and to a sympathetic observation his attitude and absent skyward gaze might have expressed a contemplative bafflement. However, this was not Muriel's interpretation, for she wrote:

Across the street, ignoble in content,
Under a dusty walnut tree,
A young man flanneled sits,
And dreams his petty burgher dreams
Of burghers' petty offices.
He's nothing.
So, lonely in the savorless place, I find
No comrade for my white, white light,
No single soul that understands,
Or glimpses just, my meanings.

Again the lonely girl looked out of the window, but this time with the sharpest annoyance, and wished herself even lonelier

and more remote than her poem declared. Half a dozen lively children, including her own fat little brother Robert, had begun to play in the yard across the street, where the young man flanneled sat; and sometimes one of them came to hide behind his chair, though Renfrew was so immersed in his petty burgher dreams that he did not appear to know it. The shouting of the children interfered with composition, however, and while the poetess struggled on, the interference grew so poignant that it became actually a part of the texture of her poem:

Oh, I am lonely in this world of noises,
This world of piercing senseless outcries,
I hate it so! I hear the shrill,
Malignant yowls of children,
Growing up like all the rest
Without the power of thinking.
Oh, noises how accursed—

Here her poem came to an end forever—that is to say, it had no end, was never completed, remained a fragment. Muriel jumped up, and the expressions she employed were appropriate for a maddened poet's use, though they befitted not a maiden's. The accursed noises across the street had become unbearable; they roused Renfrew from his petty dreams, and he straightened up in his chair to see what was going on.

"Here, here!" he said. "This isn't the Fourth of July. Quiet down a little, will you?"

Four boys, Masters Robert Eliot, Laurence Coy, Thomas Kimball and Freddie Mears, an eight-year-old cousin of Renfrew's, were advancing upon him, each evidently operating an imaginary machine-gun. "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bangity, bangity, bang! Bang!" they shouted with the utmost violence of their lungs.

"Stop it!" Renfrew commanded, and as the machine-guns seemed to be leveled straight at himself, he added: "Let me alone. I haven't done anything to you. What do you want to kill me for?"

He mistook their meaning, as he discovered immediately. "Ping! Ping! Ping!" a shrill voice cried out from the ground just behind his chair—another machine-gun, or else an "ottomatick."

"Pingity, pingity, ping. Ur-r-r-r-r-r-ping!"

The voice was that of Renfrew's nine-year-old sister Daisy; and looking round and down, he discovered her crouching low behind his chair, firing continuously. Renfrew perceived that he was a fortification of some sort; for although the presence of a grown person has naturally a stultifying effect upon children, they readily forget him if he remains in his own sphere; then he becomes

but part of their landscape; they will use him as a castle, or perhaps as a distant Indian. Renfrew was now a log cabin.

"Ping! Ping! Pingity ur-r-r-r-r-ping!" Daisy shrieked from behind him. "You're all dead! Lay down!"

"You're dead yourself," Robert Eliot retorted. "I guess all us four filled you fuller o' wounds than you did us, didn't we? Lay down yourself!"

"I wont!" And Daisy, rising, began to argue the question vehemently. "I saw you all the time when you came around the house. I shot you first, didn't I? Wasn't I sayin' 'Ping,' before ever any one of you said 'Bang?'"

"No, you wasn't," Laurence Coy hotly replied. "Why, if we'd of had real guns, they wouldn't be enough left o' you to bury in a hen's nest."

"They would, too!" Daisy shouted. "If I'd had a real gun, they wouldn't be enough left of you to bury in half a hen's nest!"

"They would, too!" Laurence retorted, and his comrades in arms loudly echoed him. "They would, too!" they shouted.

"You're dead!" Daisy insisted. "You got to all four lay down. You got to!"

But upon this they raised such a chorus of jeering that she stamped her foot. "You got to!" she cried.

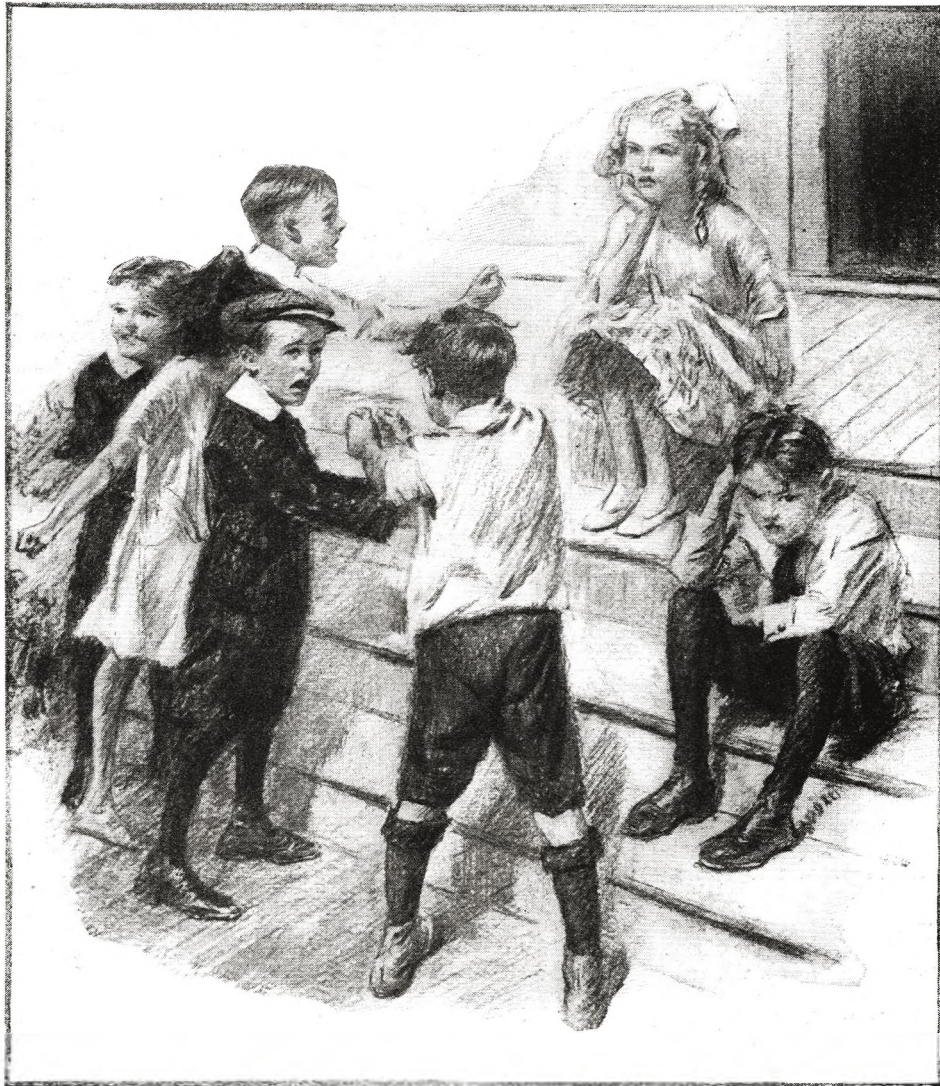
"Listen!" said Laurence. "Listen here! I killed you myself, first thing when we came around the house. I leave it to Elsie Thremer."

He referred to the one other little girl who was present, though she took no part in these military encounters and seemed, in fact, to disapprove of them. Fastidiously remaining at a distance from the belligerents, she sat alone upon the steps of the large front porch—a dainty little figure in strong contrast

to the strident Daisy. Elsie was in smooth and unspotted white linen; and Daisy, too, had been in smooth and unspotted white linen,—for a few minutes,—but this one point of resemblance was now lost. Elsie was a beautiful child, whereas even the fonder of Daisy's two grandmothers had never gone so far as to say that Daisy was a beauty. Elsie was known for her sweet disposition, though some people thought that living next door to Daisy was injuring it. When Elsie came into a room where grown people were, they looked pleased; when Daisy came into a room where grown people were, they looked at their watches.

"Yes," said Robert Eliot, confirming Master Coy's choice of an umpire. "I leave it to Elsie. Whoever Elsie says is dead, why, they got to be dead."

"Leave it to



Elsie looked over their heads with large, far-away eyes. Elsie, like Muriel, seemed to dwell above the common herd.



William van Druessel

"If he isn't 'likely to die,'" she cried, "I'd be glad to know whose fault it is! Not yours, I think, Renfrew Mears!"

Elsie," the other boys agreed. "Daisy's dead, isn't she, Elsie?"

"I am *not!*" Daisy cried. "I don't care what Elsie says. I killed every last one of you, and if you don't lay down, I'll make you."

"You will?" the bulky Robert inquired. "How you goin' to make us?"

"I'll *frow* you down," said the determined Daisy; and she added vindictively: "Then I'll walk all over you!"

The enemy received this with unanimous hootings. "Yes, you will!" Laurence Coy boasted satirically. "Come on and try it if you don't know any better!" And he concluded darkly: "Why, you wouldn't live a minute!"

"Anyway," Daisy insisted, "I wont leave it to Elsie, whether I'm dead or not."

"You got to," said Laurence, and walking toward Elsie, he pointed to Daisy, and spoke with some deference. "Tell her she's dead, Elsie."

Elsie shook her head. "I doe' care 'nything about it," she said coldly. "I doe' care whether she's dead or whether she isn't."

"But she didn't kill *us*, did she, Elsie?" Laurence urged her. "Our side's alive, isn't it, Elsie?"

"I doe' care whether you are or whether you're not," the cold and impartial Miss Threamer returned. "I doe' care 'nything about it which you are."

"I am *not* dead!" Daisy shouted, jumping up and down as she

pranced toward the steps where sat the indifferent judge. "I doe' care if Elsie says I'm dead a thousan' times, I guess I got my rights, haven't I?"

"No, you haven't," Robert Eliot informed her harshly.

"I have, too!" she cried. "I have too got my rights."

"You haven't, either," Laurence said. "You haven't got any rights. Whatever Elsie says is goin' to be the rights."

Daisy strained her voice to its utmost limits: "I got my RIGHTS!" she bawled.

They crowded about Elsie, arguing, jeering, gesticulating, a shrill and active little mob; meanwhile Elsie, seated somewhat above them, rested her chin on her clean little hand, and looked out over their heads with large, far-away eyes that seemed to take no account of them and their sordid bickerings. And Renfrew, marking how aloof from them she seemed, was conscious of a vague resemblance; Elsie, like Muriel, seemed to dwell above the common herd.

Then, as he watched the clamorous group, he noticed that whenever Laurence Coy appealed to Elsie, his voice, though loud, betrayed a certain breathlessness, while frequently after speaking to her he opened his mouth and took in a little air, which he then swallowed with some difficulty, his neck becoming obviously uneasy. Indeed, this symptom was so pronounced that Renfrew, observing it with great interest, felt that there was something reminiscent about it—that is, it reminded him of something; he could not think just what. But he began to feel that Laurence perceived that Elsie was on a higher plane. (Continued on page 128)

SOULS

*Illustrated by
Howard Chandler
Christy*

The Story So Far:

DESTINY had dealt savagely with beautiful young Remember Steddon—whose clergyman father had named her after one of the Puritan maidens of the *Mayflower*. She had given her heart to Elwood Farnaby, with whom she sang of Sundays in the choir of her father's small-town church; and because Elwood's drunken father left him the sole support of his mother and the younger children, young Farnaby could not marry her. But for some time now, Remember had known there was urgent reason for the marriage.

Remember's anxiety aggravated the cough which of late had worried her parents, so that at length they prevailed upon her to consult Doctor Bretherick concerning it; and the wise old physician very soon discovered the true source of her trouble—and persuaded Remember to accept the obvious solution: in spite of the many material difficulties, and even though Elwood had lost his job, Remember must marry him at once. Bretherick had arranged the whole matter when—Farnaby was brought to his office dying, after an automobile accident.

So it was that Bretherick had to plan anew to save the broken-hearted girl and her still-ignorant father and mother. He ordered her to California because of that cough, and told her how she was to write her parents successive letters telling of her meeting with an old acquaintance, of her falling in love with him, marrying him—and being left soon a widow. . . . So Remember Steddon, herself already the protagonist of a strange-pitiful drama, made ready for California and an extraordinary career.



At last she was standing on the back platform of a train, throwing tear-sprent kisses to her father and mother.

FOR SALE

By *Rupert Hughes*

THAT clergyman's home was really a theater. If there had been a camera-man to follow the various members about, it would have been what the moving-picture people call a "location."

The Reverend Dr. Steddon abhorred theaters or moving pictures, and all forms of dramatic fiction (except his own sermons); yet everybody in the house was playing a part—with benevolent purposes, of course. But then, benevolence is one of the motives of nearly all acting—to divert some one from his own distresses by exploiting imaginary joys or sorrows.

mask and tell the venomous truth. It was not merely a question of having to lie or to evade discovery. Remember had to dramatize herself, to foresee situations and to force herself to be another self, to mimic sincerity and simplicity.

Many people knew that she had been fond of Elwood. Many girls and boys called to see her or dragged her to the telephone to offer consolation and satisfy curiosity. To them she must express a proper sorrow as a cordial friend without letting them treat her as too deeply involved. This was bitter work, and she felt it a treachery to her dead lover.

To her mother she must play the same character. Her mother may have guessed that the tragedy was deeper than the revelation, but the poor old soul had had so much gloom in her life that she did not demand more than she got.

Remember's father lived in such clouds that he had almost forgotten his refusal to let Elwood call on Remember. He knew that she had been at the Doctor's office when Elwood was brought there, and the shock of this explained what confusion he recognized in Remember's manner.

He was acting, too, but his own acting was the constant show of cheerfulness. He went about smil-



The girl's rôle was the most difficult imaginable. She had to conceal a frantic remorse, rein in a wild grief and conduct it as a gentle regret.

She hated herself and her enforced hypocrisy. Romance had sickened in her like a syrup that bribes the palate and fills the stomach with nausea. Her soul was so ill of it that her very throat retched. She had been trained from childhood to believe herself a sinner lost in Adam's fall, and to search her heart for things to repent. She believed in an actual hell, and she had great native gifts of self-punishment. Nothing made Remember more eager to get her gone from her home town than her fear that at almost any moment she would reach the end of her histrionism, fling off the

Her head knocked off the hat of the man who had tried to save her the trouble of picking up her magazine.

ing, laughing, talking of Remember's swift recovery in the golden West. He said that they would all be glad to get rid of her for a spell. But his heart was a black ache of despair and fear of that death which he spoke of in the pulpit as a mere doorway to eternal bliss. His smiling muscles ached and rebelled, and when he was alone, he paced his study like a frightened child, beating his hands together and whispering to his Father to spare him this unbearable punishment.

A HURRICANE struck the little town of Calverly on the day of Elwood's funeral. When Remember expressed a wish to sing with the choir at the service over their late fellow-singer, both mother and father forbade her to think of it. Her mother cried: "A girl who's got to be shipped out West has got no right to go out in weather like this."

Remember felt it a crowning betrayal of Elwood to let him be carried to the grave in such merciless rain. Her heart urged her to dash through the streets, burst into the church and proclaim to the world how she adored the boy. But she had to protect her father and mother from such selfish self-sacrifice and such ruthless atonement. So she stayed at home and stared through the streaming windows. She saw her poor old father set out to preach the funeral sermon.

He had that valor of the priests which leads them to risk death in order to defeat death, to endure all hardship lest the poorest soul go out of the world without a formal *congé*. Dr. Steddon clutched his old overcoat about him and plunged into rain that hatched the air in long, slanting lines. He had not reached the gate when his umbrella went upward into a black calyx. He leaned it against the fence and pushed on. Then his hat blew off and skirled from pool to pool. He ran after it, his hair aflutter, his bald spot spattering back the rain.

Remember was not missed at the church, for there was nobody there to miss her. The whole choir saved its voice by staying away. Only the Farnaby family went dripping up the aisle and back.

The hearse and two hacks moped past the window where Remember watched. On the boxes the drivers sat, the shabbiest men on earth at best, but now peculiarly sordid as they slumped in their wet overcoats, disgusted and dejected, their hats blown over their faces, their whips aggravating the misery but not the speed of the sodden nags that might have wished it their own funeral.

Remember had to leave the window. Her impulse was to run out and follow the miserable cortège, to tear wet flowers from the gardens and strew the road with them, to fill the grave with them and shelter Elwood from the pelting rain. It was a funeral like that in which Mozart's body was lost, and like his widow, Remember had to mourn at home.

It was her meek fear of being dramatic and conspicuous that saved her from the temptation to publish her concern. But she stumbled up to her room and let her grief have sway. She smothered her sobs as best she could in the old comforter of her bed, but the other children heard her, and asked questions. Her mother kept them away from her, and did not go near herself, feeling that this was one of the times when sympathy gives most comfort by absence.

When Remember's eyes were faint with exhaustion and could squeeze no more tears, when her thorax could not jerk out another sob, her soul lay becalmed in utter inanition. Then she heard a hack drive up to the gate, and heard her father's hurried rush for the porch.

The old man was chilled through by his graveside prayer, but forgetful of himself in the exaltation of his office, and all a-babble of pity for his client.

Remember heard her mother fluttering about him, scolding him out of his wet clothes into dry, but he kept up his chatter:

"It isn't always easy to find nice things to say at funerals, but there was everything fine to be said over that poor boy—a good, hard-working lad that slaved for his mother and went to church regular, and—why, I don't suppose he ever had an evil thought."

Remember believed this last to be true, but she wondered what her father would say if he found out what she was trying to save him from knowing. The futility of judgment of other people was revealed to her for a moment. She understood how ignorant both praise and blame must always be, though half of life is spent in trying to win the approval and escape the disapproval of other people, who could never know, in any case.

She sank into a chair by her window. The rain whipped the panes, and the wind rattled them in the chipped putty that held

them to the casement. The last few days had kept her thoughts so busy that she had neglected her housewifery a little. She was shocked to see that a spider had spread a web from the shutter to the vine. The gale had torn the web to shreds and was threatening to rip it loose. The spider, sopping and pearly with rain, was having a desperate battle to keep from being swept away. He clung and caught new holds as a sailor clutches the shrouds in a tempest.

Remember felt a kinship with the poor beastie. Her soul and her body were like spider and web, and a great storm menaced them both. Her flesh seemed but a frail network that spasms of sobbing or of coughing threatened to tear to pieces. Her soul was a loathsome arachnid spinning traps for flies, and storms of remorse and grief threatened to dislodge it and send it down the wind of eternity. But still her body clung to life, and her soul to her body.

Yet the fact that Elwood was no longer of her world, that his beloved soul and body had parted company with each other and with her, released her from part of her burden, and made her readier to set out to foreign parts. She was both banished and set free. She began to long to be shut of the town and the dull playhouse where she enacted over and over the same dull drama.

Her father and mother drove her almost mad by their devoted gentleness. Hitherto they had both been strict, and a little tiresome with moral lessons and rebukes, making goodness a dull staple suspiciously over-advertised, and creating rebellion by discipline. But after the Doctor's first visit, they heaped almost intolerable coals of fire upon her head with their devoted faith in her. At times they treated her with that unquestioning approval we grant only to the newly dead; and unmerited homage is sometimes harder to endure than unearned blame, since it has a belittling influence where the other arouses self-esteem. If her parents had any doubts of her future, it was only of the wicked people outside the fold who would attack and beguile their ewe lamb. They never suspected her of even the capacity for sin, though she felt that it was she who had led her sacred lover astray, not he her.

Her home was growing intolerable. She had to draw on a mask the moment she entered it. When she went to the Doctor's office, she encountered truth and the frank facing of it; she could be herself, a normal young animal who had done a natural thing unluckily, and had lost none of her rights to life, wealth or the pursuit of happiness. When she stepped off the Bretherick porch, she was a very allegory of defiant youth; when she stepped onto her own porch, she became immediately a Magdalen bowed with a sin she dared not even ask forgiveness for.

It was particularly hard to act a part all day long, and every day, since she had never been an actress before. If her audience of two had had more familiarity with the art, she might have been less sorrowful. But they never dreamed of the truth. Deceiving them was so easy that she despised herself. Especially she loathed herself for taking their paltry savings. They had foreseen the cruel days that lie ahead of superannuated preachers, and had somehow managed to put away a little hoard against the inevitable famine, though this meant that even their prosperity was always just this side of pauperdom. But now they lavished their tiny wealth upon their daughter and never imagined that the real cause for her spendthrift voyage was to save herself and them from the catastrophe of a public scandal.

MONEY is always the most emotional of human concerns, though it is the least celebrated in romance. Remember revolted at the outrage of robbing her own parents of their own shield against old age. She went again and again to Doctor Bretherick and demanded that he release her from her promises not to tell the truth and not to kill herself. But he compelled her to his will, and she was too glad for a will to replace her own panic, to resist him. For a necessary stimulant, he prophesied that somehow in that land of gold she was seeking she would find such treasure that she could repay her parents their loan with usury, with wealth, perhaps—who knew?

"In these times," he said, "it's the girls who are running away from home to find their fortunes. And lots of 'em are finding 'em."

"Your dear old father is always preaching about the good old days when women were respected and respectable, when parents were revered, and took care of their children. As my boy says, where does he get that stuff?"

"He knows better! In the 'good old days' the best parents used to whip their children nearly to death; the poor ones bound them out as apprentices into child slavery, chained 'em to fac-

stories for fourteen hours a day. They had no child-labor laws, no societies for prevention of cruelty to children, no children's court, no Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, and the wickedness was frightful. And as for the grown-up girls, most of them had no education, and no chance for ambition to flower. If they went wrong, they could go to a convent, or slink around the back streets, or go out and walk the streets at night. The drunkenness and debauchery and disease were hideous. Even the Sabbath-breaking and skepticism were universal. But still they call 'em the good old days!

"And they dare to praise them above these glorious days when women are for the first time free. And men were never free either till now, for men had the responsibility of women's souls on their own. And my God, what a burden it was, and how they bogged it!

"This is really the Year One. Now at last a girl can look life in the face, and if she makes a mistake, she can still make her life worth while and not fall into the mewling, puling, parasite and disease-germ of the 'good old-fashioned woman.' You ought to thank God for letting you live now, and you've got to show Him how much you prize the golden opportunity. It's just sunup; this is the dawn of the day when man and woman are equal, and children have a clean sky overhead.

"I was reading the other day—a list a mile long of self-made women who had begun poor and finished rich. Some of 'em made their wealth out of candy, and some of 'em in Wall Street, some of 'em in all sorts of arts, paintings, novels, plays, music, acting. You might go into the movies! I tell you, Mem, if you've got any spunk, you'll make yourself a millionairess. All this suffering is education. All this acting you're doing may show you the way to glory!"

"I've never been anywhere or seen anything. I've never even seen a movie," said Remember.

"Well, when you get a chance, sneak into a movie



and see if you see anything you can't do. Prob'ly you'd have to learn to ride a horse and throw a lasso, and to dance; but fallin' off trains and bein' spilled off cliffs in automobiles oughtn't to take much talent. And it can't be very risky, since I see the same young ladies runnin' the same gantlets and comin' up smilin' in the next picture. There's a serial at the Palace once a week that shows one wide-eyed lassie who is absolutely bullet-proof. They can't drown that girl—burn her, freeze her or poison her. She laughs at gravity, bounces off roofs and cliffs, and bobs up serenely from below. Her throat simply can't be throttled; she can take care of herself anywhere. Why, I've seen her overpower nearly a hundred bandits so far, and she looks fresher than ever!"

"Do they have movies in Tuckson?"

"I think likely. I hear they've got 'em on both Poles, North and South."

Remember imbibed mysterious tonics at the Doctor's office, and always came away buoyed up with the feeling that her tragedy was unimportant, commonplace and sure to have a happy finish.

But the moment she reached home, she entered a demesne where everything was solemn, where jokes were never heard,

"It's the life—leastways it was. So many amachooers bein' drord into it now, though, it aint what it was."

except pathetic old witticisms more important in intention than in amusement. They began to irritate her, to wear her raw and exacerbate her tenderest feelings. She was beginning to be ruined by the very influences that should have sweetened her soul.

And at last one day, quite unexpectedly, when she was under no apparent tension at all, when her father had gone to visit a sick parishioner and her mother was quietly at work upon Remember's traveling clothes, the girl reached the end of her resources.

Perhaps it was a noble revolt against interminable deceit. Perhaps it was a selfish impulse to fling off a little of her back-breaking burden of silence. Perhaps it was the unendurable hum of her mother's sewing-machine.

Whatever it was that moved her, she rose quietly.

put down her needlework, went into Mrs. Steddon's room, closed the door, took her mother's hands from the cloth they were guiding, and said in a quiet tone:

"Mamma, I want to tell you something. I'd rather break your heart than deceive you any longer."

"Why, honey! What's the matter? Why, Mem dear! What on earth is it? Sit down and tell your mother, of course. You can't break this old heart of mine. What is it, baby?"

That was just the tone Remember hungered for. It brought her to her knees, her head in her mother's lap. It brought her back to childhood and the joy of having some one to confess to, some one to be humble before, some one older and more used to the world and its tyrannies.

Grandmothers acquire a witchlike knowledge of life. They know the things that may not be published. They see the cruel wickednesses of the world overwhelming their own beloved ones, and an awful wisdom is theirs. They know something of the mockery of punishment, and they are usually derided by the less experienced for their lax ideas of justice.

Remember's confession was an annunciation of grandmotherhood to Mrs. Steddon. She was so stunned that she expressed no horror at the abyss of horror yawning before her feet. Two instincts prevailed while her reason was in a stupor: love of her husband, love of her child.

The decision was easy, and she made no difficulty of the terrible deceptions involved. Her husband must be protected in his illusions. His child must be





"Joo know who that is?" Viva whispered. "That dame is the great Miriam Yore. And the flossy guy is that big English author."

protected from the merciless world and the immediate wrath of the village.

She said little; she caressed much. She confirmed Doctor Bretherick's prescription and joined the conspiracy, administering secret comfort to the girl and to the father. . . .

Remember was still young in spite of herself, and the nearer the day of her departure came, the slower dragged the hours between.

And at last she was standing on the back platform of a train bound for the vast Southwest. She was throwing tear-sprent kisses to her father and mother as they blurred into the distance.

They watched the train dwindling like a telescope drawn into itself, as so many parents have watched so many trains and ships and carriages vanish into space with the beloved of their hearts and bodies. They turned back to their lives as if they had closed a door themselves.

CHAPTER VII

ON the train Remember had planned to do a bit of thinking. But after the first exultance of escape and the thrill of speed, she relapsed into despondency and fear, fear of everything and everybody. She had still to act, but she was a strolling player with an ever-changing audience. This gave her a new kind of stage-fright.

She had expected to find on the journey leisure for contrition and the remolding of

her soul. But the world would not let her alone. Everything was new to her. Everything was a crowded film of novelty.

She knew the minimum of the outside sphere possible to a girl who had any education at all. She had never been on a sleeping-car before. She had read no novels except such as the Sunday-school library afforded. She had seen no magazines at home except the church publications; and her girl friends happened to be infrequent readers of fiction.

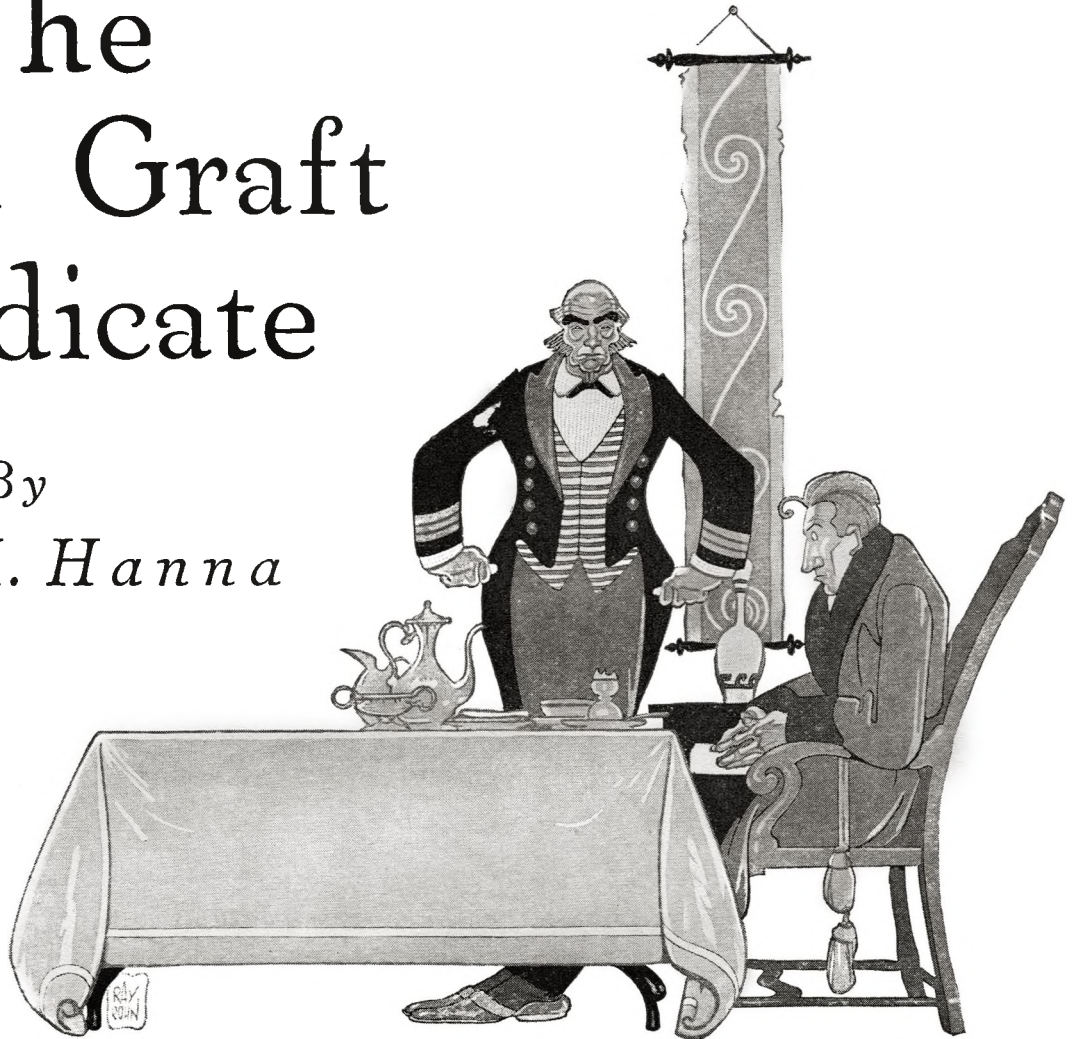
Calverly had no bookstore, and the news-stands did little trade in periodicals. She had never been to a theater, or a moving-picture. She had never danced even a square dance, not so much as a Dan Tucker, a Virginia Reel or a minuett in costume. She had never ridden a bicycle or a horse, and had never been in any automobile except some old bone-shaker that drowned conversation in its own rattle.

She had never worn a low-necked, high-skirted dress. She had never seen a bathing-suit. Girls did not swim in the river at Calverly. In fact, she had escaped all the things that moralists point to as the reasons why girls go wrong. Yet she had, as the saying is, gone wrong—utterly, indubitably.

On a Sabbath evening the solemn (Continued on page 146)

The Great Graft Syndicate

By
James K. Hanna



1. *Insomnia*

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

WHEN Roger Murchison had seated himself before his customary light breakfast in the sunny breakfast-room of the Murchison mansion on upper Fifth Avenue, Miggs, the butler, placed the cup of steaming hot coffee at his right hand.

"I hope, Mr. Roger," Miggs said with his usual deference but with real concern, "you slept last night?"

It will be observed that he did not hope Roger had "slept well."

"Not one minute," said Roger Murchison gloomily, and his heavy eyes and general air of weariness amply substantiated his words.

Miggs decanted an exact amount of cream into Roger's cup and added one cube of sugar. Roger Murchison liked to have this operation performed under his own eyes. It was one of his few foibles.

"If you please, sir," said Miggs a moment later, "the parties you were expecting have already arrived. They are waiting in the anteroom, sir."

"Ah, they came, did they?" said Murchison. "The lady too?"

"Yes, Mr. Roger. Two male persons and a young woman."

"Very good, Miggs," Murchison said. "I will see them in my study. Show them there, will you?"

The butler left the room, first moving Mr. Murchison's buttered toast a fraction of an inch nearer his hand, and Murchison opened his mail and examined it listlessly.

The mail was not especially interesting. There were a few unimportant bills from tradesmen, which Roger placed aside in one pile, circulars from firms having investments to offer, two notices of meetings of antiquarian societies, and ten or twelve

begging letters. All these Roger massed together and tore across, pushing the scraps away from him negligently. He ate his toast and egg slowly, masticating faithfully, sipping his coffee from time to time. When a crumb of toast fell on his long brown dressing-gown, he removed it carefully, clasp it between his long white forefinger and his equally white thumb. Long before he had finished his breakfast, Miggs returned.

"I took the liberty of locking your cabinets, Mr. Roger," said Miggs. "One of the male persons seems particularly disreputable, if I may venture to say so."

"That was, perhaps, to be expected, Miggs," said Roger Murchison enigmatically. "The young lady?"

"Quite a presentable person, sir," Miggs assured him.

"As—perhaps?"

"A stenographic person, one might venture to say," said Miggs. "Quite presentable, sir."

"And the other man?"

"I fear, sir," said Miggs, "he is a parlor Bolshevik, or a college professor temporarily lacking a situation. He has a pointed beard, sir."

"He might be a poet," said Murchison.

"He is shabby enough to be one," Miggs admitted. "An unsuccessful one, if I may venture to conjecture." He hesitated, and then, taking advantage of an old family servant's privilege, said: "I trust the venture you are undertaking, Mr. Roger, may lead to results that will justify contact with these most unsavory persons, sir."

Roger Murchison arose from the table.

"If it can bring me sleep," he said, "it will justify anything, Miggs." He went out of the room.

Miggs let his eyes rest on the draperies that closed behind the

tall, gaunt figure of his master and shook his head sadly. For more than a month Roger Murchison had not slept. Knowing so well the grim characteristics of his master, the old man knew that if this awful insomnia was not soon broken, the fate of Roger Murchison would be madness or suicide; and he knew that Roger Murchison knew this also.

ROGER MURCHISON, as he went up the stairs,—his study was on the second floor.—reflected that he had not told old Miggs quite the truth. He had not slept, it was true; but for two nights he had been able to wrest his thoughts for brief periods from the missing dancer of the Markham vase, a thing that had not been possible for many nights previously. He had been able to think of the three human beings who were now awaiting him in the study. He was thinking of them even now.

Roger Murchison at forty was not an attractive man. He lacked charm; he had never found it necessary to cultivate attractiveness. In physique he was admirable (although at the moment he was too thin), for he stood a good six feet and was broad of shoulder; but his face—broad at the brow and rather long—lacked expression, much as the face of the man long blind lacks it. Traced to its sources, this lack was found to be in the eyes and mouth; the eyes were those of a weary student, and the mouth that of a tired man. His aloofness from the world that whirled by his door was shown in his garb, too; for under the long and much-faded dressing-gown that was his outer garment, he wore trousers that were glossy at the knees and guiltless of form, and his collar was a low "turn-down" not becoming to his neck. He wore loose slippers, too, that flapped slightly at the heels as he walked. It was the garb of a man who gets out of bed to plunge into some indoor work, and who leaves his study but seldom.

As Murchison entered his study, the men await-

very shabbiness was ridiculous, but as they stood side by side, the one as tall and twice as thin as Murchison, and the other short and hippopotamically fat, they were still more ridiculous. Murchison turned to the girl.

Even more than the men, the girl puzzled him. His first impression was that all her clothes were reversed, even to the hat—the back where the front should be; but even his inexperienced eyes saw in a moment that this was not so (unless the hat were turned about), but that the weird effect was due to the size of the garments. They were large for her; they were not her own, but cast-off things that over-enveloped her and made her appearance more amazingly bizarre than that of the tall skeleton with the beard, who kept his right hand tucked in the chest of his tightly buttoned frock-coat, or of the preposterously fat man who carried his faded and greasy hat jauntily in a crook of his arm. Murchison consulted three letters that he drew from one of the pockets of his dressing-gown.

"You are Miss Lind? Miss Rosa Lind?" he asked.

"Yes," the girl answered.

She was, Murchison judged (but he was no judge of such matters) between twenty and twenty-five years of age. Her face was attractive. He noticed that one of her stockings had "run," and that the "run" had been darned with poor success. He wondered why Miggs had said she was quite a presentable person, how he had arrived at the conjecture that she was a stenographer.

"I am Mr. Murchison," Roger said gravely. "Please be seated, Miss Lind."

The girl seated herself in the chair from which she had arisen and clasped her hands over her shabby hand-bag. Murchison consulted the letters again.

"And you are Mr. Skink?" he asked the fat man.

"Tubbel," said the fat man crossly. "Horace Tubbel. My name's Tubbel."

"It is a pleasure to meet you," said Murchison with grave courtesy, and after indicating a chair with his hand, he turned to the thin cadaver with the pointed red-brown beard.

"And you must be, then, Mr. Skink—Mr. Carlo Dorio Skink," he said.

"That is indeed my name," said the hungry-looking Mr. Skink, "—a name not, I hope, entirely unknown to fame, but one that should have been better known had not the clutches of a cruel adversity, or as Shakespeare says—"

"Ah, yes!" said Murchison quickly.

"But let us all be seated. Thank you."

He seated himself at his work-table and turned his chair to face his visitors, spreading the three letters on his knees.

"Each of you," he said slowly, "has written me a letter offering me a priceless heirloom for sale. I hope you have brought them, for it is my purpose to buy them. I hope, Mr. Tubbel, you did not forget—because I wrote you I would have an important proposition to submit to you when you called—that you were to bring"—he looked at Mr. Tubbel's letter—"the gold watch given by your great-grandfather to your grandfather, by him to your father, and by your father, on his deathbed,

to you, and which you are forced to part with because of most untoward circumstances?"

"I've got it," said Mr. Tubbel, scowling at Mr. Skink, who scowled at Mr. Tubbel, and he took from his pocket a large and brassy timepiece and handed it to Mr. Murchison, who put the watch on the table.

"And you, Mr. Skink," he said, "are compelled by circumstances



Just at the roots of her hair a vivid scarlet line showed. "Red-line Rose," she said simply.

ing him, arose, and as he saw them, even Murchison was surprised by their absurd appearance. For a moment he stood uncertain whether to enter or withdraw, and then his eyes caught the eager look in the eyes of the young woman, and he advanced into the room.

The two men were preposterously, burlesquely shabby. They were shabbier than anything Murchison had ever believed possible. They were frowsy and soiled and generally disreputable; they were of the dime-begging, panhandler type that lives among the insects and odors of cheap lodging-houses and shamle out to whine: "Mister, give a poor man a dime to get a cup of coffee." Their

no less cruel to part with an equally valuable watch given, oddly enough, by *your* great-grandfather to *your* grandfather, by him to *your* father, and by *your* father, on his deathbed, to *you*?"

"And that is the truth, too," said Mr. Skink angrily. "Because a cheap faker cooks up a lot of lies and tries to bunco you is no sign I'm a lying grafter—"

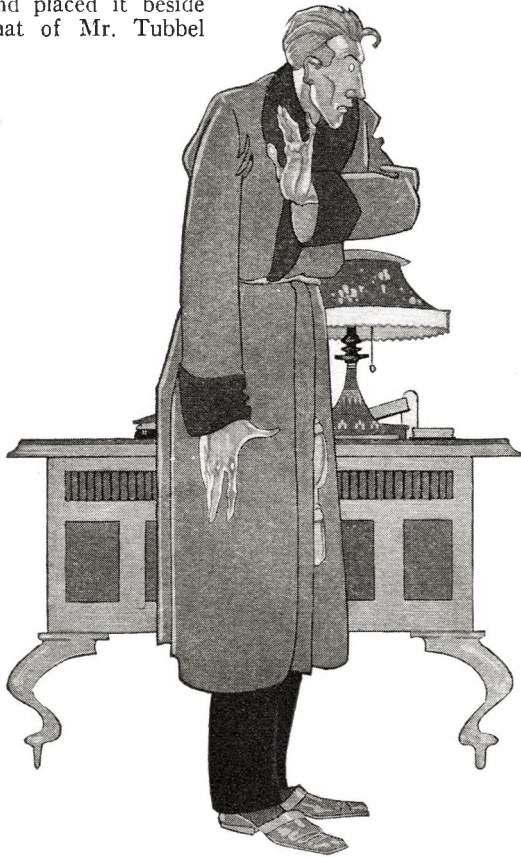
"Who are you calling a lying grafter?" demanded Mr. Tubbel, his face, his double chins, the rolls of fat at the back of his neck, and even his bald head turning purple with rage.

"Please!" said Mr. Murchison. "I am sure no one is a lying grafter. Coincidences are bound to occur."

"I won't stand for any cheap skate of a coffin-nail calling me a lying grafter," puffed Mr. Tubbel. "I'm an honest man."

"Certainly," said Mr. Murchison soothingly. "We are all honest men here. Have you the watch of your great-grandfather, Mr. Skink?"

He took the watch and placed it beside that of Mr. Tubbel



lars was mentioned as the amount necessary to avert impending ruin—a trifling sum to prevent the great evils so vividly hinted, but not explained, in your letters. It is a privilege to be able to devote an infinitesimal portion of my overabundant wealth to a purpose so worthy."

Murchison opened a drawer of his table and took out of it three slender parcels of crisp new bills, handing one to each of his visitors with a courtly bow, saying: "Miss Lind—Mr. Tubbel—Mr. Skink!" as he did so. Miss Lind tucked her money hastily into her hand-bag and snapped the clasp; Mr. Skink thrust his deep into a trouser pocket; Mr. Tubbel doubled his into a small wad and stuck it into his vest pocket. Taking two steps, Mr. Murchison stood beside the open window, the three watches in his hand.

"The watch of Mr. Tubbel's great-grandfather," he said, and tossed it out of the window into the street below.

Mr. Tubbel chuckled hoarsely.



Murchison was surprised by their absurd appearance. For a moment he stood uncertain whether to enter or withdraw.

on the table and referred to the third letter. Already Miss Lind was scarlet.

"And you, Miss Lind," said Murchison relentlessly, "are obliged, in your adversity, to seek temporary relief by selling to me, much against your wishes, the thing you hold most dear, the watch—"

"Ah, don't!" the girl cried, hiding her face in her hands.

"The watch," continued Murchison, "that was given by your great-grandmother to your grandmother, by her to your dear mother—"

"Please!" the girl exclaimed.

"—and confided to you by that dear, lost parent on her deathbed, with these touching words—"

"Please!" the girl cried again.

"I will not repeat the sacred words," said Mr. Murchison. "You must not let your very proper feelings, however, prevent me from offering you the aid that will save you from something, as I see by your letter, worse than death. May I have the watch?"

Miss Lind, her face still ablaze, opened her hand-bag and placed a small watch in Mr. Murchison's open palm.

"It's true!" she said in a low voice. "I do need the money; heaven alone knows how I need it."

"I am sure you do," Murchison said gently. "And now we can quickly complete this transaction and proceed to the more important matter. In each case the sum of one hundred dol-

"Mr. Skink's great-grandfather's watch," said Mr. Murchison—and the second watch clattered metallically on the pavement.

Mr. Skink pulled at his red-brown chin-whisker and grinned.

"The watch of Miss Lind's great-grandmother," said Mr. Murchison, but before he could raise his hand, the girl was at his side, clasping his arm.

"Not that! Oh, not that!" she cried. "I only ask you to keep it until I could repay you. Not into the street! Please, I would rather give back the money—"

Mr. Murchison shifted the watch to his free hand and tossed it out of the window as carelessly as he had tossed the others.

"My dear young lady," he said, "the watch was a brass case, without works, of the period of 1909, and worth about one dollar and ten cents. If your grandmother ever owned that watch, she must have lived to be at least a hundred years old—which has nothing whatever to do with the matter. I thank you for playing your game as it should be played. With you as one of the three members of the Graft Syndicate, I am able to hope something worth while may transpire."

"GRAFT Syndicate?" both Mr. Skink and Mr. Tubbel exclaimed questioningly, and it was to be seen that their eyes brightened and they bent forward on their chairs, while the girl drew in her breath sharply.

"Exactly that," said Mr. Murchison gravely. "Beginning to-day I am prepared to pay you each fifty dollars per week in

advance, for the period of one year, if you will combine and devote your entire time and abilities to graft in its broadest meaning."

He let his eyes sweep the three faces. Mr. Skink and Mr. Tubbel, who felt that too much eagerness had shone in their eyes, immediately assumed shocked expressions.

"I'm an honest man," Mr. Tubbel declared. "I'm down now, but I'm a respectable motion-picture actor—"

"One minute," Mr. Skink interposed. "You make a proposition, sir, that astounds me. I am a poet—"

"And you," said Murchison to Miss Lind with kindly seriousness, "are, I presume, an artist or a sculptor."

"I have been a stenographer," said the young woman, "but I have been ill for months. My mother—"

"Just so!" said Murchison. "And now, if I may proceed? I am sure it will harm our spotless virtue none to hear what I have to say. You know, perhaps, that I am a wealthy man; you do not know that my lawyer tells me I am worth somewhat more than twenty-five million dollars."

"Ye gods!" puffed Mr. Tubbel, thus proving that he had indeed, at some remote day, been an actor of some kind.

"I am rich," said Mr. Murchison, "but I am miserable. Insomnia is driving me to death or madness. I cannot sleep. I cannot quiet my brain. Day after day, and night after night, my brain wrestles and struggles with one subject."

"Monomania!" said Mr. Skink.

"Or near it," said Mr. Murchison, taking a drawing from his table and handing it to Miss Lind. "You do not know what this is? It is an extended reproduction of the decoration on the Greek vase known as the Markham vase. For the better part of my life I have made Greek vases my one study. I have written three volumes on the subject. You may not know how important the smaller details become to one who gives a life to one subject."

"I have struggled for weeks to find the proper word for the ultimate line of a sonnet," said Mr. Skink, thus proving he was indeed a poet.

"A creditable use of your time, Mr. Skink," said Mr. Murchison. "for the needed word can be found; but what I seek cannot be found, and yet I feel I must find it. You will observe that in this sketch of the decoration of the Markham vase there are twenty-two dancing figures. Here two are missing, for as you see, a portion of the vase is lacking. The vase, as I myself discovered—and the fact has been accepted by Gerking of Berlin and Pinzucci of Florence—is the ointment vase of the Temple of Apollo at Corinth. In fact," said Murchison, "the vase is the ritual vase of the Dance of Apollo. For centuries the choric dancers assumed the poses you see portrayed. Each pose is a symbol of one of the twenty-four mysteries of the worship of Apollo."

"Interesting!" said Mr. Skink.

"To me more interesting than life itself," said Mr. Murchison, sighing, "but as incomplete as life. The two missing figures—alas!—are those most important in the dance-cycle. In the twenty-two are embodied all we know of the mysteries of Apollo, and all the mysteries of Apollo the world has been able to discover are in them. We do not know what the two missing dancing figures could symbolize, and yet they are needed

to complete the whole. We do not know; we can only guess. I have been guessing."

He drew his hand across his eyes and arose and paced up and down.

"I have been guessing!" he exclaimed. "Night and day my brain races over every known symbol and rite, every posture of the dances of all times, seeking to recreate the two missing figures of the Markham vase. I can think of nothing else."

HE turned toward Miss Lind a face that was haggard and drawn.

"I *must* think of something else!" he cried.

The girl drew a deep breath and fumbled with the catch of her hand-bag.

"You'll go dippy if you don't," puffed Mr. Tubbel, and Mr. Skink pulled his chin-whiskers and nodded gravely.

"And so," said Mr. Murchison suddenly, "I want you to rob me."

"Rob you!" exclaimed Mr. Skink and Mr. Tubbel in one breath.

"Get my money away from me—one hundred dollars, one thousand dollars, one million, five million, twenty million dollars—any amount," said Roger Murchison calmly. "To give my brain something to work on other than the missing dancers of Apollo! To drag my thoughts from the one thing of which I can now think! To give me sleep!"

"But how?" asked Miss Lind. "How will robbing you do that?"

"My dear young lady," said Murchison, "I shall try to circumvent every attempt you make. As I lie abed at night, I shall try to fathom your minds and guess your plots. By each clue that I can grasp, I shall try to follow to the heart of your schemes and connivances. As in a game of chess!"

"I get you!" puffed Mr. Tubbel. "You're the hick, and we're the graft guys; we try to sting you, and you try to be wise to our dope."

"Exactly!" said Murchison. "And by filling my mind with thoughts of you I hope to free myself from the swirl of thoughts of the two missing dancers of Apollo."

"And what we get we can keep?" asked Mr. Skink, grinning like a coyote.

"What you get you can keep, and I will double it," said Murchison.

"And no law on us?" asked Mr. Tubbel.

"We will have a contract to that effect," said Mr. Murchison. "I have one already drawn."

"And we can go as far as we like?" asked Mr. Skink, stroking his chin-whiskers meditatively.

"Certainly. I desire you to use your utmost wit to get from me the largest possible sums."

"I'm on!" said Mr. Tubbel gleefully.

"It will be satisfactory to me," said Mr. Skink.

Miss Lind alone hesitated. She bit her lower lip and studied Mr. Murchison's face.

"Would it be permissible to try to get you into the toils of an adventuress?" she asked.

"That would indeed be delightful," said Mr. Murchison. "Blackmail would be interesting."

"Of course," said Miss Lind thoughtfully, "you are forewarned, which is forearmed. You will know we are trying to defraud you, and that will make it more difficult."

"I understand that too," said Mr. Murchison. "Believe me, my dear young lady, when I say I am more anxious that your wiles and efforts should be dangerous to my wealth than you can possibly be. I know I must give you opportunities. I shall do so. I shall bring new servants into the house. I shall go out and take part in the affairs of the world. I shall buy and sell securities and real-estate, make (Continued on page 159)



"Not that! Oh, not that!" she cried. "I would rather give back the money—"

And That's That

Illustrated by
Wilson Dexter



Once a carelessly or
deliberately obtuse host-
ess paired Eulalie and
Thornton for dinner.

By
Royal Brown

EULALIE WESLON can be best described as one of those women who sow the wind and pass serenely on their way, leaving other and wholly innocent women to reap the whirlwind. She was not bad, but mischievous—which is often worse. Nevertheless there seemed no way of bringing her to task until Thornton Morse came down with pneumonia, and becoming delirious, uttered truths which caused his wife to open hot, dry eyes the wider, while old, gruff Doctor Enright looked a shade grimmer and made extremely offensive comments upon Eulalie under his breath.

Not that Eulalie had placed herself beyond the pale—she was too careful to break any of the commandments, with the possible exception of the tenth, which deals with coveting somebody else's property, such as another woman's husband. Even to that charge Eulalie might have replied, with truth, that she cared nothing about these other women's husbands. True, she liked to have them group themselves about her and offer their homage, according to their various natures; but she accepted this as her birthright and accorded them no more feeling than the peacock has for the sun as it preens and basks.

Eulalie had a husband "somewhere in business." His activity there permitted him to endow her whims with liberality, while

it kept him very much in the background. She was childless; she was causeless; she was picturesque in a fashion that suggested all manner of interesting possibilities—to her. So she permitted her eyes, which were clear green pools lying under finely textured white lids, to misbehave most outrageously. Her hair was an asset too, for it was wavy and abundant, with red glints lurking in its tawny depths.

In the beginning, before either she or Thornton Morse had married, they had been engaged to each other. Then Weslon appeared on the scene, with his ten thousand a year and an interest in what people who knew about such things referred to as a "growing concern." Thornton was jilted forthwith—he had but twenty-five hundred a year and an interest only in such unprofitable things as the national tennis championship and baseball pennants. He bore up admirably, dancing with Eulalie two days before the ceremony. She looked supremely lovely, but Thornton never missed a step.

Nor did he appear at her wedding looking as though he were the chief mourner, as other young men have been known to do in Linford. The last glimpse Eulalie had of him when she drove away was as he stood on the porch steps, tall, fair, healthily good-looking, smiling as he assisted in the inevitable bombardment.

Eulalie said she was glad he had carried it off so well. But the incident was more satisfactorily closed when Kate Briggs, who had been her bridesmaid, wrote that poor Thornton had gone away for a month's hunting and that it was a relief, for everybody hated to see him about, knowing how he must feel.

Eulalie and her husband spent the next two years in touring the world. She referred to it as an "extended honeymoon" in the account of the wedding she personally prepared for the *Linford Mercury*, and perhaps it was. Nevertheless Weslon, who was close to forty and who had always spent his vacations inspecting the factories of competitors, sent home lengthy reports to the "growing concern" on the business conditions in each country they visited. Weslon was one of those business men who always talk conditions and markets with some kindred soul, no matter where they may be—successful men who retire at seventy and die of sheer boredom.

When the Weslons returned, in October, to Linford, to make their home in the old Bruce mansion, Eulalie found that many changes had been wrought in her absence. Among these was the marriage of Thornton Morse. His bride of a few months was not a Linford girl; and Thornton had taken her on a honeymoon which had been delayed so that Thornton could include his annual fall hunting. Eulalie's curiosity, therefore, remained unappeased except for such sops as came to her in casual conversation—references to Helen Morse as "a very sweet girl," or "a nice little thing." And Kate Briggs added, not without malice that Thornton absolutely adored her. Eulalie smiled.

It was at the reception and dance which the Sinnotts gave when they took possession of their new red-gabled, stucco-finished mansion that Eulalie and Helen Morse met. Thornton's wife, Eulalie discovered, might be considered attractive, even beautiful, if anyone cared for slender women with dusky hair and grave gray eyes. Eulalie remembered that Thornton's taste had not run in that direction.

When Thornton stepped forward to greet Eulalie, quite a few people paused in whatever they were doing, to look at him, then at Eulalie and lastly at Helen. The thought instantly uppermost in everybody's mind was that Eulalie had jilted Thornton. They wondered if Thornton had told Helen about *that*—and if so, how *she* felt. Thornton may have been conscious of this atmosphere of conjecture; anyway his manner, as he presented Helen, was just a bit overdone. Eulalie, whose manner was perfect, saw and interpreted in her own way the flaw in his.

Eulalie was wearing a marvelous gown of some half-dozen shades of yellow masterfully blended into harmony with the glints of red gold in her hair. The costumer's prodigality in the matter of filmy fullness of skirt had been equaled by his parsimony in the matter of corsage. Indeed, at second glance—and a second glance was inevitable—the gown seemed even more daring than

the first startled cognition of the fact could comprehend. But Eulalie's arms and shoulders were as matchless as ever, which influenced the men; and the women, who all knew the gown came from Paris, were hampered in their criticism. Eulalie had the trick of visualizing herself; she knew that the gown was a triumph in itself and doubly so against the silver-gray tones of the Sinnott's drawing-room, which might have been specially fashioned to frame her for the occasion.

Two years of traveling had given her added poise and charm. She did not blink the fact that Thornton must think her lovelier than ever. She said the conventional thing, but her censorship ended with her lips; her eyes were so outrageously outspoken that Thornton flushed.

To Helen, in that carefully cultivated drawl she said: "Your husband and I are old friends, Mrs. Morse."

Into the commonplace she wove a thread of patronage. And as she finished, she let her eyes fall full upon Helen's shoulders, which were frankly sunburned, except for the two white paths which marked the place where the straps of her bathing-suit had rested. Eulalie's eyes flickered with amusement, deliberate amusement, and Helen colored. When she had slipped into the little frock of soft blue crêpe earlier in the evening, she had eyed her reflection doubtfully.

"It looks rather—incongruous," she had said. But Thornton had stopped struggling with his dress collar long enough to kiss each white patch and thereby dispel her doubts.

"You'll inaugurate a new fashion," he had made answer. "Everybody will be doing it next year."

The knowledge that Eulalie, whose own shoulders were of the texture and color of thick cream, was deliberately trying to put her at a disadvantage served to steady Helen.

"Why, yes," Helen answered with a bright smile, in answer to Eulalie's remark. "You played together as children, didn't you?"

Eulalie only smiled, but her eyes subtly challenged Thornton's.

This was the beginning. In Mrs. Sinnott's rose-hung boudoir one woman who was putting on her scarf asked another, who was frantically searching for her right overshoe, how long she thought it would be before Thornton Morse's wife had her eyes opened.

In a way, it was as good as a play. And though Linford folks are no more heartless than those in other places, they enjoy a drama. Here was one in which each scene was being staged before their eyes, with each of the principals among themselves. It was absorbing, almost thrilling—and quite within bounds; they could trust Eulalie for that. At the worst, Helen Morse would discover that

her husband was lapsing into an old infatuation and eat out her heart in silence. To Weslon nobody gave second thought. Outside of business hours he languished, an automaton in a dress suit.



Helen hazarded the opinion that Eulalie was very beautiful. Thornton's only answer, unfortunately, was an uncomplimentary comment on the makers of dress ties.

In Linford we read the best sellers as they come and go. To watch Eulalie was like following a dramatization with the book in hand. We could interpret every glance, every movement. We knew what was passing in her mind, and in the minds of Thornton and of Helen as well. The question as to what rôle Helen Morse would choose to play was soon settled. Instead of taking her cue from *Mrs. Bremmil* (consult your Kipling) and winning her husband back by making herself wonderfully attractive to *other* men, she suffered in silence—and apparently in secret. There was nothing lugubrious about her; she presented a serene and smiling countenance to Linford.

As a matter of fact, Thornton hadn't said anything to her about that broken engagement. Nor did he mention it that night when they returned from the Sinnott dance and had retired to that part of the little brown bungalow that Thornton referred to, with mock grandiosity, as "the master's chamber." Helen hazarded the opinion that Eulalie was very beautiful. She said it a little wistfully, her gray eyes turned toward Thornton, who stood before the mirror striving to discover the little noose that anchored his tie. But Thornton's only answer, unfortunately, was an uncomplimentary comment on the makers of dress ties.

HELEN heard of the broken engagement very shortly afterward. That was inevitable. But she never taxed Thornton with having concealed it from her. Moreover she strove honestly and resolutely not to let it affect her attitude toward him. She was as sweet and as cordial as ever, although Thornton now and then felt an impalpable something that seemed to isolate her.

The Weslons and the Morses moved in the same circle, the only one in which they could move in Linford. Again and again Thornton was thrown into company with Eulalie. At dinners she would devote herself to her companion, but occasionally her outrageous eyes would wander in the direction of Thornton. At that, the eyes of other diners would turn furtively in his direction. Conscious of this general scrutiny, he would flush in spite of himself. Then conversation always became a little hectic, while everybody tried to look and act as if nothing had happened.

Eulalie didn't *really* care for her victim; at least that was the consensus of opinion. Her interest in him was self-centered, doubly whetted by his refusal to surrender (indeed, he strove to avoid her) and by Helen's sweet composure. That Thornton cared and that Helen knew he cared Eulalie never doubted. But that was not enough. Of course she should have been ashamed of herself. And of course she wasn't.

As for Thornton—poor Thornton!—doubtless he had believed himself quite free of the old infatuation when he married. It *was* unfortunate, but *such* a splendid topic of conversation. Besides, what could anybody do? For when she chose, Eulalie's eyes could assume a childlike candor that disarmed criticism.

Once a carelessly or deliberately obtuse hostess paired Eulalie and Thornton for dinner. Eulalie's composure was superb; Thornton had none whatsoever. Whenever she leaned toward him, brushing the sleeve of his coat with that perfect shoulder, whenever his harried eyes met hers, he would steal a quick, apprehensive glance at his wife. But Helen Morse was as superb as her rival in assumption of serenity.

This was in January, four months after Eulalie's return. In March, when other topics were beginning to eclipse that of Eulalie's persistent siege, it became known that Thornton was considering an offer to go to Detroit, as the Western representative of the firm he was employed by. Linford thrilled to that news; Thornton was abandoning his guns and taking to flight. And about time, some of his friends said, for Thornton was becoming absolutely savage, a bear whom not even those who had known him longest and most intimately could joke with in safety—even though they showed him, not by words but by a manner which spoke the thought, that they didn't blame *him*!

Toward the end of March the Sinnotts gave a dance. Thornton and Helen were there, and so was Eulalie. Little Freddy Webster, seeing Helen sitting out, went gallantly to the rescue. She seemed pale; and Freddy, who was admittedly an idiot at such things, fozzled by asking her if she didn't feel well. Truthfully she replied that the room was warm, and he fozzled again by suggesting they go into the conservatory. Freddy should have known that a conservatory is the traditional place where the injured party of the third part becomes an innocent eavesdropper. The situation is indeed so hackneyed that art will have none of it. Even on the stage, where traditions endure longest, it has fallen into disrepute. But unfortunately there is no competent stage manager to delete such things from life.

Freddy, noticing that everybody watched them as they left the hall, had a moment of uneasiness. There could be nothing wrong with his clothes (there occasionally was), or else there would have been broad smiles and tittering. Then with an accession of panic he grasped the situation. Neither Thornton nor Eulalie was in the room. This was very poor art; on the stage it would never have gone at all. But then, life is beyond criticism, and none of the spectators carped.

Helen Morse moved serenely on toward the conservatory, Freddy trailing after in a fashion suggestive of handcuffs and Bertillon measurements. It may be that she wanted to know just what had become of her husband and his first love, and didn't care how she found out, or it may be that she refused to do him the dishonor of distrust. Anyway they entered the conservatory, and Freddy found a seat for her. And that precise moment a voice which neither could fail to recognize began to speak in a tone that made it apparent the speaker was striving to repress emotions that might momentarily give way.

"Eulalie, it's time we came to an understanding. Please! It's all such a ghastly mistake—"

"Thornton!" Eulalie's voice was startled, indignant. "You seem to forget that we both are married."

Thornton's lips framed an exclamation, half groan, half expletive.

"Married! Of course we are! That's the trouble. You must listen. Why are you so blind? Why can't you see you are ruining my life? Can't you see that I—"

"Not one more word!" commanded Eulalie. "You have gone too far already."

There was an angry swish of skirts, and then silence. Freddy Webster looked straight ahead of him. He could not think; he dared not move; but he was vividly conscious of the tense, slender figure seated beside him in the semi-darkness. But when she spoke, it was in a tone that would have deceived wiser ears than Freddy possessed, so steady it seemed.

"They are playing—shall we dance?"

It was as ghastly as you please. Even the music of the fox trot, which some of the younger folk sang as they danced, seemed malignant, to Freddy.

They went through the motions of the trot, she smiling, he attempting to, and thinking all the time: "Poor Thornton's gone off the hooks. Mad—clean mad." And as he caught sight of the pale but determinedly courageous face which came well above his shoulder, he added: "She's a thoroughbred—as game as they make them."

Eulalie was on the floor, her lithe figure swaying with the rhythmic but restrained grace of the perfect dancer, her lips parted in a half-smile, her eyes tranquil. Thornton did not appear until the music stopped. His lips were so firmly set that little lines puckered his mouth at the corners, and his eyes seemed feverish. He searched out Helen and crossed to her. Freddy arose with alacrity, and Helen moved her skirts so that her husband could sit down beside her—the gesture and the little smile of welcome with which she greeted him so naturally done as to cause the gaping Freddy to gasp.

THE very next day Linford heard that Thornton Morse was sick. People remarked then that he hadn't looked well for some time, an opinion so delivered as to imply, without even mentioning her name, that Eulalie was responsible. The official bulletin was pneumonia. Doctor Enright came and went with great frequency; two trained nurses were installed. Before the week was out, Thornton was known to be a very sick man indeed.

Eulalie had received the first news from the sick-room with a feeling of relief. Thornton had done an unpardonable thing; he had forgotten himself and placed her in a difficult situation. His illness gave her opportunity to readjust her attitude toward him to meet new conditions. Henceforth he must be dealt with sternly and kept in place. Perhaps, she reflected, it would be as well if he did go to Detroit—poor Thornton!

As the tidings from the sick-room grew steadily more ominous, she began to feel sincerely sorry—for Thornton. He had, she told herself, loved her a great deal more than she had ever cared for him, even at the first, and that is a tribute no woman can resist. And you can be sure she held herself blameless.

It was not until she heard that he had become delirious that she was genuinely interested. Delirious people say such horribly ill-considered and inconsiderate things. What if Thornton, whose power of restraint had been at the breaking-point when he faced her in the conservatory, should unleash that whirlwind she had

held in check? She pondered that, and in the end shrugged her flawless shoulders. Her conscience was clear.

Besides, she had other interests. In Linford, where men are no better or worse than in other places, Eulalie did not lack opportunity to indulge her propensity for mischief. Men who would have proclaimed their wrongs to the four corners of the divorce-court if their wives had taken pattern after Eulalie, flocked about her, their eyes answering the challenge in hers, while their lips fashioned phrases which could mean everything—or nothing. So Eulalie, who had never been forced to reap the whirlwind, continued to sow the wind.

To Thornton's wife, Eulalie gave never a thought. And strangely enough, Helen gave hardly a thought to Eulalie. The conversation she had overheard seemed unreal, fantastic; indeed, all their married life seemed a thing apart during those days she moved silently about the house, trying to focus her mind to her tasks while her ears strained themselves to catch every sound from the sick-room. Her existence was drained of all other interests than that which was reflected in her gray eyes, set in leaden pallor now. The Doctor came; the nurses passed her in the hall; always her eyes mutely questioned them: "Is he better? Will he live?"

In the room which had been Thornton's den and to which with the coming of the second nurse Helen had moved her things, she lay through the interminable hours of the night, an unformed prayer welling up from her heart and fluttering her lips. By leaving her door ajar, she could see from the couch on which she had made up her bed the night-light in Thornton's room across the hall. If the nurse came into the hall or moved for a moment about the sick-room, Helen was up in a moment, her heart palpitating, her eyes putting the question.

Then Doctor Enright intervened, sternly commanding that she shut the door to the den and keep it shut. She would have rebelled, had he not reasoned with her. Her ordeal was ahead, he said: she must keep herself well, that she might serve Thornton when convalescence set in.

"He *will* get better?" She put the question quickly, earnestly.

Doctor Enright started to speak, and then cleared his throat. Her eyes were compelling.

"God knows," he said gruffly.

That night the door to the den was closed. On her couch Helen lay huddled, a pitiful figure. Once she crept toward the door. Her hand on the knob, she fought a battle before she went blindly back to her couch. On the way her fingers encountered the table and fell on a small object which she recognized as Thornton's pipe. She took it to bed with her.

In the daytime she was able to control herself. It was impossible to keep her out of the sick-room. She was there at the moment when, without warning, Thornton broke into delirium. There came a pause in the labored, whistling breathing, and then the voice, harsh and sibilant and falling on her ears as unfamiliarly as that of a stranger, began to speak. As the will released its hold on the sick man's tongue and the words came babbling forth, her white face went whiter still; a slim hand fluttered to her throat. Doctor Enright stopped counting the sick man's pulse and lifted up a gray, Jovian head to observe her.



"Your husband and I are old friends, Mrs. Morse."
"Why, yes," Helen answered, "You played together as children, didn't you?"

Too proud to acknowledge fear of a rival even to herself, she would have set her face against excuse or explanation had Thornton offered them.

Now at last he was pouring out his soul. Five minutes, ten minutes passed, with the words dropping from the sick man's lips like leaves whirring in a November wind, furiously for a space, and then very softly, as the force of delirium rose and fell.

When silence, broken only by the loud, blowing breathing, fell again, poor Thornton's slate was clean. For a moment she stared at the Doctor, as if unable to credit what she had heard. Then, blinded by the sudden flood of tears,—glad tears of relief which shook her none the less for that,—she turned toward him. He gathered her into his arms and mothered her.

"My poor child—my poor child!" he crooned in a rumbling bass. He patted her back and looked down on her dusky, disordered hair as he cleared his throat. He knew Linford folks as he knew his physician's bag and its contents. And he knew what the gossip had been ever since Eulalie's return, and what this revelation must mean to Helen Morse.

After a time Helen raised her tear-stained face with a smile that made his old heart beat faster. After that her self-control never wavered, though the flow of delirium became a steady stream as Thornton Morse wandered still farther into the valley of the shadow.

Then came the day when hope all but left Doctor Enright's heart. He stood in the sick-room with one arm folded across his broad chest and forming a rest for the other, in the hand of

which he cupped his bearded chin. Through half-closed lids he studied the sick man, for whom skill and science had done all it could. At last, with a shrug of his shoulders, he came to a decision; a doctor at bay is often a gambler. He descended the stairs to the hall, where Helen awaited him.

"My child," he said with the utmost gentleness, "there is only one thing to do, and—I will be honest with you—even that is doubtful."

A wave of color suffused her pallor, as if, intuitively, she guessed what he was about to do. But she did not interrupt.

"Leave the house—for two hours," he finished. "Remember—it is his only chance."

Eulalie, passing through the hallway of her home, heard the telephone ring. She took the receiver from the hook and was greeted by the brusque voice of Doctor Enright. She thrilled to an emotion, half apprehension, half anticipation, as he delivered his message.

"You say he is dying?" she asked, wishing to make sure of that point.

"He has one chance in a thousand. You must come."

"But if he is delirious—"

"He may swing out of it just long enough to recognize you—that is the one chance. Hurry, please; it is urgent."

"But Doctor—Mrs. Morse?"

"I have sent her away. Wear a heavy veil if you must,"—his brusque voice grew a little weary.—"but come, and come now."

Eulalie put the receiver back in place. For a moment she sat still, considering the matter. Thornton was dying; his one hope lay in her going to him. She must go—it was her duty. She pursed her lips righteously. And she could wear a heavy veil, as Doctor Enright had suggested. Though why should blame attach to her, in any event? Was it her fault that Thornton, whom she had jilted, loved her better than the woman he had married afterward—that lying on his deathbed, he rejected his wife and called for Eulalie, his first and his true love?

The defense, were she forced to make it, could be rendered impregnable. She rose and ran lightly upstairs to her boudoir, and opening the closet, studied the dresses hung there before choosing one. She dramatized the situation and then chose a gown of soft bride gray which she felt suited the rôle she was cast for. The rôle, as she subconsciously visioned it, was part ministering angel, part sister of mercy. From her dressing-table she passed to her cheval glass and stood there for a moment, studying her reflection with critical eyes. Thornton might recover consciousness.

The Doctor's unpretentious automobile stood on the driveway at the Morse home; the Doctor himself let her in. He was discretion itself; she thanked him with a quick inclination of the head. As she followed him through the hall and up the stairs, her eyes were green pools mirroring virtuous self-sacrifice.

At the head of the stairs the Doctor paused.

"Mr. Morse has been calling for you ever since he became delirious," he said evenly. "He is very close to the crisis, and although I shall leave you alone with him, I shall be waiting just outside the door."

Eulalie threw off her veil and coat. A mirror hung across the hallway; she turned to catch her reflection.

The white-capped nurse rose as they entered the sick-room, and passed quietly through the door. Eulalie's eager, questioning eyes sought out the bed in which lay the sick man. He was silent for the moment.

"I shall be near at hand," the Doctor reminded her, and softly closed the door behind him. He stood just outside, his hand firmly gripping the knob.

EULALIE glanced about her. The windows were open; the air was still. The sunlight streamed in through un-draped windows; but the room, stripped of unnecessary furniture, seemed bare and cheerless. The bureau was covered with the uncompromising paraphernalia of the sick-room. She shivered and began to wish she had not come.

The sick man began to mutter. She looked at him, fascinated. His eyes shone with an animal-like glitter; his face was haggard and almost vivid. The havoc the fever had wrought repelled her; he seemed unlike a human being, as he lay there oblivious of her presence.

The first mumbled words, spoken with that diffused resonance that marks the progress of the disease, escaped her, but the intonation suggested the minor chords that presage the rising gale. Then with sudden intensity the storm broke. Thornton's tortured mind was revealing itself to Eulalie exactly as, when the delirium

first claimed him, it had revealed itself to his wife. For Thornton never varied a word of what he said at such times. It was like a lesson learned by rote.

"Damn her—damn her! Why can't she leave me alone? I say—*why can't she leave me alone?* Those eyes—those awful eyes—take them away—take them—"

Eulalie shrank back against the door as his head fell wearily to one side on the pillow. For an awful moment she thought he had died. But almost immediately he began to speak again. She held her breath; the words came less rapidly; a pleading cadence softening the harshness of delirium.

"Helen dear—dear Helen—let me explain. She and I were engaged once, but she jilted me—and when I met you, I was glad, glad, dear-heart!" The voice rose a little: "Say you believe me!"

The sick man closed his staring eyes; his voice became a despairing wail. "Nobody will believe me—it only amused me at first—I didn't realize how it must have hurt you, dear-heart. . . . I thought you understood—but you drew into yourself. . . . How could I explain? I tried to tell her that night how I wanted to be left alone—how I hated her—she wouldn't listen. . . . Oh, Helen!"

Eulalie, almost hysterical with horror and wounded pride, turned and with frantic fingers tried to open the door. The knob resisted her fumbling efforts; she began to cry in frightened little gasps. The sick man began to rave once more. This time it was more terrible than all that had gone before, for he said things which he never would have used consciously, epithets under which she cowered as under blows.

WHEN Doctor Enright opened the door, she was crouching in the corner, her hands over her face, her shoulders shaken by sobs. She hardly realized that the sick man had ceased speaking and was gazing at her with curious puzzled eyes, in which no trace of delirium remained. The Doctor looked not at her, but at his patient.

"Thornton," he said, "Eulalie understands. *She understands what you wanted to tell her. And so does Helen!*"

The sick man looked at them for a moment with a perplexed frown; then the curious, puzzled eyes cleared and he smiled. With a little sigh of relief he closed his eyes and slept.

The Doctor also gave a sigh of relief. The things he had gambled on had each come to pass. The hoped-for flash of consciousness had come as Thornton reached the crisis: he had seen Eulalie, and he had been made to understand that she knew what he had wanted to tell her, and that Helen understood. Now, his mind relieved, he slept, the saving moisture gathering on his forehead.

The Doctor took his finger from his patient's pulse and put his watch back into his vest pocket. Then he turned to Eulalie, and taking her arm, raised her to her feet.

"The crisis has passed," he said, as if quite unaware of her agitation. "I think you have saved his life. I thank you."

Eulalie could not answer. She managed to get out to the hall, and Doctor Enright helped her into her coat. As she swayed uncertainly, he placed her hat in her hands. She put it on her head automatically, without a glance in the direction of the glass. Then he escorted her downstairs and to the door, as if she were a queen and he a most grateful courtier.

"And," mused Doctor Enright as he waited expectantly in the lower hall, "that's that."

The door swung open and Helen burst in. Doctor Enright answered the question that flashed from her eyes before her lips could formulate it.

"I think he will pull through," he said.

Helen smiled—a wan, wavering, but courageous smile.

"I couldn't go far," she confessed. "I saw—her. I'm sorry; it seems brutal to have made her—hear it that way."

"It was," he admitted. "But in the end it may do her good," he added grimly.

Perhaps it did. Anyhow, Eulalie became what Linford folk call "serious-minded" and went in for the things which appeal to serious minds. The reason for this, everybody was convinced, was Thornton's dereliction after his recovery, and his devotion to Helen.

Linford gossips will tell you that Helen's "nobility" won back her husband's love. They express the opinion that Helen Morse is an angel in that she freely forgave Thornton for his shameless flirtation with Eulalie. In Linford, as in most places, we keep our eyes open and are—as you see—prone to draw our own conclusions.

Paying Up

By Henry C. Rowland

Illustrated by
Raeburn Van Buren

ON the twenty-first birthday of his beautiful ward, who was also his stepdaughter, old Tom Lovell felt that his hours were numbered.

An examiner for life insurance might not have agreed with him. Old Tom was but fifty-five, and looked and felt ten years younger, the "old" being merely an affectionate prefix bestowed by friends and acquaintances. For although generally esteemed an old sport, Tom was actually an old sportsman, and there is a sea of difference between the two. He had pampered his vigorous physique without abusing it, giving it of the best, but exacting from it always a due amount of wholesome exercise.

All his life, Tom had enjoyed the use of considerable wealth, first from his father, and before this was entirely gone, through one rich marriage, followed by a second a few years later. He had always followed his inclinations, which on the whole were healthy. He loved free air and had a sort of boyish enthusiasm for athletics. He was a horseman, a yachtsman and something of a student of natural history and sciences. His only actual vice was gambling, which he indulged sporadically at considerable intervals, and with neither skill nor judgment. It was owing to this that the sight of the twenty-one candles on Marian's birthday-cake struck a chill through old Tom's sturdy physique. He knew that he had fetched up at the end of his scope, for with his ward's majority must come the day of reckoning.

Tom realized that unless something very extraordinary were to happen, he must be nipped in the fangs of the law, for in his capacity of sole trustee of his stepdaughter's estate, he had practically exhausted it: they were now living upon what was left of a capital swiftly dwindling to the vanishing-point.

As this knowledge was borne in forcibly upon old Tom, he slipped out of the room and had recourse to a decanter of strong waters. He was an embezzler of trust funds, a criminal, and yet it had come about so insidiously that he scarcely knew whether to blame himself or not! It had been his earnest endeavor to quadruple Marian's fortune—and incidentally to make provision for his own declining years. For a quarter of a century he had lived luxuriously as a parasite, and like a bunch of mistletoe, it had become his nature to flourish at the cost of his host.

Marian, who adored him, slipped away from her guests as soon



as she missed his jovial presence. Tom also adored Marian. He could not have more loved an own daughter; and from babyhood he had petted and indulged her, often at the cost of real personal sacrifice of pleasure.

It was midsummer, and the birthday party was being celebrated at old Tom's country residence, which was directly on the shore of Long Island Sound near Greenwich. In ordinary weather the wide verandas would have been gay with colored lanterns and dancing couples, but a chill nor'easter was blowing, with a drizzle of rain through which harder showers ran at intervals like tidal waves. The verandas were cold and damp and sprayed with fitful gusts of wind—which condition of affairs may have added to the concentration of the noise and gayety within.

It was too gay and too noisy altogether to suit old Tom, even had he been care-free and of cheerful mood—much worse now that within a few hours he would be called upon to give an accounting of his stewardship and very possibly to pay the penalty of its unfaithfulness. He could see no light ahead. This was without question the darkest moment of his life.

Marian, as has been said, slipped out to hunt him up and found him glooming through the long open window of the library out across the mist-flung Sound, through which at some little distance glowed dimly the riding-light of his auxiliary-schooner yacht. Tom was wishing that he might go aboard her, get under way and flee to some remote island, there to hide himself from the accusing faces of friends and family.

"What's the matter, old dear?" asked Marian, flinging her arm around his neck. "You look like a poor old eagle in a cage."

It struck Tom that "vulture" would be the better simile—that he had devoured the substance of two dead wives, then bolted that of this lovely and endearing girl. He answered with a certain grim humor which contained the perfect truth.

"I can't bear to think of my baby grown up."

Old Tom had never quite so fully appreciated her charm as at that moment, and it struck through him with a pang of dread, less for himself than for her, that this was now her sole asset. Marian was actually no more than any other uncommonly pretty portionless girl who must make her charms such capital as she might. She was in fact far more defenseless than most of these, because there was nothing either in her talents or education to fit her for rough contact with a world set with traps and pitfalls.

Failing to cheer him, and respecting his mood, she returned to her guests. Tom stepped through the open French windows onto the veranda and sank into an armchair which was

screened by a palm. He found himself face to face with the really first grave problem of his pampered life—and one to which there was absolutely no solution. He knew himself to be incapable of earning a cent. His occupations had fitted him for nothing really useful. He was a parasite, which must perish at the destruction of its host.

THERE were two factors in the situation, however, which outweighed all others in Tom's final balance: Of these the first—and greatest—was the destitution of Marian, whom he loved; the second was his shame and humiliation at being branded an embezzler. He did not think Marian would feel too harshly toward him. She knew his impulsive, hot-headed nature, his sanguine temperament and utter inexperience of business. She would appreciate that he had been less of a thief than a gambler of distorted vision who, having about a million and a half at his disposal, had rashly tried to quadruple it, and failed. On the other hand, it was not the fear of punishment which appalled Tom. From start to finish he was a sportsman and prepared to pay the price of his bad bet without flinching, as he had done many times before. But that which now de-vitalized him was the sure prospect of being publicly branded as a thief. Death he could face; punishment he could face; and disgrace of almost any other sort he might also have faced. But disgrace for such a crime as this he could not face at all. The abuse of a sacred trust, the defrauding of a defenseless girl—his own child if not his own flesh and blood!

Turning again to Marian's impoverishment, Tom was able to take a little comfort. It was almost certain he thought that, finding herself thus destitute, she would marry Richard Sutton. Tom suspected that she was already more than half in love with Dick, and that she long since would have accepted him but for a certain Howard Gard, who was, in the opinion of Tom, the villain of the play—even though Tom entertained rather more regard for him than for Sutton. Perhaps this was because Gard represented a type of individual which Tom himself had been in his youth—a spendthrift, a waster, a burner of daylight, and yet withal a sportsman. Gard's reputation was not of the best, though this did not appear to diminish his popularity.

Sutton, on the contrary, was sound and safe. Inheriting a large fortune, he had more than doubled it by his own efforts, and already had become a power in the financial world. He had gone to the war a captain and returned a brigadier-general. No breath of scandal had ever touched him, and Tom believed that his love for Marian was the first and only passion of his life. Sutton was a little chilling to Tom, who saw in him all that his own youth should have been. He also was a sportsman, but of a different type, a conservative sort, just as he was conservative in everything else. Tom enjoyed the society of Gard, but not that of Sutton—for Sutton stood to Tom in the nature of a reproach, and never so much as at the present moment.

But now Tom thought of him with that sense of hopeful relief which a soldier on a stricken field might find in the presence of a commanding officer whom he disliked but in whose abilities he felt an unqualified confidence. Tom suspected that Gard hadn't much money left—that like himself at the same age, Gard counted on a rich marriage to carry on.

The thought of Sutton was very comforting to Tom in his extremity. He knew that Sutton would prove a kind husband and a just, while his large and growing fortune made the heritage of a prospective wife a matter of no importance. Sutton was liberal enough in a money sense, spent freely and gave generously to charities. But Tom felt, nevertheless, that Sutton would be one of the very first to denounce him, though for the sake of Marian he might be persuaded not to do so publicly.

Rising and walking along the veranda, Tom looked in at the dancers. It was nearly midnight, and the gayety was at its height. Gard moved past close to the window, with Marian in his arms, and Tom frowned. The expression of Gard's face, and the manner of his dancing, displeased him intensely. Then as Tom stood watching with a deepening scowl, he discovered that he was not the only one to be seriously displeased with the performance.

ACROSS the room directly opposite, Dick Sutton had turned away from a group with whom he had been chatting and was watching Gard and Marian with an expression which was almost homicidal. Sutton himself danced well, and in a manner which characterized all of his accomplishments, with a strict regard for propriety. As Gard and Marian passed him, he stopped them and claimed the rest of the fox-trot. Gard surrendered his partner without a protest and walked into the room which

Tom had just left. The music stopped almost immediately—whereupon Sutton left Marian and followed Gard. Tom, feeling instinctively that there was some mischief brewing, walked back along the veranda, hesitated for a moment at the open window, then resumed his seat in the wicker armchair sheltered by the palm.

"Howard Gard needs a calling down," said he to himself, "and I guess Dick is the man to give it to him."

A moment later Tom heard low, angry voices just outside the window. Then Gard stepped out upon the veranda and Sutton followed him. They paused about ten feet from where Tom was sitting.

"You can take it any way you like, Gard," said Sutton in a harsh, even voice which sounded suppressed, "but you're not to dance that way with Marian."

"Where do you get your license for that, Sutton?" Gard asked contemptuously.

"From a sense of decency which you seem to lack," Sutton answered.

Gard blew a cloud of smoke toward the pale opacity of sky. "If Marian disapproves my style, she's not obliged to dance with me," he answered.

"She's not going to dance with you again," said Sutton, and there was a cut to his voice which sent a quiver through Tom.

"How do you propose to prevent it?" Gard asked.

"By an appeal to your sense of caution. I tell you flatly that if you dance with her again, I'll beat you to a pulp."

Tom felt like rubbing his hands, but was afraid the wicker chair would creak if he moved. Gard appeared to be turning over this promise in his mind.

"I don't take war-talk like that from any man, Sutton," he answered coolly. "You are to consider that I have just danced with her again, as I fully intend to do before the evening's over. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

Sutton made a motion with his hand toward the garden.

"Walk out here with me, and I'll show you," he answered.

THEY left the veranda and took the path which led across the lawn to the fruit- and flower-garden. Tom softly followed them at a distance of about fifty yards. The two young men took the central path, which was bordered by damask rose trees and led around a summerhouse. Tom, keeping to the side, entered a long grape-arbor, where he was screened from view by the vines. At the end of the garden the two men paused; and Tom, slipping quietly up abreast, watched them between the leaves. There was a fine drizzle falling, but behind it a full moon shone down from directly overhead to diffuse an even luminosity through a thin screen of cloud. For a moment Tom felt that he ought to interfere. But for one thing, he knew that Gard deserved correction, or at least restraint; and for another, as a sportsman he disliked the rôle of pacifist. Tom felt that Dick Sutton, as a suitor for Marian's hand, had a perfect right to his rôle of protector against evil influence; and the two men were so evenly matched that Tom would have hesitated to place a bet on the result. Sutton was perhaps an inch or two the taller, but Gard appeared to have the advantage in several pounds of weight, and both were known to be good athletes who had won honors for their colleges. Neither were big men, slightly above the average in height and weight, and both were under thirty.

There was no formality about the combat. Without the exchange of a word they stripped to sleeveless undershirts, and laid their outer clothes on a seat of the summerhouse, then faced each other and squared off. Tom resisted an impulse to call time. He had always been a patron of the ring and was himself a formidable boxer. In fact, for all of his fifty-five years, it is doubtful if either of the younger men could have stood up long against him.

"Ready, Gard?"

"Shoot, Mr. Purity!"

The bout which immediately followed was a tremendous surprise to Tom, who while feeling that by all the rules of chivalry Sutton should have administered the necessary chastisement, was yet almost disgusted at the apparent ease with which Marian's champion proceeded to accomplish this. Tom had never heard of Sutton's being a finished boxer, while Gard was generally looked upon as a bit of a bully, an occasional brawler, and a very handy man with his fists. Tom, like others, was ignorant of the fact that Sutton sparred regularly as a part of his régime, just as he walked to and from his office in Wall Street daily. It became immediately evident to Tom that the present encounter was to be regarded in the nature of a chastisement rather than as a

fight, and that Sutton had actually intended it as such. He was merely fulfilling his threat to Gard, and he was doing it coolly and methodically and with no undue brutality. His object was, it seemed, less to inflict punishment than to convince Gard of his right to enforce obedience to his order.

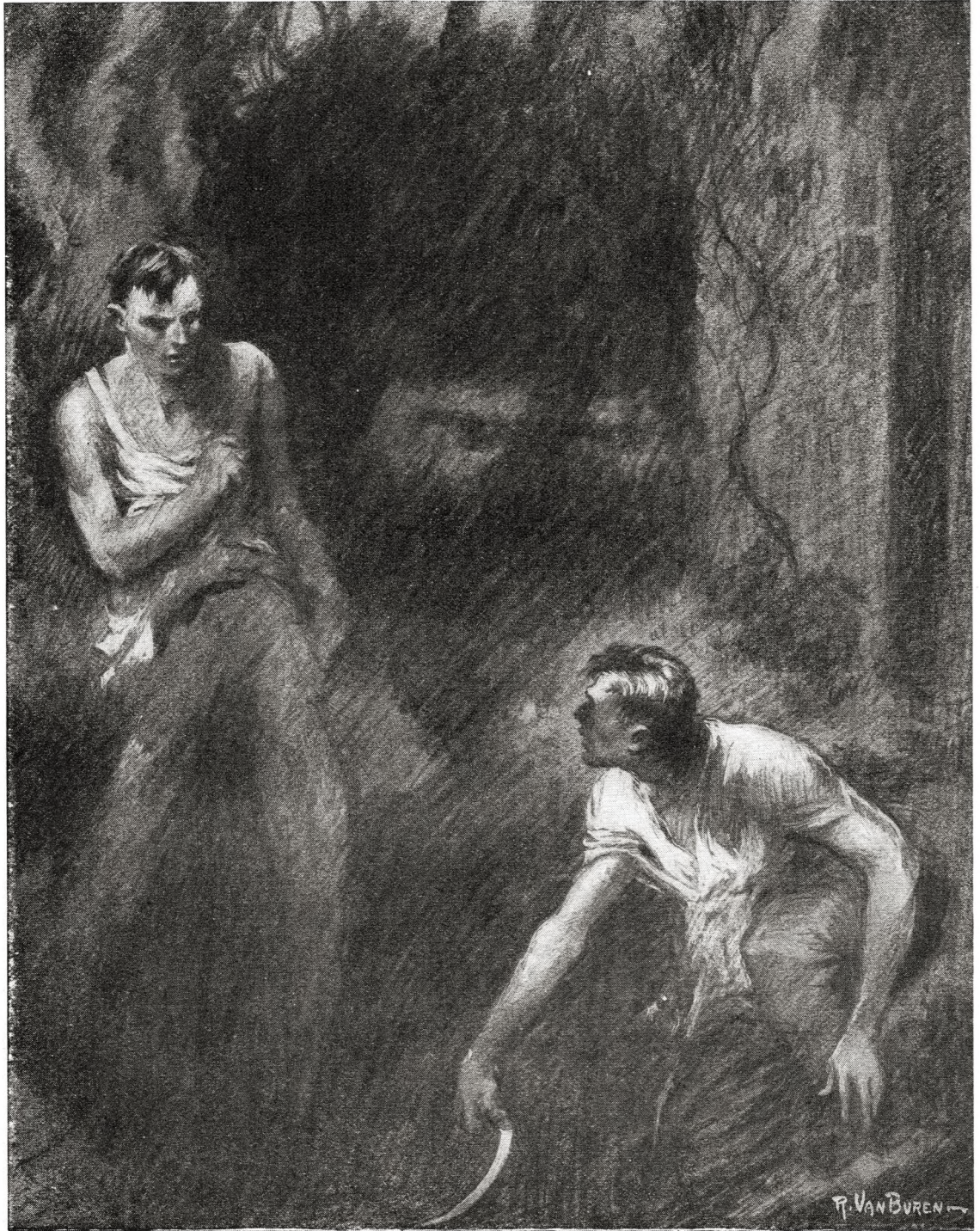
And Gard, quick to appreciate this, seemed maddened to the point of fury. In his efforts to reach Sutton's face, he exposed himself again and again to a knock-out blow, which must immediately have ended the affair. But Sutton refused to take advantage of this; nor, as was evident to Tom, did he seem anxious to mar the features of his adversary. His quick, piston-like blows were directed to the body, while skilled head-work defeated all of Gard's heavy swings and punches.

Gard soon began to pant heavily under the grueling, and his blows diminished in force. Tom was about to step out from his ambush and put an end to the affair when a clean, straight punch from Sutton planted at the top of Gard's chest, sent him staggering backward. His heels caught on the turf border of a pansy bed, and he rolled over backward among the wet flowers.

He rose at once to his knees, a snarl bursting from his lips, and he reached for something which was lying against the border. As he scrambled to his feet, Tom was horrified to catch the glint of pale moonlight on the crescent blade of a sickle left there by a careless gardener who had been trimming the border.

But Sutton's keen eye had seen the sickle also, and as Gard struggled up, Sutton sprang forward to grapple with him. What immediately ensued occurred so quickly that Tom had no time to burst from his ambush. Sutton's hand flashed out and gripped Gard's wrist just above the handle of the tool, the point of which was twisted inward. Gard lurched forward, and Sutton's chest came violently in contact with the convex or outer curve of the blade, the point of which was directed against Gard's heart. Gard flung out his arms, fell backward and lay for a moment clutched at the wound, then collapsed.

Sick with horror, Tom was about to burst through the trellis



Sutton's keen eye had seen the sickle also, and as Gard struggled up, Sutton sprang forward to grapple with him.

when some instinct of self bade him take no immediate part in the tragedy. There could be no doubt that tragedy it was, for his horrified eyes had seen that the sharp-edged and pointed implement was driven for the first five inches of its length into Gard's left chest. Tom stole silently back to the head of the garden and stood there with the cold drizzle and colder sweat pouring down his face.

Several moments passed. Tom saw Sutton bending over Gard. Then he appeared to straighten up, stand for a moment in thought, turn on his heel and walk slowly in Tom's direction. He did not discover the presence of Tom until within a few paces.

"My God," said Sutton, "why couldn't you have come a little sooner, Tom?" Like many of the older men of his set, even its younger members called Tom by his Christian name.

"What's the matter?" croaked Tom.

"I've killed Gard," muttered Sutton, "—or at least he killed himself against me. Did you follow us?"

"I saw you go out together," said Tom, "and guessed that there was trouble brewing. I noticed you didn't like the way he was dancing with Marian. No more did I, so I thought I'd leave him to you."

"Well, he's done for," said Sutton, "—and so am I."

Tom took him by the elbow. "Come down here in the summer-house," said he.

They retraced their steps. Tom was very weak in the knees, but Sutton appeared to be steady enough—the steadiness of despair. Sheltered from the rain, which now began to fall more heavily, he described to his host precisely what Tom himself had witnessed.

"I'm done for," said Sutton.

"Not a bit of it, Dick," said Tom. "It was self-defense."

Sutton shook his head. "No jury would believe it," said he. "At any rate, the facts are: I challenged Gard to fight, and now he's dead. Accidental or not, it's worth twenty years."

"The nature of the wound will show what happened," said Tom.

Again Sutton shook his head. "It doesn't, though," said he. "Quite the reverse! It's harder to tell how it really happened than how it would have happened if I had done it. The direction of the wound is from the left to right, just as it would have been if I had slashed at him with the sickle held in my right hand. No. I'm finished, Tom. And Marian and I—" His voice choked.

"What about Marian and you, Dick?"

"She promised — tonight — to marry me—just before that dance with Gard. We were going to ask you to announce it at the end of the party. There's nothing to announce now."

Old Tom bowed his head. He was thinking hard, and his resolution was quickly taken. Parasite he might be; embezzler he was; but a sportsman he had always

you leave the house, and this rain will wash away the tracks before morning."

"No use," said Sutton wearily. "Somebody must have done it, and it all points straight at me."

"Or me!" said Tom quietly.

"What?"

"Or me, Dick."

"You!"

"Listen, Dick. I've often been heard to express my opinion of these modern dances. I'm known to be hot-tempered and a tough snag for Marian's suitors. It's well known that I love my little girl. What more natural than that I should have asked Gard to step out into the garden with me and lost my temper and started in to thrash him. He'd have had no show with me, and might have picked up the sickle in self-defense, with precisely the result that happened."

Sutton shook his head. "It's no go, Tom. I'll take my medicine. But you're an old trump just the same."

"Not altogether, son," said Tom, and added dryly: "I'll expect you to pay for it."

Sutton stared at him, perplexed. "Pay for it?" he echoed.

"You see, Dick, I'm due to go to jail, anyhow."

"You go to jail? For what?"

Tom moistened his lips. "For embezzling the whole of Marian's fortune," he answered. "She's come of age today, and there's got to be a show-down in her affairs now."

Sutton, who was standing, turned quickly and grasped him by the shoulders. "I don't believe it, Tom. You're lying to save me—and to save Marian's happiness."

"I'm trying to save Marian's happiness," Tom retorted, "and my own good name. But I'm not lying. It's the truth. I've gambled away all her fortune, of which I was sole trustee, and it's going to be found out soon. Well, I'd rather go to jail for manslaughter than embezzlement. More than that, there's Marian to think of. If we both go to jail, she'll be left penniless and without a protector in the world. She'll be at the mercy of men like Gard. And you know what a baby she is."

Sutton drew a deep breath. "Do you swear you're telling me the truth, Tom?"

"So help me God!"

"You're not sacrificing yourself for Marian and me?"

"I am *not*. I propose to soak you for about a million and a half."

"If I could be sure—"

"I can convince you if you will come with me to the safe-deposit tomorrow. Listen,

Dick. We've got to think of this thing precisely as if our positions were reversed. I'm in your place and you in mine. You were on the veranda and heard angry talk between Gard and me. You saw us walk off into the garden and guessed what it was all about. You thought it was a good job, then got a little anxious and followed. You met me here, and I told you what had happened."

"But hold on, Tom. No—I won't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because you wouldn't have to go to jail. Marian wouldn't permit it. She'd sign anything first."

Tom gave a growl of anger. "What if I didn't have to go to jail? It's bound to be known just the same. Her relatives would take care of that. And Marian would never feel toward me the same. Besides, she'd be penniless and heartbroken on your account. I tell you, son, I'd rather go to jail—for manslaughter. You and I can leave tonight. Gard's body will not be found until the gardener appears tomorrow morning. That will give us time to settle our affairs, (Continued on page 159)



Sutton turned. "I don't believe it, Tom. You're lying to save me—and Marian's happiness."

been and always would be, and withal a man of heart. When finally he raised his head, Sutton would have seen upon his face, if the light had been strong enough, the stamp of a final determination.

"We'll wait until the party's over, Tom; then I'll telephone for the police and give myself up."

"No, Dick," said Tom slowly, "you'll do nothing of the sort."

"Oh, what's the use of waiting, Tom? There's all the evidence."

"Evidence be damned," said Tom. "I was the only one to see

Moonlight

By

George Kibbe Turner

Illustrated by
Robert W. Stewart

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN SCHMAAR was quite sure that he knew women for what they were—light things, beautiful, expensive toys. He'd had little experience with them in his early days as a professional gambler in the West; of late, however, he had found them useful in the more highly evolved financial operations he carried on at his country place on the Hudson.

Take Aileen Dulcifer, for instance, the pretty little waster who had run through her inheritance, and to pay a bridge-debt gave Schmaar a check which was returned N. S. F., by the bank. Schmaar found it easy, under the circumstances, to persuade Aileen to accept much-needed money from him, easy to persuade her that there was no harm in doing what he asked in exchange—keep the wealthy young Westerner, Gladden, amused, so that Gladden would stay on in New York until a certain "financial deal" Schmaar had on with him should be completed. And when, that afternoon, a group of Schmaar's guests, men and women, were out on the cliff above the river in front of his place, and the Bannerman girl told again the story of the Indian maiden who had jumped over in the effort to save her lover,—and thus gave the place the name Lovers' Leap.—Schmaar again showed his opinion by offering a thousand dollars to any modern woman who would make even the first partial descent.

So, some days later, when Schmaar informed Aileen that the deal had turned out badly for Gladden, that it would now be unwise for her to marry the impoverished Westerner, the gambler was a bit surprised that she took the matter so seriously. He let her run on, however—best let her work off her hysteria. And then it was that Aileen Dulcifer, in the effort to save her lover from Schmaar, made a strange proposal to him. She dared Schmaar to fight an "American duel" with her—charged him with cowardice if he refused. And Schmaar, unable to believe her in earnest, consented. It all was to hang on the turn of a card—the loser pledged himself within forty-eight hours to take the fatal Lovers' Leap.

The agreement, signed and sealed, was a secret between them, but placed in Gladden's hands, to be opened after two days. In the presence of Schmaar's other guests, who were ignorant of the



The broken half-whisper of a crying girl: "No last good-night! No last good-night!"

underlying tragedy, the cards were cut, and Aileen lost. . . . Later, when in a moment of misunderstanding Gladden left without saying good-night to her, Aileen fainted and was carried to her room.

The Story Continues:

IT was moonlight when John Schmaar stepped out—October moonlight. He closed the door softly. His foot crunched on the gravel driveway. He looked up at the windows in the northeast corner of the house. They were dark. The other women had gone away and left Aileen, he surmised.

Schmaar walked on, after a minute, along the path through the rhododendrons out to Lovers' Leap. There was practically a quarter of an hour yet before eleven o'clock; he thought he would make sure that nothing had gone wrong—out there.

He stepped out of the black-green thicket into the open space on the edge of the Palisades. He saw it was empty, as he might have known—empty, silent, carpeted with moonlight. Looking up, a little to the southeast he saw it—the great, soft, yellow full-moon of October. The sky was saturated with its light, the stars dimmed, the eastern edges of the horizon, above the rolling hills across the river, dulled and thickened with faint golden mist.

Beneath, a little to the south, a broken path of gold lay upon the glossy river. And on the soft black surface to the north of it the high white light and the low larger red light of a north-going tug swam like moving jewels through the night. You heard the thing, the only sound within the horizon, like something breathing, very faintly, in the dark.

John Schmaar, with his great cigar, stood by the rustic summer-house, dripping with its old, twisting, snakelike wistaria, its latticed and still more twisting shadows underneath it cut out black upon the green-gold grass. It seemed more credible, this adventure he was in—here, in these surroundings. No more impossible, or needing explanation, as he stood there listening, watching in this land of black and crooked shadows, than he himself. After all, what thing is stranger in the world—when you are alone, in absolute stillness, where you can hear your breathing and your heart beats in your ears—than you yourself, this thing that you can never leave behind, nor part from, nor understand, that goes on, beating like a watch for a few years, until finally it stops?

John Schmaar had for a second a new and unfamiliar sense of instability and insecurity, an odd feeling that he himself, out here alone, was scarcely more substantial than what he saw around him—the crooked, twisting shadows of the moon, that house of his,—that silly castle built of wood,—this silliest of all things, this Lovers' Leap. And over and above this, he felt, as one feels sometimes in such surroundings, the disagreeably oppressive and half-suffocating sense that there was Something besides himself out there watching him, waiting in a hostile and implacable silence.

He experienced, indeed, as he had never in his life before, that sensation you have outdoors at night, especially in these black-bordered little clearings lighted by the full light of the moon—that sensation of something not human or with any sound, reasonable, daylight intentions toward you—something waiting for you out there beyond, sure to meet you finally like a lover—or a doom!

Schmaar stirred, shifted his cigar, disturbed by these unusual thoughts. And suddenly a night scene quite different from this sprang into his mind—a thing which for some little time had been struggling to float up into his consciousness, the memory of something he had heard once from the lips of a great man, a very great man indeed—the man, in fact, who had first turned his whole career and made it possible for him to move from his gambling-house into the greater game of finance.

It was in the last gambling-house, after Schmaar had moved to New York. They sat together, three of them, after the rest had gone, with the stale smoke and cigar-stubs and trays of empty glasses around them. They were talking, as you do sometimes late at night, of things you really think; and the old man got started finally.

"Do you know what the greatest thing in all the world is?" the man asked them, looking at the tip of his cigar in his big old wrinkled hand. "The greatest power?"

Schmaar could see him still—his rounded, heavy, meaty shoulders, the black round skullcap he wore to protect the top of his head, the long odd-shaped cigar he always smoked. The old man was getting pretty old. It was not many years afterward that he died.

"What is?" Schmaar had asked him.

"Moonshine!" said the old man, and went on to give them some examples.

"You mean bunk!" Schmaar said.

"I mean moonshine," said the old man in his dictatorial way. "It gives the idea better, the flavor!"



Cladden looked up and saw the maid coming in— and let Schmaar

"Maybe you're right," Schmaar answered him, listening, thinking how old and experienced he looked: the wisest old man in America, who had seen more, from the California gold-rush on, than perhaps anybody else in the country—a kind of old, hardened modern prophet in a skullcap.

"What do they run campaigns with in politics? What do they run wars with? What is it—the most important thing of all—that gets the human race born and raised and taken care of till it gets on its feet?"

"What keeps the race together, always hopeful, always moving on, raising children, new generations, feeding them, each generation breaking its own back for the next? What keeps families and tribes and peoples together? Moonshine," he answered himself, "pure moonshine."

"Look here," he said, shifting his big body slightly in his chair. "Why is your country always right, and your particular god? And your wife and your children? We can't be all right at once in a fight,—both sides,—nor our tribal god who makes war with us. There can't be just one woman of the hundreds of millions in the world that is just right for you—and no other! Any sensible man knows that."

"Naturally," Schmaar had said.

"Moonshine! Illusion! It's the greatest power in the world, bar none, and the wildest! And the great men, the really big men, are the ones who know its use—how to turn it to their advantage. Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon—they were the great past masters in moonshine—in propaganda. Using it across whole maps just as, in their small way, all our newspapers and



drop back into his chair. "She's gone," said the maid. "She isn't there in the room!"

our politicians and our ministers try to use it now—make their living by it. And from that you go down to the most wonderful thing of all—the way year after year, one woman fools one man, and one man one woman, into the idea that neither can live without the other."

"Oh, well," Schmaar had said, "such stuff as that!"

"Don't fool yourself," said the old man, looking at Schmaar with that look which saw all there was inside him. "We've all got our brand—our particular brand of moonshine that we're addicted to. You, for instance. Yours is plain enough—and common enough. You're just the brute—the common, successful, big, fighting brute. You're filled with the moonshine of the brute—the catchwords of brute strength and courage. Let anybody try to back *you* down, put *you* in a corner, call *you* a coward! How long could you stand for it, and keep still? You'd lose your mind and senses right away. I've watched you! And yet you know and I know there might be times when you'd be a thousand times better off just to lie low.

"Oh, no," said the old man. Schmaar could see him still, getting up, brushing the cigar-ashes from his protruding vest. "It's irresistible. It drives us all. You can do anything in the world with it—if you can only handle it.

"But don't forget this, either," he said, straightening up slowly, holding to the chair-arm till he got his balance. "It's just about as dangerous to you when you once start it; it will come back on you more than likely, the very thing you start—as it did with Cæsar or Napoleon, almost any of them, destroying them in the end.

"I've used it myself—in my time," said the old man. "But the older I get, the more I fear it. It scares me sometimes to see the whole world driven by it, ridden by it. I think sometimes that men are puppets, mechanical dolls, operated by it—like these electrical cars they've brought in the last few years, that look stranger to me than to you! Just as the electricity is the thing there, not the wood and iron cars, so all there is to us human beings, after all, is just this other thing—this power of pure-moonshine that's driving us!"

He got up and went out after that, looking neither to the right nor left, as was his wont.

"The old man's getting pretty old," said the third man to John Schmaar as they sat there watching him. Schmaar thought so himself at the time. But since then, a number of times, that talk had kept coming back to him, as it did tonight.

"Moonshine, huh! The greatest power on earth!" said Schmaar half aloud, shaking himself free of his memory, as you do of thoughts that puzzle and you don't quite care to pursue.

He came back again, with almost physical repugnance, to the actual light of the moon which surrounded him—that thing which made the real unreal, and the unreal real—that made old and surest notions seem distant and uncertain, that turned to cloth-of-gold the matted old fall grass on this still lawn, that painted black, crooked, living shadows by the crazy rustic arbor, made reasonable Lovers' Leaps, and turned the towers of his silly old-time wooden castle into stone.

He felt, as he never had before, exactly what the old man had meant. There it was, as he had said, the plainest thing in

all the world—moonshine, the frozen moonshine of the past as well as of today, sticking out so no man's eye could miss it.

SCHMAAR looked at his watch and saw its face in that bright light with no trouble at all. It was eight minutes of the hour. So he started down the black path through the rhododendrons, to where he could get a view of the house, and the girl's window.

From where Schmaar was now, he could see the great city across the river. Over it, like two lower stars, hung the lights of two high unseen towers. The one to the left was the one that his, and possibly another pair of eyes, were studying now, if that story he had heard was to be believed—this extraordinary story of the exchanging of good-nights between these two young fools—at the signal from a clock!

Schmaar thought for a moment, when he had come far enough, —standing behind the trunk of one of the largest trees,—that there might be some one, something white, just inside the nearer window on the chamber's eastern side. He wasn't sure. It might be the curtain.

He looked again at the city under the moonlight, thinking of it and the girl in that upper room, of the thousands of little artificial flowerlike creatures like her, who thronged its pavements and its theaters and restaurants at just this hour. Silk-clad children, frail compounds of indolence and impulse and ignorance, with no thought beyond the next dress, the next delicate dinner, the latest triviality in the theaters. These, it seemed, one of these,—the lightest human beings upon earth,—plus illusion, romance, moonshine, would become desperate, lofty, tragic creatures, capable of any virtue, of every possible resistance to bad, of every possible struggle for good, up to the last great sacrifice, so-called, for what they loved.

A likely, rational, probable idea! John Schmaar thought to himself, going back to his own common sense in spite of his surroundings.

And as he thought it, that lower star, that second light above the city to the left, was suddenly gone. It was the long pause before it started flashing out the hour.

And above him from the eastern window a pair of slender arms came out from the white curtains, and the broken half-whisper of a crying girl:

"No last good-night! No last good-night!"

Schmaar, in the black shelter of his tree, cursed incredulously, seeing the incredible, the impossible—the sight of a lovelorn maiden, from the upper story of a wooden castle, addressing a last good-night farewell to a clock-tower!

"The little crazy fool!" said Schmaar to himself.

It was a long while, after the slim white figure had gone back and the room was still, before Schmaar himself went back into his house to his own room.

Even then, at times he rose and looked out nervously, through the moonlight, toward Lovers' Leap.

CHAPTER VIII

JOHN SCHMAAR woke up after a short sleep, with real daylight in his windows. He was glad to see it. It was like getting back to earth again, after a round trip to the moon.

"What goes up must come down," he said to himself—including women's nerves, he meant.

"Give them a night's sleep," he said to himself, "and it all looks different—in the morning! The wilder they are, the quicker it's all over." Thus he agreed with many sound psychologists,

As it was, he had outguessed her. He had taken a chance last night, when he grew cold and uncomfortable, and come away finally into the house. And now he knew he had guessed right. The girl did not come down to breakfast, but it was taken up to her. So she was there!

"The first twelve hours are the worst," said Schmaar to himself, now much more comfortable and confident. And he made up his mind that the best thing to do in the circumstances was to let her go on and have her lesson.

"How is she?" he asked Billie Bannerman at breakfast.

"She's all right, I guess," she told him, "—only a little tired! She's going over with us to New York—when Eloise and I go home."

"So that's it, huh?" said Schmaar to himself. It was just as he had thought it would be.

"It looks different, huh," he said to himself, "now the daylight's turned on."

"How do you feel?" he asked Aileen when she came down at last.

"Fine. Fine," she answered. "Never better in my life. Getting ready to pay my bet."

"Do you think you ought to go over there this morning?" he asked her—keeping up the gay byplay. "I'll stay home—and you and I can arrange the details."

But she put him off; she wouldn't come around to him and surrender yet. That was too much to expect.

"Oh, all right," said Schmaar to himself. "There's thirty-six hours left yet!"

At the same time, it seemed to him, too, watching her eyes, that she had something on her mind right now—some new idea!

"You don't suppose she'd clear out, run away?" said Schmaar to himself, thinking, of course, of what he had seen that man do—in that earlier time when he was a boy in the West. She could easily dodge the women when she got over to New York. But where would she go—what with? She had no money, to speak of.

So he sent them all off to the city in his sister's car, and afterwards ran over to town himself for a while. There was one thing sure: she couldn't even make a bluff at carrying out that silly bet of theirs—when she was in New York, anyway! Schmaar was glad to see her calming down again.

So Schmaar ran over to his office and back again in the afternoon; and a little afterward the two women—his sister and Aileen—came back, and both went on up to their rooms. He looked now to see the girl in the doorway of his library at any time—come to fix things up. But instead of that, he got his news on her latest move—her trip to New York.

He had a man who usually drove for him—his own chauffeur—who knew a few things, whom he used in affairs like this. He had sent him in with the limousine as a second man, a footman, and told him to keep his eyes on the Dulcifer girl. And if he wanted to get away from the machine at any time, if she should leave the other women, to just say Schmaar had sent him off with a message somewhere.

SO when Schmar came back, he had word from this man.

"Where do you think she went?" he asked Schmaar—and then told him. She had gone around, by a back way, to Gladden's rooms.

"To his rooms!" said Schmaar, surprised. He had never had any suspicions of anything like that—no reason for it.

The man nodded.

"Was he there?"

"No. He was out," said Schmaar's man.

"I got to the elevator-boy," he said. He had known them, of course, all the servants, from having been there before with Schmaar. "The first thing they knew about it, this woman's voice called up on the telephone, and asked if Gladden was there. They thought then it was a little peculiar."

"Why?" Schmaar asked him, drinking this all in, for this was news, of course, real news!

"Because she said right off, before she asked for him, that she didn't want to speak to him—if he *was* there. To be sure of that! But just to know whether he was in or not—just whether he had gone yet! And they said yes, he had gone—as he always had by that time of day. And then she rang off without a word, and the next thing she was in there herself. They knew her voice well enough when she came in with her letter."

"Her letter!" said Schmaar.

Yeah! That was the time I slipped in after her. She came in, saying she was his sister, and had to see him, and they told her—as she knew they would in advance—that he was gone. And then she gave the boy this letter, to be delivered to him without fail as soon as he arrived. And a five-dollar bill just to jog his memory!"

"A five-dollar bill!" said Schmaar.

"Yeah! Some message, huh?"

"Was she ever there before?" Schmaar asked his man.

"They say not. No sir."

"They do, huh?" said Schmaar, looking at him.

"I didn't believe it myself," said the chauffeur, "but they held to it."

"All right," Schmaar told him finally. "Keep your eyes open from now on."

"Yes sir," said the fellow pocketing his bill. "I certainly will."

How Schmaar laughed, after the man had gone out! He had had them try to frame him up before. If there was anything that made him ugly, that did. And yet (*Continued on page 104*)

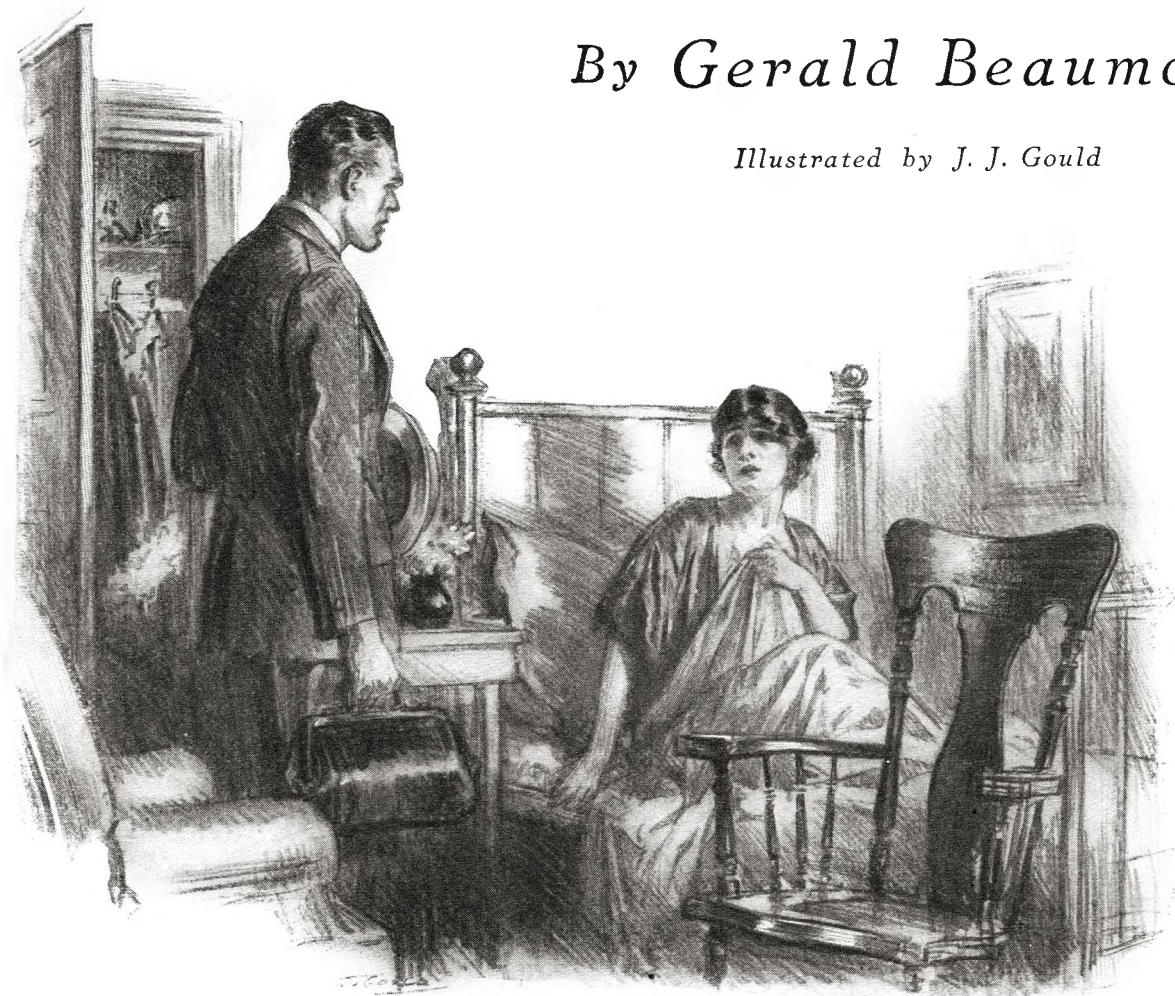


The girl wavered for a minute The call, the song, started her moving toward it.

The Elephant

By Gerald Beaumont

Illustrated by J. J. Gould



"It's only me, Miss Specs," he blurted. "I was plumb sorry to hear you got hurt."

THERE was a poker-game going on in the clubhouse beyond center field. The boom of ten thousand voices floated across the green expanse, and presently a ball came bounding through the open door. Everybody rushed to the windows and popped their heads out like a lot of prairie-dogs.

"I'll be a son of a gun!" yelled Blinker Burke. "It's the Elephant! Go it, you dumbbell!"

A gigantic man in a Bruin uniform floundered past first base and headed for second, gathering speed as he ran. Back of him whooped four coaches, urging him on.

"Great collar-button!" cried Cy Frawley. "What's he running for? The ball's out of sight of the umpire; he can walk in!"

"Jumbo don't know where the ball is," explained the trainer. "He was never farther than first base before in his life. Patsy's trying to flag him, and everybody else is yelling him on. Aint that rich? He'll run himself to death. *Go on, Jumbo!*"

Inspired by a fresh burst of terrific yells, the exhausted giant stampeded over third base, and ignoring the frantic signals of his manager, headed desperately for the home plate. Halfway down the base line Umpire Bull Feeney galloped alongside, lending joyous escort, and Catcher Mike McLaughlin joined the procession, bellowing in Jumbo's ear:

"Run! Run! Run!"

*Trampled a tiger, then fled from a mouse;
Cuddled a baby, then knocked down a house;
Mountain of awkwardness, swift as the rain,
Wise in the matters that none can explain—
Does not the Rajah of Mahara say
Elephants love in an elephant's way?*

—From "My Love, the Elephant!"

When catcher, umpire and runner all slid over the plate at the same time in a cloud of dust, even the official scorer, who is by all odds the gloomiest individual in baseball, got down on the floor and waved his heels in the air. It was ten minutes before play was resumed, and then it was necessary to warm up another pitcher, because

Jumbo was ruined for the balance of the day.

"I'll protest the game," raved Degnan. "Bull, you had no business shoeing him home!"

"I wasn't shoeing him," said Feeney, wiping the tears from his eyes and the dust from his trousers. "I was making sure that he touched all the bags. 'Tis a grand race-horse that you've sprung on us, Mr. Degnan. Now go on with the game!"

Such little exhibitions made Joe Carey the joy of the populace and the despair of his owners. He was a left-handed pachyderm from Texas, and Miss Specs discovered him on page 162 of "The Baseball Guide," where it says, "Pitchers' Records," and proceeds mathematically to supply the truth about a man.

Miss Specs couldn't tell from the averages that Joe was a pachyderm, or that he slowed up a game by fifteen minutes because with every wind-up his shirt-flap pulled out and he had to tuck it back into place. There were other things that the guide-book did not mention. Baseball records, after all, are shamefully incomplete. Miss Specs saw that Carey's season

percentage was .765 with a third-place club, and that he was responsible for less than two runs per game, and that there was a cipher under the wild-pitch column. A good southpaw with control belongs in the Smithsonian Institute rather than in the Texas League. Miss Specs bought Joe Carey by wire.

You should know Miss Specs. She was colorless and angular, and she wore starched shirtwaists and rode a bicycle. Her name was Miss Angela Specton, and once she used to fluff her hair, munch chocolates and answer to the name of Angie. That was before Brother Bud, manager and first baseman of the Bruins, and one of the most popular men who ever won a pennant, contracted blood poisoning and submitted to five amputations. He died, smiling, on the evening of the last.

Thereupon Bud's sister appeared, first as a sort of typist and bookkeeper, and later as assistant club secretary. She was quiet, like Bud, and an indefatigable worker. After a while President Barney Doyle and Secretary Winninger, who were politicians first and baseball magnates second, made the interesting discovery that Miss Specs knew more about the business than they did, and was perfectly willing to handle everything. So they let her shoulder all the responsibility while they shouldered all the credit.

Ten years of that sort of thing, and Miss Specs became a very efficient and most impersonal cog in the great machinery of organized baseball. She suggested no closer relation to a box of chocolates and the name of Angie than the water-bucket did to the home plate, but she was quite as indispensable to the Bruins as either of those well-known articles. Of course they groused about her a little bit. All ball-clubs believe they are misgoverned, just as every ball-player is convinced that the other clubs always pay better salaries than the one whose uniform he wears.

"If you'll listen to me, she's an egg," opined Peewee Pat-

erson, midget third baseman. "I tried to work her for a couple of extra passes, and she gave me the old dotted-line look—said if I didn't learn how to slide without tearing my pants, she'd hook me for the bill. Aint that one for the scorer?"

Peewee's hook slide was the marvel of fandom, but a trifle hard on his uniform, especially on the home grounds, where an under layer of pebbles occasionally became apparent.

"Ye-ah, she's a card," agreed Collingswood, outfielder. "Any Jane that still comes to work on a bicycle, and wears turtle-shell cheaters, has got me handcuffed. I was trying to make up for that fine up north, but nothing doing. 'Three dollars a day on the road,' she says to me, 'with only carfare and lunch-money at home; those are the rules, Mr. Collingswood.' Fat chance a guy has to sweeten his expense-account on this club."

Manager Patsy Degnan came to Miss Specs' defense.

"She's no doll, for a fact; but I'll say she's a good ivory-hunter. Must sleep on the table of averages and eat record-books. Her motto is, 'Buy 'em low and sell 'em high;' and believe me, if it wasn't for the sales she makes to the majors, this club would be managed by the coroner. Any time she spends Barney's dough, it's for a ball-player."

This gives you some idea of Miss Specs—a businesslike cabbage in the baseball orchard of masculine peaches, an unadorned student of diamonds in the rough, particularly the sort of solitaire to be uncovered occasionally in the Canadian Twilight League or the bush circuits of the Southwest. Usually the ornaments that won her attention were topped with ivory, and required considerable cutting before their market value became apparent.

Major league scouts rated Miss Specs very highly as a diamond-broker; and along about September they always managed to drop in to select a jewel or two for the crown of King Baseball.



"The Elephant's learned a new trick. Feeney was going to chase him to the clubhouse for swearing at him, but Jumbo explains he was talking to the ball."

You can see for yourself that the assistant secretary of the Bruins had no possible interest in trained elephants, but as was suggested in the beginning, baseball records are not as comprehensive as they might be.

Dick Maguire, scout for the Giants, tipped off Miss Specs to the fact that the St. Eustace Club was approaching *rigor mortis*, and was disposed to sell even the uniforms if the price was right. So there followed a cash offer for Pitcher Joe Carey. Back came the answer from the Texas magnate: "Much obliged. Please wire purchase price."

"H'm," said Miss Specs, "that's what comes of being hungry. I would have gone five hundred higher, if they'd held out for it."

So, because the St. Eustace Club wanted to be sure of breakfast, Pitcher Carey climbed into Class Double A baseball, traveling six hundred miles with a harmonica valise containing a red flannel undershirt, a toothbrush and a left-handed glove.

He came blundering into the office Saturday morning, prepared for anything except to find that a woman had bought him. Their astonishment was mutual. In the little eight-by-ten office the gentleman from Texas loomed up like the Washington Monument.

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Miss Specs. "I didn't mean to buy the whole Texas League! Do you travel by freight, or how?"

The pachyderm grinned good-naturedly, and hitched at his belt, the sign of the ball-player the world over. His eyes were as blue as the blotting paper on the secretary's desk, and his smile as pleasing as sunlight on the prairie, but these things form no part of a ball-player's value.

"Wa-al, now, marm," he acknowledged, "I'm no bat-boy, for a fact. Reckon I stretch six foot five, and strip at about two eighty, but if any nice little lady is a-lookin' for a pitcher, mebber I can sort of help out. Can't do no more than try, marm. Where do I tie up?"

Miss Specs sighed. "I suppose we'll have to order a special uniform for you. Better go out now to the clubhouse and see if the trainer can fit you out temporarily. Report here to Mr. Degnan at one o'clock."

"Yes marm," said Carey, and bowed his way out.

Miss Specs returned to her desk and resumed her task of checking over yesterday's balance sheet. Halfway down the right-hand column her pencil wavered and stopped. The assistant secretary of the Bruins raised her eyes to the top of her desk, where reposed a gold baseball inscribed by the 1918 champions.

"Nice little lady a-looking for a pitcher," she mocked. "*Elephant!*"

OF course, they called him Jumbo. There is seldom any originality to be found in the nomenclature of the diamond. He was easy-going and lovable, played a good hand at poker, and did much better in the quartet than Ham Dolan; so everybody swore by him off the field, and at him when he was in the box, which is always the way with an elephant and his handlers.

"Mark you," said Degnan when they came back from the trip north. He was speaking to Miss Specs. "Mark you, this Jumbo is the greatest pitcher and the worst ball-player of all time. Did I tell you about his home run?"

"You did," said Miss Specs.

"And about his shirt-tail?"

"Well, why don't you make him use a safety-pin? I don't see—"

"No, no, no!" protested the manager. "That was the first thing we tried, and he threw twelve straight balls before I unpinned him. Then, with the bags full, he struck the next three men out. Tucking his shirt-tail in is part of his wind-up, Miss Specs. That's the trouble with an elephant. You got to let him do things in his own way or shoot him."

"H'm," said Miss Specs, "but if he wins ball-games—"

"Oh, sure," agreed Degnan. "So long as he does, everything's jake. But wait until they get to bunting on him! And did I say that when he comes up to the plate, he puts one foot clear back to the dugout, and swings after the umpire tells him it's a strike?"

Miss Specs frowned thoughtfully, but could think of nothing helpful.

"The worst part of it is," lamented Degnan, "he doesn't think any faster than he runs; and I'll tell the world, a turtle could spot him fifty feet and beat him down to first."

"H'm," said Miss Specs. "Patsy, there's some wires on the

desk from Freidman at Vancouver. He needs a pitcher. Perhaps we can make a trade."

"Not just yet," Degnan told her. "Jumbo may learn some new tricks. If not, there is a circus coming to town next month, and there's where he belongs."

MISS Specs should have been in San Francisco the afternoon that Carey was stuck in right field in the eighth inning. Two men had been hurt, and three more thrown out of the game for crabbing. The bench was shorn of substitutes, and even Degnan was filling in at first.

"Listen, Jumbo," said the manager. "You go out there by the fence, understand, and don't move. The rules call for nine men, so out you go, but if the ball comes your way, let Kelly or Schafer handle it and just keep out of their road."

That same inning the double steal went wrong and two San Francisco runners were trapped between bags. It was one of those plays that everybody takes a hand in, with the catcher down at third, the pitcher covering the plate, and the outfielders jiggling around in an effort to help out. Nobody had time to see Joe Carey edging his way into the confusion. But suddenly he loomed up, between second and third, and intercepted a ball that was ticketed for Peewee Patterson and urgently needed by that gentleman. Forthwith everybody whooped, and both runners dashed ahead. In a panic the big pitcher spun around and let fly at the nearest friendly uniform he could see. Twenty feet away, Patsy Degnan, hurrying over from first base, threw up his gloved hand hastily and thereby escaped being brained. The ball, glancing off, rolled into the outfield and both runners scored. Degnan staggered over to second base, sat down and put both hands to his head. Finally he looked up and beckoned to the discomfited Texan.

"Jumbo," he entreated, "come here a minute, just one minute, please. Now, Joe, am I the only man on this club that you know? Aint you acquainted with Mr. Johnson at short, or Mr. Patterson at third, or Mr. Coogan at second? Aint you never met 'em, Joe? Then *why* did you throw the ball at me, Jumbo? And Joe, another thing—how in *hell* did you manage to get in from the fence so quick?"

Now, these things were greatly relished by the wits in the bleachers, and the humorists in the press-box, but not at all by Miss Specs, who had sacrificed ever so many things in order to play diamond solitaire at one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month. Even as Specton had gone on playing ball, against the doctor's orders, just because he wanted to help out, with fatal results, so his sister had gone on working for the Bruins, just because it had become a habit; and now she was twenty-nine and visibly distressed because one thousand dollars' worth of Barney Doyle's money was tied up in a left-handed pachyderm from Texas who was a monumental joke. Neither Barney himself nor Secretary Winner were worried. They had just secured control of the city commission, and were busily engaged in figuring up the municipal gate-receipts, with the comforting knowledge that this was one game in which no rain-checks were necessary.

The team came back from the road, and Degnan sought conference with Miss Specs.

"We'd better not wait for that circus," he sighed. "If Vancouver wants to go into the elephant business, just ask the other clubs for waivers on Joe. I'm through!"

"I can get four hundred dollars cash," said Miss Specs, "or the pick of the club for spring delivery. They have a young left-hander from Calgary who seems to be developing fast."

"Well, see how big he is," Degnan advised. "Did I tell you that Jumbo fanned twelve men at Salt Lake last Tuesday? We had 'em one to nothing in the ninth, and then they got two men on, and Williams laid down a bunt."

"What happened?"

"Oh, nothing," said Degnan. "Jumbo went over and sat down on the ball, and then got up and threw it twenty feet over first. Broke the vest-buttons off a fat guy in the bleachers. I'm telling you, Miss Specs, Joe has a hop on his fast ball like a camel's back, and his curve is wider than the Golden Gate; but sell him quick, before he goes after a foul ball and knocks down the grandstand."

SO Miss Specs remained at her desk later than usual that evening, writing to all the managers of the Coast League, serving notice that pitcher Joe Carey was to be sold outside the circuit, unless some one desired to claim him at the waiver price. There were not enough stamps to go around; so



She wanted to scream, but all she did was to say: "Yes, Joe?"

Miss Specs placed the little pile of envelopes neatly beside the gold baseball on top of her desk, mounted her bicycle and shoved off in the direction of the staid old boarding-house at the corner of Twenty-second and Hawthorne.

Just where the Presbyterian church glares reproachfully at Max Arnold's all-night garage, a delightful and very deaf old lady started briskly across the street, observed a truck bearing down upon her and changed her course three times.

"For the love of Pete!" said the driver, and jammed on the emergency. The rear of the truck skidded to the right, knocking Miss Specs off, her bicycle and into the path of a touring-car. . . . Very white of lip, she gave her address to the man who picked her up, and in another ten minutes she was lying on the bed in her little hall bedroom, and old Mrs. Heard was telephoning for the doctor.

Truxton, the club physician, came at once.

"Compound fracture of the right ankle," he pronounced. "That and a few bruises. You really had a very fortunate escape, young woman."

Miss Specs groaned: "Fortunate? How long am I going to be laid up?"

"That depends," he answered. "But I'm afraid we'll have to bench you for about six weeks."

"Six weeks!" screamed Miss Specs. "Six—" Her little world reeled under the shock. Never in ten whole seasons had she been absent from her desk; never had the machinery of organized baseball for an entire decade reached for the cog represented by the assistant secretary of the Bruins, and failed to find it. She visioned Secretary Winger sitting at her desk, brusquely sorting her treasured correspondence, rummaging through her

accounts, mixing everything up in a man's way. Miss Specs tightened her lips.

"You'll get me back at the office in ten days," she told Truxton, "or I'll get another doctor."

Truxton had small sympathy with women in the business world.

"That's always your privilege," he said coldly, and proceeded to apply a plaster cast to the fractured ankle.

THAT was the night the bunch went out to Greenway Park, where the Elks had rented all the concessions and were staging a charity circus. Red Foster and Rube Johnson elected to spend their time bumping the bumps; Bill Coogan and Steve Bidwell were interested in the lady divers; and Cy Morgan wandered around disconsolately until he spied Professor Dinwiddie's Dusky Dodger—"Three balls for a quarter, and a prize for every time you hit him!"

"See the pride of Africa dodge the baseball!" roared the Professor.

"Huh!" grunted the second-string catcher of the Bruins. He was from Georgia. What was equally pertinent, he had been up five times that afternoon without getting a hit. He horned into the crowd eagerly.

"Give me a dollar's worth of them balls," he ordered, "and then ring for the ambulance."

But the Georgian underestimated the dodging ability of Professor Dinwiddie's Ethiopian Marvel, who appreciated the significant zip to the first ball, and took special pains to avoid any closer acquaintance. The catcher did his best, but all he got for four dollars and seventy-five cents was a derisive:

"Yah! Yah! Come on, boss—try it again!"

Cy Morgan clutched the Professor earnestly by his coat-lapels.

"Just you keep that bird up to the plate five minutes more," he begged. "I'm going to hunt up a friend."

"That's all right," assured the Professor. "Bring the whole family. Right this way, ladies and gentlemen—three throws for a quarter, and a grand piano if you kill him!"

The Georgia catcher was absent longer than he anticipated, but finally he located Joe Carey in the Mystic Maze, trying to walk through a mirror.

"Hot dog!" said Cy. "You come with me, Jumbo—I know the way out."

Five more minutes, and the pair were in front of the futurist curtain with the Ethiopian bull's-eye.

"Now, Jumbo," implored the catcher, "for the honor of the South, go to work—I'm busted!"

Three ineffectual shots, and the Georgian groaned:

"Take off your coat, Jumbo. Get the old wind-up! Put some stuff on the ball!"

The Texan complied. His shirt-sleeved figure towered above the crowd. He dug with one toe at an imaginary slab, swung his arm in a slow double circle and let fly with a basso grunt. The ball whacked the canvas within six inches of the Dodger's right ear, but the Jungle Marvel judged it accurately and did not bat an eyelash.

Jumbo tucked his shirt-flap into place mechanically.

"Wa-al, now," he drawled, "reckon I've just about got warmed up. Look out for yourself, black boy—I'm coming!"

Once more he took the full wind-up, and then lunged, first to the left, and then forward in a cross-fire delivery.

"Yah!" shrieked the Dodger—and then the ball broke sharply in its course and cracked him on the jaw.

Cy Morgan hugged his companion. "That's working on him, Jumbo! Now try a fast one. Here, Professor, give us another dollar's worth!"

But the Professor began to suspect that it was time to discriminate between his customers. The Marvel of the Jungle was game but glassy-eyed.

"Now, boys," he demurred, "remember it's for charity."

"Charity, your eye!" barked the gentleman from Georgia. "Hand over some more balls till we pick out the hard ones. I'll show you whether Jumbo Carey can pitch."

"Carey?" said the Professor. "Jumbo of the Bruins? Why, sure enough! Good night! What'll you have, Joe—a bowl of goldfish or a Kewpie doll? No—no, boys," he pleaded. "take your pick of the prizes like a couple of gents, and

call it quits. You'll find the hula dancer over at the left."

Cy Morgan was for standing firmly on his rights, but the good-humored pachyderm from Texas showed signs of weakening. Wherefore into Joe Carey's hands Professor Dinwiddie consigned a feminine Kewpie and a quart jar containing two goldfish. The doll was equipped with vamp eyes, real hair and a costume which, like that of *Gunga Din* was "nothing much before, and rather less than 'arf o' that behind!"

Jumbo grinned at his new possessions, and then at his battery-mate.

"Where do we go from here?" he inquired.

"I think the booby-hatch would be the logical place for you," said Morgan. "I'm going home."

Not having any home to go to, the Texan lumbered back to his hotel room, fed soda crackers to the goldfish, and tied his lady friend to the chandelier.

At eight thirty-five the following morning, while standing in front of the mirror adjusting his necktie, an inspiration dawned on Jumbo.

"Wa-al, now," he chuckled. "why didn't I think of that before? I'll give 'em both to Miss Specs."

Aquarium in one hand, and baby vamp in the other, he achieved the ball-park by ten o'clock and walked in on Earney Doyle and Secretary Winger, both of whom had been routed out of their accustomed haunts by telephone messages from old Mrs. Heard.

"Where's Miss Specs?" he demanded.

They told him, and his jaw dropped.

"Wa-al, now," he commiserated. "aint that too bad! I wonder how I can get these things out to her?"

"Why don't you take 'em out?" Winger suggested. "You're big enough." The secretary of the Bruins was down for an important speech that noon at the Commonwealth Luncheon, and he was vexed at developments.

Jumbo pondered a moment. "Where does she live?"

Winger supplied the address with alacrity.

"Here," he instructed. "Have her check up the payroll while you're about it, and find out if there is anything we can do. Truxton says it's only her ankle."

Over by the safe was an old black satchel used for carrying the practice balls. Jumbo transferred the contents to a cardboard box. In the valise he deposited first the bowl of goldfish, next Miss Gunga Din, and then the envelope containing the pay-roll.

"Don't take such a big lead off first," he warned the occupants of the glass bowl, "or you'll get thrown out. Hug your bags!"

On the way to the boarding-house he was afflicted with doubt as to the value of his presents. So he stopped at a candy store, and added a box of chocolates to the collection.

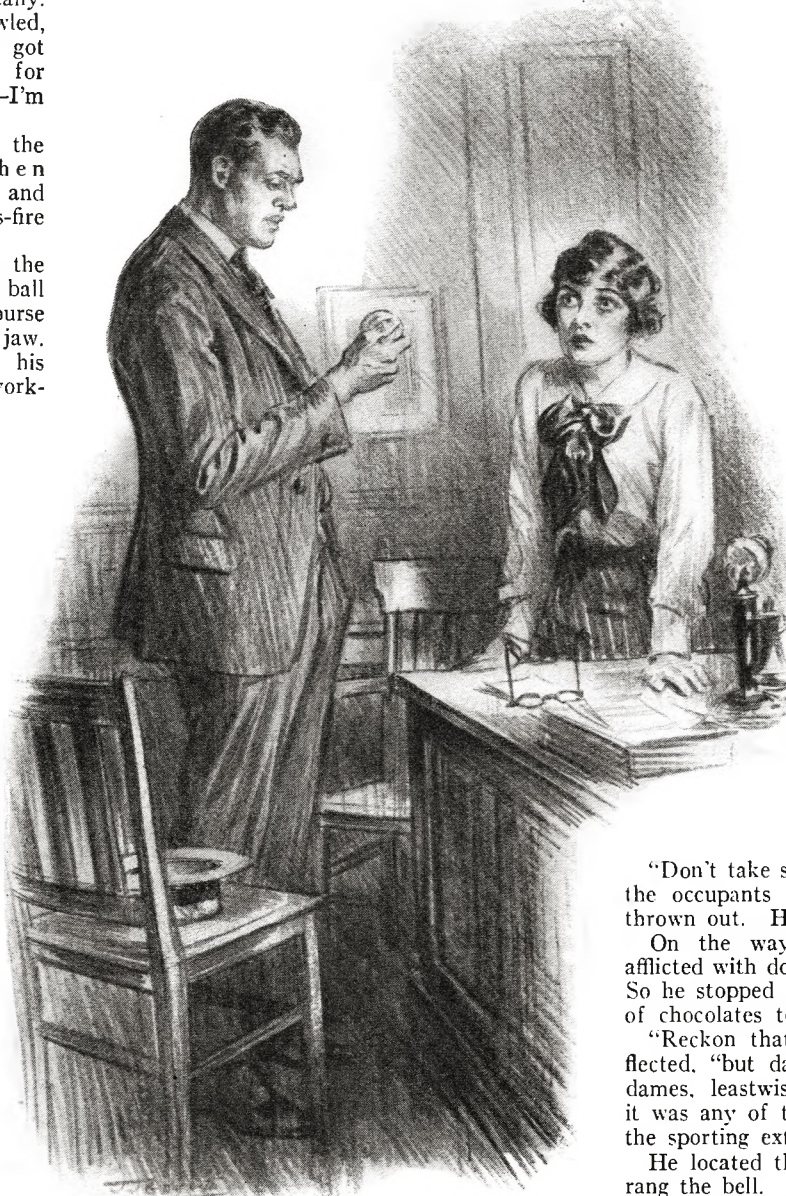
"Reckon that ought to make it right," he reflected, "but darned if I know very much about dames, leastwise the kind like Miss Specs. If it was any of the boys, all they'd want would be the sporting extras and some chewing tobacco."

He located the address, mounted the steps and rang the bell.

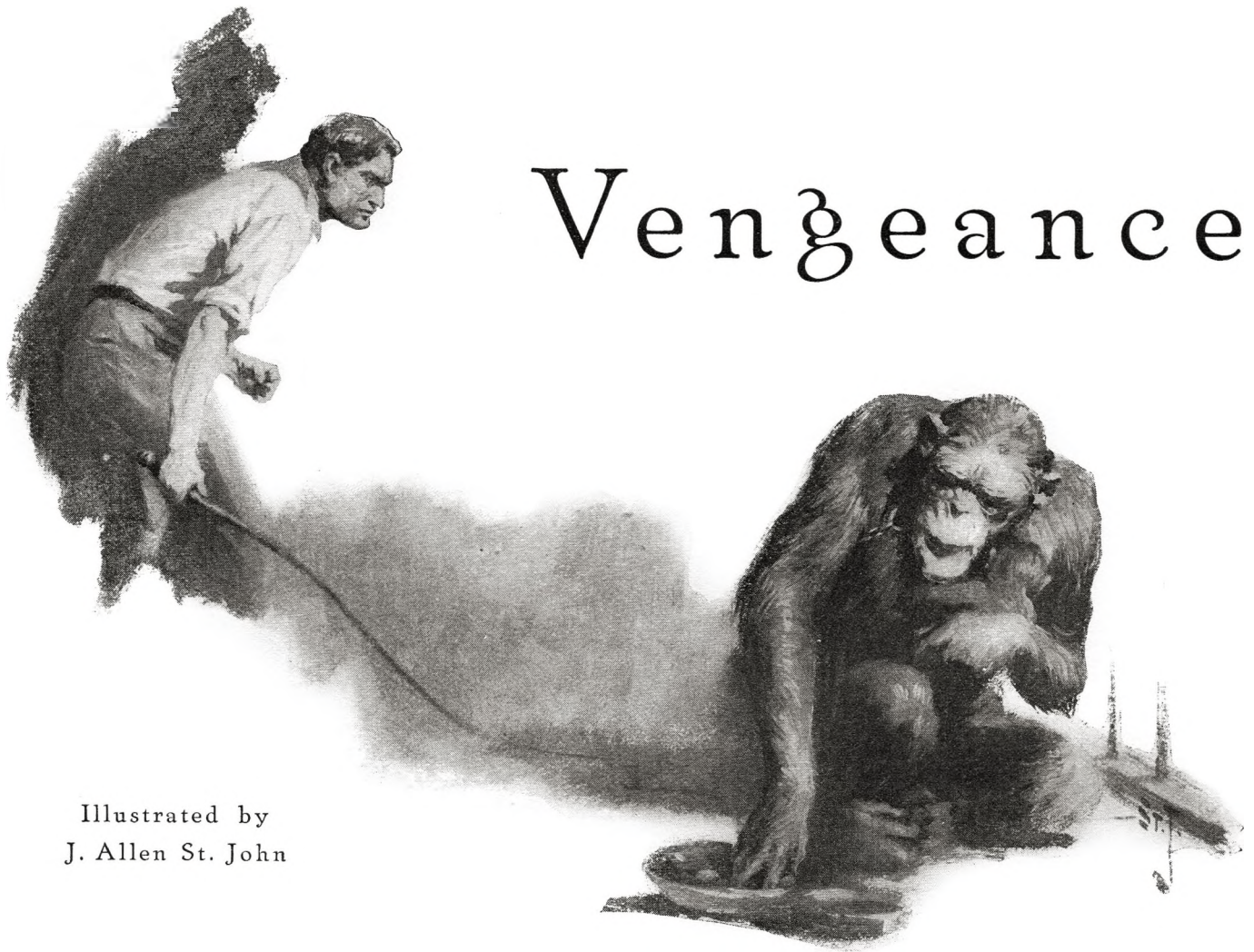
It was not Mrs. Heard but her daughter who came to the door.

"Miss Specs?" said Carey.

Miss Heard was an (Continued on page 134)



"Got to getcha!" he whispered. "Got to get this one over. Darned if I go to New York alone."



Illustrated by
J. Allen St. John

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

NYANZA'S mate was dead. Drooling and whining, she sat huddled in a corner of her cage, her great hairy arms encircling a tiny form which slept on her breast, her eyes set and lifeless, for Nyanza was beginning the period of mourning which for her kind could have but one ending. It is a rule that death never strikes singly in the ape family; once its blow has fallen upon either mate, the other will swiftly and surely succumb. A brief period in which the survivor neither sleeps, eats nor drinks, a heartbreaking week in which the lips utter only the monotonous moaning cry of sorrow—then a crumpled form in a corner of the cage that no longer answers the trainer's command, and a grave on the circus lot. But now death would strike a triple blow, for when Nyanza should go, the little thing sleeping against her breast must also inevitably die.

Until two days ago they had been the feature of the Gigantic Show's menagerie. Congo, Nyanza and their baby—daily the crowds gathered before their cage to listen to the adenoidal tones of the lecturer and to gape and stare.

Gorillas, they were called by circus men who did not care to seek further than their own desires. Gorillas they were to the unknowing crowds which surged about their cage. Tremendous in stature and strength, with huge arms that were capable of twisting the frail bars of their den like so much wire; with great, heavily tusked jaws which showed evil and vicious at their trainer's command; weird fiends of ferocity—to quote the constant lecture—such was the picture they had presented to the gaping thousands. About the neck of each was a collar of iron, and a heavy chain fastened to a ring-bolt—so much putty, should those tremendous muscles ever leap to action. But that leap had never been taken.

For in the minds of Congo and Nyanza had dwelt the placidity which is predominant in the anthropoidal ape, with the exception of the true gorilla—and he, as an adult, has never lived in captivity. Great black-faced Kulu-Kambas of the chimpanzee family were Congo and Nyanza, their ferocity existent only in their appearance and the muscular power that never yet had been called into play; their world was one of happy tranquillity in this cage they knew as home, themselves curiously concerned with the thousands who daily stared in upon them, proudly delighted in the wondering, whimpering little visitor that had come to them. Happy enough were they, in fact, to forget the times when Captain Slane's lead-tipped bull-whip bit into their flesh, when his roaring commands drowned out their screams of terror, and his attacks sent them scurrying to the corners of the cage, there to be beaten until they should come forth again, timidly amenable to his every wish. Happy enough—then Congo had died.

And now no crowds lingered before the cage in which Nyanza moaned her grief, her sleeping baby clasped to her breast. Great sheets of canvas "side-walling" shielded her from the menagerie proper and the throngs which milled about the cages. Nyanza was alone with her child, and the grief that must end in death.

The world had gone beyond her. Only the child remained, to be hazily shielded and comforted. The keepers who opened the barred door of her cage to pass in the food and water she refused to touch were unnoticed. Even the coarse, rumbling voice of Captain Slane, as he came through a flap in the canvas and paused before her, awakened only a momentary interest, instead of the whines of fear which usually sounded at his appearance. Congo, her mate, was dead. Slane would not hurt her baby; and for herself, Nyanza did not care.

But evidently Captain Slane felt otherwise just now. A woman was with him, his wife; and cooing in the Captain's arms was their own six-months-old baby. The woman looked from the child in its father's arms, to the small, hairy thing in the clasp of the starving chimpanzee, and she touched her husband's arm.

"Look, Fred! See how she's holding it! Just as if she knew what was going to happen." She went to the cage then, and reaching through the bars, was able to touch a shoulder of the grieving animal. "I'm so sorry—I wish I could help you," she said.

Perhaps it was the telepathy of mother love—Nyanza whined, low and piteously. The baby stirred in her arms; and bending, she gave a soft, cooing sound, as if soothing it to sleep again. The woman turned to her husband.

"Isn't there any way to save her?" she asked.

THE gray eyes surveyed her coldly.

"Mike!" he called, and a rustling of the side-wall followed, as a keeper came within the enclosure.

"Did you call me, sir?"

"Yeh! How long has that monk been keeping this up?"

"Ever since Congo died—last night, about midnight."

"Eaten anything?"

"Wont touch a thing, sir; I've done my best. Bill Jordan and me even tried to shove some lettuce between her teeth, but she wont have it. Can't get her to drink, either."

"Is she nursing the punk, all right?"

"Oh, yes. But then, that wont last long if she don't start eating again. If we could get her to—"

"Where's the bull-whip?"

"Which one?"

"The heavy one. Bring it to me. Hold the kid, Mary. I'm going into the cage."

There was pity in the woman's eyes as she stretched forth her arms for her baby. "Don't do that, Fred!"

"Why not?" The trainer looked at his wife in frank wonderment. "She's got to eat, hasn't she?"

"But isn't there some other way?"

"If there was, I'd use it. Mike!" An answer came from outside the side-wall; a moment more, and the keeper had returned with the heavy, plaited, leaden-tipped lash and handed it to Slane. Slowly the trainer balanced the heavy butt, then turned as his wife nudged him.

"Fred—can't you coax her or—something? See how she's watching us. Please—"

"Listen!" There was an exasperated tone to Slane's voice. "This aint any human being I'm dealing with: it's an animal. How'm I going to argue or coax something that don't understand anything but a whip? I aint whipping this monk just for the fun of it—I'm trying to save her life. You stick here; I'm going inside the cage."

"I'd rather go on, Fred."

"Stick here, I said!" There was the note of command in his voice that he used within the arena. Meekly the woman obeyed, and turning her back on the den with its grieving occupant, sought by her interest in her own child to forget the tragedy behind her. Slane kicked forward a pan of food that had lain before the chimpanzee since morning.

"Nyanza," he ordered, "come out here and eat!"

The big Kula-Kamba only whined and looked toward him with sad, wistful eyes.

"Hear me, Nyanza! Come out here!"

The lips of the simian pursed. A high-pitched, pleading sound came from them. But she did not move. The lash swished in the air; a crackling flash, and it shot forward. A human voice mingled with her scream—the voice of the other mother outside the cage.

"Fred! Please don't do that! She's—"

"I know what I'm doing."

"But the poor thing's grieving, Fred!"

"Don't I know it? Nyanza! Hear me? Come on out here and eat your breakfast! Come on—come on!"

Again the lash rose and fell, while instinctively the beast swerved to avoid its biting contact. Downward it curved, grazing the shoulder of the frightened beast—

A recoil. A whimpering gasp as the baby in Nyanza's arms seemed to contract spasmodically. Wild and eerie went the cry of the Kula-Kamba. She leaped forward, her teeth bared and ugly, her eyes wild with frenzy, the ugly, gorilla-like ridges of her forehead contracted and vicious. But only for a moment,

for the lash drove her back, screaming and terrified. Once more the order came:

"Nyanza! Come out here and eat! Be quick about it!"

A moment of indecision; then, as the leaden strip touched the shoulder nearest her offspring, she screamed again, and shielding the form as best she could under one bent arm, she came forward to snatch a handful of food from the pan at the trainer's feet, and cram it into her mouth. Then she sought to flee. But in vain. The lash touched her once more.

"None of that, now! Eat it all! Hear me? Eat it all! Now pick up your cup and drink that water!"

Begging, pleading, meant nothing. Fearfully seizing each bit of food, then cringing away from the hulking form above her, Nyanza emptied the contents of the pan. Then she drank, huddled against the bars as she did so, her chain pulled taut, the iron collar cutting into her throat. Slane reached for the door and stood leering.

"You might as well make up your mind to keep on eating, too!" he commanded. "Now, cut out that howling!"

He threatened again with the whip, and Nyanza, bending over the tiny body she had again clasped with both arms, retreated frantically. Below, the woman came closer to the cage.

"Please, Fred," she begged, "don't—any more."

"I'll not." Slane came forth and reached out for his own child. "Give me the kid."

His wife was watching the crouched form within the den.

"Are you sure you didn't hurt her baby?"

"Of course I didn't."

"But it looked as if the end of the whip—"

"Oh, cut it! You're always seeing something like that." He wagged a finger at the child, then bounced it in his arms. "The cookhouse horn just blew. Let's go over."

He paid no attention to the eyes which watched after him, the sorrowing, wondering, suffering eyes of a brute mother, that gazed not at him so much as that which he held in his arms, that which apparently meant far more to him than the meek, cowed woman at his side. The eyes gradually took on a new expression, set and narrowed—only to become sorrowing and piteous again as they turned downward toward the little form in her arms.

The baby was quiet now, its eyes closed. Nyanza's lips began to croon once more, softly, droningly. Then she stirred and shifted her burden ever so slightly in her arms. There was no responsive movement on its part, no stretching of the weak, crooked little legs, no pressing of her breast with the tiny hands. She called to it, with a queer, weird note of fright in her voice. No long, awakening pull of the breath answered, no movement of the eyelids. She held it away from her; then Mike the keeper came hurrying under the side-wall at her high-pitched, discordant shriek. After a long time, they managed to take the dead baby from her.

THAT afternoon no sound came from the cage of Nyanza. The great ape was mute in grief now, her arms limp at her sides, her head sunk forward, and the ugly lower jaw hanging lax on her hairy chest. Sprawled in her corner, the heavy chain twisted under one arm and dragging heavily upon the iron collar, dazed, hardly seeming to breathe, she remained motionless hour after hour, unresponsive to the cajoling of Mike and Bill Jordan, the keepers she had known ever since the day she was brought on the circus. All afternoon, as in a gray fog, she saw them at the bars of the cage, calling to her and seeking to divert her mind from her grief; but that was all. Then, with a begging whine, she straightened from her awkward position. Her knuckles doubled as she went to all fours; the chain gnawed at the soft flesh under her arm unnoticed. For Slane was again before the cage, the baby still in his arms.

"Got worse, huh, after the punk died?" he questioned. Mike nodded. Slane stood watching a moment, then turned in a businesslike manner:

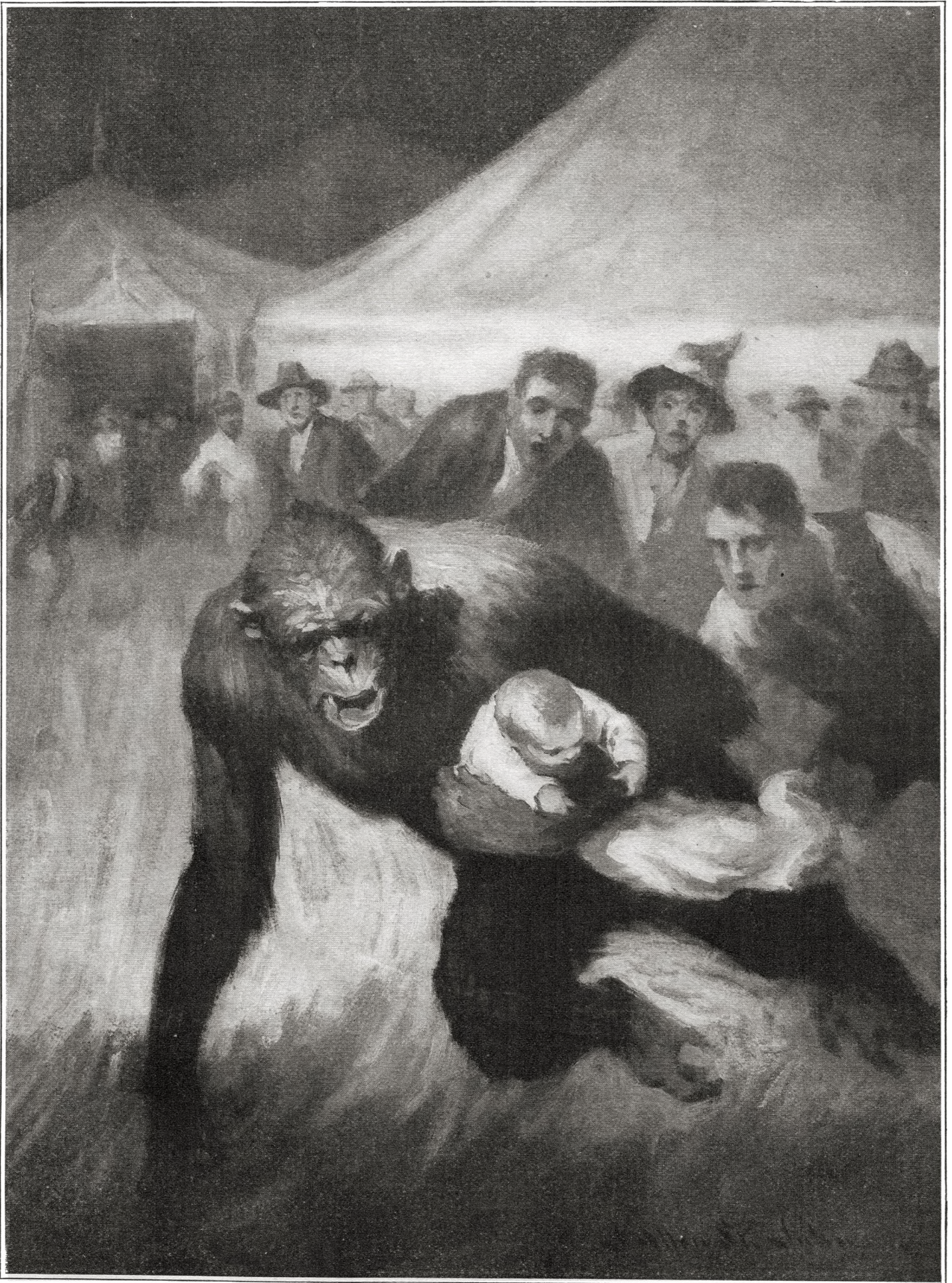
"Can't let her pull that stuff if we're going to keep her from dying," came tersely. "Hold my kid—"

Mike deferred.

"Where's Mrs. Slane?"

"Sent her down to the cars. We had a row—about how to handle monks. Take this kid."

He passed the child into the keeper's unwilling arms and reaching for the whip, entered the cage. . . . When he came forth, took the child, gave his instructions and walked away, there was no longer wonder in the eyes which watched him, or deep, unfathomable sorrow. The line had been crossed; the dam of



She leaped across the space of light and began to run, one crutched arm aiding to greater speed, while beneath the other she held the screaming baby of Captain Slane.

a latent ferocity was broken. The eyes which followed him were glaring with murderous fire.

Somewhere, from back in the days when "home" was far away from the bars of cages or the sawdust of a menagerie, vague memories were calling, dim instincts demanding recognition. Nyanza, her forelegs crutched and stiff, began to move slowly and stealthily about her den, the heavy head hanging low between her massive shoulders, her fangs showing now and then from curled black lips.

The instinct of hate was coming to the surface now, the instinct bred back in the sweltering denseness of Npoulounai Wood, in the tangled masses of lichens and gray mosses that festooned the branches of the cotton-tree and the monkey-bread, the instinct of the wids, that taught hate of the enemy, and vengeance for every wrong.

The thin dividing line between the placidity of the chimpanzee and the feared, vicious, all-hating gorilla had been passed; submission had given way to treachery and cunning and malevolence; Nyanza—as Nyanza—existed no more. In her place was a wild, vengeful beast waiting the moment to crash forth to freedom.

Through the dusky hours of evening she paced her prison, her forelegs stiff and straight, the heavy black wrinkled hands knotted into thumping cushions which knocked against the floor of her cage in a ragged rhythm as she walked. Darkness came, and with it the evening roars of the jungle cats. Nyanza answered them in strident, high-pitched, challenging tones.

Before her cage old Mike and Bill Jordan called to her. She did not even see them. Presently the menagerie superintendent joined them and stood in contemplative scrutiny.

"Maybe the heat's got something to do with it," the superintendent suggested finally. "She's been in bad shape through grief, aint she?"

"Yeh."

"Then that's it. Leave her cage out on the lot after the menagerie top's down—with the sideboards off. It might help her some. But there aint much use. That monk's going bad."

Atop the centerpoles the chandeliers flared up; from beyond came the clanging of the triangle and the bellow of the ballyhoo man in front of the side-show. Once it had been the signal for Nyanza and her mate to scream and beat the floor of their cage with their great fists; now it passed unnoticed. The front doors opened with raucous-voiced attendants directing the hurrying, curious

throng. Then from the big top, with its dusty air, its continuous tiers of seats, its great blurs of humanity, sounded the high-pitched circus band. The show was on.

Signals—shouts—running forms. Down at the "runs," a train was waiting, fretting to be loaded with the parade and menagerie paraphernalia even before the main show was half over. Six- and eight-horse teams appeared, their chain-tugs clanking, to be hitched to the various dens and started along the torch-defined route to the railroad yards. The side-walling about Nyanza's cage fell to the ground, and sweating, hurrying canvasmen rushed it to its packing place on the "spool wagon." A hulking form passed the heavy bars, and Nyanza screamed at it—the traditional enemy of the simian, an elephant. Voices sounded:

"Hey, Shorty! Put Rajah behind that monk-wagon and shunt it out on the lot. Nickerson wants that chimp to cool off a bit before we load it. Goin' bad. Somebody lay hold there, and guide that den by them quarter-poles. Show some life here! Let's go!"

A creaking of timbers, as the head of the elephant pressed against the rear of the cage—the truckling of heavy grease-boxes against heavier axles—receding sounds. Beyond, a dark cloud against the dull sky seemed to flutter a moment, then sink into nothingness. The menagerie top had fallen. Shadowy forms

were unclipping the seams of its "round top" and center-pieces, while there in the darkness Nyanza watched them—waiting—Nyanza, who once had been the pet of them all.

But now they were no longer friends but enemies, enemies to be shunned, to be feared and to be suspected. Nyanza was back in the days when the python had wriggled lazily from the twisted roots of baobabs, when the crashing of the saw-reeds down at the river-bank meant the floundering of a grant hippopotami, when the nights were humid and lustrous with the sparkle of a myriad fireflies, and resonant with the unceasing rattle and whirr of insects, the scream of the mandril, the fluttering of the bat, the screech of the wart-hog as it fell under the crunching impact of a hunting leopard. Back again—by instinct, by nature. Back again in all the venomous distrust of humanity that the jungle breeds. But still on a circus lot as regarded one creature—and that creature now not a hundred feet away!

Nyanza stopped short in her pacing as she saw him, the baby on his shoulder, walking in the circle of light which flooded from the calcium flare at the big-top entrance. He was still dressed in the costume of the ring; a few yards away were the lion- and tiger-dens, waiting to be dragged into the main arena for the animal act, then taken to the cars.



"Bill! Look out, there! She's right above you!"

And again the eyes of Nyanza centered not so much upon him as upon the tiny form he carried.

She strained forward, and the chain which bound her, tightened on the iron encirclement of her neck. Her muscles knotted and swelled. The great head twisted. Then a lunge, a terrific impact, blood from a jagged wound as the iron band parted at a point of inferior welding, and she leaped about the cage—free.

Out in the zone of light Slane had turned at the sound and was shouting to the animal men. Nyanza's howl answered him. Her tremendous hands were straining at the bars of the cage; wood was crackling as the steel palings ripped from their sockets. Figures were coming closer. Nyanza saw none of them, none save a tiny form which had been deposited in a baby buggy just beneath the light as Slane rushed toward the cage. One more bar—another. Then, hurtling through the air, knocking down the first of the shadowy forms that raced toward her, Nyanza headed toward the light.

A revolver spat a succession of orange streaks against the night as Slane fired from the darkness. Bill Jordan, swinging a tent-stake before him, rushed at her. Nyanza took the blow upon her heavy shoulder, then with a sweep of one gigantic arm sent him sprawling. Shorty—Mike—a milling mass of canvassmen, and then—the light! Only a second did the animal hesitate. Her big black hands shot outward, then returned as she leaped across the space of light into the zone of deepest darkness and began to run, one crutched arm aiding to greater speed, while beneath the other—she held the screaming baby of Captain Slane.

Swiftly Nyanza traveled across the show-lot toward the dark fringes of a wide weed-patch a short distance beyond. Through this and across a meadow she fled—finally to stop. No sound came from behind her now; she was safe, safe with the hated thing which meant her vengeance, the baby of Captain Slane.

The child's fear over, exhaustion had slackened the struggling muscles, and the shrilling cry had become a weak whimper. Nyanza's teeth bared in a grinning, animal grimace. Depositing the baby on the ground, she strutted about it on all fours, a low, guttural yowl issuing from her pursed lips, her eyes glittering in the thin light of the rising moon.

Suddenly she paused, straining to distinguish more surely a faint new sound from the distance.

Dogs! And with their baying, ancient memories called louder than ever—memories of the dogs that had surrounded Nyanza in the Npoulounai Wood, in Central West Africa, dogs that had yapped and snarled at her, while nooses settled over her and she was dragged helpless into the traveling cage which was to be her prison through all the rocking, terrific journey across the seas to America. Dogs! She had forgotten them in the years of her captivity—now she knew them as harrying, hunting things on the track of quarry—herself. A long, hairy arm gathered up the child, and the three-legged flight was resumed.

SHE crossed a small stream, clasping the baby closer in her arms as her padded feet clutched at the stones of the rivulet for safe footing. On the opposite bank she stopped and looked about her in the wood-filtered moonlight, her eyes filmy and wondering. A new instinct was struggling for recognition, an instinct born of a memory that did not fit in with this life of the wilds. Against her breast was a tiny hand, pressing ever so tenderly. Against her rough, hairy hide was the soft skin of something young, something whose breath was warm upon her, something which lived and slept in her arms. Nyanza's head turned downward, and she began to croon, softly. Her eyes became placid again as she paused in a pool of moonlight, to glance upward into the branches of a tremendous tree.

The instinct of home was calling once more in the maddened brain of the monster. Her breast had but yesterday been warm with the touch of offspring. And now it was thus warm again. It was her baby that she carried—blood of her blood, her cherished possession, and so, crazed as she was, she bent over it to croon and to fondle it—then to place it gently on a soft moss-pad as she turned to the tree-trunk.

A great leap, and she made the lowest branch. High in the tree, where the moonlight caught her bright and full, she paused and crouched a moment. Then swiftly she proceeded to bend the radiating branches, knotting their sinewy twigs into a circular formation. Heavier branches were broken off and rip-rapped to form a firmer foundation. Cooing to herself, Nyanza descended the tree, crept to the side of the sleeping child for a moment, then hurried on with her task. A half-hour later she padded the last of the soft moss into place in the nest and smoothed out the final armful of leaves she had brought from

the ground. Thereupon she descended the tree again, gathered up the child in one arm and swung upward to the first branch. There she waited a space, the child hugged against her breast; but it had not awakened, and so she climbed on to the nest she had fashioned.

Setting herself in the moss and dry leaves, patting the soft cheek and allowing her great black hands to rest for a moment ever so softly against the chubby folds of the little neck, the mad Nyanza became again the mother she had been. Tired, dazed, she nodded as she crooned, her ugly face close to the white one pillowed on her breast. Lower and lower drooped her eyelids, then finally closed, and she slept.

THE moon had traveled half across the cloudless sky on its journey of the night and the wind had become chill, when at last Nyanza stirred, awoke, crooned over the sleeping form in her arms and curled closer in the nest to protect it from the cold. Then suddenly she stiffened; the heavy ridges over her eyes contracted; the bristly hair of her forehead stood forth like quills. Dogs again! Dogs baying on the scent, and drawing nearer.

She peered over the edge of the nest, teeth bared. Not a hundred yards away were torches and figures and scurrying, barking hounds. Some one shouted as the dogs veered, then started forward on a straight course. A moment later they were leaping and bounding beneath her. Voices sounded, excited, tense:

"Who's got that battery and the spotlight? Turn it up this tree!"

Sounds of hurrying forms, while the torches spluttered, creating vague, leaping shadows on the ground beneath. Compelling instinct came to the fore again. Gently lowering the still sleeping infant into the nest, Nyanza rose, and with that old bellowing cry of defiance leaped wide to a jutting branch of the next tree. A scrambling bound, and she went on, howling as she ran—the lure of the wild mother leading the hunter from her home and from her offspring. Three trees away she paused, and raising herself again, beat upon her chest with her great fists. They were following her; again the spotlight was searching; it outlined her for a second—then came a shot.

A low moan came from the Kula-Kamba's lips, and she reached an investigative hand to a seared spot on her shoulder. Again a shot—this time wild, and Nyanza leaped farther into the foliage, prepared to lead the chase onward—

Only to whirl and bound with all the strength that was in her! The ruse of the jungle had failed. Only a few of the hunters had followed her—the others still were clustered about the foot of the tree in whose branches slept her baby. A form was struggling upward.

Roars issued from the frantic beast's lips as she swung from branch to branch and tree to tree. A twenty-foot leap, and she had made the home nest again—to cuddle there a second and then, thundering out her hate, to start downward. Shouts came from the ground:

"Bill—Bill! Look out, there! She's right above you!"

A massive black hand stretched outward, groping for the form beneath her. Ten feet down the trunk, a revolver cracked. The animal recoiled, stunned by the impact of something she could not understand, then summoned all her remaining strength to a renewal of the attack.

A spot of light encircled her, blinding her. Streaking flame came from the ground, and Nyanza tumbled to a lower branch and clung there, lashing about her with one free hand, and tearing at the branches with her teeth. Another spurt of the yellow flame. . . . The great beast toppled and crashed downward.

Dully she saw lights about her, and forms. Hazily she was conscious of one who rushed upon her. From far away came voices, one shriller, more frightened than the other:

"Fred—Fred! Don't do that! Look—Bill's got the baby—she's safe!"

Nyanza rolled weakly—then galvanized into strength again.

She was back in the cage once more, back in the cage with the man she hated and feared—back in the cage, with Congo dead and the baby dead, and she—

Up thrust the tremendous arms. Back from the heavy teeth curled the thick loose lips. The long fingers felt flesh; the tottering form rose and caught tight the gasping, horror-silenced man. For one red, terrible moment they struggled—then fell together and lay still.

Save for the sobs of a woman who held in her arms her unharmed baby, there was silence, there at the edge of the little wood.

The Isles of Peace

By
*Beatrice
Grimshaw*



Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

THE schooner went like a swan, stately and conscious of herself. Tide more than wind drew her toward the islands; there was so little breeze that the wings of the beautiful creature, full spread, were painted white on the streaming blue of the sea. Losara, high-peaked, with that dreaming backward lean that lends to so many South Sea islands their look of charmed repose, lay nearest to the ship; Lilawa, low, green and palmy, sparkling with the play of wind among varnished leaves, ran peeringly out from behind. There were no other islands in the group. There was no other land, in all the desert of tumbling seas that ran between Losara and Lilawa, and New Zealand, weeks away.

Riddell, standing in the bow behind the lookout man, kept silence as they wormed their way through outlying reefs and coral horseheads to the break in the lagoon. A passenger, on island ships, must know his place. But his mind was talking loudly, and it said to him, again and again: "This is it! This will do!"

The more he saw of the place, the more he liked it. The schooner, her little auxiliary engine at work, downed sails and sidled along the reef. Beaches came into view; they were white as the beaches of his dreams had been, with bright blue shadows that he had not dreamed of. Lawns ran down to the water; you would have thought they were made by man. On a spit of rock, as they verged landward, shone suddenly a forest tree, aflame from buttressed trunk to final twig with geranium-colored flowers.

They had left winter in New Zealand; here it was high spring, with birds telling delight, and sun, eternal sun, upon Lilawa's low sweet lawns, and the splendid peaks of Losara. It was always sun here, always summer; the years swung full-orbed through circles of flawless gold; winter and death and chill were nightmares of the past. Far off, men strove for a crust of bread, for a handful of fire to warm their shivering bones; there were strikes and revolutions; there had been, not so long ago, the hell-flame of war searing green worlds to ashes. Losara and Lilawa, dreaming in the charmed circle of their reef, knew nothing of it all.

"The Isles of Peace," murmured Riddell to himself as the clamor of the anchor-chains died down and the schooner swung

to rest. Binham, the captain, standing wide-legged beside him, answered unexpectedly:

"Ay, that was the name—La Faz; reckon it was some Bolivian dago that called them that; you know they wasn't on the charts till 'forty-nine. When England picked them up, she stuck on the native name again. Now, Doctor, we're going to get the whaleboat in the water, and the sooner you can inspect your property and let us get away again, the better I'll be pleased. These islands are all right in daylight, but I wouldn't con her out of them after five-thirty for the command of a Cunarder."

Binham, forty, sun-dried and sea-salted, disillusioned about the islands and their peoples, products and romances, as only the captain of an island schooner can be, clearly was not in the least impressed—as people in Wellington had been—with the romantic side of Riddell's bargain in islands. To folks inhabiting cold cities of the south, it was a wild adventure, this purchase of Losara and Lilawa, the unused, uninhabited isles, by an English doctor who actually proposed to live on his property. To Binham, master of the auxiliary schooner *Pearl*, trader, recruiter, pearl-buyer, "hard case" in general, it was just one commercial transaction among many, not interesting to him except in so far as it gave him some little extra profit in the way of passage-money. A man couldn't be expected to go six hundred miles, more or less, out of his way, without sticking it on a bit!

Beyond a casual question about the possible planting of coconuts, Binham hadn't troubled, on the way up from Wellington, to learn what Riddell wanted the islands for. Binham was a man who talked about himself. The curse of the South Seas is the overworked letter *I*. Binham, from six bells of the morning watch till two bells of the evening watch, spilled autobiography. Riddell, with the habit of his profession, listened, criticized, and wondered how a man who saw all things in heaven and earth flat and savorless, could remain so vividly interested in himself, who was not interesting at all.

"Are you going to land?" asked the Doctor.

"I reckon I will," answered Binham, turning his fishlike gaze on the islands. He was a bluish-nosed, blunt-featured man; thick coats of self-approval seemed to mask his face as blubber

masks the whale. Riddell, tall, lean and browned, the stamp of the Great War bitten on his features in lines that hinted at experiences beyond the common terrible, resembled him scarce more than a gull bred in the fierce Western Ocean resembles a sleek parrot of the South. The storms of the wide Pacific's hurricane-belt had left no trace on Binham beyond lined eyelids and skin burned sailor-red; on the other man, other tempests, not of the sea, had cut hieroglyphics, deep but hard to read.

The whaleboat pulled into the lagoon. Riddell, his eyes on Losara, seemed to be taking in the place at a glance—the grassy flat behind the beach, the wall of uncleared forest, the peaks that leaped beyond. Binham, pulling at his pipe, remarked between puffs that there was a chance of wooding and watering here, if he reckoned right. He would thank Dr. Riddell to come up to the gully with him, so that he could see if the stream was a permanent one. "No fresh water for six hundred miles," he explained. "Must think of one's ship. And by the way, Doctor, what the blazes made you think of takin' such a place?"

It was the first time he had asked the question.

Riddell, eying the beach that gave upon the celadon-green lagoon, was silent for a moment. The spot moved him—moved all the *Robinson Crusoe* instincts that lie dormant in most men. Its sun-filled loneliness called to him like a song. Certain it was that man did not live on, did not visit, Losara. No lilies could stand so thick and unbroken, right on the selvedge of the sand, no crimson coral-flowers pile themselves in such untroubled wind-heaps where either natives or whites were in the habit of landing. He mounted the bow of the whaleboat and leaped ashore, his head swimming with quotations. "*We were the first that ever burst—*" "*Something lost behind the ranges—something waiting for you—go!*" and "*Gleams the untraveled world, whose margin fades—*"

"Doctor," persisted Binham monotonously, "what made you take it? It's no blooming good for coconuts, as I can see—too

hilly. It's a hell of a way from anywhere; a man who lives here is going to pay heavy for freight on his stores. And if it's shell you're looking for, why, I can tell you, without even puttin' the water-glass on it, that there aint none in them lagoons. They was having the loan of you, that sold you this place. It's not worth anything. Why, Doc, if it was, it would 'a' been nipped up years ago. Everyone knows all about the islands nowadays. I remember, when I was off Tarawa in 'ninety-four—"

It did not seem to Riddell, patient as he had been hitherto, that he could stand another chapter of the captain's autobiography. He broke in abruptly.

"See here!" he said, coming to a halt under a huge *Barringtonia* that had rained white and pink painter-brushes over a rood of sand. "Look! This is what I came for, if you want to know."

Binham, staring, took from his hand the small Russia-leather case of saxe blue, with spring unfastened, that the Doctor held out. Within the circle of gold inside was a woman's head, painted by the first miniaturist of the twentieth century.

The Captain swore a slow, emphatic oath.

"Is she as good-looking as that—cross your heart?" he added.

"Cross your heart, lungs and liver—cross all the viscera you've got, if you like—she is," said the Doctor.

"And did she turn you down?" asked Binham, licking his lips a little. He had a crude but strong sense of melodrama, nourished by visits to the picture-shows of Auckland and Wellington.

"Turn me down? Not much. We're going to be married in two months and a half. Three weeks back to Wellington, seven weeks home again—"

"Why, Lord strike me, you aint going to bring her *here*?"

"Whether the Lord strikes you or not, that's my intention."

"And no plantation nor nothing?"

"Nothing—as you put it."

Binham gave him one long stare from his fishy eyes, and asked



"He'd seen hell and damnation. And he'd promised himself that she wasn't to have no trouble—none of any kind whatsoever."

no more. They were turning up toward the river; for a minute both were busy finding and keeping balance on the chaos of boulders that filled the lap of the gully. Presently Binham spoke.

"So far as I can see," he said, "there'll be any amount of water here for the supplyin' of ships."

Riddell chuckled to himself. It was his own professional way of dealing with a lunatic—to keep the conversation going.

EVEN if Marguerite—fair, haloed with angel-curls, like a youth of ancient Florence—even if she had not shone like a Pharos-light at the end of the long voyage, it would have seemed very long to Bart Riddell. Released, through wounds, just at the war's end, Riddell was still suffering from the shock of his injuries. And another thing of evil the Great War had done to him: it had blown to dust his belief in human happiness.

It is true that you and I, and the grocer, and the King, walk every day, all day, upon a mere ice-film of circumstances that may split up to cracking fragments and drop us into the black that lies below, before we have finished our afternoon tea. But none of us knows it. The film is not transparent; if it were—

To Bart Riddell, ever since 'fourteen and the hell of Belgium, it had been. That was the difference. Riddell knew, fiercely, in his very bones, what most people but vaguely half believe. He knew that death is coming, that happiness must go.

Even before the war he had endured bludgeonings of chance such as fall to the lot of few. At three and thirty he had lost his father, who killed himself because of wrecked fortunes; his mother, who died of a broken heart; a dearly loved sister, whose happy marriage ended before a year was out, at the birth of her little dead son. He had had a friend, such a friend as men dream of, and seldom know. He had had a sweetheart. . . . You know the tale; it is very old, but when it happens to oneself, it is as new as death.

She had not even been content, the woman who left him for his friend. Nor had the friend been good to her. Bart would have put his strong body as a shield across either of them, to keep them from fire or steel with his own flesh. But he had not been able, by the greatest sacrifice he could make, to give them a year of happiness.

Then came the war, and Belgium. Then, toward the end of those red years, when Bart Riddell was recovering from a wound that had gained him the Military Cross, came Marguerite.

Marguerite was a clergyman's daughter, reared in a lonely parish—a charming and amazing mixture of latest twentieth century and earliest nineteenth. She was dutiful and housewifely as our great-grandmothers; she had visited the poor of the parish with a Lady-Bountiful basket on her arm, had carded moss for the wounded, had made as many socks and shirts as anyone in the county. Also she played a fine game of golf, and could run and repair motorcars.

She warmed her father's slippers; she fetched her mother's shawls; she took a class in the Sunday-school. Besides this, she wrote "thoughtful papers" on the duty of self-development (having been to a great girls' school of the new type), the rights of the individual, and the modern aspects of the Darwinian theory.

MARGUERITE held a St. John's Ambulance certificate, and made use of it when the town-hall was turned into a convalescent home. Bart Riddell came there to recover. In recovering, he met Marguerite, and dared to love her. *Dared* was the word he used to himself. How could he hope that he would be able to make a happy life for her, any more than he had been able to make it for that lesser love of years ago?

But Marguerite herself, once she had made up her mind that she liked and wanted the tall, lean doctor with the handsome gray eyes, so full of a strange regretfulness and unrest—Marguerite, quite simply, settled the matter, twentieth-century-wise, by showing what she felt. After that, there was no more hesitation for Bart Riddell. One long night he lay awake, thinking and planning with all the power of his fine brain and well-trained mind. Next morning, with his plan full shaped, he spoke to her.

He told her, only, that he loved her, and wished to take her away from England to a place, far off, where there was nothing, never had been or would be anything, but beauty, sun and peace. It sounded well to Marguerite; it would have sounded well to her if Bart had proposed to take her to a frozen peak in Tierra del Fuego, and feed her on wild-dogs' flesh. She agreed promptly, only asking, in a general way, where the place might be. Bart told her that he intended to buy a South Sea island. The girl with the Fra Angelico curls expressed approval, and immediately

visited the village library, from which she borrowed "Captain Cook's Voyages," the works of Lady Brassey, "The Voyage of the *Challenger*," and Darwin's "Cruise of the *Beagle*." Her parents objected strongly, on the grounds that the Islands were twelve thousand miles away and chiefly inhabited by heathens—also (but this they did not mention, even to each other) on the much more important grounds that a brigadier-general, no older than Captain Riddell, had been "paying marked attention!"

Marguerite being, in spots, very dutiful, and given, as previously mentioned, to the warming of slippers and carrying of shawls, the rector and his wife expected to win the day. But the twentieth-century spot, the years-of-the-war spot, expanded incontinently, like sun-spots in a year of hurricane, and obliterated the rest. Marguerite, figuratively speaking, deserted slippers and shawl, and declared for her rights. She was very fond of her parents, but she loved Bart, and she was more than of age—twenty-three, in fact; and what had they to say about that?

What they had to say did not matter. The brigadier-general did not matter, either. He engaged himself suddenly, almost violently, to a lady prominent in the *revues*; and Bart Riddell went off to finish his convalescence on a troopship bound for the Antipodes. Marguerite remained. She had really not understood why Bart wanted to go and live in the South Seas, but the word rang silvery in the ears of youth and romance, and so she carded the last of the sphagnum moss, began the first garments of her wedding outfit, and waited, mystified but content.

BART RIDDELL, in due time, returned. He brought with him a set of photographs representing Losara and Lilawa, also a drawing by a Wellington architect, depicting the house that was to be built. He spent the weeks before the wedding in buying stores, tools, seeds, everything that a man could want for settlement on a *Crusoe* island. Marguerite, who by this time had procured works on the Pacific more up to date than those of the village library, helped him eagerly and intelligently. She sensed the existence of some secret connected with Bart's islands; she would not ask questions, but she was almost certain, in her own mind, that her lover was obsessed by the rather outworn ideal of the simple life. Well, if he were, he was Bart; and the king could do no wrong. Besides, everybody one met was wild with interest and envy. A South Sea island of one's own! What could be more romantic?

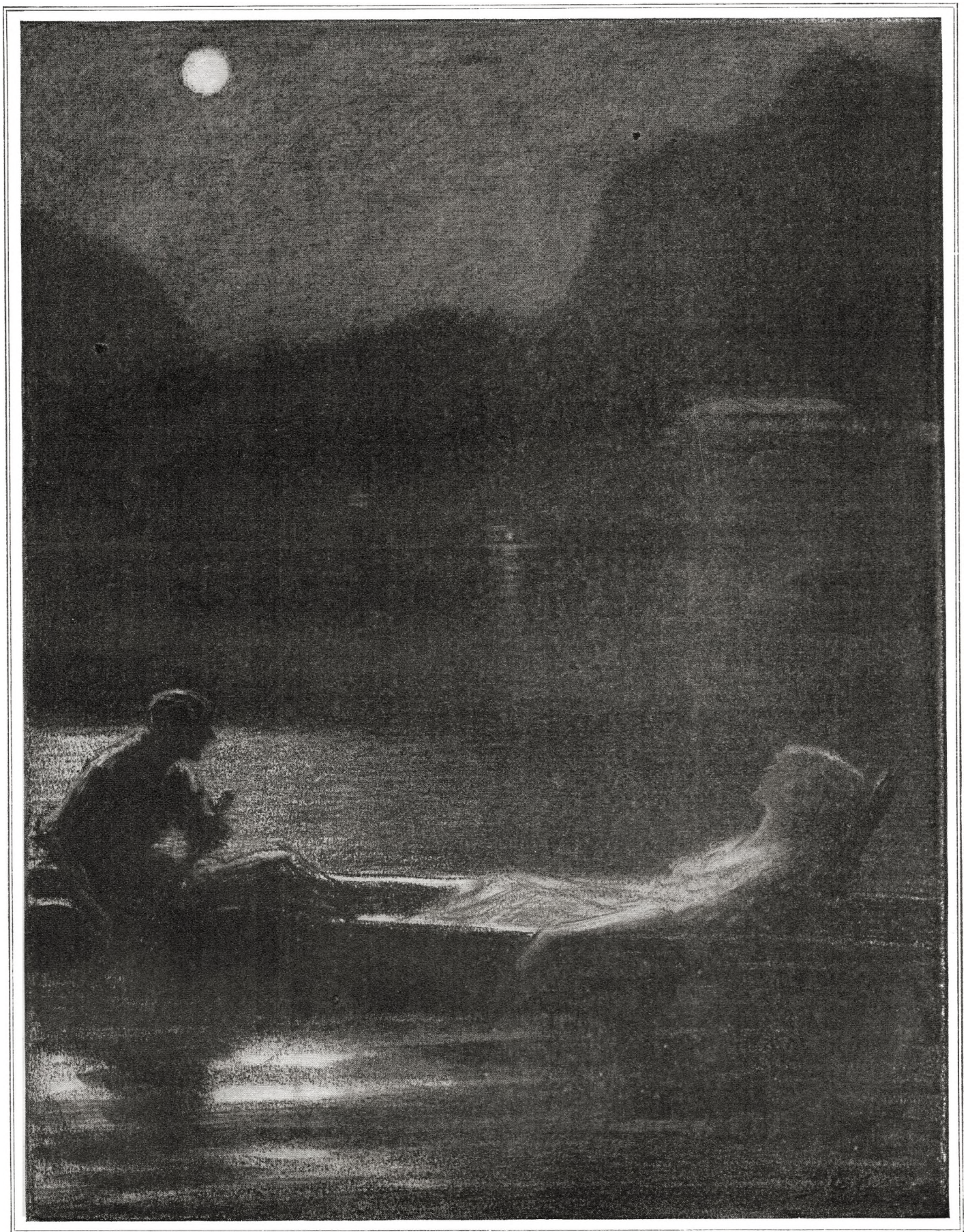
The long, amazing journey of the honeymoon, through a happy world drunk with new wine of peace, left romance still undimmed. Fellow-passengers thought the destination of Bart and his wife a wonder in itself. Other people were bound for Colombo, for Bombay, for Adelaide, Perth or Sydney—some for New Zealand, one for Thursday Island and its pearling fleet; but nobody had such a storybook address to give to correspondents as "Reef Cottage, Losara Island, Southeast Pacific." Marguerite was pleased with it; and her curiosity as to Bart's real meaning, real secret, died away as the liner stamped on toward Australia.

Riddell himself, head poised on hand like Rodin's "Thinker" and face almost as lean and sad, used to watch her as she spun from saloon deck to promenade deck, from promenade up to bridge, or down to main, from one end of the huge liner to the other—always in a delighted hurry to join in something agreeable, games, gymkhanas, concerts, committees for the getting up of the same, song-practices in the afternoon, expeditions to the bow, at night, to look for the Southern Cross. She was so vivid, so alive, so sure of living fifty, sixty more years, and enjoying every one of them! He felt a passionate pity for her. She did not know. She could not see that there were black things with crunching teeth and searing claws hidden among the rose-bushes she saw ahead; she did not know that the things would jump out on her, inevitably, as she went singing by, and that after they had had their will of her, her waxed-red lips would be silent, and her eyes would look not about her, but before, with always—

A listening fear in their regard
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.

Through the voyage to Australia the thought kept possession of him. Yet what did it matter, after all, if Rita did not know, like the rest of us? She was not going to be like the rest. Losara would see to that.

IT is only in the Islands that you may know, full-grown and flourishing, the sea-captain's glory in its flower. The schooner captain, the steamer captain, even the master of the



On the Losaras, time was not. . . . Of the future Rita did not think. Why should she?

little trading cutter, enjoys more real distinction than even the splendid naval captain in his uniform, with his big gray gunboat behind him. For the naval man comes seldom, once in a season, when the hurricane time is past,—since you must not risk fighting-ships among the reefy isles between November and March,—and he stays perhaps a day, perhaps a week. *In a blaze of splendor and dinner-parties and dances he comes; he shines upon the local tennis-club as some strange star; he climbs the island peaks to shoot pigeon, and rides the island horses, sometimes to their destruction and his own. He is entertained; he listens, with a granite face, to tales of exalted ancestry poured forth by hosts in “sneakers” and shirt-sleeves; his junior officers store up “howlers” to make the gun-room ring with, by and by. Like a flashing comet he comes, and as swiftly goes; and the island once more settles down to ancient peace.

But the sea-captain who has no true right to his title, who should, in fact, be called a “master” only—his glory is perennial; his importance runs from March to November, and from November back to March again. Into his hand, sooner or later, are committed the lives of all the island folk; it is his to bring them safe through peril, or with them to die, fighting for their lives until the moment when the salt foam chokes his nostrils, and the reeling bridge bears down with him into the deep. To all events of island life the ship is inevitably linked. The captain takes away the bridal pair on their honeymoon and brings the lately married couple “up from South.” With him the defaulting tradesman flees, trying to hide his crime till it shall be too late to put back again; next to his cabin sleeps the faithless wife, whose rendezvous “down South” will be known to him before it is known to any other. In his care the expectant mother goes to the great islands where hospitals and doctors are; the white-faced husband, staring through a binocular that will not keep still, looks for her figure, with a tiny burden in its arms, as the ship steals home again. And if there is no figure there, or if a strange one carries the small white creature that has cost too dear, it is the captain who will meet on the gangway, and clasp by the hand, the man who has lost all but all! Death, love, money, food, appointments, dismissals, ruin, salvation, flow through his sun-marked hands. And from his lips, hard bitten with the salt of countless seas and years, comes all the gossip, all the news, of everything that happens over ten times a thousand miles.

Binham of the boresome talk and the stupid countenance, who had not met with the approval of Bart Riddell, new from strenuous folk and places where things happened every hour—Binham, captain and owner of the auxiliary schooner *Pearl*, was notwithstanding liked and welcomed in the islands groups through which his business took him, month by month and year by year.

Perhaps the island people understood him better than Riddell could. The men who had tried—and failed—to read a verdict of life or death upon his fishlike face in hurricane weather of December, who had welcomed him to the family veranda that takes the place of the family hearth over Pacific lands, through a generation of changes, and never found Binham change to a friend or truckle to an enemy—these were less easily ruffled by defects of manner than the brilliant, cultivated doctor who had been so hard hit by the war.

OVER Morton's veranda in the Palolo Islands, a pink and pearly evening was dreaming into dusk. The palm trees out to westward were like some Chinese fantasy in cut black paper, laid flat upon a wall of fading rose. Banana birds, dark on the sunset, flirted in and out of pomegranate trees, whose vermilion rosetted flowers had turned, of a sudden, to puffs of calcined black.

“When I was trading to Rarotonga, Aitutaki, Mauke and Manuwai, in eighteen ninety-nine,” said Binham, looking out at the sunset with an entire absence of interest, “I remember there was a curious deal in copra with one of the native chiefs, Arikis, they call them. It was like this: A white man had taken up an island, same as this Riddell feller. And he—”

“Riddell is the name of the chap who bought the Losaras?” asked Morton, wise trader of many miles, who knew, if anyone did, how best to head Binham off reminiscences into narrative.

“Yes. I took him up when he went to have a look at the islands. And I brought him and his wife, and cargo—that much as you wouldn't believe it!”

The trader's friends, men and women of Palolo met together on Morton's big veranda for the great event of “schooner night,” were all talking to each other, more or less, but most of them broke off at the mention of Riddell and the Losaras. It was one of the romances of the mid-Pacific, known vaguely to island dwellers over many thousand miles of sea. There are such. . . .

Palolo was the nearest island to Losara—six hundred miles distant, it is true; but still, neighbors are neighbors. Palolo—one is sorry to state,—knowing something of the history of Losara and its sole inhabitants,—had promptly made up the rest, and told itself, and its calling traders and travelers, that Riddell was a man who had run off with one of the supposed-to-be-murdered Russian grand duchesses. Losara, they inferred, was safe from wandering Bolsheviks. That, of course, was why.

Binham, being questioned, said unperturbedly that he didn't know. Mrs. Riddell was good-looking enough for anything. And Riddell, he did seem ready to turn the world upside down for her. He'd built her a house with real imported tiles on the roof, red ones that turned up, and there were real imported tiles on the floor too—none of your island mats. Blue and brown and white and black, they were; you never saw the like. It stood to reason a man must be fair silly about a woman to doll up his house like that for her.

Palolo drew an envious breath. In the Islands you rank largely by the material of your roof and the quality of your floor covering. *Rau* thatch is good enough for many; iron is for the well-to-do; but tiles! And on the floor, too—where most people aspired to linoleum at the best. Tiles! It was a wonder in Palolo for weeks.

“I tell you,” offered Binham on his return trip, “if you're all that keen on knowing whether she's a grand duchess or not, I can spin you the whole yarn when I come back from Auckland. You see, there's a number-one little beach on Lilawa, that slopes right down as steep as a roof into fifteen foot of calm water, sandy bottom, and I was aiming to (*Continued on page 94*)



“Have some of my special tonic. . . . It's an invention of my own. You must never tell anyone about it.”

Conflict

By Clarence
Budington
Kelland

Illustrated by
Frank Street



The Story So Far:

AT the death of Dorcas Remalie's wealthy father, she found that his will placed her under the guardianship of her uncle John Remalie, a New England lumbering who for twenty-five years had lived in a big, grim stone house with only his housekeeper, Miss Labo, for company—and in all those twenty-five years they had never exchanged a word.

One day Dorcas overheard Miss Labo talking with a young man while Remalie was absent. John Remalie, it seemed, had carried on an "affair" with Miss Labo in his youth, although he was engaged to another young woman. When he learned from Miss Labo that there was to be a child, he insisted that it be put out of the way. Miss Labo pretended to agree and told Remalie the child had been murdered, while she had it cared for secretly. As the price of silence, she had compelled him to break off his engagement and support her. . . . The young man to whom Miss Labo was talking was, she told him, the child—her son. Later Dorcas heard Miss Labo's visitor leaving and looked out the window, to recognize Jevons, an attractive young man who had distinguished himself by defeating Remalie's walking-boss Sloane in a fight—Sloane, a coarse fellow whom Miss Labo invited to the house and introduced to Dorcas.

Jevons now appeared as a rival to Remalie—bought a tract of timber, set up a sawmill and brought in workmen who had served with him as foresters in France. In a moment of anger Dorcas told Remalie what she had overheard—that his son still lived, that he was none other than the hated rival Jevons. . . .

Remalie hated Jevons, his son or not. And he told Dorcas in Miss Labo's presence that he had changed his will, cutting her off entirely if she married anyone possessing a drop of Remalie blood. . . . At this Miss Labo, too, changed her plans: her son would not profit by marriage with Dorcas—indeed, Dorcas stood in their way. Miss Labo tried to poison Dorcas, but the girl discovered the attempt in time and fled for counsel to her friend Letty Piggott, the village librarian. Letty sent her secretly for refuge to the home of her sixty-year-old adorer Fabius Ginger, who with his two gigantic and ancient brothers Hannibal and Hasdrubal lived by themselves in a remote place in the forest. There Dorcas was presently discovered by Sloane, and later by Jevons. And Dorcas, in spite of her belief in Jevons' origin, confessed her love for him.

Nothing existed save
fierce purpose
and grief and memories.
They entered the sumptuous
counting rooms.

Sloane reported to Remalie his discovery of Dorcas, and bargained with him for her in marriage; Sloane, in return, was to put Jevons out of the way. So it was that Jevons failed to return to his camp after an evening call upon Dorcas. And when signs of a struggle above a waterfall were found, she gave him up for dead—and undertook to carry on his work, to oversee the drive of his logs, to the mill, against the opposition of Remalie's crew.

Remalie's townsmen believed him guilty of Jevons' murder; Fabius Ginger accused him of it. Thinking to protect himself, Remalie denounced Mark Sloane as the guilty man. Then it was that Miss Labo told him that Sloane, not Jevons, was their son.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MORNING dawned cold, colored cheerlessly with grays and shades of brown running into black. The lake seemed not a body of clear water, but a huge receptacle filled to the brim with some semi-fluid, heavy, clammy, like quicksilver. The leaping fires of the night died to smoking embers. Frowzy men emerged from flimsy shelters yawning widely, scratching tousled heads and rubbing unclean knuckles into heavy eyes. Even the odor of coffee weighted the air unpleasantly. . . . The morning might have been born in Dorcas Remalie's heart.

She stood over the remnants of her fire, warming her hands mechanically; her face was gray, like the sky and the water; her eyes were not young, but set, dead, cold. Her brain was clear, clear with an aching clarity as if all things were illuminated to a white heat. It was not as a woman, as a human being, that she reasoned and perceived and reached conclusions, but as if she

were some goddess, unemotional, acting upon immutable laws, aloof from the world but compelled to rule the world. But always, always behind the goddess lurked the woman, suffering, struggling to fight through, tearing at the goddess-will which suppressed her. The woman fought to express her agony of grief, to claim her right to mourn.

Ovid Soule approached her with coffee and a plate of food.

She drank the coffee, tasted a slice of bread.

"No—news?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"We'll fight it out here," she said. "That will end the fighting. They'll come today, and we'll beat them here—so there will be no heart in them to trouble us again. Then we will take the logs down."

"The men is all called in."

"If—if they seem to be beating us, we must blow up the sluice. Have dynamite placed."

"Blow up the sluice!"

"And start the drive. They wont be able to dam it. It would give us water enough, wouldn't it?"

"It'd dreen the lake—hang up Remalie's drive—git the law down onto you."

"But it would get our logs to the mill."

"Yes," he said.

"Then, be ready. That's the one thing—the *one thing*."

"You better go back to the wangan. It's apt to be kind of rough hereabouts."

She shook her head.

"Bateaux on the lake!" called a voice.

"How many?" demanded Ovid Soule.

"Four boat—twent'-four man."

"Rest'll be comin' along the shore," Ovid said. He bellowed to his men. "They're a-comin', fellers. Git yoo' eyes open."

Some fifty men, not of a kind lovely to look upon, clustered about the boss and Dorcas.

"Remember what they did to *him*—and *fight*," Dorcas said. She stepped back and mounted the platform of the sluice.

The boss divided his men. One party of twenty-four was told off to meet the approaching bateaux; the remainder were stationed compactly, guarding the approach to the sluice. Dorcas watched unemotionally, a goddess upon a strange Olympus.

She saw twelve of her men put out in two bateaux to meet the approaching four, the remaining twelve crouching upon the shore armed with cant-dog handles and pike-poles. The little craft swam through the glassy water like living things, graceful, beautiful. She strained her eyes to catch every significant movement. The four bateaux of the enemy strung along, one behind the other. Her own two boats, driven by eager arms, seemed about to pass the hostile flotilla, when suddenly both swerved, their oars lashing the water as the oarsmen redoubled their efforts, and darted with hawklike flight upon the rearmost of the enemy. Too late this craft sought to change its course; it succeeded in eluding one of the boats, only to be rammed with the full force of the other. The slender pointed prow of Dorcas' bateau seemed to leap from the water, to climb the low side of the enemy, and then to squat down upon it with vindictive intelligence. Water poured over its side; its crew leaped wildly to their feet, striving to maintain equilibrium. Then it tipped and tipped, a solid wave of water climbed aboard and it settled slowly, sinking beneath the surface. Six men were left swimming in the icy water.

THE two boats pursued the three, though not, it seemed, endeavoring to overtake them. The three, regardless of the ill-fortune of their companion, continued toward the shore, thrust their prows high upon the beach, and emptied themselves of their crews—but as they did so, the pair of hawklike pursuers pounced upon their rear. They were eighteen men, outnumbered by six, attacking in front, attacked in rear!

Dorcas stood high above, watching the mêlée; and as she watched, her ears told her battle had been joined upon the land. The second attacking party had arrived.

Her heart did not leap as she noted successes, nor fall as she perceived ill-fortune. Though she did not speak or cry out, her mind repeated over and over endlessly the words: "Fight. . . . Fight. . . . Fight!"

The eighteen were being cut down, beaten down, trampled down. But ten remained erect and fighting. Her men were merciless as herself. Eight remained, five—and five who struggled now, not to fight but to escape. A man broke away and dashed into the water. Two men were upon him, beating him down,

hammering him into insensibility. In a moment his body was tossed into one of the boats. The ground was strewn with men who moaned and bled, who made blind attempts to rise. Not all were of the enemy.

The major fight, on the opposite side of the sluice, surged back and forth, a fury of sound and action. Dorcas' men were outnumbered, but their rear was protected by the sluice and the canal, and the advantage was not against them. Now, with the cessation of the minor combat, the survivors rushed past Dorcas and threw themselves headlong upon the pressing men from John Remalie's camps. The advantage of numbers was reversed; and slowly, stubbornly, the fight moved down the lake away from the sluice. Remalie's men were being beaten back, battered down. They fought for pay, and for the love of fighting. Jevons' men fought with rage and the desire for revenge in their hearts; they fought as men fight who fight for a man they love.

Presently it came to an end. Remalie's men, what remained upright of them, broke and fled. Dorcas' rivermen pursued. The sluice was safe; the drive was made secure, and Dorcas knew that nothing save the obstacles interposed by nature would stand between her and the achievement of her purpose to drive Jevons' logs to the mill.

IN half an hour men were sluicing logs into the old channel to Grindstone Pond; other men, cut, bruised, battered, were at their stations along Taradiddle Brook, armed with ax, pike-pole or cant-dog, keeping the logs in motion, watchful against sudden jam, ready with tools or with dynamite to free the stream of such sudden plugging as the most watchful may not avert in those winding, rocky waters. The drive was on its way.

Dorcas drove her men by her presence. She spoke no word to them, leaving such matters to Ovid Soule, who knew what things must be done. But she was everywhere present, always in motion, tireless. . . . She appeared for an instant, and rivermen redoubled their efforts, whispering to each other under their breaths that she was watching. And so passed the dreadful day.

Three days, four days more, she would be required to hold herself in hand, to restrain her grief, to forbid herself from thinking of Jevons and of her love and of her grief. Then the task would be complete, the end would have come to her. What then? She dared not ask nor answer the question. What then?

Then—of this one thing she was certain—she would face John Remalie. Having carried out Jevons' plans, and completed his work and realized his dream, she would face John Remalie.

It was on that day that Dorcas became acquainted with *money*. She had never been on intimate terms with it; it had always been to her something like the air we breathe unconsciously. But now she was awakened to the fact that money may be a necessity, that money may be a tyrant, ruthless, implacable.

Jevons' bookkeeper splashed into camp. He had come, apparently, not because he conceived of aid coming from the camps, but because he was caught, bewildered, frightened—because he had to do *something*. He was snatching at straws.

He drew aside Ovid Soule, and with all the excitement of an inexperienced young man facing his first catastrophe, whispered that Jevons' loans had been called.

"And that isn't all. There's no money for pay-roll. Mr. Jevons was going to get more money yesterday. Somewhere he had arrangements made. And on top of it all, there's that option on Sugarloaf Mountain to be taken care of in less than a week—on the twenty-sixth. I can't do anything. I don't know what's to be done—but if something isn't done quick, we're *bust*."

Dorcas listened—it seemed stolidly—as Ovid repeated the ill news to her. Intuitively she knew the influence of John Remalie was the moving cause of this new and baleful gesture of Fate.

"Where are those banks?" she asked.

"In the city."

Dorcas turned to Ovid. "I've got to go. I'm leaving the river to you. I trust you. *He* trusted you. Nothing, *nothing*, must prevent you from taking this drive to the mill. *Nothing!* Promise nothing shall stop you."

"Calc'late to do my dumdest, miss."

"Promise."

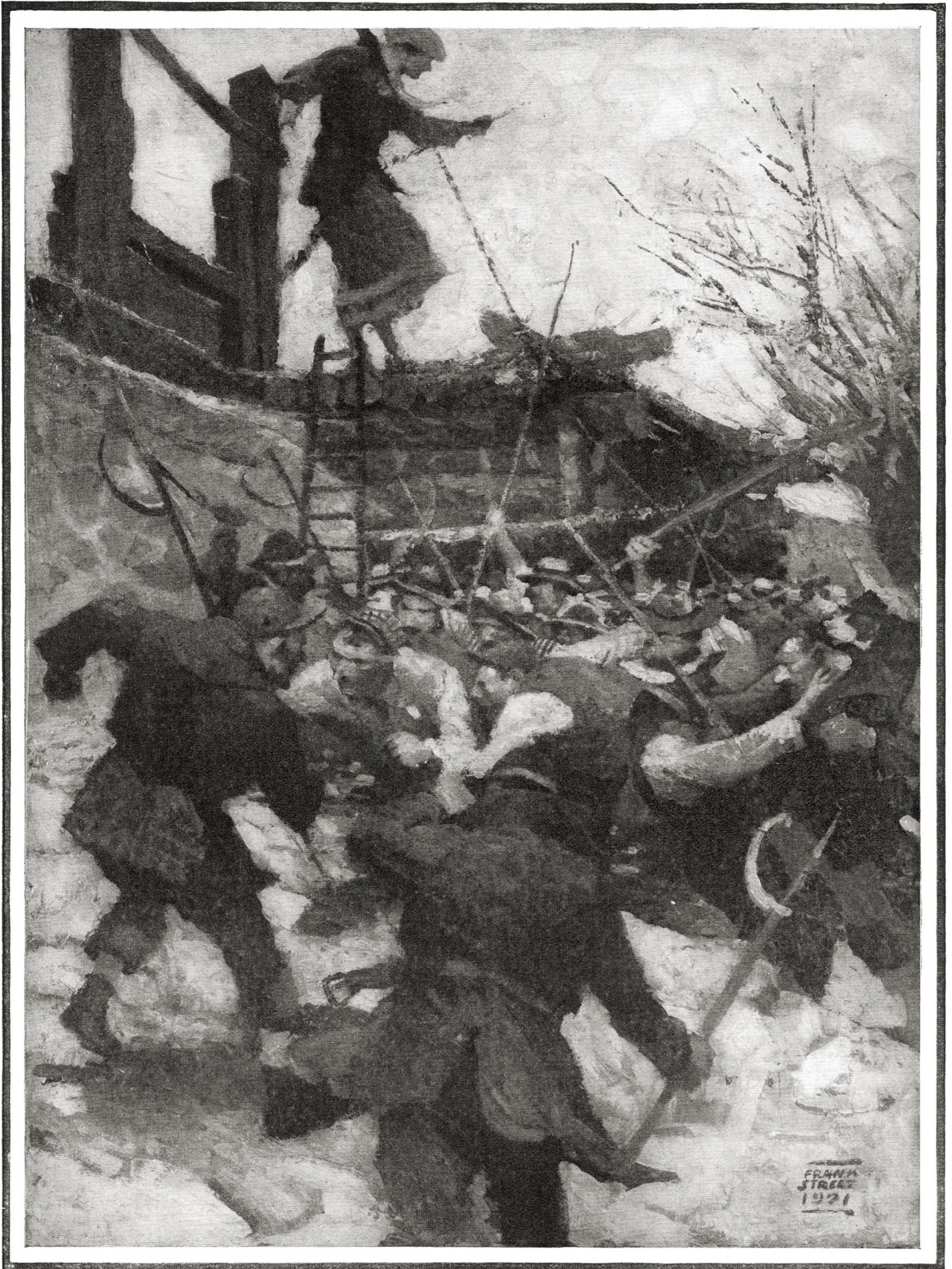
Ovid looked into her smoldering eyes. "I promise," he said.

"I'll hold you to it," she said tensely, and Ovid Soule knew he would never dare face those burning eyes if he should fail.

"What you aim to do?" he asked.

Dorcas shook her head impatiently, but made no answer. How could she know what she was going to do?

Once more she traversed that path along the river to Hannibal Ginger's. Only once did her feet falter, her resolution waver.



Dorcas stood high above, watching the mēlec. Her heart did not leap as she noted successes, nor fall as she perceived ill-fortune.

Only once did any thought save of her purpose to succeed, to do what must be done for Jevons, enter her mind. That was at the Jaws of the Rips, where the trail came out upon that huge rock, that mute, impassive witness to the thing that had befallen Jevons. She clenched her fists, gripped her soul with the strength of her will—and passed the spot without breaking.

AT last Dorcas turned up the path to the Gingers' door. It opened, and old Hannibal stood there to welcome her. The ancient giant lifted her over the threshold in his mighty arms and held her to his breast as if she were an infant, crooning over her, whispering to her, grieving over her.

He swayed his body gently, rocking her in his arms, and she closed her eyes and sighed and let her weary head rest upon his shoulder. If only she could lie so for hours, for days!

Presently she aroused herself. Her fingers touched his weathered cheek caressingly.

"Now I can go on," she said, and her voice was more like the voice of Dorcas Remalie than it had been since the moment of her loss. "Where is Fabius?"

"In town."

"Oh, I must go to town, to the city. Now!"

He asked no questions, made no difficulties. "To be sure. To be sure," he said. "Set a minute, till I hitch."

"I—haven't any money."

"Uh-huh! Calc'late the's some in the ol' sugar-bowl. Quite a sight of it. Kind of a bank, like. Us boys saves it there, so's to have some by us in case one of us comes to need buryin'. I'll git it."

In a matter of minutes Dorcas and Hannibal were driving along the road which led to town. "Train down at eight o'clock," said the old fellow. "Calc'late we'll make it with time to spare."

As they drove up to the station platform, the train whistled around the distant curve.

"Let me hide here in the dark," Dorcas said wearily. "Please get my ticket for me. I can't bear to see anyone."

"Calc'late Orrin would feel it if you wa'n't takin' notice of him," said Hannibal.

She shook her head. "Tell him I—I love him—but I can't bear to—to see anybody now."

The train roared up to the station with the scornful air it always wore when it stopped at the village.

Hannibal helped Dorcas aboard and followed her into the car. "Thank you," she said, and gripped his enormous hand in both her little ones. "You must hurry off before the train starts. You might fall."

"Hurry off? Me! Don't calc'late to git off. Goin' along with you, wherever 'tis you're aimin' to go. Think I'm allowin' you to traipse off some'eres 'thout nobuddy to look after you? Not much, Mary Ann. Me, I'm goin' too."

Dorcas made no protest. She was grateful—how grateful she could not have put into words.

They were going—that is all either of them considered. Hannibal was going because his heart directed him, and he asked no questions; Dorcas was going because she was driven. What she was to accomplish, how she was to accomplish it, she did not know. She had no plans. Her equipment was an almost superhuman determination which had been born of a union of love and agony.

CHAPTER XXIX

IT bewilders the student of mankind to observe in what strange breasts love takes up its residence. Of all human emotions love was the one most ill adapted to flourish in the soil of Miss Labo's heart. To find hatred there, malice, envy, could give rise to no astonishment. These seemed indigenous. But love!

Yet for more than twenty-five years love had been the dominating motive of Miss Labo's life. It had been a strange, surreptitious love, a love garnished with hatred and malice, a subterranean, murky love, yet at the same time an altruistic, unselfish love. It had sought nothing for itself. It had nourished itself in silence and shadow, crouching, waiting—but always working toward one end, and that end the interest of her son.

He was her own, flesh of her flesh. She loved him fiercely, savagely—hating all else in the world. Through secret avenues she had cared for his childhood, never able to acknowledge him, never desiring to embrace and cuddle him as your natural mother yearns to hover over her baby. She had concealed him, guarded

him in what primitive, savage manner she was able, had kept him not distant from her, working ever toward that day when she might establish him in what she chose to believe his rightful place. That was her life's obsession. It was the *one* thing. . . . She did not trouble herself about his love, whether it were given her or no. That was the incomprehensible thing. Miss Labo's love was all giving—the acme of unselfishness.

Now circumstances had reared themselves about her and her son and John Remalie which threatened not only the success of her lifelong purpose, but reached out hungrily for the life and liberty of her boy himself. That his hands were stained with blood was inconsiderable to her. She did not question his guilt, or hope for his innocence. Guilt or innocence were negligible. She was unmoral as a wolf. He was threatened with arrest, imprisonment! In the fact of imprisonment she saw only the shutting of her son away from his birthright.

Her face was free from emotion as she left John Remalie's little office; it was incapable of displaying emotion except as smoldering fires glowed in her strange eyes. The unnatural whiteness of her face did not alter a complexion which seemed to belong to some exotic race not to be classed with humanity. She walked with her habitual slow still step into her kitchen, and went about the business of washing and drying the dishes as if nothing impended. When the kitchen was mopped and cleaned to her satisfaction, and not until then, did she mount the stairs to her room.

Miss Labo now put on a quaint, shapeless, threadbare cloth coat and the black bonnet which she always wore upon her rare forays into the outside world. Over her shoes she pulled galoshes, and upon her hands masculine mittens. Thus equipped, she left the house by the kitchen door, pausing to take the key from the lock and to hide it in a secret cranny of the steps known only to herself.

She was unconscious of the drizzle of rain, not regardful of the river of mud into which the road had been metamorphosed. Like some strange mechanism, she trudged along with stiff, even gait, never pausing, never slipping, never hesitating. She did not hurry, but one had only to watch her spare, silent figure in passage to become conscious of a queer sensation that the woman would arrive at her destination at the moment she had set for her arrival.

Through the village she passed, and into the country beyond, never changing her pace, never hastening, but laying mile and mile behind her with a kind of implacability. Distance nor time made alteration in her progress. She was on her way to warn her son, to give the news to Mark Sloane that the sheriff had been set upon him, and having warned him, to see to it that he made good his escape. She did not know that at that moment Mark Sloane, handcuffed, glowering, silent, sat upon the rear seat of a buckboard, a deputy on either side, and the sheriff driving him toward the door of the village jail.

IT was not toward John Remalie's camps that Miss Labo's path bore her. She had reasoned: If her son had committed this murder, and there existed no reason to suppose he had not, then he would not be found in the camps. He would have taken himself to a spot she knew of, fancying himself secure in that hiding-place. As for her, she knew well the long arm of John Remalie, and trusted no such flimsy security. In a leather handbag she carried the savings of twenty years—sufficient to carry her son to some distant quarter of the world; and distance spelled safety.

It was midnight when she turned off the main road and entered the forest by a scarcely perceptible track. Half an hour's walking brought her to an ancient clearing in the middle of which up-reared a blot of solid blackness, a blot which even in the darkness did not merge at the edges, but was sharp of line and distinct. She approached stealthily.

The blot resolved itself into a quaint house of logs, not your usual sprawling, squatting log cabin, but a narrow structure, high for its width, with steep and acutely pointed roof. Miss Labo crouched before the door, listening. She fancied she heard a sound within. She exerted pressure against the door, her thumb upon the clumsy latch. It gave inward and she entered like a shadow. Softly she closed the door behind her and stood motionless, quiet. Unmistakably there came to her abnormally alert ears the sound of breathing, a rustling of movement, as of one restless upon his bed.

Like a shadow she moved across the room, sure-footed, even in the blackness. Her outstretched hand encountered the corner-post of a bunk constructed of rough boards supported by saplings



"Uncle Hannibal—is anyone—there?"

Her shadow-hand explored the density, touched the booted foot of a man, fluttered to the ankles—and paused aghast, for her fingers encountered there a knotted rope!

The sheriff had forestalled her! He had descended upon her son, overpowered him, tied him and departed, doubtless for means of conveying the prisoner to town. It sufficed that the officer had gone. Miss Labo's fingers explored the interior of her reticule for the scissors which, like needle, thread and knitting, never were left behind.

Methodically, her jaw working in unison with the scissors, she began cutting at the rope. Presently it gave way. She felt her way up the recumbent body of the man until she found his hands and cut through their bonds. She had not spoken. Now she whispered:

"You're loose! Git up and git! Here's money to take you away. John Remalie's the one that set the sheriff onto you."

An indistinct, muffled sound was her only answer. She comprehended, and again those shadow-hands explored until they found the rag and rope gag which rendered the prisoner mute.

"You got to find a way to let me know where you be," she said sharply.

The released prisoner grunted in a manner that might have seemed ungracious to another.

"You git—quick," she said. "He'll be a-comin' back. I got to git home 'fore mornin'. You hear? You lemme know where you be. Here's the money."

She thrust that roll of bills which represented twenty years of labor into his hands, and without caress or farewell, crossed the room, opened the door softly and vanished as shadows vanish, into the night.

The man on the bunk moved painfully, restraining a groan.

For minutes he chafed his legs and wrists, and presently essayed again to rise. He succeeded in getting his legs over the edge of the bunk, only to fall back with a sharp exclamation, and to lie quiescent for a time. Five minutes passed, ten minutes, and he began the struggle once more, raising himself to a sitting posture; and there he remained, head upon hands, gathering strength, recruiting his forces, fighting off weakness and dizziness.

After a time the man pulled himself to his feet and stood swaying. He too moved toward the door, fumbling, staggering, feeling his way in the blackness. At last he reached the door and sagged against it, clinging for support. He opened the door and stood under the sky, his face upturned to the cold rain, welcoming it, drawing strength and refreshment from the chill wetness of it. He did not pause again, but swaying dizzily, stumbling, staggering, sustained only by the will that resided in him, he followed the footsteps of Miss Labo toward the road. He did not know where he was, or whither his feet were carrying him. What he sought was a human habitation—any habitation in that wilderness—and necessary human ministrations.

CHAPTER XXX

IT is not a matter for surprise that Hannibal Ginger was wholly unaware of his slender companion's strange appearance when they reached the city. But that Dorcas, reared as she had been to the supreme importance of dress and decorum and the observation of social fetishes, should have passed through the crowded streets without giving troubled consideration to her splashed knickerbockers and muddy boots, reached the bounds of the incredible. It was testimony (*Continued on page 122*)

The Triangular Hypothesis

By Melville
Davisson Post

Illustrated by
Joseph Clement Coll



The Oriental stooped over a

THE man's loose body seemed to have been packed into his clothing as though under a pressure. There was the vague note of victory in his voice.

"Monsieur," he said, "no dead Frenchman has ever been valued to us at less than fifty thousand francs. He may have been a worthless vendor of roast chestnuts before the Madeleine, but if he died in Stamboul, he was straightaway worth fifty thousand francs. You will observe, monsieur, that your government has already fixed the price for murder."

The Prefect of Police looked across the long, empty room at the closed door.

"But was this dead man a citizen of the Turkish Empire? We seem to have a memory of him."

The Oriental smiled.

"Citizens," he said, "are of two classes,—your Foreign Office has laid it down,—the citizen which is born, and the citizen which is acquired. Each are valued to us at least fifty thousand francs, as your schedule in the indemnities to the Sublime Porte so clearly set it out. Dernburg Pasha was *acquired*, monsieur. But he is dead! And the indemnity for him, as you have so admirably established it, is not subject to a discount. . . . You came from the Foreign Office, monsieur?"

The Prefect of Police bowed. He put his hand into the pocket of his coat as with a casual gesture, his fingers closing over an article that lay concealed there.

The Envoy went on:

"I found the Minister Dellaux of an unflinching courtesy; if a subject of our empire has been murdered in Paris, an adequate indemnity would be paid."

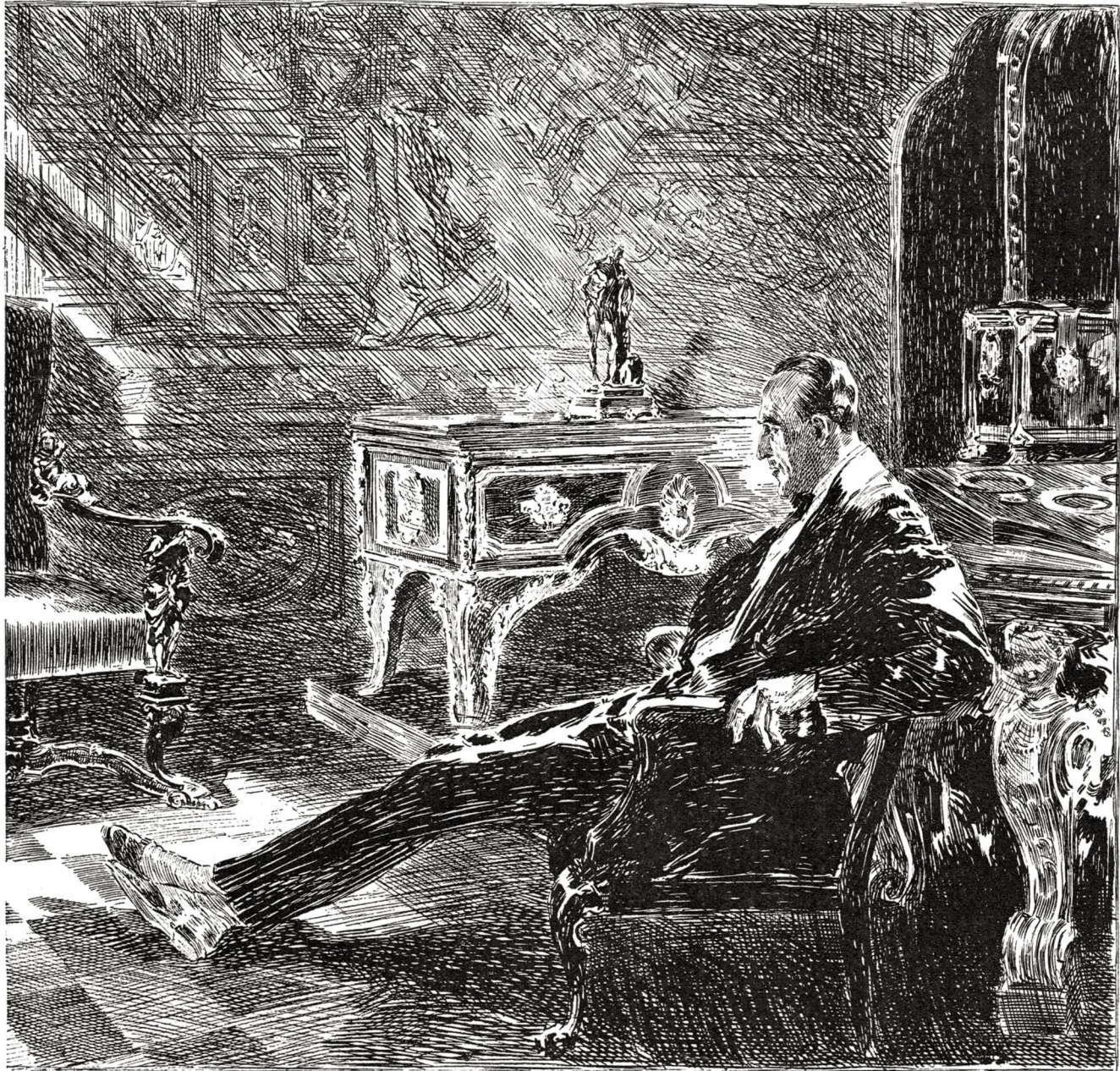
The scene at the Foreign Office, when he had been called in before the Minister, came up for an instant to Monsieur Jonquelle.

The tall, elegant old man had been profoundly annoyed. This murder came at a vexatious moment, at precisely the moment when the Foreign Office was pressing for the indemnity on the French subjects slain in Stamboul. The very argument had been unfortunate. Stamboul must be made safe, and here was Paris unsafe! Here was Dernburg Pasha dead in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Monsieur Jonquelle had made no reply to the Minister. He had come down to the house in the Faubourg St. Germain of Paris; he had gone over it; he had examined everything; but he had made no comment. Either he had arrived at no conclusion, or else he had a large knowledge of the affair, coupled with some definite plan.

It was an old house, maintaining in its essentials a departed elegance. The floor of the drawing-room was of alternate blocks of white and black marble, laid down like a chessboard. There was a door at one end leading into a small walled garden. On the other side of the drawing-room, directly opposite, there was another door of precisely the same character leading into a sort of library—the room in which Dernburg had been found in the morning, dead on the floor.

To the envoy of the Turkish Government in Paris, this assassi-



little and glanced along the floor. "You have observed these blood-drops, monsieur? They are quite clear."

nation had the aspect of a diplomatic favor. He had gone at once to the Foreign Office with his demand for an indemnity, and then he had come here into this drawing-room and sat down before the door until the matter should be settled.

"Monsieur is satisfied?" he said. "He has seen everything?"

"I have not quite seen everything," replied Monsieur Jonquelle, his glance traveling to the slight bulge in the man's tight-fitting waistcoat pocket, "but I am entirely satisfied."

"The evidences are complete, monsieur," said the Envoy, smiling. "Dernburg Pasha lived alone in this house. Late last night a Frenchman called on him. They were in the room yonder together. The windows were open, although the shutters were closed. Persons passing on the street heard the voices distinctly—the voice of a Frenchman, monsieur, and the voice of Dernburg Pasha. Is it not true?"

"Unfortunately, monsieur, we cannot deny it. It is precisely the truth."

"And it is true also, monsieur," the man went on, "that these voices were raised as in anger or as in contention upon some point. The words did not carry accurately to the persons in the street, but the inflections of the words and the menace in them were not to be mistaken. It is established!"

"Quite established, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police.

Again the Oriental smiled.

"And it cannot be denied that Dernburg Pasha is dead. He was found this morning on the floor of the library yonder, with his throat cut—monsieur has himself observed the indicatory evidences of this assassination. . . . The late visitor,"—he looked up sharply,—“monsieur admits that he was a Frenchman?"

"Ah, yes," replied the Prefect of Police, "the man was a Frenchman."

The Envoy went on with his summary of the evidences.

"The late visitor, a Frenchman; the quarrel; the dead man remaining in the library; the spots of blood on this floor that dripped from the weapon in the assassin's hand as he went out—he escaped from the door yonder into the garden and thence into the street: it is all certain, monsieur?"

"It is all very certain," replied the Prefect. He paused—then:

"But while the events are certain. I am not precisely certain that we have the same conception of them. For example, monsieur, will you tell me how, in your opinion, the assassin escaped from the garden into the street? This garden was not used; the gate leading into the street is nailed up. I should be glad of your opinion on this point."

"With pleasure," replied the Oriental.

"The man escaped from the garden in the simplest fashion. He climbed over the wall, monsieur. The wall is of no great height. It is entirely possible."

Monsieur Jonquelle lifted his eyebrows like one relieved from a perplexity.

"Quite possible," he said. "An assassin could have climbed over the wall without the slightest difficulty. I am obliged for your opinion on this manner of escape, monsieur."

FOR a moment he seemed to reflect; then he addressed another question to the Envoy.

"Monsieur," he said, "there are blood-drops on this floor." He looked down at the marble extending to the closed door of the library beyond them. "I should be glad to know how you think they came here."

"The explanation is entirely clear," replied the Turkish Envoy. "The assassin went out in haste with the knife in his hand, and these blood-drops dripped from the point of it."

"That would be possible, monsieur," replied Jonquelle. "That might happen!"

The Oriental stooped over a little and glanced along the floor. "You have observed these blood-drops, monsieur? They are quite clear."

"I have observed them closely," replied the Prefect of Police. "There are seven of these blood-drops. They are about the length of a man's step apart, and they are each clearly visible on a white square of the floor. Your explanation seems admirable, monsieur."

He turned suddenly from a contemplation of these evidences into a vague casuistry.

"Monsieur," he said, "I have thought a great deal about chance evidences of crime. Do you suppose there are any laws of chance?"

The Oriental seemed to reflect.

"The very word 'chance,' monsieur," he said, "precludes the running of any law. Events which result from the operation of law are naturally outside of the definition of the word 'chance.'"

The Prefect of Police did not pause to discuss this comment; he went on, as though the reply were merely an interruption of his discourse.

"Events," he said, "all indicative evidences in criminal investigation, we divide into two classes: those which happen by design, and those which happen by chance. By *design* we mean by the will and intention of some individual, and by *chance* we mean all those events which happen outside of such an intention. Would you think, monsieur, that there would be any distinguishing features, by virtue of which one might put indicative evidences of a crime under one or the other of these heads?"

He continued as though he had entered upon a subject which engaged his attention too closely for the pauses of a dialogue, as though his inquiry were a mere form of statement and not intended for an answer.

"It is an immense and fascinating field for speculation. It seems to be the persistent belief of every human intelligence that it can, by design, create a sequence of indicative evidences, which will have all the appearance of a happening by chance. But after long reflection and the study of innumerable instances, I have come to the conclusion that this thing cannot be done. It is my opinion that no human intelligence can grasp the vast ramification of events with a sufficient comprehension to enable it to lay down a sequence of false evidences that will have, at every point, the aspect of a chance happening."

HE did not wait for a reply. He seemed to lose all interest in the subject with the closing word of his final sentence. He turned abruptly to another phase of the matter.

"Monsieur," he said, "what, in your opinion, was the motive for this death of Dernburg?"

The Oriental replied at once.

"I do not know that, monsieur," he said. "But does it matter? We are not concerned to establish the motive for this murder. I do not care even to establish the identity of the assassin. We have established that he is French, and that is sufficient for the indemnity. You may determine the motive, if you like."

"I have already determined it," replied Jonquelle.

"And what was it, monsieur, since you have determined it?"

"It was despair!" replied the Prefect of Police. "Do you know what Dernburg Pasha was doing in Paris?"

The Envoy's eyes narrowed. He looked at Jonquelle a moment as in a furtive inquiry.

"I do not," he said. "What was his mission in Paris, monsieur?"

"You will be surprised to learn it," continued the Prefect of Police. "Dernburg was undertaking to falsify a work of art. It was a very remarkable work of art, and one of value. The persons who originally produced this work of art expended a great sum of money, an almost incredible sum of money to perfect it. If one could falsify it successfully, one could make a fortune at the venture. Dernburg knew this. He had thought about it for a long time. He had conducted a great number of experiments. Finally he was satisfied that the thing could be successfully done, and he came here from Stamboul, took this abandoned house in the Faubourg St. Germain, brought with him his devices, and prepared to undertake the great thing which he had in mind. Then, monsieur, before the thing could be accomplished, the mysterious visitor appeared; and this morning Dernburg is dead."

It was evident that the Oriental was profoundly puzzled.

"I do not understand you, monsieur," he said. "You say that Dernburg Pasha had perfected a method by which he intended to falsify a work of art?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then he was called upon by one who knew of this method and wished to rob him of it?"

"No, monsieur."

"Then by those to whom the original of the art belonged, and wished to prevent this falsification?"

"No, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police. "Dernburg Pasha's death resulted from a sense of despair."

JONQUELLE took his hand from his pocket, revealed the thing upon which his fingers had closed when he sat down to this conference. He opened his hand so that the thing was visible. It looked like a little square box of some white substance, as of marble or chalk or alabaster. It was not larger than two inches square. It was, perhaps, an inch thick, made in two pieces. There was a tiny hole, like a keyhole with a beveled edge, on the line where these pieces joined. The box had a heavy rubber band about it. It lay for a moment exposed in the palm of Monsieur Jonquelle's hand.

"I have here," he said, "the thing that was the cause of this man's death. It was also the cause of his misfortunes leading up to this fatal morning. It has been an obsession with him. In the German Empire he undertook this thing. His design was discovered, and he fled to Turkey. But he took his obsession with him, and when the war was ended, he saw a method of getting an indemnity out of France with it—a method by which he could enrich himself at the cost of France. He worked out his plan carefully; he came to Paris; he got this house. He was ready to put his plan into effect when, unfortunately for him, the mysterious visitor of last night appeared."

"Dernburg was shrewd, unscrupulous and farsighted. But he was not shrewd enough, and he was not farsighted enough. The stranger, who came to see him last night, knew all about him. He knew every detail of his activities, knew the big plan that he had in mind. He had watched him, had followed his career. He knew the very day that he came to Paris. He knew his object in taking this empty house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He knew every step of the secret arrangements which Dernburg had perfected for the carrying out of his scheme; and at the opportune hour, he entered this house. These are the facts, monsieur, which I have accurately ascertained, which are true beyond doubt."

"And so," said the Oriental, "this mysterious stranger finally ran Dernburg Pasha to earth here and killed him."

The Prefect of Police arrested the man's discourse with a gesture.

"You travel, monsieur," he said, "a point beyond my conclusions. Do we know that this midnight visitor is the assassin? We must consider the evidences as they are presented to us."

"The evidences are conclusive of this fact," replied the Envoy, "if circumstantial evidences can ever be conclusive of a murder. Here is the opportunity, the quarrel, the dead man remaining in the library, blood-drops falling from the weapon on this drawing-room floor as he hastily crossed it, and the escape over the wall of the garden."

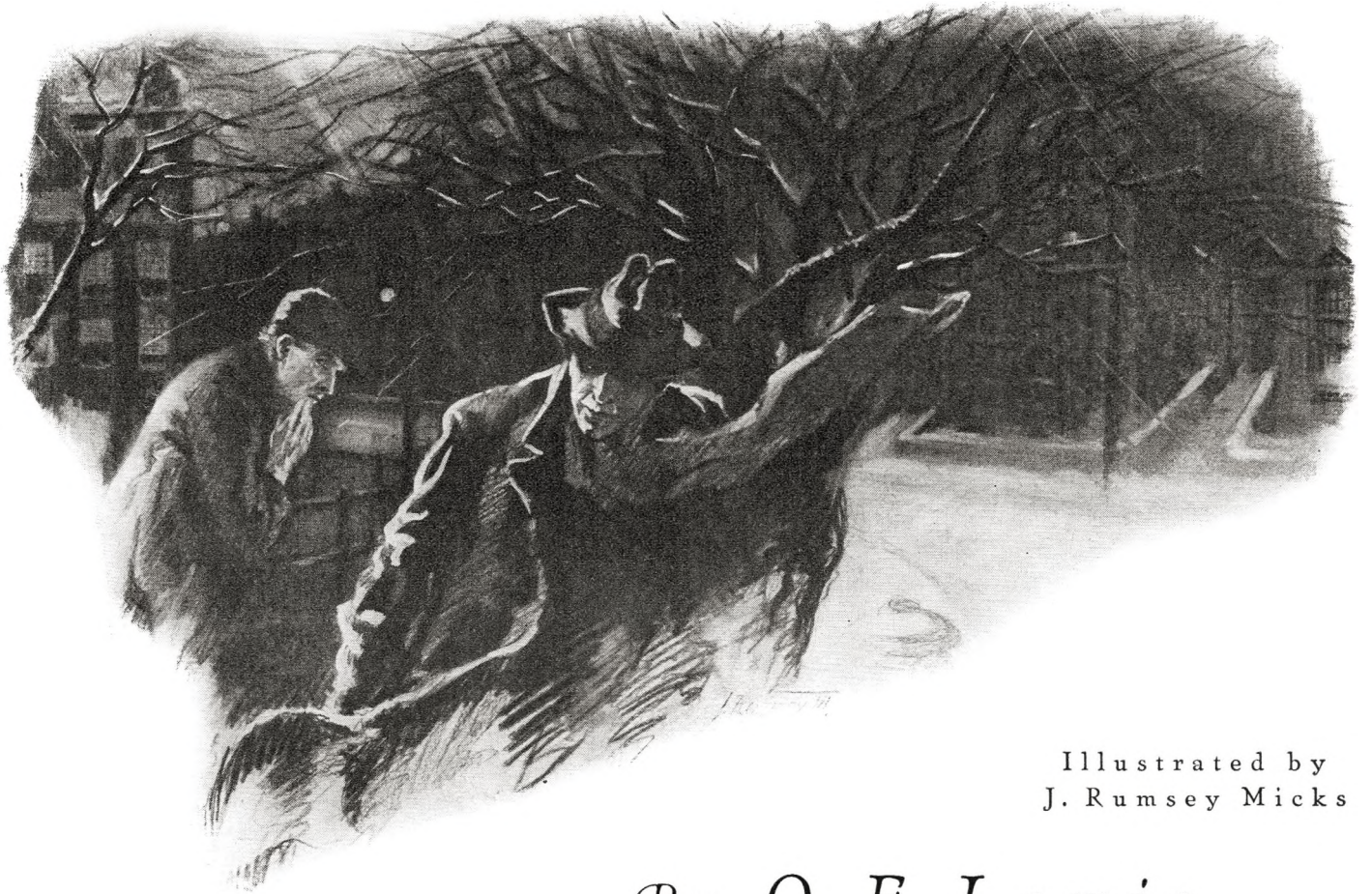
"But monsieur," said the Prefect of Police, "where is the motive? The writers on the value of indicative evidences, in the investigation of a criminal case, tell us that there should be time, opportunity and motive. The time, monsieur, and the opportunity are here, plainly indicated; but the motive? Where shall we look for that?"

(Continued on page 120)



The wooden pocket under the white square that Monsieur Jonquelle removed, was filled with gold-pieces. The Oriental made a profound exclamation of surprise.

The Day of Judgment



Illustrated by
J. Rumsey Micks

By O. F. Lewis

THE air in the Cumberland County courtroom was hot and stuffy, with the pungent odor of wet clothes and of many human beings. Outside the building, even at four o'clock on this late October day, darkness had fallen; and a gale was blowing. Somewhere near the courthouse, a hanging sign persisted in shrieking intermittently in the gusty street. Inside the courtroom the densely packed spectators gulped greedily the evidence in the murder case on trial before Judge Montague.

The affair was running its sordid course with an inexorable one-sidedness. High upon the bench sat the thin-faced judge, spare of form, black-gowned, white-faced, the blue veins marking his hollow temples. His gray eyes, deep under a high-arched forehead, were fixed on no person, as the trial moved swiftly on, but upon the noteworthy painting of "Justice and the Scales," work of the local artist Paxton, and purchased by the board of supervisors in 1902 for the newly built courthouse. Yet all eyes in the room returned ultimately to the immutable Judge Montague up there upon the bench, symbol of exact justice, no less, no more. The county of Hollingwood was enormously proud of Judge Montague, especially proud in the fact that he was certain to be the next governor of the State, the first from Hollingwood County.

Occasionally the sharp word, "Exception!" rose from counsel for the defense. The eyes of Judge Montague sank, to fix upon the defendant's lawyer. With unchanged countenance, the exception was allowed or denied, and the case went on. One felt that it was Judge Montague who must finally decide the case—not the jury, nor the facts. Yes, the entire county was

proud of their judge, a man who was like the rock of Gibraltar. He had no intimate friends, to be sure, but no keen enemies, and he was known throughout the State, in his profession. On the first Tuesday in November he would be elected governor by at least four hundred thousand majority. And this was therefore his last big case. He had announced that, if elected governor, he would immediately resign from the bench.

The young defendant sat half-crouched beside his attorney at the table opposite the witness-stand, flanked by a blue-coated policeman, who chewed something constantly and surreptitiously. The young man's eyes shifted from judge to witness, witness to jury. He saw little to hope for. The county attorney (candidate for the county judgeship to be left vacant by the resignation of Judge Montague) was making his supreme effort before this throng of his fellow-citizens.

The wife of the dead man had testified, struggling futilely to withhold the miserable story of her relations with the man on trial for his life. The automatic pistol, black, chunky, which had dealt death, lay on the table within four feet of the defendant. There lay also the herringbone gray sack coat of the murdered man,—Exhibit B,—with the hole in the side, and the streaks that had turned to the color of iron-rust. And above it all, almost overpowering in his detachment from human emotions, sat Judge Montague, his eyes resting upon "Justice and the Scales."

A bell's single stroke came down the wind, marking the half-hour after four. Judge Montague rose. A gavel banged upon the desk of a clerk. Everyone rose precipitately, while the Judge, tall, almost emaciated, he seemed in his black robe, rest-

ing his gray eyes upon the jury, charged them in low, resonant tones neither to read of nor discuss this case while outside the courtroom.

The court stood adjourned.

No one moved from his place until the Judge had passed into his chambers behind the bench, through the quartered-oak door at the left of the great chair.

In the sudden release of motion and long-suppressed conversation, a gray-haired woman, small, comely, garbed in brown, tottered forward from the front row of chairs outside the railing and half-stumbled as she approached the wooden barrier behind which sat the young defendant. She clasped him frantically by the shoulders and burst into broken sobs. The boy—he was hardly yet a man—raised his big broad hand to her head and pulled her still more closely to him. The blue-coated officer ceased chewing, temporarily, as he glanced sidewise at them, with unmoved countenance.

The county attorney gathered up his papers and exhibits. He also shot a sidelong glance at mother and son. He had a baby boy of five waiting for him at home, waiting for Daddy to come and play choo-choo between dining-room and parlor. The man before him now had shot down a young father who had left a baby girl of six months behind.

"Well, Governor," murmured amiably the old journalistic war-horse through the blue smoke of his cigar, "there's a big story somewhere inside of everyone. But frankly, there are mighty few people who know just what such a story is."

Daggett glanced from under his cigar to note whether the gray-eyed Judge was vulnerable.

Judge Montague was silent for a space; then: "It is going to be a tremendous responsibility, Mr. Daggett." He paused. "Yes, tremendous! And I must say to you, at the very outset, that if there ever comes a time during my incumbency, when I

am derelict to my sworn duty, I shall judge myself as I have these many years judged others—and to the people of the State I shall give my verdict!"

Daggett saw the thin fingers upon the opposite chair-arm contract, then relax. Yes, here was a story, Daggett knew, already! A man that not a person in five million citizens of the State could bribe! The ascetic from the bench, transplanted into the center of intrigues and compromises—and were there to be ultimate rocks upon which single-minded justice must crash?

"No, Mr. Daggett, I can tell you only of a very simple life." And here the reporter caught a fugitive, charming smile, playing briefly upon the features of the Judge. He had laid aside his black robe, and was growing human! "I was born here in the town of Montague—which is now the city of Montague. I went to college, had several years abroad, in Paris and elsewhere, and then came back here. I had always intended to go into law, as had my father and grandfather before me. Old David Montague was a circuit judge before the Civil War. I was for eight years a police judge, here at home. I have been on the county bench now for—for thirteen years. I had supposed that I should go on and on, giving the best I had. But I cannot refuse the far greater call,

should it come."

"It'll come," said Daggett dryly. "And didn't your family, Judge, settle this community some two hundred years ago? The Italian barber at the

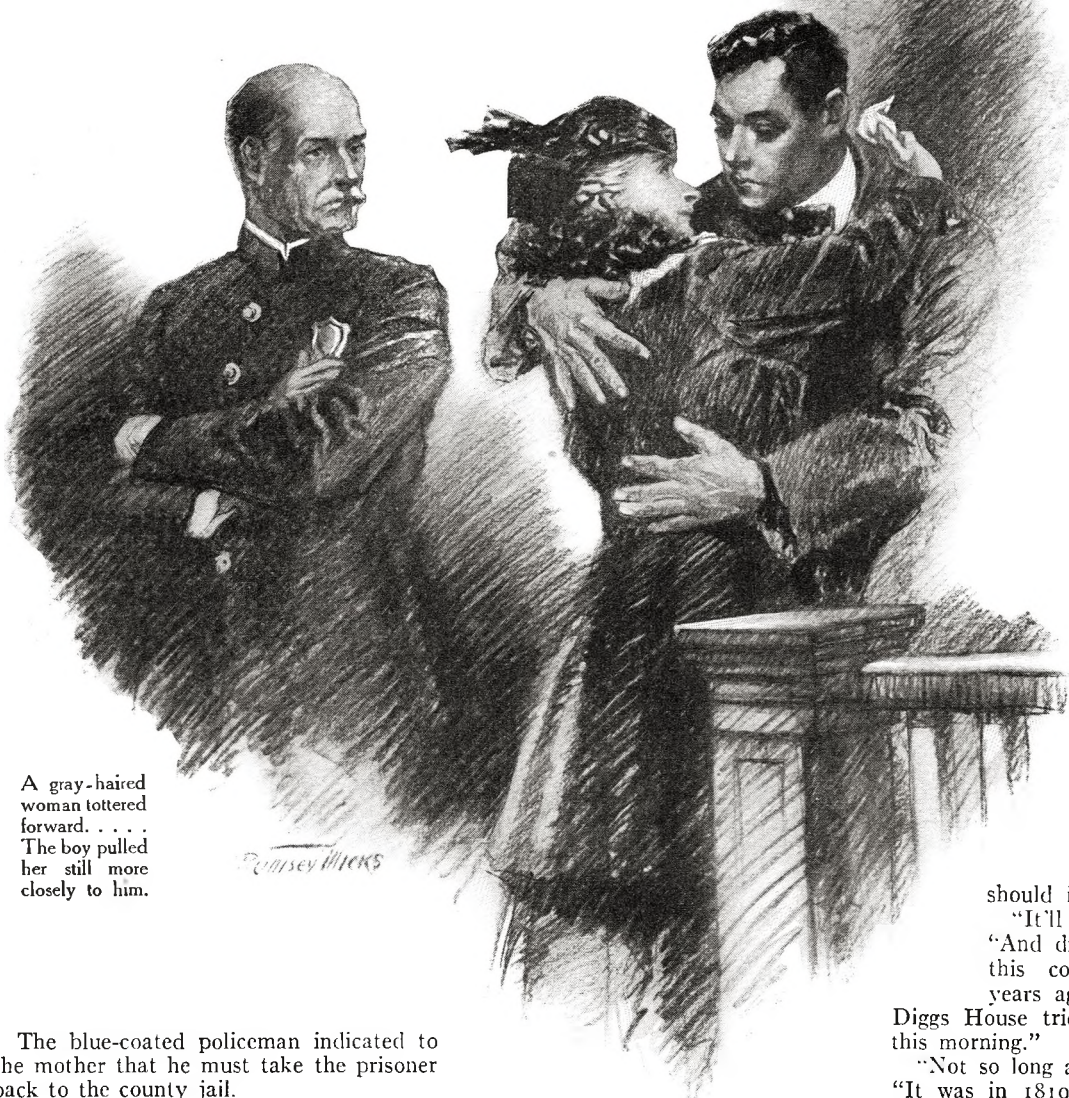
Diggs House tried hard to get it over to me this morning."

"Not so long ago as that," replied the Judge. "It was in 1819 that Sebastian Montague and Sarah, his wife, and the small boy Ebenezer crossed the mountains on horseback and pioneered across the plains. You can find much

to write about in old Sebastian, who was not only upright, but right, in all things. We've had a phrase in the Montague family: 'Sebastian's way!' And I am frank to say, Mr. Daggett, that the name of Montague is one pleasant to bear in this county."

"I'll say it is!" nodded Daggett. "And now, Judge, about your own children. How many have you, and what are their names and ages, if I may ask?"

Again Daggett saw the thin fingers tighten.



A gray-haired woman tottered forward. . . . The boy pulled her still more closely to him.

The blue-coated policeman indicated to the mother that he must take the prisoner back to the county jail.

"THERE is hardly what you call a newspaper story in me, Mr. Daggett," said Judge Montague softly to the elderly, bald-headed man from the *Times-Record*, the daily with the largest circulation in the State. Daggett filled comfortably and completely the huge leather chair before the fireplace in the Judge's chambers and he smoked a long black cigar. He had come from the capital, eighty-seven miles away, to work up a special feature article on the next governor, for the Sunday edition following election day.

"I am the last of my line—my wife died twelve years ago. We were never blessed with children. I have now no kith or kin save a very dear and patient sister who lives with me. Have you children, Mr. Daggett?"

As the man from the *Times-Record* told impulsively of his own four boys,—two had been in the war,—he saw the Judge's eyes fix themselves again on space. He followed the gaze, and saw the object of the set stare. A painting of the Madonna with the Child over the fireplace! Here the Madonna! There, in the courtroom, "Justice and the Scales." Here infinite love and pity. There—justice! There the law. Here the heart!

"Mr. Daggett,—and what I say is not for print,—I am quite sure that if I had had boys—a boy—as you have had sons—or a daughter, they would have meant much for me—" He paused. His eyes turned to Daggett. He smiled again, wistfully, even hesitatingly. Daggett's thoughts jumped to the wonderful photograph for his paper that that smile on that face would make!

"Yes, Mr. Daggett, a son, or a daughter, would have meant so much, would have helped me to understand so much better—would have meant so much, during the war—and after."

There was a low, halting knock at the door. A court attendant entered. "Begging your pardon, Your Honor, but there's a Mrs. Calvert in the courtroom still, and she wont leave, and she keeps saying she's going to see you, sir!"

"Calvert?"

"The mother of the defendant in the trial, sir."

Daggett saw grow, almost at once, before him, out of the middle-aged, lonely man who had no son, again the stern, offended, patient embodiment of justice. Judge Montague spoke with repressed voice:

"Please make her understand, Mr. Hoskins, the great impropriety of her effort to approach me, the judge in the case, during the progress of the trial."

The attendant moved forward into the light. He fingered nervously a small card. "I've told it to her a dozen times, Your Honor, forward and back again, but she just sticks to it, she's going to see you, and this card, if I give it to you, she says, you'll see her, all right. Begging Your Honor's pardon for repeating the exact words!"

Judge Montague's head sat even more stiffly upon his thin neck. He held the calling-card at a distance, as he placed to his eyes the tortoise-shell glasses. Daggett's glance followed him keenly. Here was part of the story! An applicant, a mother, in the extremities of woe—defying all conventions! Would this judge permit emotions to gain a footing in his legal mind? And why, through all the years, had he built up this inexorable standard of measured justice?

The Judge's white forehead wrinkled slightly in thought. He read the card a second time, a third and then bethought himself to turn it over. Abruptly the glasses came down. He sprang to his feet. From his throat issued an exclamation that the reporter from the *Times-Record* could not catch. The Judge passed his hand vaguely across his forehead. He moved quickly toward the door, then returned. The attendant stared wide-eyed at the Judge, and then at the reporter.

Judge Montague turned to Daggett, who had arisen. He spoke in a curiously strained voice:

"I regret, sir, that I really must—that is—must postpone any further interview until—perhaps tomorrow. If you don't mind, I'll be excused now."

The three men were facing the door. On the threshold stood the mother of the defendant. Her hand was at her throat as she looked upon the three men. She seemed almost ready to sink in weariness to the floor. The court attendant nudged Daggett. Behind his hand the court attendant whispered:

"Beat it, now! The Judge knows how to handle that kind! Now she's in, you and I get out—quick!"

To Judge Montague the reporter sought to excuse himself, but his going was unnoticed. The Judge stood at the table under the light; Daggett's last glance noted that his thin fingers were clenched. The court attendant followed Daggett so closely as to crowd him, and closed the door hurriedly, without sound.

AS early as nine-thirty on election night the opposing candidate wired to Judge Montague his heartiest congratulations on his election. By Wednesday morning it was evident that the landslide would carry the vote beyond a half-million majority.

The customary solitary walk of the Judge from his modest residence to the county courthouse became on this Wednesday

morning in early November a straggling, highly excited procession of cheering, gesticulating citizens. Men grinding away at moving-picture cameras were already perched on points of vantage. Four of the city's policemen marched in open formation ahead of the crowd.

The Montague Chamber of Commerce was already busy arranging a surprise celebration—quite impromptu—for the front of the courthouse, in the open square, at eleven o'clock that morning. And the Judge was to know absolutely nothing about the event until it came off. Mum was the word!

At ten-forty-five, the courtroom was packed. Black-robed, the Judge mounted the bench, quite as usual but amid poorly suppressed murmurs. The gavel banged several times for order. As usual the first few moments were taken up in securing the Court's signature to various documents. Then the county attorney stood before the bench, his head barely on a level with the Judge's black-robed body, and the Judge leaned over to listen to the whispered words. The throng in the courtroom hung on the conjecture as to what it might be about?

BEFORE, all eyes had been fastened upon the Judge. Now they were looking upon *the next Governor!* No longer merely a citizen among them, but a national figure! They thought he looked tired, haggard, even sagging somewhat in his chair. Certainly the strain of recent weeks had gotten to him! But just wait till tonight, and what they're going to do at the banquet! That would make him feel all right again!

The door to the prisoners' pen opened. A complete hush fell upon the room. Between two officers walked forward the young man who had been, one week before, convicted of murder in the first degree. On this morning he was to receive sentence. For years Judge Montague had allowed just one week to elapse between conviction and sentence.

The young man, though deathly pale, carried his head high. A half-stifled wail rose somewhere in the room. Judge Montague's head came up. He saw the young man standing before him at the dock. The Judge's eyes searched the courtroom—rested upon the mother of the man in the dock.

Judge Montague arose. He addressed the prisoner, his voice at first so low that only those nearer at hand could hear the first words:

"Robert—Goodwin—"

The Judge paused. The clerk, seated below him, whispered hastily to him. The Judge bowed his head slightly, and resumed:

"Robert—Calvert, you have been legally and fairly tried by a jury of your peers. Your counsel has made the best possible presentation of your case. Every one of your—your legal rights has been safeguarded. You have been found guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree. In this State there is but one sentence that can be imposed upon you for that most terrible of crimes. Have you, at this time, any reason to present why the sentence of the court should not now be passed upon you?"

Again rose the stifled, wailing sobs. Behind the prisoner, in the first row of chairs, sat the mother of the prisoner, both hands before her face. A woman seated next her held her closely embraced. The man in the dock turned and looked down upon his mother. Tears rolled down his cheeks.

In upon the dead silence of the room broke from a considerable distance the sudden music of a band, out in front of the City Hall. They were playing "The Star Spangled Banner!"

Instinctively the man in the dock stiffened, came to attention. In all the room there was no movement. The Judge upon the bench stood rigid, eyes fastened upon the young man at attention, all the while the music lasted. When it had ceased, he passed a hand across his forehead, seemed to find it difficult to stand erect, grasped with both hands the desk before him.

The convicted man spoke:

"I—have nothing to say—sir. I did—it. I wish to—to God I could undo it! The man—I didn't realize—I didn't know. My stepfather never cared—about me. Judge, I want my mother taken care of—"

Drum, drum—drum, drum, drum!
Drum, drum—drum, drum, drum!

Outside, the parade had started for the courthouse. The man upon the bench spoke slowly, irrevocably:

"Robert Calvert, the law requires me now to pronounce sentence upon you. I therefore sentence you—to be put to death, by electricity, in the State prison of this State in the month of January next ensuing, during the week beginning the twenty-first."



Huck Finn had nothing on me.
This beauty I'd like him to see.
First I will eat it—
Then home I will beat it,
Where Campbell's is waiting for me!



The flavor you never forget

And never need to—thanks to Campbell's Tomato Soup! Every delicious Campbell's spoonful has the same spice and glow and refreshing tang you used to relish when you stole down to the old tomato patch and ate your fill. The big red juicy fellows are just the ones that make

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The pure tomato flavor is there in all its freshness. Rich creamery butter, granulated sugar, herbs and spices are blended with the tonic tomato juices to yield one of the real delights of the dining table.

21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

It was done!

The man in the dock grasped the rail before him, bent forward, seemed to strain as though sustaining a heavy weight, rocked for a moment like a boy on stilts, and stared with twitching face at the Judge.

"And may God, in his infinite wisdom—and love—have mercy upon your soul!"

There was commotion directly behind the prisoner. Court attendants hurried forward and bore from the room a woman who had fainted. A door slammed shut.

The blue-coated attendant at the prisoner's side tugged at his sleeve. The young man swayed, caught himself, sank. His lawyer put his arm about his shoulders, and whispered in his ear, striking him rather sharply several times upon the back. There was still the Court of Appeals! Cheer up!

Loudly the band burst forth, now almost under the courthouse windows:

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Judge Montague goes marching on!

Cheers, and then more cheers, outside the building!

"We—want—Judge—Montague! We—want—Governor—Montague!"

The courtroom broke into commotion. People near the windows craned their heads to look out. Other people rose from their seats to crowd behind those at the windows. In the rear of the room a window was pushed up with a rasping squeak. The shouts from outside were immediately louder.

One voice, megaphonic, bellowed forth: "Speech! Speech!"

Officers in the courtroom hurried the prisoner back through the door to the prisoners' pen. They were taking no chances on the crowd! The eyes of the Judge followed the young man's progress. Some one was pounding with a gavel upon a desk or table. "Order in the court!"

But for once there was no order. People began to rush this way and that. Judge Montague, features drawn, face pallid, gave a sign to an attendant.

"The court stands adjourned!"

Representative citizens, in the courtroom for a definite purpose, hurried now to surround the Judge, to grasp his hands, to draw him down from the bench, on toward the window, others pushing the people aside who stood in front of him. He must greet the cheering throng, now completely filling the courthouse square! And then he was to learn, for the first time, from the lips of the mayor, of the big plan for the evening's banquet to Montague's most distinguished citizen.

IT was very late in the evening of the eighteenth of January. Daggett, the veteran reporter of the State capitol, had been located by the night editor of the *Times-Record*, after much excited telephoning, at a welterweight bout in Halcyon Hall. The Governor had sent for Daggett to come at once, if possible, to the private entrance of the executive office in the capitol building.

The old reporter burned up the distance to the capitol, which loomed almost monstrosity in the cold moonlight, high above the already sleeping city. Daggett knew that something big must be doing. Governors didn't send post-haste at midnight often—and from the executive office!

The G. A. R. veteran doorkeeper admitted Daggett. Passing through the great empty rotunda, the reporter came to a glass paneled door behind which burned a dim light, and knocked.

Former Judge Montague opened the door of the private office. The two men moved to the center of the room. The big desk of the Governor was heaped with documents—everything in order.

But something was the matter with the Governor! He looked, in Daggett's opinion, in a bad way. The face was drawn, and the eyes were sunken. Even the man's hand shook slightly, once when it was raised to his face. Must have caught a mighty bad cold, or something, decided Daggett.

The reporter waited for the Governor to speak, after the first brief "Good evening!"

"Will you come into the big room with me, Mr. Daggett?"

THEY stood in the public reception-room, the Governor's conference-room, where the hearings, the important daily meetings, and the never-ending string of visitors were dealt with. The Governor now snapped on, from a wall-switch, one of the huge crystal chandeliers. Yet even then the room was in half shadow. The Governor drew Daggett by the arm to the first portrait in the long series upon the opposite wall.

"Mr. Daggett, less than three weeks ago I sat for the first time, as the chief executive of this splendid State, at the desk there. During these days I have lived with these portraits, and I have come here nights, also, as we come tonight. No man can face these men as I have done, and—and not have visions. This man who hangs here before us, went from here to the Senate at Washington."

The Governor moved on, to the next portrait. Daggett felt a certain sagging of the emotions—a sense of loss, a sharp reaction, an anticlimax. Political aspirations had already seized upon this seemingly unreachable man?

"Here was a man, Mr. Daggett, who was a really great human being. He made a great President, did he not? He also sat in that chair which I occupy. . . . This man took up the presidency of a great university. . . . Here was a man who fell at Gettysburg. . . . This man was a philosopher. . . . This man served as Governor during three terms. . . . What a company! Let us sit down at my desk, Mr. Daggett. I have a favor to ask of you!"

Daggett followed, much of the glow gone out of him. His dreary old cynical soul had been stirred through the months by the belated hope that here in this man Montague, the State had finally chosen a leader who could not be shaken, nor swerved by the stupendous temptations of the Governor's chair! And now already longing for the next stage along the road? Even as other men—

THE Governor pushed a very sharp, slender pencil back and forth upon a blank sheet of paper, drawing small geometrical figures. Twice the pencil paused, then continued. Finally it paused a third time, and the Governor spoke:

"Do you remember that afternoon of last October, when you were in my chambers at the courthouse in Hollingwood County? I told you then, you recall, that if the time should come when—when I, as Governor of this State, became derelict to my duty—guilty, in my high position, I should mete out to myself the same measure of judgment that through all the years I have aimed to mete out, justly, to those facing me for crime?"

Daggett faced about, startled. "Why, now that you mention it—why, yes, Governor. But what—"

"That time is tonight, Mr. Daggett. I have asked you to come to me, that you may hear me pronounce sentence—on myself. Last October I said that I would make public such sentence—if the time ever came. But I find I can make it public only—to you. Don't look at me so, Mr. Daggett! I am quite sane. You were present that afternoon. You saw the—the woman, standing in the doorway. You will understand—shortly—"

Daggett's glance followed the Governor's piercing gray eyes to a photograph upon the desk. "Justice and the Scales!" A tiny copy of the great painting by Paxton, there in the county courtroom at Montague!

"Mr. Daggett, this afternoon at three-twenty-five the Court of Appeals of this State denied the application of Robert Calvert for a new trial."

"Calvert?"

"The lad who was being tried for murder—when you came last October to interview me—the son of the woman who entered my rooms while you were there."

Daggett gripped the arms of his chair. He had forgotten, until this instant—

"And my last act, before resigning my county judgeship on the day following my election last November, was to sentence Robert Calvert to death during the week beginning—next Monday!"

The Governor paused.

Tick—tick—tick! went the grandfather's clock in the corner next the portraits.

"Robert Calvert is my son—my only son."

The words were almost whispered! The Governor drew a long, tired breath; his body seemed to sink into the chair.

"Good God!" murmured Daggett.

"Yes, I sent my—own son—to the death-house. And last Tuesday I myself was inside that death-house. They called it an official inspection. *But in my dreams I have been in that death-house every night since last November!* Sleep? This morning the chief of police of this city called me up on the phone, urged me, implored me, not to roam the streets of this city at one, two, three o'clock in the morning, lest I be—whatever might happen! Sleep? With my son there? And within ten feet of him—just behind a wall—the Chair!"

The Governor had clutched the reporter's arm.



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P E A R L S

"But Governor—" began Daggett, stutteringly, his mind racing madly to seize the many angles of this unprecedented situation. "Governor, the people of this State will never allow—allow—"

A contorted smile broke over the tense face of the Governor. "That is a fact, sir! The people will never allow— For tonight, shortly after nine, I used the supreme power that the people of this sovereign State have vested in the Governor, to place in the hands of Robert Calvert an absolute pardon! My private secretary carried it to the prison. Why, the warden wouldn't believe him—and he has known him for many years—wouldn't believe the document—called me on the phone! I commanded him to let the man out!

"At ten o'clock precisely, his mother received him in a closed car, outside the prison. By one o'clock—it is nearly one now—they will be across the borders of this State. In less than three days they reach the coast. They sail to a foreign country. They will never come back. Robert Calvert is free! He cannot be put in jeopardy of his life a second time for the same crime! My son is safe!"

Daggett wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. He leaned toward the Governor and whispered as if enemies lurked in the shadows of the room:

"I understand, Governor! I see why I'm here! You can bank on me! God above, haven't I children of my own? I'll see that the story gets killed at once, if it ever starts to break. I know all the boys! You can have a good night's sleep tonight, Governor!"

Daggett even patted the arm of the Governor several times, gently, encouragingly. There was a silence. Then:

"Mr. Daggett, I betrayed my State, in grossly misusing the power of grace, in pardoning Robert Calvert. That power is vested in me alone, to rectify grievous injustice! *Not to prostitute Justice!* I freed a murderer who deserved to die! Never would I have sentenced him, had he not deserved to die. I have connived at the escape from prison of an assassin. And I have gloried in the act!

"Therefore—tonight I have sat in judgment upon myself. On last election night, as the returns came in, I vowed by almighty God to pardon, exactly as I have done, my own son, should the Court of Appeals deny him a new trial. I swore to betray deliberately the most sacred trust vested in me by the sovereign people, the power to spare a life! And tonight I have passed sentence upon myself. All the evidence is in. I have been the judge, and the jury—"

HIS eyes swept slowly the portraits on the wall, as if holding them fast for the last time.

"And that sentence is—"
"No," shouted Daggett. Lightning flashes of memory pictured again to him the inexorable Judge, high upon the bench in the distant county. Daggett knew that, once spoken, the sentence would stand—and be as inexorably fulfilled!

"Yes!" declared the Governor.
"For God's sake, Governor, listen to me!" cried the reporter, grasping the Governor's arm. "It's human to err! There wasn't one of those governors up

there that didn't have something or other to be sorry about! And they went on, didn't they? Don't spoil a great career by making a mountain out of a—one act. Think of the distance you can go! You've only started! Your half-million votes puts you in line for the Presidency! This country is going to need you! This thing will all blow over—the people are as good as out of the country already; it happened a long time ago, when you were young and foolish—"

The Governor rose suddenly to his feet. He extended his arm toward the portraits on the wall.

"Do you think, Mr. Daggett, that such arguments, and many others, have not besieged me time and time again? Do you think I'm not human? Do you think I am cold to the future that might have been mine? But there is only one—*only one*—way out! *Justice!* I chose to betray my governorship! My sentence is that I cease to be Governor of this State!"

THE Governor walked slowly to one of the high French windows. He seemed to disappear within its embrasure. Daggett sat motionless. The die was cast. And Daggett could understand. To the grim-principled Judge, justice had been a religion for a score of years. And at this moment he was but clinging to his religion! He had sinned; and now he was prostrate in atonement!

From the curtained folds of the window came halting words—no longer edicts of a judge or commands of a governor. "I needed you so much tonight, Mr. Daggett. And you were so good to come! I have been the—*the loneliest man in the world since November—the most wretched. You saw her and the boy. And I didn't reason, tonight—I just sent for you—"*

"Judge—are you—going to her—and the boy?"

Again the long pause, the half-heard intake of a deep breath.

"She doesn't want me! The boy knows nothing. She and I met, many years ago, in France, when I was a student there. We thought ourselves both—so wise. Then suddenly my mother died, over here, and a cablegram called me back. Just a few letters from her, and everything stopped. I never knew—about the boy—until that afternoon in my chambers. You were there!

"That afternoon, after you had gone, she demanded the life of her son from me! And I promised her the life of her—of my son! I realized at that moment the probable result of the election—my power of pardon—and she demanded that there should be not the slightest suspicion, by anyone, of the past! And I promised that also! Then she threw it at me that her boy—*her boy*—had but inherited his father's early ways—had in this sordid tragedy been crushed simply because there had been a married woman, and a murder, instead of—of an infatuation, and a separation. Yes, I promised her, her boy! And I have kept my promise!

"No. I cannot go to them. . . . I cannot stay here."

The words ceased to come from the shadow by the window. After a lapse of

The loveliest Nails —a matter of knowing how

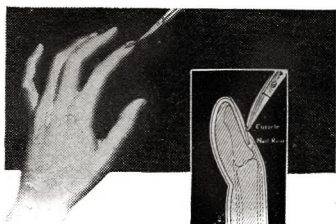
The secret of having beautiful hands lies in knowing the difference between the right and the wrong kind of care of the cuticle

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See how cutting the cuticle injures the delicate nail root

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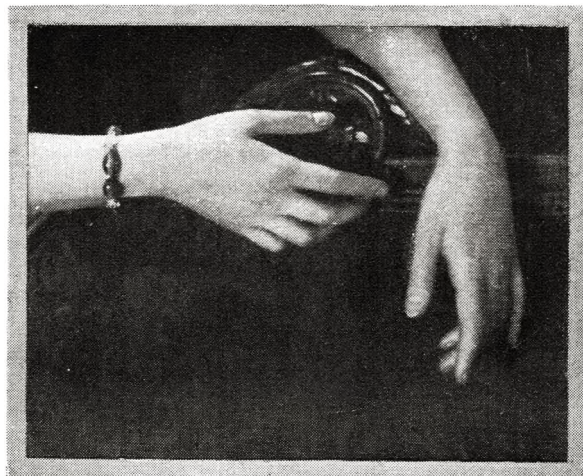


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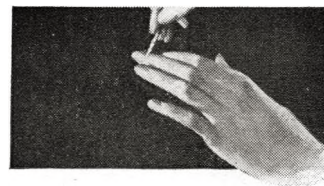
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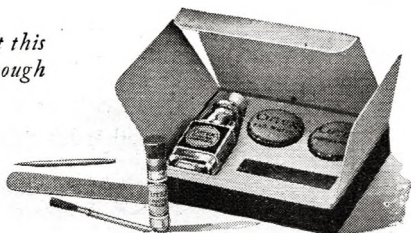
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minutes the Governor stood before Daggett.

"It is late, Mr. Daggett. I mustn't keep you longer: Should occasion ever arise to—to defend her name, do so, if—you can! And now, good night!"

Daggett grasped the Governor's hand. "Governor, you—"

Governor Montague shook his head, slowly. "That would be easiest, wouldn't it? But it would also call attention to the—pardon—and to them. Nor can I just resign. There is no evident reason. I could not resign later, under fire, for that would be unfair to my party—even unfairer than I have already been!"

Daggett had to hold himself to the desperate seriousness of the moment! Here was this man, calmly arguing the case as though it were quite outside his own life!

"In short, Mr. Daggett, have you any suggestion to make? How shall I disappear from the governorship? How shall I save from discovery my—this woman, save my son, save my party from undue disgrace, and—"

"Save yourself! Promise me, Governor, you'll save yourself!"

"Think!" said the Governor. And Daggett thought—thought long, fruitlessly. His round, despairing face was raised to the Governor's.

"There—there!" said the Governor. "Good night, my friend! Yes, you've been a real friend."

They stood upon the threshold of the private entrance.

"Governor—" murmured Daggett, as the door was closing gently.

The last glimpse that Daggett had

was of the two gray eyes, soft and tender now, with moisture within them that he had never seen before.

THE strange, wasting disease with which the already distinguished Governor Montague was stricken early in February proved to be a calamity far greater than was originally foreseen. As weeks went on, the noted patient grew steadily worse. It seemed as if the most practiced arts of specialists could not fathom the basic cause. On the third of April the Governor insisted upon giving up his office. His own private physician issued a public bulletin stating that in his opinion the Governor would succumb, unless permanently released from all official obligations and cares. In the middle of April, Robert Montague ceased to be Governor of the State. His withdrawal from the exalted office was heralded in many newspapers as a signal instance of that fidelity to the principles of justice that he had unswervingly followed throughout his life.

In July, the ex-Governor could be moved to the mountains. . . .

On Christmas Day, in the same year, there came to the leper colony on St. Agatha's Island, in the South Seas, a new worker. The fraternity of lay brothers at St. Agatha's who cared for the lepers until the end, received Brother Robert, the newcomer, silently, fully, into their fellowship and proceeded to instruct him in the simple treatment of their patients—their fellow-men.

The Brotherhood at St. Agatha's receive into their fellowship only those who have left the world behind.

THE ISLES OF PEACE

(Continued from page 76)

beach the Pearl there this trip; she's that foul she'll hardly sail, and me and my boys can clean her all right, and save expense. I'll be a week or so at the Losaras. Riddell's not like to make no objections. And I'll—"

"What about giving me a passage?" broke in Morton the trader, master of the biggest store and most of the credit in Palolo. "There ought to be fifty ton a year of copra off that low island, Lilawa. I saw it once. Is Riddell on for selling any?"

"There's not six ton," said Binham deliberately, staring at Morton through the bottom of his glass as he swallowed

the last drop of beer. "Native planting, or chance—much the same, jammed together, and not much of it anyhow."

"I'd like to have a look," persisted Morton. "I'm near due for another trip to Auckland anyhow. And you never know what a chap has up his sleeve when he goes and buys one of those out-back places. If I'd neglected chances of new business, I wouldn't be what I am."

All the while the little missionary woman—she who saw so much, because she was always the looker-on and never the player—watched from her corner, and wondered how it was that Binham did not see. It was all so clear to her eyes—clear as shoal water that lies still, betraying the many-colored things that swim below. That hand to the lip, that sidelong look of the dark-lashed blue eye—she remembered. . . . There was almost nothing to remember, though it had stolen the sun from her day; that was the double tragedy of it; that was why she knew Morton, and knew when the thought of a woman was *not*, and *was*, within his mind.

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ON the Losaras, time was not. Night followed day; there was Sunday—kept by Riddell, to please his rectory-bred wife rather than himself; there was the northwest "season," when rains were fre-



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quent, and the southeast, when they were rare. There were schooner calls once in four months or so. Mangoes, pineapples, oranges, ripened and were done—in six months ripened again. The moon marked each four weeks. But the time of populated lands—minutes, hours, tripping in small steps—did not exist. Here on Losara and Lilawa the march of the days was stately, large, as the march of Eternity.

Bart Riddell and Rita, now a year and a half inhabiting their refuge of mid-seas, could scarcely have told you how long they had been there. Sometimes it seemed a week, sometimes a decade. They had no clocks; Riddell had not supplied the house with any, because their ticking rasped his war-worn nerves; and his watch and Rita's, after the manner of watches in a hot, damp climate, had become so unreliable that winding was a waste of time. They rose at dawn, ate when the sun was up, when it was high and when it was setting. Riddell called his Niue Island laborers to work with a conch-shell trumpet when it seemed good to him to do so, and sent them home to their little string of brown huts on Lilawa beach as soon as the day's task—fruit and vegetable gardening, fishing, hunting wild pig in the hills that crowned Losara—was done.

BBROWN boys, habited in tunics of colored calico, did the work of the famous tiled house that stood on the summit of a low green hill overlooking the sea. Others, with their wives, sat among the shallow pools of the river, slowly washing, rinsing and hanging out to dry the linen of the house, and countless white garments that in the uniformly warm Losara climate Riddell and his wife used without thought of number. It seemed a palatial establishment; and the house and pleasure grounds, the tennis-court, small golf-links, fruit and flower walks and arbors, fountain-fed from the heights of Losara hills—all, in another hemisphere, would have shouted money.

Yet Riddell was not wealthy. He had come into some thousands before his marriage, enough to give him a small income, well invested. Every penny, instead of investing, he had sunk in an annuity that gave him seven hundred a year, after the capital for a start had been deducted. With this, even at post-war prices, they had all that heart could desire, in the present.

If there was a mystery in their way of living, she had never fathomed it. If she had wondered, once in a way, why a man of Riddell's ability, still young, should give up professional work, and remain content to wait for death on Losara, companioned only by herself, occupied only with reading, tennis-playing and swimming, a little sport, a little writing—she did not wonder long. They were happy. Riddell used to ask her, anxiously, sometimes, if she was quite sure she was happy—very happy? If there was nothing that she wanted, nothing that she feared? And Rita, tilting back her cap of gold-edged curls to look at him (for Bart was a big man), used to answer gravely: "Nothing." They had no children, nor wished for

them. This surprised Rita a little; she had thought that all men— But the very thought seemed unwelcome to Riddell.

"That would be one of the things one could hardly—" he said one day, and broke off. She wondered why, a little—only a little. Losara and Lilawa were very lovely, and she was past the brief time of restlessness and regret that comes to all dwellers in far-out places, soon after settling down—when the great world calls, calls—and being unanswered, falls at last to silence.

The only "little speck in garnered fruit" that troubled Rita, once in a while, was Bart's odd habit of talking in his sleep. He did it fairly often, and he always said the same things, declining afterward to explain them if asked—seeming, indeed, so troubled by any mention of them that she got into the way of listening, wondering, and keeping her wonder to herself. He used to murmur and throw up his arms, and speak of the war—of horrors that made Marguerite, sitting up alarmed in the moonlight, put her hands across her ears. Then he would quiet down, and say: "Have I done everything? Have I thought of everything? Yes; yes, I'm sure. There's nothing. . . . It's perfect. . . . One good deed, one good deed."

On one night he frightened her by crying out in a voice so loud she thought he must be awake: "If I die!" She seized his hand, thinking he must be ill. But his eyes were shut, and his breath, after a minute, came quietly. . . . The papaw and honeysuckle, white in the moonlight about the veranda-rail, swept almost over their beds; the air was filled with subtle, exquisite scent. Marguerite, where she lay, could see the mountains and the wide untenanted sea, black, streaked with threadlike reflections of stars. A sudden terror seized her; she felt that just so the flowers would cast out their perfume, insolently, happily, if she lay not quick but dead, on her veranda couch; that the silver-threaded sea, breathing soft lullaby, would, any evening or morning, slay her, turning merely in its sleep, and not even know that it had done so. The terror of the universe was upon her.

She shook her husband awake. "Bart!" she cried. He opened his eyes, and instantly answered her, as if she had spoken her fears. "Don't be afraid of anything," he said. "Trust me." And Marguerite, clinging in the enormous night to his warm hand, felt terror slip away from her, and slept.

She never spoke of that moment; but thenceforward, it seemed to her as if she began to guess Bart's meaning in coming to the island.

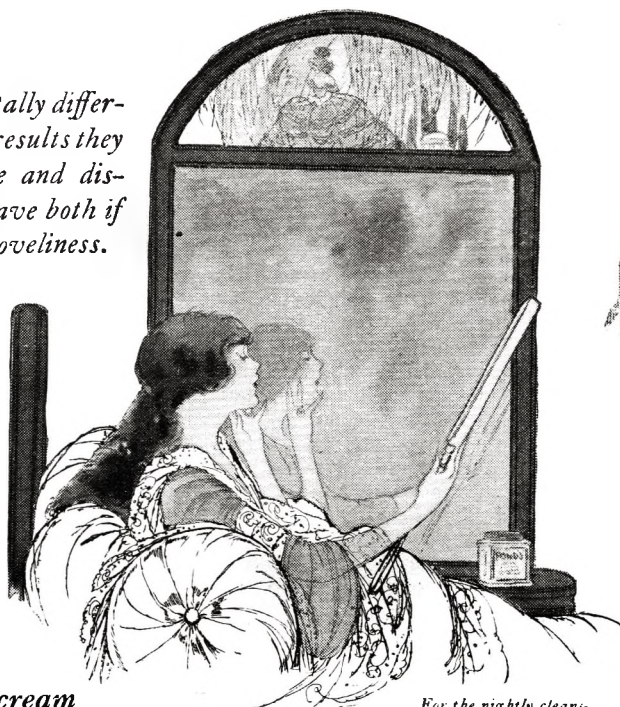
SOONER or later, the thing happens. Each of you who read this will remember.

Bart Riddell went out one morning to see a bit of forest cleared. The Niue boys were hard at it when he arrived, some cutting away saplings and underbrush with three-foot knives, some swinging their sharpened axes against the trunks that were already clear. There was a big sappy cottonwood right out on the edge of the bush; the best two

To protect your skin, one cream—to cleanse it, an entirely different cream

Every normal skin needs these two: for Daytime use, a dry cream that cannot reappear in a shine—at Night, a cream made with the oil necessary to keep the skin soft and pliant

These two creams are totally different in character and the results they accomplish are separate and distinct. Your skin must have both if it is to keep its original loveliness.



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For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

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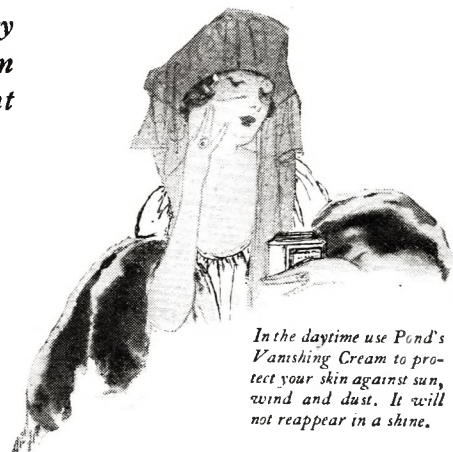
tirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

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Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clear-



In the daytime use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

ness and freshness. Only cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores, and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and black-heads appear.

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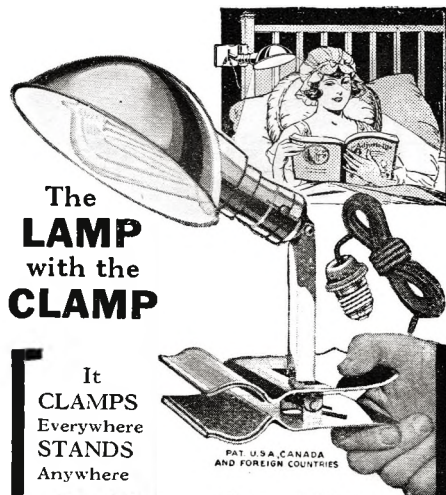
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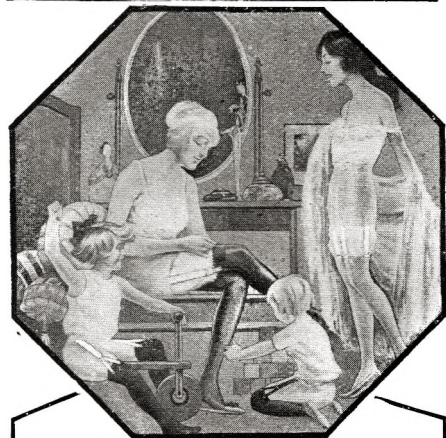
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Velvet Grip HOSE SUPPORTER

holds the stocking in place securely—but without injury to the most delicate silk fabric.

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axmen had almost got it down. *Shack, shack*, went their axes, one after another, biting into the soft timber. The boys sweated and grunted; their shell-white teeth gleamed in wide grins. "Stan' clear, Masser!" one of them shouted as the crown began to rock; and Bart, judging it with his eye, stood clear.

He had judged rightly, being by now no tyro where timber was concerned. But he did not know, nor did the boys, that the cottonwood was rotten at heart. It toppled, cracked, and fell, not out to the open ground, but sidewise, half against the breast of uncleared forest. The Niue men saw it coming, and leaped aside. Bart Riddell saw it, and leaped also. He was too late—by the fraction of a second that his clothes added to the interval between crack and start. The naked Niueans staggered just clear of the scourging boughs; Bart Riddell fell just under.

He kept his head. He did not feel pain, but he knew he was injured. "Take the door off the tool-house, and bring it here," he told the boys.

They brought it, and he directed them in his removal. The great limbs of the cottonwood were cut away and lifted, the door laid beside and slipped beneath him with all precautions. They carried him to the famous house with the tiled roof, past the fountain he had made, with its stone basin that was to last for fifty years, past the rows of poinsettia, and the jacaranda trees that he had planted to make a flowery avenue where he and Rita were to walk at sunset-time in nineteen-twenty-five. It was nineteen-twenty-one now; the avenue was a row of struggling rods. Bart looked at it as they carried him past. The avenue was a long one. He had time to draw a pin from his coat and run it into one leg—into the other—again—as they went by; time to think, to try a muscle cautiously; to realize—

He saw the avenue, four years ahead, a glory of lavender and scarlet, just as he had planned it should be. He saw that he was not there.

Rita came running out, her hands covered with flour. She had been making dainties for "morning tea." When she saw the boys and the door, her face turned as white as her hands.

"Don't worry," called Riddell to her. "I've sprained my leg rather badly; I'll have to put in a week on the lounge; that's all."

The color came back, slowly, to the girl's face.

"Oh, you poor old boy," she said. "Does it hurt you a lot?"

"No," said Riddell thoughtlessly, and then: "Yes, it does, rather." God, but he wished it did!

"Will you go to your room?" she asked, hovering round him anxiously. She did not doubt his word; and yet—he looked strange, unlike himself. Perhaps he was going to faint.

"On the veranda for the present," he answered. "Boys, put the door on the lounge—so. That's right. You can go."

"Tell me what to do for your leg," demanded Marguerite. "I—I've had a Red Cross course, you know."

"Don't worry," he told her. "All it wants at present is quiet. No, I want

to be left on the door just now. The leg must lie straight till the swelling goes down. What nonsense I'm talking," he thought. "But she'll be none the wiser. They and their Red Cross!" He would have laughed; but it came to him—not suddenly, quite quietly—that he would never laugh again. One did not laugh when one was going to die.

The unbelievable thing had happened. Well for him that he had prepared for that, as for all else. He must hurry. The symptoms were unmistakable. There wouldn't be any suffering—and if there was, he knew how to deal with that. What little care he would need for the next two or three days—it would not be longer—the boys could easily give. His plan, his plan! It worked, even in this last extremity.

When Marguerite came back, with some futile stuff of handkerchiefs and eau-de-cologne in her hands, he looked at her between eyelids almost closed. He hoped that she might suppose he was asleep. He did not care to have his forehead bathed, and he wished, besides, to think.

Rita, poor lassie—how "down" she looked! Her lips had a frightened curve. She did not suspect—or rather, she did not know she suspected—the truth. But nevertheless it was not far from her. "The subliminal consciousness at work," thought Doctor Riddell.

SUNSET came; night followed; the moon rose, full and clear. Rita was busied serving food, fetching tea, to Bart on his lounge. He took them, thanked her, sipped and nibbled, and said he had no appetite. "It's the shock of the sprain," he said. "I'll be well tomorrow." He saw the sun go down. "My last sunset," he thought. She fetched a light silk rug and laid it carefully over his knees. "Thanks, old girl," he said. "My last moon," he thought, looking out at the garden. "My last night." Rita, relieved of her fears, chatted and told him about the natives and the fowls. "Yes," he agreed, "I'd lock the henhouse; it's better."

There came a silence by and by. Rita sat beside him, her young face ivory fair in the moonlight, her wonderful gold curls half silvered. There was not a line on cheek or forehead; she held her head as only young wild creatures of the forest, and young human creatures who never have known sorrow, hold it. Riddell, feigning sleep again, watched her through his lashes. What it was, never to have known great grief—to have lived a year of love and perfect joy! Surely he had done well for this white-and-gold creature who loved him so. Surely he would do well—

Lying there with eyes half shut, his memory ranged back—back to a day soon after their coming to Losara, when he had slipped away in the evening, alone, to the little chemical laboratory where he stored drugs and medical goods. He could see himself, in there with the door locked, weighing, selecting, measuring; putting away at last, on a top shelf, a small blue-glass bottle with a distinctive gold-edged label. "Tonic," the label said, "—special."

He roused himself from the strange

Ten or fifteen years of life—

Will you add or subtract them?

Science has discovered why thousands of men and women die needlessly while still young

A FAMOUS doctor has kept tissue cells of animals alive outside the body for long periods of time. These cells have been kept clean of poisonous matter and properly nourished. It would seem as if their life and growth could thus be maintained indefinitely.

If we could keep our human bodies clean of the poisons which accumulate in them daily and give them the full benefit of proper diet we also ought to live forever. That is an attractive theory.

But it is a known fact that we can add to our span of life or subtract from it.

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Fleischmann's Yeast is assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve it in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

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A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance, especially if it is associated with constipation."

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Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. In a series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

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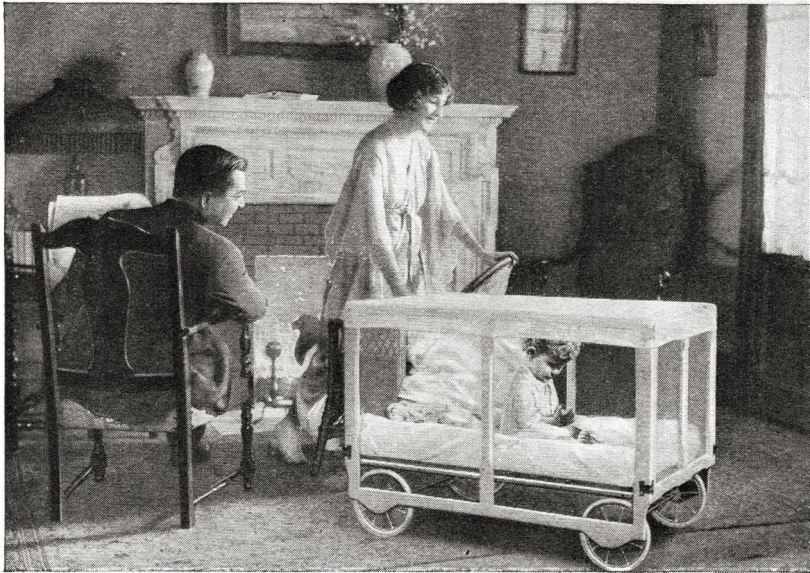
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The Baby Cariole is a practical necessity, not a luxury. It saves money, because it makes unnecessary the purchase of basket, bassinet, and crib. It cares for the baby asleep and awake, and will serve as a crib, until he is old enough to sleep in a bed. The framework is light, thoroughly seasoned wood (enameled in white) which will not swell or warp. The mattress is luxuriously soft, thick, genuine silk floss. Spring and mattress can be raised to different heights. Outfit comes folded and is easily set up.

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apathy that was beginning to steal over his mind. It was time—full time. In a few hours at most, it might be too late. "Rita—you look tired out. You mustn't stay up with me."

"But of course I must, Bart. How can I possibly leave you to the boys—since you really wont come to your own room tonight?"

"You'll be overtired. You are feeling tired now." The medical man in Riddell well knew the value of suggestion.

Marguerite passed one slim hand over her face. He could see that the suggestion had told.

"It doesn't matter," she said determinedly. "You always trouble too much about me, darling."

"Take a glass of wine."

"You know I don't like it."

"Well, have some of my special tonic; then you wont get tired."

"I never heard you speak of it."

"It's an invention of my own. You must never tell anyone about it."

"I never will."

"I'm sure of that, Mag. Bring it here from the laboratory. It's on the top shelf, in a blue bottle with a gold label."

"I don't like leaving you." The woman's, the wife's instinct spoke. Bart knew; but—he looked strangely.

"Oh, rot, girlie! Bring it along, and let me see you drink it. It hasn't any nasty taste—any taste at all. And I can tell you the thing's top-hole. It's—its life, new life. That's what it is."

"I don't need it, really; but if it will please you—"

"It will."

HE was growing impatient now. He could not mistake the symptoms; nor would she be able, much longer, to mistake them. The injury was graver even than he had thought. There would be no dragging days in the care of careless natives, no swift, sharp end brought by his own revolver. Instead, tonight, before the white star-diamonds among the papaw blooms grew pale, he would pass quietly, painlessly, out into the Unknown, which he had never been afraid to face. And on that strange journey he would not go alone. Beside him, unstartled, unafraid, the One Woman, led through the gates of death before she knew that they had opened, would fare too.

"Hurry, hurry," he kept thinking. "Rita, hurry!" What could she be doing? Soon it would be too late!

She came back to the wide veranda, two glasses in her hand. One held a colorless liquid; he knew what that was. The other, amber-hued and creaming, sent forth a perfume of rare wine. Rita had opened a bottle of pre-war champagne.

"You have got to drink this, if I take the other," she declared. She did not look at him as she spoke.

Riddell, wishful only of attaining his end in time, motioned to a boy to hold his head and give him the glass. He did not want Marguerite to see how helpless he was growing. He could just swallow the wine.

"Now drink," he ordered, looking keenly at her. He felt not an atom of remorse. This thing had been done by countless lovers, the whole world over—



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Rudolf of Austria, others—there were others—there were—

What was the matter with him? It was not time—yet. He tried to raise his head. The room was full of smoke—white smoke. Marguerite's face, whirling, dissolving, seemed to hang in the middle.

"What—have—you—done?" he heard himself say. His head fell back. . . .

Marguerite, setting down the glass of plain water that she had almost finished, looked at him with a smile of happy cunning.

"I made you take it, dear," she said. "If it was as good as you say, it was you who needed it, not I."

"Oh, my God!" Riddell thought he said. But his lips did not move. The last thing he saw was Marguerite's face, bending over him. . . . Her mouth was open: she seemed to be crying out.

"I REMEMBER," said Binham, "about the year eighteen eighty-nine, or maybe it would be 'eighty-eight, when I was mate of the brigantine *Susan Filgate*—her that was afterward wrecked on Bramble Cay, off of New Guinea, with Walter Goodman captain, and they saved the cargo, which was beads and tommy-awks mostly, but Goodman he was beat to pieces on the reef—I remember we put in at Petrels, away south of Tubuai, to answer a signal I seen about four bells, when I was takin' the morning watch. The reefs aint much, in those latitudes, gettin' toward south; I hadn't any trouble makin' the passage. And when we beached the boat and got ashore, there was the dead spit of the job I and Morton was on—you remember—it would be near a year now. At the Losaras, you know. When I and the Raratongans went up to the house—"

"At Losara?" asked the small mission woman.

Binham directed a long fishlike stare about the crowded veranda. He disliked being checked in his stride.

"I didn't say it was Losara, did I?" he asked after a pause. "I said it was a smoke-signal, three fires in a row, on one of the Petrels, south of Tubuai, that we was going in to see about. And as I was sayin'—" he directed another stare at the mission woman,—"when we got to the house that was on the island, we found the very spit an' likeness of the job I and Morton had on Losara. Just the same, there was a man lyin' dead, and a woman screechin' her head off; and the nigs, they had had the sense, all on their own, to put up the signal. Only I will say for the woman on the Petrels, she screeched ten times worse than little Mrs. Riddell done. You see, her man was dead just an hour or two; still fresh he was; and Riddell, he was corpsed and buried two days before we came. And both times, we took her off, and both times, she—"

"Mrs. Riddell?" broke in unwisely a passenger from last night's steamer.

Binham, for all reply, took up his glass of beer, drank it slowly and steadily to a finish, and walked away.

"What made him do that?" asked the tourist perplexedly.

"You shouldn't have interrupted him; neither should I," explained the little

shadowy mission woman who had also arrived last night. She had asked—begged—for a transfer from Palolo; no one knew why.

"Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes. He takes in the island I was last at."

"What was all that yarn about?"

"Well, I wish you—that is, I was very anxious to hear all about it, if he hadn't stopped. You see, I've been on furlough south, and then they sent me here, and so I've heard nothing really authentic about that affair at Losara except that Dr. Riddell died, and a—a—trader from Palolo, who went with Captain Binham—the trader, a Mr. Morton—"

"Yes?" The passenger from the Auckland boat wondered what the little mission woman was "backing and filling" about.

"He—married Mrs. Riddell."

"What, immediately?"

"Oh, no. Oh, dear, no. Only quite lately. She—she was very pretty, I understand."

"Well left?"

"No. It seems—an annuity— Oh, here's the Captain back again. Now I wonder could we get him to—"

They did. Or rather the passenger did, with the help of a good cigar. Binham, mellowed, drifted by long stages of bracketed reminiscence into the true, only story of Losara and Bart Riddell and Marguerite—the tale that in its details was known to no one but himself. After all, in the Pacific, it's the captains who know!

BINHAM boomed along with his tale of island loves and disasters, as a blunt, green-winged beetle of the tropics booms along coral roadways in the dusk.

"It doesn't do," he said, "to go again' nature, nor yet to go again' luck. You might have looked into them things, and you mightn't have looked. I don't exactly say I have. But you can't help noticin'—things, I mean.

"That Riddell bloke, he said to me, the day he brought her up to Losara—she did look pretty; I never seen such hair except maybe on a Christmas doll for the kids. . . . She'd run on in front of us up the path to the house, cryin' and callin' out at the sight of everythin'; you see, she was that young. And Riddell, he talked to me till we come to the bend of the road, where she run back to meet him. And what he said was that he'd seen hell and damnation in Belgium, if you'll excuse the language, and he'd had particular hell himself all his life. So he'd made a sort of promise to himself about her. And what he'd promised himself was that she wasn't to have no trouble—none of any kind whatsoever, of anyhow. 'I've brains,' sessee, 'and I've money, now,' sessee, 'and it'll be a damn' queer thing,' sessee, 'if I can't make the world what it ought to be for one person.

"'Why, there's nothin' can touch her here,' sessee. 'If she got sick, there's me to look after her, and no one can't quarrel with her here, and no one can't be false friends to her here,' sessee, 'and no one can't do no sort of an ill trick to neither one of us,' sessee, 'because there aint anyone to do it. And this island is out of the hurricane belt,' sessee, 'so

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there can't be any disturbances of nature. There's nothing, 'seseesee, 'that can spoil the way I have it worked out; I've cheated Fate,' seseesee. Those were his very words."

BINHAM paused, and slowly absorbed half of a long glass of beer. This time, nobody interrupted.

"Well," he went on, "that's the story." He looked into his glass. "All of it but what Morton and I found when we called at the island. What I told you! You see, Riddell, he had fixed up and down and every which way, by what he said, and he'd even made it certain—so he said—that she wouldn't ever be left a widow, which is a damn' poor thing for any woman, specially when the money goes with the man. But that must 'a'

been nonsense, because no one couldn't fix things that tight. Anyway, he got a clip on the back off of a fallin' tree, and he winked out next day, so it was no bloomin' good, whatever it was.

"And her, she went off of her head for a while, by what the nigs said, but she was comin' round again when I and Morton called, only that she'd take a turn to spout poetry once and again—things that Morton said was from a piece called 'Romer and Julia,' about not leaving her anything to drink; and that was a lie, for a nicer selection of light wines—I bought some of them, and Morton, he got the rest. We took her off; it was a nasty voyage; we met the tail end of a hurricane when we was about a hundred and fifty knots to sou'-west'ard of the Losaras; I lost a new whaleboat—

the davits was snapped off like as if they was sticks of candy—"

"But what happened to her?" asked the impatient steamship passenger.

Binham, softened by beer, did not take the inquiry ill this time, only pausing to finish his glass before he finally replied.

"What happened? She married Morton. He's the deuce of a fellow with women, can tie any one of them round his finger, if you'll believe what he says. Besides, she had no money and nowhere to go."

"Did she get on, all right?"

"Why, as for that," said the Captain, "they say he beats her once in a way. Nobody can have all the luck there is. I shouldn't call it religious to try—if you ask me."

MOONLIGHT

(Continued from page 61)

it was a relief, too—to be back on ground he understood!

"And I thought," he said to himself, "she was just a lightweight kid, mad with moonlight!"

HE watched her at the dinner-table—with even more interest now, studying her next move.

"Oh, no, sister!" said Schmaar to himself, watching her—how innocent she looked. "You're good, but nothing like that!"

But she didn't do anything, make any sign, and after dinner went upstairs, pleading a headache. She avoided him still, he noticed, acting queer yet—laughing too hard to be natural at one minute, and the next seeming to draw away from him, to avoid him, to be scared of him, you'd say! Nervous, probably, over the move that was coming next—that Schmaar was all ready for!

The man, the Westerner, didn't show up until later, later than Schmaar had expected, not till about half-past ten, in fact. But when he came, Schmaar was right there waiting for him.

He fooled Schmaar at first. He drove up in a taxicab instead of walking. No singing now, no 'Beautiful K-k-katy,' in the moonlight, though there was a sky full of moonlight outside, as there had been the night before. Schmaar heard the taxi go away, and the Westerner come in before he realized who it was. But he was ready, just the same.

"So here it comes!" said Schmaar to himself, watching him as he came in. He played it pretty well, Schmaar thought, studying him. You would almost have thought he was crazy.

Where was she—where was Aileen, he wanted to know, stammering.

"She's upstairs," Schmaar answered, studying him. "Why?"

"Are you sure?" he asked then—his voice with the tremolo attachment going strong.

"Do you want to see her?" Schmaar asked back, making a motion to go and call her.

"No," he answered right off, his voice changing, and an ugly look coming into his eyes. "Not yet—not if she's there!"

Schmaar watched him, working himself up. "Not yet, huh?" he said to himself, waiting.

And then, as he expected, the Westerner went on, dragging out his envelope.

"Now what is this thing? What's in here?"

"You don't know, do you?" said Schmaar, giving him the stony eye.

"No."

"No. You don't know!" said Schmaar, watching him play innocent. "You wouldn't open it—would you?"

"How could I open it, when it's sealed—with sealing wax? When I am pledged not to?"

"So you want me to open it for you?" Schmaar asked him.

He could—yes. Or he could tell him what was in there. He had a right to—which the other man didn't.

"All right," Schmaar answered, watching him and starting in his own campaign. "I will. I'll show you what's in it—when you show me what was in that note she left for you today!"

That caught him by surprise. He didn't answer that.

"When she was around at your rooms!"

"Who told you that? How do you know that?" he asked, looking uglier and uglier every minute now.

"I know a number of things—some that you don't!" Schmaar told him, not troubling much to keep back his own feelings now.

"Let's have them, quick," said this big Westerner, threatening him.

"I'll let you have them good!" said Schmaar, looking at him, getting a little weary of watching this stuff.

And he told him, in a few well-chosen words, just where he stood in that mine matter.

"I just tell you this," he said, "to be sure she didn't miss any of the details when she went over it with you."

HE had him staring quite a few—listening, not talking! Acting as if he had never heard the thing before! But now he broke in.

"She!" he said, talking uglier still. "What do you mean? She!"

"No. You don't know anything about that, either," said Schmaar. "Well, I guess there are some things you don't, at that! Maybe she didn't tell you all!"

And he went on to tell him, then, the whole story about her—how she had worked in with Schmaar to hold him there in the first place.

"That's one thing, maybe, she didn't tell you all the details of," Schmaar went on, "—how she held you here!"

"You lie!" said the Westerner—flat.

"That's a fighting word," said Schmaar. "I know that," said Gladden.

"We'll talk about that a little later," said Schmaar—putting the thing over. "But now look at these."

SCHMAAR showed him his little collection of checks with her name on the back.

Gladden acted very queer at that. Instead of going on, loud and ugly, he got still and white—as if something had just struck him—and he was going to kill Schmaar, anyway. He almost trembled, keeping from doing it, apparently.

"Do you mean to say," he cried—and stopped himself, "anything about her—"

"I don't mean to say anything," Schmaar answered him, "but what I can prove. There they are; look them over."

That got to him worse than ever, apparently. He started trembling, and moving toward Schmaar again.

"She ruined me, you say," he said then, stopping and looking at Schmaar. "Let's understand this: You claim you ruined me, and paid her to help—with these checks. But that's all you claim—about her?"

"I claim nothing at all," said Schmaar. "There they are."

"You're wise."

"Maybe I am," said Schmaar. Gladden was bigger and younger than he, but he didn't scare him any.

"She ruined me," he said, holding himself back still—seeming to, "and you paid her. Then what?"

"That's the joke," said Schmaar.

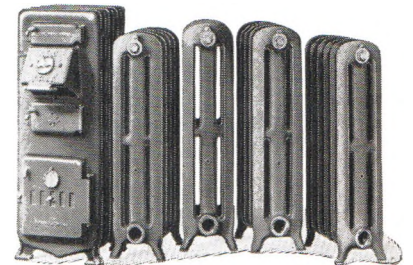
"The joke!" said Gladden, talking uglier and uglier.



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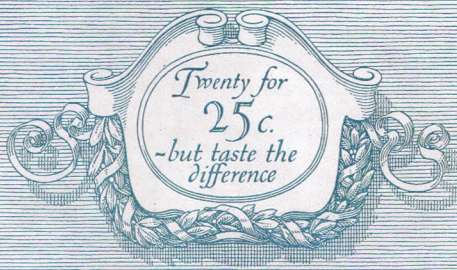
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"Yes," Schmaar told him. "After that, she saves you! That's where the envelope comes in, huh?"

"Saves me! The envelope!"

"Ah, forget it!" said Schmaar, tiring of this play-acting. "You don't know anything about it, do you!"

But the man just looked black—appeared to.

"Let me ask you a question," said Schmaar then. "Where did you get that freak idea about the American duel?"

"The American duel!" he cried. That got to him, Schmaar saw, gave him a real jolt! His whole face changed.

"You don't deny that too, do you? You don't claim you never spoke to her about that? Or do you?"

"I spoke to her about it—yes," he said, his whole voice changed now, as well as his face. "Why?"

"When did you?" said Schmaar. "Under what circumstances?"

He stared at first—as if he weren't going to answer.

"I told her Sunday afternoon," he went on, speaking slowly, keeping up that strained stare, "just after we were out there, and had that dispute by that Lovers' Leap!"

"After that talk about women and bravery—and the great sacrifice?" said Schmaar.

"Yes," he answered again. "It did have something to do with that. Why? What's this all about?" he asked, hurrying.

"So that's why you cooked it up?" said Schmaar, bringing it up to him.

"Cooked it up? Cooked what up?"

"This act we're going through now," said Schmaar. "This life-saving act. How the woman saves the man—the only way you can stage an equal fight between a man and woman—the American duel!"

"What are you talking about?"

"You saw it, didn't you—that cutting of the cards?" said Schmaar. "What else? And I fell for it too, at first. But not entirely—not to the full extent!"

"What is this thing?" said the Westerner, staring down into Schmaar's eyes, hurrying him faster and faster.

"You're good at acting—aren't you?" Schmaar said to him—getting a little mad to see him. "I'll tell you what it is. It's where the joke comes in—the life-saving act—the duel between the woman and the man. For the newspapers! And I fell for it, but not to the full extent. You had me fooled—a ways. But not to the limit. I'd be likely, wouldn't I, to bet my life with a crazy hysterical girl, or what I took for one then, anyhow, with my own cards! Betcha my life!"

THE man stood staring still.

"Oh, it's quite a joke," said Schmaar. "I know. But not to that extent! It wasn't all entirely serious, even with me. You may have noticed," he told him, "when we made that cut, two things: first that she cut first always; and second, that when the time came, I happened to have the card that was low enough two times out of three!"

"You cheated her, you mean!" said the Westerner, speaking finally in a kind of hoarse voice.

"What would I be likely to do," said Schmaar, getting a little madder all the time. "And you can put that in your story too, when you peddle it out to the newspapers—the grand story of the American duel, that the man wasn't quite so crazy as he looked!"

Then the Westerner spoke up finally, in his queer hoarse voice.

"Stand up," he said to Schmaar, talking very slowly. "See if I get this right: You claim she helped you—hold me—take my property from me?"

"Yep," said Schmaar, on his feet now.

"And you paid her money to do it—her expenses?"

"I do. Yes."

"And then you say she wanted to fight you, an American duel, to save me!"

"Oh, what's the use!" said Schmaar, turning away, sick of this farce.

Gladden reached out his big hand. "I want that envelope!" he said.

"Sure thing!" said Schmaar, handing it to him.

He ripped it open—read it aloud:

"*The loser will take the Lovers' Leap, as agreed!*"

"What's this?" he almost yelled.

John Schmaar thought that the man's voice sounded queer. He almost believed now that he wasn't acting. And yet he knew he must be!

"You ought to know," said Schmaar, watching him. "You and your American duel! You're some little planner!"

GLADDEN didn't answer. "Where is she now?" he called instead—like a lunatic. "Aileen?"

"She's upstairs," said Schmaar, gazing at him. "Shall I send for her?"

"The sooner the quicker," the other man told him.

So Schmaar sent a maid up after her.

"Now, then," he said to the Westerner, who stood glaring out toward the hallway, "she might take a minute, dolling herself up, getting ready to come down. In the meanwhile, what about that note? Do I see it, now you've opened up the envelope?"

You would have thought for a minute the Westerner was going to smash him where he stood. But then he stopped, and seemed to hesitate.

"Yes," he said then, in a level voice. "I guess you'd better—so you can appreciate better what's going to happen to you!"

"Is that right!" said Schmaar, looking back just as ugly as he did, and taking the thing from him and opening it up.

It was a queer, scrawly-looking kind of stuff, the half-formed hand that girls write nowadays, lines running up and down, full of dots and dashes and under-scoring, and here and there a blot. It was quite long, too. Schmaar could hardly make it out at first. Finally he read:

I couldn't tell you, about that envelope, in *advance*, dear. I wouldn't, anyway—be able to! For when it is opened, it will be the end for me—with you! (Blot.) And I can't tell you now either—only this!—that it was, as it turned out, the *only possible way!*

"The only possible way, huh?" said Schmaar to himself, reading it. "How nice!" And he went on reading:

He had me *cornered* so! It all came so suddenly! Just after we were so sure and *happy*. (Another blot.) I could hardly think. And then that idea came to me, and I tried and *lost!* And that was lucky too. For I can see now—that that was the *only possible way*. The best—that I should lose!

"THIS certainly is rich," said Schmaar to himself—and yet puzzled a little too, by the thing. He went on reading:

Best for me, I mean—not you! I'm talking selfishly now. For suppose that I had *won*, or I had quit and run away! Or I had gone to you and *told you everything—the truth!* You couldn't have believed me—quite—or in me! There would still be *doubt!*—would have to be! I saw it plain as day. That was the most terrible thing of all—the way he had me fixed—with everything—all those checks. I couldn't even tell the *truth to you!*—and have even you believe me! But now—*this way*, I can tell the truth, and *prove it!* No one can doubt me. I'll tell the truth now. They'll all know I couldn't lie now!

So this is the truth, dear, and I will *prove it!*

"Prove it, huh!" thought Schmaar, getting interested in spite of himself, going on:

I didn't ever try to *ruin* you. I just didn't know. I loved you from the very first. And *this* will prove that.

I was a *coward* at first. But I did try to *save* you, really—not just talk about it! And this will prove that too.

I did *love money*. More than anything on earth—to spend it! But not now. Because I could have all I wanted of it—if I'd just take it. So this will prove that too.

I did take money from him—at first. But only for a *loan!* I wasn't *bad!* Don't ever think I was. I wasn't *bad!*—the way he would make it look, and would prove it too, almost—unless I proved he lied—the only way *I can!*

Schmaar shifted his feet, reading the thing. It almost got him believing that she meant it—and made him hurry on to read it to the end.

So, dear (another blot), although it's all over—and you'll hate me probably—after that envelope is opened, anyway—maybe you do now!—I want you to help me the only possible way I can be helped now—and to do just what I *ask!*

First—you must not try to *see* me! I wouldn't see you, anyway. I couldn't now!

But last night you left me—without warning—without *good night!* You were to blame for that. It wasn't fair!

So tonight—at our hour—in our old way—*without fail*, just say good night, good-by, the best of luck!

It will help a lot, dear, the only way you can.

YOUR AILEEN.

John Schmaar was dazed when he finished. He almost believed the thing, until he thought of the game he was pretty sure they were working on him!



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"The only way, huh!" he said, giving that Gladden a look. "For her! That's a scream."

And just that second he felt that young devil's hands upon his throat. He had no idea he was so strong. He thought that he would certainly choke him then and there.

It was lucky for Schmaar that the next thing happened the way it did—that Gladden looked up and saw the maid coming in—and let Schmaar drop back into his chair.

"She's gone!" said the maid. "She isn't there in her room!"

"Gone!" said the Westerner.

THE whole thing was a little indistinct, blurred to John Schmaar, recovering his breath—feeling a touch of his old vertigo.

"Gone!" said Schmaar, out of his dizziness. "How do you know?"

"I went in and looked, sir."

"Did you notice anything? Was her window open?" the Westerner asked her.

"Yes sir—I—I—think it was," the maid stammered—drawing away, surprised at his glaring.

"That's all," said Gladden sharply.

Schmaar sent her away.

"You know what's happened," the Westerner said to Schmaar.

"I don't—I don't believe it," said John Schmaar, his mind still hazy, and his speech confused.

But the other man didn't answer him.

"What time is it?" he said aloud, and snatched out his own watch.

"Eight minutes of eleven," he answered himself—while Schmaar sat watching. "There's eight minutes yet," he said, still talking aloud to himself.

But Schmaar understood, of course, although the other man didn't know it, his mind going back to that night before—the clock-tower out in the moonlight.

"Are you willing to help," Gladden said to Schmaar, "—or are you anxious to be a murderer?"

"I'll help," said Schmaar, "—if there's anything to help at."

"Come on," said the Westerner, starting—Schmaar after him.

He stopped at the door.

"Before we go," he said to Schmaar, "let's understand each other. We've got a number of scores to settle, you and I. But now that's all off—until we see if we can get her—in time!"

"Yes."

"But remember this," he said to Schmaar, "if she's there—down there! I'll give you warning now—you'll go after her!"

"Or you do," said Schmaar, still eying him.

"For if she is—you've driven her out of life—murdered her, as certainly as if you had shot her!"

"If she's there, huh?" said Schmaar.

"But now, for the present, we'll let that rest," said Gladden, and went on and outlined what they would better do. "Maybe I'd better take charge," he said. "I've been more used than you, I guess, to hunting animals—and men."

He was alluding probably, in that last, Schmaar saw, to what he had done other nights—hunting over across into the German trenches.

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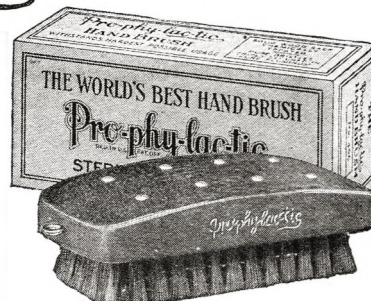
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"That's right, probably," John Schmaar assented.

"You follow me—do what I say!" the Westerner told him.

"Yes," Schmaar agreed, watching him now turn the knob.

THE sense of unreality, of physical apprehension, came back to John Schmaar. He felt again that twinge of fear which comes to men suddenly witnessing the incredible. It was intensified, a hundred times, from the night before. He was perhaps a murderer if this thing were true—about to be murdered, or murder in his turn, if he and this big enemy of his did not rescue this crazy girl from Lovers' Leap. Going to her death in a land made entirely out of her imagination!

And so John Schmaar stepped out again into the moonlight.

CHAPTER IX

IT was an entirely different night than the night before, an entirely different light—not so yellow, but silver; not still, but disturbed, full of hurrying shadows.

Looking ahead, Schmaar saw the Westerner beckon him to shut the door at once and follow, saw him turn then to the right, keeping within the narrow shadow by the house wall. He stopped below the Dulcifer girl's window.

It was open, as the maid had said. But there was nothing to be seen of her about the yard, and no sound to be heard.

There was an old-fashioned iron balcony outside the window, put on the wooden castle for good measure—so they could come out moonlight nights and sing, probably, John Schmaar used to say. A kind of a boxlike little thing, with scroll-iron sides. Hanging down from it was one of those old snaky wistaria vines—a big thing that had been growing there for sixty or seventy years, probably, from the time the house was built.

"Look!" said Schmaar, whispering and pointing.

There was something light dangling just above their heads.

The Westerner jumped and got it—taking hold of the old wistaria vine to help him. It was a little piece of fine cloth, from a woman's dress, probably. At any rate, it might be.

Schmaar caught his breath, seeing it, and watched the Westerner as he bent down.

Suddenly he twitched Schmaar's clothing—and Schmaar bent down beside him. There in the dirt, where the gardener had kept the ground around the old vine loose, were the sharp-cut prints of small heels, the high, slender heels which women wear on evening slippers.

John Schmaar straightened up—to avoid too much giddiness and its accompanying sense of unreality. The twinge of apprehension, the fear of the incredible grew on him always now, rather than diminished.

The man with him, after a careful stare about, now moved across the driveway, motioning to Schmaar to stay where he was. He saw him stooping down from time to time, moving swiftly to-



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ward the path into the rhododendrons, as if he were following a trail or trying to. It was a dirt path there, soft with the dampness of fall. If there were any prints, they would show there.

SCHMAAR thought he saw the figure of the Westerner straighten up, separate itself from the crowd of moving shadows, come toward him across the driveway.

"She's out there!" he said, and clasped his painful grip upon Schmaar's shoulder.

"Listen," went on the Westerner. "From now on, we've got to work this mighty careful. You stay here. Understand? You wait."

Schmaar nodded—watched him disappear silently into the rustle of black rhododendrons, then followed silently to the mouth of the path into the thicket—stood alone in the moving shadows, and the incredible situation—with his own confused and shifting thoughts.

"Moonshine—the greatest power on earth, huh!" said Schmaar to himself, glancing up into the sky, recalling the memory which had come to him out here the night before.

His heart was hammering in his body still.

He looked behind him, at the open window of the crazy girl they were hunting—then beyond, to the lights of the great city. Over them stood the two high towers, those lower stars, the farthest of which would now very soon be suddenly extinguished.

John Schmaar, thinking, pulled out his watch. It was five minutes of eleven.

Ahead he could see now—his eyes getting more accustomed to the light—the figure of the Westerner in the other mouth of the path—filling the bar of light in the black mass of the rhododendrons—standing very still.

"Moonshine, the greatest power on earth!" said Schmaar again, thinking of that talk, the claim of that wise and unemotional old man, that we were all driven by it, by our own crazy emotions, taken in from somewhere outside.

Was it true? Was nothing real? Was everything that he had lived for, that you felt with your fingers and your lips—were you yourself—nothing but an instrument for this greater thing, this power outside of you, that lured you on with pretty lights, that changed the strong into the weak, that changed the weak into the strong, that had changed this one—this creature they were hunting, artificial as a Parisian flower in an opera dress—into something resolute, self-sacrificing, desperate, through the power of emotion—of love?

"The most wonderful and mysterious thing of all," he heard the old man's voice again, as if he heard it in his ear. "The love of one woman for one man!"

Schmaar dropped it, with a sense of almost superstitious dread, trying to forget, to laugh it off.

"All for love, huh!" he said almost aloud to himself—trying to return if possible to his more normal trend of thought.

He stared down the dark path now—impatient for the other man to move. Saw him standing motionless, like an



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insentient thing. A puff of wind set the hard-leaved rhododendrons shaking, a bare twig on a tree just before him twitched with the silly and irrational spasms of something dying. He looked ahead again, and now he saw that the black figure in the path moved, turned, came toward him.

"She's there!" the Westerner told him.

"Where?"

"Out on that rock—that Lovers' Leap."

"Yes?" asked John Schmaar—with a sense of sudden yielding and acceptance.

CHAPTER X

"I WANTED to locate her first—be sure!" the other man was saying.

"Yes," said Schmaar obediently.

"I wasn't sure first, in this light—until she moved!"

"Moved!" said Schmaar after him, the idea still growing on him how odd it was to be out here stalking a woman, like an animal, through the night.

"Yes," the other man replied, whispering. "You know how the thing stands—out beyond the rest?"

"Yes."

"She was out there, sitting still. I thought it was something! Then the clouds went, and the moon shone, and she moved—let down her hands. That's her, all right! I could see even the color of the moonlight on her hair."

"Did she see you?"

"No," said the Westerner. "But her face is this way—toward New York."

"The tower!"

"Yes," the Westerner answered—his mind too busy now to feel surprised that Schmaar should know it.

"We'll have till then, anyway."

"Yes."

The Westerner went on planning, talking in a whisper.

John Schmaar, listening to him, felt the sense of apprehension of the unreal, the unseen, the incredible sweep over him again like a rush of blood to the head of a man in anger. Here they were whispering, in this little thicket in the moonshine, stalking a woman—a soft indoor creature of laces and tulle and satins—through the night, with desperate chances of death for more than one hanging upon the outcome!

"We can't go out there," the Westerner was saying. "—into the open. She'd see us. There's only one thing—I can think of."

"What?"

"If we could catch her attention—one of us, some way!"

That was reasonable, John Schmaar told himself—the only thing to be done. Catch her attention—yes, but how?

"I had one idea," the man was telling him, hurrying whispering on. "Only I hate to take the chance!" he said, and stopped.

"What?" Schmaar urged him. And another point of oddness came to him through the dull detached way he saw things now: here they were now, face by face, planning; and in a few moments more they would be murdering each other!

"What is it?" he went on when the



Suppose I had said, "No, I don't play Auction"

"HERE was the very man I had been trying to see for a year; on the same train, for an eighteen-hour journey, and a mutual friend right at hand to introduce me. Here was the opportunity not only to meet him but to see his real self revealed in a game of cards; also to show him my own mental capacity and incidentally my grasp of his business and certain requirements of that business which my concern was prepared to fill. Suppose I had said, 'No I don't play Auction.'"

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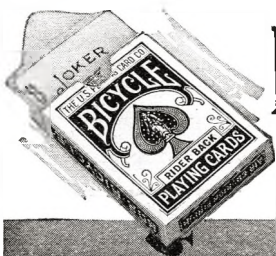
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PARTNERS AND DEAL—4 players, 2 against 2, using 2 packs. Remove jokers; shuffle one pack and draw for partners. 21 lowest cards play 2 highest. Lowest deals first. His partner shuffles the other pack, and places it at his right, ready for next deal. Player on dealer's right cuts, and 13 cards are dealt to each player, one at a time. If a misdeal, same player deals again. Deal passes to left.

BIDDING—There are 5 bids: clubs lowest, then diamonds, hearts, spades, no-trumps. Dealer must bid at least "one" in a suit, or no-trump, or he may pass. Each player in turn to the left may pass, or bid the same number in a higher suit, or more in a lower suit. Highest bid allowed is seven. The bidding goes round until three players in succession pass.

DOUBLING—Any player may double opponents' bid, and either opponent may redouble or bid something else. Only one redouble is allowed. The double increases value of tricks and penalties in scoring but not in bidding; 2 spades will overbid 2 hearts doubled.

THE PLAY—The declarer is the player who first named the winning suit. His partner is "dummy". The one at the left of declarer leads any card; then dummy's cards are laid face up on table, sorted into suits. Dummy takes no further part in play. Each player must follow suit if he can, otherwise trump or discard. Cards rank from A down to deuce, and trumps always win. Highest card played wins the trick; winner leads for next trick. First 6 tricks taken by declarer are his "book." All over the book count toward game. If declarer has bid 3 he must win 3 over his book, or 9 tricks.

SCORING—Only the declarer's side can score toward game. (Opponents score only honors and penalties.) Declarer scores for each trick over his book, 10 points at no-trumps, 9 at spades, 8 at hearts, 7 at diamonds, or 6 at clubs. These trick scores are all put "below the line" on score pad. 30 points is game, but all over 30 is scored. Draw a line under a game won. Partners winning two games ends the rubber.

HONORS AND PENALTIES—Besides scores toward game, there are honor scores and penalties, which go "above the line" on pad. Honors are A K Q J 10 of the trump suit, or the 4 aces at no-trump. Credit goes to original holders of these cards, on either side. 3 between partners have the value of 2 tricks, so that 3 in spades would be worth 18; 4 honors same as 4 tricks; 5 honors same as 5 tricks; but 4 or 5 in one hand count double; and 4 in one hand, 5th in partner's are the same as 9 tricks. (In spades, this would be 81 points.) At no-trumps, 3 aces count 30, 4 aces 40, and 4 in one hand, 100. For winning 12 tricks, add 50; for grand slam, 13 tricks, 100. For winning rubber, add 250. If contract is doubled, trick scores have a double value, or quadruple if redoubled. Spades doubled count 18 a trick to declarer, if he makes his contract; if redoubled, 35. He also gets 50 in honors for fulfilling doubled contract, and 50 for each trick over contract. If redoubled, this figure is 100. If he made 5 over book on contract to make 3, doubled, he would score 5 times 18 below the line and 150 above, plus honors.

PENALTIES—If declarer fails to make contract, he scores only honors as held; the adversary scores 50 in honors for each trick he falls short; 100 if doubled; 200 if redoubled. Penalty for a revoke by declarer is 50 in honors. If his adversary revoke, he can take 50 points, or 2 of their tricks, which he scores. The revoking side can score nothing but honors as held.

At the end of a rubber, everything is added, and lower score deducted from the higher; the difference is the number of points won. The side having most points technically wins rubber, regardless of which side won two games. Cards are then cut for a new rubber.

For full rules and hints on bidding and play see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below.

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Westerner did not answer him at once. "You've got to do something."

"And right off!" the other man replied nervously. He went on, clearly afraid to take his gamble, but knowing that something must be tried at once, before that clock she had her face toward now would start flashing out—its good-by!

"You know that song of mine?" he whispered—as if Schmaar and he were still the closest of dear friends. "That fool thing I've always sung coming up here, when I walked?"

Schmaar nodded, in the half light.

"It got to be a call, at last, for her."

"Yes," said Schmaar, hurrying him, catching the idea. "And tonight you didn't sing it!"

"No; I came in a machine. I didn't want her to know—when I came. So now," he said, "if I should sing that now at just this time—if she should hear it! If I went back here in the driveway, perhaps, and sang. Maybe she might come out."

"Try it!" urged Schmaar.

"And watch to see me—perhaps!"

"Try it!" said Schmaar, hurrying. "You've got to!"

It was within three minutes of the hour.

"I might. I might toll her away from there, and then—"

"Then I could catch her—head her off!"

"Yes," the Westerner whispered. "There's only one place where she could go to look!"

"Yes," said Schmaar, hurrying on. "I understand. This path! And I'd be here—or just one side. Or I could work around perhaps behind her."

"It's a chance," the Westerner said in an agony of hesitation. "It might not work. I hate—"

"Go on. You've got to—take some chance!" said Schmaar, hustling him. "It's practically eleven now. . . . And remember this, now," he added, raising his voice to talk above that wind. "You'll have to shout—to have her hear you."

He caught Gladden's arm, before he went, reminding him of just how the land lay.

"I'll work around, if I can, to the east, to be back of her upon that path, along the edge. But there's another old, smaller path, you know, coming out at the west from near the entrance to the driveway."

"I know."

"You could work in back of her from there—after your first song. Then we

would be back of her, on both sides—if she comes!"

THEY said no more. There was no more time. The Westerner stepped back toward the main road on the driveway; Schmaar worked his way out to the mouth of the path through the black of the rhododendrons. It was dark in there—the things were as old as the old place, as high as your head, a dense black thicket, the best possible ambush for a hunter. Schmaar took his stand at the mouth of the path through the rhododendrons, waiting for his quarry, looking out.

It was cloudy at first; the hurrying shadow of a small cloud shot across the open lawn between him and the cliff. Then suddenly the cold silver light flashed out again, bright as day. He saw it strike the dress and the hair of the girl upon Lovers' Leap—a small bowed heap of soft-hued textures in the moonlight. Then another shadow raced by, obliterating her. The whole night kept and intensified its sense of anxiety, the hurrying of hunted things.

John Schmaar had come now to the height of the incredible—the insane. Here he watched in ambush, hunting a woman with a song. But this no longer struck him with a more than dull perfunctory surprise. Besides, he had other matters to consider. For one thing, he saw now that he should move, so as to be behind her, if they should succeed, if she could be tolled away from her place. He saw that he should move at once. Where to? His eye fell naturally upon the rustic summerhouse, with its old wistaria, and the black and crooked shadows interlaced inside and around it. Once there, in an island of shadow on the open lawn, he could jump if necessary to the path along the sheer edge of the precipice and be entirely behind her, whatever way she might turn.

He must act soon. The other man would be hurrying out, starting singing at the earliest possible second. And in fact, as he thought this, he heard the first sound of his singing—heard that fool song of his rise above the sound of the wind in the treetops:

"Kuk-kuk-kuk-Katy, beautiful Katy!"

It was loud enough—just about. The man had a good carrying voice, used no doubt often before out of doors—a strong, resonant, friendly baritone. John Schmaar heard it perfectly from where he stood. But did she?

For the fraction of a second she did not move. Then all at once, the clouds opening up another clear white burst of moonlight, he saw her, the heap of soft clothing on the rock, straightening, listening. He saw now that she heard it.

The song went on and she listened more and more attentively. It was exactly like some creature of the woods, stopping, listening to the call of some other creature of its kind, to its mate. She started to her feet, wavering—and John Schmaar lost her in another inky shadow of a little cloud!

Under its brief cover Schmaar jumped, reached the summerhouse, stood in his

island of twisted shadows in the center of the open lawn. He placed himself beside a crooked pillar, in the largest mass of shade. So long as he stood there, absolutely still, there was small chance of her seeing him. But he was scarcely there, panting from the unusual exertion, when the fitful moonlight shone again.

The mocking song of moonshine and of courage came marching up the road, as it had marched before, no doubt, across the fields of France. Peering through the bars and shadows of the summerhouse, John Schmaar saw the effect of the singing upon the ear it was intended for.

The girl, standing now at full height, wavered for a minute more, hesitating—exactly like some slight, graceful creature of the woods, uncertain that it heard, of what it should do. It was now, of course, that the decision which would direct her next action was being made. And while John Schmaar watched her breathless, it came! The call, the song, started her moving toward it, exactly as the call the hunter uses in the northern woods—brought exactly the same unconscious, inevitable yielding to the impulse of that irresistible power that moves all sentient beings living on the earth, sometime, one toward another.

The girl stole out, slowly at first, then moving faster and still faster, straight down the path, toward the opening in the rhododendrons—toward the place where she could look through for herself and see, unseen, the singer of the song.

John Schmaar, as she came on, crept around the tangled network of shadows of the summerhouse, to be away from her, as she passed by. And here he waited—her hunter, in ambush. Beyond him the song, the toll. And over them the hurrying wind, the racing clouds, the patched uncertain light, the crazy moonlight—the sense of anxious restlessness, the sounds of flight that filled the air like some beating of tremendous wings.

He watched the figure of the girl stealing, hurrying lightly, in her frail, light clothing across the damp, tangled grass, coming nearer and nearer him. He saw very faintly the color of her hair in the moonlight; a glint of light flashed back from a buckle, a rhinestone on her satin slipper. He even saw the silken sheen upon her dress and stockings, she passed so close to him. And now, when she was almost to the mouth of the path through the rhododendrons, the song suddenly ceased.

IT was unfortunate. It should have gone on a little bit longer, until she had actually gone into the pathway. Then they would have had her. But Schmaar knew, too, what must have happened. That other man, that Gladden, must have come now to the turn of the path, the old footpath toward the west, where he was to dart in himself and get behind the girl. And when he did that, of course, he must stop his singing and make a rush for it, so that both of them could be behind her—between her and the cliff, if she started back again.

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

whose business stories
have been a feature of
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
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If the Westerner were doing this, as he must be now, there was no sound yet to show it, that could be heard above the noisy motion of the night. Schmaar heard none, at least, and the girl apparently did not. She stopped, though, stood listening. The appearance of almost automatic motion, as of a sleeper walking through a dream, suddenly left her. She stood listening, suspicious!

She poised herself, suddenly, as if she heard something, as if she were starting to draw back again to where she had come from. And now, unfortunately, John Schmaar thought that his time had come to act.

He stepped around and outside the confusing shadows of the summerhouse and spoke to her.

"Aileen!" he called.

She swung about and looked at him—then stood as if turned to stone, seeing the impossible.

"What's this?" asked Schmaar, hurrying—not knowing exactly what to say, trying to laugh, trying to jeer, trying to be at ease where he was not. "What's wrong with you? What are you out here for? Out taking the moonlight—all by yourself?"

At the last syllable she awoke again.

"You! You! *You!*" she said, and started.

It struck John Schmaar most strangely, like a sudden blow upon the face. Was he like that to her, to any woman? Like the accusation in that voice? The fear in that movement, the terror of the hunted for the hunter, reduced to its simplest, most primitive expression!

As she spoke, she swung away well in the other direction, toward where Schmaar had reason to believe that Gladden would now be, converging with him, behind her, to shut her off from danger.

His guess was right. The moon racing westward always, apparently through the clouds, had now sailed into a great area of clear sky. Its light broke upon the little open field, bright as day. At the other side the figure of Gladden came out of the shrubbery, his voice calling to the girl.

She must have been beside herself, John Schmaar thought, with fear. She could not have recognized that voice. For she fled away from him as she had from Schmaar.

"No," she cried. "*No!*" And she darted backward and between them in the line of Lovers' Leap.

THERE was perhaps an acre in the lawn—perhaps a little less. A perfectly open level plot, broken only by the summerhouse, beside which John Schmaar now stood. And along the border of it, curving with the contour, a footpath ran clear around, some six feet from the edge of the Palisades.

John Schmaar ran forward to head her off. He was a heavy man, not much used to running in recent years. She ran faster than he—he could not catch her. He cursed himself. He was only half a man. His dizziness started up again. He stood there frightened, breathing hard.

And then he saw that Gladden, run-

ning at top speed, beating her and calling what Schmaar should do now—what he had not done: to keep running!

The girl saw it too, paused and veered around. She must have lost her senses entirely; she could not have recognized the Westerner. She must have thought that he was merely some one working in with Schmaar.

"No—no!" she said again. "Not to him! I'd rather die!"

She stood for a moment in the open plot, panting like some wild thing, cornered—watching where it would dart next.

John Schmaar saw beforehand where she would probably try—toward him, toward the slower-moving man. He turned back, hurrying toward the edge of the cliff on his side, to prevent her. It was hard for him in that half-light, that treacherous moonlight. He stumbled a little. She saw this probably—now darting out like a wild creature once again toward the unprotected edge on Schmaar's side, toward the east.

The cliff broke here in an irregular turn, and though Gladden was faster than she was, and outside her toward the cliff, yet that was far from meaning that he could keep her from the side toward Schmaar. It was Schmaar's work, and he was doing it—would have done it, if it had not been for just those circumstances, his weariness, his dizziness, the moonlight.

They were running at right angles—she toward the cliff, he along it. If he got ahead of her, it would be all right: the other man would be there immediately after him—would catch her! Yet after all, it was a very great physical strain. John Schmaar was not used to running like this. There were noises in his head; his breath came hideously hard. He had more and more the sense of laboring unreality which comes to any man whose powers are strained beyond their rightful use. And in addition, too, there was always, constantly growing now, that dizziness.

The path he was on was not of course upon the very edge, but near enough for John Schmaar to see perfectly the great fall beneath him—the still trees below, protected from the wind, the still moonlight on the brown stones; and out beyond, upon the river, where the wind struck again beyond the protection of the cliff, he could see a tiny turbulence in the water, in the wake of the moon.

He plunged on, his lungs bursting. It was but a few steps, a small thing for a younger man. But to John Schmaar, with his long lack of exercise, his tendency to dizziness, it grew terrible, almost unbearable.

And now in addition the feeling grew stronger and more certain that something outside of them was certainly oppressing him, bearing him down. It seemed now certainly as if this pressure, this burden he was bearing, must be due to some actual influence against him out there in the night. To that stuff that filled the air, that struck the trees, that shone up from the river, that touched a sheen upon the light dress and hair of this woman he was hunting, had always been hunting now.

She was beating him a little, he

thought. Never mind; others had before! He had captured them, even when they evaded him—jumped off in the half-light of the moon, disappeared.

There was some one calling to him sharply—the voice of that Westerner Gladden, the poor fool.

"Look out! *Look out!* She'll beat you!"

IT was a close thing; Schmaar could see that—especially with this burden he was bearing—with this moonlight pressing down upon his lungs, his head. He could feel it quite clearly, on his head. It made him very dizzy, most unsteady, at the edge of this thing—this deep brown hole in the earth which lay beside him—quiet, out of the raging wind, full of moonshine, like a quiet lighted pit.

If she reached there first, of course, he would miss her forever. On the other hand, he was getting dizzier, more breathless, more unsteady—more oppressed by that stuff, that moonlight he was breathing, every minute. He could stop, of course, quit. Yes, he would be likely to—John Schmaar would probably quit flat—a coward!

John Schmaar plunged on, as certain not to stop as an unconscious force of nature.

It was a question of a foot or two more. If she reached there first, as she seemed to be doing, it would be a nice mess, wouldn't it, to be told of John Schmaar? That he quit and let her do it, that he didn't give everything in him to prevent her! She was going to do it, too. She would, unless he did one thing, unless he turned to the right, toward the cliff, cut down that narrow margin now between him and the pit, and stopped her.

He doubted now whether he could hold her—stop suddenly enough to hold them both. But he would save her just the same; he could jostle her, push her back, if he forged ahead—if this damned stupefying moonlight in his throat and brain would let him.

And it would, too—don't fret! Nobody would ever say of John Schmaar that a thing like that stuff, that moonlight, could scare him, strangle him, beat him down, make his lungs and head burst open, until he did what he was after, in spite of all the women, all the moonlight in the world.

He did it, too—just did it! He beat her back, struck her, passed on. That's all he could do. But that was enough, he knew—for the other man to reach her. He saw it—saw him catch her—as he himself stumbled.

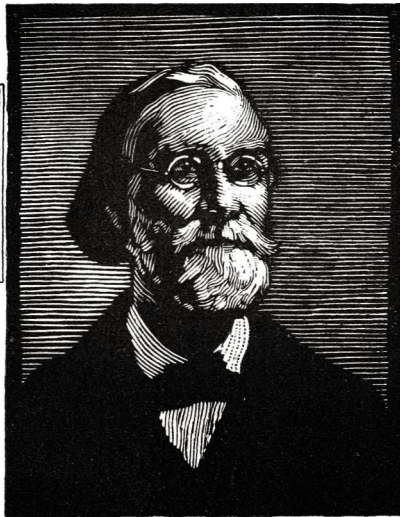
As John Schmaar stumbled, clutched and twisted, his face turned up—and down again. He saw, with a feeling of surprise, hostility, but no great fear, the thing that had done for him! Everywhere—above him, under him, in the sky, the glistening water, the trees, even in the brown pit that rose quite slowly underneath him—lay the stuff.

Moonlight! Moonlight! Nothing but moonlight!

But it didn't best him, either. He wasn't beaten by the damned stuff. Nobody could say John Schmaar had ever been a coward—a quitter.

THE END.

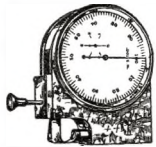
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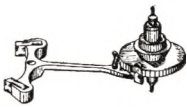
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THE TRIANGULAR HYPOTHESIS (Continued from page 85)

The Oriental turned, as with an inspiration, in his chair.

"Why, monsieur," he said, "you spoke at considerable length upon the motive. You seemed to know it quite well. You conceal, as you have indicated, the somewhat mysterious evidence of it in your hand."

"Quite true, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police; "but you will observe that it is I who am familiar with this motive. It is I who have what you are pleased to call 'this concrete evidence' in my hand. And that brings me to an interesting hypothesis, an interesting hypothesis with three phases to be considered. Let us consider them, monsieur! I name them in the order in which they occur to me: first, monsieur, that I killed the man; second, that you killed him; and third, that the agency that killed Dernburg Pasha is no longer living in this world."

THE Oriental turned suddenly, his face contracted and tense, but his voice firm.

"Very well, monsieur," he said; "whither do these suggestions lead you?"

Jonquelle continued in an even voice.

"To arrive at that," he said, "we must first consider the evidences which have led you to believe that Dernburg Pasha was killed by the man with whom he quarreled last night in the library. Now, if you please, monsieur, we will look a little at the indicatory signs."

He paused.

"There is always this disturbing feature about circumstantial evidence, the trick of pointing in the direction that one is going. If one has a conclusion, one will find that the circumstantial evidence supports it. You have a theory, monsieur, that this visitor was Dernburg's assassin, and consequently, to you, the indicatory evidence supports that theory. But monsieur, I have the theory that the visitor was not the assassin, and I bid you observe how the indicatory evidences will turn themselves about in order to support the theory which I maintain. Take, for example, these blood-drops on the marble floor of the drawing-room. In support of your theory, they have fallen by hazard from the assassin's knife in his flight, and you would cite them as confirmatory of your theory.

"Now, monsieur, I would cite them also as confirmatory of mine.

"You will observe that each of these seven blood-drops has fallen on a white square of this checkered marble floor. There is no drop of blood on a black square. Why, monsieur, should these drops appear only on the white squares? I consider that fact with my theory in mind, and I conclude that they so appear because the one who placed them there wished them to be seen. Now, monsieur, an assassin could not have wished them to be seen. We cannot conceive that he would undertake to create evidence against himself. And it is beyond our conception of coincidence that each of

these seven blood-drops should, by accident, have fallen precisely on a white square when there was an equal number of black squares intervening. Therefore, monsieur, these evidences did not come by chance; they came by design."

He continued like one who recites the details of a formula:

"I find my theory also confirmed at a farther point. You explained to me, when I inquired, that the assassin, after fleeing through this drawing-room into the walled garden, had escaped by climbing over the wall, since the gate was nailed up and had been so nailed up for a long time. Now, monsieur, I caused this wall to be examined. The whole of the top of it is coated over with dust. At no point has any of this dust been removed; consequently the assassin did not escape by climbing over the wall, for if he had undertaken to climb the wall at any point, his body, in that labor, would have removed the coating of dust. You see, monsieur, I do not find your indicatory evidences designed to support your theory. They seem rather conclusively to establish my own."

He made a vague gesture as though to dismiss the matter.

"And so, monsieur, we find ourselves before the triangular hypothesis! Did I murder Dernburg Pasha, or did you, or was he, in fact, murdered at all?"

The Oriental looked at the man in a sort of wonder.

"He was surely murdered," he said.

The Prefect of Police spoke like one in some reflection.

"It is by no means certain."

"Not certain?" echoed the Envoy. "The man is dead!"

"One may be dead without having been murdered," replied the Prefect of Police. "It is possible that the hand that gave Dernburg Pasha his fatal wound is no longer alive in the world."

The Turkish Envoy made an exclamation of surprise.

"You cannot mean that Dernburg Pasha was murdered by a dead man!"

"It is a conceivable theory," replied Monsieur Jonquelle, "that Dernburg Pasha was struck down by a hand that we can no longer consider to be living.

"But if you please, we will take up these theories in their order. Did I murder Dernburg Pasha? It is an interesting hypothesis, and I should be glad to consider it at some length. But it seems to require no extended deductions to conclude it. We have shown that the mysterious visitor who called on Dernburg last night was not his assassin, because the evidences which seem so to indicate were laid down by design and did not come about by accident. They were laid down by the intention of some person, some person who wished to establish that this visitor was the assassin. But the visitor himself could not have wished to establish that he was the assassin; consequently he could not have made these indicatory evidences, and therefore he was not the assassin of Dernburg Pasha."

He paused.

"And now, monsieur, as I was the visitor who called on Dernburg Pasha last night, it must be clear that I was not the assassin that struck him down. These conclusions may seem to interlock with a slight obscurity. But if you reflect upon them, monsieur, you will observe that they are sound and convincing."

There was a moment's silence. The Oriental did not speak, and the Prefect of Police continued:

"Now, monsieur, we approach the second hypothesis: did you murder Dernburg Pasha?"

"Here, monsieur, one finds himself confronted with certain difficulties. You took charge of this house the moment it was ascertained that the man was dead."

The Envoy interrupted:

"I did, monsieur. As a representative of the Turkish Government, it was my duty to take charge at once of the property of one of its murdered citizens. I came at once and took charge of it."

"That is true, monsieur," continued the Prefect of Police. "You came as you had the right to do, and you took over this house as it was your duty to do. And from this base we may go forward with the hypothesis in its first inquiry—namely, did I create these false evidences on the floor of this drawing-room, or did you, or did the agency not now living undertake it?"

"Now, monsieur, let us consider these suggestions in a reverse order. If Dernburg Pasha was struck down by a hand not moving alive in the world after he died on the floor of the library yonder, then such a hand could not have gone forward with the manufacture of these false evidences of his assassination, and we may dismiss it. I cannot have manufactured them, monsieur, because it is not conceivable that one undertaking the assassination would construct evidence of his crime to convict himself. Therefore, monsieur, by elimination, we seem to arrive at the conclusion that it was you who manufactured them."

THE Envoy's face seemed to form itself into a sort of plastic mask.

"Now, monsieur," Jonquelle went on, "if you manufactured them, it was with a deliberate object. That object would be to fasten the crime upon another. But one does not undertake to fasten a crime upon another without an adequate reason in himself. Now, what reason, monsieur, could you have had for wishing to establish that I, who called upon Dernburg late last night, had accomplished his murder and fled, carefully dropping splotches of blood on the white squares of the floor of this drawing-room, and escaping over a wall covered with a coating of dust which I did not remove? What could have been your object in undertaking to establish these facts, if you were yourself guiltless of his death?"

The man's reply was quite simple and without emotion.

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"Why, monsieur, should I wish to assassinate Dernburg Pasha?"

"Did you not wish to take over this house?" replied the Prefect of Police. "And if you took it over, you would take it over with what it contains. Let me show you, monsieur, the treasure that it contains!"

HE stooped over, slipped the point of a knife-blade under one of the large white marble squares in the drawing-room floor, and lifted it up.

These squares had been laid down on wooden sills, nailed together, and floored over underneath. Each square had, therefore, a sort of wooden pocket beneath it. This wooden pocket under the white square that Monsieur Jonquelle removed, was filled with gold-pieces.

The Oriental, bending over, made a profound exclamation of surprise. He remained immovable in an overwhelming wonder. That the man was amazed at something of which, up to that moment, he had not had the slightest conception, was clearly evident.

Monsieur Jonquelle permitted the marble square to go back into its place, and he returned to his chair. The Oriental sat down beyond him, speechless in his amazement.

The Prefect of Police continued to speak as though the man's concern were not a thing which he had observed.

"And so you see, monsieur, we have here the motive, the opportunity, and the construction of these false evidences, to indicate that you were the assassin of Dernburg Pasha. And again I beg you to observe how fatal it is to proceed with indicatory evidences when one wishes to establish a theory. It is fortunate, monsieur, that it is I who consider these evidences against you, for it is I who know that Dernburg Pasha was dead when you arrived in this house."

He paused.

"And from the wound in his throat, I knew at once what hand it was that inflicted it—a hand not now living!"

"The hand of the dead man!" echoed the Oriental. "You mean the hand of a dead man?"

"I mean the hand of the dead Dernburg Pasha," replied the Prefect.

"The wound began heavily on the left side and tailed off to the right. That is the slash of a suicide. Death-wounds, inflicted by one intent on taking his own life, are always inflicted on the left side, because they are undertaken with the right hand, and if they are done with a knife, they begin with a heavy incision that tails out as the knife is drawn to the right—as the strength of the person undertaking to inflict the wounds fails. Suicidal wounds, when inflicted with a sharp implement, have always these evidential signs. They cannot be mistaken."

Monsieur Jonquelle arose.

"Let me clear this mystery," he said. "Dernburg Pasha was one of the most accomplished counterfeiters in the world."

He opened his hand.

"This device, which looks like an alabaster box, is a mold made of plaster for the purpose of counterfeiting one of the largest gold coins of the French currency. Dernburg came here, took this house, carried forward his undertaking until he had stored the squares under this drawing-room with false coins. Then when he had finished—when he had got the coins molded, gold-plated and hidden, ready for the business of their distribution, I called on him last night! It was my voice that was heard outside. I showed him that he was at the end of his tether—that the house was guarded; and I came away leaving open to him the only escape he had. He effected that escape with a razor drawn across his throat."

MONSIEUR JONQUELLE paused, his voice firm, even and unhurried. "You appeared, monsieur, a little later, and seeing the opportunity to obtain an indemnity from France for a murdered subject of your country, put the razor into your pocket and clumsily daubed the white squares of this drawing-room floor with the evidential signs of an assassination."

CONFLICT

(Continued from page 81)

of her mental condition. Nothing existed but fierce purpose, and dimly, held in the shadows behind that purpose, grief and memories.

They entered the sumptuous counting-rooms of the great bank, and approaching the first desk upon which her eyes fell, requested an interview with the president of the institution. The young man who occupied that place regarded her with astonishment.

"Are you sure you wish to see Mr. Jacobus? What is the nature of your business?"

Hannibal Ginger bent over the young man, a leaning, frowning granite cliff. "Young feller, when this here gal says who she wants to see, that's who she wants to see. And what her business is haint none of your'n. *March!*"

Wagging his head with dubiety, unable to comprehend with whom he had to do,—if perchance, it might not be some

millionaire of weird eccentricities,—the young man obeyed. Presently he returned.

"Mr. Jacobus will see you," he said, and pointed the way.

A stout old gentleman, broad of face, keen of eye, showing unmistakable traces of his Yankee farmer antecedents, awaited them curiously. He had not intended to arise, but as Dorcas and Hannibal stood before him, he did rise and bow. The action was automatic, instinctive—*demandé*. He had faced men and women phlegmatically and incuriously, but this pair moved him and stirred his curiosity.

"Will you be seated?" he asked.

"Sit down, Uncle Hannibal," said Dorcas. "You must be tired."

"Haint no more tired 'n you be. Calculate to set when you set."

DORCAS stood at the edge of the official's desk. "You are Mr. Jacobus, president of this bank?"

"I am."

"I am Dorcas Remalie. I have come to see you about a loan which you have called."

"To yourself?" he asked.

"To a young man named Jevons," she said.

Jacobus frowned. "H'm! Matter of twenty-five thousand. Recall it. Confidential information—compelled to take immediate action."

"Your information came from my uncle John Remalie."

He made no reply, and his face remained expressionless.

"Jevons is dead," said Dorcas.

At the tone, the subtone which underlay her voice, the man Jacobus leaned forward, gripping the arm of his chair. He was moved. Tragedy was present in that room, and human agony. He waited.

"I loved him," said Dorcas. "He was good. He was not like other men. The forest loved him just as I loved him, and he loved the forest. It was his home and his life—the forest and the mountain. His heart was clean and sweet, and his soul was bright." She spoke monotonously, but beat against the heart of Jacobus with an insistent knocking.

"The work of his life was to save the forest he loved—the *Mountain*—" Her voice broke as a vision of that faery peak arose before her eyes. "It was for that he worked. And they killed him. My uncle killed him. In the night, close by the river. He had beaten John Remalie. When the drive reached the mill, he would have bought the *Mountain*—and saved it."

"He stretched his credit to the breaking-point to take that option," said Jacobus.

"He gave his life for taking that option," said Dorcas. "And then I took his place. Because I had to take his place. The drive is in the river—in a day, in two days or three, it will reach the sorting gap. I did that. I beat John Remalie on the river—and he turned to *this!* So I must beat him here. You must renew the loan. Your money is safe. The logs will arrive. Don't you see? I must save the *Mountain*. It was the great purpose of his life, and I must carry it out."

Gerald Beaumont

is writing the greatest sporting stories now being written in America. In the next number of this magazine will be published his first football story—

"The Golden Moment"

"And then?" said Jacobus. He had not intended asking that question.

She looked at him with dull-glowing eyes and slowly shook her head.

"Tell me more," he said.

She told him what required to be told, steadily, without emotion, clearly. At the end he remained silent for a time, then shook his head.

"Child," he said gently, "it is impossible. Even if my judgment ran with your request, I would be powerless. A loan to the living cannot be renewed with the dead."

Dorcas comprehended. That statement was incontrovertible. No argument, no logic, could upset it. She closed her eyes to shut out the inexorable world. "Is there no way? Can nothing be done?" she asked in the voice of one weary unto death.

Jacobus shook his head gravely, sorrowfully.

"A fresh loan—to the living? Lend to me."

"Upon what security?" he asked gently.

"His logs—his mills."

"They are not yours, child."

She turned away, drooping. Her knees were strangely weak, her head terrifyingly heavy. Old Hannibal supported her with a gigantic arm and scowled upon President Jacobus. "Let us—go," said Dorcas faintly.

They moved slowly toward the door, her slight, failing body all but carried by her giant companion. Beside the door there hung a monster calendar, and from its page stared at Dorcas in great black letters the day and the month—*May twenty-fifth.*

May twenty-fifth! She paused, clutched Hannibal's arm and stared. That date communicated something to her brain, touched some spot of consciousness, neglected, half sleeping, yet present. *May twenty-fifth!*

She turned swiftly, passed about the desk to stand at Jacobus' side. Her hands clutched his shoulder, shook him with feverish, unreasoning impatience.

"My name is Dorcas Remalie—Dorcas Remalie! Telegraph, telephone—quick! To Delmar, Jenks and Delmar—New York. . . . Be quick. Ask them who I am—what I am—when I was born—everything! Quick—quick!"

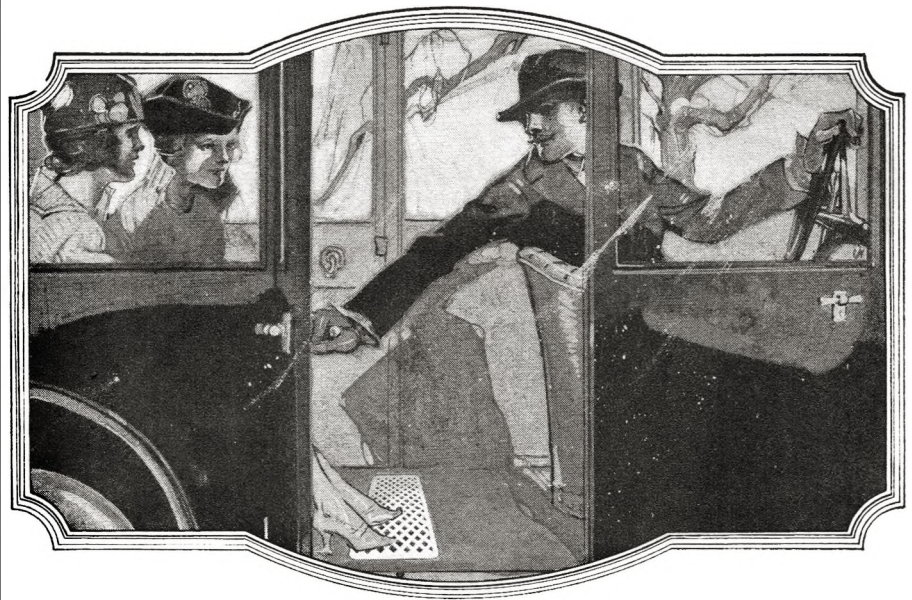
Then, as if the stiffness had departed out of her bones, she subsided, wilted like some flower subjected to sudden terrific frost. Her forehead rested against Jacobus' knee. She did not sob, uttered no sound, but crouched there limp, silent, impassive. Jacobus passed his hand over her head gently.

Old Hannibal towered over the desk; his great hand pointed to the telephone. "She says you was to use *that*," he said menacingly.

Mr. Jacobus lifted the receiver off the hook.

CHAPTER XXXI

MISS LABO entered the house silently after her night of tramping through the clinging mud of the forest roads. It lacked two hours of dawn, but she did not mount the stairs to her room for even



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that brief repose. Instead she doffed her wraps, then seated herself in a chair by the kitchen stove—sat immobile, staring straight before her.

As belated dawn urged back the shadows, she began the usual methodical preparation of John Remalie's breakfast. At the stroke of seven she set the food upon the breakfast table—but here routine was broken. John Remalie was not in his chair. It was ten minutes before he came slowly, with the step of age, down the stairs and dropped into his seat. His face was gray, haunted.

He stretched out a hand that was a claw, and snatched at Miss Labo's skirt. "You lied!" he said hoarsely. "You always lie! You lied."

She avoided him, standing aside and staring at him with expressionless, unfathomable, venomous eyes. "It wa'n't no lie. Mark Sloane's yourn and mine."

He turned from her, apparently forgot her, and lifted a spoonful of porridge to his lips. It sank untasted to his bowl. He stared at it, shook his head as if in bewilderment, pushed back his chair and got to his feet. He forced his head high, threw back his shoulders until he resembled the John Remalie of a month ago, and walked out of the house. Miss Labo followed him with her expressionless stare.

IT was afternoon before Miss Labo ventured from the house. She had been without news, but had required none. What she knew, she knew. It sufficed. Her errand carried her to the grocery, where she greeted none, passing among them like some ghost, invisible, non-existent, to them all. But she listened.

"Sheriff fetched him in toward noon," said a lounger. "Settin' into the back seat, with a dep'ty to each side of him, and handcuffs janglin'."

"They say he didn't git no chancet to put up a fight."

"Naw! Sheriff took him by s'prise and poked a gun under his nose. Thought I knowed Mark Sloane better'n that. Never liked the measly cuss, but I allus figgered nobody'd ketch him nappin'."

Miss Labo listened now indeed.

"Who you sayin' is in jail?" she asked. "Mark Sloane. He was took las' night."

She walked out of the store slowly, stiffly, leaving behind such purchases as she had made. It was not toward home her steps carried her, but toward the square before Orrin Lakin's hotel. There she paused and paced up and down, ten steps one way, ten steps the other. People watched her, then began to stare curiously, then to comment. Faces crowded the windows of the hotel, and warmly clad men lounged on the veranda inquiring into the phenomenon.

She had been tricked! Somehow John Remalie had tricked her, had circumvented her. She had released her son from his bonds and given him his freedom—yet he rested now in the jail Remalie had prepared for him. Remalie's cunning had surpassed her own cunning. She was malignant with the malignity of the trapped wolf.

To and fro she paced, to and fro—waiting.

At his accustomed hour John Remalie

approached from the mill, and Miss Labo advanced to meet him. She awaited him at the foot of the tavern steps, upon the spot where Fabius Ginger had confronted him so shortly ago. He did not perceive her; it is doubtful if he perceived any living thing, so buried in the caverns of his own murky thoughts was he. Miss Labo caught his sleeve and held him; her right hand uplifted slowly—a buzzard's talon, and slashed downward across his cheek, leaving four ruddy marks upon its pallor.

"Your own son!" she said, and paused.

Remalie stood as if bewildered, not making the effort to move or to defend himself.

"I'm a-goin' to tell," said Miss Labo, and her baleful eyes as they moved over the assembled citizens of the village caused many an indrawn breath. "That man in the jail—Mark Sloane—is his son and my son! And he knowed it when he had him took for murder. . . . For twenty-six year I've kep' his secret and done his slavin' Twenty-six year ago he give me orders to do away with his baby—him that's a-standin' there. . . . It was his'n and mine, and I hid it away. . . . Las' night I told him his son was livin'—but he got the best of me in his slinkin' way—and there's my boy in jail. That's why I'm a-tellin'—and cursin' you, John Remalie, and cursin' you into your grave and beyond. I'm tellin' the truth, and you dassen't deny it, John Remalie."

She waited for the denial which did not come; then she stared into face after face of the assemblage and back to Remalie's face.

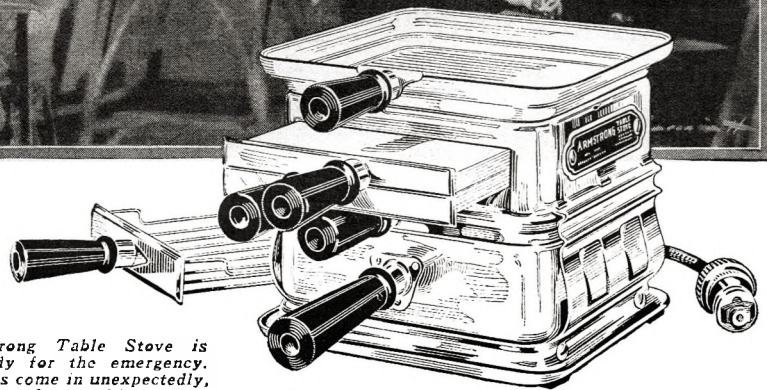
"Go home, John Remalie, with me a-follerin' you—follerin' and accusin' and cursin', as I'll foller and accuse and curse till I drive you into your grave!"

Remalie moved, slowly, fumbling with his feet like one making progress through a fog, and Miss Labo took up her place a yard behind, talking to him, muttering for his ears alone as they walked; and so the horrible little procession made its way up the street and disappeared into the grimness, the silence, the secrecy of the house which had sheltered them from the time of their sin.

The village waited, holding its breath, wondering what unsightly thing might be taking place inside those thick stone walls. There was neither light nor sound nor movement. The evening passed; the night stretched into morning, and still no event. Then Orrin Lakin, driving to meet the early train from the city, witnessed a spectacle.

FROM the door of Remalie's house issued a queer figure, a male figure. Over its shoulders was draped a thing like a mantle, a mantle of burlap which enfolded the figure to the knees. Above this mantle was the bent head of John Remalie, bare, ghastly—covered with ashes which trickled down over his face and eyes to his shoulders. As he walked, with either hand he dropped more ashes upon his head. And at his heels came Miss Labo muttering, muttering, for his ear alone.

Orrin Lakin, twisting in his seat, saw the strange procession cross the bridge and tread slowly along the river's bank



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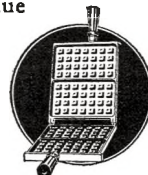
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to the great rock which has guarded from time immemorial the eastern approach to the falls. Out upon this rock, high above the foaming, roaring water, they made their way, and there the man paused, sprinkled his head anew with ashes, and with arms upraised to heaven, turned his face toward the watchers upon the bridge.

"Repent!" he cried. "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. . . . Repent ye in sackcloth and ashes. Confess ye your sins. . . . Your sin shall find ye out."

He paused, face upturned to the sky, still muttering. The woman at his side spoke to him constantly, for her lips moved, and her words must have been evil, for her face was evil. John Remalie regarded her. His long arm stretched toward her, finger pointing. "*Repent! . . . Repent! . . . Repent!*" he cried above the roaring of the falls.

Then a new emotion seemed to envelop him. He shook his head; his figure stiffened, and he glared at the woman at whom his accusing finger pointed. "The woman did tempt me, and I did eat," he cried with savage exultation; and then, beyond the reach of any hand which might have been held out to restrain, he seized the woman by the shoulder, dragged her to him, lifted her, struggling, in his arms, and walked slowly, slowly—slowly to the brink of the rock, and continued a step when the rock was no longer there.

CHAPTER XXXII

DORCAS REMALIE and Hannibal Ginger alighted from the train which Orrin Lakin was driving to meet. Orrin perceived them and hurried toward them.

"Come and set in the waitin'-room a spell," he said anxiously, for though he did not know what had transpired at the brink of the falls, he had seen enough to teach him that a thing so unsightly was in progress that Dorcas must not be a witness to its culmination.

"I must hurry, Uncle Orrin. I have work—"

"Uh-uh! 'Taint no time fer hustle. Ontimely hustlin' busted more laigs'n cannon-balls. You jest set like I tell you—till I drive back to town."

"I must go to—his mill, Uncle. At once."

Orrin regarded her intently. His heart bled for her—yet he saw, casting a dim light upon the shadow of her grief, something he had not seen before. There was a faint, ameliorating glow.

"Come, then," he said.

He drove Dorcas and Hannibal Ginger to the mill by a roundabout and devious way. Once there, she entered the office and seated herself in Jevons' chair, behind Jevons' desk.

"Uncle," she said, "please find the superintendent and send him to me."

The superintendent appeared.

"The logs?" she said incisively.

"Most all out of the sortin' gap, miss."

"Good! Will you call the men together at once? Tell them they will be paid today. Tell them—everything is arranged, and the mill will—continue."

"Yes, miss."

"That will be all—now. We will talk later. Ask the bookkeeper to come."

"Mr. Judkin," she said when the young man paused inside the door, "please make at once a schedule of pressing bills. The pay-roll is ready?"

"Yes, miss."

"I—I will sign the checks."

"Yes, miss."

Orrin and Hannibal stood over by a window watching her anxiously. When would the moment come—when would she go to pieces, as inevitably she must go to pieces? Her work was done, her mind at liberty to dwell upon her own woes.

"It's comin'—it's comin'," whispered Orrin. "I'm goin' to git a woman here—Letty Piggott. She's goin' to need a woman."

"I been watchin' her face," said Hannibal. "It's changin'. 'Taint so hard. It's more human. She's comin' to be herself—and then God help her."

Orrin clattered out of the office in a panic and lashed his horses up the street toward Letty Piggott's house. He had not turned the corner before the figure of a man, mud-coated, hatless, staggering, threaded its way down the river-bank and up the siding toward the mill. The face was bearded, the eyes those of one walking in his sleep. Now and again he paused as if uncertain of his whereabouts; more than once he paused and leaned against fence or tree or pile of logs to gather the strength to proceed. He wavered across the mill-yard to the office door, thrust it open, stood swaying dizzily in the outer office, stared at open-mouthed by the young bookkeeper, and then half fell, half lunged through the door into the room where Dorcas sat.

There he stood drunkenly, staring owlishly at her, wagging his head as if trying to shake from it something which obscured his reason.

Dorcas was on her feet. "Uncle Hannibal!" she said in a whisper. "Uncle Hannibal!"

Slowly she arose, lifting herself by her arms, and her eyes remained upon the face of the man, big with unbelief.

"Uncle Hannibal—is anyone—*there*?" She pointed.

Then, one step, two steps, she advanced, hand before her gropingly. It touched the mud-splashed breast of the man, fumbled it, found it not of the vapor of imagination. He swayed toward her, clutching blindly, went to his knees—and she to her knees beside him; and upon her face was the glory of love.

"My love!" she whispered, and pilloved his head upon her breast. "He was dead and is alive again. . . . He was dead and is alive," she repeated, and her voice was a song.

Orrin arrived, and Letty. "Hum!" said Orrin presently. "Calc'late a mite of lick'er wont do no harm." And producing an unsuspected flask, he put it to Jevons' lips.

In a moment Jevons spoke for the first time—stupor was gone from his eyes, and the succeeding unbelief. "I—have looked for you—all over the world," he said. "I—couldn't find you in the dark."

"You've found me," she said softly.

He raised himself, looked into her eyes, and something of his old gayety, something of the unquenchable, debonair youth which resided in him, quickened his face.

"If this turns out to be a dream—" he said whimsically.

"It's real," she said; and then, as if she herself harbored some doubt of the reality of things, she turned to Orrin and Hannibal. "It is real, isn't it? He's here?"

Letty Piggott took charge.

"You men get that boy out to the wagon. Don't stand there like Stoughton bottles. Right to my house! He needs food and sleep—and gracious knows, he needs washing."

JEVONS insisted upon walking unsupported, while Dorcas clung to his arm. She could not bear to release him. She felt she must hold to him, *feel* him constantly, or he might vanish. Yet in her heart she knew he would never vanish again. And so they drove through the village to Letty's tiny house, and Jevons ate and bathed and slept, and Dorcas sat beside him as he slept.

When he awakened, refreshed, made himself again by the wondrous restorative powers of youth, there was an hour when there existed for them nothing but each other. And then:

"Tell me," she said.

"They jumped me from behind—and carried me off. Tied me in a bunk some place—a thousand miles from here, I think. I don't know how long it was. . . . Then in the night a woman—the Labo woman—slunk in and cut me loose, I don't know why. . . . I've been lost—no food. They didn't feed me. . . . But the woods were kind—they brought me to you at last."

"The good forest," she said.

He shook himself. "I've got work. I must be about it. The drive—"

"Your logs are at the mill. I—we—brought them down. Everything is all right—everything. You mustn't move or worry. Uncle Hannibal and I went to the city—"

"The city!"

"Your loans—they were called."

"Yes."

"I went to—fix it up, but the man said he couldn't renew a note with the dead." For a moment she clung to him as memory of her dreadful hour returned to her. "I was coming away. It was terrible. All I had left in the world was to—to do your work—and I was beaten. But there was a calendar—and the date stared at me. It was *May twenty-fifth*."

"Yes, dear."

"It was a miracle—it came on my birthday. I was twenty-one—and Father's will said I was to have my inheritance when I was twenty-one. Don't you see? Mr. Jacobus telephoned and telegraphed and consulted lawyers; and it was all right—because, honey, I was rich. I had come into the money Father left for me. I'm rich now. We can do anything. We can buy our Mountain and save it. Uncle isn't guardian any longer." She paused, shuddered, for she had been told what had happened at the falls. "Uncle—is dead."

"And you—are you still going to love

me? Remember, I'm just Jevons—that's all. Not even two names like an ordinary man. Why, I haven't even an honest right to *that* name. I—why, I stole it—off a box of tea on the docks. I don't know who I am, or where I came from. I remember a big city—across the ocean, and a great ship. I've always had the idea I used to live with somebody who wasn't good to me, and that I ran away—I must have been just a baby—and hid on that ship, and it brought me across the ocean. Somebody was going to adopt me, or take charge of me—and I think I ran away again. Couldn't have taken kindly to authority. Then—it was when I was quite a boy—a man asked me my name, and I didn't have one. It made me ashamed. So—well—there was a case of tea on the sidewalk, and the name Jevons was printed on it. 'Jevons' Tea.' I told the man my name was Jevons—"

"It will do for me," she said. "I'm glad—so glad. There's nobody in the world I must share you with. Nobody with a claim upon you but me."

"You're going to claim me?"

"I've foreclosed my claim," she said happily. Then she sat erect with an expression of severity. "I am to discover if you have any bad habits," she said. "Letty Piggott directed me to investigate. Jevons—do you chew tobacco?"

"Not guilty, my lady."

"Neither does Fabius Ginger," she said merrily. "He's cured. Letty told me an hour ago. She has faith in his cure. I did it. Yes sir. I cured him. And they're going to be married."

"Too!" he said.

"Too?"

"Also. *We* are going to be married, and they are going to be married also. We are the important ones, don't you see? You and I will be the only folks in the world that are married. Everybody else will be married with that qualification—*also*."

"And then—"

"As soon as the woods are dry and sweet, as soon as the Mountain is ready to welcome us—we'll go there. I want to be married at the foot of the Mountain, and to have your life given to me in trust where the Mountain can know and see. . . . And we'll stay there a little while."

"And the Mountain will love us, and the woods will love us—but not as we shall love each other, my own, forever and forever."

"As long as the Mountain shall endure," he said softly.

"As long as the Mountain shall endure," she answered.

THE END.

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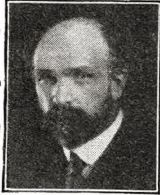
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LADIES' WAYS

(Continued from page 37)

Elsie seemed to think so herself. "I doe' care nything about it," remained her unaltered verdict. "I doe' care a thing which is dead or which isn't."

"Well, then," said Laurence Coy, "we might as well play somep'm else."

"All right," Daisy agreed. "Le's play I'm a grea' big Injun woyer, an' all the rest of you are children I got to come an' scalp."

Her proposal met with no general favor—with no favor at all, in fact. "For heaven's sakes!" Thomas Kimball said. "I'd like to know what you take us for!" And in this scornful view he was warmly seconded by all his fellows.

"Well, this is my yard," Daisy reminded them severely. "I guess as long as you're in my yard, you'll please be p'lite enough to play what I say. I guess I got some rights in my own yard, haven't I?"

"I guess you better remember you ast us over here to play with you," Laurence Coy retorted, and his severity was more than equal to hers. "We never came an' ast you if we *could*, did we? You better learn sense enough to know that long as you ast *us*, we got a right to play what we want to, because we're company, an' we aren't goin' to play have you scalp us!"

"You haf to," Daisy insisted. "I got a perfect right to play what I want to in my own yard."

"You go on play it an' scalp yourself, then," Laurence returned ungallantly. "Elsie, what you want to play?"

"I doe' want to play rough games," Elsie said. "I doe' like those fighting games."

"Well, what do you like?" "Well, nice quiet games," she replied. "I'd be willing to play school."

"How do you play it?" "Well, I'd be willing to be the teacher," she said. "You all sit down in a row, an' I'll say what punishments you haf to have."

Daisy instantly objected. "No, I'll be the teacher!"

"You wont!" Laurence said. "Elsie's got to be the teacher because she's company, an' anyway she said so first." And the majority agreeing to this, it was so ordered; whereupon Daisy, after some further futile objections, took her place with the boys. They sat in a row upon the grass, facing Elsie, who stood on the steps confronting them.

"Now, the first thing to do," she said, "I better find out who's the worst; because you every one been very, very naughty an' deserve the terrablest punishments I can think of. I haf to think what I'm goin' to do to you." She paused, then pointed at Laurence. "Laurence Coy, you're the very worst one of this whole school."

"What did I do?" Laurence inquired. "You said you hated girls."

"Well, I did say that," he admitted; and then, lest his comrades suspect him of weakening, he added: "I hate every last thing about 'em!"

"I bet you don't," said Daisy Mears, giggling.

"Laurence blushed. "I *do!*" he shouted. "I hate every last—"

"Hush!" said the teacher. "That's very, very, very naughty, and you haf to be punished. You haf to be—well, I guess you haf to be spanked."

"I doe' care!" Laurence said, seeming to forget that this was only a game. "I hate girls and every last thing about 'em!"

"Hush!" Elsie said again. "I 'point Robert Eliot and Freddie Mears monitors. Robert must hold you while Freddie spansk you."

But Daisy jumped up, uncontrollably vociferous. "No, no!" she shouted. "I'm goin' to be a monitor! This is my yard, an' I guess I got some rights around here! Robert can hold him, but I got to spank him."

"Very well," said Elsie primly. "I 'point Daisy in Freddie's place."

MASTER Coy did not take this well; he rose and moved backward from the enthusiastic Daisy. "I wont do it," he said. "I wont let her spank me."

"You haf to," Daisy told him, clapping her hands. "You haf to do whatever Elsie says. You said so yourself; you said she had to be the teacher, an' we haf to do whatever she tells us."

"I wont!" he responded doggedly, for now he felt that his honor was concerned. "I wont do it!"

"Robert Eliot!" Elsie said reprovingly. "Did you hear me 'point you a monitor to hold Laurence while he's punished?"

"You better keep away from me," Laurence warned Robert, as the latter approached, nothing loth. "I wont do it!"

"I'm goin' to do it," said Daisy. "All you haf to do is hold still."

"I wont!" said Laurence.

"I guess I better do it with this," Daisy remarked, and removing her left slipper from her foot as she and Robert continued their advance upon Laurence, she waved it merrily in the air. "What you so 'fraid of, Laurence?" she inquired boastfully. "This isn't goin' to hurt you—*much!*"

"No, it isn't," he agreed threateningly. "And you better put it back where it was if you ever want to see it again. I'll take that ole slipper, an' I'll—"

"Teacher!" Daisy called, looking back to where Elsie stood. "Didn't you say this naughty boy had to be spanked?"

"Yes, I did," Elsie replied. "You hurry up and do it."

Her voice was sweet; yet she spoke with sharpness, even with a hint of acidity, which the grown-up observer, forgotten by the children, noted with some surprise. Renfrew had been sure that he detected in Master Coy the symptoms of a tender feeling for Elsie. Laurence had deferred to her, had been the first to appeal to her when she sat aloof, had insisted that she should choose the

game to play, and when she had chosen, hotly championed her claim to be the "teacher." Above all was the difference in his voice when he spoke to her, and that swallowing of air, that uneasiness of the neck. Renfrew was sure, too, that Elsie herself must be at least dimly aware of these things, must have some appreciation of the preference for her that they portended—and yet when she was given authority, her very first use of it was to place Master Coy in a position unspeakably distasteful to himself. Sometimes children were impossible to understand, Renfrew thought—and so were some grown people, he added, in his mind, with a despondent glance across the street.

Having glanced that way, his eyes came to rest upon the open window of a room upstairs, where the corner of a little satinwood writing-table was revealed—Muriel's, he knew. Branches of a tall maple tree gave half the window a ro-coco frame, and beyond this bordering verdure, sometimes, he had caught glimpses of a graceful movement, shadowy within the room—a white hand would appear for an instant moving something on the desk, or adjusting the shade for a better light; or at the best, it might be half revealed, half guessed, that Muriel was putting on her hat at a mirror. But this befell only on days when she was in a gentle mood with him, and so it was seldom. Certainly it was not today, though she might be there; for when she was gloomiest about her environment (of which he was so undeniably a part) she might indeed sit at that charming little satinwood table to write, but sat invisible to him, the window-curtain veiling her. Of course, at such times, there was only one thing left for Renfrew to do; and legend offers the parallel of the niggardly mother who locked up the butter in the pantry, but let her children rub their dry bread on the knob of the pantry door. Renfrew could look at the window.

THE trouble was that when he looked at it, he was apt to continue to look at it for an indefinite period of time, during which his faculties lost their usefulness; people whom he knew might pass along the sidewalk, nod graciously to him, and then, not realizing his condition, vow never to speak again to so wooden a young snob. And into such a reverie—if reverie it were that held no thoughts, no visions, but only the one glamorous portrait of an empty window—he fell today. The voices of the children, sharp with purpose, shrill with protest, but died in his tranced ear as if they came from far away. The whole summer day, the glancing amber of the sunshine through moving foliage, the white clouds ballooning overhead, the warm touch and smell of the air—these fell away from his consciousness. "He's nothing," the lonely poetess brusquely wrote of him; and now, for the time, it was almost true, since he was little more than a thought of a vacant window.

When Renfrew was in this jellied state, something rather unusual was needed to rouse him—though a fire-de-

How I Increased My Salary More Than 300%

By JOSEPH ANDERSON

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—how the untrained man is always forced to work for small salary—how he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

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partment ladder-truck going by, with the gong palavering, had done it. What roused him today were sounds less metallic, but comparable in volume, and in certain ways more sensational. As he stood, fixed upon the window, he slowly and vaguely became aware that the children seemed to be excited about something. Like some woodland dreamer who discovers that a crow commune overhead has been in hot commotion for some time without his noticing it, he was not perturbed, but gradually wakened enough to wonder what the matter was. Then he turned and looked mildly about him.

HIS sister Daisy still held her slipper, but it was now in her left hand; in her right she had a shingle. Accompanied by Robert Eliot, she was advancing in a taunting manner upon Laurence Coy; and all three, as well as the rest of the children, may be described as continuously active and poignantly vociferous. Master Coy had armed himself with a croquet mallet, and his face expressed nothing short of red desperation; he was making a last stand. He warned the world that he would not be responsible for what he did with this mallet.

Master Eliot also had a mallet; he and Daisy moved toward Laurence, feinting, charging and retreating, while the other children whooped, squealed, danced and gave shrill advice how the outlaw might best be taken.

Daisy was the noisiest of all. "I'll show you, Mister Laurence Coy!" she cried. "You went an' tore my collar, an' you hit me with your elbow on my nose, an'—"

"I'm glad I did!" Laurence returned.

"It *hurts* me, too!" Daisy proclaimed.

"I'm glad it does! You had no business to grab me, an' I'm glad I—"

"We'll show you!" she promised him.

"Soon as we get hold of you, I'm goin' to spank you till this shingle's all wore out, an' then I'm goin' to keep on till my slipper's all wore out, an' then I'm goin' to take off my *other* slipper an'—"

"Look, Daisy," Elsie Thremer cried. "While Robert keeps in front of him, why don't you go round behind him? Then you could grab his mallet, and Robert could throw him down."

At this the dreamy Renfrew looked at Elsie in a moderate surprise. Elsie, earlier so aloof upon her higher plane, was the lady who had objected to roughness; it was she who said she didn't like "those fighting games." Yet here she was now, dancing and cheering on the attack, as wolfish as the rest, as intent as any upon violence to the unfortunate Laurence. Nay, it was she who had devised and set in motion the very engine for his undoing.

"Get behind him, Daisy," she squealed.

"That'll fix him!"

"She better *not* get behind me!" the grim Laurence warned them. "Her ole nose got *one* crack already today, an' if it gets another—"

"I'll take care o' that, Mister Laurence Coy!" Daisy assured him. "I'll look after my own nose, I kindly thank you!"

"Yes, you will!" he retorted bitterly. "It aint hardly big enough to see it, an' I bet if it comes off on this mallet, nobody could tell it was gone."

"I'll—I'll show you!" Daisy returned, finding no better repartee, though she evidently strove. "I'll pay you with this paddle for every one of your ole in-sulks!"

"Run behind him!" Elsie urged her. "Why don't you run behind and grab him?"

"You watch!" Daisy cried. "You keep pokin' at him in front, Robert." And she darted behind Laurence, striking at the swinging mallet with her shingle.

But Laurence turned too, pivoting; and as he did, Robert Eliot, swinging his own weapon, rushed forward. The two mallets clattered together; there was a struggle—a confused one, for there were three parties to it, Daisy seeming to be at once the most involved and the most vigorous of the three. Her left arm clung about Laurence's neck, with the sole of her slipper pressed against his face, which he strove hard to disengage from this undesirable juxtaposition; her right arm rose and fell repeatedly, producing a series of muffled sounds.

"I'll show you!" she said. "I'll show you whose nose you better talk about so much!"

"Ya-a-ay, Laurence!" the other children shouted. "Gettin' spanked by a girl! Ya-ay, Laur-ru-uce!"

They uproariously capered between Renfrew and the writhing group; but it struck him that the two mallets, which were both moving rather wildly, might do damage; and he moved toward the mêlée.

"Here!" he called. "What's all this nonsense? Put down those mallets."

HE spoke too late. The maddened Laurence's feelings differed little from those of a warrior manhandled by a squaw in the midst of the taunting tribe; and in his anguish his strength waxed exceedingly. His mallet described a brief arc in the air, and not Daisy's nose, but the more evident nose of fat Robert Eliot was the recipient. Contact was established audibly.

Robert squawked. He dropped his mallet, clasped his nose, and lay upon the good earth. Then when he looked at his ensanguined fingers, he seemed to feel that his end was hard upon him. He shrieked indeed.

Daisy also complained, an accident having befallen her, though she took it for no accident. "Ooh!" she said. "You made your elbow hit me in the stum-mick, Laurence Coy!" She stood as a semicircle, and clasped herself, while the noise of the other children was hushed,—except the extreme noise of Robert,—and the discomfort of sudden calamity fell upon them. Their silent mouths were all open, particularly that of Laurence Coy, whom Daisy did little to reassure.

"I bet I haf to have the doctor," she prophesied ominously; and then, pointing to the fallen, she added: "An' I bet Robert's goin' to die."

"Nonsense!" her brother said, bending over Robert. "Nonsense!"

But Laurence Coy did not hear this optimistic word. Laurence had no

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familiarity with mortal wounds; to his quaking eye, Robert bore a fatal appearance, and Daisy's chill prophecy seemed horribly plausible. Laurence departed. One moment he stood there, pallid and dumfounded, but present; and the next, no one could have defined his whereabouts with certainty. All that could be known was that he had gone, and from the manner of his going, it might well be thought that he was shocked to find himself overlooking a rendezvous he had given for this very moment at some distant spot; he had a hurried air.

Others were almost as deeply affected by Daisy's gloomy prophecy. As soon as she put the thought in their minds, Thomas Kimball, Freddie Mears and the remarkable Elsie were all convinced that Robert was near his passing, and with natural solicitude they had but the one thought in common: to establish an alibi.

"Weil, I never went anywhere near him," Elsie said. "I never even touched a mallet!"

"Neither'd I!" said Thomas Kimball. "I wasn't in ten feet of him."

"I wasn't in a hunderd!" said Freddie.

"It wasn't me!" Thomas protested. "I didn't have anything to do with it."

"It was Laurence Coy," said Freddie. "That's who it was."

"It was every bit Laurence Coy," said Elsie. "I told them not to play such rough games."

Thus protesting, the three moved shyly toward various exits from the yard, and protesting still, went forth toward their several dwelling-places—and went unnoticed, for Robert was the center of attention. The volume of sound he produced was undiminished, though the tone had elevated somewhat in pitch, and he seemed to intend words, probably of a reproachful nature; but as his excess of emotion enabled him to produce only vowels, the effect was confused, and what he wished to say could be little more than guessed.

"Hush, hush!" said Renfrew, trying to get him to stand up. "You'll bring the whole town here!"

Robert became more coherent. "He him me om my mose!"

"I know," said Renfrew. "But you're not much hurt."

Appearing to resent this, Robert cried the louder. "I am too!" he wailed. "I bet I do die!"

"Nonsense!"

"I bet he does," said the gloomy Daisy. "He is goin' to die, Renfrew."

Pessimism is useful sometimes, but this was not one of the times. When Robert heard Daisy thus again express her conviction, he gave forth an increased bellowing; and it was with difficulty that Renfrew got him to a hydrant in the side yard. Here, plaintively howling, with his head down, Robert encarnadined Renfrew's trousers at intervals, while the young man made a cold compress of a handkerchief and applied it to the swelling nose.

"If I—f I—f I die," the patient blubbered, during this process, "they got to ketch that lull-little Lull-Laurence Coy and huh-hang him!"

"Nonsense!" said Renfrew. "Stand still; your nose isn't even broken."

"Well, my stummick is," Daisy said, attending upon them and still in the semicircular attitude she had assumed for greater comfort. "I guess he broke that, if he never broke anything else, and whether he gets hung or not, I bet my mother'll tell his mother she's got to whip him, when she finds out."

"When she finds out what?" Renfrew asked.

"When she finds out what he did to my stummick!"

"Pooh," said Renfrew. "Both of you were teasing Laurence, and worrying him till he hardly knew what he was doing. Besides, there isn't really anything to speak of the matter with either of you."

Both resented his making light of injuries so sensational as theirs; and Robert released his voice in an intolerable howl. "There is too! An' if I got to die—"

"Stop that!" Renfrew commanded. "How many times must I tell you? You're not any more likely to die than I am!"

WITH that he was aware of a furious maiden entering the gate and running toward them across the lawn, and even as she sped, completing a hasty "putting up" of her hair.

"If he isn't 'likely to die,'" she cried, "I'd be glad to know whose fault it is! Not yours, I think, Renfrew Mears!"

At sight of his sister, Master Eliot bellowed anew; he wanted to tell his troubles all over again; but emotion in the presence of sympathy was too much for him; and once more he became all vowels, so that nothing definite could be gathered. Muriel clasped him to her. "Poor darling, Bobby!" she said. "Don't cry, darling! Sister'll take care of you!"

"Here," said Renfrew, proffering a fresh handkerchief. "Be careful. His nose isn't quite—"

She took the handkerchief and applied it, but gave the donor no thanks. "I never in all my life saw anything like it!" she exclaimed. "I never saw anything to compare with it!"

"Why, it didn't amount to so very much," Renfrew said mildly, though he was surprised at her vehemence. "The children were playing, and they got to teasing, and Robert got tapped on the—"

"Tapped!" she cried. "He might have been killed! But what I meant was you!"

"Me?"

"Certainly! You! I never saw anything like your behavior, and I saw it all from the sofa in my room. If I hadn't had to dress, I'd have been over here in time to stop it long before you did, Renfrew Mears!"

"Why, I don't understand at all," he protested feebly. "You seem angry with me! But all I've done was to put cold water on Robert's nose."

"That's it!" she cried. "You stood there—I saw you. You stood there, and never lifted a finger while those children were having the most dreadful fight with croquet mallets, not forty feet

from you! They might *all* have been killed, and my poor darling little brother almost *was* killed—"

At this, Robert interrupted her with fresh outcries, and clung to her pitifully. She soothed him, and turned her flashing and indignant eyes upon Renfrew.

"You stood there not like a man but like a block of wood," she said. "You didn't even *look* at them!"

"Why, no," said Renfrew. "I was looking at your window."

Apparently he felt that this was a thorough justification, and an explanation that explained everything. He seemed to imply that any man would naturally demean himself like a block of wood while engaged in the act of observation he mentioned, even though surrounded by circumstances of murder.

It routed Muriel. She had no words to express her feeling about a person who talked like that; and giving him but one instant to take in the full meaning of her compressed lips, her irate color and indignant breathing, she turned pointedly away. Then, with Robert clinging to her, she went across the lawn and forth from the gate, while Mr. Mears and his small sister watched in an impressed silence.

Some one else watched Muriel as she supported the feeble steps of the weeping fat boy across the street; and this was the self-styled woman-hater and celebrated malletoer, Master Laurence Coy. He was at a far distance down the street, and in the thorny middle of a hedge where no sheriff might behold him; but he could see, and he was relieved (though solely on his own account) to discover that Robert was still breathing. He was about to come out from the hedge when the disquieting afterthought struck him; Robert might have expressed a wish to be taken to die in his own home. Therefore Laurence remained yet a while where he was.

BY the hydrant, Daisy was so interested in the departure of the injured brother and raging sister that she had forgotten her broken stummick and the semi-circular position she had assumed to assuage it, or possibly to keep the broken parts together. She stood upright, watching the two emotional Eliots till they had disappeared round their own house in the direction of their own hydrant. Then she turned and looked up brightly at her brother.

"She's fearful mad, isn't she?" Daisy said, laughing. "She treats you awful, don't she?"

"Never mind," said Renfrew, and then he remembered something that had puzzled him not so painfully; and he wondered if Daisy might shed a light on this. "Daisy, what in the world made you pick on poor little Laurence the way you did?"

"Me?" she asked, surprised. "Why, it was Elsie told us to."

"That's it," Renfrew said. "That's what I want to know. Laurence was just as nice to her as he could be; he did everything he could think of to please her, and the first chance she got, she set the whole pack of you on him. What did she do a thing like that for?"

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Daisy picked a dandelion from the grass and began to eat it. "What?" she inquired.

"What makes Elsie so mean to poor little Laurence Coy?" the perplexed Renfrew continued his query.

"Oh, well," said Daisy casually, "she likes him best. She likes him best of all the boys in town." And then, swallow-

ing some petals of the dandelion, she added: "She treats him awful."

Renfrew looked at her thoughtfully; then his wondering eyes moved slowly upward till they rested once more upon the maple-embowered window over the way, and into his expression there came a hint of something almost hopeful.

"So she does!" he said.

THE ELEPHANT

(Continued from page 66)

intelligent young thing. She noted the professional aspect of the black satchel.

"Oh, yes," she said brightly, "go right upstairs and knock at the first door on the left."

None but a left-handed pachyderm from Texas would have followed those instructions so implicitly. He mounted the stairs; he turned to the left; he knocked on the door.

"Come in," said a voice.

He turned the knob, shoved forward and bulged into the room.

Miss Specs squealed, drew the bedclothes around her neck and stared at Joe Carey in dumb amazement.

"It's only me, Miss Specs," he blurted. "I was plumb sorry to hear you got hurt, and I thought maybe it would be all right to bring out a few things."

Without further ado he deposited the valise on a table, laid one after another of his contributions on the mantelpiece and then moved toward a rocker.

Miss Specs found her voice.

"Not that chair!" she implored. "It's weak. Look out for the chandelier! Oh, my God!"

HE paused awkwardly, with his head and shoulders lowered.

"Reckon, I better sit down somewheres, Miss Specs."

"Over on that lounge," she told him. "And don't move!"

He obeyed, and gazed at her helplessly.

Presently Miss Specs began to laugh, a little hysterically at first, because she was out of practice. But his sheepish grin helped her out, and finally feminine mirth broke through a decade of self-discipline, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"That Kewpie!" she gasped, pointing at the mantel. "Let me see it, Joe."

He brought it—also the box of chocolates.

Miss Specs had never anticipated owning a celluloid vamp. But neither had she ever expected to see a trained elephant invade her bedroom. She tugged at the absurd little skirt where it flared up disgracefully in the rear, but that only increased the brevity of Miss Gunga Din's apparel in front. Miss Specs flushed, and turned her attention to the goldfish.

He related the manner of their acquisition, and once more Miss Specs was driven to giggles.

"But the chocolates, Joe?"

"Oh, I bought those on the way up," he acknowledged.

Miss Specs' color came again. "Thank

you, Joe," she said quietly. "And now let me look over the pay-roll, please."

He gave her the envelope, and then returned to the bowl of goldfish, tapping with a heavy forefinger on the glass to attract the inmates' interest.

The assistant secretary of the Bruins found the figures quite correct, but she continued to lie there silently a moment, trying to recall whether Joe Carey was thirty-one or thirty-two.

She experienced a vague desire that it should be the latter.

He saw that the salary list was once again in the envelope.

"Reckon I'd better be going now, Miss Specs," he said. "Is there anything at the office you want me to bring you?"

His awkward bulk dwarfed the furniture; his blue eyes regarded her solicitously; his good-humored smile suggested a sort of land-locked harbor where all sorts of queer, disabled vessels might find safety and welcome. Miss Specs hesitated, looked dreamily at the goldfish and then at their donor.

"There is a small pile of unstamped envelopes on the top of my desk," she confided. "If you'd be kind enough to bring them—"

"Why, sure," he agreed. "Will tomorrow do?"

"Yes," she assented. Then, with his hand on the door, she stopped him again.

"Joe!"

"Yes marm."

"It was very nice of you to bring me these things. I wish—I wish, Joe, that you could manage just a little bit better with your fielding. I know you try hard, and Patsy says you've got more stuff than most men in the majors. Don't you think you could practice fielding your position?"

He released his hold on the door-knob, and came back to the bed, plucking thoughtfully at his cap.

"Wa-al, now," he drawled, "a fellow can't do more than try, Miss Specs."

"I—I wish you would," she said wistfully. "Everyone I ever bought has made good for me—and we all like you so much."

The horn-rimmed spectacles were on the bureau. The bicycle was in the basement, and the starched shirtwaist hidden away in the closet. Miss Specs' dark hair was fluffed over her temples, and a rose-colored negligee revealed a white throat. Somewhere in the brain of the Elephant the divine seed of a new intelligence showed the first symptoms of fertility.

"I wonder," he mused, "if Patsy will

let me work against the Wolves today. . . . Good-by, Miss Specs—I'll bring you the envelopes in the morning. The guy said to feed soda crackers to them fish."

THAT afternoon Jumbo won his game three to nothing. Later, in Peewee Patterson's room at the St. Charles, the little infielder broached the subject to the gang about the poker-table. Carey was not among those present.

"The Elephant's learned a new trick," confided the midget, "and it's a bear. Bull Feeny was going to chase him to the clubhouse in the sixth inning for swearing at him, but Jumbo explains he was talking to the ball."

"Talking to the ball! How come?" Cy Morgan put the query.

"You heard me right," said Peewee. "Bull says every time the big fellow got in a hole, or they started to bunt on him, he talked to the ball like he was rolling dice. I heard him myself, once. Sawyer was on second and McGovern laid down a bunt. I go in for it, leaving Johnson to cover third, but the Elephant comes charging over, grunting: 'Got to getcha—got to getcha! Got to getcha quick!'"

"And I'll be a Dutchman," concluded Peewee, "if he didn't pick that ball up with one hand and make the play at third! Of course, he fell on his neck afterward, but—you fellows saw him get his man."

"Ye-ah!" confirmed Coogan. "Looked like it was going to be a double play for a minute. I knew a pitcher once that learned control by chewing gum. Used to carry a wad on the button of his cap, and whenever things looked bad, he'd reach up and pop that old gum in his face. Seemed to help him a lot. Jumbo may speed up yet!"

Coogan called the turn on the left-hander from Texas. After all, it was no miracle that happened—merely psychology, which has far more to do with baseball than most people imagine. Joe Carey speeded up. His awkward frame was animated by a spirit that was new to him; his nervousness was overcome by the simple expedient of talking to the leather sphere. Back of his steady improvement was an elephantine purpose—a grim, ponderous progress that looked neither to the left nor right, nor brooked any obstacles. That is the way with all elephants.

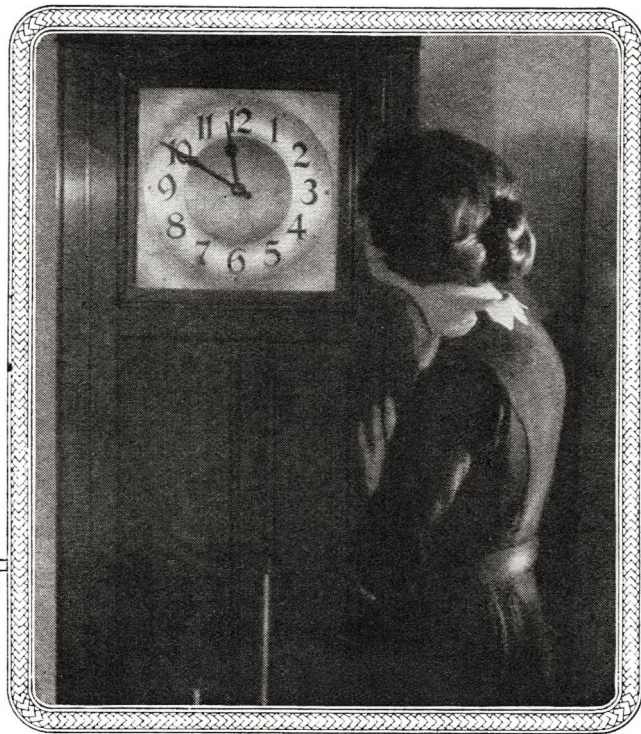
"Got to break you over that outside corner," he muttered to the ball—and the sphere went right where he told it.

"Man on first," he grunted again; "got to watch you pretty close—waste ball, Bill says—waste ball, remember. Ah—get over! *Whoops!* Nice baby!"

When a man tries very hard to improve himself, he usually succeeds, whether it be at building locomotives or playing marbles. Joe Carey always had plenty of stuff on the ball if you let him tuck his shirt in. He began to overcome his other weaknesses one after another, just by making a pal of the tool which stood for his trade.

"Darned if it aint wonderful," commented Peewee Patterson. "If Jumbo keeps on, he'll be drafted by one of them Russian ballets."

Most of this transformation took place



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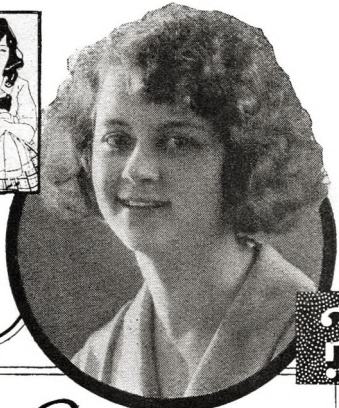
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while the Bruins were swinging around the circuit in July, and while Miss Specs was entombed in the little hall bedroom, with plenty of time to study the habits of goldfish, and to build castles in the air. She couldn't help constructing those atmospheric edifices, because there came in the mail regularly every week colored postcards from various points on the circuit, the cards all addressed in a sprawling hand, and respectfully calling her attention to the fact that nobody was bunting Joe Carey to the shower-baths any more.

Miss Specs limped to her office and resumed her accustomed duties on the morning the Bruins got in from Los Angeles for a two-weeks stay at home.

"Wa-al now, marm!" Jumbo greeted her, "you're looking fine! I'm sure glad to see you. Did you get the cards? I been going pretty good, Miss Specs—won eight straight, now!"

"I felt all along you could do it," Miss Specs told him; "and I'm so glad!"

"Are you, now?" he exclaimed, and then he saw Miss Gunga Din on top of the desk, alongside the gold baseball. He grinned broadly and then endeavored to look surprised.

"I thought you'd be giving that thing the air a long time ago," he confided.

"I should say not!" she answered indignantly, and then they both colored, and he wanted to know if she ever took in the movies.

THAT was the beginning of a brand-new game for both, and it revealed another deplorable weakness in the pachyderm. Further, it was a weakness that Miss Specs had not the slightest idea how to overcome. In the presence of the assistant secretary of the Bruins, Joe Carey was as noisy as an oyster, as fluent as a dumbbell, as replete with intelligent remarks as a goldfish. He arrived at the office in the morning at the same hour as Miss Specs; he departed in the evening at the same time; he took her to the movies at night, and to an ice-cream parlor afterward. He was her shadow, and just as hopelessly mute.

Fortunately there is a language not voiced by the tongue, and it can be easily learned even by gentlemen whose shirt-flaps come out when they exert themselves, and by ladies who ride a bicycle and wear starched waists.

By the end of August the situation was fairly plain to everyone, and bets were being made in the clubhouse on a time basis that the pair would eventually sign articles. Cy Morgan announced the odds: "Five to one Jumbo didn't propose that season; four to one against the following year; three to one for the third year, and even money on the fifth. Either end, boys, and no markers accepted!"

But just about this time, when Joe Carey was trying his best to get out of low gear, Fate in the form of a broken axle, four thousand miles away, stepped into the proceedings, and all bets were promptly canceled.

Miss Specs looked up from her desk one morning and discovered Dick Maguire, the Giants' scout, at her side. Usually Maguire came around in Septem-

ber—and didn't talk business until several days had elapsed. But he went right to the point this time.

"Seen the morning paper?" he asked. "Know why I'm here?"

Miss Specs hadn't, and didn't.

"All right," snapped the scout, and tossed over a sheaf of telegrams. "That'll explain. Maxwell, Kingston and Bill Bradley—hurt yesterday in a smash-up. A hundred thousand dollars' worth of pitchers in the hospital, and the club in first place by ten points! Name your terms on Joe Carey, Miss Specs—I want him on the train tonight!"

Miss Specs was dazed. "But—but—"

"No buts about it," Maguire blurted. "I saw Barney this morning, and Patsy Degnan at the hotel last night. Patsy's willing to help out. The Bruins can't do better than third, so you're not sacrificing the team's chances. Doyle said that he left all sales in your hands. Name your terms, and the deal's made."

Miss Specs fought for her self-control. "Can't you make it spring delivery?"

"Spring fiddlesticks!" roared Maguire. "See here, Miss Specs, I tipped you off to Jumbo in the first place, and he's carrying this club right on his back. Now, he's thirty-one, aint he?"

"Thirty-two," she corrected.

"All right—all right, so much the more reason you should give him his chance. If he joins us now, he gets a crack perhaps at World Series dough, but I want him tonight, or not at all. Here, let's not beat around any more. You saw those wires. I'll give fifteen thousand cash, and turn over two young pitchers in the spring. Say the word, and I'll buy his transportation now!"

Miss Specs studied the blotter before her. It was as blue as the eyes of Joe Carey. On top of the desk, leaning against the pile of baseball guides, Miss Gunga Din was vamping the gold baseball. The lips of the assistant secretary of the Bruins trembled, and she suddenly looked older than twenty-nine. Immediate delivery for Joe Carey—New York City and the World's Series! Immediate delivery—and no chance for Jumbo immediately to find his tongue!

"Shades of Pop Anson!" protested Maguire. "Aint fifteen thousand and two ball-players enough?"

"Oh, yes," said little Miss Specs. "It's quite fair. You—you can have him, Mr. Maguire. It's a wonderful opportunity for him, isn't it?"

"I'll say so!" he grunted. "Here's the check. I'll go hunt him up, and then arrange the transportation."

"You'll find him out on the diamond," she directed; "he—he practices fielding bunts about this time."

A HALF-HOUR later Jumbo came tramping in, his eyes unusually large, and his face unusually red. Miss Specs had been holding on to her nerves all the while. Not for nothing was she the sister of a man who had died smiling.

"Congratulations, Joe," she waved brightly. "How does it feel to be a major leaguer? You'd better go home and pack up; I'm going to have your transportation ready by four o'clock. Just think, Joe—you'll probably get a chance at the World's Series!"

"Huh," he mumbled, "I'd rather pitch around here, Miss Specs. I aint stuck on New York, Miss Specs. I—I—"

He came over to her desk and stood first on one foot and then another. She wanted to scream, but all she did was to say:

"Yes, Joe?"

He stared at her helplessly, unable to say a word. The assistant secretary felt her nerves giving way, and she rose abruptly.

"Good-by, Joe," she hurried. "We'll miss you dreadfully, of course, but you know how it is in baseball—a club has to take a fair price when it's offered. I'm afraid I'll have to get to work on the books now, Joe. If you'll come in at four o'clock, Mr. Maguire will have the transportation."

Joe Carey was unaccustomed to pitching to feminine batters. He comprehended only that Miss Specs had sold him, and now was anxious to get to work on her books. He sighed profoundly and gripped her hand in clumsy earnestness.

"Good-by, Miss Specs," he rumbled. "Reckon it's a good deal of a joke, me pitching for New York—but if it's you that's sending me up there, why, a fellow can't do more than try—can't do no more than try, Miss Specs."

He turned away and, hand on the door, asked:

"You don't mind if I send some cards? Kinda got used to doing it."

"I'll look for them," promised Miss Specs. "Good luck, Joe."

"I'll see you at four," he said, and turned away.

Outside in the corridor, he hitched at his belt, pulled at his cap, and shook his head dolefully. Finally he squared his shoulders and headed for the clubhouse to get his uniform. On the way, his memory reverted to the day in Texas he had received transportation to California. Lugubriously his voice rose in an ancient ditty:

"Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove
To signify I died of Love.
Fare thee well—"

He fell over a rake, left there by the groundkeeper, and arose swearing. Then he remembered that the grip containing his belongings was not in the clubhouse but in the office of the assistant secretary. He retraced his steps.

"I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee!"

The feminine dealer in diamond solitaires had neglected to lock the door. He turned the handle and went blundering in. Then he paused, very much disconcerted. Miss Specs was still sitting at her desk, but her head was down on her arms, and they were stretched flat on the broad blue blotter, one hand clutching Miss Gunga Din. Even a pachyderm from Texas could perceive that the assistant secretary of the Bruins was crying.

"Why, Miss Specs!" he exclaimed. "Why, Miss Specs—"



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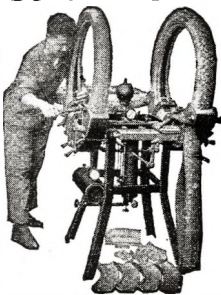
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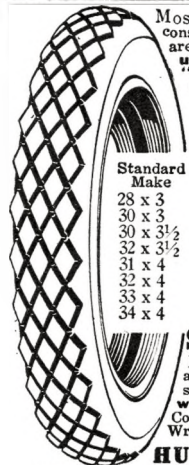


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"You g—get the hell out of here, Joe Carey," cried Miss Specs. "Go way from me—shoo!"

Still he stood there dumfounded. Desperately she searched for something to throw at him, and found the gold baseball with the autograph signatures. For a woman she threw it with remarkable control. Joe had been practicing fielding. Mechanically he elevated one huge paw and seized the sphere.

Put it down as an assist for Miss Specs. Jumbo had the ball—that was enough. He pulled himself erect, hitched at his belt and went lumbering into place at the side of the mahogany desk. The charm was on—Jumbo was talking to the ball.

"Got to getcha," he whispered, "got to get this one over. Right down the old alley you go. Come on, now—get over with it—right in the old glove. . . . Damned if I go to New York alone, Miss Specs. You could pack your things by tonight and go along, if only—"

"Joe Carey, are you—"

"Yes marm," he hurried, eyes still on the ball. "I'm trying to find out if you'll tie up with a fool elephant. I love you, Miss Specs—and—if you're willing to put up with me—I'll just about do any old thing them Giants ask."

THE door opened, and in swung Dick Maguire.

"Ah, there you are, big fellow! Now, about that transportation. I forgot to ask—you're single, aint you?"

"Wa-al, now," said Jumbo, scratching his head, "I'll be darned if I know. You came in here too quick."

"What's that?" Maguire demanded. And then, as he saw the scarlet cheeks of the assistant secretary: "Holy smoke! I guess I'd better go out and walk around awhile."

But on his way out the door the ivory-hunter couldn't resist a glance over his shoulder at the particular scoreboard where Cupid hangs up the figures. One peek was enough.

"Wow!" he commented. "Looks like it's tied up in the ninth, all right! Old Barney Doyle will throw a fit. Guess I'd better get a drawing-room, and route 'em via Niagara Falls!"

THE SETTLING OF THE SAGE

(Continued from page 32)

motioned to Harris. He went into the big front room that answered for both living-room and sleeping quarters. A fire burned in the rough stone fireplace; tanned pelts, Indian curios and Navajo rugs covered the walls; more rugs and pelts were strewn on the floor. Indian blankets partitioned off one end for her sleeping-room.

"You had something to tell me," she observed after he had remained silent for the space of a minute, sitting in the chair she had indicated and gazing into the fire.

"And I'll have to start it a little different from the way I first counted on," he said. "Have any of the boys mentioned my name to you?"

She shook her head and waited for him to go on.

"You wont care much to hear it," he announced. "I'd thought some of spending two years here under some other name—but perhaps it's better to come right out in the open—don't you think?"

THE girl had straightened in her chair and was leaning toward him, her face white and her gray eyes boring straight into his. She knew now who he was—the man she had more reason to despise than all others on earth combined—Calvin Harris. On all sides she had evidence that men were wolves who preyed upon the interests of others, and there was not a doubt in her mind that the father of the man before her had preyed upon her interests through the sentiment of her parent—no other possible theory could account for the strange disposal of his property, the will dated and signed at the exact time of his visit to the Harrises. That will had

stipulated that half of his property should go to the younger Harris under the condition that the man should make his home on the Three Bar for two out of the first three years after her father's decease. The whole of it was to go to him in case she failed to make her own home at the Three Bar during her co-heir's stay, or in the event of her marriage to another before the expiration of three years.

"I've known all the time you would come," she said now.

"It's too bad, Billie," he replied. "It's tough having me wished onto you this way."

"Don't play that game with me!" she flared. "Of course you've disproved every human decency in advance."

"It sure looms up like that on the surface," he admitted ruefully. "But I didn't have a hand in cinching you this way."

"You could have proved that by staying away. I wrote you a year ago that I'd donate you a half-interest in the Three Bar at the expiration of the time, if you'd only keep off the place. But at the last moment you couldn't resist having it all. Ten more days, and you'd have been too late."

The man nodded slowly.

"Too late," he agreed, and sat looking into the fire.

"Of course I'm tied here for two years," she said, "—or left penniless. If you can make it unpleasant enough to drive me away,—which wont be difficult,—you win."

"I wouldn't count too strong on that," he counseled mildly.

"Then why did you come?" she insisted. "Half of it was yours by merely keeping away."

CHAPTER III

"Maybe I'm sort of tied up myself—in ways you don't suspect," he offered. "Very likely!" she returned. "Sounds plausible! You might offer to marry me," she suggested when he failed to answer. "You could gain full possession at once that way."

He removed his gaze from the fire and looked long at her.

"It will likely come to that," he said calmly.

"I'll put a weapon in your hands," she retorted. "Whenever it does come to that, I'll leave the ranch—so now you know the one sure way to win."

"I hope it wont pan out like that," he said. "I'll be disappointed—more than I can say."

She rose and waited for him to go. "Good night, Billie," he said. "I expect maybe things will break all right for us."

SHE did not answer, and he went out. Waddles hailed him in friendly fashion as he passed through the cook-house, then wiped his hands and stepped into Billie's quarters.

"That new man, now, Billie," he remarked. "He's away ahead of the average run. You mark me—he'll be top hand with this outfit in no time at all." Then he observed the girl's expression. "What is it, Pet?" he inquired. "What's a-frettin' you?"

"Do you know who he is?" she asked. Waddles wagged a negative head. "He's Calvin Harris."

Instead of the blank dismay which she had expected to see on Waddle's face at this announcement, it seemed to her that the big man was pleased.

"The hell!" he exclaimed. "Scuse me, Billie. So this here is Cal! Well, well—now, what do you think of that?"

"I think that I don't want to stay here alone with him while you're out after the horses," she returned.

"Wrong idea!" the big man promptly contradicted. "You've got to stick it out for two years, girl. The best thing you can do is to get acquainted, and figure out how to get along the best you can—the pair of you."

"That's probably true," she assented indifferently. "I'll have to face a number of things that are equally unpleasant in the next two years—so I might as well start now. He must have praised the food in order to win you to his side in two minutes flat."

Waddles' face expressed pained reproach.

"Now, there it is again!" he said. "You know I'm only on one side—yours. Old Cal Warren had some definite notion when he framed this play; so it's likely this young Cal is on your side too."

"But even more likely not," she stated. "Then what?"

"Why, then I'll have to kill him and put a stop to it," the big man announced. "In case he acts up, I'll clamp down on him real sudden," he added by way of further reassurance.

His great paw opened and shut to illustrate his point as he moved toward the door, and the Three-Bar girl knew that when Waddles spoke of clamping down, it was no mere figure of speech.

BILLIE WARREN heard the steady buzz of a saw, then the ringing strokes of an ax. The men had departed three hours before, to be gone for a week on the horse round-up, but she had not yet issued from her own quarters. The music of ax and saw was ample evidence that her new and undesired partner was making valuable use of his time. She went outside, and he struck the ax in a cross-section of pine-log as she moved toward him.

"We'll have to get along the best we can," she announced abruptly. "Of course you will have a say in the management of the Three Bar and draw the same amount for yourself that I do."

He sat on a log and twisted a cigarette as he reflected upon this statement.

"I'd rather not do that," he decided. "I don't want to be a drain on the brand—but to help build it up. Suppose I just serve as an extra hand and do whatever necessary turns up—in return for your letting me advise with you on a few points that I happen to have worked out while I was prowling through the country."

"Any way you like," she returned. "It's for you to decide. Any money that you fail to draw now, will revert to you in the end, so it wont matter in the least."

His reply was irrelevant, a deliberate refusal to notice her ungenerous misinterpretation of his offer.

"Do you mind if I gather a few Three-Bar colts round here close, and break out my own string before they get back?" he asked.

"Anything you like," she repeated. "I'm not going to quarrel. I've made up my mind to that. I'll be gone the rest of the day."

FIVE minutes later, he saw her ride down the lane.

She was not seeking companionship, but rather solitude, and for hours she drifted aimlessly across the range, sometimes dismounting on a point that afforded a good view, and reclining in the warm spring sun. Dusk was falling when she rode back to the Three Bar. She turned her sorrel, Papoose, into the corral, and noticed several four-year-old colts in the pasture lot. As she returned to the house, Harris appeared in the doorway.

"Grub-pile!" he announced. They sat down to a meal of broiled steak, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, coffee and raspberry jam. She had deliberately absented herself through the noon hour and well past the time for the evening meal, confidently expecting to find him impatiently waiting for her to return and prepare food for him.

"You make good biscuits—better than those Waddles stirs up," she said. "Though I'd never dare tell him so!" It was the first time she had conceded him even that much.

"Well, yes—they're some better than those I usually turn out," he confessed. "Having a lady to feed, I flaked the lard in cold instead of just melting it and stirring it in like I most generally



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When the meal was finished, she rose without a word and went into her own quarters, convinced that this desertion would certainly call forth a protest; but the man went calmly about the business of washing the dishes as if he had expected nothing else, and presently she heard the door close behind him, and immediately afterwards a light appeared in the bunk-house window.

THE rattle of pots and pans roused her before daylight. Some thirty minutes later he called to her.

"I've finished," he said. "You'd better eat yours before it gets cold." And the closing of the door announced that he had gone without waiting for an answer. She heard again the sound of saw and ax as he worked up the dry logs into stove-lengths. At least, he was making good his word to the cook. The sounds ceased when the sun was an hour high, and when she looked out to determine the reason, she saw him working with the colts in one of the smaller corrals. Later she saw him repairing the main gate to the big corral.

This completed to his satisfaction, he fashioned heavy slabs of wood to serve as extra brake-blocks for the chuck-wagon. Between the performance of each two self-appointed tasks, he spent some little time with the colts, handling them and teaching them not to fear his approach, cinching his saddle on first one and then the next, talking to them and handling their heads. . . .

For three days there was little communication between the two. It was evident that he had no intention of forcing his society upon the girl, and her failure to prepare his meals elicited not a single sign to show that he had expected otherwise; the contrary was true, in fact, for he invariably prepared enough for two. It was clear that he exercised the same patience toward her that he showed in handling the green four-year-olds; and she was inclined to be a little scornful of his method of gentle-breaking them.

In the afternoon of the third day she saw him swing to the back of a big bay, easing into the saddle without a jar, and the colt ambled round the corral, rolling his eyes back toward the thing clamped upon him, but making no attempt to pitch. Harris dismounted and stripped off the saddle, cinched it on a second horse and let him stand, leading a third out to a snubbing-post near the door of the blacksmith shop, where he proceeded to put on a first set of shoes.

The girl went out and sat on the sill of the shop door and watched him. The colt pulled back in an effort to release the forefoot that the man held clamped between his leather-clad knees, then changed his tactics, and sagged his weight against Harris.

"You, Babe!" the man ordered. "Don't you go leaning on me." He pared down the hoof and fitted the shoe, but before nailing it on, he released the colt's foot and addressed the girl: "If I'd fight him now while he's spooky and half-scared, it would spoil him, maybe."

"I gentle-break mine too," she said, and the man overlooked the inflection which, as plainly as words, was intended to convey the impression that his ways were effeminate. "If every man used up his time gentling his string, he'd never have a day off to work at anything else."

"Why, it don't use up much time," he objected. "They halfway break themselves, standing round with a saddle on, and having a man handle them a little between spells of regular work—like cutting firewood and such. And it's a saving of time in the end. There's three hundred-odd days every year when a man consumes considerable time fighting every horse he steps up on—if they're broke that way to start."

"So your only reason for not riding them out is to save time," she said.

"If you mean that I'm scairt," he observed, "why, I don't know as I'd bother to dispute it." He moved over and sat on his heels facing her, twisting the ever-handy cigarette. "Listen," he urged. "Let's you and me try to get along. Now, if you'll only make up your mind that I'm not out to grab the Three Bar, not even the half of it that's supposed to be mine,—unless you get paid for it,—why, we're liable to get to liking each other real well in the end. I'll give you a contract to that effect."

"Which you know would be worthless!" she returned. "It specifically states that any agreements between us prior to the time of division are to be disregarded. A written contract would have no more value than your unsupported promise, and in view of what's happened, you don't expect me to place a value on that!"

He pulled reflectively at his cigarette, and she rather expected another of the irrelevant remarks with which he so often replied to her pointed thrusts.

"No," he said at last. "But it's a fact that I don't want the Three Bar—or rather, I do if you should ever decide to sell."

"I never will," she stated positively. "It's always been my home. I've been away and had a good time—three winters in school, and enjoying every minute; but there always comes a time when I'm sick to get back, when I know I can't stay away from the Three Bar, when I want to smell the sage, and jump on a horse—and ride!"

"I know, Billie," he said softly. "I was raised here, up until I was eight. My feeling is likely less acute than yours, but I've always hankered to get back to where the sage and pine trees run together. I mentioned awhile back that I was tied up peculiar and stood to lose considerable if I failed to put in two years out here—which wouldn't have been of any particular consequence, only that I found out that the Three Bar was going under unless some one put a stop to what's going on. I'll pull it out of the hole, maybe, and hand it back to you."

She was swayed into a momentary belief in his sincerity but steeled herself against it, and in the effort to strengthen the crumbling walls of her dislike, she fell back on open ridicule.

"You!" she flared. "And what can you do against it—a man that was

raised in a squatter country behind a barb-wire fence, who has to gentle his horses before he can sit up on one, who has hitched a gun on his belt because he thinks it's the thing to do, and has stowed it in a place where he'd have to tie himself in a knot—or undress—to reach it? And then you talk of pulling the Three Bar out of a hole! Why, there are twenty men within fifty miles of here that would kill you the first move you made."

"There's considerable sound truth in that," he said. He looked down at his gun; it swung on his left side, in front, the butt pointing toward the right. "It's easier to work with it sort of out of the way of my hands," he explained, and smiled.

She found herself liking him even in the face of the treachery he and his father, as she believed, had practiced against her father; and she was correspondingly angry, both with herself and at him. She left him without a word and returned to the house.

He finished putting the shoes on the colt, and as he turned him back into the corral, he observed a horseman jogging up the lane at a trail-trot. He knew the man for Slade, whose home ranch lay forty miles to the south and a little west, the owner of the largest outfit in that end of the State—a man feared by his competitors, quick to resent an insinuation against his business methods, and capable of backing his resentment.

SLADE dropped from his horse and accorded Harris only a casual nod as he headed for the house. Slade's face was of a peculiar cast. The black eyes were set very close together in a wide face; his cheek-bones were low. Yet there was a certain fascination about his face and bearing that appealed to the spark of the primitive in women, that last lingering cell that harks fondly back to man in the raw.

He walked through the cook-house and opened the door of the girl's quarters without the formality of a knock, as if he were a frequent visitor and sure of his privileges.

"How many times have I told you to knock?" she demanded. "The next time you forget it, I'll go out as you come in."

Slade dropped into a chair.

"I never have knocked—not in twelve years," he said.

"It was somewhat different when I was a little girl and you were only a friend of my father," she replied. "But now—"

"But now that I've come to see you as a woman, it's different?" he inquired. "No reason for that."

She switched the conversation and spoke of the coming round-up, of the poor condition of range-stock owing to the severity of the winter; but it was a monologue. For a time the man sat and listened, as if he enjoyed the sound of her voice, contributing nothing to the conversation himself; then suddenly he stirred in his chair and waved a hand to indicate the unimportance of the topics.

"Yes, yes—true enough," he interrupted. "But I didn't come to talk

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about that. When are you coming home with me, Billie?"

"And you can't come if you insist on talking about that," she countered.

"I'll come," he stated. "Tell me when you're going to move over to the Circle P."

"Not ever," she said. "I'd rather be a man's horse than his wife. Men treat women like little tinsel queens before, and afterward they answer to save a cook's wages and drudge their lives out feeding a bunch of half-starved hands—or else go to the other extreme. Wives are either work-horses or pets. I was raised like a boy, and I want to have a say in running things myself."

"You can go your own gait," he pledged.

"I'm doing that now," she returned.

Slade rose and moved over to her, taking her hands and lifting her from her chair.

The girl pushed him back with a hand braced against his chest.

"Stop it!" she said. "You're getting wilder every time you come, but you've never pawed at me before. I won't have people's hands on me." And she made a grimace of distaste.

Slade reached out again and drew her to him. She wrenched away and faced him.

"That will be the last time you'll do that until I give the word," she said. "I don't want the Circle P, or you. When I do, I'll let you know!"

He moved toward her again, and she refused to back away from him, but stood with her hands at her sides.

"If you put a finger on me, it's the last time you'll visit the Three Bar," she calmly announced.

He stood so close as almost to touch her, but she failed to lift a hand or move back an inch, and Slade knew that he faced one whose spirit matched his own, perhaps the one person within a hundred miles who did not fear him. He had tamed men and horses—and women; he raised his arms slowly, deliberately, to see if she would flinch away or stand fast and outgame him. She knew that he was harmless to her—and he knew it. He might perpetrate almost any crime on the calendar and come clear; but in this land where women were few, they were honored. One whisper from the Three-Bar girl that Slade had raised his hand against her, and powerful as he was, the hunt for him would be on, with every man's hand against him.

His arms had half circled her when he whirled, catlike, every faculty cool and alert, as a voice sounded from the door.

"I've finished cleaning up round the shop and corrals," Harris said. "Is there any rubbish round the house you'd like to have thrown out and piled in a dry-gulch somewhere out of sight?"

He stood in the doorway, half facing them, his left side quartering toward Slade. To the girl it appeared that the strange pose was for the purpose of enabling him to take a quick step to the right and spring outside if Slade should make a move, and she felt a tinge of scorn at his precaution, even though she knew that it would avail him nothing if Slade's deadly temper was roused by

the insult. Slade, who had killed many, would add Harris to his list before he could move.

Slade's understanding of the quartering position and the odd sling of Harris' gun was entirely different; he shifted his feet until he faced the man at the door, and his movements were slow and deliberate, nothing that could be misconstrued.

"Who summoned you in here?" he demanded.

Harris did not reply, but stood waiting for some word from the girl. She had a sudden sick dread that Slade would kill him, and was surprised at the sentiment, for no longer than an hour before, she had wished him dead. She made belated answer to his original question.

"No," she said. "Go on out, please."

He turned his back on Slade and went out.

"And you," she said to Slade. "you'd best be going too. We've been too good neighbors to quarrel—unless you come over again with the same idea you had today."

AT sunset the girl called to Harris, and he repaired to the house and found her putting a hot meal for two on the end of the long pine table, the first time she had deigned to eat with him since that first meal.

"There's no use of our going on like this," she said. "We've two years of it to face; so it's best to get on some kind of a neutral footing."

For her own peace of mind she had tried to smother her dislike of him, and he was very careful to avoid any topic that would rekindle it. They washed the dishes together, and from that hour their relations, to all outward appearance, were friendly or at least devoid of open hostility. They no longer ate separately; she did not avoid him during the day, and the second evening she prepared two places at her own table in the big living-room before the fireplace.

"It's so empty out there," she explained. "with only the two of us at a table built for twenty."

He lingered for an hour's chat before her fire, and each evening thereafter was the same. But he knew that she was merely struggling to make the best of a situation that was distasteful, and that her opinion of him was unaltered. One night she touched on a new point.

"What was the reason for your first idea—of coming here under another name?" she demanded.

"I thought maybe others knew I'd been left a part interest," he said. "and it might be embarrassing. The way it is, with only the two of us knowing the inside, I can stay on as a regular hand until the time is up."

"You're so plausible," she said. "You put it as a favor to me. Did it ever strike you that if the truth were known, it might also be uncomfortable for you?"

He smiled across at her, and once more she frowned as she discovered that he was likable for all his underhandedness.

"Worse than that—suicidal," he admitted. "If you mentioned what you think of me, that I've framed to rob

you by law, you wouldn't be bothered with me for long." He laughed softly and stretched his feet toward the fire. "Look at it any way you like, and I'm in bad shape to deal you any misery," he pointed out. "If you'd drop a hint that I'm an unwelcome addition, it would only be a matter of days until I'd fail to show up for meals. If you view it from that angle, you can see I'm setting on the powder-can."

She did see it, but had not so clearly realized it till he pointed it out, and for the first time she wavered in her conviction that he had come simply to deprive her of her rights. But the thought that her father would not easily have willed away the home place to another without being unduly influenced served to reinstate her distrust, along with a vague resentment for his having shaken it by throwing himself so openly on her mercy.

"You probably thought to overcome that by reaching the point the whole thing so patently aims for," she said. "And you calculated well—arriving at a time when we'd be alone for a week. The whole scheme was based on that idea, and I've been patiently wondering why you don't rush matters and invite me to marry you."

He rose and flicked the ash from his cigarette into the fireplace.

"I do invite you—right now," he said, and in her surprise she left her chair and stood facing him. "I'd like real well to have you, Billie."

"That's the final proof," she said. "I'm surprised that you didn't tell me the first day."

"So am I," he said.

She found no answer for this, but stood silent, knowing that she had suddenly become afraid of him.

"And that's the living truth," he affirmed. "Other men have loved you the first day. You know men well enough to be certain that I wouldn't be tied to one woman for the sake of owning a few head of cows—not if I didn't want her for herself." He waved an arm toward the door. "There's millions of miles of sage just outside," he said. "And millions of cows—and girls."

HE moved across to her and stood almost touching her, looking down into her face. When Slade had stood so a few days past, she had been coldly indifferent, except for a shiver of distaste at the thought of his touching her. Before Harris she felt a weakening, a need of support, and she leaned back from him and placed one hand behind her on the table.

"You judge for yourself whether a man wouldn't be right foolish—with all those things I mentioned right outside to call him—to marry a woman he didn't want for herself, because she had a few hundred head of cows." He smiled down at her. "Don't pull back from me, Billie; I won't lay a finger on you. But now do you think it's you I want—the little old Three Bar?"

"You can prove it," she said at last, "prove it by going away for six months—or three."

He shook his head.

"Not that," he said. "I've told you I

was sewed up in a right peculiar way myself—which wouldn't matter a damn if it wasn't for this. I'd have tossed it off in a second if the girl on the Three Bar had turned out to be any other than you. Now I'm going to see it through. The Three Bar is going under—the brand both our folks helped to found—unless it's pulled out of the hole. Believe me if you can; and if you can't—why, you know that one remark about my being unwelcome here will clear the road for you, like I mentioned a few minutes back."

He turned away—and she had not moved when the door closed behind him.

AN hour past noon of the following day a drove of horses appeared at the lower extremity of the valley and swept on toward the ranch. As Harris threw open the gates of the big corral, he saw her standing in the doorway of the cook-house watching the oncoming drove. Riders flanked the bunch well out to each side to steady it. There was a roar of hoofs and a stifling cloud of dust as three hundred half-wild horses clattered past and crowded through the gates, scattering swiftly across the pasture-lot back of the corral. A dozen sweat-streaked riders swung from their saddles. There was no chance to distinguish color or kind among them through the dust caked in the week-old growth of beard on every face.

One man remained on his mount and followed the horses into the pasture lot, cutting out fifty or more and heading them back into the corral—for Waddles had decreed that they could have the rest of the afternoon off for a jaunt to Brill's Store, and they waited only to change mounts before the start.

Calico stood drooping sleepily in one of the smaller corrals, and Harris moved toward him, intending to ride over with the rest of the men.

"The boss said for you to ride Blue," Morrow stated as Harris passed the group at the gates of the corral. "He's clear gentle-broke, Blue is."

The men looked up in surprise. Morrow had not been near the house to receive instructions from the girl. The lie had been so apparent as to constitute a direct challenge to the other man.

Harris stood looking at him, then shrugged his shoulders.

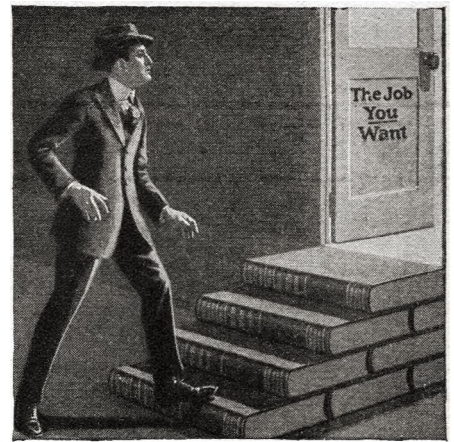
"Whatever the boss says goes with me," he returned evenly.

A rangy blue roan swept past with fifty or so others. At least once every round of the corral he laid back his ears and squealed as he scored some other horse with his teeth or lashed out with wicked heels.

"I reckon that'll be Blue?" Harris asked of Evans, and the lanky one nodded. The men scattered round the corral, and each watched his chance to put his rope on a chosen horse. The roan kept others always between himself and any man with a rope, but at last he passed Harris with but one horse between. Harris flipped his noose across the back of the intervening horse and over the blue roan's head.

Blue stopped the instant the rope tightened on his neck.

"You've been busted and rope-burnt



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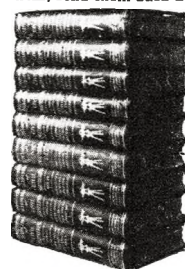
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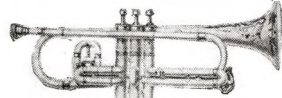
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a time or two," Harris remarked, and he led the horse out to saddle him. The big blue leaned back, crouching on his haunches as the man put on the hackamore. His eyes rolled wickedly as Harris smoothed the saddle blanket, and he flinched away with a whistling snort of fear, his nostrils flaring, as the heavy saddle was thrown on his back.

Harris tightened the front cinch, and the blue horse braced himself and drew in a long, deep breath.

"That's right, Blue, you swell up and inflate yourself," Harris said. "I'll have to squeeze it out of you." He fastened the hind cinch loosely, then returned to the front and hauled on the latigo until the pressure forced the horse to release the indrawn breath, and it leaked out of him with a groaning sigh.

"I wonder, now, why Morrow is whetting his tomahawk for me," Harris remarked as he inspected the big roan. "You're a hard one, Blue. I'll let that saddle warm up on you before I top you off."

Every horse pitched a few jumps from force of habit when first mounted, some of them indifferently, others viciously, then moved restlessly around, anxious for the start.

"Well, step up on him and let's be going," Morrow ordered surlily.

Harris took a short hold on the rope reins of the hackamore with his left hand, cramped the horse's head toward him and gripped the mane, his right hand on the horn, and swung gently to the saddle, easing into it without a jar.

"Easy, Blue!" he said, holding up the big roan's head. "Don't you hang your head with me." He eased the horse to a jerky start, and they were off for Brill's at a shuffling trot. Three times in the first mile Blue bunched himself nervously and made a few stiff jumps, but each time Harris held him steady. The pace was increased to a long, swinging trot, and he felt the play of powerful muscles under him as the blue horse seemed to reach out for distance at every stride.

"You'd have made one good little horse, Blue," he said, "if some sport hadn't spoiled you on the start."

"Don't speak loud, or the blue horse might shy and spill his pack," Morrow remarked in a tone loud enough for Harris to overhear. Evans turned in his saddle and eyed the dark man.

"He went upset his load today," he prophesied. "Harris is just past the colt stage, round twenty-seven or -eight somewhere, and has outgrown his longing to show off. But he'll be able to sit up in the middle of anything that starts to move out from under him."

THEY left the horses drooping at the several hitch-rails before Brill's and crowded in. A few paused along the counters of merchandise that flanked the left side of the big room, while the rest headed straight for the long bar that extended the full length of the opposite side. The Three-Bar men had scarcely tossed off their first drink before there sounded a clatter of hoofs outside, and twelve men from the Halfmoon D trooped in.

"Out of the way!" the foremost youth

shouted. "Back off from the pine slab, you Three-Bar soaks, and give parched folks a chance. Two hours play and six months work—so don't delay me."

The throng before the bar was a riot of color; angora chaps ranging from orange and lavender to black and silky white, smooth leather chaps, and stamped, silver-ornamented and plain, with here and there an individual design, showing that the owner had selected some queerly spotted steer and tanned the pelt with the hair on to be fashioned into gaudy vest and pants—an improvident, care-free lot who lived for the day, with scarce a thought for the morrow. The clatter of sardine and salmon cans mingled with the clink of glassware at the bar as the men who had missed the noon meal lunched out of cans between drinks.

Some few left the group at the bar, and occupied themselves with writing. Several started a game of stud poker at one of the many tables. Harris wrote a few letters before joining in the play, and as he looked up from time to time, he caught many curious glances leveled upon him. Morrow had been busily spreading the tidings that a would-be squatter was among them, and they were curious to see the man who had deliberately defied the unwritten law of the Coldriver range. When Harris had finished his writing, he crossed over to the group, tossed a bill on the bar and waved all hands to a drink.

Waddles had instructed Evans to start the men back before the spree had progressed to a point where they would refuse to depart from Brill's and so leave the Three Bar short-handed. At the end of two hours he looked at his watch and snapped it shut.

"Turn out!" he shouted. "On your horses!"

"That goes for my men too," the Halfmoon-D foreman seconded. "Outside!"

MORROW had not neglected to inform the men from the Halfmoon D that Harris gentled his horses.

"Handle the little roan horse gentle," he advised as they moved toward the door. "Better hobble your stirrups before you crawl him." Several men turned and grinned. In riding contests women were allowed to hobble their stirrups, but the same precaution disqualified a man.

Most of the men were young, scarcely more than boys, full of rough play and youthful pride of accomplishment, along with a desire to make a presumably careless display of it. A Halfmoon-D youth mounted a blocky bay, and as he threw his leg across it, he loosed a shrill yip and reached forward to rake the horse's shoulder. The bay dropped his head and performed. A half-dozen others followed his example, and their horses pitched off in as many directions. All eyes were turned on Harris as he neared the big roan.

"Oh, I might as well act up a little," he said to Evans. "They seem to be looking for it."

"He's a hard citizen, that roan," Evans remarked. "I'll wrangle for you, Cal." Harris stepped over to the horse.

"I wonder what old Blue can do," he said. He hooked the roan in the shoulder as he mounted, and the horse plunged his head between his knees and rose in the air. The big roan bawled and expelled a long drawn "wa-a-ugh" each time he struck the ground, then savagely shook his whole frame as he rose again. The first four jumps Harris swung both feet forward and hooked his shoulders and the next two bounds reached back and raked his flanks, the regulation rules prescribed for contest riding.

"He's riding for the judges," a megaphone voice announced. "Boy, you've rode your horse!"

Blue varied his leaps, draping himself in fantastic curves, lighting on a slant with his side arched out, sunfishing and swapping ends, then threw himself over and smashed down on his back. Harris slipped sidewise and cleared himself.

"Fourteen jumps," one man testified. "One hell of a long time on a eel like that!"

AS Blue regained his feet, Harris stepped into the saddle and rose with him, the hackamore rope trailing loose under the horse's feet. A chorus of approving yelps broke out.

"Rake him from ears to tail-roots!" "Ri-ide 'im, rider!" "Hang 'em up into that horse!" "Claw him!"

This wave of questionable advice ceased as Blue, after three short jumps, somersaulted forward and his rider made a headlong side-dive for safety.

Evans had flanked the roan's course, and he now leaned from the saddle and seized the hackamore rope; and as Blue scrambled to his feet, he took two quick turns of the rope and snubbed his head short to the saddle horn. The roan struggled and threw himself, his head still suspended by the rope, rose and reared to strike savagely at the man who held him, but Evans left his saddle and leaned far out, his right foot on the ground, left still in the stirrup, and eased himself back into the saddle as the fighting horse slid down. He had never once lost his hold which snubbed Blue to the horn—a pretty bit of wrangling.

"He's on the fight now," Evans said. "I'll hold him solid till he cools down—which wont be long, for Cal didn't cut him any; he was swinging his feet free and never hooked him once." He jerked his thumb at the roan's shoulder and flanks, where not a drop of blood appeared—his hide would have been tattered, if Harris had driven home his rowels each time he swung his feet. "Nice ride!"

Harris walked back to a small group that had not yet mounted, Morrow among them. His left side was quartering toward Morrow, and apparently he was addressing the group as a whole instead of any one man.

"The next time some one frames me to put on a show like that," he said, "why, he'd better make certain beforehand about what part he's willing to play in the performance himself—for next time I wont take it out of the horse."

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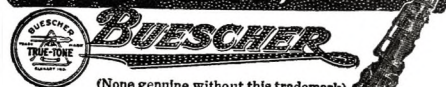
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.....Electrical Engineer \$4,000 to \$10,000Fire Insurance Expert \$3,000 to \$10,000
.....General Education In one year	

Name..... Address.....

SOULS FOR SALE

(Continued from page 43)

young man to whom she was affianced had been somehow impelled by seeing through the window her parents kissing her good night, to want to add his kiss to theirs. On the porch that frowned out the heathen moon, he had held her hand a little more straitly than was his wont. He had drawn her to him and moved toward her. There had seemed to be volition in neither of them; they just floated together with a mysterious bewilderment. . . .

Remember, sitting in the train, closed her eyes in a sudden return of memory like a re-experience. She almost swooned with a terror of remembrance, and her repentance seemed to flee, contemptible and ridiculous, as her reason had fled from that first visit of romance.

She returned slowly from the voyage of her soul into memory and wondered what had passed before her eyes in the long interim. She was learning to know herself and in herself to know humanity. Her ignorance had been abysmal. To those who can believe ignorance beautiful, it had been ideal. There was peace of a sort in those sheltered cañons, but now she was climbing the mountains, the crags. She would see strange snows, strange flowers, exquisite deserts, smothering Edens.

THE clanking uproar of the entrance into a city filled her ears and drove away the music of the fiends. Factories, warehouses, freight-trains, roundhouses, warning bells at street-crossings where watchmen stood with flags before long bars, all the usual noisy bustle of approach to a large town assailed her. The train seemed to hurry though it went more slowly. It was the plenitude of objects of interest that gave it the illusion of speed, as it is in the passage of life. Remember had never seen a great city, and this third-rate metropolis had a tremendous majesty in her eyes.

One of the women passengers, whose voice had outlicked the wheels, asked the porter how long the train would stop, and when the diplomat said, "Eight minutes, miss," she made a loud declaration of her intention to stretch her legs. Others made ready for a breath of air. And so did Remember, who was spying and eavesdropping on everybody, picking up what hints she could to disguise her ignorance of travel and appear as a complete railroader.

The passengers choked the strait corridor along the row of compartments, and Remember took her place in the line. One of the doors opened and framed a tall and powerful young man with a peculiarly wistful face. His eyes brushed Remember, and he lifted his hat as he asked her pardon for squeezing past her.

He knocked at another steel door and called through: "Oh, Robina, better come out for a bit of exercise."

While he waited, some of the passengers were twisting their necks to watch him, and nudging and whispering to one another. When the door opened and

Robina stepped out, there was such a sensation and such a boorish staring that Remember turned to look.

A young woman of an almost dazzling beauty came out smiling and bareheaded. She noted the yokelery in the corridor, and her smile died. She stepped back into her stateroom, and when she reappeared, she wore a large drooping hat and a thick black veil.

"I envy you the privilege of the veil," the young man said. Remember could not hear her answer, for the passengers began to move out, and she was carried forward with them to the steps and the station platform into a morass of handbags and red-capped negro porters. She escaped the tangle and found a clear space for her promenade.

Remember walked up and down the platform as if her feet were winged. There was a delightful frightfulness about wondering what she would do if the engine started suddenly. She would like to run and swing aboard like a professional trainman. When she saw that the engine had unlinked itself and departed into the distance beyond the cave of the station, she felt safe enough to explore all the way up to the baggage-car.

Some of the strollers bought things to eat from boys who carried baskets of oranges, chocolate, chewing-gum and cigars. Remember felt a longing to buy something for the sheer sport of buying; but she had no money for extravagances. Still, when she saw a newsman with a cargo of magazines, she could not resist the appeal. She would charge it off to education. She went so far as to buy two magazines devoted to the moving pictures.

As she was picking out the exact change from the small money in her purse, one of the magazines slipped from under her elbow and fell to the ground. She turned and stooped to recover it. Her hand touched a hand that had just anticipated hers. She looked up quickly, and her head knocked off the hat of the man who had tried to save her the trouble of picking up her magazine. Their noses were so close together that he seemed to have only one Cyclopean eye.

Each thinking that the other had the priority, both stood up with a nervous laugh. She saw that the gallant was the tall youth who had crushed past her in the corridor.

His face vanished from her sight as he bent again to pick up her magazine and his hat. Then his face came up again like a sun dawning across the horizon: his eyes beat upon her like long beams.

Remember found an amazing magnetism in his smile and in his eyes. She did not know that that sad smile of his was making a millionaire of him. He was selling it by the foot—thousands of feet of it. His smile was broad enough to circumscribe the world, and his eyes had enough sorrow for all the world's audiences.

He did not take advantage of the

opportunity for further conversation, but bowed again and turned back to the waiting Robina, leaving Remember in a kind of abrupt shadow as if the sun had gone under a cloud. Robina was evidently not used to being kept waiting. She had had little practice. She resented the slight with such quick wrath that Remember could hear her protesting sarcasm, a rather disappointing rebuke:

"Don't hurry on my account, Tom." So his name was Tom! All that grandeur and grace, and only Tom for a title!

Robina's voice was not magnetic. But then, she was not selling her voice.

Remember was in such a flutter that she dropped her purse, the coins popping about like cranberries. Robina saw the catastrophe, but she had seen women drop things on purpose when men were near, and she held Tom's arm so that he could neither see the disaster nor lend his aid again.

The newsman allowed Remember to pick up her own money. In fact, he covered two dimes with one large foot while his eyes searched for the whereabouts of such other coins as he might salvage after the train had started.

As Remember knelt and plucked up a penny here, a quarter there, two young girls assailed Robina's prisoner with shameless idolatry. Remember paused, kneeling, and listened. One of them rattled on:

"Oh, Mr. Holby, we knew you the minute we laid eyes on you. You're our fave-rite of all the screen stars, and—oh dear, if we only had our autograph albums with us! You got no photographs with you, have you?"

The other girl broke in jealously: "Of course he hasn't. What you think he is, a freak in a muzhum? But couldn't you, wouldn't you, send us one apiece? I'll give you the address if you'll lemme a pencil."

Tom was indomitably polite; and besides, it was bad business to snub an admirer. He was actually about to write their addresses in his notebook, when the conductor's long, far call "All aboard!" gave Robina an excuse to drag him away from the worshipers.

Thus the Greeks were also stricken with a panic of reverence when the gods came down to earth.

But Remember did not know or worship these gods. She had only a vague impression of what was going on, as she snatched at the last of her available coins and ran to the train. The porter had already put up his little box step.

THE train was emerging from the retreating walls of the city before she felt calm enough to examine her magazines. On the cover of one of them was a head of Robina Teele, all eyes and curls and an incredibly luscious mouth. Remember had never heard of her or seen her pictures, because her films were great "feature-specials," too expensive for the villages.

In the body of the magazine was a long article about her, and another about Tom Holby. Remember stared longest at the various pictures of him. She found him in all manner of costumes and athletic achievements, and she read the rhapsody on him first.

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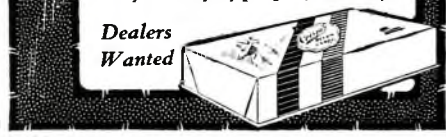


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But she was a fugitive now from her past and from such thoughts, and she caught up the magazines with a desperate eagerness, as if they were cups of nepenthe.

CHAPTER VIII

DR. STEDDON would have sent up a new kind of prayer if he could have seen his daughter guzzling at the profane literature that had fallen into her hands.

The first of the magazines was devoted to articles about the famous film stars and their families, philosophies and fads. Men and women, some of whose faces had stared at her from the billboards of Calverly, were presented there in mufti. Here was a daredevil cowboy seated on the porch of a gorgeous home, with a delicious baby in his arms. Here were beautiful leading men smoking pipes and reading books or cuddling dogs. Here were women of all types, many of them evidently wealthy and all of them intensely domestic.

She read every word of the first magazine, including the advertisements. Then she heard a white-aproned steward march through the car, crying: "Fir scall flunch in dinin' caw! Firs scall flunch!"

The trek to the dining-car was another new experience. The prices were terrifying, but the new dishes were educational. She chose the cheapest, but they were spiced with the sauce of novelty. She had never eaten at sixty miles an hour. It was strange to start to lift your fork and have it reach your mouth a hundred feet away. You might lift your spoon from your teacup in one county and have it reach your lips in another. There was much landscape between the cup and the lip. The view outside her dining-room at home had never changed except from winter to summer. But here the world went racing past.

She lingered longer than was necessary in the hope that Mr. Holby and Miss Teele would visit the diner, but they did not appear.

She returned to her car and took up the second magazine. This was also devoted to the screen people, but it was more ambitious artistically.

Here were women of opulent beauty in tremendous hats, with Niagaral plumes, in skirts voluminous enough to conceal a family. There were others with almost nothing on at all.

There were a few portraits of men even more garbless, foreign dancers and Americans in barbaric decorations. There was an article about a Cubist painter whose mad paintings made Remember's head ache. There was an article about a titled Englishman of fame who was going to write moving pictures.

Wearied a little by the hubbub of beauty and its advertisement, Remember put the two magazines aside. They seemed to be hot with curious flames that strangely did not shrivel the paper. The people who were celebrated there by name and face and figure must, if there were any truth in her father's faith, be lost souls, damned to blister in their unshriveling skins forever. But how little they must know of their destinies! Or if they knew, how little they cared!

And then she heard a voice across her shoulder, a voice of peculiar and unpleasant softness. She had read somewhere of a velvet voice. This one was of plush.

She felt uneasy before she turned her head and almost bumped noses with the woman who spoke. At this close range her resemblance to a doll was astounding: the eyes were vast and glassy, the nose a pug, the mouth full and thick with paint, the face painted white and red, the hair kinky yellow as if it were made of hobby-horses' tails.

The voice of imitation velvet repeated: "What I was sayin' was: 'Few've finished 'th that magazine, j'mind fi borried it off you?' I aint sor that numba yet."

REMEMBER hardly knew how to answer that face and that dialect. She handed the magazine up over the back of the seat with a smile of shy generosity.

The animated doll remained leaning across the seat. She must be kneeling on the other side. As she skimmed the magazine rapidly, the way she ran her eyes up each page reminded Remember somehow of a cat licking one of its paws.

As the girl skimmed picture and text, she talked without looking at Remember: "You're on the way to Sanglus, I s'pose."

"To where?"

"Lussanglus—chief suburb of Hollywood. Nearly everybody in thi' strain is bound furl Sanglus."

"Just where is that?" Remember asked.

"My Gawd, is there anybody on earth who don't know that dump? Or maybe you call it Loss Anjulees. No two people pernounce it alike."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't catch the name at first. No, I'm only going as far as Tuckson."

"Too-son, eh? I was there once, on location—desert stuff, you know. Some sand around there, believe *me!* You're not on the screen, I guess."

"No! No, I'm not."

"It's the life—leastways it was. So many amachooers bein' drord into it now, though, it aint what it was. It's the money gets 'em all. Who joo sponse is on this strain?"

"I can't imagine."

The strange creature disappeared and came round to sit down opposite Remember.

"Joo mind if I set in with you awhile? You're alone, aint you? Or is your husband' up smokin' the way mine always is. As I says to Cyril only the yother day: 'If you'd 'a' gave as much attention to your rart as you have to your tubbaccas, you'd have John D. workin' for you!' I says. 'Better to smoke here than here-after,' he says. He's awful speedy with

the subtitles, that boy. I don't smoke myself. Not that I got any prejudices against it. But I think it takes away from a woman's charm, don't you? No offense intended! Maybe you smoke yourself."

Remember wagged her head in a daze. She would have been horrified to be suspected of tobacco, and yet since this blatant piece of ignorant artifice had objections to it, her inclination grew perverse.

The magazine engaged the visitor's attention a moment, and Remember studied her as if she were something in a zoo. There was aggressive impudence in the very way she sat, her chin high, her nostrils aflame, her head flaunted now and then to shake away her curls as a horse tosses its mane aside—her shoulders thrown back, her bosom uplifted, her elbows agog, one hand set with fingers dispread on an emphatic hip, legs all over the place, and the skirt so short that one knee bared by its rolled-down stocking was manifest.

Remember was almost petrified to observe that the kneecap was powdered and rouged!

Abruptly the perfectly modeled minx shattered Remember's calm with the first curse she ever heard a woman use.

"Well, I'm damned! Would ja see what they done to me!"

She whirled herself round and flounced down at Remember's side in a cyclone of perfumery. She pointed to the open page where there was a picture that had slapped Remember in the face: a young man clad in a leopard's pelt and nothing else danced while he held aloft like a cane the horizontal figure of a girl similarly revealed and concealed. She was flung backward, broken at the waist, a mass of hair flowing down from her reverted head; and she was pitifully beautiful. The name under the picture was Viva d'Artoise.

"THAT'S me. Veva Dartoy's a stage name o' course. They used that old pitcher of me with my first husband! The nerve of 'em! I ought to soo 'em for slander. It's three years old. Them leopard-skins is all out of style. They done that to me just to save makin' a noo cut. I'll show you some of my very latest."

And while Remember's soul was joggled as if the train had left the rails to run along the ties, the girl had left her and returned carrying a sheaf of photographs, which she displayed with a frankness that shattered Remember's calm.

In some of them she was as fragile and poetical as if she had capered off the side of a Greek vase by Douris himself. In others her beauty was petulant and deprecatory, shy and inexpressibly pure. Again she was an acrobat, reckless of consequences. There were pictures of her husband and herself, her husband looking as much like a young Greek god as possible, holding her in the air as high as possible. And each permitted the other to be seen in public like that!

Remember was so shaken that she could find nothing at all to say. She regained speech only when Mlle. D'Artoise

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brought out some scenes taken on the steps of her home—a charming little Spanish bungalow, with her husband mowing the lawn, and her ancient mother smiling from the porch. In all these pictures Mlle. Viva held a baby, an adorable chubby thing that restored Remember to civilization as she understood it.

The mother explained: "I hadda leave him for a dash to N'York. I and m'usband hadda play a coupla dancers at a swell reception—for the movies, o' course. And they hadda shoot us on Fith Avenyeh to get local color."

"They shot you for local color!" Remember gasped. "Where?"

"On Fith Avenyeh. We been shot all over the place. We used to be in vawd-vul, but we drifted into doin' spectaculars for the movies in the big perductions. It's the life! Hadn't you ever thought of takin' a shy at it?"

Remember shook her head. Mlle. Viva smiled: "Come on in; the water's fine. With your face and figger, there's nothin' to it."

Remember shuddered. The Eden of the movies was not for her. But she was an insatiable audience. Her information was a Sahara, and no amount of rain could be too much.

All afternoon Viva chattered, giving Remember a liberal education in one of the countless phases of moving-picture life, a foreign world, another planet where everything was unlike anything she had ever imagined, where the very laws of social gravity were reversed. What she heard gave her no curiosity to see more, and an assurance that her dear old father had made a good guess at Los Angeles.

CHAPTER IX

VIVA was still talking when the steward came through again with his proclamation: "Fir scall f'r dinner 'n dine caw! Fir scall f'r din dine caw!"

There was a scurry among the passengers, and Remember was eager to go, but Viva could not break off the story she was telling. Suddenly she stopped, stared, seized Remember's arm and whispered: "Pipe what's comin'!"

Remember piped a dramatic woman of singularly noble face and figure, and somewhat grandiose carriage. Following her was an elegant gentleman of a certain exoticism, a bit peevish over the bad manners the train displayed in tossing him to and fro.

"Joo know who that is?" Viva whispered, and did not stay for an answer. "That dame is the great Miriam Yore. She's been the grand slam at the Metropolitan op'ra for years. And the flossy guy with her is that big English aurther Whats-his-name. You know, he wrote—oh, all them books.

"They're bound for Movieland too. Everybody's makin' that way. The competition is something fierce."

The return of Viva's husband released her to her own thoughts for the rest of the evening. Viva introduced the partner of her fate and her dances and hurried away to the women's room to "worsh up for the cats."

After dinner Remember found her way

to the observation-car and sat on the platform awhile, watching the dark world of her past fleeing backward to the horizon and vanishing thence into the stars. But her interests were no longer backward. She wanted to look ahead. She rose from the contemplation of night and reentered the car.

Noting that the writing-desk was not in use, she was reminded of her task. She sat down and began a letter home. Her heart, weary with the day's excursions, melted again toward her mother and father. She wrote them a prattle of childish enthusiasm about the journey. She did not mention Viva or the others. She was afraid they would frighten her parents as much as they had frightened her, and not so agreeably.

SHE had finished her letter and was sealing it when she suddenly remembered Dr. Bretherick's prescription. She was to have a lover on the first day! The very name of the figment of Bretherick's mania had been crowded out of her mind by these curious unbelievable people who actually moved and breathed. After a little groping, she recalled Woodbury, then Woodhouse, then Woodvil'c. She took up the painful composition of a postscript with all the agony of an author trying to remember and to originate at the same time.

She had mentioned nobody that she had met. Now she must describe the important man that she would never meet. He was an imaginary and therefore a quite perfect character. She finally wrote:

Oh, I forgot! Who do you suppose I ran into on the train? You'd never guess in a million years. You know when I went to Carthage to take care of Aunt Mabel? Well, do you remember me telling you about the awfully nice man I met at church? Mr. Woodville was his name. Remember? Well, would you believe it, he is on this train! Isn't it a small world! He has been most kind and polite. I met him in church, as you remember, and somehow I feel much safer not being alone. I'm sure you'll be glad. He's very religious but awfully nice—I mean, so of course awfully nice. Good night again, you darlings!

Being told that he remembered Mr. Woodville, Dr. Steddon obligingly remembered him. Mrs. Steddon had been warned of the fiction and collaborated in it. Dr. Steddon was one of those who believe almost anything they are told, especially when they hope for its truth. And there was nothing he hoped for so much as that his child should meet a good man and love him and be loved by him. That is the parental ideal.

CHAPTER X

AFTER Remember had finished her letter and sealed it, she paused, wondering what to do with it.

As she sat irresolute, beating the envelope against the tip of her fingers, she saw Miss Miriam Yore come into the observation-car and pass on out to the platform. She was followed by the famous unknown author.

She saw the porter of the observation car grinning in front of her foggily. He spoke twice before she heard back what he had said.

"Want me to mail yo' letta, lady, at next stop?"

She nodded and gave it to him with a warm thank-you. He would much have preferred a cold quarter.

Remember saw that the platform was not crowded. So she drifted out with labored casualness and sat down, pretending to study the scenery and to be quite deaf. Practice was making her a zealous actress if not a good one.

The author was just offering Miriam Yore a cigarette.

"Thanks, old thing, I don't dare. I've smoked myself blue in the face today. I've got to fill my lungs with fresh air while the porter makes up my drawing-room, or I wont sleep.

"As I was saying, I think you're quite wrong about the moving pictures. Of course, most of those that have been done are abominable, but that's because they were done by the wrong people.

"Have you seen me as *Hypatia*? There was a picture—poetry, passion, splendor, drama! In that scene where the Christian fanatics drove the wonderful *Hypatia* to the altar and tore her to pieces—it was tremendous, you know, really! There was something there that only the camera could give. You didn't see me in that?"

SHE was a genuine "Have-you-seen-me?"—just what the French call a "m'as-tu-vu?"

"No, I must confess. I go so seldom. In England I saw mainly the cowboy pictures. I met some of the men of the rot Ranch when they were on the other side."

Remember noted that he said "rahnh."

It must be glorious to say it naturally. He went on: "I love the cowboy things—nursery instincts still surviving. I fancy. But the big spectacles such as you speak of, they leave me cold. They have all the faults of grand opera, yet no music. I can stand the silent drama, but not the silent opera."

"But what right have you to criticize if you haven't seen?"

"Oh, but my dyah Miriam, if they had been worth seeing, I'd have been drawn to them."

"Rot, my dear—utter rot, and you know it! You are the type of literary buzzard who is never drawn to anything except what is dead or is done in a dead style according to dead rules. You live in a time when a new art is being created before your eyes, and instead of leaping into it, you are afraid, you hang back, like a child afraid of the ocean."

The author squirmed: "Oh, I say, my dear Miriam, aren't you laying it on a bit strong? Aren't I on the train going out to study your ocean? I want to swim. I'm going to try. Really!"

"That's better. It's a far better thing than you've ever done. You'll see. You've written good novels, stories, plays, essays, poems—all sorts of things; but men have done those for thousands of years. When you write a movie, you do what no man ever did before this



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The author was a trifle jealous of such fine writing from a singer and an actress. He tried to put her in her place:

"I see what you're driving at. In fact, I've written much the same thing and said it to interviewers, who got it all wrong of course—interferers, I call them. But what good did it do me? I was merely accused of trying to white-wash myself for going after big money. Of course I want the big money. I insist on it, or I should if they refused it—which they don't; quite the contrary. But what I mean to say, is:

"If I go in for moving pictures, I shall not try to do any of your grandiose things. They're all right in their place, but I think there's more art in the smaller forms. I want to do something smart, satirical, the high-comedy thing. The pictures seem to me to need the aristocratic touch more than anything else."

Miss Yore yawned: "Beware of the aristocratic touch, my dear. It means boredom most of the time. I know no end of aristocrats who are interesting, but that's because they are soldiers or statesmen, big-game hunters, adventurers. But your deadly drawing-rooms—keep those off the screen, or you'll bankrupt your backers."

The author yawned. "Speaking of bankrupting your backers, old dear, I hear that you are doing your best to accomplish that. I was told by a man who claimed to know—and said so when he said it—that you are getting ten thousand a week. Is it true?"

MIRIAM rose and smacked his cheek lightly:

"Are you jealous?"

"Yes, I am, rather. They're only giving me twenty-five thousand for my new piece. They said they couldn't pay me more because you stars were such—well, the word they used was *hogs*. It's a shame to pauperize me to fatten you."

"Fatten? Don't use the hideous word. If you knew the agonies I go through to keep my flesh down! All this money and all this glory, and I'm hungry all the time!"

She slipped through the door like her own *La Tosca*. The author laughed a kindly "Good night!" stood a moment finishing his cigarette, and studying out of the corner of his eye the mute, meek auditor whom they had perhaps forgotten, perhaps had been playing to all the time.

He left Remember dizzy with what she had overheard. The contrast between Viva and Miriam Yore was complete. The moving-picture planet was plainly one of enormous size and variety.

But the wickedest thing about it in her eyes was the money it squandered. The richest banker in Calverly was a pauper compared to the woman who had

just left the platform. And all she did was to stand up and have her picture taken. Remember had never read "Hypatia," and she did not believe that any such thing had happened as Miriam Yore described. She did not know that the moving picture had been taken from a novel written by a clergyman.

All that Remember knew of the Reverend Charles Kingsley's works was "The Water Babies" and a poem from which her father was always quoting: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Remember was not clever; and everybody knew it. Yet she had not been good; and only three people knew it.

Not having been good, she just had to be clever.

CHAPTER XI

GROWN suddenly afraid of the night-shrouded plains, and the loneliness of the deserted platform, Remember returned to the lights. Through car after car she pushed, seeking her own. She had not kept count of its number. Each car was now a narrow alley of curtains.

She was lost on a madly racing comet made up of bedrooms and corridors where men in underclothes climbed ladders or sat on the edges of their beds yawning and undressing. Tousled heads leered at her from upper berths or from cubbyholes. She had to squeeze past men and women in bathrobes straggling down the halls.

She was frightened. She had never believed such scenes possible. She was panic-stricken at being unable to find her own hiding-place. Her porter was not to be found. At last she met Viva coming out of a washroom dressed as if some one had yelled, "Fire!" Remember felt positively fond of her: a friend in need is a friend indeed.

Viva wore a gaudy kimono and kept it close about her with a modesty surprising in view of her photographs. Remember had not learned that artists of Viva's field are no less prudish in private for being so shameless in public. There's safety in numbers.

Remember greeted Viva with enthusiasm: "Oh, I'm so glad to see you. This must be my car, then."

"Yes, dear-ree," said Viva: "was you lost? Your number's number sev'm, just this side of mine. Too bad you didn't take a section. Some big hick got on board whilst you was away—and he's asleep up in your attic now."

This was disconcerting indeed. The tenant of Remember's sky parlor had left a pair of his shoes in front of her berth, and his clothes were visible hanging on a coat-hook.

There was no escape for the girl. She had to clamber into her pigeonhole and make the best of it. She had the curious feeling that she had crawled under a strange man's bed to spend the night.

And how was she to kneel down and say her prayers in that aisle! In the berth she could not even kneel up. This was the first night of her life that she ever omitted that genuflection. She had to pray lying down, and she asked the Lord to forgive her this one more sin.



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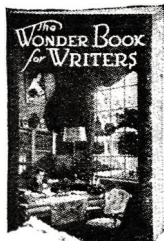
The wonder, the thrill, the joy, the deep personal gratification of seeing your own thoughts, your own ideas, your own dreams, the scenes you pictured in your fancy, the situation sketched in your imagination, the characters you whimsically portrayed,—all gloriously come to life right there on the screen before your very eyes, while you sit in the audience with that flushed, proud smile of success! YOURS! Yours at last. And you never dreamed it could be! You doubted yourself,—thought you needed a fancy education or "gift of writing."

To think of thousands now writing plays and stories who used to imagine they NEVER COULD! Not geniuses, but just average, everyday, plain, me-and-you kind of people. Men and women in many businesses and professions—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman, motorman, truckman, barber, boiler-maker, doctor, lawyer, salesgirl, nurse, manicurist, model—people of all trades and temperaments deeply immersed in "manufacturing movie ideas," of planning scenarios, of adapting ideas from photoplays they see, of re-building plots, of transforming situations, or re-making characters seen on the films—all devoting every moment of their spare time to this absorbing, happy work! Turning leisure hours into golden possibilities!

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ALL night long the train was speeding through Kansas, and the next morning it was still in Kansas.

The scenery was flat as a pancake, but there was no monotony in it for Remember. Towns and farms, and farms and towns, windmills and tree-clusters and barns and pigsties were all wonderland to her. And dear brave people were making their homes there.

Setting her watch back an hour just before entering the romantic State of Oklahoma was in itself an exciting experience. The names of the stations were literature, poetry—Arkalon, Liberal, Guyman, Texhoma, Dalhart, Middlewater, Bravo, Naravisa, Tucumcari, Los Tanos, Tularosa, Alamogordo, Turquoise, Grogrando, El Paso.

She lunched in Kansas, crossed Oklahoma in two hours, entered Texas, dined in New Mexico and breakfasted again in Texas, went right back into New Mexico and lunched in Arizona!

The scenery was such a book of adventure that Remember needed no other diversion; she was grateful for the fact that Viva had one of her sick headaches and did little talking. The heat and dust kept the great Miriam in her drawing-room, and Robina too. She saw Tom Holby in the dining-car, but he did not speak to her, of course, because she did not speak to him. But she studied him slyly when he was not looking, and she wondered what could make him worth so much money. She had not learned that merchandise is worth just what it will bring in the market, whether the merchandise be ships or shoes or sealing wax, souls or smiles or tears.

Remember spent most of her day on Doctor Bretherick's scenario, planning her second letter home, and growing acquainted with that husband of hers. She used Tom Holby as a model, reluctantly, yet for lack of better material. Mr. Woodville eluded her maddeningly, however, and her sketch of him was so inconsistent that her father, when her parents received her second letter, found in its very befuddlement an evidence that she was losing her wits over the fellow.

Dr. Steddon was pleasantly alarmed. Every man is afraid of every man who interests his daughter. Yet he wants some man to capture her. . . . And Mrs. Steddon—who shall say what strange thoughts were hers as she made of herself a claue to assure the success of Remember's performance?

The train carried Remember deeper and deeper into the soul of Mr. Woodville, and in the dark hours she spent in her berth, reclining on an elbow and gazing at the incredible landscape, everything unreal grew real, and her mystic bridegroom began to take form and voice, eyes and integrity. After a night of sleep and of curious dreams, she woke with her romance well understood. As often happens with mathematicians and other poets, the subordinate brains toiled while the executive brain slept, and woke to find a problem solved.

AT one point the train came to an abrupt halt. A drawbar in the engine had broken and dropped; it had torn off the ends of the ties for hun-

dreds of yards before its drag had been noticed by the engineer and the engine stopped. If the train had not been puffing slowly up a steep grade, it would have been derailed and sent rolling like a shot snake; some of the passengers would probably have been mangled and killed.

It was a long while before the passengers found this out, and they reveled in the delight of averted disaster. Remember thought how fitting it would have been for her to have suffered a death so closely akin to Elwood's. There would have been an artistic grandeur in the pattern of their fates. And yet she could not help being glad to be alive. She had ridden a thousand miles and more, spiritually as well as physically, away from Calverly.

Nobody knew how long the train would be delayed. They were like people on a ship becalmed in midocean. They could not go on until a new engine was secured. A trainman had to walk to the next block-signal tower miles ahead, and telegraph back for another locomotive.

The passengers settled down to hours of deferment, cursing delay and comparing it not with the speed of the pioneers who agonized across the wilderness, but with the velocity of yesterday's express.

REMEMBER and Viva wandered about looking at the cactus and the sagebrush and expecting a rattlesnake under every clump. Viva returned to the car and to sleep, but Remember strolled farther and farther away.

She saw Tom Holby set out for a brisk walk. He climbed a ragged butte with astonishing agility, winning the applause of the passengers. He had the knack of acquiring applause.

The other passengers came and went, and Remember went farther and farther. She wanted to see what was on the other side of that butte as much as mankind has longed to see the other side of the moon. When she got round, she found that the other side was much like the other side—more desert, more buttes, utter dissimilarity, yet the complete resemblance of chaos to chaos.

When she started back, the cool of the shadow made her rest awhile. The heat and the hypnosis of the shimmering sand-sea put her asleep in spite of herself. She woke with a start. The train was moving, a new engine dragging it and its broken engine. She ran, fell, picked herself up, limped hurriedly forward.

She was alone in the wilderness. And the train was already a toy running through a gap between two lofty buttes, one a grandiose pile that reminded Remember of a Biblical picture of the Tower of Babel, the other a deformed and crooked writhen diablerie. Both mocked the girl unendurably, and she stood panting in a suffocation of fright, her hands plucking at each other's fingernails—which was about as profitable as anything else they could have found to do!

Then for the first time Remember understood what the desert meant to those who had seen the last burro die and found the canteen full of dry air.

CHAPTER XII

FOR a trice Remember made a perfect allegory of helplessness on a monument. Then she experienced that immortal thrill of *Robinson Crusoe's* when his lonesome eyes saw a human footprint.

Remember's thrill visited not her eyes, but her ears. She heard a voice laughing, with a kind of querying exclamation: "Hello!"

The word was as unimportant as could be, and it came from what she had just decreed the most useless thing on earth, a handsome moving-picture actor. But it meant what *Friday* meant to *Crusoe*.

His next word was no more brilliant. Like Robina he was not paid for his dialogue. He touched his hat and said: "Well!"

Remember had not yet even found that much to say. And he went on garrulously to the extent of:

"Here we are, eh?"

There was no denying this, and it was the first thing Remember's paralyzed brain could understand. So she nodded briskly.

Tom Holby laughed at Fate as in his pictures. He said:

"I've nearly died of thirst in the desert half a dozen times, and I've gone mad twice, but there was always a camera or two a few yards off, and a grub-wagon just outside. And the heroine usually came galloping to the rescue and picked me up in time for the final clinch. I see the heroine, but the grub-wagon's late."

"Wh-what are we going to do?" Remember faltered.

"Well, I'm not going to act, anyway, as long as there's no camera on the job. Let's sit down and wait."

"For what?"

"Oh, I guess the train will come back, or another one will come along, and we can flag it in plenty of time. Sit down, wont you?"

Remember was almost disappointed at having her epic turned into a commonplace. She resented the denial of a noble experience now that his coolness reassured her. She hated him a little more than ever.

TOM HOLBY brushed off a ledge of rock with his hat in movie fashion and said:

"Sit down on this handsome red divan, wont you? I'm Mr. Holby, by the way."

"Yes, I know," she said, and feeling that she ought to announce herself she stammered: "My name is Steddon, Remember Steddon."

"I always will," he said.

"No, that's my first name. Remember is my first name."

"Oh! What a beautiful name! Especially for such a—such a—mmm, yes."

He caught from her eyes that where she came from, a compliment from a stranger was an insult.

"Do sit down," he begged, "at least so that I can. I'm all out of training, and I'm dog tired."

She sat down, and he dropped down by her. There was so much room elsewhere that this struck her as rather presumptuous, but she could hardly resent

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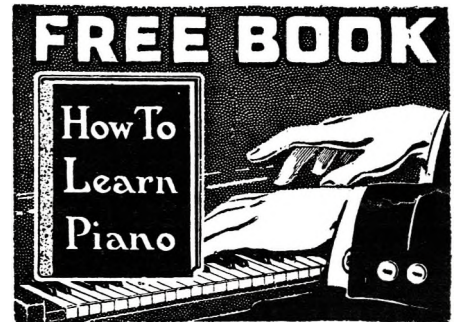


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it, since it was not her house or her divan.

There was a long silence. Then he mused aloud:

"Remember, eh? Great! Robina would have preferred that to the one she chose. Do you know Robina?"

"I've seen her."
"On the screen?"
"On the train."

"Oh, then you haven't seen her. That isn't the real Robina that walks about. That's just a poor, plain, frightened, anxious little thing, a *Cinderella* who only begins to live when she puts on her glass slippers. She has to be so infernally noble all day long that you can hardly blame her for resting her overworked virtues when she's off the lot. I used to be a pretty decent fellow, too, before I began to be a hero by trade. But now—gosh, how I love my faults! When there's no camera on me, I'm a mighty mean man."

"Really?" Remember said.

"Oh, I'm a fiend. I'm thinking of playing villains for a while so that I can be respectable at my own expense outside the factory. But I'm so mussed up between my professional emotions and my personal ones that it's hard to keep from acting, on and off. Now, look at this situation. If the camera gang were here, I'd know just what to do. I'd be Sir Walter Raleigh in a Stetson and chaps. But since there's just us two here, and I have you in my power—or you have me in your power—I don't know just how to act. It depends on you. Are you a heroine or an adventuress?"

"I don't understand you."

"Are you an onjanoo or a vamp?"

"I don't speak French."

"Then you must be an onjanoo," he said. "In that case, I suppose I really ought to play the villain and—but here comes the train. Dog-on it, just as we were working up a real little plot! I hope I haven't compromised you. If you're afraid I have, I'll have to go back and hide till the next train comes along. Or you can, for I imagine it's Robina that reversed the engine. She probably missed me and suspected that I was out here with a prettier girl than she is—pardon me! Shall I go hide?"

"Oh, no! No! I couldn't think of it. Nobody knows me. It can't make any difference what they say about me."

"Gosh, what an enviable position! Stick to your luck, Miss Steddon. May I help you down?"

CHAPTER XIII

THAT was a chapter in Remember's life.

Holby had guessed right. Robina had looked for him, not found him, and had set the whole train in an uproar. She bore down on the helpless conductor, and when he protested against stopping the limited when it was already late, she pulled the rope herself. She knew the signals, having played in a railroad serial, and she soon had the train backing at full speed.

She had not suspected that Tom Holby had a companion in the desert, and when

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she looked out and saw him with the pretty chit whose magazine he had picked up, she was tempted to give the signal to go ahead again.

She preferred, however, to give poor Holby her opinion of him. Remember crept back to her place, shivering with her first experience of stardom and its conspicuousness.

Viva made a great ado over her and had to hear all about it. She sighed over the tameness of the incident as Remember described it.

"But then, that was to what was to be expected, dear-ree. Us movie people gets so much excitement on the scene that we're all wore out when anything happens with no director around to tell us what to do."

Remember escaped and took up in haste her daily bulletin for home consumption. Mr. Woodville grew more vivid in her letter, and his resemblance to Tom Holby was amazing. She even put in a little bit of her adventure and told how Mr. Woodville with marvelous heroism saved her from a rattlesnake that charged at her with fangs bristling and rattles in full play. She confessed that she had never met such a man, and that she really owed her life to him.

She thought this would lead up excellently to the proposal he was to make in the next day or two. She gave this letter to the porter, who dropped it off at the next stop.

THE train made up so much of its lost time that it was only two hours late when it drew into Tucson. Remember was bewildered when she found that Tom Holby was getting off there too. And so was Robina. But they were only stretching their legs for exercise. Holby paused to say good-bye to Remember—just tipping her porter a quarter for two days' inattention.

She did not see the porter's face. It was hardly as black as Robina's when she was compelled to wait while Tom made his adieux.

He left Remember in a whirl. But her faculties went round in the mad panic of a pinwheel when a strange, somber person spoke to her in a parsony voice: "Miss Steddon?"

"Miss Steddon?"

"Yes."

"I am Mr. Galbraith, pastor of the First Church here. Your father telegraphed me to meet you at the train and look after you."

And now what could Remember do, with the walls of her house of deceit crumbling around her? The next installment of this most unusual story will tell you.

Samuel Hopkins Adams

HAS written the most delightful short story of his long career. It will appear in an early issue of this magazine. The title is as charming as the story itself. Watch out for

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"You make an easy target, stranger," I said

AND could you really, Brad, shoot a man—even a burglar?" interrupted little Mrs. Harcourt, as her brother, the center of an interested group at the Country Club, was telling about the attempted Barker robbery.

It was a question the others had on their lips to ask too. Bradford Barker was known as the most soft-hearted man alive. Now he laughed.

"You see, Kit," he explained, "that burglar didn't trust me as much as you do. There he was working away, making a selection of salable valuables, as I tiptoed into the room.

"You make a fine, easy target, stranger," I said quietly, and as he turned his head with a jerk and found himself covered with my Colt Automatic Pistol he never hesitated a second. Up went his hands over his head as meek as a lamb.

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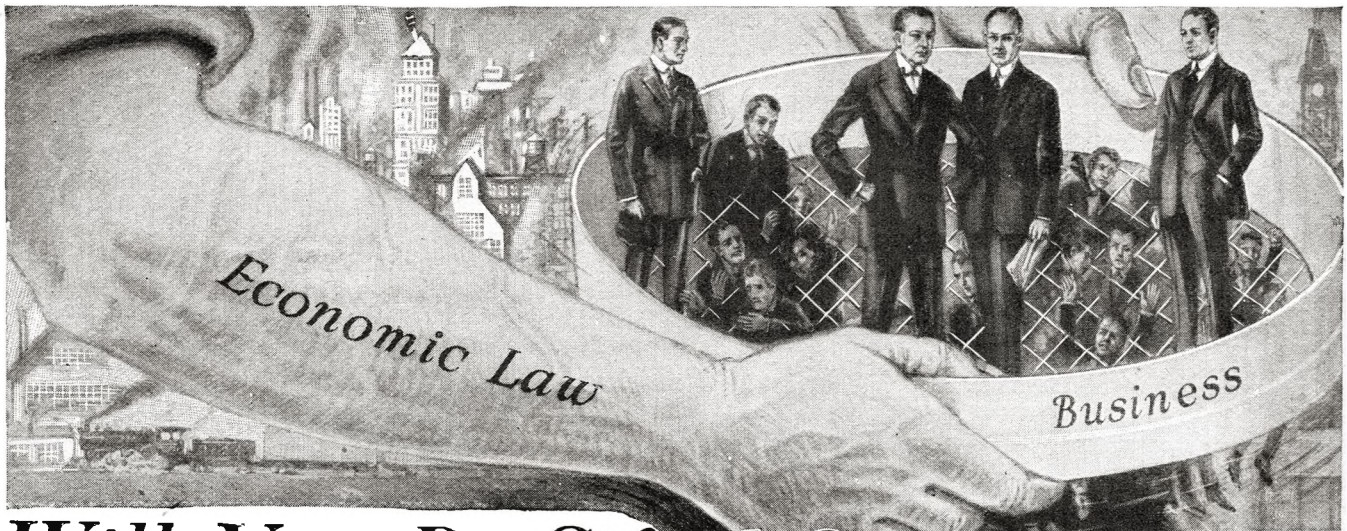
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PAYING UP

(Continued from
page 56)

and then I will come back and face the music. Don't think of yourself, and don't think of me. Marian's the one to be thought of. You'll go through with it?"

Sutton straightened up and stood for a moment buried in thought.

"Perhaps you think a million and a half too stiff a price," said Tom ironically.

"A million and a half! I turned that over on one deal a month ago."

"Then you'll come through?"

"I—I—" Sutton checked himself with a gasp—seemed about to collapse, let fall one hand on Tom's shoulder, which it gripped with painful force. He appeared to crouch and stare through the rain now driving down.

Old Tom followed the direction of his gaze, which was toward the far end of the garden, and the hair bristled at the nape of his neck. For a vague white object which appeared to weave from side to side was coming up the path.

As it drew nearer, they heard the crunch and scuffling of the loose gravel, and knew that it was real. Sutton loosed his hold and rushed out into the rain, while Tom, after a vain effort or two, got up on his tottering legs and followed. On reaching the spot, he found Sutton supporting Gard, whose head had sunk upon the shoulder of his late antagonist.

"Thought I was dead, eh?" Gard muttered faintly. "Well, I'm not. For God's sake, give me a drink."

They picked him up and laid him on the bench of the summerhouse. Old Tom rushed to his study for brandy. He returned to find Gard conscious and Sutton bandaging the wound snugly with strips torn from his shirt.

"The point of the sickle must have bent on a rib and slid along under the muscle," said Sutton to Tom.

"Thank the Lord for the rotten tools they manufacture nowadays," said Tom devoutly.

"Served me right," murmured Gard.

"Don't know how I came to try such a filthy trick. Don't give me away, you chaps. Might get your car, Tom, and run me over to the hospital."

THE dance was over. The guests had departed, curious but ignorant about the sudden disappearance of their host and two conspicuous guests. Marian had gone to bed.

Old Tom and Sutton were sitting in the library. Sutton's face was worn but radiant; that of old Tom was merely worn.

"Well," said Tom heavily, "it looks as if I'd missed my bet, and I'm glad of it."

Sutton reached over and let fall his hand upon Tom's shoulder.

"Missed nothing," said he. "I've had a talk with Gard—not about your affairs. He'll keep his mouth shut, though. But between us the bet stands as it was. We carry on precisely as though Gard were dead."

THE GREAT GRAFT SYNDICATE (Continued from
page 47)

new friends, do all I can to throw myself open to being defrauded. I shall accept suggestions from you and your fellow-conspirators."

"Well, say! You get my goat, all right!" puffed Mr. Tubbel. "You're a wonder, you are!"

"Thank you," said Murchison. "I am trying to save my mind and my life. All I ask is that you try to plan attacks sufficiently clever to spur my interest and intrigue my mind."

HE paused a moment.

"On this floor, two doors to the rear of this room," said Mr. Murchison, "is a room I have set aside as headquarters for your Graft Syndicate, if you choose to use it. The door will be open to all three of you at all times. If Miss Lind desires it, I shall be pleased to take her on as my private secretary. If Mr. Tubbel or Mr. Skink, or both, wish to have positions about my person or about my house, I am willing they should do so. Valet, butler, second-man, anything. I ask only one thing: do not, I beg, believe that I shall be as easily defrauded as you now imagine. May I say that your begging letters were childishly inefficient? Spur your brains; plan deep-laid deviltry against me."

"We'll do that, all right," said Mr. Tubbel.

"Then I will leave you for a few minutes while you read the contract I have drawn and decide finally whether you care to unite for this most laudable purpose. Mr. Skink, when I am wanted, ring that bell," said Roger Murchison; and he placed four copies of a rather voluminous contract in Miss Lind's hands, and went out of the study, closing the door.

THE moment the door closed, Mr. Tubbel was on his feet. It was evident that he meant to take the leadership by right of loud voice and bull strength.

"Get me right," he said roughly, making a sidewise cutting gesture with his hand, "I'm in on this, and I'm in on it hard, see? You folks can do what you like, but I'm in. This is my meat. This is pie for me."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Skink with calm sarcasm. "Bowery bunco stuff! The old grafter coming into his own again. We understand you, Mr. Tubbel. You are Hard-boiled-Egg, the famous confidence man, stepping to the fore. May I say, humbly, in the glare of your great genius, that I am in on this too, but that before I go into it with you and this lady, I would like to know who you are!"

"Well, who the devil are you, if it comes to that?" puffed Mr. Tubbel angrily. "A panhandler, aint you? I've seen you coaxing dimes, I have."

"Listen, please," said the girl, leaning far forward in her chair. "We must not quarrel. This may be a big thing for all of us. Do you think either of you should worry who the other is or has been, if I am willing to work with you both? Do you need to tell each other you were only street bums an hour ago? If he"—she pointed to the door—"can stand us, we ought to be able to stand each other. We have nothing to do with it, have we? He does the choosing."

"All right! All right!" said Mr. Tubbel sulkily. "Let it be that way, then. Only, I'm going to be the boss. I'm going to run this."

The girl looked at Mr. Tubbel keenly. "You talk of being our leader!" she said scornfully. "Do you know who I am?"

"Search me!" said Mr. Tubbel.

That morning, in waving her hair, Rosa Lind had touched her fair brow with the hot curling-iron. Now she raised a lock of her hair for an instant. Just at the roots of her hair a vivid scarlet line glowed.

"Red-line Rose," she said simply.

"Hey?" said Mr. Tubbel stupidly; and because Mr. Tubbel admitted ignorance, Mr. Skink felt called upon to pretend understanding.

"Don't be an idiot, Tubbel," he said. "Don't tell us you never heard of Red-line Rose."

Rosa Lind smiled on Mr. Skink.

"Evidently Mr. Tubbel is not widely acquainted with the underworld," she said. "I admit, Mr. Tubbel, that I am hurt. I thought Red-line Rose was better known."

"Ah—the—the—Queen of the Underworld," said Mr. Skink at a venture, hoping the term came somewhere near the truth; and immediately Mr. Tubbel and Mr. Skink became as little children at their teacher's knee.

"You two men can say luck has been with you," Rosa Lind said. "Luck made this man choose your letters out of hundreds he must have received. Luck, for you, made him choose my letter. But listen, friends: I've been working for six months to pry an opening here. I've written sixty letters under sixty names, and I would have written a thousand more, but I would have got to this man somehow. I picked him for my meat."

"What is it you want—more than a third?" asked Mr. Tubbel anxiously.

"I want you two panhandlers to know who is the chief of this gang; that's all I want," said the girl. "You are babes—raw stuff—innocents. I want you to

let me do the brain-work. How about it?"

"Oh, right!" exclaimed Mr. Skink. "It's an honor."

"I'm going to take this stenographer job he offers," said Rosa Lind, "to be close to him. If we have to, we may rig up some blackmail stuff on it, but we ought to do better than that. If he runs right, I may denounce you—play the good girl unable to mix in crime, and get next to him that way. We'll think that out. We'll take the office room he offers; we must play the sympathetic with him. But first—"

"Yes, first?" said Mr. Skink eagerly. "First we will jab a knife into him and let out a little blood on the spot. We'll take five thousand from him now. And that will be ten thousand," she smiled, "because he doubles it."

"Oh, you girl! Oh, you girl!" chuckled Mr. Tubbel excitedly. "But how?"

"How? How can we work a confidence game that is worth while—one that will keep him thinking—unless we have money? You let me talk to him. And now these contracts."

She took one and read it, clause by clause, while Mr. Skink and Mr. Tubbel listened.

"If we give satisfaction, the contract may be renewed for a second year at the same terms," she said, reading Clause XIII. "Never fear—we will make him forget the two dancers on the vase of Apollo! We will sign, if he does. Honestly, I pity him the poor innocent! Ring the bell, Skink."

MURCHISON, entering, let his eyes pass from face to face questioning each, and picked up one of the contracts.

"You have not signed," he said with disappointment in his tone. "I had hoped—"

"There is something we must, ask first," said Rosa Lind.

Roger Murchison sank wearily into his desk chair and placed the tips of his fingers together, looking over them at the girl.

"There is nothing to ask first," he said slowly. "We have talked enough. You have read the contract. You will wish to help me in this, my great trouble, or you will not. If you do wish to help me, you will sign; if you do not, you will go from here as you came."

Mr. Skink and Mr. Tubbel looked at Rosa Lind.

"We mean to sign," she said.

Murchison reached for a pen and held it toward her.

"Anything else we can discuss when we are partners in this great enterprise," he said. "You will find me eager to aid you to make your efforts interesting."

The girl wrote her name on the first copy of the most remarkable document. Mr. Skink, alert and eager, removed it as her pen stopped and placed another for her.

"We are all amateurs in crime," she said as she wrote. "but we mean to do our best, Mr. Murchison. It will, of course, be a few days before we can prepare a suitable surprise for you."

"I hope you will delay no longer than

you must," said Murchison. "Will you sign next, Mr. Tubbel?"

"No, we will not delay," Miss Lind replied as Tubbel signed. "But to be effective, any plan must have some thought, and there are always preparations to be made, and sometimes costly ones."

"You sign now, Mr. Skink," said Mr. Murchison, and made himself ready to take the pen when Skink had signed. "You say costly preparations?"

"I have heard so," said the girl, watching his face, "—particularly if, as we hope, hundreds of thousands, or millions, are to be our reward—"

Mr. Murchison took the pen and scrawled his signature under that of Mr. Skink.

"You were saying?" he said.

"That there must be apparatus," said Rosa Lind, as Roger Murchison put down the pen and gave her his attention. "In successful bunco-work I have heard that thousands are sometimes invested before the victim is even selected. Whole offices are often fitted up and many clerks and others engaged and paid before a fake stock-selling scheme can be worked."

"Yes, I see your point," said Roger Murchison gravely. "There is reason in what you say. You are three who have no means with which to do the great things I hope to have you do. Is that it?"

The girl's face brightened. Roger Murchison felt an unaccustomed thrill as she turned upon him the full magic of her wonderful eyes.

"It is only fair to us, only fair to myself," she said. "You must not handicap us needlessly. It is not alone for us; it is for yourself as well."

"And the sum you would need?" he asked.

"We thought—perhaps—five thousand dollars," she said timidly, as if she scarce had the temerity to ask it.

"Not a great deal," said Murchison. "Not a great sum. No, a very trifling sum if by its use you can create a plot that will make me think and that will puzzle me and still outwit me, or even plague my mind awhile."

"I hoped you would feel so," said Rosa Lind.

Roger Murchison arose.

"And now I want to thank you—all three of you—for agreeing to be my Graft Syndicate. My millions are yours for the getting, mine for my protecting," he said in the same grave tone he had used throughout. "And I am sure, with Miss Lind as your chief, you will weave webs of intrigue that will puzzle me to the utmost of my desire; but may I ask you to be as clever as you can?"

For the first time the faint light of a smile twinkled in his eyes.

"And not to be as stupid as you have been?" he added.

Rosa Lind raised her head quickly.

"Stupid?" Mr. Tubbel and Mr. Skink cried in unison.

"In the matter of conversation, for example," said Roger Murchison, "and when talking of raising five thousand dollars from me, when you should have known that the most rudimentary instinct of self-preservation would lead

me to protect myself against you by placing this dictaphone under my table. I must hope that you will be keener than that, cleverer than that, hereafter—especially Red-line Rose."

ROSA LIND smiled openly now.

"Very well," she said; "you know who I am now. You know I am Red-line Rose, and you will know what to expect. We promise you it will be enough, when it comes."

"Something more brilliant," he asked, the smile in his eyes deepening, "than the acceptance of the kind of money you took for the watches of your great-grandparents?"

Mr. Tubbel, whose money was in his vest pocket, was easily first in drawing forth the hundred dollars.

"Ye gods!" he puffed. "One real bill, and the rest stage money! Ye gods!"

"Some grafters!" exclaimed Rosa Lind. "We sure are some grafters! I'm ashamed. I'm almost ready to class myself with these two poor Bowery boys."

She turned impulsively to Roger Murchison.

"You'll do!" she said. "This is going to be real sport. I was afraid you were old Sleepy-eye, old Mr. Easy-graft, but I take all that back. This is going to be interesting—that is," she added, "if you still want three such soft ones to stick to this contract we signed."

"By all means!" said Roger Murchison. "The contract is eminently satisfactory to me. And to all of us, I trust, although the third clause—"

"Oh, heavens! What have you done to us now?" cried Rosa Lind as she snatched a copy of the contract from the table in comical dismay.

"A mere nothing," said Roger Murchison. "It is only that in the contract as you signed it the 'party of the first part' agrees to pay the 'party of the second part' the weekly fifty dollars of which we spoke, and as you can see here, the Graft Syndicate is the party of the first part."

"And we've got to pay you?" groaned Mr. Tubbel; but Mr. Skink said nothing at all; he turned a sickly pea green.

"I hope you are not offended," said Roger Murchison, more to Rosa Lind than to the others. "I am sure you will find me a most simple-minded, easily buncoed person."

"Oh, yes!" said Rosa Lind. "I can see that. You're an easy-mark of the first water."

She turned to her two companions.

"Cheer up, boys!" she said. "Brace up! I can see this is going to be an easy job—it is going to be as easy as prying loose the Woolworth Building with a toothpick. It is going to be easy; all we have to do is catch this man when he is asleep."

"But he never sleeps," groaned Mr. Tubbel, with that deep pathos that only the voice of a fat man can exude; "he can't sleep; he's got insomnia."

And now what do the three of them do to Roger Murchison? Read the next story of this most original series in the forthcoming November issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.



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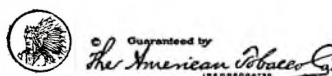
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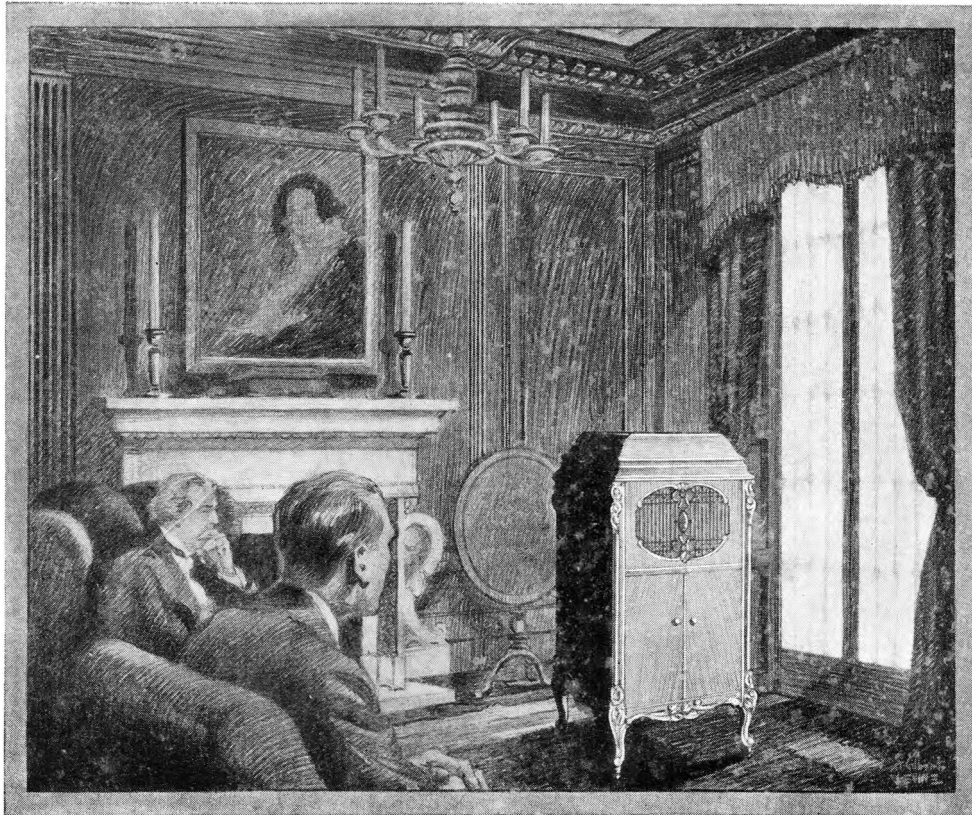
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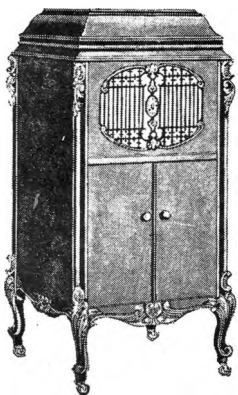
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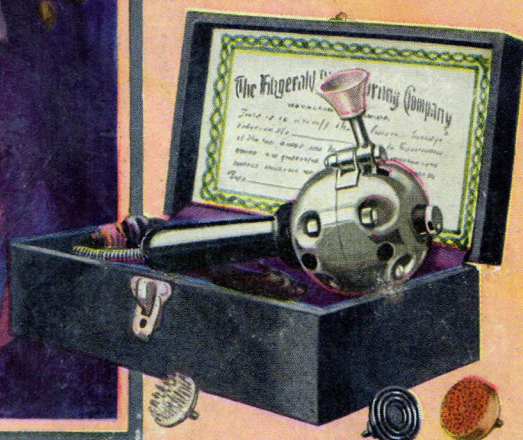
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