

*Hearst's International*  
COMBINED WITH  
**Cosmopolitan**

NOVEMBER • 25



*Beginning*

**"I'VE BEEN TO LONDON—"**

by **TEMPLE BAILEY**

**SOMERSET MAUGHAM JAMES HILTON FAITH BALDWIN  
AND A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL**

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# Fascinating Lady

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**She evades all close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

**I**T'S ONLY human nature to wait breathlessly for such a lovely girl to turn her proud head—to reward your admiration with the glory of her smile!

And it's only human nature to resent it, like a physical blow, when she does turn, when she *does* smile—and all her loveliness turns to ashes! For when a smile betrays dull and dingy teeth—tender and ailing gums—no glory of eyes or hair can save loveliness.

**NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

Too many *soft* foods... too little work and resistance for the natural health of our

teeth and gums—there are the reasons why that dental warning "pink tooth brush" is so often in evidence.

And for the sake of *your own* loveliness and *your own* health—if you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, see *your dentist*. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to explain the menace of our "modern menus"—to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more exercise. And he may tell you—he often does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Play safe—get Ipana today. Rub a lit-

tle extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well as* clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better. And they'll certainly be far safer from the threat and danger of serious gum troubles.

The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.



**IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.**

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General Electric makes a 10 cent lamp, too! It is the best lamp you can buy at the price. 7½, 15, 30 and 60-watt sizes. Each dime lamp is marked like this. . . **GE**

VOL. CI NO. 5

**H. P. BURTON**  
 Editor

*condensed with*  
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 Cosmopolitan**  
 (Trademark Reg. in U. S. Pat. Office)

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## Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

**E**DNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You,

yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



If you like Listerine Antiseptic, chances are you'll like Listerine Tooth Paste. 16¢ brushings in the big, double-size tube, 40¢. Regular size, 25¢.

# Over the Editor's Shoulder

**L**OUIS BROMFIELD, we are glad to say, contributes his distinguished fiction exclusively to *Cosmopolitan*... which is one way of announcing that his recent travels in India have resulted in a novel in which jaded English aristocrats are shown against a background of Indian life. He has sent us from Senlis, France, the final sections of this novel, which bears the mysterious title "Bitter Lotus." We shall publish it soon.

It is the story of a man and woman who find each other in spite of all obstacles, and the sorrow through which they must pass is explained by the queer, wise doctor in these words: "It is the fault of so many people and so many things. It began long ago..."

**A**S THIS is written, *Cosmopolitan's* Rex Beach is on his way to Montreal for a luncheon with Cabinet members and leaders of Canadian business. He leaves directly after the luncheon on an exploring expedition into wild country to get material for *Cosmopolitan* articles and stories.

**P**ublishers' Weekly announces officially that Lloyd C. Douglas' novel, "Green Light," which appeared first in *Cosmopolitan*, was 1935's best-selling novel.

**L**EAPING up New York's Fifth Avenue one day last summer we saw in the window of a huge bookstore a sign reading:

"First Editions of Books That Have Made Motion Pictures."

We stopped and saw many titles that had been published first in *Cosmopolitan*, and wished we had our own show window. In it we would put any copy of the magazine, and over it a proud, clear sign reading:

"First Editions of Novels and Stories That Will Make Motion Pictures."

In the first twenty-eight weeks of this year twenty-two *Cosmopolitan* stories were bought for the screen, almost one a week. The modern lively art of the motion picture finds in each issue stories that because of their romance and exciting drama are "movie naturals."

**W**HEN a person pays a quarter for a magazine it means a definite appreciation of its value. The twenty-five-cent *Cosmopolitan* has passed the eighteen hundred thousand mark in circulation. This magazine you hold in your hands reaches a greater number of readers than ever before in its history.

**O**N OUR desk is the manuscript of a brand-new murder novel by Rufus King. In the second sentence Mr. King discloses a corpse named Mr. Worthington, on a marble bench in a closed house. And pretty soon along comes Lieutenant Valcour, of the New York Police, and YOU know what THAT means in the way of excitement. The name of the story is "Crime of Violence," and we shall publish it soon.

Rufus King handed in the manuscript, and then betook himself to sea. He had read Eleanor Early's article, "The Virgin Islands," in our April issue, and found her description so fascinating that now he has gone to find out for himself—a *Cosmopolitan* author on a *Cosmopolitan*-suggested trip!

**C**OMING soon—a happy, snappy piece by the poet, Stephen Vincent Benét, in the form of a short story, with the engaging title "The \$100 Necktie." In it Mr. Benét shows delightfully that hen-houses are more than Riviera villas, and a humble heart sweeter than braggadocio in the eyes of the rich.

**P**ARKER MORELL, whose "Diamond Jim Brady" developed into three major successes—first in *Cosmopolitan*, then as a best-selling book, finally as a moving picture—has written the story of Bob Chanler under the title "The Grand Bohemian." *Cosmopolitan* will publish it soon as a nonfiction feature, complete in one issue.

Chanler was one of the most talked-about men of his time. His name was constantly appearing in the headlines.

To Chanler's "House of Fantasy" came the great of the earth, and everybody else, too, unless Bob Chanler happened to take a dislike to them. In that case, he often threw them downstairs, whether they were prince or pauper. He was a loud, gigantic man, an artist, with the face of a satyr and the eyes of a saint.

His biographer, Parker Morell, was Rudy Vallée's college roommate. He studied architecture and engineering. His present hobbies are golf and photography. What do you suppose there

(Continued on page 6)



Ritchie Cooper's illustration for Adela Rogers St. Johns' novelette "Angle Shooter," coming soon.

**T**HE most important thing in learning how to write successfully is just three words," Mary Roberts Rinehart says. "CHOICE OF THEME. Learn what interests people, and tell about it sincerely."

For a short story, "Experiment in Youth," which we shall publish soon, Mrs. Rinehart chose a particularly poignant theme, the efforts of a father and mother to keep up with their only son and his young bride. She describes the nostalgia for the years gone by which every one of us, young or old, must feel. Her characters learn, and her readers will learn also, that if you wish the joys of youth, you must be ready to accept its burdens.

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Formerly published in a many-volume edition at a good high price, ALL of O. Henry's stories, his poems and essays, with biographical information about the author, can now be yours in ONE exquisite volume of 1400 pages! Clearly printed and beautifully bound in rich deep blue cloth artistically stamped in gold, regular value \$5.00. But our special offer gives you this great book for only \$1.00 if you act promptly! You send no money now and none at all if after FREE EXAMINATION you don't think this is even more of a hook bargain than we say it is.

## DOLLAR BOOK CLUB MEMBERSHIP is FREE

. . . and it brings you AMAZING BARGAINS LIKE THIS

The plan of the Club is simply this: Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be sent "The Complete Works of O. Henry." With this book will be the current issue of the free monthly magazine called "The Bulletin," which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. This Bulletin describes the next month's selection and reviews about thirty other month's selection, the member does not wish to purchase the book for \$1.00, two weeks' time is given in which to write the Club so that the book will not be included in the automatic monthly shipment and to request an alternate selection if it is desired. Thus, members are privileged to purchase as many or as few books as they wish at the special price of \$1.00 each.

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70,000 discriminating readers have enthusiastically accepted free membership in this money-saving Club. This huge membership of men and women enables the Club to offer book values unsurpassed by any other method of book buying. And the membership which brings you these bargains is FREE.

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May we prove to you that Dollar Book Club values are really amazing? Let us send you for free examination the great \$5.00 value—THE COMPLETE WORKS OF O. HENRY. When you see this splendid book and think of owning it for only \$1.00 you will realize the value of free membership in this popular Club. This is a demonstration of our real and genuine generosity. If you are not delighted with the book and surprised at this sensational bargain you may return the book and your cash. Don't miss this opportunity to get a FREE MEMBERSHIP in this money-saving Club. Mail the coupon now.

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 About Town  
 From the Cabby's Seat  
 and 251 More!

## MAIL TODAY—Read O. HENRY Free

Read "The Complete Works of O. Henry" Free  
**DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB**

Please send me free for one year as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once "The Complete Works of O. Henry," which I will examine and read free for three days. With this book will come my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine called "The Bulletin," describing the one dollar bargain book for the following month and several other alternate bargains. Each month I am to have the privilege of ordering you to advance and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate bargains at the special Club price of \$1 each.

If I keep "The Complete Works of O. Henry" I will send you \$1, plus a few cents handling and shipping charges, as full payment. The balance of book is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month or a minimum during my year's membership. And I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping costs.

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When the  
 Rattlesnake  
 Struck

"Judge: When you sent me up for four years you called me a rattlesnake. Now I am one—because you treat me rattlesnake now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well they said it was poverty and the other together. You're not a daughter, Judge. And I'm going to teach you how how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I'm tired rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike!"

What a beginning for a story—and what a STORY! DON'T miss it!



# DON'T GUESS ASK YOUR DENTIST

We believe he will agree to  
every one of these statements

We think we can show you a new method of aiding mouth health—a method so easy, so pleasant and inexpensive that everyone can begin at once.

Brush your teeth regularly, of course, but *in addition*, chew Oralgene Gum several times each day! Oralgene has a firm texture, is delightfully flavored, and contains just enough dehydrated milk of magnesia to help fight mouth acidity.

**ORALGENE** does three important things:

1. Gives teeth and gums exercise that modern foods cannot provide. All chewing gum helps but the firmer texture of Oralgene is particularly valuable.
2. It helps clean the mouth by removing food particles that even your tooth brush misses.
3. It helps correct mouth acidity all the time you are chewing.

Ask your dentist about all three of these important points. Begin now to chew Oralgene and get the advantage of this easy extra care for your teeth. That's why we say—see your dentist at least twice each year and . . .

**USE**



EACH PIECE INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

## Over the Editor's Shoulder

(Continued from page 4)

is in those interests to give him his understanding of such lusty, colorful characters as Diamond Jim Brady and Bob Chanler?

**E**AGER people, young in years or in ideas, wanting to discover the fascinating world, wanting to read best-sellers first and top-rank short stories, people in the "Age of Accumulation," accumulating ideas and possessions—these are the readers of *Cosmopolitan*.

In the "Age of Accumulation" more houses are built, more babies born, more radios, cars, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners bought than in any other period. Recent studies show an amazingly large concentration of "accumulators" in *Cosmopolitan's* readership. But, after all, it is not surprising, because the magazine is edited for just this type of eager, go-ahead person.

**W**E SAW a man stand up in a crowded courtroom. The judge was not on the bench, and the tension of a long trial eased as spectators and newspapermen moved about and talked.

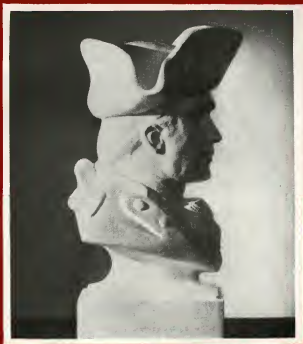
He stood silent, his blue eyes bleak behind glasses. It was Damon Runyon in the Flemington, N. J., courtroom, the great modern reporter doing one of the greatest jobs of reporting a metropolitan newspaper has ever seen.

As keenly as he watched that trial Damon Runyon watches football games each autumn. He is writing a football story for *Cosmopolitan* now, and says about it: "Football has become the biggest betting game in the world. During the season it is the main topic of conversation among the guys and dolls of Broadway. The hero of my story plays on the team—but the atmosphere is pure Broadway."

James Montgomery Flagg has made an excellent portrait of Damon Runyon. We reproduce it below.



# AMERICAN...every drop



## Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES - 92 PROOF

**F**OR OVER 70 years, Paul Jones has been made slowly . . . distilled in the costly, old-fashioned American way . . . with plump golden-ripe American grain . . . with clear, sparkling American limestone water . . . and with steadfast fidelity to time-honored American whiskey traditions.

Paul Jones is *all* whiskey—American, every drop—and you'd search the wide world over to match its gloriously rich, hearty flavor!

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.



A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

This advertisement does not offer this product for sale in dry States; it is offered for sale only in compliance with all State and Federal Statutes.

# HOW COSMOPOLITAN READERS\* USE "WHO SELLS IT"



\*We'd be glad to hear of any interesting experience with "Who Sells It" that you have had.

SEE in Cosmopolitan what you want to buy—look for the telephone symbol—consult this list for the "who sells it" office in your city. A courteous voice gives you the names of several convenient dealers. Save time, save money, save steps. [If you do not live near these cities, write to Cosmopolitan.]



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**WHEN CLARK MAKES LOVE  
TO MARION ... THE WHOLE  
WIDE WORLD'S IN TUNE ...**



**MARION DAVIES  
CLARK GABLE *in*  
CAIN *and* MABEL**

To MARION DAVIES and CLARK GABLE ... a hearty vote of thanks for moving so far forward Warner Bros.' march of new season hits that began with "The Green Pastures," "Anthony Adverse" and "Give Me Your Heart" ... and just ahead are—"THE GREEN LIGHT," from the celebrated best-seller by Lloyd C. Douglas—Errol FLYNN and Olivia de HAVILLAND in "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"—"THREE MEN ON A HORSE," Broadway's great comedy success—and Dick POWELL in "GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937."

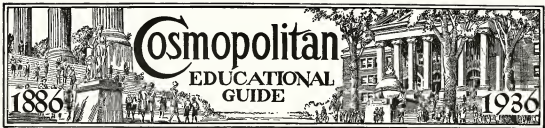
● Produced in the gay modern spirit that made Warner Bros. the masters of screen musicals—every scene and every song wearing the happy halo of a great work that was fun to do—and will be a joy to see! With ALLEN JENKINS, ROSCOE KARNs, Walter Catlett, David Carlyle, Hobart Cavanaugh ... Directed by LLOYD BACON ... The rhythmic song hits "I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs," "Coney Island" and "Here Comes Chiquita" by Harry Warren and Al Dubin set the pace for brilliant new Bobby Connolly dance creations.

*Warner Bros.*



A COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION





**NEW ENGLAND—GIRLS**

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## TO OUR QUESTION:

*What Interests You Most in This Cosmopolitan World of Today?*



Ben Pincus

Dorothea Brande

# Successfulness

Publishers' Photo Service

**I**F ANYONE had suggested, or predicted, five years ago that at any future time I might answer the question above by any such word as "Success" or "Successfulness," I should have asked him (politely, I trust) whether he had ever thought of having his head examined. I interested in crass material success? I a worshiper of "go-getterism"? It would have been too ironical!

Yet it was my career to work with words. I prided myself a good deal on my knowledge of them, and, even more smugly, on the possession of intelligence and an independent mind. It didn't occur to me, nevertheless, that in dismissing the mere word "Success" with contempt I was letting other people do my thinking for me—and not the brightest people in the world, either.

There is no known law which requires any user of the word to qualify it as "crass" or "material." But read almost any sentence or paragraph which mentions Success: you will find that it is used either to mean a great fortune—sometimes amassed by greed, cruelty and indifference to the rights of others—or to denote the result of a headlong, egotistical ambition.

That was the way I was using it, too. Thank heaven I had an enlightenment about it.

It came when I discovered why I was not doing all I was capable of doing. When I saw that I was failing because I was so neurotically afraid of being hurt that, rather than risk any refusal or misunderstanding, I was simply not

doing anything at all. I began to wonder if there hadn't been something sickly about my attitude toward those who managed to do what they set out to do.

Almost the first thing I found out was that those (beginning with myself, please notice) who deprecated success as crass and material were giving themselves a very good advance alibi for not *working!* If that is really what you want, I recommend never doing any further thinking about the matter, for if you continue to consider successfulness, success and those who succeed as somehow shameful, certainly ignoble, you can spend the rest of your life priding yourself on the fact that no such dire fate as being successful will overtake you.

But don't begin to think *independently* about it. Don't look up the word itself and see what it really means. You're likely to find, as I did, that there is the end of your daydreaming and evasions, your loafing with-or-without an invitation sent to your Soul. For right at its root, "to succeed" means simply "to follow through." You may have to wonder—as I did—why you had been so quick to assume that all following through was crass, and all "followers-through" egotistical monsters. You may even have to work out a new definition of the word for yourself which gives some idea of your freshened sense of its true meaning.

Here is mine: Doing what you can do best as well as you are able.

## answers Dorothea Brande

*Author of "Wake Up and Live!"*

I know it sounds almost innocently dumb, that definition; but when you begin to think about it seriously you find it is packed with dynamite—and with the unexpected. Let me say here and now that the most important word in it is that first one: *Doing!* Daydreaming which you disguise to yourself as "planning" gets you nowhere. Everyone needs to think, to imagine, to foresee; but unless, after the period of quiet, a period of action begins, you may be sure you're selling your soul to Failure—the master who pays the worst wages on earth.

But "what you can do best" is even more of a joker. Sometimes all the strength and energy you can pour into what you are doing at the moment will not carry you on to success—to harvest; simply because the work is the wrong work for you.

Partly because we have to be trained when young not to think too much about ourselves, we are often astonishingly blind as to our own real interests and talents. We sometimes know vaguely that we'd like to do something, but just what it is we admire; and when we still get nowhere we are so disappointed.

Why not look at ourselves and see what we are really like? Here is an instance from my own experience: a woman came to (Continued on page 94)





"But you do look like the Prince," said the girl. "Only he's—better-looking." Her words were a deliberate challenge, and Gerry knew it.

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# I've been to




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Author of "Enchanted Ground"





*Eventful and charming, passionate and wise, this novel of today's youth and the gay international set is definitely the finest work done by the author of "Enchanted Ground" and a dozen other glamorous best sellers*

**P**EG PIERCE, seeing Gerry Mitchell for the first time on the boat in the fall of 1935, decided that he looked like the Prince of Wales. Peg had had a brief glimpse of the Prince in London and, noting the tiredness of his eyes, had wondered if he were happy. After all, being a prince might not be so perfect. Perhaps being constantly in the limelight might not seem as good as it sounded.

Gerry Mitchell's eyes were not tired—they swept boldly and rovingly about him. Once they had rested on Peg, and her heart had turned over. But they had roved on and had not looked her way again. And now New York was but three days distant, and when they docked, Gerry Mitchell with all his millions, all his glamorous history, would be lost to her forever.

Peg might have been consoled had there been any other man. But there was none. Indeed, she had learned on the voyage over that the social world on shipboard was not only not safe for democracy, but that there was nothing in the least altruistic about her compatriots. There had been, of course, the usual flotsam and jetsam of undesirables, but the men and women who were worth while had kept to themselves. By "worth while" Peg meant the grand and gorgeous ones. They had, as it were, drawn their skirts aside from this pretty girl who was traveling alone, and was a bit too anxious to know people.

Peg had been sure she would meet someone on board who would be interested in her dancing. She was making it her profession, and had a few pupils. With the money she got from her pupils she had paid for lessons for herself. She had thought if she could dance in London, it would make easier the getting of engagements in America.

She had dreamed of invitations: of someone saying before they landed at Southampton: "My dear, come to me

for a week end. My friends will love it." There might indeed have come some day a command to dance before the King!

What a fool she had been with her nursery-rhyme complexes, her dreams and visions! There had been no invitations. No week ends. She had had one chance to dance at a big house, but she had got it through an agency.

She had arrived at the great house in the afternoon and had been shown at once to her room. She had not been asked to join the guests; her dinner had been served upstairs on a tray. Later, in floating chiffons, she had drifted over the polished floor of the ballroom in her own arrangement of the "Spring Song," while people had sat about in gilt chairs, watching. She had had some applause, but more when she came out in Spanish dress with castanets. They had liked her, but not enough to ask her again.

No further engagements followed, so she had spent her time sight-seeing—the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the art galleries and museums. In spite of her disappointment, she had loved that and had made her letters to her parents and her sister Pamela seem enthusiastic.

But now, with only three days before her, she was assailed by a sense of futility. She had been to London, but what of it? It had profited her no more than the pussycat in the nursery rhyme who had frightened a mouse under the Queen's chair and had tried to make the most of it!

Three days more! And there—not six feet away from her as she watched the game—was Gerry Mitchell playing shuffleboard, and looking like the Prince. And she, Peg, might have been a fly on the wall for all the notice he took of her!

Yet why shouldn't he notice Peg Pierce? she asked herself. Far back in her family history there had been two grandfathers, governors of Maryland, and if in these later years there had been less of money, less holding of office,

there was no less pride of race. Peg's blood was as good as that of Gerry Mitchell. But saying that to yourself didn't get you anywhere. You couldn't about at the top of your lungs, "My grandfather was a governor," could you?

Yet there might be other ways to get the ears and eyes of this much-talked-about young man. Peg had thought of



"It's like the end of the world," murmured the old woman, and to Pamela she seemed curious about the fire, rather than afraid.

would startle him into recognition of the charms he had neglected.

For Peg knew that her charms were many. She had beauty of face, grace of body, and a brain so clever that she could disguise from most men the fact that she had a mind! Peg's sister, Pam, was pretty, but Peg's loveliness went beyond mere prettiness. Everybody said so, and Pam was never jealous. Peg was the light of her eyes.

Darling Pam! Peg decided to send a wireless and ask Pam to meet the boat. They'd have a day in New York together.

Having sent the message, Peg dressed for dinner. The people at her table were pleasant, and there was general conversation. But that was as far as it went. Peg had not been sure she wanted it to go further, for none of her tablemates was young or interesting, or able to add in any way to her aspirations.

Tonight, however, as she listened idly to what they were saying, her attention was held by the words of a woman

opposite her—an elderly woman wearing a gray satin dress and pearls.

"I have an unusual collection of autographs," she was telling the man who sat beside her. "I don't seek the names of artists and singers and writers and explorers simply because they have painted or sung or written or gone into strange countries. They must have extraordinary personality rather than fame. For example, in the past I should have cared more for Boswell's name than for Johnson's. And in my own time I haven't wanted all of the Presidents, but I've got Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt. And there's a man on the boat I want. It's Gerry Mitchell, I wrote a little note asking him to sign his name, and I shan't ask him again."

A man at the head of the table asked sharply, "What has Gerry Mitchell done that you should want him?"

"Nothing but get himself talked about. And he looks like the Prince of Wales."

It was right there that Peg came into the picture. "Do you get people to write their names in a book, or on a card or something?" she asked the gray lady.

a dozen things: to faint in front of his cabin door; to drop overboard when he stood looking over the rail, as he so often did! But these things seemed so obvious, and one of them was hazardous. And Peg had a feeling that Gerry Mitchell wouldn't be fooled. What she had to do was not something spectacular but something subtle. Something that

"In my book, if possible. Otherwise, on a card."

After dinner Peg stopped at a desk in the lounge and got one of the ship's cards. In the mirror above the desk her eyes met the eyes of the lovely girl who was herself. "It's our last chance," the eyes said to each other, "and if we lose we deserve to be beaten."

Gerry Mitchell was never bored. If he could not find one thing with which to amuse himself, he sought another. Yet tonight, three days before entering port, he knew himself on the edge of ennui. There were no girls on board worth playing around with, and he was returning to America somewhat against his will, in order to please his sister, Enid, with whom he had promised to spend a week in October at a charming house in Virginia.

Gerry would have preferred to stay in England until after the hunting season, but Enid was Enid. She was older than her brother, and as different from him as is day from night. But this very difference held him to her, and she was the only person in the world who really knew him—his big faults and his few virtues.

Three days more. Then Enid and her husband, Jim Ashurst, would meet him at the dock, and immediately after they would all be off for the southland. Gerry wondered whether Enid would find a girl to make a fourth. She often did things like that. Yet she was cautious, for Gerry had absolutely no conscience where girls were concerned, and he did not believe in broken hearts. "I help them work off their emotions," he told Enid when she remonstrated. "Why should they cry about it?"

His conceit, Enid assured him, was colossal. "You think none of them can resist you."

"Darling, I know they can't." And with that confession of faith Gerry went through with his affairs, sure that when he was off with the old, he could be on at once with the new.

**A**FTER DINNER on this particular evening he got as far from the crowd as possible. Smoking one cigaret after another, he leaned over the rail watching the phosphorescent lights in the ship's wake flash signals to the moon. It was, Gerry reflected, a moon which should not be wasted.

There could have been, of course, no better moment for Peg's appearance. And so it happened that Gerry, steeped in the glamour of the night, heard a woman's voice. "I'm sorry."

He straightened up and turned quickly. A girl stood in the moonlight. She was in silvery satin, with a long cape and a flaring collar that buttoned to her throat so that her head was set down in it like the heads of queens in old pictures. Her hair, waved and wind-blown, was bright in the shining night. "I'm sorry," she said again. "I'd like to ask a favor."

He was accustomed to such approaches and was wary. "Yes?" His voice was crisp.

"There's a little old lady at our table who wants your autograph. She wrote

and asked you for it, but you didn't answer."

"Why should she want my scraw? I'm not a celebrity."

"She says you look like the Prince of Wales."

"If I thought that, I'd drown myself." A moment's silence, then she said, "But why drown yourself? You do look like him. Only he's—better-looking."

It was a challenge, and Gerry knew it. For the space of a breath he hesitated, then took from her the card which she held in her hand. He wrote his name carefully. Whatever else might be said of him, he did not do things casually. He had a distinctive signature and was proud of it, Gerald Dunning Mitchell.

He handed the card back to her. She said, "Thank you," opened her bag and put the card in carefully. Then she turned her back on him and walked away.

Gerry called after her, "Would you mind—"

"She turned. 'Yes?'"

"I'd like the name of the old lady."

She gave it.

"And yours?"

"Margaret Pierce."

Gerry said, "It doesn't suit you."

"My family call me Peg."

"Much better. Do you mind if I call you that?"

Thus it began, and there were three days of it. Before they docked, Peg sent Pam another wireless:

**DO NOT MEET ME IN NEW YORK STOP  
AM MOTORING TO WASHINGTON WITH  
TRAVELING SPOOF WILL ARRIVE IN TIME FOR  
DINNER**

It was on the night before Peg's ship docked in New York that Fergus MacHugh, arriving in Washington, was met at the Union Station by his friend Jon Stafford.

The two men smiled at each other; shook hands.

Jon said, "How's everything?"

"I hated to leave the dogs. Sandra has her pups, but you know her eyes when she thinks she's being left behind."

"She doesn't need you half as much as I do."

"Don't be too sure. Sandra is only a dog with few preoccupations, not an inspired young painter who lives for his art."

They laughed as they climbed into a taxi and were swept into the wide streets.

To Fergus, straight from the mountains of Colorado and before that from the mountains of Scotland, the city seemed dwarfed by comparison with high peaks and higher skies, yet the vista of white edifices on Capitol Hill, the thin October air, roused in him a tingling sense of anticipation.

Jon said, "We're in the less fashionable part of town. It's cheaper."

"Comfortable?"

"Very. The kind of thing we like. An old house made into apartments. Fireplace. High ceilings. Some furniture. I've got most of our things placed, and a maid comes on Monday. Middle-aged, white and responsible. The janitor got her for me. Anna Jansen. We'll eat out till she arrives. There's a grand little place around the corner."

They had turned into a wide and shabby avenue, lined with trees which were ablaze with autumn coloring. On

one corner was a square and commodious structure, flanked by plots of emerald grass and approached by a flight of steps with bright brass rails.

The taxi stopped, and Jon said, "Here we are. There's no elevator, but the stairs aren't much to climb."

There were six apartments, three on each side. There was on the top floor at the right.

Fergus, entering and looking about him, said, "Splendid. North windows. Plenty of space."

**T**HE LIVING ROOM, or studio, in which they stood was furnished with deep chairs, a great couch and a grand piano which was set across one corner. The walls, hung with dark blue, made an effective background for the studies in oil which were stuck about and for a Japanese print which filled the space above the mantel. A coal fire burned in an old-fashioned grate.

Jon, breaking a chunk of coal, was as lighted-up as his fire. "There's heat enough in the pipes, but I knew you'd like this. I rented the piano. You'd be lost without one, and I can send it back when you go."

"I shan't be in a hurry about going."

"You think you won't. But Sandra and the hills will get you, and you know it."

Fergus' voice had an edge to it. "And then what?"

"Well, I'll be left high and dry again."

"I was born a rover, and I don't like strings tied to me." Fergus' hand came down on the other's shoulder. "Give me plenty of rope, old fellow, and I won't go far." He moved on then toward the piano. "Good tone," he said as he ran his fingers over the keys, drifting into a song, a gay modern thing which gained much from the depth and richness of his voice.

Jon, leaning on the piano, smiled and listened. Fergus was a grand person.

"Stop, you little fool!" cried Gerry, but Peg could not stop. The mare was completely out of hand.

And he was good to look at, with that laughing light in his eyes.

The two men were, indeed, both good to look at. Of even age and on the young side of thirty, their types were excellently contrasted. Fergus overtopped his friend by half a head, and overmatched him in strength of body. One knew him at once for an out-of-doors man. There was the bronze of his skin, the burnt brown of his hair. His brows were black and winglike above deep blue eyes. His chin was firm, and his smile quick and flashing. He had no vanity, and having good looks, forgat them.

Jon, on the other hand, never forgot himself. His dark eyes were always asking questions. He wanted to be liked, but was never sure. Yet he should have been sure, for his appearance in any gathering, especially of women, was an instant challenge to admiration. With his silver-blond hair, his somewhat pale features, his slight figure, he was a man



to catch the appreciative eye and hold it.

Jon said between verses, with a hint of ridicule in his words, "You'd make a fortune as a crooner. All the women would fall for you."

"There you go again. Do you think I'd be tied to any woman?" Fergus finished his song, then stood up. "I'm starved. Let's eat."

A little later they swung along in the crisp twilight until they reached the restaurant of which Jon had spoken. Outside the door were baskets of oysters in their shells. Within, the linen was immaculate, the glass and silver shining. The oysters which Jon and Fergus ordered were hot and steaming and flanked by bowls of fat round biscuit, with side dishes of chopped cabbage, spicy with celery seed and tart with vinegar.

"Like it?" Jon said with anxious eagerness.

"It couldn't be better," Fergus replied.

The door opened, and a man came in. He was not a young man, but his manner was youthful, and his broad felt hat was tipped at a jaunty angle. His overcoat was shabby but well made, and he wore it well. His voice had a rhythmical southern smoothness as he spoke to the proprietor.

"We'll want two dozen on the half shell, Nick, for tomorrow night. Dinner at seven. My girl is coming home, and we're going to celebrate."

"Miss Pam told me. I met her in the market. She'll be glad to have Miss Peg back again."

"We'll all be glad. She's a great girl, Nicholas."

"She is that, sir."

Having paid for the oysters, the man went out.

Jon said, "That's Talbot Pierce. He lives in the apartment below us. A patent attorney, the janitor told me. And there are two daughters. One is abroad,

and the other works in her father's office."

"Young?"

"The one I've seen is."

"Peg and Pam," Fergus said. "Probably Pamela and Margaret. Margaret's not so good, but Pamela sounds gay and blooming."

Jon said, "Well, she isn't. She's little and tired-looking."

"So that's that," said Fergus, "and who cares, anyhow?"

Pamela Pierce, packing her bag for the trip to New York to meet her sister, heard Fergus at the piano. She said, "I like his voice, Mother. It's so alive."

Mrs. Pierce, from the depths of a chintz-covered chair, complained, "You can't expect me to rave over these modern things."

Pam went on with her packing. She tucked in last things, snapped her bag shut and took (Continued on page 130)

LAND  
Leslie Howard

CANADA

Norma Shearer

GERMANY

Mariene Dietrich

SWEDEN

Greta Garbo

ITALY

Frank Capra

MEXICO

Dolores Del Rio

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Francis Lederer

IRELAND

Maureen O'Sullivan

Paramount  
H. G. M.  
Kodak  
Lent

CARTHY  
CIRCLE

# HOLLY

## *The first International city*

*We know that Hollywood is a gay town, an exciting town, and a glamorous town. But the famous author of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" sees it as something far more significant than this—the first general meeting place where the artists of the world are gathered and are sending all humanity their common message*

*by* **James Hilton**

**WHEN I FIRST** contemplated a visit to Hollywood, I was warned by many excellent people. I might fail, they told me. Worse still, I might succeed. But there was this unusual consolation. In either event I should have something to go away and boast about.

The trouble is that after six months in Hollywood, I don't know whether I have failed or succeeded, and I suspect that nobody else does, either. What I do know is that I have had a good time, have made a great many new friends, and shall come again. So I call that success. Why shouldn't I?

Hollywood is a much maligned place. To both artist and moralist it is apt to appear as Public Iniquity Number One, if only because most other places keep their iniquities private. In Hollywood nothing is private—least of all, life. (You can cruise around the quiet residential

streets of Beverly Hills in a charabanc and have "the Homes of the Stars" pointed out to you by a man with a megaphone.) Perhaps this is why, from a strictly moral angle, I found the place almost dismayingly respectable—even, at times, genteel. A village behind a shop window. Cranford. Gossip. All the little local boys and girls from all over the world not only making good but being good. Well, fairly good, anyhow.

Really, if I were a reformer in Hollywood, I don't think I would know what to begin to reform, except the municipal ordinance which (presumably with the most high-minded intentions) prohibits drinking in the open air. A few boulevard cafes, and a few sliding roofs on places of amusement, would bring Hollywood much nearer heaven, both to eye and mind.

Geographically, the town is indeterminate.





# WOOD

*the world has ever seen*

*Cosmopolitan-  
Warner Bros.,  
Paramount,  
First National,  
Assoc. Wide World,  
M-G-M*

You hardly know when you are in it or out of it, and some of the studios, though out of it, are still of it. On occasions, like a piece of elastic, it stretches far into the surrounding mountains and deserts; this is called "location."

One afternoon I drove forty miles to a Chinese village that had been specially constructed for the film, "The Good Earth." There, amid the dry hills of California, and in a shade temperature of nearly a hundred, a perfect microcosm of China had been laid out, the hills carved into terraces, water piped for miles to fill a section of river, little ramshackle huts scattered around with a care for detail worthy of the Chinese themselves.

Planning the terraces alone had required months of preparation ("meticulous" is the adjective I ought to use, except that I don't like it); while a regular expedition had been sent to China for actual properties—water wheels, carts, shop utensils, and so on, all bought at prices which, even after strenuous bargaining, doubtless made their owners wonder at the eagerness of Americans to pay so much for apparently so little. But in Hollywood it is the apparently so little that is really so much; every detail in a good present-day picture has to be exact, authentic and the result of tireless anxiety to get the best possible result.

For "The Good Earth" there were three other sets besides the reconstructed village; two of them were elaborate street scenes, and along one of these streets I (Continued on page 165)



**UNITED STATES**  
Marion Davies

**AUSTRIA**  
Paul Muni

**FRANCE**  
Clouette Colbert

**ROUMANIA**  
Edward G. Robinson

**CHINA**  
Anna May Wong

**SPAIN**  
Conchita Montenegro

**AUSTRALIA**  
May Robson

Above, center: The film capital and one of its famous movie theaters. Below: A lesson in film editing—the author with Frances Marion, ace Hollywood scenarist.







La Falterona received unparalleled ovations on her South American tour.

# The Voice

*Which was the real woman in her—the singer whose voice drew men or the harpy who proved them fools?*

**F**OR SOME TIME I could not make up my mind whether I liked Peter Melrose or not. He had had a novel published that had caused some stir among the rather dreary but worthy people who are always on the lookout for new talent. Elderly gentlemen with nothing much to do but go to luncheon parties praised it with girlish enthusiasm, and wry little women who didn't get on with their husbands thought it showed promise.

I read a few reviews. They contradicted one another freely. Some of the critics claimed that with this first novel the author had sprung into the first rank of English novelists; others reviled it. I did not read it. I have learned by experience that when a book makes a sensation it is just as well to wait a year before you read it. It is astonishing how many books then you need not read at all.

But it chanced that one day I met Peter Melrose. With some misgiving I had accepted an invitation to a sherry party. It was in the top flat of a converted house in Bloomsbury. My hostesses were two women, much over life-size, in early middle life—the sort of women who knew all about the insides of motorears and liked a good tramp in the rain, but very feminine for all that.

The drawing-room, which they called "our workshop"—though, being of independent means, neither had ever done a stroke of work in her life—was large and bare, furnished with rustless steel chairs which looked as though they could with difficulty support the substantial weight of their owners, glass-topped tables and a vast divan covered with zebra skin. On the walls were bookshelves and pictures by the better-known English imitators of Cézanne, Braque and Picasso. On the shelves there were only the works of living authors, mostly first editions, and it was indeed to sign some of my own that I had been asked to the party.

It was quite small. There was but one other woman, who might have been a younger sister of

my hostesses, for, though stout, she was not quite so stout, though tall, not quite so tall, and though hearty, not quite so hearty. I did not catch her name, but she answered to that of "Boofuls."

The only man besides myself was Peter Melrose. He was quite young, twenty-two or twenty-three, of the middle height, but with an ungainly figure that made him look squat. He had a reddish skin that seemed to fit over the bones of his face too tightly, a rather large Semitic nose, though he was not a Jew, and alert green eyes under bushy eyebrows. His brown hair, cut rather short, was scruffy. He was dressed in the brown golf coat and gray-flannel trousers that are



# of the Turtle

worn by the art students who wander hatless along King's Road, Chelsea.

An uncouth young man, nor was there much to attract in his manner. He was self-assertive, disputatious and intolerant. He had a thorough contempt for his fellow writers, which he expressed with zest. The satisfaction he gave me by his breezy attacks on reputations which for my part I considered exaggerated, but prudently held my tongue about, was only lessened by the conviction that no sooner was my back turned than he would tear my own to shreds.

He talked well. He was amusing and sometimes witty. I should have laughed at his sallies more easily if those three

ladies had not been so unreasonably convulsed by them. They ate his words. They roared with laughter at what he said, whether it was funny or whether it was silly and rude. He had a point of view, crude and not so original as he thought, but sincere.

But the most striking thing about him was his eager, impetuous vitality; it was like a hot flame that burned him with an unendurable fury. It even shed a glow on those about him. He had something, if only that, and when I left it was with a slight sense of curiosity at what would come of him. I did not know whether he had talent; so many young things can write a clever novel—that

means nothing; but it seemed to me that as a man he was not quite like everybody else.

He was the sort of person who at thirty, when time had softened his harshness and experience had taught him that he was not quite so intelligent as he thought, would be interesting and agreeable. But I never expected to see him again.

It was with surprise that two or three days later I received a copy of his novel with a flattering dedication. I read it. It was obviously to a great extent autobiographical. The scene was a small town in Sussex, and the characters of the upper middle class that strives to keep up appearances on an inadequate income. The humor was rather brutal and rather vulgar. It grated on me, for it consisted chiefly of mockery at people because they were old and poor.

Peter Melrose did not know how hard those misfortunes are to bear, and that the efforts made to cope with them are deserving of sympathy rather than derision. But there were descriptions of places which were excellently done. They showed tenderness and a sense of the spiritual beauty of material things. The book was written easily, without affectation, and with a charming feeling for words; but what made it remarkable, so that I understood

There was one subject of which *La Faltersona* never tired of talking—and that was herself.



by **W.  
Somerset  
Maugham**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
E. M. JACKSON

why it had attracted attention, was the passion that quivered in the love story. It was, as is the modern fashion, more than a trifle coarse and, again in the modern fashion, it trailed off vaguely, without any particular result, so that everything was left in the end pretty much as it was in the beginning; but you did get the impression of young love, idealistic and yet vehemently sexual.

It was so vivid and so deeply felt that it took your breath away. It seemed to throb on the printed page like the pulse of life. It had no reticence. It was absurd, scandalous and beautiful. It was like a force of nature. That was passion, all right. There is nothing, anywhere, so moving and so awe-inspiring.

I wrote to Peter Melrose and told him what I thought of his book; then suggested we might lunch together. He rang me up next day, and we made a date.

It found him unaccountably shy when we sat down opposite each other at a table in a restaurant. I gave him a cocktail. He talked glibly enough, but I saw that he was ill at ease. I gained the impression that his self-assurance was a pose that he assumed to conceal—from himself, maybe—a diffidence that tortured him. His manners were brusque and awkward. He would say a rude thing, and then laugh nervously to cover his own embarrassment. Though he pretended he was so sure of himself, he wanted all the time to be reassured. He wanted to despise the opinion of his fellows, and nothing was more important to him.

I thought him rather an odious young man, but I did not mind that. It is natural that clever young men should be rather odious. They are conscious of gifts they do not know how to use. They are exasperated with the world that will not recognize their merit. They have something to give, and no hand is stretched out to receive it. They are impatient of the fame they regard as their due. No, I do not mind odious young men; it is when they are charming that I button up the pockets of my sympathy.

Peter Melrose was extremely modest about his book. He blushed when I praised what I liked in it and accepted my strictures with a humility that was almost embarrassing. He had made very little money out of it, and his publishers were giving him a small monthly allowance in advance of royalties on the next one. This he had just started, but he wanted to get away to write in peace, and knowing I lived on the Riviera, he asked me if I could tell him of some quiet place where he could bathe and live cheaply.

I suggested that he should come and spend a few days with me so that he could look about till he found something to suit him. His green eyes sparkled when I proposed this, and he flushed.

"Shouldn't I be an awful nuisance?"

"No, I shall be working. All I can offer you is three meals a day and a room to sleep in. It'll be very dull, but you can do exactly as you like."

"It sounds grand. May I let you know if I decide to come?"

"Of course."

We separated, and a week or two later

I went home. This was in May. Early in June I received a letter from Peter Melrose asking whether he might arrive on such and such a date, if I had really meant what I said when I invited him to spend a few days with me.

Well, at the time I had meant it, but now, a month later, I remembered that he was an arrogant and ill-bred youth whom I wasn't in the least interested in, and I didn't mean it any longer. I thought it likely he would be bored stiff. I lived a quiet life and saw few people. And I thought it would be a great strain on my nerves if he were as rude as I knew he could be and I as his host felt it behooved me to keep my temper. But there was nothing to do about it. I sent him a wire and shortly afterwards he arrived.

He looked tired and grubby in his gray-flannel trousers and brown-tweed coat when I met him at the station, but after a swim in the pool he changed into white shorts and a sports shirt. He looked, then, absurdly young. He had never been out of England before. He was excited. It was touching to see his delight. Amid these unaccustomed surroundings he seemed to lose his sense of himself, and he was simple, boyish and modest. I was agreeably surprised.

In the evening, after dinner, sitting in the garden, with only the croaking of the little green frogs to break the silence, he began talking to me about his novel. It was a romantic story about a young writer and a celebrated prima donna. It was suggestive of *Ouida*—the last thing I should have expected this hard-boiled youth to write—and I was tickled.

It was odd how the fashion completed the circle and returned generation after generation to the same themes. I had no doubt that Peter Melrose would treat it in a very modern way, but there it was—the same old story that had entranced sentimental readers in the three-volume novels of the 'eighties.

He proposed to set it in the beginning of the Edwardian era, which to the young has already acquired the fantastic faraway feeling of a past age. He talked and talked. He was not unpleasant to listen to. He had no notion that he was putting into fiction his own daydreams, the comic and touching daydreams of an unattractive, obscure young man who sees himself loved by an incredibly beautiful, celebrated and magnificent woman.

I always enjoyed the novels of *Ouida*, and Peter's idea did not at all displease me. With his charming gift of description, his vivid, ingenious way of looking at natural things—fabrics, pieces of furniture, walls, trees, flowers—and his power of representing the passion of life, the passion of love that thrilled every fiber of his own uncouth body, I thought he might well produce something exuberant, absurd and poetical. But I asked him a question.

"Have you ever known a prima donna?"

"No, but I've read all the autobiographies and memoirs that I can find. I've gone into it pretty thoroughly. Not only the obvious things, you know, but I've hunted around in all sorts of byways to get the revealing touch or the suggestive anecdote."



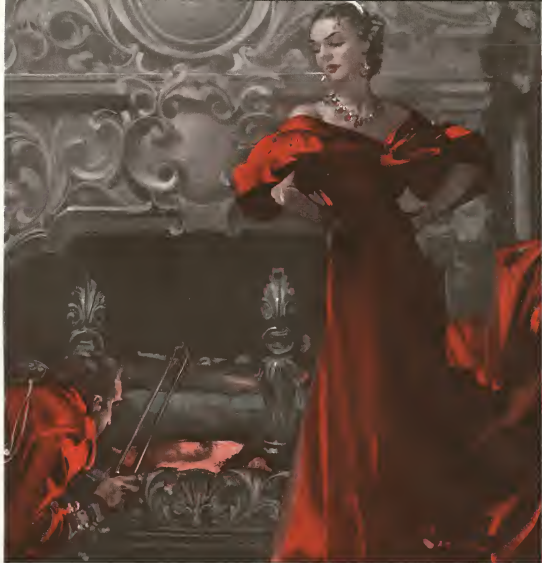
La Falterona watched the

"And have you got what you wanted?"

"I think so."

He began to describe his heroine to me. She was young and beautiful, willful, it is true, and with a quick temper, but magnanimous. A woman on the grand scale. Music was her passion; there was music not only in her voice, but in her gestures and in her inmost thoughts. She was devoid of envy, and her appreciation of art was such that when another singer had done her an injury she forgave her when she heard her sing a rôle beautifully.

She was of a wonderful generosity and would give away everything she possessed when a story of misfortune touched her soft heart. She was a great lover, prepared to sacrifice the world for the man she loved. She was intelligent and well-read. She was tender, unselfish and disinterested. In fact, she was much too good to be true.



prince scornfully as he reked the emerald out of the fire where she had flung it.

"I think you'd better meet a prima donna." I said at last.

"How can I?"

"Have you ever heard of La Falterona?"

"Of course I have. I've read her memoirs."

"She lives just along the coast. I'll ring her up and ask her to dinner."

"Will you really? It would be wonderful."

"Don't blame me if you don't find her quite what you expect."

"It's the truth I want."

Everyone has heard of La Falterona. Not even Melba had a greater reputation. She had ceased to sing in opera, but her voice was still lovely and she could fill a concert hall in any part of the world. She went for long tours every winter, and in summer rested in a villa by the sea.

On the Riviera people are neighbors

if they live thirty miles from one another, and for some years I had seen a good deal of La Falterona. She was a woman of ardent temperament, and she was celebrated not only for her singing, but for her love affairs. She never minded talking about them, and I had often sat entranced for hours while she regaled me with lurid tales of royal or very opulent adorns.

I was satisfied that there was at least a measure of truth in them. She had been married for short intervals, three or four times, and in one of these unions had annexed a Neapolitan prince. She did not use his name (to which, indeed, she had no right because after divorcing him she had married somebody else), thinking that to be known as La Falterona was grander than any title; but her silver and her dinner service were heavily decorated with a coat of arms and a crown, and her servants invariably

addressed her as Madame la Princesse.

She claimed to be a Hungarian, but her English was perfect; she spoke it with a slight accent (when she remembered) but with an intonation suggestive, I had been told, of Kansas City. This she explained by saying that her father was a political exile who had fled to America when she was no more than a child; but she did not seem quite sure whether he was a distinguished scientist who had got in trouble for his liberal views, or a Magyar of high rank who had brought down on his head the imperial wrath because he had had a love affair with an archduchess. It depended on whether she was an artist among artists or a great lady among persons of noble birth.

With me she was franker than with anybody else. She had a natural and healthy contempt for the arts. She looked upon the whole (Continued on page 76)



Three chapters in the Barbara Hutton epic—the care-free schoolgirl; the madcap dollar princess; the spectacular Princess Mdivani.

International

# What

# \$50,000,000 can do

*Are you one of those who say, "I, for one, can't feel sorry for anybody who has \$50,000,000"? If you are, then read this remarkable interview with one of the world's most misunderstood celebrities*

*"Why do people dislike me so?"*

*"You cannot give birth and touch death and not know life exactly as other women know it, no matter how much money you have.*

*"Fifty million dollars brings as many burdens and hurts as it brings blessings and joys, and it can smother and destroy love.*

*"I want my son to be an American first, but it will be necessary for him to be an international also.*

*"I never loved Alexis Mdivani."*

**B**ARBARA HUTTON HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW said these things to me in the first interview she gave after her son was born, after the days she had lain at the point of death thousands of miles from the homeland she loves.

The tall, narrow old house overlooked flagged gardens. Daffodils blew in a gentle wind and from beyond came the faint hum of late-afternoon London traffic. Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow sat very straight and still at one end of a

brocaded davenport and I sat at the other. We had met that day in enmity, I found. She did not like things I had written about her, and her eyes, steady and grave, seemed to weigh me carefully.

It was the first time the doors of the house in Hyde Park Gardens had opened to anyone from the curious outside world since the famous five-and-ten-cent-store hettess had gone down into the valley of the shadow to bear her son. For me, the moment had an unexpected tenseness. I had come to question, to listen, to hear for the first time of the birth of an heir

to a great American fortune; but as we sat alone in the rich, stately room, the girl whose name will always have a dollar mark in front of it seemed to be questioning me instead, judging me. I was a little bewildered.

*What had happened to the round, reckless, laughing young thing I used to see dancing at the Central Park Casino?*

*Where was Babs Hutton, the playgirl of Broadway and Palm Beach?*

*What had become of the spectacular Princess Mdivani, the bride of Alexis?*

*And how did it come about that she was questioning me with enormous, grave eyes in a small, white face?*

This was quite another person, no escaping that, and I felt a surge of excitement as I wondered what had made that change—whether it was love for the young Danish count who is now her husband, or motherhood, or that face-to-face meeting with death which leaves no human being as it found him.

The madcap dollar princess has grown up. That is important, because any girl in whose small hands rests so vast a fortune has to be important. She is, of herself, an American epic. And she is no longer a child; she is a woman, and she has grown up like a daughter of Midas whose touch turns everything to gold.

What does having fifty million dollars do to your life? What kind of woman does it make of you?

We knew Barbara Hutton pretty well as a girl because every move she made

Prince and Princess Mdivani (Barbara Hutton) leaving the Russian Orthodox church in Paris after their marriage, June 22, 1933.

Acme Newspictures





by Adela Rogers St. Johns



International News Photos

# to your LIFE

was on the front pages. We haven't yet come to know the woman, because she has deliberately hidden herself. I came to know her very well that day because of her rather bitter honesty. There is a hardness about her, an armor of gold which she has welded to protect herself. And a pathos I'll never forget.

I should like to take you with me through that afternoon visit to one of the richest women in the world. That is why I went: Barbara wanted you and me to see her and her baby and her husband exactly as they are today. A hunger for understanding seemed to be upon her, a rebellion against the Barbara Hutton that has been presented to the world.

I had been in London for several weeks and all the time I wanted to talk to Barbara Hutton. There was something so dramatic in the thought of what had happened to this girl who had always been able to buy everything and suddenly couldn't buy safety, who had to go through a difficult childbirth as not every woman has to, who had to battle for life in the same agony that any other woman might have to endure.



Aimee

Barbara had refused to see me, as she had refused to see every other reporter. No, she had refused me a little more definitely because, she said, she knew I did not like her or what she stood for.

Perhaps she was right about that. To

Above: A proud mother—Barbara with her infant son, her husband Count Haugwitz-Reventlow and her father Franklyn Hutton. Left: Barbara and her first husband, the late Prince Mdivani.

me, there had always been something fantastic and a little useless and stupid about Barbara Hutton. Somehow I resented her and her millions, and the way she lived and played.

Then, the day before I had planned to sail for home, I got the message that she would make an appointment for me. I had been away from my children for almost a month and I was desperately homesick. The thought of postponing my sailing was—well, I sat down in the Savoy Hotel and cried. Then I sent the countess a wire. I explained that I was sailing for home the next day and asked her if she could possibly see me that afternoon or evening.

I didn't expect anything to come of it. She'd be busy, and she was used to having people suit their time to hers.

Forty minutes after I had sent the telegram, my phone rang. A crisp young voice said, "This is the Countess Reventlow. If you will come out at once, I shall be glad to see you. Of course you mustn't delay your sailing on my account. It must be so nice to be going home."

A little stunned, I dashed for a taxi—and the countess (Continued on page 86)



The swift tide was carrying Benita to sea when the speedboat came alongside.

# Private

When you're in love and all at sea—why not stay there?

by Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN A. GEORGI

IN THE MORNING of the day when our own little paradise erupted, Rick and I were having breakfast on the sun porch off his room at Haven's Deep. We usually breakfasted there, with his sister—Benita the Kid—when the weather was fine, because it was the time in the day when we were free from the continuous house party that went on at their country place.

I can remember the trivial details of that morning. Breakfast was grapefruit juice with strawberries floating in it, hot English muffins dripping with sweet butter, scrambled eggs *à la truffes*, little sausages and *café au lait* in huge Breton cups.

It was nearly eleven o'clock and Rick and I were wearing nothing but trunks, with our bathrobes thrown back over our chairs. The noon sun poured down upon our shoulders, and below us, at a distance, we could hear the laughter and gabbie of the bunch at the pool.

The Kid joined us presently and said, "Morning." We mumbled, "Morning," and she sat down. The servant fixed her tea and left us.

We—just Rick and I—called her the Kid because, when she first became an actual, living factor in our lives, she was just a youngster. Rick had known her always, of course, but never very well. A child isn't really a human being to a middle-aged man of twenty, which was Rick's age when their father died, and they found themselves orphans. Not, however, quite the type of orphan that

is taken over by the county. More about that later.

From the gangling little wretch I first knew, she had become a strikingly pretty, rather than beautiful, girl. Whatever real beauty she had lay in her eyes, her body—especially her body—and her hands. Her mouth was a little too large, but it was excitingly mobile and it twisted quickly into a provoking smile; her nose was too pert for beauty, and her eyebrows were a little too heavy for the sleek, impersonal chic that most girls try to attain.

Rick held up a letter. "Greetings from Aunt Ellen. She wants us to come and spend a month with her."

"Like hell!"

"It begins, 'My two darling children.'"  
"Oh, phooey! Please shut up and let me enjoy breakfast."

Rick turned to me. "Jimmy, the Kid is getting better-looking every day."

I said, "Uh-huh," and Benita said: "If you think you're going to flatter me into letting you borrow Euripides for that silly Lola Burt to ride, you're just plain crazy."

It sounded like a fight, so I took the plate of muffins, which are delightfully throwable, and put it on the floor beside me. Pretty little Lola had been the blond menace around the house all summer, and I knew Rick would have to work himself out of it in his own way.

Benita's dark eyes were glowing angrily. I gave her a kick on the shin, and she went on with her breakfast

without even glancing at me. She was all for cutting Lola into small pieces and using her for bait.

The butler came out. "Mr. Casterman to see you, Miss Crosby," he announced. Casterman was the family attorney.

Both of them looked up in surprise. Rick said: "Casterman? To see Miss Crosby—or me—or both of us?"

"Just Miss Crosby, sir."

Benita shrugged. "Probably some of the pension stuff," she suggested. She and Rick had about a dozen people on the pension list. She told the butler to have Casterman wait in the little library. "What's on today?" she asked, rising.

"Nothing much," said Rick.

"I'm doing some jumps with Flo Kirby this afternoon," I told her.

"Good sailing weather," suggested the Kid.

"That's an idea, anyhow," said Rick. "We might take the *Sesame* out." The *Sesame II* was their two-masted schooner.

"I'd rather go out on the *Grampus*," announced Benita belligerently. The *Grampus* was a racing sloop.

Lola's name wasn't mentioned, but it might just as well have been. Benita knew that Lola hated small boats. Even the *Sesame* scared her.

Benita left us.

"What's eating the Kid?" asked Rick.

"That was easy. 'Jealousy,'" I answered.

"She ought to get over being jealous of my girls. It doesn't make sense. I wish you'd get her to change her mind about Lola."

"Let it drift," I replied. "She'll snap out of it."

He replied slowly: "I'm afraid this is something that can't very well drift. I'm head-over for the girl, Jimmy."

I said a mental "Ouch!" Aloud, I said: "She's awfully pretty."

"She's more than that. The Kid has to realize that we three can't go on always as we have for the past seven years." We couldn't know it, of course, but downstairs in the little library our smug paradise was being kicked to bits.

Rick—his full name was Richard Nelson Crosby—and I came together when we were freshmen at the university. Actually, we came together in a collision at polo that dismounted both of us, and our first words were spoken while we were dazedly sitting on the ground. The coach, who was referee, didn't allow any penalty and bawled us out impartially.

It wasn't one of those friendships which ripen deliberately: we left the field together, dined together and, a few days later, we were rooming together. We had lots of things in common—horses, too much money and a similarity of attitudes. One thing that saved us was that we never fell for the same girls.



# Confusion



"If you think you're going to borrow Euripides for that silly blonde to ride, you're crazy," Benita told Rick. It sounded like the beginning of a good fight.

Rick was a good-looking youngster with a charmingly cock-eyed slant on life. His family, he admitted, was a little bit on the crazy side. Ancestors who did wild, gallant things; scandals that had blazed around the turn of the century.

The "Crazy Crosbys" weren't accepted socially by some people in those rather sedate days before the war.

His mother, who must have been a beautiful woman, was killed when she

stubbornly forced a horse to a jump that was too high for him. His father went into the British army and came out pretty thoroughly shot up, but with medals jingling. He was a handsome, romantic figure—unquenchably romantic in his heart. He was seldom home.

I, for my part, had come out of the West. Mother died when I was very young, and Father gambled in gold mines. They say his methods were a bit

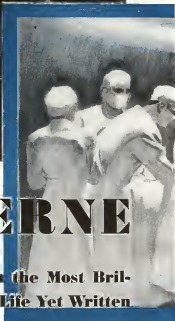
piratical, but I don't know much about that because he sent me East to be groomed for civilization when I was fourteen. Luckily for me, he was on top when he died. I had no one but some hard-boiled bankers to whom I had to account.

It was in the spring of our senior year, and we were recovering from a bad attack of needled beer, when the cablegram came from India that Rick's father was dead. It (Continued on page 159)

# Manhattan Nights' Entertainment :



Boring Gallows



## WOMAN INTERNE

**A Cosmopolitan Novelette . . . the Second in the Most Brilliant Series of Stories of Modern New York Life Yet Written**

**T**HE LISTER Memorial General Hospital is a very old institution. It stands on the West Side of Manhattan on a wide and dingy street. When the first small wing was built there were spacious grounds about it; now there is scarcely a blade of grass except in the yard behind the new nurses' home.

A man who lived many years ago and was exceedingly prosperous built the first unit of the hospital and liberally endowed it. He built it for the poor, and in after years his family gave large sums to perpetuate the name and to keep his memory green. So, unit by unit, the present structure came into being.

Its school of nursing, under that remarkable woman, Leatha Reynolds, has an excellent reputation. The Lister Memorial moved with the times, and the girls who came there to train were for the most part fine young women.

Medical students sweated and strained to get berths as internes at Lister, for that hospital takes care of almost every human ill. The interne there delivers Mrs. Tomasi's twins, removes Mrs. Murphy's appendix, cleanses Tony's stab wound, diagnoses Peterson's case as gall

bladder and prays to God that he may be right. He works among the preternaturally sagacious children of the tenements, and he learns something about the diseases which are called occupational and those which are termed social.

The interne is also a part of an audience in the operating theater when a great surgeon, such as Doctor Frederick Bowen, performs a minor miracle. And likewise the interne may be called upon to assist during one of Doctor Bowen's or Doctor Anderson's or Doctor White's private-patient excavations.

The interne is a humble being, his place in the social scale being at the base of the structure which leads downward from chief to resident, from resident to assistant resident, from assistant resident to lowly interne, with staff men and courtesy men pyramided in between. Sometimes he is a grave and studious young man. Sometimes he is a plodder who will just get by and who will make an indifferent practitioner of a great profession. Now and then he is pure genius—a born diagnostician, a born surgeon, a born obstetrician. And sometimes, more often nowadays than formerly, he

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
MCLELLAND BARCLAY

MCLELLAND

is not he at all, but *she*, a young woman, a hen medic.

Catharine Wright was a hen medic. Following her graduation from college, she had received her medical education in a great university which is not overfond of admitting women to its halls. She had set her jaw and battled her way through difficult years. The professorial gentleman who presided over the pleasant room in which human clay was dissected had a hatred for women medical students. He had made it very hard for Catharine and the five other girls

in her class. Two of them dropped out and went home, but Catharine had gone through with it; and won from him unwilling admiration.

Her marks were high and her record was good, and Lister Memorial, always moving with the times, in the past few years had been accepting a few women internes. So to Lister Catharine came, a little frightened but very determined.

She came from the West. Her hair was heavy and straight, and she wore it brushed back from her fine forehead, like a thick, close-fitting cap of silvered

gold. Her eyes were bluer than flax and very direct. Her jaw was stubborn, probably because she had had to set it so often, and her shoulders were square under her short white coat. She had a sensitive mouth and good teeth, slightly crooked. She had a pointed face and fine, sure hands. She was small and very healthy, and when she laughed she looked like a little girl.

Her people were dairy farmers. There were six children—four boys and two girls. The boys grew up, and one married and built a house on his father's acres, and one went to sea, and another became an engineer and the eldest died in the war. Catharine's sister, Tessa, taught school. The Wrights had reared a fine family.

There was always enough to eat and drink, warm clothes to wear and the best education the town could afford. After that, they were on their own. Catharine was the youngest, and from the day she saw her brother Tom brought into the house, his arm mangled by a mowing machine, and saw the country doctor do the necessary things to stop the bleeding and assure Tom's life before they took him to a hospital, she was determined to become a doctor.

Little and skinny, with freckles on her nose, silver-gilt hair in pigtails and wide unfrightened eyes, she helped, bringing clean torn sheets and boiling water. She was as good as a woman, as good as her placid mother, upstairs in bed after the miscarriage of the last baby, who would have been nine years younger than Catharine.

"I'm going to be a doctor," she announced at supper. Tessa was there; the boys were there, and their father.



Catharine, scrubbing up beside Doctor Bowen before the operation, tried to forget the women lying there under that intense white light.



by **Faith  
Baldwin**

*A great metropolitan hospital and its drama of life and of death . . . the romance of a lovely woman interne and a famous surgeon . . . Here is one of the most unforgettable stories in this series of glittering tales of Bagdad-on-the-Subway—in modern dress*

No one laughed. Her father said, "All right, Kate, if you don't change your mind meantime."

That was the sort of family she had, God bless them!

They had all helped—Tessa with her teaching money; the boys with what they could spare; her father with savings; her mother with the chicken and egg money. And Catharine herself had helped. She worked, summers, from high school on. She tended babies and served in the village drugstore, and in her last year, having learned typing, she doubled in brass in the village inn as secretary and head waitress.

She went to college on a scholarship. There were jobs she could do there; she did them, and saved. She knew that when she entered the university as a medical student she would have little time for jobs.

Now she was at Lister Memorial. She was going to take two years if she could, and when they were up, when she had served her time in a mental hospital, she was going home. The nearest town to their settlement was sixteen miles away and it had a small, complete hospital. Tessa now taught in that town; she and Catharine could make a home together, and Catharine would practice there.

At Lister in the women internes' quarters—there were four women internes at Lister—Catharine shared a room with Becky Nauheim. Becky was tall and dark, handsome and brilliant. Becky had no illusions. She had a tremendous amount of money behind her; she would never have to practice for money. She was going into research.

She said, "Women have done big things in research. Look at Maud Slye and her mice! I'm not taking a job where I'll be kicked around and merely tolerated. I'll dig in somewhere and devote myself to that branch of science which is pure and passionless and a long, slow adventure. And if I don't further medicine by half an inch, I'll break sufficient ground so the one who comes after me can."

Their quarters were white and scrubbed, and there were two beds and two bureaus, with mirrors. There was just room for their clothes. Becky had lived up

the room a bit with two comfortable chairs and bright spreads for both beds. The most dominant thing about the internes' quarters was the telephone.

It rang one night when Catharine was on duty in Men's Surgical. It was around two in the morning and she had gone to bed at midnight. She dragged herself up, yawning, and Becky murmured, "Damned shame, kid," and went back to sleep again.

The patient proved to be a thin young man with a twisted smile and a bullet where it would do the most harm. He had been brought to Lister in a private

car and dumped on the threshold. The private car had departed, but he had just been admitted when orders came to put him in a private room. He was taken, therefore, to the quiet room off the ward. It was impossible to move him far.

"Bowen is on his way down to operate," reported the nurse on the floor, awed. "Someone sent for him."

Catharine did what she could. Bowen would have to hurry, she thought, looking down at the boy on the narrow bed. He had not talked. He would not. And there was an uneasy cop sitting before the door.

The boy smiled at Catharine. He whispered, "I'd take off my hat to you, doc—if I had a hat." He was silent again.

She thought, looking down at him, Poor little devil. I wonder why Bowen's coming on this.

A nurse slid in and said softly, "I've seen him before."

"Where?"

"In the Accident Room. He walked in under his own power. Bullet hole through the fleshy part of his arm. He was game. I remember his saying, 'I was just walking along—see? I felt a sting, like it might be a bee or sumpin, and then I looks down and my shirt's bloody.'"

The stretcher came, and Catharine went up to the operating room. Bowen had arrived.

Catharine had worked with him before. She had followed him around the wards, watching him inspect dressings, listening to his orders. He paid her scant attention; had no use for her medical.

Women were all very well. He admitted that they might do well in certain branches of his profession, but not in surgery. A doctor made his diagnosis; found things not according to Hoyle. He had to take a chance. Any man worth his salt took it, almost mechanically. If he succeeded, okay. If he didn't—well, it was the one chance; he had taken it and done his best. But a woman—softer by nature, no matter how hard-boiled, and far too imaginative—a woman hesitated, perhaps too long.

Catharine had sat in the operating theater and watched him operate, aware that she was in the presence of an articulate god with coordinated muscles,



Doctor Bowen made brief apology to his lovely companion: "I see some of my youngsters over there" . . .

marvelous hands and a cool, swift brain. And then she would encounter him, perhaps, in an elevator and observe the gardenia in his buttonhole and the cut of his clothes, and she would sicken and rebel. She would make the rounds with him when her service required it; she would catch a glimpse of the prettiest private patient, all dolled up in something sheer. And she would hate her chief.

She hated him; she loved him. He was a god; he was mortal. He was nothing to her; he was everything.

This was the first time she had assisted him. Her knees shook, her lips beneath the mask were white, but her hands were steady. It was stifling in the operating room; the miniature clash of instruments was as loud as doom.

Bowen whistled as he worked. He said, "What a mess!" and his eyes met Catharine's. Hers were as steady as her hands and as blue as heaven. He barked an order, and someone slipped out of the room, and someone complained in the corridor, "Where can you get a donor this time of night?"

"His brother's downstairs. Have him typed," said someone else.

The thin young man received a transfusion before they took him to the quiet room next to the operating room. They hadn't been able to give him ether. He came out of the less heavy anesthetic quickly. Catharine was in the room, her finger on his pulse. He said weakly, "Don't leave me, doc."

No, she wouldn't leave him. She thought of the cop outside, and she looked up at the dark heavy man, one arm bandaged, tiptoeing into the room, his face grieved. The man jerked his head at her, but the boy on the bed said clearly, "Let her stay. It don't matter."

"Joe," said his brother, "who was it?"

"That don't matter, either. If you know, they'll put the finger on you. Where's Doris?"

"She's downstairs. I phoned her."

Joe closed his eyes, breathed quietly.

After a while a girl came in, a small plain girl with magnificent eyes, reddened with weeping. "Hello, Baby," said the boy on the bed.

Catharine looked at the brother, who went out. Bowen came in and stood in the shadows. The shaded light shone on the boy on the bed and on the girl.

"Why did you do it?" she said.

He answered, so low that Catharine could just hear, "I thought it was quicker, Baby. I kept thinking. All them places we been seeing in the pictures, them foreign places, palm trees and water on the beach, and you and me."

He was silent. The girl knelt, holding his hand, her eyes on his face.

Someone knocked at the door, and Bowen opened it. It was the cop. "Has he talked? Can I see him, doc?"

"No," said Bowen, "he hasn't, and you can't. Get back there."

"Doctor!" cried the girl beside the bed, but Catharine was quicker than Bowen. It was over. They took her out, and she did not cry. They did what they could for her. And Bowen, leaning over her, murmured, "Doris, I did my best. It wasn't possible to save him."

She said, white-lipped, "Maybe it was just as well. They'd have made him talk. They have ways." Shuddering took her.



... Becky was talking to Sam when Catharine realized the Big Chief had recognized them.

He said, "You didn't come to the clinic." "No. It doesn't matter now." She looked up at him and said pitifully, "Joe wasn't bad, Doctor Bowen. He—he wanted to go places, see things. Most of all a place called Bali."

After a while Joe's brother came in and took her away.

Catharine and Doctor Bowen, hen medic and surgical chief, sat in the diet kitchen and drank strong black coffee. He said, reflectively:

"For a woman you're remarkable."

"You don't like—"

He didn't let her finish. "No," he said,

"it's no place for a woman." He added, smiling, "Least of all for you."

She said, "You know the girl?"

"Yes. She's a maid at the home of people I know slightly. I was there not long ago—a party. I took care of her that night. She was out—cold, exhaustion, worry over that boy, probably—and she has a slight heart condition."

"I'll find her another," said Bowen, setting his jaw. He said, after a moment,

"The inhumanity of the rich: write a check for a charity and let a servant die."

Her heart rose. (Continued on page 96)

**MISS ELAINE PURVEY**, neat, small and exceedingly shabby, fluttered down the line that was waiting to get into the rummage sale. Her worn silk coat, her high-heeled pumps that had been bronze, her once-handsome beaded bag, and above all the wide white ribbon pinned tightly about her throat gave evidence of better days. But her dilapidated blue eyes and fixed smile showed no condescension to her less pretentious neighbors. On the contrary, her manner of gentle prostration suggested that all she asked of life was the privilege of living it.

Miss Purvey had been thoroughly disciplined in the long years she had spent in the millinery department of Mad and Moore's. She had learned to put on her smile when she put on her rouge in the morning, and to keep both intact through the day in spite of rudeness from customers, insults from younger clerks, and the knowledge that the Damoclean sword of dismissal was hanging over her blondined head.

When at last the blow fell, she drifted from one small job to another, until there were no more jobs to be found, and being ill and friendless she laid herself on the doorstep of the city and let it do with her what it would.

At first the humiliation of being on city relief was acute, but gradually she got used to it, and by the time the depression struck the country she had come to regard her case history as some women do their Mayflower ancestry.

Standing in line had come to be an almost daily occupation. Free clinics, employment bureaus, relief offices when it

was rumored coal could be obtained—she knew them all. But rummage lines were different. Unless you got to the counter among the first, you never found anything worth buying. Not that Miss Purvey had much to spend, but clothes being her passion, she derived excitement from giving advice to those who could buy.

This morning, as she craned her neck to catch the first glimpse of the long counter, an object caught her attention, brought her to her tiptoes. It was a hat, so gay in hue and so sophisticated in design that amid its surroundings it resembled an orchid in a garbage can.

Miss Purvey stalked it as a cat stalks a mouse, and as soon as she was near enough she pounced upon it. With avid fingers she turned it this way and that. Not a detail was lost upon her—the exquisite quality of the felt, the daring yet elegant slant of the brim, the small amethyst clip.

"Well, no wonder!" she breathed almost reverently. "It's a Madame Suzy model! It must have belonged to someone who died. Poor thing!"

Then, leaning eagerly forward, she asked of the woman behind the counter: "How much are the hats up at this end?"

"A quarter apiece," answered the woman; then, spying what Miss Purvey was trying to hide under her arm, she added sharply: "Not that one! That's a dollar and a half."

The light died out of Miss Purvey's eyes and hope out of her heart. She had not paid that much for a hat since she lost her last job. But she could not relinquish her prize! With one hand she



# It's an **ILL WIND**



by **Alice Hegan Rice**

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"



"Could you give me six weeks to pay?" implored Miss Purvey, clutching the lovely felt hat.

held it fast, while with the other she fingered the beaded bag that held the last quarter of her relief money—all that stood between her and an empty stomach.

With a nervous jerk of the head she again bent across the counter. "Could you give me six weeks to pay it?" she almost implored.

"I'll pay cash," said a woman behind her. "It would look swell on my little Sally."

The moment was tense, but the clerk knew Miss Purvey and knew that her credit was good, so she obligingly jotted down the deposit in a dirty ledger.

Carrying the new hat as if it had been the Holy Grail, Miss Purvey tripped joyfully homeward. What were beans and potatoes and sausages in comparison with this lovely possession? No thought of how it would become her disturbed her mind. The mere fact of owning a Madame Surry model gave her a sense of importance and a feeling of grandeur that were intoxicating.

As she hurried into the gloomy rooming house which she called home, she was greeted by the querulous voice of Mrs. Puls, her bedridden landlady.

"I thought you was never coming," said the old woman. "I ain't had a bite of breakfast, and my feet are cold, and you'll have to do something about them Binns. The old man's been down here pestering me plumb to death. I can't give 'em rent and food, too. What's been keeping you?"

"Nothing," said Miss Purvey, diving into her own room to hide her new hat behind the corner curtain. "I'll be in there in a minute and get you comfortable. Then I'll go right up to the Family Service and see what they can do about the Binns. Do you want me to make you a nice hot cup of tea?"

Old Mrs. Puls did. She wanted all the service Miss Purvey could give her in lieu of the rent that was never paid. Above all, she expected Miss Purvey to assume full (Continued on page 71)

... But it blew little Miss Purvey right into the most exciting adventure of her life

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RITCHIE COOPER

Miss Purvey suddenly felt very small and tired and helpless. She was glad someone was going to take charge of her.





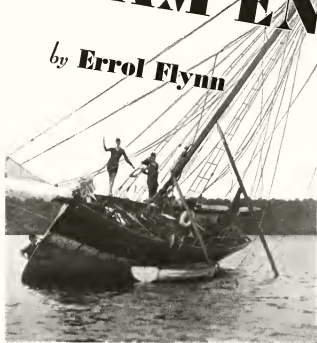
## A COSMOPOLITAN LONG NONFICTION FEATURE

Sailors three—Charlie, the "Dook" and the author aboard the cutter Sirocco. At bottom: Aground off Hinchinbrook Island, Queensland.



# BEAM ENDS

by Errol Flynn

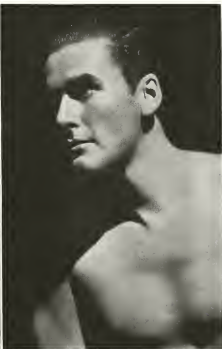


**FOREWORD:** The Sirocco was over fifty years old when I bought her, and with three companions, sailed out of Sydney Harbor to the South Seas. She was forty-four feet at the water line and cutter-rigged. We set out for New Guinea, three thousand miles away, having no clear idea of why we were going there beyond the fact that it was one of the few corners of the earth's surface unexplored and savage today, and seemed to promise adventure.

After seven months we got there, surprisingly, for the remarkable thing about our seamanship was our appalling lack of it. If I took sextant and "shot-the-sun," my calculation of our position would, as often as not, locate the ship anywhere from the South Pole to the middle of the Sahara. When Trilawny took a sight, we at least had a chance of finding ourselves on an ocean; being a very determined fellow, he would never put down his pencil until he did get us on an ocean. Doubtless there is a providence for the purpose of protecting youth from its own folly. I can think of no other reason why I am now able to write the story of our voyage.



Natives near Fort Moresby, New Guinea, where the author (right, above) ended his seafaring adventure.



Warner Bros.

*Errol Flynn and three other young men with no fortune but their daring, a forty-foot boat, and the South Seas to sail her in . . . Here is the beginning of a story, true in every word of it, that starts with a sock on the jaw in Sydney and ends with Flynn's stardom in the famous motion picture, "Captain Blood"*

**A** FEW YEARS ago, after a series of adventures in New Guinea and Australia that included a good sock in the jaw from a hard-boiled third mate, I walked one day into the bar at Usher's Hotel in Sydney, New South Wales, and became suddenly rich—not in wisdom or experience or anything valuable like that, but in hard, solid cash. Usher's is the famous place where forgather all the men from the South Sea Islands. Bend a leg on the bar foot-rall and you will hear many strange and wonderful stories. You will hear of encounters with unknown tribes of savage head-hunters, of close shaves in the New Guinea jungles, of good gold prospects found in the mountains of the Solomon Islands, or how So-and-so's canoe capsized in the crocodile-infested Sepik River, whose source no man knows.

The barmaids in Usher's are like familiar landmarks to the man from the islands. Yolande—she of the billowing bosom and the bar pump—owns a claim in Morobe, pegged for her by an admirer.

She expects to get rich from it some day and retire. Alice will grubstake you to follow up a leader you may have struck in savage Aitape. She has never been anywhere near the islands but she knows there's gold in Aitape if only the hostile tribes don't make a pincushion of you.

It was Alice who told me of my luck. She had heard that an English company was interested in a claim of mine on the New Guinea gold fields. The claim was worthless in itself but, as it lay between two large leases belonging to the company, it interfered with development.

That same afternoon I sold it for five thousand dollars. The sudden transition from poverty to affluence was intoxicating—in every sense of the word I wanted to cut my friend Trelawny Adams (known as the Dook because of his Cambridge accent) in on a large share but he would not hear of it. I wish he had, for a couple of weeks later I awoke clear-headed one morning and, taking a census, found myself the possessor of a yacht and about a thousand dollars.

It will always be something of a mystery to me how I came to acquire the yacht Sirocco. The Dook could shed no light on it. However, a friend named Rex helped to clear the matter up when he said he had been one of the guests at a party I had apparently given on board. He had, he said, tried to stop me from giving the owner a check but I insisted that nothing less than the yacht itself would serve for a souvenir of the party.

I hurried round to the bank, hoping against hope. But it was too late. The check had been cashed.

With Rex and the Dook, I went to see my pleasure craft. She was a cutter, about forty-four feet long and so narrow in the beam that you could lie across her. On stepping aboard, the first thing that struck my eye was a brass plate on the tiller post bearing the date 1881. Most yachts are considered ancient at twenty. Mine, I thought grimly, would only be the grandfather of them all.

Depressed by this added blow, I sat down on the deck and wondered how I

The "Dook," the author, Rex and Charlie (sitting), and a topmast glimpse of the little craft in which they braved 3,000 miles of the South Pacific.



Rex smote his knee. "Right!" he exclaimed. "I always wanted to see the islands. When do we leave? Tomorrow? I'm ready any time." "By Jove, so am I!" said the Dook.

"Wait a minute, you crazy nuts!" I said. "New Guinea is three thousand miles from here, and this boat will probably sink the minute she gets outside Sydney Harbor. And who in hell asked you to come, anyway?"

"I'm going home to pack a bag right now," said Rex, ignoring the irrelevancy. "See you later!" He jumped ashore and ran up the landing.

The Dook and I looked at each other. He smiled. "Damn good idea, don't you think? I'd better make a list of charts we'll need—navigation of this coast is awful if you don't know it. And we must have a chronometer and sextant."

He looked around. "How about putting in a steering wheel instead of that tiller? She'll handle easier, you know. Then renew all the running gear and buy a complete spare set of sails. Yes, we're going to need quite a lot of things."

"Perhaps we might get a few provisions, too," I suggested sarcastically. "Money is no object. You know—a few tins of caviar and so on. And what do you think of the engine? Let's throw it out and get a new one, eh?"

"That's a good idea," agreed the Dook; "and we should take along guns and ammunition and fishing tackle. Then we'll need an outboard motor for the dinghy. As a matter of fact, we might as well have a new dinghy, and some new—"

"Ah, what the hell!" I said. "Why tie

yourself down to mere details? What do you say we get a new ship altogether?"

The Dook shook his head. "I wouldn't," he advised firmly. "I think she's a topping little ship. As a matter of fact, I'm extraordinarily fond of her already. Aren't you? You should be!"

I looked at him sharply, dismissed a quick suspicion and gave up. Some Englishmen are like that.

The Dook came of a seafaring family. His great-grandfather had founded the famous Green Line of clippers, long since defunct, of course, but well sung in the legends of the sea. It was not surprising, therefore, that the Dook numbered among other accomplishments the theoretical ability to navigate and a profound knowledge, also theoretical, of ships and the sea.

I also had a certain acquaintance with the sea. For a year I had been captain and half owner of a schooner in the South Seas, making a precarious livelihood by freighting copra and fishing for bêche de mer, the ugly sea slug so valued by the Chinese epicure, Trochus shell and occasionally pearls. I knew next to nothing of navigation, which with a native crew and pilot is an unnecessary accomplishment for inter-island work. Rex could distinguish one end of the ship from the other, but ask him to name them and you had him.

We were badly equipped for a voyage of three thousand miles of treacherous sea and coastal line in an old forty-four-foot harbor yacht. So Charlie joined the crew.

Charlie was a young Englishman from the Isle of Man who had just been sacked from a sheep station in the back country. He was short and stocky, wore his hair cropped like a convict and spoke like a judge. In fact, his whole attitude was judicial and solemn. He wandered aboard one day, introduced himself and said he had once been a half owner of the *Sirocco*. He and his partner had been forced by lack of funds to sell her to the shipyard where I bought her.

He seemed a nice sort, so I asked him if he would care to come along with us. He pondered the matter and then gave judgment to the effect that he would be glad to.

By the time we were ready to sail, a new semi-Diesel engine, fishing tackle, guns, provisions and so on had left me with only about twenty-five dollars on which to make a three-thousand-mile journey. None of the others had any money either. Funds to cover mishaps? No one cared! The spirit of adventure had us in a firm grasp.

We made about four attempts to

could cut my loss. The *Sirocco* was too big to ship aboard any of the little island steamers to New Guinea and would be of no use when I got her there. She had no cargo space and seemed to have a six- or seven-foot draft—far too deep for the reef-studded island waters. With the money paid for this ridiculous craft I had cherished plans to outfit an expedition to a place in New Guinea where I had once found gold prospects. If I sold her now, the most I could expect would be about a third of the price I had paid.

"Well, Admiral," said Rex, breaking in on these gloomy reflections, "where do we go from here?"

"You can open up a pore and go to hell," I told him. "Never mind about my movements."

Ungracious, perhaps, but the affair had soured me.

"I bet she can sail!" said the Dook. "She's got lovely lines." He was on the bowsprit looking aft, and we joined him.

She looked her best from there: long, low and raking, built to slip through the water like a greyhound. I began to visualize her as she would look with full sail bent and a bone in her teeth. The Dook was right. With those sleek lines she would sail, and handle well, too.

"Why not sail her to New Guinea?" I murmured half to myself. "It would be a wonderful trip."



Above: A warrior of the primitive Golaribari tribe, New Guinea. Right: A lodge for young warriors not yet initiated into tribal manhood.



Captain Blood without the make-up—an informal "still" of the author.

Warrior One.

leave, but each time something went wrong. The first time we were met by such a fierce gale outside the harbor that we had to put about. We waited a couple of days and tried again, but this time something happened to the engine. On another occasion we found we had forgotten to fill the water tanks. Finally our friends stopped coming down to see us off. When at last we sailed, it was in the dead of night, unsung and without farewells.

The voyage nearly ended on the first leg, from Sydney to Port Stephens, a couple of hundred miles north. With all sail set and the engine running we were leaving Sydney Harbor, when the little ship dived into the first large head swell of the open sea. Another swell came on top of it; we went under that one, too.

All attempts to make coffee in the galley were hopeless. The ship pitched and heaved and rolled; the seas came green over the deck, and there were ominous crashes from below. Then suddenly, after about five minutes of this, all was calm again. We had been passing through Sydney Heads, where the conflicting cross currents and heavy swell make an unexpected maelstrom which gives a small boat a quick but severe trouncing.

The surprise of the thing left us slightly dazed. The galley was a shambles. All the crockery was smashed and

a lot of water had come through the forward hatch.

Outside Sydney Harbor there was a steady wind blowing hard with a rising sea. We bucked into it, the *Sirocco* making heavy weather.

The day seemed very long. Toward evening, the wind had become biting cold and was blowing a young gale. All I asked of life now was that the wind might drop and let us get on to the shelter of Port Stephens. But it kept up and the *Sirocco* continued to give her imitation of a porpoise.

Late the second night the engine suddenly began to misfire. How I cursed the folly that had led me to take an interest in the thing. Being the only one who knew its little tricks, I now had to go down and tinker with it.

It refused to respond to either curses or wrenchings. One of the cylinders had become choked with carbon. I stared at it with hatred, and then I caught sight of the bilge. The water in it was level with the floor!

Hurriedly I glanced into the cabin. Water was sloshing about on the floor with the motion of the ship. She was leaking!

I shouted to the others but couldn't make myself heard above the noise of the engine and the weather. Scrambling up the greasy companionway to the deck, I found them (Continued on page 119)



*Four modern Galahads take to the high road of romance to keep a rendezvous with a solemn pledge*

# Four Men and a Prayer



## *The Story So Far:*

**T**HE world might believe Colonel Sir Loring Leigh had shot himself, following his dismissal from His Majesty's Service, but his four sons were certain he had been murdered. As certain as they were that, in the events leading up to his court-martial, he had been the victim of a sinister plot. But what lay behind it all?

Sir Loring had been in command of a cavalry regiment in the turbulent Basaphur region of India, when a munitions train slipped through Dowlongah Pass to the wild Dowgli tribesmen, precipitating trouble. Testimony at his trial on charges of negligence was to the effect that a written order from him to Captain Douglas Loveland had left the pass unpatrolled, and though he vigorously denied sending any such order, the court had preferred to believe the further

testimony that he had been intoxicated on the fatal day.

Treason, forgery and murder! It was an ugly, baffling picture that confronted Wyatt, Christopher, Rodman and Geoffrey Leigh as they set out to clear their father's name. Was Captain Loveland the key man? Wyatt and Geoff felt sure of it when they had followed his trail to Buenos Aires, where he had been appointed military attaché to the British Embassy. A real clue was not forthcoming, however, until Lynn Cherrington, daughter of an internationally known American capitalist, told them what she had heard.

Lynn had fallen in love with Geoff back in England, and in that love his battles were hers, even though victory might mean his marriage to the Honorable Gwendolyn Carstairs. Accordingly, she encouraged Captain Loveland's

attempts and eventually had her reward—some things he said hinted at a mysterious connection between the outbreak in India and a similar affair at the Argentine town of Encarnación. In both cases, gun running had brought on the fighting. The connection was in terms of "interests." The Encarnación guns, Loveland had added, came from Murros Island. And so, chartering a seaplane under their assumed name of Gordon, Wyatt and Geoff took off on a daring investigation.

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**L**YNN DID NOT know that Geoff and his brother had left Buenos Aires until Louise Waring came to see her late in the afternoon of the same day. Louise seemed restless, distraught.





A torrent of smoking Spanish poured from the lips of the dark-skinned man, as Geoff and Wat rose to defend themselves.



by **David Garth**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LA GATTA

"I can't help it," she said defiantly. "I know I'm a terrible ass, but one of these days Ashfield Gordon will be waving ta-ta and departing out of my life and I dread it. For example, he has gone out of town for a few days, according to his hotel, and already I feel as though I'd lost an arm. It isn't that he's such a grand-looking man," she went on slowly, "He's just—fine." She was silent a moment, then she laughed. "Oh, well, skip it. He and his brother are probably chucking it for a while. They went together. Thanks for letting me blow off steam."

They had gone, then. And Lynn did not have to reason deeply to feel that they had gone to Murros Island. The idea had crystallized in their minds right under her eyes. Murros Island. In her mind it had the latent menace of a coiled rattlesnake.

Captain Loveland called her up in the evening, but she excused herself and

stayed on the balcony of her suite. It was so damned silly, she told herself, to feel on edge. They could take care of themselves. But something told her that they might be running a real risk.

Her telephone rang with an abruptness that made her jump. She picked up the instrument. "Yes?" she said.

"Lynn?" said a masculine voice. "This is Peter Furnoy."

"Peter!" she said in amazement.

He laughed. "I don't wonder you're surprised. I was at Montevideo on the yacht, and your father radioed that you were in Buenos Aires, so I sailed up to see you. I'm in the foyer. Are you too busy to see me?"

"Of course not, Peter. Come right up."

She was glad to hear his voice. He was a friend of her father's, and tonight she felt lonely. He and that beautiful yacht of his had often been her hosts.

He arrived, smiling, and kissed her in

his easy way. "I could not believe it at first," he remarked. "Buenos Aires. Lynn, my dear, you look lovelier than ever."

"Thanks, Peter. You look fine yourself."

He did. He looked just what he was—one of the ranking eligible bachelors. In his early fifties, but dark-haired with the exception of a lock of pure white, spare of physique and faultlessly groomed in evening clothes, Peter Furnoy was the embodiment of wealth and leisure and travel. How he got along so well with her driving, tireless father she could not fathom, because Peter's wealth and time went into channels of traveling for months on end, hunting in all parts of the world, yachting in will. American, yet he seemed to have an eloquent Latin appeal about him—olive complexion and white teeth and dark penetrating eyes.

He offered her a cigaret, held a lighter to it, then looked (Continued on page 112)





# Trail STREET

**A**LLAN HARPER whistled softly as he walked the dusty plank sidewalk of Orlando's main thoroughfare, heading for the edge of town and McKesson's Livery Corral. The heat of Kansas summer had driven the loungers from the street, but the cooler shadows of the saloons and resorts were already thronged. Big night coming, Allan thought. Each night lately seemed bigger than the one before.

The season of '75 itself looked to be bigger than any before. Bigger and wilder and more extravagant—and more homicidal. The Texans would see to that. The Texans lived and swore by their six-shooters and their longhorn herds and the great Texas Trail, and Orlando's gaudy Trail Street was their Mecca—and no more reckless, headlong lot of pilgrims ever reached their goal.

Allan sighed. The situation had its unpleasant implications. He put them resolutely from mind. He saw Mayor Haynes standing on the veranda of his general outfitting store, tall, graying, a little stooped, and Allan smiled at the unconscious grimace of that official's lean face as he surveyed Trail Street, ignoring the bustle behind him, the great wagons loading in his yard.

"Howdy, mayor," he said, pausing. "Something souring on you? You don't look exactly approving."

The mayor's grunt was eloquent. Then he said more mildly, "Howdy, son. No, I can't say I am, looking at a boom building up that's going to blow to hell again before frost."

"Well, I reckon we'll like it or lump it. It's a good thing somebody's spending the money."

"The bars and the tables and the women are getting far more than the trading counters, Allan, and that kind don't last." He gave Allan a keen glance. "You don't look exactly disapproving today. You sparking your gal?"

"I am," Allan grinned.

Haynes smiled. "You got you a right fine gal, boy. You give her the best there is while you can. If I was a young man again . . ."

Allan laughed and went on down the street. He turned into the livery yard, where a queer sight met his eye. A loaded wagon stood in the center of the yard hitched to a miserable team: a settler's wagon by the look of the gaunt woman on the seat, by the look of its owner, bony and tattered, with desperation in his hollow eyes. The man stood apart from the wagon, and a tall, long-armed cowboy engaged him in vehement altercation. The Texan

**A COSMOPOLITAN**  
*Complete*  
**BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL**





The mob was gleeful, ruthless, dangerous and drunk with violence. Nothing could stop them now from storming the jail.

by

## William Corcoran

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK STREET

wore the usual belt and holstered gun, and the settler plainly was unarmed.

Two slim, very young Texans fumbled with the gear of their saddled horses and kept unhappy watch on events. The livery hostler stood in the stable doorway, transfixed with fear.

"By God on a mountain, you dig for that money!" roared the tall cowhand. "I done delivered you my spare six-shooter, and you promised to pay, and I find you sneaking out of town."

"You delivered me nothing," said the desperate man. "I ain't got me a six-shooter. I ain't got me the money to buy one."

The other called him several obscene varieties of a liar. "You pay me, or the only way you'll leave this town is on a plank for Boot Hill!"

Allan watched, cold with a swift conviction of the truth. The settler looked helplessly around. He had told his story, and there was nothing more to say. Then, visibly, desperation quickened in him and became resolution. He was a simple man, but not uncourageous. Without a word, his face pale and grim, he walked toward the rear of the wagon where some mixed gear was lashed together.

The woman suddenly screamed and sprang from the seat. "Not the rifle, Eben," she pleaded hysterically. "Do anything and settle. Don't get the rifle!"

The big cowboy stared; then went for the heavy revolver in the holster.

It was Allan who moved. He knocked the tall man down; he followed up and kicked the weapon from the murderous hand.

One of the young Texans snatched up the falling gun. "Whyn't you shoot him?" he demanded passionately. "The skunk wants killing."

"Take it easy, son!" Allan snapped. "We've had enough killings hereabouts." He held out a hand for the confiscated gun. The youngster surrendered it. "Now, Texas, get up!"

The killer, pale beneath swarthy hue, picked himself up. Allan said, "I don't know what your rights are, but they're forfeited now. Get going!"

He prodded the man with the barrel of the gun. The cowboy turned snarling toward the yard gate. Allan followed him.

"Keep going. You know your chances if you try coming back." He tossed the gun far out into the street.

The killer stared at him, color in his face again. He



*A glamorous novel of the roaring days in Kansas—when thundering herds followed the Texas Trail—and of the two daring young lovers whose hopes sprang up with the first crop of western wheat*

began to curse. His captor, a town man wearing a black broadcloth suit with no gunbelt, now had abandoned his advantage, and the cowboy prepared to make the most of it.

But Allan reached inside one lapel and drew a smaller weapon of .38 caliber and adequate deadliness. He walked toward the man.

The cowboy fled, yelping, scooping up his gun as he ran.

Within the yard Allan found the young Texans again aloof, reserved. He smiled. They had not dared to risk interference when one of their own was in altercation with a settler, a Yankee, even when murder was in the air. Their relief at Allan's interference was enormous, but their code forbade any display of it.

Allan forced them, nevertheless, to accept his thanks for their aid, and then walked over to the pair by the wagon. The man tried to thank him.

"I reckon it was nothing," said Allan. "I know that buckaroo. He's been arrested and fined three or four times, but he seems dead set on trouble. But it might be wisest if you headed along soon."

"I reckon so. I never saw him before. I ain't got his six-shooter."

Allan grinned. "I'm sorry to hear that. I was beginning to hope you had. He saw you heading East and thought he could run a game on you for a few dollars."

The man studied Allan with admiration. "We'll go. We got clean burned out with drought and Texas cattle. It got to be more than a man could handle."

The hostler's eyes were popping with excitement as he hitched up one of the livery horses to a buggy slightly the worse for wear. It was Orlando's sole accommodation for young people courting, and Allan had made frequent use of it since early spring. Meantime Allan walked to the corral bars and whistled a special signal. A shrill neigh answered, and a handsome mare, smoke-gray with patches of pure white, came running, ears aquiver and eyes limpid.

Starlight, Allan's private saddler, was an animal no words or measurements may describe—a saddle horse in a thousand, intelligent as well as handsome, having stamina and a great willing heart.

Allan drove the buggy smartly along First Street to the square house that was Susan Pritchard's home. The paint was beginning to blister, the grass and

the garden were drably dead, yet this house was one of the superior homes in Orlando. Susan's father was Sheriff Sam Pritchard, lifelong friend of Mayor Haynes and one of the founders who had built upon the bare prairie.

Susan waved from a window, and Allan waited, reflecting upon the scene in the livery yard. The berserk cowboy, by name Lance Larkin, was not typical of the Texans, but he was all too typical of a grim problem in Orlando. He had been fired earlier in the summer by an outraged trail foreman, and had found no honest work since. He had attached himself to the bad element of Orlando by natural gravitation.

Then Susan appeared at the door, and the day was suddenly made perfect again.

IT WAS not to remain perfect long. Susan was preoccupied as the buggy trundled lazily along the dusty road that crossed the parched, rolling plain from one rim of the world to the other. Allan was uneasy; this silent girl was not his own merry Susie. And when she spoke finally, her words struck him with bewilderment.

"I gave you my promise to marry, Allan," she said, "and I meant it. But I never promised to live in this land. I won't do it. I must take back my promise."

"The land?" said Allan, baffled. "How can the land matter between us, Susie?"

"Matter?" Susan looked at him, so clear-eyed and young, so good to look upon, so generous with his laughter and his strength, yet so much a man, stubborn and blind. Despairingly, desperately she said, "You can't see that it matters, Allan? Look at it, all around you. It killed my mother. It's enslaved every woman who ever came here, I'll not be another one. This is my chance to escape, and I'm taking it before it's too late."

Allan Harper was looking at the land. He preferred that to looking at her this moment, for he was too familiar with the experience of melting at the sweet sight of her. He dared not melt. Susan, in her best dress, a tight-bodied gray taffeta with billowing skirts, small perky hat and diminutive parasol, was prettier than ever; her color was high, and her blue eyes were vivid against the soft cornsilk of her hair. She could take a man's breath away.

He spoke in heartfelt protest. "Surely you know I didn't foresee any struggling and slaving for you, Susan. I know it's been discouraging, especially for women. But think of what's bound to come. Great Jupiter, the country is new! It's barely begun to grow, and its growing pains are struggle and violence. I am to grow with this country. It's my hope to have you share fortune and comfort with me when they come."

"I'll tell you what I've looked at for weeks and weeks, Allan," she said. "I've watched an endless procession of settlers' wagons trailing east, day after day, abandoning their fields and homes, abandoning the land. I've watched women standing in doorways, looking and yearning after them. I've seen every green thing within sight shrivel up and die. I've seen thousands and thousands of cattle wilder than wolves come over this desert and swarm into town, into the



"Pull in your horns, cowboy," ordered the stranger. "That man's not armed!" "Well, I'm armed," said Larkin belligerently, while Lily watched, fascinated.

shipping pens and cattle cars. I've seen the cowboys, outfit after outfit, stampede into Orlando and turn it into a nightmare. I've seen the few good citizens hide themselves away in fear of their lives when trouble threatened, and the sheriff himself—yes, my own father!—refuse to go out and enforce the peace when a fight or a killing was reported. The town is not his proper jurisdiction, I've heard him say. Well, that may be, but what do you think of a town without peace or law, outside all jurisdiction?"

Allan's face was composed and a little hard, and he did not answer. She was right, in a way. But a man did not run from some things.

"I can't face it, Allan! I've seen some-



Allan



Susie



COSMOPOLITAN  
COMPLETE  
BOOK  
LENGTH  
NOVEL

But I know that the unhappiest thing that could ever happen to you would be almost anything involving Logan Maury. You gave me the right last spring to have some say in your life."

"I'm a grown woman." She was stiff again, but suddenly she wilted. "Oh, Allan, why do we quarrel? There's nothing to keep you from giving up and going back."

"Back to what, for instance?"

"Allan, don't be so hard. Don't you think this is breaking my heart? I'm frightened to desperation—and you're so capable, and I've dreamed such wonderful dreams about you. Can't you see?" She plucked at his sleeve, pleading. "I mean back to settled things: to peaceable ways and people. Almost any place back East, where you can make your way and send for me. You can do it. I'll wait."

He was silent an instant. "I'm afraid you won't, Susie. It'd be far too long a wait. It's really not in me to go back. I belong out here. Besides, there's something pretty big to hinder me."

"And what may that be?" she whispered.

"Five hundred acres of bottomland west of town. I bought it last winter."

"Oh!" she said in an appalled tone. "You never told me, Allan. And you can't sell an acre of it now. Oh, this awful land! How could you?"

And suddenly she was crying. Allan gripped her.

"Susie! Stay with me. Fight it out with me. We belong together. This country can't lick us!"

She recoiled. "Never! Never will I stay here."

"Then give me a chance. Let me have a week! Give me a breathing spell."

"I've made my decision," she said. "But I'll be here for a week, anyway."

"And will you listen to me then?"

She said nothing.

He laughed. It was a reckless laugh, with desperation in it. "Susie," he said, "there's a rider coming on the road."

She sat up quickly, made haste to dry her eyes—and saw that there was no rider in the road.

He laughed again, heartily, and sent the livery nag into a fast trot, so that the hot wind blew in their ears . . .

Allan Harper's laughter did not survive that ride. He put up the buggy and horse in town after dropping Susan at her home. He left the livery yard and walked up Trail Street, thinking of Logan Maury. (Continued on page 169)

thing else. remember. My mother listened to my father and let him keep her here against her wish. She stayed and struggled faithfully—struggled to forget our home back in Ohio. She fought without complaint the everlasting wind and the dust, the blighting heat, the long loneliness of winter and the terror of every summer. That was what killed her, Allan . . . If I saw some promise in this land! But I can't. I'm going home."

"What does your father say?"

"Oh, the same thing all you men say. Wait and hope. But there's nothing he can do to stop me. I have my own money. My grandmother left me her house full and clear. She said in her will she hoped I'd come home. I've thought and thought. I'm going home."

"So it's all settled!" said Allan in a peculiar tone. He looked at her. "Susie, I can't argue with you, honey. I can't stand in your way. There's only one thing I want to do."

"Yes?"

He dropped the reins and took her in his arms. She stiffened, then wilted and flung her arms about him tightly, moaning an endearment, a prayer.

"Susie, I've got to know one thing," he said. "I want to know if Logan Maury figures in this at all."

"Allan Harper, how can you?"

"I'm not keen to pry, Susie," he said. "I reckon I could understand. But I have a right to know. I'm looking this thing squarely in the face. You want to get away, and here is one way of escape.

I don't want to brag, says Odd, but—

I Saw the

International  
News Photo



"A leader from his first jump out of boyhood overalls," is Odd's thumbnail description of Governor Alf Landon—here seen with his family in Colorado last summer, and (in globe) at his favorite pastime.

**THE AWAKENING** of my interest in Governor Alf Landon was largely the outgrowth of a gesture in prophecy. All of us who do the column capers in the daily prints like to kid ourselves that we are local oracles.

Six months before Landon's name had been even whispered as a Presidential possibility, I shot my flaming arrow in the dark. It was a brief line in a batch of trivia in my column: "For a Republican dark horse—watch Governor Landon of Kansas."

I make no pretensions to political divination. Politics is a topic on which I am hopelessly dumb, and I usually avoid it in my newspapering. So this bravura was merely a vague hunch bunkered in an extraordinary lot of mail from readers in the Middle West. They were all telling with pride what the Governor of Kansas was doing, though not as yet

booming him for President. A fellow like that might have Presidential possibilities. I thought on one dull day. And so I jotted it down.

Shortly after the line appeared I received a courteous note from the executive mansion in Topeka inquiring "how come" the twitch of my divining rod. Governor Landon seemed surprised and passed off my prediction with some modest disclaimer. I liked the tone of his letter and began to keep an eye on him.

Too, I have a decided hanker for prairie people. I sprang from the same soil—across the line from Kansas, in Missouri, although Ohio was my habitat longer. Something engendered by the pampas spirit—the spirit of hardihood, I venture—appeals to me mightily. Especially these drab days when the world is recovering from its ten-year toot.

In retrospect, the plodding pioneer

days suggest putting on the brakes. The pioneers had a way of walking back when they had pushed too far and then waiting a while. We need some of that today. We have had too much bucking the line and plunging recklessly through.

There are thousands of progressive persons who have acquired a notion they'd like to slow down the speed they have been travelling. Thousands, indeed, who want to get back to such simplicities as provided that thrill of finding the red ear at the husking bee. Perhaps even back to pie for breakfast, old pioneer style, instead of an aspirin and a tabloid.

So Landon to me is symbolical of something we have almost lost along the path of terrific confusion—that primitive wisdom that might be expressed as Nothing Too Much. The homespun fellow from Kansas might be our anchor to windward. I say "might" because, of course,



by **O. O. McIntyre**

# Dark Horse First!

I do not know. No one does. All we can do is grope feebly toward realization of that universal desire for a more settled and peaceful world. And a great religionist tells us that desire is prayer.

Landon is one-galused, square-toed and without frills. I know a man who few to Topeka to have lunch with him. Their lunch consisted only of soup and blueberry pie. Plenty of soup and plenty of pie, but nothing else and no apologies. I like that.

I have not met Governor Landon, but the material for this profile comes from men and women not easily fooled who have spent much time in his company. Every close-up with him has revealed a profusion of common sense.

For instance, in his home he has an old-fashioned telephone with a cord about fifty feet long. Thus he can walk from room to room or out on the front porch and have the phone at his elbow. Many of us bothered by the ravages of telephitis never thought of that. It is homemade and has the tug of horse-hair furniture and wax doves under glass.

Governor Landon was cradled in back-country customs. He knows the acrid aroma of the corn-silk cigaret. He has made grasshoppers "spit tobacco juice," and has rushed to be first at the oil swimmin' hole. He has bossledded down rutted country-town roads, skated on ponds and warmed up beside the rail-fence bonfire.

Such didoes are not likely to be of enormous consequence in directing the nation's affairs from the White House, but they do give the participant a "feel" of the background that has made

America America. And that, I believe, is one of our most insistent needs today: to realize that America is America!

I dwell on Landon's homely virtues because I am one of an increasing horde utterly nauseated by newfangled and non-clicking idiocies. I'm weary of crack-pot experimentations. I want to get back into the middle of the road and feel again the touch of sanity that joggled along with the prairie schooner. I want to feel the virginal freshness and whiff the fragrant aromas that seem to be wafted only from the back country, where the valley streams run clean! I'm tired of the foreign Russian smells.

Now, if I have conveyed an impression that Governor Landon is just another country Jake, mooning for a By-gum crack at the job of being President, I have merely expressed myself awkwardly. His background is important because it was on its ruggedness he was whetted—honed to sharpness, as it were. In his college days they called him "The Fox," not because of slyness, but because no one was able to pull a fast one on him.

His background made him a substantial success as an independent oil operator—a calling that demands an overplus of sagacity and foresight. He was a leader from his first jump out of boyhood overalls—a leader at college, in the search for oil, in politics and as a governor.

There's a domestic side to Landon, too, that chirks us. He likes his family around him after the Kansas supper. He has a talent for listening. I cleave to the listeners—they inspire confidence. Montaigne said: "The careful listener is invariably the careful thinker."

One hears things like the following

about Landon. It came in a letter from a rival of his in the baffling quest for oil.

Most competitors such as I would have a hammer out for Alf Landon. Several times he beat me to the fabled pot of gold. But not in a single instance was there a touch of greed, pettiness or double dealing. He has played fair in business and he has played fair in his politics. So when, if ever, he gets to the White House you may not be able to count on a new deal—he's inclined to be old-fashioned in his dealing. But this you may count on: It will be a Square Deal.

Finally, Landon is no political novice. He was an astute political observer in his teens. His boyhood was aureoled by the red-hot discussions of that time in Ohio, where he lived before moving to Kansas—the time of Mark Hanna, William McKinley and Senator Foraker.

As his professors at college said of him, he has an inquiring mind. William Allen White says few men go so directly to the heart of a question and weigh both sides with such precision. Right now America needs that sort of balance.

Anyway, win or lose, the Landon boom has been a healthy affluat in the American political hocus-pocus. It has proved that the people generally have a sentimental tug for the wooden cottage, the maple-shaded street and even the old horse and buggy.

Governor Landon, with his unruffled calm in leadership, seems to symbolize these institutions. I know of no one in political history who, so suddenly yanked into the national spotlight, has so becomingly preserved the out-yonder tempo. In every emergency of his celebrity he has been strictly himself.

# Flower FACE

by Arthur Tuckerman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMANDO SEGUSO

AS SHE STOOD in her blue pajamas at the window of her hotel bedroom, a lock of wheat-colored hair tumbling over her brow, her appearance must have had a diminitiveness, a sort of childish unimportance, which found a bitter echo in her own mind. For she had never felt so lost or so friendless, and it seemed to her as if her entire basis for living had come to a sudden end.

Even the fantastic Oriental dawn contributed to her mood. It came seeping into the gray murk of the sky like blood welling through a soiled bandage, until all the heat-stricken roofs of Bangkok and all the madly capricious spires of the Buddhist temples were stained with its malignant crimson flow.

Perhaps, because of her own sense of disillusion, she invested the dawn with an evil which it did not actually possess. She hadn't slept for an instant during the night. It had been impossible to sleep, of course, with the realization that her worldly assets had shrunk, within the past twelve hours, to three tiny but concrete objects: an American passport, a second-class ticket to the Indo-China coast, and a letter of introduction to the captain of an American cargo vessel.

If it hadn't been for kindly, triple-chinned Mr. Horn at the consulate, she reflected, she wouldn't have had either the ticket or the letter. But, unlike the other men she had consulted in Bangkok, Mr. Horn hadn't confused the issue by sentiment or emotion. He had read the blunt cablegram from the executors, and he'd said: "You realize what this means, Miss Miller? Your dad couldn't have left his affairs in worse shape. He was bankrupt. Every asset has been seized, and you haven't even a margin for cable drafts. Have you any relatives we could call on for your return passage?"

She'd smiled bitterly. "Dad was a widower. He was extremely proud and self-sufficient as far as his relatives were concerned, and he taught me to be the same. No, I couldn't possibly call on them."

"Have you—er—training for any specific work?"

Her lips curled a little. "I've done investigations for charity and some haphazard domestic cooking. I can trim a hat if necessary, and my French is fairly fluent. Also, I've been trained to look as attractive as possible whenever men are around. That seems to be the extent of my practical education."

"In so far as your appearance is concerned," Mr. Horn commented drily, "you have succeeded admirably. A prize pupil, I should say."

She shrugged. "It was supposed to guarantee my future when the right man came along. Not a bad idea, but a little antiquated for these times, as I'm now beginning to realize."

Mr. Horn said: "Humph." He frowned at the cable. There were, he pointed out wearily, no consular funds to cover such situations. He had then written the letter

to his friend, the sea captain; and he had delved into his own pocket for the fare to Haiphong, where she would find the freighter at anchor. Indeed, he had done admirably for her in his own modest way—possibly because he was fiftyish, bald, and could look into her blue eyes without injecting a personal motif.

For the moment she hated the others, the younger men, who had heard of her plight. They had dramatized the situation, and they had plumped themselves as heroes—very personal heroes—right into the middle of it. Good-looking young men, she decided, suddenly forming an epigram, were apt to be worse than useless in a crisis. Actually, she was thinking of Gary Woodward, although he was the last person she wanted to think about at the moment.

The telephone rang in the bedroom; but it was only the conscientious night porter, warning her that it was six-thirty and that the train for Aranya Prades would be leaving within an hour. Then the room boy appeared, bringing coffee, a slice of papaya and two rolls.

These she consumed slowly, a trifle dazed, trying to shape something coherent out of the jigsaw puzzle of her own future; trying to disentangle it from an untrammelled, carefree past. But it wasn't her sudden and astounding poverty that she was thinking about. It was that other complication which had happened at midnight, destroying her spiritual equilibrium, just as her material security had been destroyed by the cablegram a few hours previously.

It was she who had made the initial mistake. She'd weakened miserably, there at the Sports Club, dancing with Gary while the orchestra reiterated the sentiments of Broadway in a reedy Oriental cadence. She'd thrown aside all her resolutions to escape quietly from Bangkok and write him later. And she'd weakened for such a silly, childish reason. Just because it was beyond her control to leave without saying good-by to him.

And so, while they were dancing, she'd blurted out the whole story; the cablegram; the stark fact that she was penniless; that she was going home to find work. And she had added: "Mr. Horn helped me, and I'm leaving at dawn, Gary, for Indo-China. I can't stay on here, accepting people's hospitality. That's the one thing I'm determined not to be—a little friend of the rich. I've known too many of them in the past."





*And is there neither East  
nor West, when man  
and woman look deep  
into each other's eyes?*

Cary begged, pleaded, argued,  
but to no purpose. Joan could  
not—would not—stay there,  
now that she knew the truth.

He'd stopped dancing abruptly. He'd taken her by the arm, leading her out of the club, down the garden path toward his car. "We've got to talk this thing over," he'd said in a strained voice. "We'll run over to the bungalow, where it will be quieter."

As soon as they'd entered the bungalow he'd taken her in his arms, and they'd kissed fervently, feverishly—as they had done each time they'd been

alone during the past week. And she told herself in one of those ridiculous, flighty, little-girl moods which survived in her despite a veneer of worldly casualness: "So it's going to turn out all right, after all. He really loves me, otherwise he wouldn't have done this when I told him I was leaving. Thank God I did tell him."

But as he'd released her, a curious change came over him. While she sat there on the sofa he began pacing

the room, frowning, his face tense, yet looking more marvelous than ever to her because of his very seriousness. Looking so tall and immaculate, too, in his white mess jacket and the incredibly long black trousers.

And then, all of a sudden, the self-confidence which always seemed an intrinsic part of him deserted him. He knelt beside her in humility, taking her hands in his, blurring out in a despairing way: "You see, angel, I'm married."

They were words which, she felt, would be forever etched on her brain in acid. "But why didn't you tell me before?" she said, when she had recovered from the shock. "Why did you let this thing grow, falsely, between us?"

He said very gently: "I don't think falsehood entered into it, Joan. Either one is deeply in love, or one is not. If one is deeply in love, other facts are apt to seem irrelevant. And if they're unpleasant facts, one tries to ignore them as long as possible. It's a form of self-preservation, I suppose."



That was true, her heart agreed. But the rest of her didn't agree. Not that pristine, phantasmic sense of intactness which was just as much of her nature as her heart. She was thinking: What is the solution? What is the way out of this?

And while she was thinking she dimly heard him explaining: "Helen and I have gone our separate ways for years. We rarely see each other. Perhaps in the long run I could secure a divorce. But there are all sorts of complications—financial and other questions. It's all a hellish muddle, and so we've just let the matter slide.

"Helen, to put it bluntly, holds the account, and she is not the type to show that hand until I've paid liberally for it. With that fact in mind, I was content to let matters drift. But why must we go into all that now? It's so horribly destructive of—of everything between us."

"Do you mean that you want me to stay on here with you?" she asked slowly.

He took her in his arms again, and she loved him far too much to resist. "Of course that's what I mean! Do you think I could possibly let you go streaking out of my life like this? Why can't we accept life as it comes to us? I've just eight more months to fill in with this advisory job to the railway administration. I'll need you—every single moment. Don't you see what you've done to me in the week or two I've known you? It isn't just love." His voice shook. "You've made yourself indispensable—to my whole life. That makes the question very simple. Do you love me enough to take a chance on a phase of life which is bound to solve itself in the end?"

She saw something very clearly now; also she saw the hopelessness of putting into words the destructive effect of his proposal upon her innermost being. And stroking his dark hair, she said: "It isn't a question of my loving you enough. Nor have I ever cared much about public opinion, either. It's only that there's something deep down in me which nobody else seems to see. It's—it's like a little Greek temple. Oh, I can't explain, Cary. I only know that I'd be no good for what you propose. I'd make you just as unhappy as I'd be."

Cary said bitterly: "Women aren't so different from men. Either their hearts or their minds control them."

"No," she told him. "Some of us have something else. But men can't be expected to understand it nowadays."

Then she'd given him a last desperate hug and had run from the bungalow. On Sathorn Road she'd found a ricksha and had ridden back to her hotel through the shrilling, insect-laden night.

She couldn't find it in her heart to blame Cary. It was, she assured herself, simply one of those countless misunderstandings which occur between men and women in an age when public conduct and private standards have no relation to each other. She saw, with a curious objectivity, the picture she must have presented to Cary, who was ever in contact with a certain gay, heedless, worldly cross-section of humanity. A girl who traveled around the world alone, independent and self-possessed; who casually

dined with this man and that; who attended late, lively suppers on the Phya Thai terrace with sundry bachelors of the foreign legation set. Champagne. Laughing rides in rickshas while the red dawn filtered over the Menam River. And she recalled what an amusing Frenchman had remarked to her on one such occasion: "You American puritans are the most inscrutable women in the world, because your activities have nothing to do with your mental processes."

So that was it. She was a puritan at heart. So much so that even love didn't justify the abandonment of an ancient stubbleth. No, Cary was not really to blame. And yet, reaching the hotel, she had a sense of disappointment in something, or someone. Perhaps it was because she had been young enough to believe that love and complete understanding were one and the same thing.

In the lavender light of early morning she drove to the station. There were few people abroad at that hour. At the station the train was already drawn up, its mahogany-colored cars heavily shuttered against the Asiatic sun; and in car number three, in the ladies' compartment, she found a seat reserved for her.

A pleasant-faced young Siamese from Mr. Horn's office was awaiting her, his arms laden with flowers and magazines. Mr. Horn had been thoughtful, but she didn't relish the idea of the ladies' compartment. It had a cloistered look. She said: "This is very kind of Mr. Horn, but couldn't you move me into the open section, where it would be more amusing?"

He looked at her, startled, and he said: "Pardon please, my lady, but I am thinking Nai Thomas very right to put you here. We have on train this morning many officers and soldiers."

"Soldiers?" she asked. "Why?"

He shrugged. "To protect frontier, I supposing. There is trouble in Cambodia. Perhaps revolution. Perhaps bandits."

"You think the soldiers would bother me?" She smiled at him.

He sucked in his breath. It sounded like a long, deep sigh. "Many men together. Rough, perhaps. Noisy. You have a very beautiful face, my lady, you will excuse me." Abruptly he ducked out of the compartment.

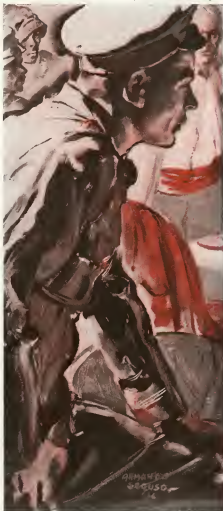
She looked at herself in the small square of mirror on the lavatory door, and she knew what he'd said was true. Her face held a radiant quality and a singularly naive, childish quality at the same time. It was

a face to which men reacted instantly, according to their innermost natures. Either it brought out the goodness in them, or—on rarer occasions—it aroused the base perversity in them. Curious that she had never thought of it before in just that light. Then she remembered Cary, and she was again unhappy.

Shortly before the train was due to leave a woman entered the compartment, followed by a Siamese porter in orange-linen uniform who was staggering under the burden of several heavy valises. The woman settled down in the seat opposite; unfolded a newspaper. Joan, absorbed by her own thoughts, paid little attention to her until the train was well out into the country. Then the woman put down her paper and gave Joan a swift look of appraisal.

She was a woman of possibly forty, intelligently attired for the tropic journey in beige linen, wearing a jaunty,

"I have a little place on the Mekong



## Arthur Tuckerman

smart little hat of black straw. Her face was lined about the eyes, but the artifices to nature had been deftly handled. The mouth was a scarlet geranium, the blue-black hair waved to a delicate perfection. An attractive woman in a thoroughly worldly way, jaded, yet scrupulous in each detail of her appearance. But not a cozy person, Joan reflected. The eyes were too hard. And yet, lighting a cigaret, the woman suddenly proffered her case. Joan said: "Thank you," and they smoked in silence. The cigarets were heavy, pungent, scented.

Presently the woman said in a faintly foreign accent: "You are going to Angkor—to see the famous temple?"

Joan shook her head. "No, I'm taking a car at the border to Pnom-Penh."

"Ah!" said the woman. "So am I." She fumbled in her handbag, and looked at her tickets. "Automobile numero un—would that be your car, by any chance?"

Joan looked at her own ticket; nodded.

"Travel is not heavy this week," the woman said. "I imagine that people are a little nervous. They run only one auto, perhaps. You have seen this morning's paper?" She handed over the Bangkok Times, tapping one of the front-page headlines with a vermilion fingernail.

Joan read: "Cambodian Uprising Spreads. Kaun-Chang Loots Another Village. Siamese Troops Guard Frontier."

The woman said: "Perhaps he will have been captured by the time we reach the border. Our *gendarmerie* in Indo-China is excellent, you know. This man Ksun-Chang is said to have come from Yunnan. Some believe he is a paid agitator, hired by another country. Some say he is independent. *En fait cas* he is causing trouble, and he is a very dangerous character. A Eurasian, with more than average intelligence, and very handsome, they say." She rolled her eyes impishly.

"So long as I can get through to

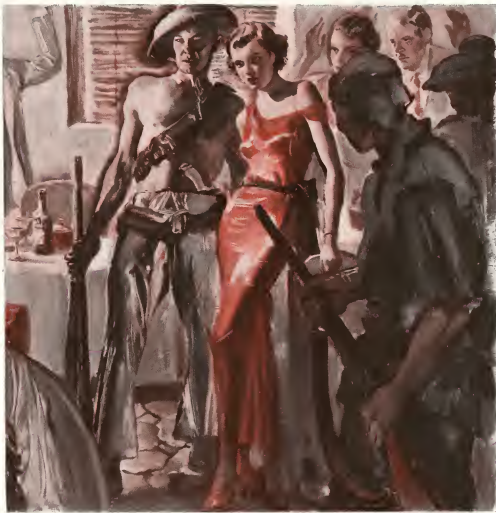
Haiphong," Joan sighed. "I'm trying to reach a boat."

The woman looked at her curiously. She was not unsympathetic in her way, Joan decided. Her voice was charming. Only her eyes were slightly repellent because of their hardness, their disillusion. But maybe that wasn't her fault, Joan thought. Maybe it was life that had made her eyes like that; life could do such queer things to you, overnight.

"But you should stay over at Saigon on your way to Haiphong!" the woman protested. For the first time, life came into her eyes. "Saigon! *Voi! une ville!* The only real cosmopolis of the Far East. Gaiety, fashion, attractive people."

The sun climbed higher as the train ambled through the placid countryside. The car windows framed an alternating panorama of mangrove swamps and rice paddies. Toward noon the dining-car conductor appeared. The woman in beige reserved a seat (Continued on page 128)

River," said Ksun-Chang, looking at Joan. "How would you like to be my housekeeper?"



Meet the Duchess—to whom football was as foreign as our shores, but who got the idea fast enough



# TOUCHDOWN for the

**T**HE DUCHESS OF HAMPTON turned slightly in her parlor-car chair, looked with alert, intelligent eyes at the middle-western scenery and glanced down at the neat, black-banded wrist watch just visible beneath the trim cuff of her mannish tweed jacket. Then she picked up her newspaper and began a careful scrutiny of an article on an inside page.

The white-mustached gentleman across the aisle stared cautiously at her with the same covert curiosity with which he had regarded her since they had both entrained and he had heard the two ladies who were seeing her off address her as "Duchess."

That salutation, and the unmistakable Britishness of her finely cut, clear-skinned, vigorous features convinced him that he was sitting directly adjacent to a member of the British peerage. For the last twenty minutes he had been trying to conjure up an excuse for speaking to her. A conversation with a duchess would be something to tell about back at the club.

Tentatively he considered several small-talk gambits, decided none was quite suitable and then, suddenly remembering the tradition that no Englishman (and, doubtless, no Englishwoman) ever

converses without a proper introduction, abandoned the project and tried to find his place in his detective novel.

"I beg your pardon," said a firm, perfectly modulated voice. "What is a triple threat?"

He jerked his head up and gaped foolishly at the duchess, who was leaning across the aisle questioning.

Seeing her for the first time full face, he found her even more imposing than he had thought. Though she must have been fortyish, she was one of those lucky women who retain so much of their youthfulness and slender grace that in their forties they command the same attention as in their twenties and thirties. Her keen, bright blue eyes proclaimed her a woman of resourcefulness and determination. Above them her brows, which were raised inquisitively, proclaimed her a woman who had asked a question. Which reminded the man.

"Uh—what is a what?"

"A triple threat," repeated the duchess.

"Oh," said the man, struggling to regain his conversational equilibrium. "A triple threat—oh, yes. Why, it's a football term."

The duchess nodded her head impatiently. "But what does it mean?"

"Well, it's applied to any football player who can score by running, by kicking and by passing. Forward passing, you know." He made a swooping motion with his right hand.

The duchess gathered that the art of forward passing was not unlike the wedding of a meat cleaver.

"Thank you," she said and returned to the sporting page of her paper. So far as the duchess was concerned the conversation was over. The man seemed to have other ideas.

"Interested in football?"

The duchess looked at the man and again at the paper. "Evidently."

"My son plays," he volunteered. And then, as the duchess showed no sign of desiring to continue the tête-à-tête, he rushed on, undaunted. "He's on the Jefferson team. They're playing State today. Big game. I'm on my way to see it."

"So am I," said the duchess. And then, a trifle haughtily, "My nephew happens to be Lawrence Warner."

"Larry Warner!" The man whistled. "Why, he's one of the best quarterbacks in America!"

"This newspaper," snapped the duchess, "says he's the best."

"Maybe so," conceded the man. "Just



One of the substitutes spied the intruders and let out a yell. "Women! Duck, everybody!" Instantly the locker-room was in an uproar.

# Duchess

by Alan Green and Julian Brodie

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY BECKHOFF

the same, he has too tough a job today. Jefferson will tie him up in knots."

She shuddered. "Tie him up? But that's not cricket!"

"Neither is football. Not even Larry Warner will be good enough to break up that Jeff line. My son says"—he could no longer conceal the pride in his voice—"my son says Jeff is a cinch to win."

The duchess allowed her paper to drop into her lap. With something approaching interest she turned to him. "Really?" she murmured.

The duchess glanced at the plaque on the front of the Upsilon Kappa House, referred to a bit of paper in her hand and determinedly mounted the steps. To a youth in a freshman's cap she said, "Is Mr. Lawrence Warner about?"

The boy untangled himself from a rocking chair. "This way, ma'am," he said politely. Then in a stentorian roar, "Lady to see Larry Warner!"

It was an entrance worth seeing. The duchess swept in through the door, carrying her auburn-crowned head high. She had been prepared by the motion pictures for a fraternity house which would combine the worst features of a night club and a half-priced poolroom.

But she had not been prepared for one which would so closely resemble the interior of Madison Square Garden on the night of a big fight.

From a dozen angry male countenances emanated an air of tense hostility. All eyes were focused on two belligerent figures, one of them a middle-aged, hard-faced individual in a battered felt hat.

"And that's final," he was saying, as the duchess entered.

Opposite him, hands sunk in the pockets of gray slacks, chin lowered into the neck of a sweat-shirt, stood a tall, superbly healthy and supremely angry-looking young man who, on second glance, was undoubtedly her nephew.

"But it's not fair!" he was answering. "Oh!" shouted the older man. "So now you're telling me what's fair. Maybe you'd like to tell me how to run the team!"

"Maybe I would. I know, at least, that you can't run it like a chain gang!"

"Who can't?"

"Oh, so that's—" Larry Warner sensed the presence of someone behind him, swung around and, seeing the duchess, cried, "Bricky!" (which nickname she had earned not only for the color of her hair but also for the missiles

she had enthusiastically hurled in numerous prewar suffragette campaigns). "How are you?"

"A bit bewildered," she answered. "May I ask what's up?"

"This—this—" Larry pointed despairingly at the older man and failed to find the words he wanted—or the nerve to use them. "He's telling me I can't play in the game this afternoon."

"Oh, he is! And who is he?"

"He's the coach—that is—Bricky, may I present Mr. McKeen; the Duchess of Hampton."

"My compliments to the duke," said McKeen and swung back to address Larry. "Maybe it'll be a lesson to you!"

"What will be a lesson?" the duchess wanted to know. "How do you mean, my nephew's not playing?"

"Just that," said McKeen. "You've got it. He's not playing."

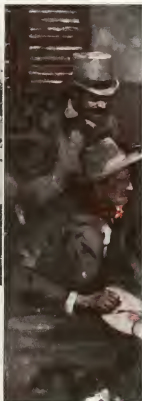
"And why not?" the duchess demanded.

"Because he broke training last night," said McKeen.

"Broke what? Well, never mind. If it was valuable I'll gladly pay for it, and we can forget the whole thing."

"No, Bricky. It was a rule I broke. But thanks, (Continued on page 89)

# Pay Streak



Left: On the trail of Inca treasure in the Andes and a fragment of the author's find. Above: In the old West, a wily Cornish miner outwits a trio of strangers.

*A man-size job with romance and adventure thrown in—who doesn't dream of it? But the distinguished author of this exciting life story has seen the dream come true!*



is usually a malign spirit, causing the falls of rock in the stopes which frequently maim or kill the miners. It is he who makes the vein of ore to pinch or become low-grade and unprofitable, he who opens hidden watercourses and floods the workings. But sometimes the Muqui becomes a miner's friend, and in that case he will often show him where to dig to find ore and will protect him from the various dangers underground.

Many are the prayers and supplications muttered to the Muquis nightly as the Quechua miner makes his way underground to his working place, for it is generally in the long night shift that the Muqui becomes active.

Mythical or not, the Muqui is a factor with which the mining engineer in Peru sometimes has to deal. Whether I myself am superstitious enough to believe in his actual existence I leave it to the reader to judge, after I have told the story of my own—

## MUQUI

I had been assigned to the task of opening up and exploring an old Spanish silver mine in the mountains above

**H**OWEVER divergent may be mining superstitions in various lands, in one curious particular miners the world over are alike—they all believe in gnomes.

When a Cousin Jack in Cornwall hears an alarming sound in the depths of some working, he puts it down as the malignant muttering of a Tommyknocker. The early half-savage German miners of the Schwarz Mountains had their Kobolds. Even the tin mines of Yunnan and Malaya are haunted by Chong Pus. And in the great copper-silver districts of the high Peruvian Andes the native Indian miner firmly believes in Muquis.

Kobolds, Tommyknockers, Chong Pus and Muquis are essentially the same—spirits that prowl in the bowels of the

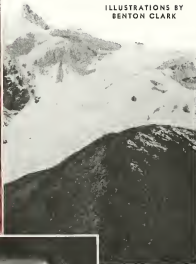
earth and on rare occasions make an actual appearance as elderly dwarfs who flit through the underground passages and vanish at will into the solid rock.

In my opinion, this world-wide superstition derives from a common source, and I believe the source to be Cornwall. The Cornish were among the earliest miners of the Roman era, and they were also great wanderers, migrating to fields where new mines were being opened up. What is more likely than that they carried their Tommyknocker superstition to Spain, which in turn relayed it to Peru?

As far as one can learn from various reputed eyewitnesses, a Muqui is a little old man about three feet tall, dressed in leather and, oddly enough, bearded. He



ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
BENTON CLARK



Above: A glimpse of the Andean plateau near Morococha, Peru, where the author (left) found a valuable silver deposit through a native's belief in gnomes.



Koslen-Kosanyan

## by John Baragwanath

Noted Mining Engineer

Morococha, at an altitude of well over fifteen thousand feet above sea level—a mine which had lain idle for probably a hundred years or more. The mine was called the San José. The ancient Spanish miners had tunneled into the mountain-side and cut a vein of high-grade silver ore about two feet wide, and this they had followed until the vein pinched.

After opening up the mine and exploring the old workings, it was found that with the exception of a few pillars all the ore had been mined. We had therefore either to abandon the project or continue development work in the hope of picking up another ore body.

I engaged an Indian contractor named Yupanqui, with a crew of five or six, to drive by hand along the vein which the Spaniards had left exposed in the face of their tunnel. The vein at this point was about half an inch in width, and as we followed it into the mountain, it narrowed down until only a knife-edge of ore was visible. As the work progressed with little hope of finding commercial ore, it was finally decided to discontinue the development.

I climbed up to the mine on muleback one morning and after inspecting the face of the tunnel told the contractor to quit. He was much disappointed at this order, as he and his crew were

making a modest profit on the work. He told the two Indians who were working with him to stop work and take their tools outside, but asked me to remain with him a moment as he had something of importance to tell me.

As soon as we were alone he said that he and another miner had drilled and blasted a round of holes on the night shift and that after the blast had been fired he went back into the workings as usual to inspect the face and see how the ground had broken. He then sat down and chewed coca for a while.

The native Peruvian miner, particularly when not closely supervised, always indulges himself every few hours in his pet vice of chewing coca—*chaccheando*. Each man carries in a little leather bag hung by a strap over his shoulder a supply of dried coca leaves and a tiny gourd filled with lime. He takes a mouthful of the leaves and, after chewing for some time, puts in his mouth with the chewed cud a small amount of lime.

As I understand it, the lime extracts a certain amount of the alkaloid cocaine and produces an invigorating and stimulating effect which, if carried too far, turns to a peculiar numbness. Under the influence of this drug men have been known to work thirty-six hours at a stretch with little or no food and to

undergo hardships which would be impossible for the average individual.

To get back to my story, the contractor had been *chaccheando* and probably had dozed a bit, although this he denied stoutly. He said that while sitting there he heard little footsteps coming down the drift and saw a Muqui, a diminutive figure with a long gray beard, dressed in the traditional leather costume. Yupanqui was terrified until he recognized the gnome as a Muqui who had materialized on other occasions.

Without saying a word, the Muqui took him by the hand and led him back through the tunnel for a hundred feet or so, then pointed silently to a section of the rock wall. With his finger he then drew a vertical line in the moist dust on the wall. This was Yupanqui's story.

I had found by experience that it was unwise to scoff at the Muquis, which the men believed in with childlike simplicity, so I said, "But Yupanqui, what did the Muqui mean?"

"Capitán," he replied, "he was trying to tell me that I should stop driving the tunnel on this narrow vein and should crosscut to the east where he pointed. Come," he went on, "and I will show you the mark of the Muqui's finger."

I followed him down the tunnel, and sure enough, there (Cont. on page 78)

# What THE DOCTOR Ordered

*Patients often propose  
to their nurses, but do  
they really mean it?*

by **Mildred Harrington**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PRUETT CARTER



**B**UNNY, her heart beating in triple time, stood outside the door listening to the babel of feminine voices. Leila had said, "No party, darling. Just ourselves, and a few old friends of Cam's." "Sounds like an army," muttered Bunny, and had all she could do to keep from fleeing.

Bunny loved outdoor crowds, but she hated a lot of people herded together in a room, especially if she had to make conversation with them. For Bunny was shy. Terribly shy. She was clear-headed and self-possessed in the hospital where there were things to be done. But tea parties and such frightened her. She adored talking to one person. Cam, for instance, across a candlelight table. But the prospect of trying to do Cam credit before a lot of strangers left her numb and inarticulate.

"You've got stage fright, silly," she told herself. "Nobody's going to bite you."

She rang the bell.

A pert colored maid opened the door.

She accepted, with obvious reservations, Bunny's last year's brown cloth coat with this year's beaver collar, and laid it across a pale yellow taffeta bed on which already reposed two haughty mink coats and a luscious silver fox cape.

Bunny wished fleetingly that she had splurged on the little fur jacket that had tempted her the other day. Then she looked at Cam's ring on her finger, and her head went up. The girl who was going to be Mrs. John Cameron Trent had no need to ask anything else of fate.

Leila Paget, trailing yards of ivory velvet, came down the long living room to greet her guest. "Bunny, darling!" she cooed. "How sweet of you to come! Are you sure that horrid hospital won't collapse without you?"

Leila was small and deceptively soft-looking.

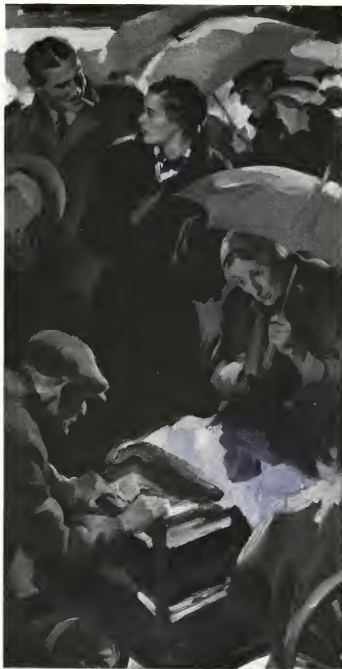
As she prattled, her quick glance took in the new crepe frock that was Bunny's concession to the occasion. She unplanned the camellias that cascaded from her

shoulder. "Please!" she insisted prettily. "They're charming on you, and I'm an old married woman, not a bride-to-be."

She led Bunny to the fireplace about which three women were grouped. "This," she announced gaily, "is the last round-up. Don't you think it was clever of me to get all Cam's old girls together to welcome the new one?"

The moment's silence was as brittle as





"I'm s-sorry," Bunny stammered. "I thought you were somebody I knew."

ought to have loads to talk about." And to Bunny, "My dear, you have lots to thank Coralie for. If she and Cam hadn't fought practically at the altar——"

"Don't thank me," drawled the red-head, looking Bunny up and down. "It's not my fault that Cam got away. I've been perishing to meet you, Miss Andrews. Everybody said it would take a superwoman to bag old Cam!"

That's what her husky voice said; her cool glance added, "Fancy a little brown wren like you getting him!"

Frances Whitcomb came over and shook hands. "Don't pay any attention to anything she says," advised Fran. "She's dying with envy. We all are. I can speak freely for, as Lella told you, I don't qualify as a member of the inner circle. I worked on Cam all one summer, but I never could get him to propose——"

"But darling," broke in Coralie, "you never had a chance at him when he was flat on his back." She turned to Bunny. "Is it true," she asked sweetly, "that all male patients fall in love with their nurses?"

Bunny had been frightened and bewildered. But suddenly she was not afraid any more; her chin went up. "Absolutely!" she said clearly. "We get our man every time. It's the tricky uniform that does it." She looked steadily at Coralie a moment. "Really, Miss Clark," she said, "you ought to go in training. I know you'd love it!"

Somebody gasped, but Fran Whitcomb, her arm linked through Bunny's, said softly, "Bravo!"

The pert colored maid came in with the tea things and a tall, frosted shaker.

Lella hurriedly arranged herself behind the tray. She had the decency to look a little abashed as she murmured, "Tea or cocktail?"

"Tea, please," said Bunny, and settled down beside Fran on the divan.

Bunny had heard about Fran. Indeed, she had heard about them all. Lella had told her how beautiful they were. How clever. And how mad Cam had been about each of them.

Cam had laughed and sworn that he had never loved any of them. "They're grand gals," he told Bunny, "but they're not a patch on my girl!"

Seeing them now for the first time, Bunny wondered how any man could resist them.

Renée, she knew, was the most-photographed model in New York. Everywhere she went, it was said, men's eyes followed her. And women's.

Coralie Clark was the fabulously beautiful daughter of a fabulously rich father. But this wasn't enough for her. She must have a career, too. She had a "spot" on XBC, one of the big radio hookups. The proceeds from her job went

spun glass, but Lella blithely ignored the tension. "Renée," she said, "as Cam's first love, I want you to be the first to meet our guest of honor."

A tall, languorous blonde standing by the mantel turned slightly. "How d'you do?" she said, and went back to her cocktail and her talk with the exquisitely tailored girl who stood near her.

The tallered girl, who was tall and slim

with a broad brow and fine dark eyes, made a friendly movement, but Lella waved her aside. "It's not your turn, Fran," she said; "you were just a summer flirtation."

She pulled Bunny over to a satin sofa on which a girl with red-gold hair and sulky green eyes sat curled up with the grace of a small, lithe animal. "Coralie," purred Lella, "you and Miss Andrews

to charity. Long before she met Cam, Bunny had heard Coralie Clark croon her way to fame.

Fran Whitcomb, the exquisitely groomed, ran a successful travel bureau almost singlehanded.

Yes, they were all clever, these ex-girls of Cam's. And they lived in a world of clever, fascinating people. Cam's world. Bunny, listening to the talk tossed lightly about her, pressed Cam's ring into the soft flesh of her finger, and the chill about her heart melted a little. She had Cam's love. Nothing else could possibly matter.

The party was quite gay by the time Bill Paget came in at a quarter of six. Bill was a quiet, gentle-voiced chap. He and Cam were buddies. They had shared diggings at Chapel Hill down in North Carolina. Bill had never outgrown his hero-worship of Cam Trent, campus god and prince of good fellows. "Handsomest," "best dancer," "best liked," "most likely to succeed"—these were a few of the epithets with which his classmates had tagged Cam. To Bill, they were a feeble approximation of the truth.

Leila Paget resented Bill's feeling about Cam. Bunny had guessed that the first time Bill had dragged his wife to the hospital to see Cam.

Bill kissed Leila and crossed the room to Bunny. She was Cam's girl. That made her the princess royal where Bill was concerned. Besides, he liked Bunny for herself. In fact, it was he who had egged Leila into giving the party for her. Leila's malicious sense of humor had dictated the invitation list.

Bill insisted upon getting Bunny a fresh cup of tea. His friendliness, his eagerness to enthrone her upon the pinnacle to which he felt Cam's love entitled her, both amused and touched Bunny.

"What did these women do when they heard you were taking old Cam out of circulation?" he demanded.

Bunny shook her head. "They didn't believe a word of it."

"They'd better believe it!" laughed Bill. "Gosh, if they could see him mooning around when you're on night duty."

Bunny stood up. "That reminds me. I go on at seven."

Across the room Coralie's husky, lazy voice was saying to René, "If you really want an audition, Horton would jump through hoops for me."

In the confusion of farewells, Fran Whitcomb said to Bunny, "I'd love it if you'd lunch with me one day."

"I'll ring you up."

They smiled at each other, and Bunny thought, "She's a grand person."

Bunny's spirits rose as she walked rapidly to the subway. It had been one of those brilliant October days with a sharp pungency that makes even confirmed city dwellers fancy they smell leaves burning. She emerged from the tube with her mind made up to dismiss the tea party into the oblivion it deserved.

Her gait quickened as she left the faded dignity of the Gramercy Park section and plunged into the maelstrom of noise and dinginess that was Third Avenue. Just eight minutes to get there, change into her uniform and report for duty.

She ran up the steps of the sprawling pile of brick that dominated a neighborhood of old brownstone fronts. And as

always when she crossed the threshold that familiar sense of peace fell upon her. Bunny loved St. Theresa's. She knew what the ugly, shabby building meant in the lives of the people who brought themselves, or their loved ones, there to be mended. She loved nursing, too.

But most of all, she loved Cam.

As she gave old Mrs. Westley her alcohol rub and made her comfortable for the night, she found it difficult to keep her mind on her work. Not that it mattered in this case. Mrs. Westley wasn't really ill. She was one of those private patients whose periodic fits of repentance for over-indulgence made it possible for St. Theresa's to finance one of the biggest free wards in the city. As a rule, she loved to dwell on her symptoms. But tonight she was sleepy.

Bunny thanked her stars for that.

"I'll see Cam tomorrow!" It was a lovely and familiar refrain to all her thoughts.

It was almost six months since Cam had been brought to the hospital. Bunny had been on ward duty, substituting for a staff nurse who was out with laryngitis. Miss Judson, the granite-faced, soft-hearted supervisor under whom she had trained, frequently called upon Bunny when she had to fill a gap in a hurry. And that's how it happened that Bunny, who was a "special," had walked into the men's ward one morning in April to find Cameron Trent's gray eyes, bright with fever, staring up at her.

From the first, she had steeled herself against him, fought against the charm that even illness could not destroy. Tucking Mrs. Westley in tonight, she saw again the long line of his body restless beneath the coarse hospital sheets. The thick black hair above the burning mask of his lean face. That first day, he had grinned at everything and everybody, including himself. "I'm not much good at being sick," he had confided to Bunny.

The next day, he was delirious. "Pneumonia," barked Doctor Brandt, and told Bunny to look sharp.

There followed days of stealing time from other patients to give to Cam. Days of fighting Cam in his delirium: "I've got to get out of here, I tell you. I can't afford nurses."

Finally, when Bunny had thought he might die, she had called Bill Paget at his office, for Bill's name was always on Cam's lips, and his address—with a penciled "to be used only in emergency" beneath it—was the only one that



Bunny could find among Cam's meager possessions in the shabby lodginghouse room which he had listed on the hospital record as his place of residence.

Bill had come at once. He had ordered Cam moved into a private room. "The least expensive one you've got," Bill had said to Miss Judson, "because he's going to kick like hell when he finds out."

It was Bill who had arranged with Juddy to switch Bunny to private duty. There was a night "special," too. Grim, competent Miss Hall. The young nurses called her "the old war horse," but the doctors doctored on her. She had pulled more cases through pneumonia than any nurse at St. Theresa's.

But there came a night when they thought that even Hall and diathermy couldn't pull Cam through. Bunny had refused to go home. Miss Judson had stuck around, too, and Doctor Brandt had telephoned at midnight. "A bare chance," Bunny had heard the supervisor murmur over the wire.

And when at three in the morning, that terrible labored breathing had become easier, Bunny had walked on waver- ing legs to the linen closet at the end of the corridor. Standing there with her white lips pressed against a stack of freshly ironed towels, she had whispered,



"So many women have been mad about you, Cam," said Bunny. "I don't wonder you find it difficult to be; I love that I was just sorry for you."

"Oh, thank You, God! Oh, thank You!"

Hours later, Cam looked up at her and grinned feebly. "Haven't I seen you around before?" he asked.

From that moment Bunny had ceased to struggle. She knew that she loved him and that she could do nothing about it. There had been no one before; there would be no one again. There was just—Cam.

The next morning when she was washing his face for breakfast, he had suddenly demanded: "Name?"

"Bunny—Elizabeth Andrews."

"I prefer Bunny. Age?"

"Twenty-three going on twenty-four," said Bunny, looking absurdly like a probationer instead of a full-fledged graduate nurse who has had her cap long enough to get used to anything, including silly questions from male patients.

"Nursing experience?"

"Four years, two months and——"

"I guess you'll do." He touched the small, capable fist closed over the washcloth. "Nice hands. Know their job." He spread his own thin fingers against the counterpane. "Hands can be darn useless sometimes."

And somehow Bunny knew that he

wasn't thinking of the desperate weakness that made him as helpless as a baby now.

He had got better rapidly. Too rapidly, perhaps, for he was eager to be out of the hospital, restive under his obligation to Bill.

Bunny inveigled him into coming two or three times a week to her tiny apartment in an old house not too far from Gramercy. She bragged about her cooking, traded shamelessly upon his loneliness and, when she got him moored for an evening, she broiled thick steaks for him, and made hollandaise for the broccoli.

Bit by bit, she picked up fragments to piece into the patchwork of Cam's past. Some of it had come out when he was delirious; Bill Paget had unwittingly supplied a good many missing scraps. Some things Cam had told her himself. Others she had discovered by accident.

There was the time she had gone to his lodginghouse to look for relatives' addresses. The shoes Cam had worn to the hospital were cheap and shabby, the soles scuffed through in spots. But on the closet floor of his dingy room, she had stumbled on a pair of riding boots that bore the label of a famous Bond Street firm. And dangling (Cont. on page 148)

## Conclusion—

SHOTS IN THE DARK  
(Friday, July 22; 10 P.M.)

IT SEEMED an unreasonably long time before we reached the upper landing—a sensation like a crazy hashish distortion—and I felt myself struggling to regain a sense of reality. As Vance stepped into the hallway above, which was narrower and dingier than the one downstairs, he stood tensely still for a moment, looking about him.

There was only one small lighted gas jet at the rear of the hall. Luckily, the floor was covered with an old worn runner which deadened our footsteps as we followed Vance up the hall. Suddenly the muffled sound of voices came to us, but we could not distinguish any words.

Vance moved stealthily toward the front of the house and stood before the only door on the left of the corridor. A line of faint light outlined the threshold, and it was now evident that the voices came from within that room.

After listening a moment Vance tried the doorknob with extreme care. To our surprise the door was not locked, but swung back easily into a long, narrow, squallid room in the center of which stood a plain deal table. At one end of the table, by the light of an oil lamp, two ill-dressed men sat playing casino, judging by the distribution of the cards.

Though the room was filled with cigaret smoke, I immediately recognized one of the men as the shabby figure I had seen leaning against the bench in Central Park the night before. The lamp furnished the only illumination in the room, and dark gray blankets, hanging in full

body on the floor coincided with the crash of the lamp, knocked over by the second man. The room was plunged in complete darkness.

"Stay down, Van!" came the commanding voice of Vance.

Almost as he spoke there was a staccato exchange of shots. All I could see was the brilliant flashes from the automatics. To this day I cannot determine the number of shots fired that night, for they overlapped each other in such rapid succession that it was impossible to make an accurate count. I lay flat on my stomach across the door-sill, my head spinning dizzily, my muscles paralyzed with fear for Vance.

There was a brief respite of black silence, so poignant as to be almost palpable, and then came the crash of an upset chair and the dull heavy sound of a human body striking the floor. I was afraid to move. Heath's labored breathing made a welcome noise at my side. I could not tell, in the blackness of the room, who had fallen. A terrifying dread assailed me.

Then I heard Vance's voice—the cynical, nonchalant voice I knew so well—and my fright gave way to a feeling of relief and overpowering weakness.



# The KIDNAP

# Murder Case

folds from over the window frames, let no ray of light escape either at the front or side window.

The two men sprang to their feet instantaneously, turning in our direction.

"Down, Van!" ordered Vance; and his call was submerged under two deafening detonations accompanied by two flashes from a revolver in the hand of the man nearest us. The bullets must have gone over us, for both Heath and I had dropped quickly to the floor at Vance's order. Almost immediately—so quickly as to be practically simultaneous—there came two reports from Vance's automatic, and I saw the man who had shot at us pitch forward. The thud of his

I felt like a drowning man who, coming up for the third time, suddenly feels strong arms beneath his shoulders.

"Really, y'know," his voice came from somewhere in the darkness, "there should be electric lights in this house. I saw the wires as we entered."

He was fumbling around somewhere above me, and suddenly the sergeant's flashlight swept over the room. I staggered to my feet and leaned limply against the casing of the door.

"The idiot!" Vance was murmuring. "He kept his lighted cigaret in his mouth, and I was able to follow every move he made. There must be a switch or a fixture somewhere. The lamp and the

blankets at the windows were only to give the house the appearance of being untenanted."

The ray from Heath's pocket flash moved about the walls and ceiling, but I could see neither him nor Vance. Then the light came to a halt, and Heath's triumphant voice rang out.

"Here it is, sir—a socket beside the window." And as he spoke a weak, yellowed bulb dimly lighted up the room.

Heath was at the front window; his hand still on the switch of a small electric-light socket; Vance stood near by, to all appearances cool and unconcerned. On the floor lay two motionless bodies.

"Pleasant evening, sergeant," Vance



ILLUSTRATION BY  
TOM WEBB

Vance rushed across the dimly lighted room to a narrow cot where lay the motionless form of a woman, securely bound.

spoke in his usual steady, whimsical voice. "My sincerest apologies, and all that." Then he caught sight of me, and his face sobered. "Are you all right, Van?" he asked.

I assured him I had escaped the *mêlée* unscathed, and added that I had not used my automatic because I was afraid I might have hit him in the dark.

"I quite understand," he murmured, and nodding his head, he went quickly to the two prostrate bodies. After a momentary inspection, he stood up and said: "Quite dead, sergeant. Really, y' know, I seem to be a fairly accurate shot."

"I'll say!" breathed Heath with admiration. "I wasn't a hell of a lot of help, was I, Mr. Vance?" he added a bit shamefacedly.

"Really nothing for you to do, sergeant."

Vance looked about him. Through a wide alcove at the far end of the room a white iron bed was clearly visible. This adjoining chamber was like a small bedroom, with only dirty red rep curtains

dividing it from the main room. Vance stepped quickly between the curtains, and switched on a light just over the wooden mantel near the bed. At the rear of the room, near the foot of the bed, was a door standing half ajar. Between the mantel and the bed with its uncovered mattress was a small bureau with a large mirror swung between two supports rising from the bureau itself.

Heath had followed Vance into the room, and I trailed weakly after them. Vance stood before the bureau for a moment or so, looking down at the few cigaret-burnt toilet articles scattered about it. He opened the top drawer and looked into it. Then he opened the second drawer.

"Ah!" he murmured, reaching inside.

When he withdrew his hand he was holding a neatly rolled pair of thin Shantung silk pajamas. He inspected them for a moment and smiled slightly.

"The missin' pajamas," he said as if to himself, though both Heath and I heard every word he spoke. "Never been worn. Very interestin'." He unrolled them on the top of the bureau and drew forth a small green-handled toothbrush and a silver-backed comb. "And the missin' toothbrush and comb," he added. He ran his thumb over the bristles of the brush. "And quite dry. The pajamas, I opine, were rolled quickly round the toothbrush and the comb, brought here and thrown into the drawer." He rolled the pajamas, placed them back in the drawer and resumed (Continued on page 152)

by **S. S. Van Dine**

Author of "The Garden Murder Case," etc.

# Has the White Race



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Western Union

*For years now, professors, philosophers and prophets of doom have been a gloomy chorus, predicting the end of our Western civilization. Are they right? Is it true that the white man is definitely on the way out? We present here a challenging answer*

**U**NITED STATES MAIL . . . A dimly lighted car rattling and rushing through the darkness. The messenger at his desk. Behind him a man with a gun. "Stick 'em up! Now then, which sacks got the money for Breckenridge?"

The mail clerk pointed them out. "A right. Bring 'em here."

Covered, the clerk dragged the bags to the open door of the car. There was three hundred thousand dollars in them, and both men knew it. One by one, the robber kicked the sacks through the door, without shifting his eyes or his aim.

"Go on; the safe now." The messenger crossed the car. And as he did so . . .

Where had I seen or heard of all that? In a movie? Probably. It sounded like Hollywood. And yet, lying in my berth on a train between Rochester and New York, I had a hazy recollection that the thing had actually happened. Such things must happen on mail trains and trucks.

At dinner that night, we'd pretty much agreed that civilization had "gone soft." "We've lost our stamina," my host had

declared. "Too much peace, too much luxury, too many machines and too little real work. We've trod the well-worn path to decadence, and now we're going the way of all the other races that have mused in their muscles and sofa pillows back of their spinal columns."

I'd heard all that before. Everybody's heard it, particularly since the Depression. We humans never have been very sure of ourselves. Whenever things seem a little wobbly, we are given to inquiring, with Bret Harte's Truthful James, "Is our civilization a failure? Or is the Caucasian played out?"

The Rochester dinner party, however, had been more than ordinarily disturbing. There was a professor with unpleasant statistics and concrete instances. Look what happened when the *Vestris* went down off the Virginia Capes. Look what happened on the *Morro Castle*.

"Duty is almost an obsolete word," he had said. "In our hearts, most of us feel that doing your job is okay if it brings in enough and doesn't interfere with your comfort. The man who risks his life or

solvency for an ideal may be a hero to you and me, but he's a sucker to most of his fellow men nowadays, and he'll soon be as extinct as the dodo."

That's what kept me awake on the way back to New York. "Click-click"—from the wheels. "Duty extinct; as the dodo. And is the Caucasian played out?" At home the next morning, I asked my secretary, "Do you remember anything about a mail clerk who defied a bunch of train robbers?"

"You mean, tricked 'em? Certainly. We've got that in our files."

Our clipping was from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and my night-before recollections hadn't been so far wrong. The messenger was named Alvin S. Page. Twenty-nine days in advance, Secret Service men had learned of the prospective holdup, but without the needed details as to date and train. Page volunteered to get these.

He obtained an introduction to the gang, representing himself as a dissatisfied postal employee eager for easy money. He told the gunmen that Number

# gone soft?



Western Union

Left to right: The *Yastris* sinking, 1922; Messenger Harry Friedman of Jacksonville, awarded valor medal for capturing an armed thief, 1921; Sully Rooke, heroine of the Folson, N. M., cloudburst, 1908; F. M. Burton, heroic construction foreman, below, Everyday heroism—a 9-9 alarm fire.



The structural worker—an unsung hero of the Machine Age. [A reproduction of an etching by James E. Allen.]



Charles Phelps Cushing

Eleven on the Texas & Pacific Railway out of Dallas on September fourteenth would be carrying the pay roll to the oil fields at Breckenridge, and that he would

be the messenger in charge. So he knew "Indian Charlie" when the latter swung aboard at Fort Worth, and he knew Charlie had promised his colleagues to

## by Channing Pollock

suit the messenger's throat the instant he'd opened the safe.

If Indian Charlie had crossed the car to that safe with Page, the messenger would have had less than five minutes to live—and he knew that. In sending him across, Charlie got him out of range. And as he did so, two Secret Service men rose from behind the mail sacks stacked in the shadows and opened up with sawed-off shotguns Indian Charlie bit the dust.

Much the same thing had already happened at the spot where Charlie had kicked off the Breckenridge bugs to his confederates. Two of the gang of four were killed and the other two captured, because of a mail clerk who hadn't heard that duty is an obsolete word.

"There must be millions of people like that," my secretary said.

"Well, hardly millions. There always have been heroes, but they're getting fewer. We're a pretty soft race, you know." Miss McG. smiled. "I didn't know," she



remarked. "Business seems to be going on as usual." And with that she laid a pile of letters in front of me and went out.

"Business going on as usual." I strolled over to the casement and looked out. There had been snow for two days, and the streets were buried in it. A policeman stood at the corner. He had been there most of the night, no doubt, while my Rochester friends were in their comfortable beds. And of course, there were thousands of that cop throughout America, taking a daily, hourly chance with their lives so that business might continue "going on as usual." Equally of course, there were firemen. One expected that sort of thing of soldiers and firemen and policemen.

**O**PPPOSITE me, standing on a ledge thirteen stories above the street, a man was swabbing away at a window. There were loads of him all over town; all over hundreds of towns. Nobody'd ever thought of those fellows as heroes—but none of my Rochester friends would have stood on that ledge for five thousand dollars. I wouldn't have done it for fifty thousand.

I turned back into the room, thinking. There were the chaps who balanced themselves on steel girders and caught red-hot rivets. Somebody—quite a number of somebodies must have done that at the top of the Empire State Building. Shaky work for a soft and effete race! And what of the men in the mills where the steel came from? And the men in the mines? And the chaps in the logging camps, and on the ships and railways that transported the coal and logs?

The top letter on Miss McG.'s pile was marked "Air Mail." The pilots who carried that must run a few risks now and then. There must be hazards, too, in keeping telegraphic communication open in weather like this, and phones working so that we might call Montclair and say, "Hello, George; how'd you like to play bridge next Tuesday?" Or, "Central, call a policeman"—or the fire department, or a doctor—quick! The doctors, too, and the scientists and engineers and—well, yes, it must take millions of people with courage and something like indifference to their comfort and safety to keep business "going on as usual."

My host in Rochester had concurred with the European dictators in finding "too much peace" contributing to loss of stamina. But I, that morning, began wondering whether it isn't the everyday job in our high-g geared and high-powered civilization that develops the more dependable bean and backbone. That was a stirring slogan of the wartime French, "They shall not pass." Is it essentially different from our theater's "The show must go on," or the telephone system's "The message must get through," or that religion of the post office, "Bring the mail through"?

Our peacetime world is full of trenches and crowded with unknown soldiers. You and I see a postman leaving packets of letters with the elevator boy. Would it jolt you to learn that, during the past two and a half years, fifty-five rural mail carriers have lost their lives in the performance of their duties?

Floods and ice packs and blizzards are among the enemies that must be fought ceaselessly along all lines of transportation and communication, and gallantry in action against them appears in most of the citations for "courage and devotion to duty" that, up to June, 1934, had brought one thousand and nineteen gold, silver and bronze medals to heroes in the telephone service alone.

Sarah J. Rooke was a sixty-eight-year-old switchboard operator at Polson, New Mexico. She was getting ready for bed one night in August, 1908, when she heard the familiar buzz from her living room. She picked up the phone. Ten miles up the valley, someone was crying, "There's been a cloudburst! The river's broken loose! Run for your lives!"

Sally Rooke didn't run. She knew that, before it reached Polson, that torrent of water pouring through the canyon must sweep away dozens of ranch houses. So she sat down at her switchboard and began ringing them, one after another. "The river's broken loose! Run for your lives!" Then she called the subscribers in Polson.

When the flood struck, Sally Rooke was still at her post, telling other people to run for their lives. Her body was found months later, in the wreckage of her cottage, eight miles below the village. More than four thousand contributions paid for the granite monument that marks her resting place.

Stories like this are to be had for the asking in every branch of modern industry. When I went after them, the one thing I couldn't find was men and women who didn't stick to their posts. Whenever there was a job to be done, someone did it without pause or question.

Charles Erwin Rider was a station installer for the Bell Telephone Company at Guthrie, Oklahoma—and a sick man. His doctor had warned him against excitement, exposure and overexertion. That was in 1923, and on June fifth a train of tank cars was derailed on a bridge over the Cimarron River. There was an explosion and a few seconds later the water was covered with a sheet of blazing oil.

Station Installer Rider hurried to the scene. Thirty-four wires had been destroyed, and that was his business. He tried to borrow a boat. It was a good boat and the owner didn't want to lose it. So Charles Erwin drove seven miles and got his own boat. The river was still burning when he got back, but he launched his fishing dory and started to work.

Back and forth through the flames he rowed, passing within a few feet of the blazing bridge, on which stood a partially demolished tank car of gasoline, liable to blow up at any moment. Within an hour—at one-fifteen P.M., according to report—Rider had restored service on the Chicago-Galveston toll circuit. At sixteen service was normal. By six-twelve an irate customer somewhere along the line probably was inquiring why in heck he had to wait all afternoon to get the home office in Kansas City.

Half a dozen or more of our big companies have their equivalent of the A. T. & T.'s Vail Awards. The Western Union gives a gold medal to messenger boys who risk their lives on the job. A

recent winner was Harry Friedman, fifteen years old, who surprised a safe-cracker at work in the office on the seventh floor of the Atlantic National Bank Building in Jacksonville, Florida. The regg ran and Friedman followed, grappling with him on the stairs. Friedman was knocked down and slashed with a razor. Nevertheless, reinforced by a Postal messenger named Kenneth Hartley, he chased the marauder through streets and freight yards to the end of a pier, holding him at bay with brick-bats until the police arrived.

Apparently, courage has become commonplace. Nobody notices it. Nobody even knows about it—outside the organizations founded for its recognition. The Carnegie Hero Fund alone has considered some thirty-five thousand cases, and made awards in over twenty-nine hundred of them. Andrew Carnegie set aside five million dollars for such awards, and the deed of trust, executed in 1904, begins, "We live in an heroic age."

Implicit in the mass of material I gathered are countless thrilling stories. I submit the case of Doctor Miley B. Wesson, known to the Carnegie Commission as "No. 2805."

Doctor Wesson was operating on a child in a hospital in San Francisco. Nurse Gertrude Quinn started to attach a wire to an X-ray tube. The wire happened to be carrying thirty thousand volts of electricity, and it knocked Nurse Quinn for a goal. Clutched fast in her hand, the wire had only to touch the metal operating table to kill Doctor Wesson's unconscious little patient and perhaps explode tanks of ether and nitrous oxide.

There was no time to stop for rubber gloves or other insulators. Doctor Wesson grabbed the wire, confident that, if he could wrest it from Nurse Quinn, a spring in a spool on which it was wound would pull the thing out of harm's way. The current threw the physician to the floor, fracturing a vertebra and his right clavicle but breaking the circuit. Doctor Wesson regained consciousness, completed the operation on the child, saw patient and nurse put to bed and then went to bed himself—for ten weeks.

**M**ORE in the movie manner, perhaps, is Case Number 2583. Here we have the state penitentiary at Canon City, Colorado, and four desperate prisoners who had shot and killed several guards and were holding twelve more as hostages. The convicts sent word to the warden that, unless they were released within a certain time, these twelve would be sacrificed.

When the warden refused, one of the guards was murdered in cold blood, and his body thrown out as warning of what would happen to the others.

The mutineers were barricaded in a cell house a hundred feet from the gate of the penitentiary yard, and a plan was made to dynamite the wall of the house and rush armed men through the opening. But someone had to carry the explosive across the yard, under the guns of the rioters. The chance of being shot was excellent. The chance of the shot's striking the dynamite was almost as good.

And while (Continued on page 146)



"A grand night," said Seabrook Senior, and Marion didn't dare let her eyes meet Jim's.

**T**HE YOUNGSTERS dancing on the packed floor at Elando's stared at Marion—tall, slim, smart in gray chiffon, to her chin in front and showing all of her nice, smooth, flat back, as she was led—skillfully, dashingly, his young cheek resting on her dark hair—by Jimmie.

The girls' stares were resentful. Marion was all of thirty-five—a Woman.

scion are That Way about each other."

Not that they had been around so much together—she was seen with plenty fellows of her own age—but Jimmie was always going up to her place for her Sunday nights or like that. They told how someone had even gone up there one evening and found them sitting alone before her fire. She was knitting,

# THE QUICKEST Way

*It's a wonderful age when romance,  
too, can come out of a can!*

by **Fannie Ferber Fox**

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN ROBERTS

Jimmie—he was one of *them*. Blue-eyed, twenty-five-year Jimmie belonged at Elando's. The boys' stares were respectful. Marion was all of thirty-five—a Woman. They liked her style, her eyes and her smile, her vivid face and her quick laughter as she talked to Jimmie. But she was a Grown Woman!

All right, they said, fun is fun, but, too, enough's enough. If a guy like Jimmie gets a kick out of giving an older—well, old enough to be an older sister, wasn't she?—a rush for a couple of weeks, all right. He'd started something, all right. Wow! What a crack Herb Whitcomb'd given 'em in "Tall Talk":

"Sizzling woman head of big business and young Seabrook

and he was just sitting there talking! Sounded screwy, that's what. No wonder that Chicago girl he was nuts about gave him the go-by.

Well, one thing. Jimmie's dad'd be back from Florida any day now. Then watch the fireworks! He'd never stand for anything like that . . .

It was after twelve. Back at their table at Elando's, Marion gathered up her bag and gloves and pulled the dark-red-velvet cape about her shoulders.

"Jimmie," she said, "I don't know about you, but I've got to be back at the mines especially early tomorrow. I've got to go home. But listen. You stay and give one of these cute girls a treat."

He rose and pulled aside the table that she might pass. "Nothing doing. You can't shake me. I'm—good Lord, I forgot. I got another wire from Dad. Ooh, we've got to put our fine minds to that before you fling me off."

Reclaiming the battered brown hat which went with Jimmie whether he wore tails or English bags, they went out into the sharp, early spring night.

At Marion's place they bent together over the telegram. It said, "Bitter Charleston new soup Prado Thursday ten evening explanation puppy." Simultaneously they fell back, shouting with laughter.

"Let me," begged Marion. "You did the last one."

"I should say not. You'd never get this one. Listen. This one means that it's fierce cold in Charleston for this time of year and that he intends to have me on the carpet tomorrow night at the Prado Hotel." Jimmie spread his hands. "See? Once you have the code, there's nothing to it."

Marion still held the paper. "But what's this soup? New soup?"

Jimmie's mouth fell open. "You don't mean—didn't I ever tell you? Well, I'll be—Dad's got just three passions that he's let his little boy in on. One's me. Another's ten-word telegrams, as you probably gather by this time. It's a phobia. Why, he—"

"But the soup, Jimmie, the soup."

"That's the prime passion. That's the real love. How that boy loves soup! He knows all the right places to get it the way the others collect wines and sauces and—nuts about it. But Dad's a good guy." Jimmie's head wagged convincingly.

"Well, you ought to know," from Marion. "His wires aren't so ducky. That one from Miami, right after the scummy stuff in 'Tall Talk.' Ugh! How'd that one go? 'Crowds rain—'"

"I've got it right here. Wait. Here. 'Crowds rainy lost shirt read clutch adventures behave deny write.'"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Marion. "I was that pleased. Adventures! Um-um!" Then she sat up suddenly and hit the sofa pillow with a furious hand. "Oh, the whole thing's so silly. Here we've had fun—such fun. And just because— You have been sweet, Jimmie."

"I Sweet? Marion, if I weren't head over heels with my little gal in Chicago and promised her I wouldn't breathe a word till vacation, I'd make you hold everything until I grew up to you. You've been marvelous to me. Gosh! I never had anyone before that I could tell things to. Brought up by schools ever since I was eleven, when Mother died. Dad away all the time and—was I a lonesome kid!

"I had money, all right, and lots of friends, but— Oh, I guess I wasn't boiled hard enough to cut loose and have a time on the money. Ever since Totty brought me up here that Sunday night—his blue eyes shone—'why, you've done more for me than anyone else in the world. The way you talked to me—"

She rose and patted his hard young arm, smiling at him through the mist of tears in her warm brown eyes. "Sure,

I know. Don't you worry, Jimmie. We'll have Dad begging to come up here with you some Sunday night. You'll see."

Marion's Sunday nights were famous. She lived in a great one-room-and-kitchenette apartment, high up, looking south over the city. People would start to come in around six. Little drinks and long ones stood about, and everybody poured his own. Along about eight-thirty, there'd be a casserole of macaroni, yellow with cheese, shining with butter and just hinting of specks of garlic. A wooden bowl overflowing with greens, tossed together with a delicate dressing, and a big fragrant, clove-studded, brown-sugared, sweet-fatted ham, with a small bowl of mustard sauce

In the taxi, "Ha!" from the older, slimmer, touched-with-gray, even bluer-eyed Jimmie. "That just goes to show. I know that sort. I know women. I know the kind that lets a man bring up a perfect stranger at any time of the night. Bah!" He shivered with grief and despair, with weariness and the cool night.

Jimmie was silent.

Marion met them, tall and slim in her long blue house gown. She had been reading on the couch by the dying fire. Seabrook Senior was surprised to find himself apologizing to her for the hour, and then, a few moments later, to himself for being so relaxed and comfortable in a deep chintz chair, his favorite cigars at his elbow.

"It was nice of you not to wait," Marion said calmly. "Good and unselfish of Jimmie, too, when he's been looking forward so to your coming. How about another log, Jimmie, while I get us a nightcap? Then we can talk."

Stretched before the fresh blaze, the man watched his son set a little table before the fire and place cloth and silver. Firelight and lamplight shone softly on gay chintz, books and pictures, and on smooth table tops holding the odd, charming bits which create the room where lives a graciously modern, cultured woman.

The men started to help Marion with the tray. "Don't touch. Hot," she warned, as she placed the three fine china cups, set in their old silver holders. A napkin-covered plate and a bowl filled with snappy celery hearts, crisp sticks of raw carrot and huge, cold green olives stuffed with almonds.

Clear bouillon into which a beaten egg had been stirred just before pouring into the thin old cups. Strons, hot, delicious, bracing. Small browned crackers under the napkin... The man sat back, pointing to the empty cup. "This," he said, for the second time, "is superb." Blue eyes looked into brown ones. "A grand night. Not only do I meet an utterly charming woman, but I find the man sweetly inclined her head to both compliments. 'Isn't it a coincidence,' she said gently, her eyes refusing to meet Jimmie's, 'that you are so fond of soup, too?'"

It was two when they left. "I can't tell you how much—" began the older man. "Send a wire, Dad," suggested Jimmie. The man flushed a bit, went to Marion's desk for a blank and wrote, "Stubborn fool forgive please dinner show tomorrow night more later."

COMING:

Ellery Queen's  
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THE DOOR BETWEEN

A Book-length Novel  
Complete in one issue

A distinguished short story  
EXPERIMENT IN YOUTH

by

Mary Roberts  
Rinehart

A grand football story  
BIG SHOULDERS

by

Damon Runyon

nestling close. And coffee. And cigarettes. And talk and laughter and the burning hickory logs.

It was nearly midnight Thursday, when Jimmie, facing his father, said with quiet fury, "Why, certainly. Don't you lose any time. I'll call her up now, if you'll allow me, and maybe we can go up there right now."

He came back from the other room and picked up the brown hat. "Are you ready?" politely.

"There simply isn't any other soup like it!"

What is it you enjoy most about soup? Isn't it the heart-warming flavor? When a soup fairly glows with sunny, friendly flavor, it gives you ease and contentment—all's right with the world. That's why Campbell's Tomato Soup is the soup nobody forgets. The tomatoes are specially cultivated by Campbell's for finest color, most luscious texture, liveliest flavor.

The lush, rich goodness is sieved from each sun-sweetened, vine-ripened tomato. Nutritious butter, really just the kind you serve at your own table, is blended into the smooth, luxurious purée. The exclusive Campbell's recipe requires the art of the gifted chef. And those final touches of mild and tactful seasoning—who else but Campbell's has their secret? But you must *taste* this soup to know why: "There simply isn't any other soup like it!"

With Campbell's Soup  
To make me gay  
I sparkle at my  
Work and play!



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# Anne Rockefeller



Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—Anne C. Rockefeller

*Add to the joy of good digestion  
by Smoking Camels*

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

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...and her famous "Little Dinners"

MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure... the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée... a pause for a Camel... followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee... with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

*A few of the distinguished women who prefer  
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia	Mrs. Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
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Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia	
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**COSTLIER  
TOBACCOS**

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM  
FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE  
TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND  
DOMESTIC...THAN ANY  
OTHER POPULAR BRAND.



**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS**

*Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for November 1936*

## It's an Ill Wind by Alice Hegan Rice (Continued from page 37)

responsibility for the other lodgers, among whom were the Binn family on the second floor. By wheedling and coaxing, Miss Purvey persuaded Mrs. Puls to let them stay on from month to month, while she herself wangled a precarious living for them from the various charity organizations.

"I sure got a busy day ahead of me," she twittered importantly as she moved about Mrs. Puls' room in a bustle of inefficiency. "After I get the Binns some food, I got to see what I can do about coal. It's no use getting pork and meat from the government when they haven't got a lump of coal to cook with."

"You better stop pestering about them trashy Binns, and look after me more," complained Mrs. Puls crossly.

A quiver passed over Miss Purvey's face, but she smiled reassuringly as she inquired whether there was anything she could do for the invalid downtown.

"No, nothing except to buy me some knitting cotton at the ten-cent store. But for goodness' sake, don't be gone long."

"I won't," promised Miss Purvey, little guessing what strange adventure was to befall her before she returned.

When she got to her own room she carefully adjusted the new hat on the head that had once been golden but was now henna, streaked with gray. The result was not reassuring. The hat was perfect, but under its freshened her features seemed to shrink and fade. She opened the old suitcase that served as her trunk and took from it a box of cosmetics, carefully treasured from the past. When she had finished her make-up, the reflection in the mirror was so much more satisfactory that she tossed behind it the formula in her old formula: "After all, madam, it's the hat that makes or mars the costume."

As she walked to town, mincing affectedly on her high heels, chin up, eyes shining, she felt young and stylish again. But when she reached the city's most congested corner and started across the street, a wind swept around a high building and blew off her hat. With horror she watched the frail headpiece skim through the air and flutter into the back seat of an automobile that was waiting for the light to turn.

"Oh, mister, stop!" she screamed frantically to the young man at the wheel. "My hat! You got my hat!"

Ignorant of the fact that the remark was addressed to him, the young man drove on, leaving Miss Purvey darting about in the middle of the street trying to get his license number.

Suddenly she felt herself propelled violently forward. Straggling a few steps, she fell to her knees striking her head sharply on the curbing. When she came to herself, a crowd had collected and the air was full of questions. Where was she hurt? What was her name? Where did she live?

Pushing aside a hand that was unpinning her neck ribbon, she opened her eyes. Above her a kind-faced elderly gentleman was trying to explain to a traffic officer that the accident was unavoidable, while a thin, wiry, redheaded man carrying a brief case contradicted him at every point.

"Unavoidable nothing!" the latter was shouting. "You let me talk to the lady. I bet she'll say whose fault it was." The next moment he was kneeling beside her, plying her with questions which he did not wait for her to answer. "It's just as I

thought," he announced to the crowd. "The man is to blame. But she's too badly hurt to talk about it now."

"I'm not much hurt; it's just my head," she protested feebly, trying to sit up. But the effort made her dizzy and she was glad to sink back again.

"What did I tell you?" demanded the redheaded man. "For all we know, you may have concussion of the brain. Now tell me, do you, or do you not, want me to take charge of your case?"

She nodded gratefully. It was kind of him to show so much interest. The old gentleman, too, was eager to help.

"Can't I take her home or to the hospital?" he asked solicitously. "It was in no way my fault, but I'd do anything in the world to help the poor creature."

The wiry man sprang to his feet. "I'd like to know why it wasn't your fault?" he shouted belligerently. Then, turning to the crowd: "Didn't some of you folks see what happened? Didn't he cut a left-hand corner and swipe the little woman clean off her feet?"

A young colored boy volunteered the information that he had seen her hat blow into the other car, and that when she started to run after it, the big car bumped off her feet.

By this time a woman with a basket on her arm had pushed forward to express her opinion of rich men who run down poor people that have to walk.

"Then you, too, saw the accident," said the man.

What he was busy taking down the names of the two witnesses, Miss Purvey lay wondering how soon she would be able to go on her way.

Her doubts were dispelled by the arrival of an ambulance, and when she saw two men dragging out a stretcher, she started up, protesting. "No, no! I'm not in any danger! I can walk all right. Oh, please don't let them take me! Please!"

But her self-appointed protector put his arm about her shoulders and forced her back to the pavement. "You're hurt worse than you think. You just trust me, and I'll be care of everything."

Miss Purvey suddenly felt tired and helpless. She was glad someone was going to take charge of her, even if he did have mean eyes and a cross-looking mouth.

"Are you a doctor?" she asked.

"No; I'm your lawyer, Mr. Chin. R. C. Chin. I'll see you later at the hospital. In the meantime I don't want you to talk anybody. Understand?"

She nodded feebly as she was lifted onto the stretcher.

A few minutes later they were carrying her into a big building, through a long corridor and into a ward, where they deposited her on a bed. Her heart pounded with fear. Her thoughts whirled in confusion, then centered on something concrete.

"Seventeen thousand, eight hundred and ninety-two," she mumbled over and over. "Delirious," said one of the doctors. "Give her a hypodermic at once."

For the next hour she was subjected to all sorts of examinations. During the ordeal her one fixed thought was that she must not speak. So when the doctors pried her with questions, she lay with lips compressed and eyes closed.

"Katonic stupor," pronounced a solemn voice above her.

Miss Purvey had been told how to act with concussion of the brain, but she had no idea what was expected of her with katonic stupor. The hypodermic helped her, however, and she soon was asleep.

When a nurse roused her at noon to

take some liquid nourishment, she opened her eyes languidly. The smell of the hot soup was welcome, but it was tantalizing to sip through a tube when she was so ravenously hungry. Her eyes traveled to the untouched tray of the patient in the next bed which rested on the table between them. Cautiously she helped herself to a roll.

"You can have it all," said the woman. "I ain't got a bit of appetite."

Miss Purvey, watching her chance, sat up in bed and enjoyed the first square meal she had had in three days. So stimulated was she when she had finished that she was quite ready to engage in conversation with her neighbor; but the sight of the nurse returning with Mr. Chin made her slip back to her old position and close her eyes.

Mr. Chin bent over her. "Miss Purvey, this is Mr. Chin, your lawyer. Do you feel strong enough to talk to me?"

"Is it all right for me to talk?" she whispered.

"It is to me," he said, motioning the nurse to withdraw. "How do you feel?"

"Pretty good. When can I go home?"

"Very soon now. Judge Nelson, the man who ran into you, was so anxious to settle things out of court that he came across fine. But you said something about another car whose license tag you remembered. I'm beginning to think that driver was to blame too."

"Oh, no, he wasn't. You see, my hat blew into his car and he never knew it."

"But you said he wouldn't stop when you called to him, and that was why you were run into by the other car. I think I'll trace that license number and see if I can't do something—"

"About my hat?" interrupted Miss Purvey eagerly. "Oh, if you only will! The number was seventeen thousand, eight hundred and ninety-two."

"Well, you go back to sleep and keep quiet as you have been, and I'll see if I can't get you home tomorrow."

She sank back, relieved.

The next morning Mr. Chin was back by ten. "I found our young man," he said triumphantly. "His name is Beverly Curtis—and believe me, he was glad to see me! Say, that hat got him into no end of trouble."

"My hat?" said Miss Purvey. "What do you mean?"

"Well," said Mr. Chin, "he and his bride had been having some trouble, and he didn't go home yesterday last. When he did get there yesterday morning and she found a woman's hat in the back of his car, the jig was up. He couldn't explain how it got there, and she went back to her dad."

"But I can explain!" cried Miss Purvey.

"That's what I've been telling him. He had me phone his wife and tell her I had evidence concerning the owner of a certain hat, and I'd come out this afternoon and talk to her about it. She doesn't know I'm going to bring you and her husband."

"But how can I go?" quavered Miss Purvey. "I thought you said I had a concussion."

"We may get something that will cure it," chuckled Mr. Chin.

So, resigning herself once more to the hands of Mr. Chin, Miss Purvey allowed events to take their course. After lunch a nurse came to assist her in dressing.

Not until she was leaving the hospital and Mr. Chin introduced her to young Mr. Curtis did she realize that she was

without a hat. "You'll have to excuse the way I look," she said. "I never was downtown bachelorette before in my life."

The tall handsome young man looked down at her with a rueful smile. "Well, if you can prove to my wife that that lavender thing that was in the car is yours, I'll give you whatever you ask for."

"That thing! Miss Purvey was indignant. But a glance at his perturbed face caused her immediately to forgive him. "I shouldn't have insisted on your coming today," continued Mr. Curtis, as he helped her carefully into the car, "but I've just got to get this matter settled. I never sleep a wink all night. I'll go crazy if it keeps up much longer!"

Miss Purvey's sympathies were instantly aroused. He looked so boyish and helpless in spite of his size.

When the car stopped before an imposing mansion, and Mr. Chin dashed up the steps and rang the bell, she realized the delicacy of her mission.

"I—I hope your wife won't be mad at me," she whispered to Mr. Curtis. "I hope she'll believe me."

"If she doesn't, I'm sunk," he said despairingly. "Don't give up until you convince her. Remember, I'm depending on you. You'll stand by me, won't you?"

The emotion in his voice stirred Miss Purvey profoundly. "Don't worry," she said tremulously. "I'll stand by you."

A moment later they were in a large, handsome drawing-room, and Miss Purvey's eyes were gazing over every luxurious detail. Then there was a step in the hall, and a pretty girl appeared in the doorway. Her dark eyes flashed when she saw that Mr. Chin was not alone.

"Marion, dear!" began Mr. Curtis, but she silenced him with a look.

Mr. Chin smiled blandly. "Mr. Curtis and I brought this lady out to claim a hat she lost on Monday morning."

Miss Purvey felt the eyes of her lovely hostess sweep her with incredulity.

"The hat in question is not one I have belonged to—this person," said Mrs. Curtis with crushing finality.

"If you will allow me to explain," persisted Mr. Chin suavely, "I will speak for both your husband and the lady."

"I've heard all my husband has to say, and I don't care to hear any trumped-up story that you and this woman have to tell. I'll ask you to excuse me."

"Marion!" again cried Beverly Curtis. "Please listen to them, if you won't to me. But she swept past him into the hall."

Miss Purvey caught a glimpse of Beverly Curtis' agonized face, and was instantly galvanized into action. Daring through the doorway she followed the fleeing figure up the broad staircase and into a room at the end of the hall.

"How dare you come up to my room?" demanded Mrs. Curtis furiously.

"Excuse me," implored Miss Purvey, her strength suddenly deserting her. "May I sit down for a minute?"

"Alarmed at her appearance, Mrs. Curtis motioned her to a chair longue and rang for a maid to bring sherry.

"I'm just out of the hospital," Miss Purvey murmured apologetically, "but your husband said I must come and make you believe my story."

"I thought," said Mrs. Curtis. "He and that horrible lawyer cooked up some tale and dragged you into it."

"You don't understand," protested Miss Purvey. "You see, I was standing in the street, and my hat blew into his car, and then another car hit me—and—"

"How silly!" cried Mrs. Curtis. "The idea of their thinking I would believe such nonsense. There's no use discussing the matter further."

"Maybe if I described the hat you'd believe me," Miss Purvey suggested.

"Bev has probably instructed you what to say."

"His couldn't know what I know," persisted Miss Purvey. "It's a beautiful Suzy model, the finest quality of French felt, the color of lilacs, and the brim is narrower on one side than on the other, and an amethyst clip holds the band."

"And I suppose you are accustomed to wearing Suzy models?"

Miss Purvey said with timid dignity: "No, but I recognize model hats when I see them. I wasn't in the millinery at Mead and Moore's for fifteen years for nothing. You ask any of them up there about Miss Elaine."

"I knew you were lying! I remember Miss Elaine. She used to wait on my mother when I was a child. She wasn't in

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the least like you. She was pretty, with blond hair."

"That was me!" cried Miss Purvey eagerly. "I bet your mother would remember me. What's her name?"

"Mrs. C. E. Blair."

"Mrs. Clarence Ewing Blair," said Miss Purvey. "And you—why, you must have been Marion May, the little girl I sold a white Swiss bonnet to when you were flower girl at your sister's wedding!"

For one incredulous moment Mrs. Curtis stared, then trembling, she said, "I sat simply down beside Miss Purvey. 'Oh, Miss Elaine, I can't believe it! You must forgive me for being so rude to you. But I'm almost crazy. I never closed my eyes all night.'"

"Neither did your husband," said Miss Purvey, "and he's most crazy, too. Why wouldn't you listen to him?"

"Because he stayed away all night, and couldn't explain about the hat. Even now, I don't know what to think. Can you give me your word that it is yours?"

Miss Purvey hesitated. "Well, it is and it isn't. That is, it's nearly mine."

Mrs. Curtis threw up her hands. "I understand. You needn't say any more."

"But you don't understand, Miss Marion, dear! You see, I got sick and a little older, and lost my job and things haven't been so good with me. I'm not complaining! I get along. Only I got to get my clothes where I can. Day before yesterday at a rummage sale I saw this hat. I didn't have but one quarter in the world, and it was relief money. But I paid it down, and they give me six weeks to pay the rest. I know it wasn't honest to spend relief money for anything but food, but just think of it, Miss Marion! A Suzy model for a dollar and a half!"

"Her wife broke as she added, 'And then to think it had to blow away!'"

Mrs. Curtis went into the next room, returning with the hat. "Is this it?"

Miss Purvey pounced upon her possession, smoothing the felt with loving

fingers. Then she looked up in dismay. "Why, the clip's gone!"

"Never mind about the clip!" cried Mrs. Curtis. "I'll buy you a dozen clips. I believe Bev told the truth, after all."

"Oh, he did, Miss Marion! He did! He don't know there's another girl in the world out you. Why, if a man ever felt about me, even for a day, the wife he feels about you. I could die happy. I think he's the grandest man I ever saw!"

"So do I!" cried Mrs. Curtis. "Let's go down and tell him so."

When Mr. Chin and Miss Purvey returned to the city, the Blairs' chauffeur drove them. Beverly had accepted his wife's invitation to stay for dinner.

While Mr. Chin was preoccupied with the papers in his brief case, Miss Purvey sat smiling into space. She was thinking of the way Marion Curtis had held her hands and told her she was never going to lose track of her again, and of Beverly's whispered: "I'll buy you, Miss Purvey! You're a brick!" She was recalling the way they had stood together in the doorway, his arm close about her, her eager young face lifted to his. It was all like a movie, in which she, Elaine Purvey, had played the leading rôle.

"I'll get out at the next corner," she heard Mr. Chin say, "before I do. I want you to sign the papers."

"I can't see without my glasses."

"You don't have to see to write a few lines."

When the car stopped he handed her his fountain pen. "Just put 'Payable to R. C. Chin' on these slips and sign your name. The car doesn't pay for and make out a check to you for the balance."

She did as he bade her, then waited while he made out a check to her.

"Here you are!" he said as he gave her the slip and jumped out of the car. Miss Purvey looked after him uneasily.

When she reached home the house was dark, but Mrs. Puis recognized her step on the threshold.

"If it ain't Miss Purvey!" the old woman cried. "You've had us all scared to death. It was in the paper 'bout the accident. I just sent Mr. Binn up to the hospital to see how bad hurt you was."

"I ain't hurt a bit," Miss Purvey assured her. "I've had a wonderful time!"

The next hour was spent in a detailed account of all that had happened. The recital was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Why, Mr. Curtis!" cried Miss Purvey. "I came to see about those papers the chauffeur said Mr. Chin me, you sign, and the check he gave you."

"Oughtn't I to have taken it?"

"That depends on the amount of it. How much was it for?"

"I don't know." She fumbled in her bag and produced the check.

"Twenty-five dollars?" he exclaimed.

"Did I get all that just for being pushed over?"

"Yes, and he got the rest. I'm going until I get through with him! I just wait to Judge Nelson's right now. Between us, we'll make Chin give you what's coming to you. Can you come to our apartment tomorrow night? I'll have some real money for you by then. Besides, Marion wants to see you about doing some work for her. Here's the address."

As Miss Purvey staggered back into Mrs. Puis' room, the old woman for the first time noticed the strange object that was perched rakishly askew on Miss Purvey's bandaged head.

"In the name of kingdom come," she cried, "wherever did you get that hat?"

"I bought it," said Miss Purvey solemnly, "and I honestly believe the Lord Himself made me do it."



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OCTOBER



# The COUNTRYMAN'S Year

**OCTOBER 1.** We have had two days of a wild southeaster—hills smothered with mist, warm rain whipping down the corn, shaking off the apples, covering all the ground under the pine trees with a thick brown carpet of fallen needles. I like well to be out in a "souther."

**OCTOBER 4.** Winy autumn mornings, clear and bright and still. I have just come in from a tramp in country roads, to look at the new world.

Mornings I like best. Breakfast is altogether the best meal of the day. I like breakfast! Half a Bender melon from our own garden, rich golden-yellow, ripe and sweet; a hot wheat biscuit upon which I spread a broad slice of my own comb honey, fresh from the hive, delicious to the taste. Upon this I pour a generous libation of good milk. Black coffee, fresh-made, with sugar but no cream, two slices of toast and a rasher of bacon—what could be better?

I come to it eager every morning and think I could devise nothing better to start the day. After that, a tramp down Hadley road, or around the square, and I am back at my desk.

**OCTOBER 5.** Now these are the joys of October days: the red of ivy upon the wall, and purple asters all in bloom; grapes in heavy clusters among their frosted leaves; and in the distant swamps the maples red and yellow.

A dog barks from the farm below; I can hear a song sparrow among the purple-leaved barberries, and bees humming in the still sunshine.

I rest here upon this hillside. There is a haze upon the western hills. Distant farm roofs gleam. The smoke from a chimney rises straight into the quiet air.

Far away are cities, and far the troubled world.

**OCTOBER 11.** First hard frost, all the meadows white with it, glistening in the morning sun. A perfect autumn morning. The glory of the maples is passing, the glory of the oaks not fully here.

No creed or system will ever bring happiness. Happy men—if I know what happiness is—are not dependent upon a political creed or an economic system. There have been happy men and good men in all ages, under all governments; there have been miserably unhappy men under the best we know.

**OCTOBER 16.** I have been for a long tramp in country roads and with a kind of joy I cannot quite explain, since I heard nothing that could be sung on any stage, nor saw anything that could be published in any paper. An old man in his field digging mangels, lifting and bending there, all gray in the sunshine, I stopped to talk with. A man currying a horse in a sunny barnyard and whistling as he worked. A woman sitting flat in the field swiftly topping onions. Three men with an ox team (we still have ox teams in New England) hauling a great load of wood out of the forest. Boys husking corn. A man up a tall ladder picking apples. Fat bags of onions in long rows, tobacco hanging brown in open sheds, squashes and pumpkins piled high on sunny porches. Cows in the wide meadows. An enormous pig rooting in a potato field with unbounded unctious, comfort, physical satisfaction, in every grunt. I stopped there to laugh at him.

**OCTOBER 22.** Now come sunny mornings, cool and still, when the leaves drift

downward through the sparkling air. No wind stirs them, no frost, no rain; it is the serene culmination of life. They go in beauty. On such a day I can bear anything!

**OCTOBER 26.** A golden autumn afternoon, of a polished stillness and calm beauty. I visited B—'s cider mill at the top of his orchard. He was at work pouring the small ripe Baldwin apples into the hopper. Not one was wormy, not one rotten, for B— is honest with his cider.

I saw the pulp fall into the frames on the cheese block, saw it wrapped with the coarse brown expression cloth—five layers, one above the other. I saw the motor turned on and the slow upward thrust of the irresistible oil plunger—three thousand pounds of pressure. I saw the rich yellow juice pouring out of the cheese and held a glass, and drank it there, as fine and clean a draft as ever I tasted—the natural sweet essence of our New England hills. When I left, B— insisted upon presenting me with one of the jugs to take home and I, on my part, having some of my money in the car, presented him with a good comb which he was delighted to have.



by  
**David Grayson**

Author of "Adventures in Contentment"

DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



## The Voice of the Turtle by W. Somerset Maugham (Continued from page 37)

thing as a gigantic bluff, and deep down in her heart was an amused sympathy for all the people who were able to put it over on the public. I will admit that I looked forward to the encounter between Peter Melrose and La Falterona with sardonic amusement.

She liked coming to dine with me because she knew the food was good. I asked her to come at nine, knowing that was the earliest hour she dreamed of eating, and ordered dinner for half past.

She turned up at a quarter to ten. She was dressed in satin, and she wore a string of huge pearls, a number of expensive-looking rings and on her left arm diamond and emerald bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. On her raven-black hair she wore a thin circlet of diamonds. She could have looked more splendid if she had been going to a ball at Stamford House in the old days. We were in white ducks.

"How grand you are," I said. "I told you it wasn't a party."

"Of course it's a party. You told me your friend was a writer of talent. I am only an interpreter." She ran one finger down her flashing bracelet. "This is the homage I pay to the creative artist."

I did not utter the vulgar monosyllable that rose to my lips, but offered her her favorite cocktail. I was privileged to call her Lucia, and she always called me master, first, because she knew it made me feel a perfect fool and, second, because, though she was not more than two or three years younger than I, it made it quite clear that we belonged to different generations. Sometimes she also called me "you dirty swine."

This evening she might well have passed for thirty-five. On the stage she was a beautiful woman, and even in private life, with her mandarin hat, big nose and large mouth, she looked like one. She wore a brown make-up, with dark rouge, and her lips were scarlet. She looked very Spanish and, I suspected, felt it, for her accent at the beginning of dinner was quite Sevillian.

I wanted her to talk so that Peter should get his money's worth, and I knew that there was but one subject in the world which she could talk about. She was, in point of fact, a stupid woman who had acquired a line of glib chatter which made people on first meeting her think she was as brilliant as she looked; but it was merely a performance she gave, and you soon discovered she did not know what she was talking about.

I do not think she had ever read a book in her life. Her knowledge of what was going on in the world was confined to what she could gather by looking at the pictures in the illustrated press.

Her passion for music was complete bunkum. Once at a concert to which I went with her she slept all through the Ninth Symphony, and I was charmed to hear her during the interval telling people that Beethoven stirred her so that she hesitated to hear him, for it meant that she would be awake all night with those glorious themes singing through her head. I could well believe she would be awake, for she had had so sound a sleep all through the symphony it could not but interfere with her night's rest.

But there was one subject in which her interest never flagged. She pursued it with inexhaustible energy. No chance word was so remote that she could not use it as a steppingstone to come back to it.

Here she showed a cleverness that

amazed me. On it she could be witty, vivacious, philosophic, tragic, inventive, anything you liked. Its variety was unlimited. It enabled her to show all the resources of her ingenuity. This subject was herself. I gave her an opening at once, and then all I had to do was to make suitable interjections.

She was in great form. We were dining on the terrace, and a full moon obligingly shone on the sea in front of us. The view was framed by two tall black cypresses, and all around us the orange trees exhaled their heady perfume. There was no wind, and the candles on the table flamed with a stable softness. It was a light that suited La Falterona.

She sat between us, eating heartily and thoroughly appreciating the champagne. She gave the moon a glance.

"How beautiful nature is!" she cried. "My God, the scenery one has to play in! How can they expect me to sing? You know, the sets at Covent Garden are a disgrace. The last time I sang Juliet I told them I wouldn't go on unless they did something about the moon."

Peter listened to her in silence. He ate her words. To listen to her, you would have thought her a docile creature against whom the whole world was a conspiracy. Managers, impresarios played the filthiest tricks on her; critics bought by the money of her enemies wrote scandalous things about her; lovers for whom she had sacrificed everything treated her with base ingratitude; and yet by the miracle of her genius she had kept quiet, and she had discomfited them all.

With joyous glee she told how she had defeated their machinations, and what disaster had befallen the wretches who had stood in her way. I wondered how she had the nerve to tell the disgraceful stories she told. Without the smallest cringe she told of what she would have shown herself vindictive and envious, incredibly vain, cruel, selfish, mercenary.

I stole a glance now and then at Peter. I was tickled at the confusion he must be experiencing when he compared his ideal picture of the prima donna with the ruthless reality. She was a woman without a heart. When at last she left us I turned to Peter with a smile.

"Well," I said, "at all events you've got some good material."  
"I know, and it all fits in so beautifully," he said with enthusiasm.

"Does it?" I exclaimed, taken aback.

"She's exactly like my woman. She'll never believe I'd stretched out my veins of the character before I met her."

I stared at him in amazement.  
"The passion for art. The disinterestedness. She has that same nobility of soul that I saw in my mind's eye. The small-minded, the envious, the vulgar put every obstacle in her way, and she comes through all aside by her greatness of her purpose and the purity of her ends." He gave a happy laugh. "Isn't it wonderful how nature copies art?"

I held my tongue; though I shrugged a spiritual shoulder, I was touched. Peter had seen in her what he was determined to see. There was something vast like beauty in his illusion. We went to bed, and two or three days later, having found a pension to his liking, he left me.

In course of time his book appeared and had but moderate success. The critics had overpraised his first effort and now were unduly censorious. It is, of course, a different thing to write a novel about yourself and the people you have known from childhood and to write one about persons of your own invention. Peter had allowed his gift for word

painting to run away with him, but he had reconstructed the period with skill, and the romantic story had that same thrill of real passion which in his first novel had so much impressed me.

After the dinner at my house I did not see La Falterona for more than a year. She went for a tour in South America and did not come to the Riviera till late in the summer. One night she asked me to dine with her. We were alone except for her companion-secretary.

Miss Glaser was a haggard woman of fifty, with gray hair and a sallow, wrinkled face. She was a queer creature. She knew everything about La Falterona. She both adored and hated her. Behind her back she could be extremely funny about her, and the imitation she gave of the great singer was the most richly comical thing I ever heard. But she watched over her like a mother. It was she who, sometimes by wheedling, sometimes by sheer plainness of speech, caused her to behave like a human being.

LA FALTERONA wore pale blue satin pajamas (she liked satin) and, presumably to rest her hair, a green silk wig; except for a few rings, a pearl necklace and a couple of bracelets, she wore no jewelry. She had much to tell me of her triumphs in South America. She had never been in more superb voice; the ovations she had received were unparalleled. The halls were sold out.

"Is it true or is it not true, Glaser?" cried Lucia.

"Most of it," said Miss Glaser.  
"Who was that man in Buenos Aires?"  
"Which man?"

"You fool, Glaser! You remember perfectly. The man I was married to once."

"Pepe Zapata," Miss Glaser replied.  
"He was a very nice fellow, but I don't want to ask me to give him back a diamond necklace he'd given me."

"It wouldn't have hurt you to give it back to him. You never use it."

"Give it back?" cried La Falterona, and her astonishment was such that she spoke the purest English. "You're crazy!" She looked at Miss Glaser as though she expected her to have an attack of acute mania. She got up from the table.

"Let's go outside," she said.  
Miss Glaser remained in the house. We sat on the veranda. There was a magnificent cedar in the garden and its dark branches were silhouetted against the starry sky. The sea was marvellously still. Suddenly La Falterona gave a start.

"I almost forgot. I'm furious with you."  
"I'm glad you didn't remember till after dinner," I answered.

"That friend of yours and his book."  
"What friend and what book?"

"An ugly little man with a shiny face. He wrote a book about me."  
"Oh, Melrose. But it's not about you."

"Of course it is. Do you take me for a fool? He had the impudence to send it to me."

"I hope you had the decency to acknowledge it."

"Do you think I have the time to acknowledge all the books twopenny-halfpenny authors send me? I expect Glaser wrote him. You had no right to ask me to dinner to meet him. I came because I thought you liked me for myself. I didn't know I was just being made use of. It's awful that one can't trust one's oldest friends to behave like gentlemen. I'll never dine with you again!"

She was working herself into one of her tantrums, so I interrupted her.  
"Come off it, my dear," I said. "The



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keeps my skin soft  
and clear—smooths  
out little lines."

character of the singer in that book was roughed out before Peter had ever seen you, and besides, it isn't in the least like you."

"How d'you mean, it's not like me? All my friends have recognized me."

"Lucy!" I expostulated.

"My name is Lucia and no one knows it better than you, and if you can't call me Lucia you can call me Princess."

"I paid no attention to this. 'Did you read the book?'"

"Of course I read it when everyone told me it was about me."

"But the heroine is twenty-five."

"A woman like me is ageless."

"She's musical to her finger tips, gentle as a dove, and a miracle of unselfishness. She's frank and loyal. Is that the opinion you have of yourself?"

"And what is your opinion of me?"

"Hard as nails, absolutely ruthless, a born intriguer and as self-centered as they make 'em."

She then called me a name which a lady does not habitually apply to a gentleman who, whatever his faults, has never had his legitimacy called into question. But though her eyes flashed I could see that she was not angry. She accepted my description as complimentary.

"And what about the emerald ring? Are you going to deny that I told him that?"

The story of the emerald ring was this: La Falterona was having a passionate love affair with the crown prince of a powerful state, and he had made her a present of an emerald of immense value. One night they had a quarrel, and some reference being made to the ring, she flung it into the fire.

The crown prince, being a man of thrifty habit, threw himself on his knees and began raking out the coals till he recovered the ring. La Falterona watched him scornfully. She didn't give much away herself, but she could not bear economy in others. She finished the story in these splendid words:

"After that I couldn't love him."

The incident had taken Peter's fancy. He had used it very neatly.

"I told you both about that in the greatest confidence, and I've never told

it to a soul before. It's a scandalous breach of confidence to have put it into a book."

"But I've heard you tell the story dozens of times. And it was told me by Florene Montgomerie about herself and the Crown Prince Rudolf. Lola Montes used to tell it about herself and the King of Bavaria. It is one of the oldest stories in the world."

"Was taken aback, but only for an instant. 'I don't see anything strange in its having happened more than once. Everyone knows that women are passionate and that men are mean as cat's meat. I could show you the emerald if you liked. I had to have it reset, of course.' 'With Lola Montes it was pearls,' I said ironically."

"Pearls?" She gave that brilliant smile of hers. "Have I ever told you about Benji Riesenbaum and the pearls? You might make a story out of it."

Benji Riesenbaum was a person of fabulous wealth, and it was common knowledge that for a long time he had been La Falterona's lover.

"He'd given me a handsome string in New York. I was singing at the Metropolitan, and at the end of the season we traveled back to Europe together."

"He wasn't bad in some ways, but he was insanely jealous. We had a row on the boat because a young Italian officer was paying me attention. Heaven knows, I'm the easiest woman in the world to get on with, but I will not be bullied by any man. I told him where he got off, and he slapped my face."

"I don't mind telling you I was mad. I tore the pearls off my neck and flung them into the sea. 'They cost fifty thousand dollars!' he gasped. 'I only valued them because I loved you,' I said. And I turned on my heel."

"You were a fool," I said.

"I wouldn't speak to him for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time I was in the city of Paris, and when we got to Paris the first thing he did was to buy me another string."

She began to giggle.

"Did you say I was a fool? I'd left the real string in the bank in New York. It was an imitation one that I threw into the sea."

"That was the sort of trick that appealed to her. She chortled with glee."

"'What focus men are!' she gasped."

"And you—you thought I'd throw a real string in the sea."

She laughed and laughed. At last she stopped. She was excited.

"I want to sing. Glaser, play an accompaniment."

"A voice came from the drawing-room. 'You can't sing after that food.'"

"'Shut up, you old cow! Play something.'"

For a moment there was no sound; then we heard the opening bars of one of Schumann's songs. It was no strain on the voice, and I guessed that Miss Glaser knew what she was doing when she chose it. La Falterona began to sing, in an undertone; but as she heard the sounds come from her lips and knew they were clear and pure she let herself go.

The song finished. There was silence. Sensing that La Falterona wished to sing again, Miss Glaser played a couple of bars. La Falterona gave a start as she recognized the music, and I felt her gather herself together.

"*Mild und leise wie er lächelt  
Wie das Auge hold er öffnet.*"

It was Isolde's death song. La Falterona had never sung in Wagner's opera, but this, I suppose, she had often sung in concerts. The notes of the heavenly melody fell upon the still air and traveled over the water. In that romantic scene, in that lovely night, the effect was shattering. La Falterona's voice, even now, was exquisite in its beauty; she sang so tenderly, with such tragic, beautiful anguish that my heart melted within me.

I had a lump in my throat when she finished, and looking at her, I saw the tears were streaming down her face. I did not want to speak. She stood quite still, looking out at sea, as if ageless sea.

What a lovely woman! I thought then that I would sooner have her as she was, with her monstrous faults, than as Peter Melrose saw her—a pattern of all the virtues. But then people blame me because I like people who are a little worse than is reasonable. I knew she was odious, but to me she was irresistible.

## Pay Streak by John Baragwanath

(Continued from page 57)

was a definite mark in the dust of the tunnel wall as if made by a tiny finger.

"This is all very well," I told the contractor, "but I cannot give permission to begin a crosscut with nothing more to go on than the word of your private Muqui."

"But Capitán," he said, "this Muqui has appeared to me several times, and each time when I have followed his directions I have found ore. Will you let me go ahead at my own expense for a few days? Then, if we find anything—and I know we will—you might give me a contract for taking out the ore."

I hadn't the heart to refuse this offer, so I told Yupanqui to go ahead. About ten days later I had occasion to look at another old mining property not far from the San José. Yupanqui had evidently seen me climbing the steep trail on muleback because, when I reached the mine, he came running up, holding his hat in his hands. He showed it to me. It was filled with high-grade silver ore.

As fast as we could, we skirted the edge of the marsh which separated the two mines and went into the San José workings. Yupanqui had crosscut at the point indicated by the Muqui and within

six feet had struck as pretty a vein of silver as I had seen in that district. It yielded many thousands of dollars in profits to the company.

You can meet veterans of the mining game in Peru who will tell you that the Quechuas, the Indian tribe inhabiting the Andes, are unique among peoples in that they are absolutely devoid of a sense of humor. Not one has ever been heard to laugh in any of my travels.

The Cholos, as they are commonly called, are the remnants of a great race ruled by the Incas before the Spanish Conquest. They now live in incredible squalor on their *chacras*, or little farms, in the upland valleys. I suppose it is not surprising that there is little if any gaiety among them. They never seem to have recovered from their defeat and enslavement at the hands of Spain.

Yet I can bear witness that the Quechuas have a sense of humor. It is not the effete humor of the twentieth century but rather the coarse, even sadistic humor that was characteristic of the Elizabethan Age. Since the incident which caused the Indians' mirth was exciting, not to say alarming, it remains among my vivid memories of Peru.

### WHEN THE CHOLOS LAUGHED

I was in Cerro de Pasco when news came of the discovery of a new copper deposit fifty miles south of the Geallaris-quisa coal mines. I was sent forthwith to make the examination, and after two days' hard riding I reached the mine toward evening. I had outdistanced my baggage animals, and as night came on I realized that I must bunk in with the Cholo miners, who were all living together in a stone hut of one room, thatched with grass.

The hut had no windows; the only opening was a door made of a piece of corrugated iron swung on two leather hinges. Against the back wall were three or four rocks which formed the fireplace. There was no chimney, the smoke making its way out of the door or up through the thatch. From the low, blackened rafters hung a kind of dried meat called *charqui*.

In addition to the men there were two women—one an attractive-looking young girl who did the cooking.

Sitting on the doorway when I arrived was a man with a heavy black beard, unusual among the Cholos. He had a knife, a tremendous weapon with a blade about twelve inches long, which he was patiently sharpening on an



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improvised whetstone. From time to time he would stop and try the edge on the ball of his thumb, looking up at me from under heavy black eyebrows. This performance went on for an hour or so and began to be somewhat disquieting.

Finally, when I could stand it no longer, I said to the headman, Tiburcio, "Would you mind telling me why that man keeps sharpening that knife?"

"That's my brother," he replied. "We have a good deal of trouble with wild dogs here. The smoke from the fire is so bad that we have to leave the door open at night, and the dogs sneak in while we're asleep, jump up and steal the meat hanging from the rafters.

"We haven't any guns, and my brother has a fine scheme for killing off the dogs. That knife he is sharpening will be tied to the end of a pole. He is going to stay awake all night, lying just inside the door, and whenever a dog sneaks in he will spear him."

I was tired after my trip, so after supper I spread out my saddle blankets near the fire and settled down. In spite of the hardness of my couch I went to sleep almost at once. Just before dozing off I noticed that it had begun to snow heavily outside.

It must have been about midnight when I was awakened by a disturbance. The room was pitch-dark. I could see nothing but heard people whispering excitedly. Something was wrong.

I struck a match and was amazed to see a young bull in the room, standing with feet apart, a look of terror in his eyes. He literally almost filled the hut. He had evidently charged the bull to escape the cold and snow outside and in doing so had kicked the stick that held open the door, which flapped shut immediately, cutting off escape.

Everybody but me was standing, pressed flat against the wall. In an instant so was I.

The Indian girl started to edge her way along the wall in order to get to the door and open it, so that the bull might see the light on the snow and find his way out. Evidently the same idea had occurred to Tiburcio. Suddenly there was a terrible scream. At that moment the girl opened the door and the bull dashed out.

I lighted another match and there was Tiburcio groaning and hopping about the floor with the spear driven clean through his thigh. Just as he reached the door he had stepped on his brother, who, thinking it was the bull, had humped out in the darkness, attempted to throw some poked at the fire and then on a handful of dry grass. In the flickering glow of the burning straw was poor Tiburcio in the middle of the room, clutching the haft of the spear.

Instantly the Indians began to laugh. They were convulsed. They rolled on the floor shrieking. No one even attempted to do anything for the wounded man. I stepped over and, grabbing the spear, yanked it from his leg. He collapsed on the floor. At this there was another burst of hilarious merriment. I was appalled. The Cholos' laughter was a sudden, barbaric emotional release that did not pause to reason, but merely laughed.

Peru buzzes with stories of buried treasure—the fabulous gold of the Incas hidden away from the Spanish conquerors—and many mining men believe them. I know that I, too, for I myself once discovered a cache of Inca treasure, or at least was in on the discovery. I even got my share of the loot—a collection of two-score or more ancient Peruvian silver ornaments and implements now

in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

There are many more such objects to be found where those came from. I know exactly where the treasure is located. I doubt that much more of it will ever be recovered, however. I am naming the story—

#### TREASURE

In 1917, I was on the high Andean plateau back of the port of Salaverry in northern Peru, examining various mining properties, among them the Quiruvilca Copper Mine. There was water power in the district, abundant native labor of a sort and some timber; but so far no good source of fuel for smelting the copper ore had been discovered. I was giving particular attention to the fuel situation and scouting around hoping to find a coal deposit of a quality suitable for smelting operations.

The inter-Andean plateau of Peru is largely occupied by extensive haciendas which are devoted to cattle and sheep raising. In some cases to silver mining as well. These great estates are run on feudal lines, the owners or their agents living in great rambling establishments and controlling the destinies of hundreds of Indians and their families who work the lands and care for the flocks of the haciendas. At the time this story opens I was stopping at the hacienda of Porcon y Liray as the guest of Don Hector Montevedre, the owner.

As everyone knows, the Spaniards during the Conquest held prisoner the Inca Atahualpa in the northern capital of Cuzco, and demanded as his ransom the designated room be filled with gold and silver. Treasure poured in from all parts of the Empire, but the room filled slowly. Becoming impatient, the Spaniards treacherously put Atahualpa to death. Many of the tales of lost treasure deal with this fantastic period of Peruvian history.

On the hacienda of Liray there was a story that must have been told and retold for centuries over the llama-dung fires of the Indian chozas. Somewhere near Callacuyán, it was whispered, a vast store of wealth was hidden, and though many a search had been made in that section of the hacienda, no trace of the treasure had ever been found. So persistent was the tale that it was often the subject of discussion with us in the long evenings at Liray.

According to the story, a great train of llamas, loaded with treasure to form part of the Inca's ransom, was coming from southern Peru to Cuzco. It had been on its way more than a month and was traveling slowly along the military road which the Incas had built straight through the Andes. At a point near a pass in the mountains called Callacuyán, a runner coming from the north reported the treasure had been and breathlessly announced that Atahualpa had been murdered. Thereupon those in charge decided to bury the treasure at once rather than have it fall into the hands of their rapacious conquerors.

One day a young Peruvian told me of a short expedition which was being organized about fifteen miles from the hacienda. Next morning I set out with two Indians to inspect the discovery. Our trail took us across the wind-swept *jalcas* and then along the old Inca road. We left the road near the Pass of Callacuyán and, skirting the base of an almost perpendicular *ch'icra* mesa upon a little lake also called Callacuyán.

It had begun to snow so heavily that we could see only a few paces ahead. We rode slowly along the shore for a short distance and to my amazement

came upon five or six Indians, naked, in the icy waters of the lake. When we looked up out of the snow ice water in the lake and scuttled into a group of huts near the shore.

We had reached the coal deposit but no one was working in the mine. They had all been in the lake. When questioned about the strange sight presented by a bunch of Peruvian Indians standing up out of the snow ice water in a snowstorm, the headman mumbled something about the boys taking a bath!

After taking a few samples of the coal I sat down with the headman and shared my lunch with him. I also offered him a drink from my flask, which he accepted enthusiastically. Before lunch was over he had accepted seven in fact, and had become very friendly and talkative.

"Compadre," I said, "you and I both know that those boys weren't taking a bath when I arrived this morning. I wish you'd tell me what they were doing."

By this time the fires were burning brightly on the altar of friendship.

"Compadre," the Captain said, "I will show you something. But first you must swear on the head of the Virgin Santisima that you will never tell a soul."

I promised, and he then led me to one of the straw-thatched *chozas*. I crawled in after him and saw in the dim light a mass of objects piled on the floor. I picked up a few pieces; the stuff was all of silver and gold.

There were ornaments and objects of all descriptions: little men and women cunningly wrought in silver; silver sea-shells of many kinds; lobsters and fish made of metal; bowls, plates, silver bells, armlets of silver and gold. There was a cross of gold with a large emerald set in the rim. There were two superb ceremonial staffs of ebony, each bound with wide gold bands and surmounted by the figure of a monkey carved in silver.

They had found the treasure of Callacuyán!

It was easy to picture the scene that must have been played among those frowning peaks hundreds of years before. The llamas with their tiny tinkling bells plodding along the old military road. The exhausted Indian runner. The dismay and confusion caused by his message. The hasty search for a hiding place for the treasure, and at last the discovery of a little lake concealed from sight of the road by steep rocky cliffs.

Then the frantic effort to herd the llamas along the ledge at the base of the cliff, the unloading of the bales and their disappearance one at a time far out in the still, icy water. Finally the treasure convoy intended to return some day to recover it when their white enemies had been driven from the country, or perhaps they simply preferred to throw it into the lake rather than have it captured by the Spaniards.

Three days before my visit, one of the Indians had been seen floating in the water near the edge of the lake and had fished out a golden clamshell with both halves intact and joined by a cleverly devised hinge. In half an hour all the men were wading in the lake, exploring with their bare feet. Being unable to find the treasure, they went beyond waist depth, and so only a relatively narrow strip of bottom along the shore line was being investigated.

Fascinated, I examined the treasure, the headman watching me suspiciously. He already appeared sorry that he had shown me the stuff. Finally, at my suggestion we left the *choza* and I started bargaining. He would let me stay one afternoon in the lake with my two boys. I agreed not only to give him half of anything we found, but never to breathe



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a word of the discovery to Don Hector. At length he told me to go ahead.

I tore off my clothes, and with promises of rich rewards induced my men to do likewise. The water was just above freezing, and it was impossible to stay in it for more than about five minutes. We built a fire on the shore and spent the afternoon running from the lake to the fire and back again. It was unbelievably cold, but terribly thrilling.

At the end of the day we had recovered nearly a hundred and fifty pieces, half of which belonged to me. They were all of silver and covered with a thick black patina. We also discovered the remains of several copper objects, but they were so corroded as a result of their long submergence that it was impossible to classify them.

Finally darkness put an end to the most exciting hunt of my life. I carefully packed my share of the loot and rode off with my mind full of plans for draining the lake. But Cholo are poor hands at kind of a secret and it was not long before one of the poor devils who found the treasure was telling Don Hector Monteverde.

I am not aware whether that grandee ever knew that I got away with some of the silver, but I know that he at once took pains to see that nobody else should. He called in an expert from Lima, who found that the lake was being held by an almost vertical quartzite ledge which had the effect of damming the small outlet ravine. He had only to pierce this ledge with a tunnel, therefore, to drain the lake and expose the treasure.

His theory was correct, but his execution of the plan was not. He drilled his tunnel but did not get it low enough, with the result that he succeeded in dropping the level of the lake only three or four feet. Even this, however, exposed several yards of new beach.

Then he went at the work of recovery in a typical way. There was no hurry about it. Money and men were the watchword. The result was that recovery operations were not resumed for several months. At the end of that time the sun and wind had dried the exposed mud to the consistency of kiln-baked tile, and though the good men then plugged up his drainage tunnel and allowed the lake to fill to its old level, after a year of soaking the bottom remained as adamant as ever. And I'm afraid it will always be that way.

To be sure, there is a possibility that the slaves of the Inca may have taken some of the treasure, if not most of it, to the middle of the lake and sunk it there, in which case the complete drainage of the pool might be a highly profitable venture. But that possibility is slim. It's so slender that I suspect I would have a good deal of trouble trying to finance any company chartered to recover the lost treasure of Callicuyán.

Harold Kingsmill, who gave me my first job with the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company, and I became firm friends. I worked under his direction for three years at the Morococha Mines, and when I became a scout for the company, I always kept in touch with him.

I was thirty-one years old and had been wandering over the Andes for four years when Kingsmill and I decided that we had had enough of Peru. We wanted to get home and enjoy some of the comforts of the life we had been brought up in, so we agreed to return to New York and set up an office together as consulting engineers.

Kingsmill never tired of kidding me

about my Cornish descent. He had bumped into Cornish miners everywhere and knew many a story about them.

"A Yankee boss-trader and a Cousin Jack with a gold mine to sell are just the same thing," he said once at a noisy luncheon table in the Engineers' Club—and told this story to prove it.

#### COUSIN JACK

It was in Virginia City, Nevada, in the bonanza days of the Comstock. Money was plentiful; saloons and dance halls were running on three eight-hour shifts.

Penberthy and Treloar were a couple of Cornishmen who kept to themselves, quietly sinking a little shaft by hand. Occasionally one or the other would come into camp for provisions or powder, but most of the time they kept strictly to their own business.

One night Treloar, a black-bearded giant of a man, strode into the Silver Dollar Saloon and Dance Hall, elbowed his way to the bar and quietly ordered a whiskey. He drank it and a man named Woods turned toward him.

"Hello, Treloar. How are you, and how're you getting on up at the claim?"

"Fine," replied Treloar.

"Well, let's have another drink, then," Woods said, and soon they were chatting easily. Woods inquired about Penberthy.

"Fine, I fancy," said Treloar. "Left today on the down stage for Frisco."

Now, the journey to San Francisco in those days was not a trip to be undertaken without a pretty good reason, especially by a poor miner. Woods suggested another round of drinks.

"Go to Frisco, eh? What's the matter, old man, the claim?" he asked.

"Hell, no," answered Treloar. "He's just gone down to buy a pump. We struck water in the shaft, and we got to have a pump."

To Woods, wise to the ways of mining camps, this simple explanation was not altogether satisfactory. "Go into the back room. There's some friends of mine there I'd like you to meet."

"Suits me," said Treloar.

And they pushed their way across the bar and into the dance hall, where Treloar was introduced to three well-dressed, well-barbered strangers at a table.

"Bill's partner is on his way to Frisco to buy a pump," Woods announced.

"Things looking up at the mine, eh, Bill?" one of the men ventured.

"No," replied Treloar. "We struck some water, that's all. We got to have a pump, so Jim's gone down to get one. Let's have another round."

Two of the dance-hall girls came up and sat down, announcing a thirst for champagne. A little while afterwards Woods excused himself and left, while the others settled back for some steady drinking.

As the night wore on Treloar began to show signs of intoxication. Twice he got up and mumbled something about going home, but each time his friends insisted that he stay for just one more drink.

Daylight was beginning to filter through the windows when Woods reappeared. His return was the signal for still another drink all around. Treloar, by this time very drunk, began to sing a little. Finally one of the men spoke up.

"Treloar," he said, "I'm John H. Parker from New York. Guess maybe you've heard of me. The boys here and I have come on to pick up some likely-looking mining property. What do you say to making a deal on your claim?"

"Don't figure on sellin'," answered Treloar.

"Come, come now, Bill," spoke up another of the men, "everything's go. Its price. Let's talk business. Have you got your partner's power of attorney?"

"Oh, yes," said Treloar. "Got that, all right, and got her right here," slapping his hip pocket. "But damme, no use talkin' about sellin'. Ain't got no ore in the shaft—only water. What we need's a pump."

"I know, Bill. I know," Parker said patiently, "but suppose we offered you a hundred thousand cash?"

"No," said Treloar. "Don't want to sell—want to buy—a pump."

And so it went. The offers rose in jumps of fifty thousand, until Parker stood up and said angrily:

"I'll give you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! You can take it or leave it, but that's my last word."

Treloar sat silent for a few moments, then threw up his arms in resignation.

"All right, if you want her that bad." Out they went into the bright morning sunshine, routed out a notary public and a clerk, and Fargo managed to open the bank. The papers were signed and the deal was made. Treloar, bulging with money, staggered over to the Sage Brush House, threw himself, dressed, on his bed, and didn't wake up until it was time to catch the evening stage for Frisco.

Woods, Parker and his two friends went back to the bar to talk over the deal. Woods explained that when he left the dance hall he had saddled his horse and gone straight to the Cornishman's claim. He had dropped a stone down the shaft and heard it plunk into the water. He lighted a fuse, and Fargo managed to be suspected, there was a ton or two of heavy dark-looking rock on the dump at the collar of the shaft, evidently the last material blasted from the bottom.

Hastily gathering a few chunks, he had taken them back to his room and examined them. They were argentiferous and looked rich. Not satisfied, he had found an assayer and made him get out of bed and run an assay. His guess had been right; the ore ran over two thousand dollars to the ton. Returning to the dance hall, he slipped Parker a note telling him of the discovery.

"Pretty quick thinking," Woods admitted.

"It certainly was," said Parker. "And damned lucky we happened to be around. This sort of strike doesn't happen every day in the week."

But there was one thing the boys didn't know. For a week or more certain Cousin Jacks, cronies of Treloar and Penberthy working on the night shift at the Consolidated Virginia, had been stealing high-grade ore from the ore bins and carrying it in gunny sacks to a cache in a near-by ravine. The night before, the partners had packed the stuff over on burros to their shaft and spread it temptingly around on the dump. They had then sealed up the shaft bottom with cement, and partly filled it with water from a spring close by.

And so when Treloar walked into Virginia City that evening the stage was set, the scenery arranged and the piece rehearsed. All that was needed was an audience, and the proverbial Cornish luck held good that night. When the curtain rose, the cast of one turned on a brand of acting that would have made him famous on Broadway and did make him rich in Cornwall.

Mark Twain's definition: "A mine is a hole in the ground owned by a damned liar," should have amended Treloar told the boys the truth!

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# 5 minutes to 12

by

**Max Brand**

PLASTIC MODEL BY  
HOOPLE AND BAAK

**A**T EIGHT in the morning, New York streets are empty, and Harry Main went fast all the way uptown to Carrick's apartment house, the big motor of his car running to a smooth whine. He kept leaning forward over the wheel, grasping the top of it, and it was hard to tell from his face whether he was in a desperate hurry or simply a fast driver by habit, for his expression was eager though his eye was glazed with fat. There had been a time when he was as lean as his old friend Carrick; now Harry Main looked a bit of a pig.

When he reached the address, he pressed the bell button at Carrick's door three times and listened to the hollow buzzing begin and end inside the place. He had time for one sick moment of doubt before Carrick himself pulled the door open. It was early September and quite warm but Carrick was wearing flannel pajamas. Carrick was a fellow who took care of himself.

Main walked in, saying, "Dive into your clothes. We're taking a trip."

"How far?" asked Carrick, yawning till his eyes disappeared. He had a thin, rather hard face that kept him looking an invincible thirty for a dozen years; then time had overtaken him in a wave and washed him gray. "Wait a minute. This is the fourth, isn't it? We're dining together tonight, aren't we?"

"We're taking a trip," answered Main. "South, I guess. Till midnight. Get into your things, Steve."

"A little thing like a full day and six appointments at the office—a little thing like that doesn't matter?" asked Carrick.

Main stared at him. "All right," said Carrick suddenly. "I'll just step under the shower."

"For God's sake, jump into your clothes and come!" shouted Harry Main.

Carrick looked at him for two long seconds until he saw the little quiver of nerves in his lips and cheeks. Then he began to unbutton his pajama coat. "I'll jump," he said.

Main went over to a dark corner and sat down. He gripped his two hands together, bent his head, and waited with a deep hunger to have the road

slipping away beneath the wheels of his car at sixty or seventy an hour. Fear crept out around him from the shadowy corners of the room.

When he looked up, the face of his wife was looking at him from a picture on the wall. He half rose. He wanted to ask Carrick how the devil that picture happened to be hanging there. Then, breathing deeply, relaxing, he realized that no one had a greater right to have a picture of Clara Main.

The memory of the wedding day returned to Harry Main. The cold that had been in his heart then seemed the lineal ancestor of the fear that was within him now. Steve Carrick, his fine, dark, Norman face imperturbably calm, had been a rock of strength, arranging everything, checking everything, putting a reassuring grip on Main's arm just before the ceremony. "You're getting the loveliest girl in the world," Steve had said. In fact, she had not been lovely.

The photograph on the wall proved that. There was only a certain youth and that sweetness which beclouds the mind of a lad.

On the wedding day, it had been a relief to surrender all arrangements of details to Carrick; it was an even mightier relief now to be near him. But then it came over Harry Main that he was sitting still—in New York—and New York was a trap!

"Steve! Steve!" he shouted.

"Ready, old fellow," said the quiet voice of Carrick; and they went down to the car at once.

Ten minutes later they went through the tunnel and out on Route Number



Fear crept at Harry Main—fear born of threatened murder.

*Can a man run away from his fate?  
Here is the story of one who tried*

One, heading south. They turned onto Route Twenty-five where it diverges and heads towards Camden to avoid the great tangle of Philadelphia. When they were on the Pennsville-Newcastle Ferry, Main said softly, "Have you got a gun?"

"A gun?" asked Carrick. He laughed. "Here; take this one," said Main. He passed over a blunt chunk of automatic. Carrick weighed it, put it away in his clothes. "But what the devil, Harry?"

"I've got another," answered Main. "I'll tell you later on. I'll show you, I mean. Wait till we get through Baltimore."

The road began to soar over the Maryland hills, and Main took the rises so



fast that the car lifted to the top of the springs at every summit. They trusted slowly through Baltimore traffic, then opened out on the Washington Pike. Main picked some papers out of his pocket and passed them over.

"They're in order," he said.

The first one read, "My dear Main, I want to give you a month so you'll have a chance to think over what a blackguard you are. On September fourth, I'm going to drop around to see you out."

There was no signature beneath the typewriting. The second message ran, under the date of August twentieth, "My dear Harry, in a couple of weeks I'll be seeing you. With a gun."

And the third slip was simply, "My dear Harry Main, tomorrow is the day." "Ah, but look here!" said Carrick. "You don't mean to say that a practical joke like this has you on the run?"

The pink jowls of Harry Main wobbled as he shook his head. He said, "It's not a practical joke. Jokers have more fun. They don't cut their letters so short. It's murder, Steve."

"I wonder if you're not right," answered Carrick. "What beats me is why? You've had your fun, Harry. That's all. Why should anybody want to blow you down?"

"It's Clara. It couldn't be anything but Clara. People think she's sweet because she's so quiet. They don't know. It takes ten years of living with her to find out what she's like. You know her a little, though you never came around much after the marriage. Before that I used to think that you wanted Clara."

"You never could stand her, I suppose. Only you're so damn polite you can find out what you really think of things."

"I don't think so much," said Carrick. "But what was the matter with Clara? Pretty hard on you behind the closed doors?"

"Bah!" said Harry Main. "You take a woman that always thinks she knows. I mean, a girl that don't have to ask questions. I mean, that just bows her head to one side and is a little sad—I never could stand church music, Steve—you take after a few years, I couldn't go to her. I couldn't trust her. I stuck it out ten years before I gave her the gate."

"I wasn't surprised," said Carrick.

"You mean you expected me to run her out?"

"I wasn't surprised," said Carrick. "Steve, you weren't. You knew that the damned sad look she carried around with her was driving my friends away. I used to say: 'For God's sake, loosen up and try to shake out a smile once in a while. I can get along without any of your face but my friends get fed up with the look of you.' But I couldn't change her. She couldn't save herself as an early Christian martyr. She was nineteen centuries out of date. Suppose I stepped out at night, she'd be waiting up for me. . . . Well, she's gone now."

"Where is she now?" asked Carrick.

"I don't know. I don't give a damn. I wanted to fix her up with alimony. She acted as though my money was green goods, and wouldn't touch it."

"Harry, suppose she still loved you?"

"Loved me? Hell, Steve, I tell you there's nothing but cold poison behind that face of hers. And she's fixed it with this letter writer. She's sure as hell fixed it with him to do me in."

"You don't think she'd be behind a thing like this, Harry?"

"She'd be behind anything. People that don't talk pile up a head of steam. When it busts open, you never can tell."

They reached the edge of Washington and stopped for gas and hot dogs. Carrick said, "Anyway, we're two hundred and forty miles from Manhattan. Going to put up in Washington?"

"Here!" said Main. "My God, Steve, Washington isn't a quarter of a second by wire from New York."

"This business has got you," said Carrick.

They drove through Washington.

Virginia roads were good; but Harry Main made them smoother with speed. It was seven o'clock and the Richmond lights had begun to shine. Blue silence was sifted over the countryside as they skirted into the Petersburg road.

The trees along the way jumped into the headlights, whirled past them; the stars followed calmly through the sky for all their speed.

"I'll take a nap," said Carrick, as they reached the good Carolina roads.

He slumped down and put his head

back. Harry Main flashed a glance at him from time to time.

And after dizzy hours of that speed, Main pushed the fat of his elbow into Carrick's lean ribs. Carrick sat up with a grunt. There was a moon. It showed a ragged sea of mountains to the west.

"We're getting close to Southern Pines," said Main, "but we don't want to make it before midnight."

"Listen, Harry," said Carrick. "You've got a couple of miles between you and New York. Put your nerves to bed and let them sleep awhile, will you?"

Main swerved the car onto a narrow lane and drove into the quiet of the back country, stopping in an open wood of second-growth pine. The moon glided the tops of the trees and poured black tar under them. Carrick got out and stretched. He rested his left elbow on the edge of the door and dropped his right hand into a pocket.

"I never knew a day could be so long," said Carrick. "Have you driven outside of the fourth of September, Harry?"

"They're only ten minutes to go to safety," said Main.

"You think the fellow who wrote those letters will have to keep to his timetable or give you up?" asked Carrick.

"The cold-blooded sort of a devil who wrote those letters," said Harry Main, "would stick to his timetable or die. That's his game, to be precise. That's his dirty sport. There's not seven minutes left, though. Unless he's taken a plane—unless he's going to bomb us out of the air, I guess there's nobody near me but old Steve Carrick. Nobody but—"

He stopped. A bubbling sound came out of his throat. He gripped the wheel with both hands. And then a whisp came from his lips, "It's you! Oh, my God, Steve! You're the man!"

Carrick laid the barrel of the automatic on the edge of the door. "In the pinch, I knew you'd come running to me," he said. "But how could I guess that you'd drive a hundred miles or so to find a perfectly secluded spot seven minutes away?"

He lifted the gun with a steady hand and pointed it into the soggy white of Main's face. "It's only five minutes to twelve, so I can still be on time," said Carrick. "Afterwards, she'll be the only person in the world to mourn for you."

## What \$50,000,000 Can Do to Your Life (Continued from page 29)

and I sat on opposite ends of the davenport and I found myself the object of that grave young scrutiny.

My first thought was, "But—this isn't Barbara Hutton."

Very few women can sit still. The tiny Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow sat utterly still and very straight, her small hands folded. It was as though she had learned self-control in a hard school.

The afternoon sun beat upon her face, and I thought I had never seen a countenance so white. There was about her that look of fragile delicacy that young mothers often have, but in Barbara Hutton it was accentuated, so that even when she smiled, you could not forget it.

A girl who had been through very deep waters.

I do not like blank paper or blank faces. When I had last seen Barbara Hutton there had been nothing written upon her round young face.

There were things written upon her face now. There was decision in the painted mouth. Firmness in the jaw. Determination in the faint lines carved by pain. Then, quite suddenly, behind the gravity of the enormous blue eyes I saw hurt—definite, naked, bewildered.

But, said I to myself, this is ridiculous. Why, this girl has fifty million dollars. Don't try to sell yourself the idea that anybody who has plenty of money can be ignorant about anything.

Barbara Hutton's eyes made me a little ashamed of thinking that. Odd, isn't it, that I should be convinced by the girl who has money enough to buy everything that the best things in life are free! Yet that is exactly what happened.

She spoke in a crisp little voice. "Why do people dislike me so?"

The question hung in the air because I didn't know what to do about it. The hurt in the blue eyes had a name now. This tiny figure—she is only five feet tall and she weighs only ninety pounds—was so utterly feminine. It came to me that all her life she had wanted to be liked, simply for herself, that she had been bewildered about not being liked.

That was why she wore first the shield of gaiety and don't-give-a-damn. Why now she wears that armor of hardness. That is one of the things millions do to a woman.

I said, "I don't think people dislike you."

"Oh, yes, they do," Barbara Hutton

said quietly. She stated a fact as simply as her grandfather Frank W. Woolworth, who made all those millions, might have stated it. "Or else they wouldn't write and say such unkind things, such untrue things about me. They wouldn't think of me so harshly. That is why I left America. That is why I am living here in England, where they don't pay any attention to me. I couldn't stand people disliking me so much and always thinking the worst of me, so I came away."

She moved one hand in a deliberate gesture, as though she were letting go of something.

I knew then, watching her, that Barbara Hutton is desperately shy. Thinking people dislike you makes you shy. "You are one of the people who disliked me," Barbara Hutton said, "and that is funny, because you look as though you'd know too much about life to think money can make happiness. There are so many burdens and fears and temptations and obligations it puts upon you, and if you are not very old or very wise, you grow neurotic-stricken and make mistakes."

"All my life I have had a dream that some day I wouldn't have a single penny. I understand exactly how it feels not to



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have any money at all, the dream has been so vivid, I've looked at people on the street and wished they knew how I understand that. And sometimes I've wished they might dream—dream free—what it is like to have a great deal of money. Then they could understand me."

Now this girl who has known all these strange things about having a great deal of money had no money or not, as you go through the same experience. Money does strange things to boys. Often it ruins them, makes them wastrels. Perhaps that was what put the somberness into her eyes when she spoke again.

"If I can—if I can—I shall bring my son up so that he won't make any difference whether he has money or not. I shall try to teach him how to handle money, to control it, to spend it wisely. But I shall try to bring him up so that he would have a full, happy, safe life if he didn't have any money at all.

"I don't want money to be too important to him. After all, I am only one generation removed from the women of my family who washed their own dishes and made their own clothes. My son isn't so far away from my grandfather, who started as a clerk in a small-town store, that he can't understand and go back if he has to."

**N**O YOUNG MOTHER trying to figure how to make ends meet, how to feed and clothe her son, ever faced a future more precarious, I thought, than Barbara Hutton faces for her baby. She knows it. That also has to do with her hardness—her determination in facing the world.

"Why do people dislike me so?" she said again.

That quiet persistence started me. Well, why had we? There can be no question that once upon a time Barbara Hutton was definitely unpopular. Why? There were other girls as rich, or almost as rich. Yet Barbara somehow represented all that a rich, spoiled girl could mean. She was very young and very pretty. She liked the Broadway kind of good time, which was natural. Above all, she was the five-and-ten-cent-store princess.

We saw her on one side of the counter, with all her jewels and her private cars and her titled husbands. On the other side of that counter were the little shop-girls working for the nickels and dimes that poured into Barbara Hutton's lap. She was such good copy, such a set-up for headlines, phrases, drama. I was staring at a fiction hero's name.

I could see how this girl must have fought for reality in her teens. If she had been older, or plainer, or if her money had come from some other source, she might never have become a gilded legend. I tried to explain what I meant.

"You're frank," she said. "Then that would mean that it wasn't exactly I they disliked so much?"

"I don't think it was you at all," I said. "And when you were so ill, and they said you were dying—"

"I expect most people hoped I would." "Oh, no," I said, and wanted so much to make her believe it. "Oh, no. Really. People were sorry—they wanted you to get well. It didn't seem fair that you should die just when you seemed to be happy; just when you had a baby."

Looking at her, I found in my amazement that the blue eyes were brimming with tears. She said, "Do you really mean that? Do you really believe that?"

"I said, 'But it's true.'"

"Then maybe it will be all right to go home," said Barbara Hutton, and I knew that though she loved to travel, she was as homesick as I was.

After a little she said, "Do people realize that I have no more to do with running the Woolworth store than I have with running the British Empire? I never had anything to do about all this money. It was all decided long before I was born.

"I have thought about it a great deal. What is there that I can do about it? Once, when I was little, another girl told me everybody hated me because of my money and that no one would ever marry me except for my money. I ran crying to my father and wanted to give it all away. Of course nobody would let me do that anyhow, but even if I did, would it change the world? It wouldn't mean a thing, it would only add confusion to confusion. Since I have it, there is only one thing to do and that is to keep as sane and as steady as I can.

"I do not say for one moment that I do not like many things that money means. I would be just a liar if I said that. I love my beautiful things."

She gestured toward the exquisite jades, the soft ivories, the treasures that all the world had poured into the room. Her eyes followed the gesture, and there was real affection in them for the beautiful things she saw. Plainly, however, she is not a real collector to whom these things are a breath of life.

"And of course," she said deliberately. "I like to be able to do things for people." Her eyes met mine and there was a curious, stern dignity in the way she spoke. "There again I am always at a disadvantage. You cannot go around telling what you do to help others with your money. That is one of the things you cannot talk about because it sounds—oh, you know how it sounds. Yet there is the greatest happiness in helping others, in giving a boy or a girl an education, in giving someone with ability time to prove that talent. It is also some of the things you cannot tell people about those things."

The door opened and the butler said: "The count is on the telephone and would like to speak to your ladyship." You know how it is when people in love talk on a telephone? You can always tell. Barbara's voice had dropped two tones, and you could hear the flutter that came from quick breathing.

"How soon will you be home, my sweet?"

A girl in love. Happily in love. As she came back her eyes were starry.

"You're very happy about him, aren't you?" I said.

Her handsome husband. The handsome young Dane who is the father of her fabulously rich baby.

"Yes," she said, "I love him. We are happy. Nothing can happen, can it?" She stopped, and for the first time lost that hard poise. The flush and the radiance and then that quivering fear made me look suddenly that she was only twenty-three, that she had lost her mother when she was five, that her first marriage had been a tragic failure.

"I have never been in love before," she said simply.

I looked at her in astonishment. My memory spiraled over her sensational romance with Alexis Mdivani, her extravagant wedding in Paris with that young Georgian prince upon whom she settled a million dollars. The marriage, with its financial complications, which more than anything else had made her unpopular in the United States. If she hadn't married Alexis Mdivani for love, would she have married him? The thing didn't make sense.

She saw the blank incredulity her statement caused me. "I never loved Alex Mdivani," she said simply.

Well, women are all like that. Every time they fall in love it's the only time. "No," she said, as though she read my mind. "It wasn't like that at all. I've never tried to explain it before and I don't know why I do now but—it would be nice if someone understood.

"I didn't love Alex. I never even thought I did. But he was my best friend. For a long time he was my only friend and confidant. That was the one thing no one could have suspected wasn't it?"

"I met him first when I was only fifteen. I—I hadn't had a very happy childhood. You don't when you have millions of dollars and no mother and no home. Even then, people seem to resent you, and you feel it—because children feel everything that separates them from other children."

"My father was young and very busy. He loved me, of course, but after all, I was only an ordinary, rather stupid little girl, and I couldn't be a real companion to a gay, brilliant young man, could I?"

"I loved my cousin Jimmy Donahue better than for any in the world because he is the sweetest, kindest person. I knew he loved me just for myself. But he was only a kid, too.

"Then I met Alexis. He was so kind and so gentle. He listened to all my problems. He wasn't bored when I tried to explain my bewildered young thoughts. He knew a great deal about life and about women. Soon he became my closest friend. My only friend. Other girls didn't get close to me. Maybe they thought it was unfair that I had so much money. They didn't see what it did to me—that I was always wondering if men liked me for my money. I never told anyone. I knew the only person who ever talked to me or thought I might have any sense. When we were apart I wrote him long letters and had wonderful answers."

How I would like to see those letters! What a human document they would make.

Barbara Hutton went on more slowly. "I knew his first marriage would end. He told me that. After a while I got the idea that I wanted to get married. I was lonesome. I wanted a companion. Besides, I thought I would have more freedom if I married. Before I was married, every time I went out with a man the papers printed it, and everything was so complicated and embarrassing.

"I didn't realize that the worst thing I could possibly do was to marry a titled foreigner. I didn't know that Alexis had planned to marry me when I grew up ever since he first met me.

"I just thought we would be happy together. He would have let me do the one thing I wanted to do most—travel. I trusted him. It seemed to me a lovely thing to marry your best friend. I believed he cared for the same things I did, that he was fond of me, that we would always be kind to each other."

**H**ER FINGERS locked and twisted once and then were still again. Her smile was brittle.

"But our marriage wasn't at all what I thought it was going to be," she said. "Then she would say no more.

This was one of the things, fifty million dollars could do to you, I thought. It made you fair game, the honey pot. It might bring betrayal into your life at any moment. The scars of Barbara's enormous riches were as plain as the scars of poverty could ever be.

"I wanted to get away from those things," I asked her about the baby. At first she was casual about him, her first-born. Plainly she was blushing. The millionaire playgirl of Broadway

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is mad about her baby. Even as you and I. It was a little pathetic later to see her with the very superior English nurse who allowed us a mere peep at the small heir.

"I'm scared to death of her," Barbara whispered. "She won't let me in half the time. She says he must have routine. She won't even let me rock him. She says it's bad for babies to be rocked." I told her that was clear. I liked that. When you have money enough to have a nurse for the baby you are spared walking the floor at night and washing dummies, but you lose half the fun.

I had read about the fabulous germ-proof nursery in which the dollar princess kept her heir, about the staff of trained nurses and the resident physician. So I was a little surprised when we ascended to the fourth floor in a rickety elevator and found the nursery an old-fashioned room painted a soft green and with just the usual baby furniture.

Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow is a small, dark baby with clear, fierce eyes like the way Barbara's eyes lighted up when I told her he looked like his father.

"I think so," she said proudly. "Now my husband wants a girl, and he wants it to look like me."

We talked, as all women will, about babies, about the months before they are born, about their arrival. Then I knew surely why she has changed so much. She has given a hostage to fortune which she knows all her money can't protect, but she has reality at last. That's why I felt that quick, hot wave of liking for her, of sympathy for her.

The whole thing was to plain on her face as she looked down at the baby who had so nearly cost her her life. Crowded into her face and voice were the same fears and agonies and hopes and dreams you and I have known. She won't have to worry about whether she can send Lance to college or not. But she will wonder if his fortune will separate him from the other boys, rob him of ordinary human relationships.

When we had gone back to her room, she said, "I wanted awfully to be a boy.

I wanted to be an explorer. I used to spend half my time when I was a kid looking at globes and maps and thinking how much fun it would be to go everywhere in the world, especially places where no one had been before. When I'm stronger I want to travel all the time. I want to see every foot of the Orient. I love China and everything Chinese. I'm studying the language all the time.

"Of course," I'd like Lance to be an explorer, a great traveler. I'd like him to find out all about all the people and places on earth. I want him to speak all the languages he can possibly learn."

Here is an amazing thing. Barbara Hutton's one great idol, the person she looks up to, envies, emulates, is the explorer-writer Roy Chapman Andrews. Her feeling about him is very real: her face lights up when she speaks of him.

"I'd like Lance to be just like that," she said, "but maybe he won't be at all. But there is one sure thing."

She stared at me across the room. All the softness had gone from her face. You can see the same situation through it. She was the granddaughter of a millionaire Frank W. Woolworth, but of the poor young man who began as a seven-dollar-a-week clerk and conquered the financial world. She wasn't just the heiress to the five-and-ten-cent-store millions; she was heiress as well to the certain, the unshakable, dogged persistence and ability that made those millions.

"My son will do something," she said. "I don't know what it will be, but something. He'll be trained as his father was trained, as my father and grandfather were trained. Thank God, I've learned a few things about money and what it can do to boys. It shouldn't do that to him. I guess I've a job cut out for me. But I have a funny hunch that if I had to go back to the dish pan, I could do it. Maybe I'm kidding myself. I'm not saying I'd like it, but I believe I couldn't do it. I think about my illusions about myself. I like my friends, but I don't do a hoot for social position. We haven't any, really—how could we have? If we didn't have all this money we wouldn't

be in the Social Register. My son has fine blood on both sides. His father is a fine man, an executive; he's worked hard as the men of his race always do. Between us, I think we'll manage to make something of our son, and he won't be just a rich woman's spoiled kid."

In the silence that followed, Barbara's husband came in. He is tall, clean-cut and handsome—the strong good looks of the Nordic. He likes life and takes it seriously. Wealth is an obligation.

We talked about their plans, and I asked them if they intended to live in Denmark on the big farms that are part of the Haugwitz-Reventlow estates. Were they going to bring their son up there—or were they coming back to America? Barbara looked very small in the circle of her husband's arm. She looked up and waited for his answer.

He said, "We'll spend part of the year in Denmark. That is my place and I have obligations there. But my wife wants to bring up her son as a Yankee." He smiled down at her. "I can understand that. If we travel we want to do it on our own terms, and if Barbara wants to go home—and home to her will always be America—we will go there. I have discovered that she loves America very much."

Very simply the five-and-ten heiress said, "He wants me to be happy."

Barbara Hutton has grown up. The hard way. I found her graceful, intelligent and mellow. I knew that she had suffered disillusion, betrayal, pain and the fear of death. I knew that she'd never known some of the troubles you and I have had, about the first of the month's bills, the rent, and I knew her money had helped her to happiness. But I knew, too, that she had faced tragedy and heart-hunger and fears that you and I can know nothing about.

She wants to come home. She belongs to us. She has been young, reckless, foolish, maybe. She's come out of it a woman of the world, who might mean many things to us.

If she does come back, I think we ought to give Barbara Hutton a break.

## Touchdown for the Duchess

(Continued from page 55)

anyway. Only breaking the rule shouldn't count because I was looking out for my rights."

"Rule? Rights? Will somebody tell me what's all this mucking about?"

Larry explained. "I've been put out of the game. By Frozen-Face—er—by Mr. McKeen. Hear the coach."

"Out of the game!" The duchess was incredulous. She swung toward McKeen. "Why, he's a perfectly ripping player. Don't you read the newspapers?"

"Nothing to do with how good he is," said McKeen. "It's a matter of training rules. He broke 'em. I said it. He went out last night, late—after he was supposed to be in bed."

"What of it? So did I." Then, reflectively, "And a jolly good time I had, too."

Larry stepped in. "Well, I didn't. Another fellow took my girl to a party. He led to her; told her I said it was all right for her to go out with him. That rat! I wouldn't trust him with the Dean of Women—let alone Peggy."

"This Peggy—who is she?" There was family blood in the duchess's eye.

"She's tops, Bricky. You'd love her. I've been going with her for a couple of years. And—well, I just didn't like the idea of her being out with that lar, Stan Dieby. I hunted them up at the party, and I guess I said some uncomplimentary things to him—and even worse to Peggy.

So, you see, altogether it's bad. I was out, and I should have been in bed. I broke training rules—and now they're being enforced—and it's damned unfair on the day of the Jeff game."

"What rat? I never heard of such a thing," said the duchess indignantly.

"Why should you be in bed when another lad is trying to steal your girl?" She glared at McKeen. "What affair is that of yours?"

"You don't understand, madam," said McKeen. "The team must obey rules."

"No, I don't understand. What have rules to do with love? I think you're the most stubborn fool I ever met."

McKeen glared savagely at the duchess and marched toward the door. Hand on the knob, he paused and turned to Larry. "Just remember," he said, "that this—this—the duchess hasn't made me change to my mind. You're out!" The door slammed behind him.

Larry sighed. "Bricky, you're a rugged individualist. But so's old Frozen-Face. And he's running the team."

"Perhaps he is," snorted the duchess, "but if I were running it, you'd be playing today. It's results that count." Suddenly she had the idea of "Easing" you Peggy. She had seen this Frozen-Face person? If she's so lovely, surely he'd jolly well understand that you had to—

"It's no use. I don't think Frozen-Face

ever looked at a woman in his life. Anyway, Peggy is plenty sore at me for a few remarks I made last night. She wouldn't intercede. She wouldn't even answer the phone when I called this morning to—apologize."

"Something should be done about all this," said the duchess.

"Umhm," agreed Larry hopelessly, "but what?"

"I haven't the foggiest idea—yet," said the duchess.

Larry did everything he could to make the duchess' first football game enjoyable—everything, that is, except play himself. Days before he had commanded the ticket of one of the freshmen and seen to it that she'd be sitting between his friend Buck Stevens and Peggy.

Entering the stadium, Buck and the duchess passed a tall young man whose face was pulled down over his eyes.

"There's Dieby now, isn't he?"

The duchess glanced back over her shoulder. "The boy Peggy went out with last night?"

"Yep. Did you see the shiner he was trying to hide?"

"Shiner?"

"Yeah, a shanty. A mouse. A black eye. Larry must have patted him once."

The duchess examined the word "pasted" carefully and came up with



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the right answer. "Splendid," she said.

She met Peggy.

"So you're Peggy? Umm! Very attractive." This last was said so impersonally that Peggy hesitated to answer for fear it wasn't addressed to her. "I dare say you've heard Larry isn't playing today?"

"I have," said Peggy grimly.

"Because of you," continued the duchess.

"Nonsense! He didn't have to break training to spy on me. I can take care of myself."

The duchess had been studying Peggy, and what she saw convinced her that her nephew's actions of the night before had been not only justified but downright inevitable. The sort of thing any red-blooded man would have done.

Playing without their star quarterback, the State boys were giving a magnificent account of themselves; much better, in fact, than anyone in the stands had believed possible. Although their offense lacked spark, State rose time after time to repel Jefferson's invasion of their territory, grimly determined at least to keep the score down. And only once did Jefferson get through. On a long pass by the left halfback to a free-footed end who snared it.

State's opponents finally broke into the scoring zone. They kicked the extra point, making the score 7-0 and bringing a long groan to the lips of the Upsilon Kappa contingent.

"What does that mean?" asked the duchess anxiously.

"It means that State is through, madam," said Buck glumly.

"Is it all over? Did we lose?"

"No," put in Peggy, "but we have practically no chance of getting those points back."

"Never mind those," said the duchess.

"If we could only get some of our own." "Not a chance—no! without Larry, anyhow," added Buck.

"And I suppose Frozen-Face never changes what he is pleased to call his mind," sighed the duchess.

"Duchess," began Buck, "Frozen-Face is just plain ornery. You saw that yourself. The boys and I argued with him for an hour. And he ended up with the same word he started with, 'No.'"

The pink-white jaw of the duchess tightened into a determined line. She gripped Peggy's arm. "When is this interval coming that you told me about?"

PEGGY glanced at the time clock on the scoreboard. "In one minute."

"Good!" approved the duchess. "Just say the word when it comes. And then follow me. I'm going to throw a spanner in the works!"

Exactly sixty-three seconds later, Peggy waddling led the duchess toward the dressing rooms.

"But duchess," protested Peggy when the former's objective became apparent, "we won't be allowed in."

"We'll see about that," returned the duchess with menace in her tone.

"And I certainly don't want to go in," added Peggy quickly. "Larry will be there—and I don't want to see him."

"Nonsense! Why not?"

"Because I detest him."

"Because of last night?"

"Yes—because he showed he doesn't trust me."

"Aburditi!" decided the duchess.

Under the stands, at a doorway leading to the locker room, a student lolled, standing guard.

Peggy and the duchess elbowed up to the door.

"Hey! No women allowed." The sentinel's arm shot out, barring their way.

"Against the rules," he said smiling.

"So am I!" exploded the duchess, and she seized the boy's arm, flung it upward and darted in, Peggy right behind her.

Startled, the boy stared after them for a second, as though not believing it had really happened. Then he sprinted down the long corridor, chasing them right into a large, brilliantly lighted area, lined on three sides by lockers and long, low benches. At the other end was the entrance to the showers.

The place was alive with football players. Some, not yet in the game, were lying around on benches and on the floor. Others were stripping off uniforms for a quick shower, between halves. McKeen was drawing a football diagram on a blackboard.

Suddenly one of the substitutes let out a yell. "Women! Duck, everybody!"

Instantly the place was in uproar. Benches were overturned as players, still partly dressed, rushed out of slates behind a locker row. And in the midst of the racket the pursuing doorkeeper, Frozen-Face and the duchess were all trying to talk at once.

The doorkeeper finally made himself heard. "Gee, chief, I couldn't help it! These two pushed right in. I told them it was against the rules!"

"Blas't your everlasting ruffles!" cried the duchess. "I don't care तुपुपुपु for them."

"You again!" Frozen-Face's tone dripped icicles. "This is no place for women."

"It's the place for me," insisted the duchess.

"She's looking for you, coach," put in Peggy.

"For me?" McKeen frowned. "Madam, can't you see I'm busy? There's no time—"

"Like the present—if you want to win this game you're deliberately chucking away."

"I'm delib— Madam, what are you talking about now?"

"I'm still talking about the same thing—my nephew, Lawrence Warner—the best footballer on your team. It's high time you unbenched him."

Larry pushed his way through the crowd of players who were listening to every word with undisguised glee. "Peggy! Brickly! What the devil—"

"Quiet, Lawrence, I'll deal with this man."

Peggy caught Larry's eye and turned deliberately away.

The duchess was talking to Frozen-Face. "I've been three thousand miles to see my nephew win this game for his college. He's the first man of action in our family since the Wars of the Roses! And now, because of some silly rule of yours, he's not to be allowed to make put-downs. Look!" She took Peggy's wrist and drove her face to face with McKeen. "This is the girl Larry did it for."

"Then blame her, not me."

"Well, what else could the poor boy do? Would you have him lie quietly in bed while someone else waltzed off with his girl? You ought to be grateful that your players have the spunk and spirit to fight for what they want. This boy is not a culprit, he's a hero!"

A good-natured cheer from the crowd greeted this revelation. Cries of "You tell 'em, Larry!" and "Nice work, Galahad!" were tossed into the combat ring.

For a moment Frozen-Face was flustered with one last effort to maintain his calm. He said, "Madam, I'm running this team, and as long as I am, my rules will be enforced. Will you go now or must I use other means?"

"I'm not going until I see justice done!"

Now Frozen-Face's face really froze. "Very well, then, madam. I shall have to take you out myself." With that, he grasped her firmly by the arm.

The duchess wrenched free. "Take your hands off me! I'll trouble you to remember, sir, that I'm a British subject. If you so much as lay a finger on me, Washington will hear about it."

With the possibility of exciting international complications, the assemblage once more loosed a goading cheer.

That cheer was all the encouragement the duchess needed. Stepping up on a near-by bench, she faced the players. "Boys, you've got a wonderful team—"

"Don't listen to her!" called McKeen.

"—and a wonderful coach."

"Don't listen to—!" McKeen stopped sheepishly.

The boys howled at Frozen-Face's discomfiture.

THE DUCHESS raised her hand for silence. Then in low, earnest tones she asked, "You boys really want to win this football match, don't you?"

"And how!"

"I'll say we do."

Suddenly she leaped off the bench to the blackboard, snatched a cloth and wiped out Coach McKeen's diagram and cried, "Then you don't need this! You don't need any more teaching. You know all about booting the ball—and heaving it. And when you play catch with it, you're simply topping. What's more, you seem to come out of your muddle with some terribly clever plays."

The boys, despite some difficulty in identifying this duchess-eye view of their efforts, gathered that she was being laudatory and broke into applause.

"What you really need," the duchess pressed on, encouraged, "is unity. You're a team. You're more than just nine individuals."

"Two more, duchess!" yelled a friendly voice from the crowd.

"Don't quibble," overrode the duchess. "You need teamwork to win, and Lawrence is part of your team. You can't play without him!"

There was a short silence.

Then in voice from a shower stall called, "What else can we do?"

The duchess's eyes gleamed. This was the question she had been waiting for; this was the time to spring her Big Idea.

She extended her arm dramatically.

"Don't play without him! You're like workers in an enterprise. United you win, divided you lose. The way to get what you think fair is to strike!"

Purple, McKeen strode forward. "I'd like to see—"

"Strike," the duchess repeated. "He's just the coach; you're the whole team. Stick together. Show him you can't be bullied. Are you men or mice? If you refuse to play without Lawrence—that's that tyrant!—she shot a black look at McKeen—"will come to his senses or else be the laughingstock of football!"

"Bricky, you're crazy!" shouted Larry.

"I wouldn't want them to do that. After all, Frozen-Face had the best of intentions and—"

"And he can use them for paving blocks," quipped the duchess.

A chuckle ran through the crowd. McKeen struggled to restrain himself.

"Madam, anyone can see you don't know anything about managing this crowd of roughnecks. Give them a finger and they'll take the whole hand. If a man gets to bed five minutes later than I tell him to, I bench him. I always have and I always will. That's discipline."

"Discipline?" snorted the duchess. "That's clock watching." She ignored

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him, looked out again over the sea of upturned faces. "Gentlemen, I'm sorry to have barged in this way, but I fully well had to. I'll go now, but I just want to repeat this—if you're men, you'll strike. If you're milksope—well, after all, it's your show."

"Well," said Buck, as Peggy and the duchess regained their seats, "you've been gone quite a while. Nearly missed the kick-off. Jeff's warming up already."

"There must not be any kickoff," said the duchess, not quite sure what a kickoff was.

"What?" exclaimed Buck. "What do you mean, ma'am? There's got to be a kickoff. There always is."

"You boys are slaves of habit," returned the duchess cryptically.

Buck caught Peggy's eye and leaned behind the duchess. Peggy, on the other side of her, did likewise.

She explained, in low tones, what had happened.

Buck's eyes shone with admiration. "A strike! That's swell!" He clapped the duchess on the back. "Nice work, duchess!"

Suddenly a loud cheer arose from their side. The entire State squad trotted out. But, contrary to long-established football custom, the eleven men who were going to play did not detach themselves from the others to begin running through signals on the field. Instead, the whole squad trooped over to the bench, where it settled down.

A moment or two later, an official, watch in hand, came running over. Something, manifestly, was wrong and the stands were filled with bewilderment and conjecture. Soon, on the Jefferson side, a slow hand clapping began. It quickly spread around the stadium.

No one seemed to know why the State team remained steadfastly on its bench; why the referee appeared so upset; why Frozen-Face rose and began an earnest conversation with him. No one, that is, except the Upsilon Kappa contingent.

But when the duchess, Peggy, Buck and the others saw McKee suddenly shrug, turn to his own back and bark an order, when they saw a square-shouldered, curly-haired youth leap up from the middle of the row of players, doff

his pull-over and begin to sprint up and down behind the bench, they burst out with an excited cry which the rest of the crowd turned into a cheer as it recognized the numeral one on his jersey.

"It's Warner!"

"Larry's going in!"

The cheer leaders called for a resounding roar.

"Duchess," exclaimed Buck, "you ought to be a leader for these fellows."

The duchess smiled happily. "Nothing anyone could write would make me feel more delighted than I do right now!"

A few seconds later, Larry was leading a revitalized State team onto the field.

The second half made the spectators feel as though the two teams had changed sides. Now it was State which was clearly showing its superiority; now it was Jefferson which strained to keep its opponents in check. It was the old story of underdog psychology. Fighting an uphill battle, the State boys played like demons—played not only with more spirit, but with more ability.

With Warner, fresh as a daisy, calling plays and leading almost half of them himself, State tore giant holes in the Jefferson line; completed dazzling passes, outgained, outkicked and in thirty dizzy minutes totally outscored Jefferson by pushing two touchdowns across and nearly achieving a third when the whistle blew. With a frenzied yell, State's cohorts swept over the field toward the goalposts and their team.

Back at the Upsilon Kappa house, the word quickly spread that the real hero was not Larry so much as the Auburn-haired woman who had first defied the lightning and then made it strike at her bidding.

Over and over again, Peggy and Buck were made to tell the story of the duchess' exploit. Bottles and glasses appeared. Buck raised his glass to the duchess.

"Everybody drink to the duchess—who really won the game for us, with parliamentary rules!"

"Rules!" snorted the duchess. "That game was won by breaking a rule."

"Over McKee's knuckles, Bricky," called Larry, coming in the doorway.

Peggy saw him and stiffened. The duchess came to her.

"Young lady," she said, "you heard what I told Frozen-Face about rules."

"Yes," said Peggy. "I heard."

"You're being just as foolish and tyrannical as he was. Suppose Lawrence did do something last night you didn't like. Hasn't he been punished enough? And anyway, did it ever occur to you that you're the only one of all the girls on the 's campus he cared enough about to follow last night? And furthermore, which would you rather be doing right now—standing here moping or over there telling Larry what a ripping game he played? Come, come, my girl, don't be an ass."

Peggy smiled sheepishly. She hadn't stopped smiling—nor did she make any effort to—when Larry caught her eye. With a happy grin, he plowed toward her.

"There's a gentleman to see you, duchess," said a boy entering the room.

"Ah, yes," said the duchess and exited.

Buck, seeing Peggy and Larry standing close together in earnest conversation, disregarded any desire on their part for privacy and crossed to them. "Looks like old buck has been doing some business with the duchess. Wouldn't Digby love a picture of this. By the way, Larry, nice shiner you gave him last night."

"Shiner? What shiner?"

"Oh," said Peggy sweetly, "Larry didn't give him that."

"No? Who did?"

"I did. After I found out he lied to me and after Larry went back to bed—where he should have been all the time!"

"You did!" Larry howled. "You hit—Good Lord, if I'd known you packed a wallop like that I'd never have bothered to—Bricky, what are you doing?"

The duchess had reentered the room. In her left hand she held a wand of greenbacks which she was counting. She raised her head at Larry's question.

"Doing? Just making sure I got what was coming to me, old thing. You see, I met a nice gentleman on the train this morning. His son goes to Jefferson. We got talking about the game and he thought Jefferson would win, and I didn't, so I took a little flutter, two hundred and eighty—two hundred and ninety—three hundred!"

## Successfulness by Dorothea Brande

(Continued from page 15)

me for instruction in writing. She had no ideas for stories; she was a poor speller, she punctuated with dashes, and paragraphs were a closed book to her. But whenever I saw her she was delightfully dressed; her eye for color was perfect, and she combined colors daintily and ingeniously. Two sessions about what she really liked, what her real tastes were, and she leaped at the idea of learning to weave. Every day her work is becoming better known; and from having a dull, restricted life she has bloomed into a busy and interesting person.

A poor salesman may be a genius at gardening; an indifferent stenographer sometimes never suspects her own gift for cookery, for dress design, for ability to pick up foreign languages. By thinking candidly about yourself, by being as friendly to yourself as you would be to another, you can often draw up a picture of your tastes, abilities, desires and hopes which will astonish you.

Take an interest in yourself, paying special attention to the things you like but which you have little of in your daily life. Then start putting them into it.

Often we have to begin slowly—reading, or finding courses of instruction

within our means, or working out a program for ourselves in solitude; but every day something can be done toward the new way of living. It can grow from an interest into a hobby, from a hobby into a side line, from a side line into a specialty. Then comes the day when the unsatisfactory work can be given up (to someone who will find it as satisfying and absorbing as we find our own new field) and Success is at last really and noticeably on its way to us—or we are on our way to it.

Then living begins to be fun. We meet people with the same tastes, not just the chance acquaintances who come our way in an uncongenial profession. Having succeeded once, we begin to show a little daring; we try new ideas more boldly, and our world of friends and activities expands even more. Chances we couldn't even imagine until we got inside our real work turn up on every hand. Best of all, even a small success has a vitalizing effect on character.

This is the most interesting discovery that success brings in its train: those who are living successfully make the best friends. They are free from malice and spitefulness. They are not petty. They are full of good talk and humor

and vigorous argument. They don't say "Yes" to curry favor, or "No" because it is an easy way of attracting attention to themselves. You always know, emotionally speaking, where you can find them, and they're worth finding.

When they aren't available you know that they're at work—not out after aimless, floating diversion, not hoping for easy success just to prove to themselves that they can still feel, not delighted to hear of someone's bad luck or tragic unhappiness. They carry their own bracing atmosphere with them. They don't have just one success; what they have is *successfulness—a way of living.*

That is why I chose the longer word when it came to saying what interested me most in the world today: not just one thing well done, but the whole attitude of those who do well what they set out to do. It may be a good cake—or it may be a masterpiece in the arts; it may be making one small happy home—or designing the world's largest steamer. If you begin to look for *successfulness* you may find yourself watching a saint or a surgeon, a painter or a pilot, a mother or a manufacturer. If they're doing their best they're successful; but crass and materialistic they are not!

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## Woman Interne by Faith Baldwin (Continued from page 85)

in her breast. She thought, I didn't know him. He isn't just a coordinated machine, with a knife. He isn't a tailor's dummy with a gardenia. He's real. A man.

Bowen said, "She called me. Doris—I don't know her last name. She said, 'This is Doris. I work for Mrs. Moreland, Joe's at Lister Hospital. He's been shot. You've got to help me.'"

"They went out of the diet kitchen together, and downstairs. There were reporters there, and more policemen. There was no sign of Doris or of Joe's brother. Bowen said, frowning, 'I hope he got her away before all this.' He looked toward a stocky redheaded young man arguing with a nurse. He asked, 'Haven't I seen you somewhere?'"

"**J**IM DAGGETT of the Daily Planet. Sure, we were at a party together, Doctor Bowen. Who was the girl?"

"At the party?"

"Now you're stalling," said Jim Daggett. "I mean the girl who came to see Joe Talbot. She called you, didn't she?"

"Never mind that. Do the kid a good turn; keep her out of this. She has a job at the Morelands'. She'll lose it if—"

"The Morelands? That makes it a better story."

Bowen said, while Catharine stood there listening, "Look here, Daggett, the boy's dead. He didn't talk. He never will, now. Let the girl alone. She won't keep her job long, in any case. She'll have to have one that will be easier on her. I'm going to call Persis Moreland tomorrow and see if something can't be done about it. She's interested in the girl."

"Well," said Jim, grinning at Bowen, "same old story. Minor gangster dies without talking. Let it go at that."

"Good!" said Bowen.

He looked very tired. Catharine was ready to drop. He held out his hand to her, smiling.

He said, "It's been a trying evening, hasn't it?"

"Evening!" Catharine exclaimed.

"That's so. Morning. Get along to bed." His hand still held hers; it was the first time. She felt her pulses quicken; her brain, drugged with fatigue, sharpened.

"I keep thinking," said Catharine, low, "what the girl said. You know—that she wanted to go to Bali. Funny, isn't it, so many of us want to go to Bali, metaphorically speaking—and wind up on a slab in the morgue."

He looked at her. He said mechanically, "You go to bed. That's an order. Good night."

He watched her walk away, remembering every detail of her small grave face, her blue eyes, her silver-gilt hair. She had been competent with the bullet-wound case and just tender enough with Doris, after the boy died. He thought of Doris at the Moreland party, huddled on the floor, and remembered that during that party his thoughts had turned to Catharine. Why, then, he had wondered if he could escape to Bali, metaphorically speaking. A brainstorm. Sleeping, she would have been, in her narrow quarters. Or if not—well, ten to one he wouldn't have seen her.

But sometimes, as tonight, she had been called on his service and he encountered her, clear-eyed, the fair hair blown back from the wide brow. The wards at night: rubber-heeled nurses, their starched skirts rustling; shaded lights. The operating room hot and still, and a man's life in the balance. The ambulance

coming up the runway; the accident room in sudden ordered confusion.

Yes, on several such nights he had encountered her. Women had no business taking up medicine. She should go back where she belonged, this small, fair child. If she had to serve the sick, why didn't she train as a nurse?

The reporters had gone, and the policeman, Doctor Bowen turned and went out.

When Catharine reached her quarters Becky was awake and demanding a report. Catharine gave it, and Becky said, "Well, catch some shut-eye. You have been honored this night. Our Chief, in person!"

Becky did not know how Catharine felt about Bowen. Catharine kept things to herself. Of course most of the women who had interned at Lister and practically all the nurses were interested in Bowen. It was hospital tradition, to worship the chief. And Bowen was good-looking, dark, broad-shouldered.

He was Lister's youngest chief. He was just forty. He had a Park Avenue practice, and his fees were legendary. When he was called to the hospital during the evening hours he turned up in dinner clothes or talls, with a gardenia in his buttonhole. Bowen the fashion plate; Bowen the Pride of Park Avenue. But no one could say that Bowen wasn't on the job. Nor could one say of him that the private pavilion was nearer to his heart than the charity wards. He begrudged no hour of his service to the poor.

Becky was not interested in him except as a surgeon. She wasn't interested in any man especially. One of the assistant residents was in love with her, and she encouraged him to a certain point, laughed at him behind his skinning table, teased him. "One of these days," she told Catharine, "he'll acquire guts enough to crawl out from these safe walls and set up a practice!"

There was another man in love with Becky. He was the son of someone in the textile business; he had three cars and more money than is deemed decent in these days. He wanted Becky to give up this nonsense and marry him. She wouldn't. Sam was all right, on her nights off—dinner, theater, orchids.

**S**HORTLY AFTER a minor gangster died at Lister, Catharine and Becky happened to be together. Catharine was tired; she had been working hard.

"Come out with Sam and me tonight," suggested Becky. "Take your mind off Jerreck's carcinoma and McGinnis' thrombosis or whatever is worrying you."

"Becky, you know I'm on children's now and also what my one evening gown looks like!"

"We'll fix that," decided Becky, and new accessories were forthcoming—a deep blue flower the color of Catharine's eyes, a twist of silver for the belt.

"There!" said Becky, surveying her handiwork. "Who says I'm not a good diagnostician?"

"That's very first night she went out with Becky and Sam, and the strange young man Sam brought along. Catharine saw their surgical chief in a box at the theater. She pinched Becky's arm. "Look!" she said.

Becky looked and snorted. "If it isn't the Dowager's Delight," she said. "All complete with tailcoat, gardenia and bow-tie. Sam, name the gang there in the box."

"The big guy's Richard Moreland. The blonde's his wife. She lives to give parties. I've been to two or three," said

Sam, "and are they sumptuous! I don't know the skinny gent with monocle. He's probably one of Mrs. Moreland's little entente. Since that illustrator—what's his name—married Janet Eston, the musical-comedy gal, she's given up the arts and gone in for ragged royalty. The woman with all the rocks and the face like Tillye the Nightmare is Hetty Jenkins. Richer than mud."

"The rest of the party's in the orchestra. That tall gal is Moreland's daughter. She's a good egg. Hear she's taken a job on a newspaper. She may need it. They say on the Street that Moreland's all but washed up."

Catharine said, against her will, "There's a very pretty girl in the box—the redhead."

"That," said Sam, "is Mrs. Jenkins' niece, Gloria Lonsdale. She's making a play for you boss, isn't she?"

Catharine felt a little sick. She wished she hadn't come. Bowen didn't know she was alive. He didn't care.

Between the second and third acts Becky and Sam, Catharine and the blind date, went out to the lobby to smoke.

Bowen was there. The redheaded girl was laughing, as if at her own saying, "I think I'm coming down with measles," and Bowen was replying gravely, "You'll have to do better than that. I doubt if I'd know measles if I saw them."

Catharine shook her head as Sam passed her his cigaret case. Becky squeezed her arm. The redhead was screaming, "Oh, but I need a doctor!"

Becky's comment, delivered instantly, carried. It was a moé, not bon but *well*. Becky said: "What she needs is a vet!"

The redhead didn't hear, but Bowen did. He turned to look for the source of that impersonal insult. Becky's dark face was crimsoned with anger, and he did not suspect her. He knew her at once. He smiled, waved, and then saw Catharine.

She watched him coming toward her, and her heart was acrobatic. He did know her, then!

He had made his apology to the redhead. He'd said, "Excuse me, I see some of my youngsters over there." And Gloria cried in amazement to her aunt, "Good Lord, he isn't married, is he?" and Hetty had giggled. Then Gloria saw Becky and Catharine, and her face was amused and chagrined.

"Hello," said Bowen, smiling at them. Becky was saying, "Big boss catches himself stung on a razzle-dazzle."

Becky stood in awe of no one, not even the surgical chief.

"Liking the show?" Bowen asked.

Catharine smiled. "Very nude. I'm not really a judge. I don't get around much."

"It's third-rate," commented Becky, "and the juvenile had his face lifted last year."

Bowen grinned. Sam said something, there was general conversation, and then as the buzzer sounded, Bowen found himself speaking to Catharine.

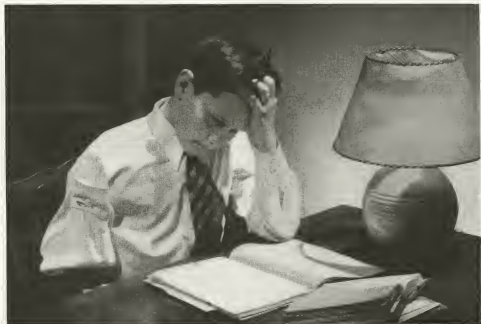
"Have you seen the Lunt-Fontanne play?"

She had not.

It was unprecedented, it was insane, he had not meant to say it, he was aghast, following Gloria and her formidable aunt back to their seats. If he made good on his implied invitation everyone would know. His brothers in the profession would conclude that Fred had lost his mind.

Perhaps he said it of the rest of the play. It wasn't possible; but it had happened. He didn't mean it. But if he

(Continued on page 100)



## LEARNING TO WRITE . . . ALL OVER AGAIN

### TRAGEDY!

The slightest cut, the tiniest scratch can cause it—when infection finds a ready ally in carelessness.

So, in dressing the most trivial wound, make sure that the bandage you use is just as clean, just as safe as your own doctor would apply.

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# AFTER DIVORCE, What?

**FOREWORD:** *Anonymously a divorced surveys her life alone, and gives a frank picture comparing it with marriage. An average, everyday woman tells an everyday story of what divorce does to an ex-wife. What price freedom? Here it is!*

**AS THE TRAIN** from Reno neared Grand Central Terminal, I looked at my three fellow divorcees and felt newly stirring the zest for the unknown. We were expectant; we were confident. All women adore a new rôle to play.

The ultra-sophisticated young thing hardly out of her teens was handed a wire from her newly ex'd husband. He was to be at the train gate. The tall, cold (to the world!) brunette expected her husband-to-be. The New York interior decorator and I laughed at both of them. We liked the idea of freedom bang off at the train gates—freedom to go as we pleased when we pleased!

With a gin cocktail from the brunette's flask we toasted our future. We rang for the porter to get us off quickly.

Right here is as good a place as any to tell my story. I bore my husband a child, and yet to the day I packed my trunks both were strangers to me.

No woman should make up her mind to marry during or immediately after a long illness. At such a time any man's protective concern is magnified into a tower of strength.

While I was still weak and vacillating after a long illness everything about my husband was overvalued in my mind. I knew he didn't thrill me, but I was told it would be different after marriage. It wasn't. My attitude toward him, try though we both might, was always that of a courteous stranger. We were so far apart that sometimes it seemed strange that we both spoke the same tongue.

We never disputed each other's opinions. We never quarreled. I for one would have been grateful if I had cared

enough about his opinion to do either. He knew I didn't, and retired within himself. He grew self-conscious and began to lose his masculine self-confidence.

As a little boy with a dominating mother he had never had the chance to express a protective attitude toward anyone. Through my illness I had made this appeal to him. As his wife, I could not make up to him for his sense of failure. That was why I gave him our son. An unnatural act for a mother, you may say, but it cleaned my slate. Now he has someone to live for, to be important to.

Strange little fellow, our child! He was so like his father that I used to wonder if I had not merely served as a dehumanized instrument to bring him into the world.

His birth was real, all right—Caesarean, after eighteen hours of labor—yet we were never real to each other in a maternal-filial relationship. When I held him close, he would not nestle in my arms, as an affectionate child would. He was unresponsive to my love, although he worshiped his father.

My husband looked to his home, his wife and his child to make up for his warped boyhood, and for the child he wanted brothers and sisters. I tried desperately but futilely to make amends for having failed him.

One day I left a note saying that he could divorce me for desertion, and that I was leaving him free to start life anew. I saw him only once after that, in a lawyer's office. Divorce me he would not, so I went out to Reno. Not till four years after the decree did he remarry. Leaving him was the fairest thing I ever did, and giving him our son the wisest.

Now that I have introduced myself, let me get off the train at Grand Central.

as told to  
**Nancy  
Woods Walburn**

ILLUSTRATION BY EARL CORDEY

There was no one to meet me. Strange that after all my anticipation I should feel a sudden misgiving! But I stifled it. I stepped into a phone booth. It was a Saturday, and for every number I called there was a sickening unanswered ring.

The porter stood waiting for directions; at random I picked out a hotel. The hotel bedroom's four walls soon closed in upon me. My bags stood disconsolately in the middle of the floor. Out of the window the air hung still and lifeless.

This was my home-coming, my new life! At home my husband would be coming

Get ready for the skidding weather ahead..with

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The New  
**GENERAL**  
Dual 10



down from his shower after golf. This was the night of the dance at the club. Queer that I who had valued it not at all should remember it now!

As a child I had overheard my lovely, long-suffering aunt say that "people walk on the other side of the street from a divorced woman." Conventions die hard. That was twenty-five years ago, and yet, for all the brilliant remarriages socially important divorcees make, one still encounters absurd restrictions.

To my surprise, some of my close friends sided with my husband. There were other friends who passed into that vague "call-me-up-sometimes" class.

With a home, a husband and a country club, I had had the ability to entertain people whom others wanted to meet. Now I was that social problem every hostess dreads—a lone woman with no man in sight. "Why bother with me?"

On the way home one night I bought an alarm clock. The sooner I had something to fill my days, the better. I applied at an agency catering to private schools. Out came the inevitable application blank. Married, single—what was I? "Divorced," I reluctantly granted.

The man secured my name in brackets. "I'd drop that, if I were you. Take your maiden name. Half our pupils come from divorced parents, but they don't want their children taught by a divorced woman. Sorry!"

Wearily months of clipping want ads, of sitting in line at agencies of glass chintz in hot, stuffy telephone booths. Once I had almost secured a position in a small endowed library, when the fact of my divorce came out.

"I got the divorce," I explained hurriedly. "It was nothing to my discredit."

"It isn't that," said the man in charge. "We are building up a permanent organization. The divorced woman as an employee is transitory. We find she is dissatisfied and restless."

It was nearly a year before I landed the post I now hold. There is no future in it, but at least it gives me something to get up for in the morning and keeps me busy during the day. Yet here, too, I am a misfit. For the inexperienced woman past thirty, the rhythm of office work is tedious and difficult to acquire.

One day I looked in the mirror and was dismayed at the wrinkles at my eyes.

Worry about the future was doing it.

Down to an insurance agent I went. What could I do for my old age? The agent shook his head when he heard my story. Divorce usually comes too late in life for advantageous annuity rates. The self-supporting young girl who faces her future early can prepare for it at rock-bottom premiums. And ahead of her is a far better chance at marriage.

"Remarriage is the only solution for the divorcee," said a divorced woman. "But how many of us get a chance?"

We are at a disadvantage in competing with youth. No man may look at me again with a personal interest. This is the blackest phase of my life alone.

The divorcee, if she is young and attractive and ready to step on the gas, may be petted and fêted—at a price! Men are waiting to be amused, I, too, have had my propositions. Yet love as a woman values and seeks it increasingly has little to do with such affairs.

If you sidestep these offers altogether, soon you feel a fifth wheel again. It isn't easy. Ex-wives who had belittled the sexual relationship during marriage have told me that the physical readjustment to living alone is the most difficult phases of living alone.

Five years after our train pulled in at Grand Central I thought again of my three Reno playmates. How had they fared? I rounded them up for a reunion.

The confident and buoyant young ex-wife, hardly out of her teens five years ago, was so changed in appearance that I was shocked. She seemed far older than the five years justified.

Out in Reno she had triumphantly revealed to us that by divorce she was going to rob her protesting young husband of his take-her-for-granted attitude. With the superb self-confidence of modern youth, she planned to "set him wild" and then remarry him. But almost before she was settled he went to Europe. To her great surprise, he did not suggest that she go with him. This was blow number one. She was to have many others. Eventually a telegram announced that he had remarried.

The husband's story was more successful. At least the man for whom she went out to Reno had married her. But the affair had burned out quickly, so far as

she was concerned. Sensing this, he had grown demanding and difficult, passing into a jealous rôle which has interest for a woman only if she, too, cares.

About the child of her first marriage there were complications. Both parents loved the boy and each resented the other's custody.

"His father is going to apply for full custody." The brunette's eyes filled with angry tears. "Take it from me, a man's ability to hurt you is far greater in divorce than in marriage!"

From the interior decorator I expected enthusiasm over work filling one's life, for Josephine C. had succeeded marvelously. Yet when I spoke of her work, she made a little grimace.

"A career is all right in spots, but you can't run your fingers through its hair. I am one of those women who were never meant to live alone. For five years I have looked for my man and have found only disillusionment. Divorce makes a wife just another stray woman."

Divorce is modern civilization's most treacherous gift to women. It not only leaves a woman free to make the same mistake all over again, but drives her to it by compelling financial pressure.

Possession of a man dies hard to a woman. In fact, to some women the chance to dominate a man is nine-tenths of marriage. It is this frustrated sense of possession that eats out the heart of many a woman who thought she would never want to see her husband again.

I once heard a noted explorer tell of a South Sea chieftain's wife whose arms were permanently strapped behind her back in punishment for some infraction of the tribal code. To the amazement of the white visitor, the wife showed gratitude rather than resentment.

"For what I did, she is small punishment from my husband," she said. "The night was killed me. As it is, I still have his protection and share in the life of the camp. And at night he still comes to me."

To the American woman such treatment is inconceivable, and yet is her own solution, exile and loneliness, less cruel? Under the insidious glamour of a self-made declaration of independence, divorce will give her freedom—and then turn and mock her with it!

## Woman Interne by Faith Baldwin

(Continued from page 96)

hadn't meant it, why had he said it?

He didn't know why he had said it. While the rest of his party went on to a supper club, and the redhead pouted and her aunt said, "Never mind, Gloria, there'll be other evenings," Doctor Frederick Bowen was sitting in a private ambulance beside a stretcher. There was a sick child on the stretcher, and Doctor Bowen's fingers were on the third of her pulse. She was the only daughter of a hard-working general practitioner who had been a classmate of his. He sat there, too, with his head in his hands. Once he said, "Fred, I can't face Elsie."

Elsie was his wife, three thousand miles away in San Francisco with her father, who was dying. "No, you mustn't come, George," she'd said; "you can't leave your practice, and besides, I wouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't know you were home with Bunny."

They called her Bunny, because her funny little nose twitched when she smiled. She was seven years old.

"Why didn't I take up chemistry instead of medicine?" George asked his old classmate.

"Shut up!" said Bowen. "Anyone could

have made the mistake. I've made it. We all have. It isn't too late. Pull yourself together. We'll call Elsie after it's over. Hold tight, Bunny old girl; we'll be there very soon."

Bunny came through all right. Catharine loved her. Catharine liked children's service, but it made her sick and rebellious and frantic. Valiant babies, fighting such inexplicable infant disaster. You could stand sick men and women, but there was something about kids...

Bunny was making the grade. She loved the nurses and the doctors. Especially she loved her surgeon, and after him the lady doctor with the fair hair and blue eyes. And the night when Bunny was so sick the lady doctor came.

It was two in the morning. The charge nurse on children's called Catharine. Catharine asked, standing beside Bunny's crib, her hand on the child's pulse, her eyes on the dreaded pinched blue line above the lips, "Have you called Doctor Bowen?"

"He's operating. An emergency." The resident wasn't available. No one seemed to be at the moment. Catharine's lips tightened, then opened. She issued

her orders; she saw them carried out. "This will hurt a little," she said, and drove the shining needle home.

After a thousand years—or was it half an hour?—Doctor Bowen came downstairs. Catharine made her report. For the briefest instant his hand lay on her shoulder. Then he went to work.

Much later, when the special nurse he ordered had come on duty, Catharine and the chief of surgical stood together in the darkened corridor.

He said, "Well, that's that." He looked tired to death.

Catharine said, "I suppose you get used to the unexpected—but she was doing so well. . . I was scared, I tell you."

"And then Catharine, without warning, found herself in tears. "If anything had happened to her—"

"Here," he said, "brace up! And let me give you some advice. Don't get too attached to them. You will, of course, sooner or later. If it has to be, let it be later. Because you'll be spending a swiffling, long after you've left Lister. You'll think, if I had known last year, two years ago, five years ago what I know



# "STOP THE RICKSHAW!"



"We were on our way to the European Club in Kuala Lumpur, picturesque capital of the Malay States," writes C. M. Parsons of Boston, "when I saw a sight that thrilled me even more than the paddy fields, the houses on stilts, or the elephants at work on rubber plantations. It was a sign in front of a hotel. It read, 'Hiram Walker's Canadian Club,' but what it said to me was, 'Here's an old friend from home'. And Man, Oh Man, it sure did taste good!"

\* \* \*

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And, of course, after dinner you'll find the knowing ones sticking with Johnnie Walker. For no whisky "sits better" after food and drink. All Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND under British Customs supervision. Red Label is 8 years old; Black Label, 12 years.

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*stick with...*

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today I could have saved this one or that. And you'll go on like that for the rest of your life. Why the hell did you go into medicine, anyway?" he asked.

She was not crying now. She replied, "Because I had to."  
"You're a fool," he said harshly. And then, as he turned, "You're sweet."  
He walked away from her then. She stood as he had left her, her fists clenched. She was so tired she was sick. She was so happy she was afraid.

Else, flying home from the Coast, came to sit with her child. And Bunny's lady doctor, now of children's service, aside in to see her whenever she could.

Once Bowen was there. He thought, Hen medics shouldn't have soft, vulnerable mouths and direct, vulnerable eyes. She's letting herself in for God knows what. And he said aloud:

"Well, how about that Pontanne-Lant business? I think we can afford to celebrate, don't you? When are you off next?"

The hospital buzzed and the whispers grew and Becky said, "You idiot," and Bill Gaines, the senior interne who was more than a little in love with Catharine, said, "But that was the beginning."

It was not that she could see Bowen often outside the hospital. But she dined with him several times and there came upon her slowly the conviction that his interest in her lay deeper than the surface.

Becky said, "You've lost your mind. Very flattering, and all that. The great Bowen, with his w.k. disapproval of hen medics, stoops to conquer. Be careful, Katie. Because, if you make a fool of yourself—"

"You'll say, 'I told you so?'"  
"I'll say I'll say it! Oh, you are an idiot!" Becky cried. "And one of these days Bill Gaines will assist the great Bowen and hand him a knife—in the wrong place. You know, the patient recovered but the surgeon died."

"Oh, Gaines!" said Catharine, with scorn.

Young Gaines, rawboned, gangling, with his engaging, lopsided countenance, his big hands and his passion for surgery, had worshipped Bowen, had revered him as the king who could do no wrong. Now, nothing added up. He still followed Bowen about the hospital whenever the opportunity presented itself, learning from him, observing his fabulous skill. But he hated him.

**B**ETWEEN HOURS there would be snatched moments for the Lister employees. In the old gaslit days there had been "Ward Party," the corner saloon. Now there was a drugstore. Almost always someone from Lister would be there, ordering a coke.

Gaines, seeing Catharine come in one morning, kicked out the stool next to him and said, "Sit down, doc."  
He always called her "doc," more in tenderness than in derision.

She said to the clerk, "Orange juice, please, Charlie—no fizz water," and smiled at Gaines. She looked radiant. Her skin was clear and brushed with color, her eyes the blue of the spring heavens. "Looking pretty festive," commented Gaines, and yawned.

"Night off."  
"I've been on the bus."  
He was a little important about it. Catharine said: "I'm due for it soon."  
"You? You'll never stand the gaff," Gaines prophesied.

"Becky did."  
"Becky's tough. But you—"  
She said serenely, "I hear you brought in a D.O.A. last week."

He went scarlet, and Charlie the counter boy chuckled. Six years of serving

Lister folk had taught him something. Dead-on-arrival, the most dreaded report of the ambulance interne.

"Well, it could happen to anybody," said Gaines sulkily.

Catharine drank her orange juice. She was of tomorrow night, having dinner with Bowen. She thought, I'm so happy.

"How's the boss?" asked Gaines. "I haven't seen him this morning."

She said briefly, "Nothing scheduled. He'll be in later. Consultation in Westchester, I understand."

She knew a lot about Bowen, now. They saw each other every day. Her service was surgical, women's ward. They met and spoke sedately. Yes, Doctor Bowen; no, Doctor Bowen.

Gaines warned her, "You'd better watch your step, doc."

She said boldly, "That's none of your business!"

He supposed not. He couldn't ask her to marry him; he hadn't any money. He'd been saving this year to take his psychopathic work. Then, the mingling and the waiting for patients. Bowen was known to be decent about sending people to the young doctors. "Where're you settling, old boy? Oh, over in Brooklyn. Whereabouts?"

Then there'd be a telephone call to some established doctor he'd known now in that section. "Well, this is Bowen . . . Young chap coming into your district. Name of Smith. Smart kid, hard worker. Yes . . . Anything you can throw his way . . ."

Gaines thought stubbornly, I wouldn't take help from him. If I starved for it!  
"I suppose you think he'll marry you?" he growled as Catharine set down her empty glass.

She walked out of the drugstore, her head high. She didn't answer; she couldn't. Even Becky hadn't asked that. The night Catharine sat with Bowen in an obscure restaurant. He knew more about her now, about her people, her plans.

He said suddenly, "Katie?"  
He'd never called her that before. She flushed a little.

He said, "You don't want me to call you that?"

She said evenly, "Lots of people do. I've never liked it."

"Catharine, then. It's a lovely name. Remarkable women have borne it—before you."

She said lightly, "The De Medici and the lady who ruled Russia. I don't expect three wars."  
He said, "Less lovely women have done so."

She looked at him, startled, waiting. And he smiled at her, thinking, You're an idiot, Bowen. This can't go on.

There was no reason, of course, why he couldn't or shouldn't marry her. He didn't need money. He could make it; he didn't need social position. He had that, too. He wanted Catharine Wright, with her silver-gilt hair and her very blue eyes. But of course, he told himself, she'd have to give up this career business. He could laugh to himself, thinking of a black-and-gold sign against a Park Avenue wall: "Dr. Frederick Bowen and Dr. Catharine Wright."

Out of the question. A man wanted a wife who'd take an intelligent interest in his profession, but to come home night after night to a woman reeking, mentally at least, of anesthetics!

Catharine was cool but beneath her veneer she had depths of tenderness.

She said, when the waiter came with the check, "I didn't tell you before—I was afraid you'd say, 'Let's call it off'—but I've a call to make. It isn't important. Just a neurotic woman who thinks

she is ill. The odd thing is that she is ill. But she isn't dying of the cardiac complaint she believes in. She's dying of something else. It will take her a long time."

A doctor doesn't discuss his cases with outsiders, but Catharine wasn't an outsider. Besides, she didn't know Betty Jensen.

Now she suggested, "I'll go back to the hospital."

"No, you won't. We'll make the call, you'll wait for me like a good girl, and then we'll take a drive. It's a nice night."

She said, "I'll be doing a lot of riding from now on—the bus."

"I T'S SHEER nonsense," said Bowen sharply. "An infant like you!" He thought of the Lister ambulances careening down the streets. He thought of drunken brawls and men lying in gutters and women stabbing their lovers. And he added violently, "I won't have it!"

Catharine said, smiling, "There isn't anything you can do about it. It's part of my service."

They stopped at his office to pick up his bag. He said, "You've never seen my office, have you? Come in for a moment."

They passed the uniformed doorman and went up three steps. Bowen unlocked the door. The secretary had gone, and the nurses. Bowen had no evening hours except by appointment.

He explained, walking through, switching on lights, "I live upstairs. It's convenient. There's a short flight down to the office hall in back."

The waiting room was like a drawing-room; fine paintings, comfortable chairs, divans, magazines, a radio, fresh flowers. The examination rooms were little cubicles, well lighted and ventilated. In the secretary's room the black cover was smooth over the typewriter. In Bowen's own office the walls were paneled, the leather chairs were massive.

He asked, smiling, "You don't mind?" took off his coat, scrubbed his hands behind the decorative screen. Catharine walked about looking at the books—hundreds of books. He inquired, shrugging into his coat, "Want to borrow any?"

There were three she had regarded with longing. She indicated them and he raised his eyebrows, took them down and put them under his arm.

He commented, "If you haven't anything better to do with your spare time!"

Catharine said despairingly, "There's so much to learn!"

"You'll never learn it all, Catharine. No one does," he told her gravely.

On the way to the door he stopped, put the books on the table, stooped to a vase, broke off a cornflower and held it toward her.

"Will you?"

Catharine reached up to put the stem through his lapel. She said, laughing, "I don't believe I ever saw you without a flower before. It's a sort of trade-mark."

She felt silent. His arms were around her; he was holding her close, close. He was very tall, much taller than she. He pulled her up until she stood almost on tiptoe and kissed her mouth.

After a long time he released her. She said, shaking, but unafraid, "There was foolish of us. It means that after tonight I can't—we can't—"

"Why?" he asked.

She answered steadily, "It wouldn't be any use. We—we can't go back, and we can't go forward. You know that as well as I do."

"Catharine, do you love me?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "I love you. But that doesn't alter things at all."

"Why not?" He laughed, swept her into

his arms once more. "When I love you so much!"

She said, struggling a very little, "Fred, please, your patient—"

"Let her wait. Darling, darling!" He held her at arms' length; he said, as if astonished, "How does it happen—after all these years . . . Did you know I was forty-one? How old are you, Catharine? No, don't tell me. Sixteen, seventeen. You don't look it! After all these years, to have my defenses overthrown by a little girl with blue eyes and the stubbornest jaw this side of heaven!"

He tucked her under an arm, picked up the books, and she cried, "Your bag! You've forgotten it."

He said, "She doesn't need it. However, blanks are indicated. Come along, Mrs. Bowen."

It was the oddest proposal. She couldn't believe it had happened. They went out to his car which tonight he drove himself. He flung the bag and the books in back, and she sat close to him by the wheel. They drove the short distance to the upper East Side, where Hetty's remarkable house overlooked the river.

They did not speak. Bowen whistled as he drove. He felt twenty, a boy at college, with his girl beside him. The moment he kissed her, he knew. There was no escaping her. She'd leave the hospital at once; they'd be married; they'd go abroad.

He spoke, stopping the car before Hetty's. "Catharine, have you ever been abroad?"

"No," she told him, out of her dream. "She wanted to go some day—to Vienna and sit in the galleries and watch and listen."

He said, "You'll love it. There's a place on the English coast—it's sheer magic. I've a friend who'll lend us his house, a couple of gardeners and a butler. They live there's Italy." He stopped, as if amazed. "Lord, here we are! How'd we get here?"

He stooped to kiss her, brushing his lips across her cheek, not daring to linger about it. Then he was out of the car; he had the bag; he was running down the steps to the basement entrance.

Catharine sat just as he had left her, waiting. It had happened, the incredible. "Come along, Mrs. Bowen." She would finish her job at Lister; she would take her time in the mental hospital; she'd fulfill all the requirements, and then they'd be married. They would build, she thought, the only possible life—that of a passionate partnership—a shared profession, companionship, children.

He was gone almost an hour. Catharine was not aware of time, but as the hour drew to a close, she saw him standing in the hallway of the house, the light brilliant behind him.

A tall girl came out with him. Catharine could see her plainly in the light from the street lamps. She had very red hair. "Come again," she was saying. "Perhaps she'll take a turn for the worse—"

She went back into the house, the door closed, and Bowen came toward the car. Catharine said boldly, "So she didn't like the cornflower?" She leaned out, took a gardenia from his lapel and flung it into the street. "There," said Catharine, "cornflowers—or nothing."

He loved her because she was jealous of Hetty Jenkins' redheaded niece who was nothing to him. He climbed into the car and set it in motion. "We'll drive around the park like the lovebirds."

Driving, he told her his plans. "She would leave Lister at once. She'd follow to go home, he assumed; so he'd follow her as soon as possible; they'd be

married, and then they'd sail. He couldn't take much time—two months at the most. But there would be other years. Or, on second thought, would her people come on?"

"She had listened, not believing her cars. Now she said, her hand on his arm: "Fred, you don't mean—you can't expect me to step up my profession—"

"Pooh!" he said. "Isn't one in the family enough? My darling, you didn't think for a moment that I'd let you go on with it?"

She thought about Tessa, teaching, and about her mother. She thought about the boys sharing with her, and she heard her father saying, "When the time comes for you to practice we'll manage the first year's rent."

They'd manage that, and more. There was equipment which she must have, even at the start. It was expensive, but they would go in debt for her. Now she was in debt to them and to herself. She said slowly, "I hadn't dreamed . . . I can't give it up . . . You don't understand what it's meant to me and to my people—the sacrifice they've made to—"

He said gently, "Darling, we'll make it up to them."

"Oh, Fred," she cried in despair. "It isn't my money, I owe them more than that. You can't cancel such a debt by writing a check, even if I'd let you."

He argued, "But your mother and father—they'll be glad for you, Catharine. They'd tell you, just as I'm telling you, that you're choosing the normal way—a husband, a home, children."

She cried, "Can't I have that and my profession, too?"

"Not with me," said Bowen. "That night she lay in the narrow white bed across the room from Becky and thought it strange, and fortunate, that she could not cry. Slow dawn crawled in the window, and at seven Catharine must be on duty. She ached as if she had been beaten."

She could repay her debt as for her people. She could go on with Lister, she could serve her apprenticeship and after a while she would be Catharine Wright, M.D. And she would lose her lover. Bowen wouldn't marry a professional woman.

Now, without tears, but with agony of mind and body and spirit, she considered her choice. "You can't, you can't decide like this," he'd said over and over. "It isn't fair to me, Catharine."

But it would not have been fair to her to expose her after day to the force of his persuasion, his tenderness, his ardor. She wasn't superhuman; she was a woman in love. So she'd said, "It's no use. I won't marry you on your terms, and you won't marry me on mine. This is the end."

In the morning Becky looked at Catharine and stung a compact of dry rouge on her bureau. She said, "Liven up, Katie. You look like something no civilized cat would bring in."

Catharine nodded. Unsteadily she rubbed the reddened puff across her cheekbones. Becky said huskily, "Let go, Katie, it'll help. Report sick. You'll be covered."

Catharine shook her head. She said, "Blondes do wash out, I'm all right. Let's get going."

Word ran through Lister that Bowen was on the warpath. Nurses quailed and supervisors raised their eyebrows; residents and assistants unfortunate enough to be in the surgical chief that day controlled their tempers; internes shied.

It was inevitable that he should encounter Catharine. Her hands were ice-cold but her eyes met his steadily. They

stood together in semiprivate by the bed of a woman upon whom he had operated. Later, at the desk, Bowen flipped over the chart and read it for the second time. He barked at Catharine and the charge nurse impartially, "Why wasn't this order discontinued?"

"But you said—" began Catharine.

"I said!" he turned on her furiously. "Haven't you a mind of your own? You're supposed to use it occasionally!"

The charge nurse shuddered but Catharine held her ground. She looked at him, waiting, but his eyes met hers with such a fury of pleading in them that she turned white. He gave his orders, signed them, flung down the chart and turned away, walking very fast. Catharine stood where she was, and the charge nurse murmured, "Good Lord, what's got into him?"

Catharine said, "I wasn't here last night."

"No, she wasn't there last night, and if anyone knew that he did. Not that it mattered."

The next morning the telegram reached Catharine. She read it twice, folded it with steady fingers and went down to consult the authorities. Her mother was very ill. The authorities were sympathetic. Dr. Morrow's flight was due for her vacation presently, and things could be arranged for her to go home at once.

Becky demanded, tearing into their quarters, "How are you off for money?"

"I have enough."

"You'll fly?"

"Yes, I'll fly," replied Catharine. She looked at Becky with clouded blue eyes. She said, "They don't tell me what's the matter. I mean—oh, Becky, I wish I didn't know so much; and so little."

Becky strook her gently. She said, thrusting a billfold into her hand, "Take this. You may need it. If you don't, okay by me. I'll bring the bill back to me before you find out whether you need it or not, I'll never speak to you again."

Catharine flew home. It was her first flight and it was like walking. Slow, interminable. Hurry, hurry! said her heart to the motors.

She ended at the airport nearest their town. She had wired ahead, and her brother James was waiting for her. He took the bag, bent to kiss her cheek.

"How is she?"

"Just the same. They haven't operated—waiting for you."

Operate! Covering the dusty miles between the field and the hospital where Elizabeth Wright lay, Catharine asked her questions. James shook his head.

"I don't know much about it, Katie," he told her. "Doc Morrison had her taken to the hospital for observation. Meadows operates there now. You don't know him; he's new. I can't say he's a good man."

"When's Dad?"

"At the hospital. Pete's at sea; we can't reach him. Dan's coming on from Frisco. Tess has been taking care of Mom; she put a substitute on at school."

The hospital was small, after Lister. Catharine sat beside her mother, marking how thin she was and how bad her color. Her father's broad shoulders were stooped, and Tessa's eyes were red with crying and lack of sleep. Elizabeth Wright said, "Well, all this fuss about nothing. You'd think I was really sick!"

Catharine talked to Morrison and Meadows. Morrison was explicit and forthright. Meadows was inclined to be annoyed. Women doctors—he laughed to himself. He said soothingly, stressing her professional title by courtesy:

"Doctor Morrison and I are agreed on



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the diagnosis, Doctor Wright." He explained it to her in words of one syllable. He showed her the X-rays. There was a question, a very slight question. The technician had disagreed with him. He was, however, convinced that the technician was wrong. "You know X-rays, Doctor Wright."

She said, pushing them aside, "I'm sure you will understand, Doctor Meadows. This isn't an emergency in the sense that surgical interference is necessary within the hour, Doctor Bowen can get here tomorrow."

"Bowen? Frederick Bowen?"

But she had gone. She was in the telephone booth giving a number to the operator. If he wasn't at the hospital, or at the office—there would be some place . . .

She spoke to his secretary. She said sharply, trying to make her urgency felt: "If you could get in touch with him and have him call me." She gave the number, the name of the town and state. "It is vitally important, Miss Henly."

She knew he would come if she asked him to come. Otherwise, nothing made sense. She thought, hanging up the receiver. If he comes, if he saves her, I'll do anything—anything!

A cold little voice within her spoke; it said, You don't mean that. You can't bargain. You can't use your mother's life as an excuse for surrender.

Catharine went back to her mother's room. She sat with her while Morrison started again on his country rounds and Meadows went about his business, peeped with amazement. To have Bowen come here, to this obscure town and hospital, and perhaps be able to assist him. If Bowen noticed him; if Bowen . . .

Catharine took the telephone call in the empty room next to her mother's. Bowen's voice came so clear; it poured strength into her veins.

"What's wrong?"

She told him as briefly as she could. She said, "If you'd come. Fred, I don't trust anyone but you."

He said, "I'll get a night plane. I'll make connections. Where's the nearest field?" Before he rang off he asked urgently, "Are you all right, Catharine?"

"Yes," she said, "now that I know you're coming."

She went back to her mother, to hold her hand and say, "Doctor Bowen is flying out. He'll be here early tomorrow. Everything is going to be fine."

Elizabeth Wright said, startled, "Katie, you know we can't afford—" She paused, terrified. Sending all the way to New York for a surgeon! And both the local doctors had assured her it would be very simple; just a matter of a week or two and she'd be as good as new.

Catharine said, "It's all right. Mother. He—his a friend, I mean. She couldn't be confused. She couldn't explain that she hadn't considered Doctor Bowen's fee. What could she do? She wondered frantically, now that everything was arranged. She couldn't accept this from him. Yet if she asked, "Fred, isn't there some arrangement we could make?" she knew what he would answer. She couldn't pay him—except with herself. But he might not demand it of her. He was a big man. Yet not big enough to understand that if she gave up her work for him she would go to him incomplete, half a person.

Her father said slowly, "Don't you fret, Mom. We can't let Katie's friend come all the way out here just out of friendship. We'll manage somehow. And if Katie says he's the best man there is—well, the best's none too good for you." James' wife had come into a little

legacy. James told her as they left that evening, "Eva'll be glad to let us use it, Katie. Don't you worry about bills."

Dan would arrive tomorrow. He'd have something to say about expenses.

They left her. She spent the night in the room next door to her mother. She had arranged for special nurses. She knew both the girls, she'd gone to school with them, strapping, husky girls, clear-eyed, capable. She could depend on them.

Twice, at stops, Bowen wired her at the hospital. She and James met him at the field the next morning. She saw him get on the plane, tall, dominant, controlled. She wanted to run to him, throw herself in his arms. Instead, she watched him shake hands with James, and put her own cold hand into his warm grasp a moment for comfort.

They sat in back while James drove. Bowen took her hand and held it. He said, "I'll be home."

She told him all she knew. It looked simple enough; any good man could go in, remedy the situation—but there was the matter of the queer little shadow on the X-ray about which Meadows and the technician were not in agreement.

At the hospital Meadows and old Doc Morrison awaited Bowen's arrival. They were closed together; the X-ray plates went from hand to hand; the technician was summoned from the laboratory.

The eastbound plane brought Dan a little later. Bowen met them all—Tessa, the boys, Catharine's father. "I can't tell you how much we appreciate this, doctor," said the older man quietly.

Grand people, splendid stock—Catharine, Tessa, the two young men, Elizabeth Wright, smiling at him placidly, refusing to admit her pain. In some ways Catharine was very like her mother, small and sturdy, competent to bear strong sons and daughters like herself. She'd sent for him and he'd come, yet he had no dread, hope, or what it might mean to him and to her. Not that I want her to marry me out of gratitude, he'd told himself. But it wouldn't be gratitude. She loves me; she's admitted it.

The O. R. supervisor seethed under her calm. Frederick Bowen, here in her operating room!

Meadows assisted. And Catharine said, "I'll be there—of course."

"Catharine, you can't," he told her. "You don't realize . . . My dear, it's so different—your own flesh and blood. You mustn't put yourself through it."

"I must," she said stubbornly.

Bliss and heat, a white light biting down. Intend dark eyes above the mask. The little sounds made by the instrument.

It was not so simple, after all. The technician had been right. Meadows was above her mask, looking at Bowen. While under his mask Catharine's eyes were searching, looking for an opening of error. There was just the chance. If he took it, Elizabeth Wright might live for many years or die very soon. If he did not take it, she would die in a year, perhaps; perhaps six months.

There was this one chance. He took it, not hesitating. Catharine thought she screamed. No—no! A tremor of whisper. It. She sighed and felt, huddled, a white heat. Bowen did not look up; he merely jerked his head, and one of the nurses, who was not scrubbed, dragged her out into the anteroom. The anesthetist was frozen concentration, her finger on Elizabeth Wright's pulse.

It wouldn't have dared, thought Meadows. It was magnificent. When did you get to the place where you dare?

It was over. They wheeled Elizabeth into the quiet room next door. Bowen built his defenses against failure. He'd

have the boys typed at once in case a transfusion was necessary.

They had taken Catharine downstairs. She was sitting on the bed next door to the room her mother had occupied, her head in her hands, when Bowen came in, and she said, "I'm so ashamed of myself, Fred!"

"It was natural," he told her. He sat down beside her, took her hands in his own. "Catharine, you saw; you understood. There was a chance. I took it."

She said, "Yes," and leaned her head against his shoulder, too tired to think. Presently he kissed her gently and went back to his patient.

On the following day he stood in Catharine's hospital room and looked at her, a very tired man. Elizabeth Wright had died before morning. He had taken the chance, and he had failed. It was not his fault. He told himself that.

"Catharine!"

"She looks too beaten for tears, "There isn't anything to say."

"You must listen to me. You're got to be fair. Do you think I wouldn't have given my right hand—? His right hand, so essential, so vital to him. "Can't you understand? You must; you're not a layman. If I hadn't taken the chance she would have died in six months, in a year. If things had gone the other way, she would have lived to be an old woman."

She said wearily, "I did understand. But it was you—your who took the chance. I thought, No, he mustn't. Then I fainted. Afterwards I believed. He can't fall; he never falls. Frederick, you might have let us have that six months."

She was bitterly unjust, he thought. He'd been able to make Elizabeth's husband see; and Tessa and the boys. But not Catharine. Catharine who, of them all, should have seen.

James drove him back to the airport. Standing there with him, Bowen said, too tired to care how much this big red-headed man knew or guessed, "I couldn't make her understand."

"She will," said James. "We do." He added with difficulty, "I'd rather have it this way. To have her linger on in pain, believing she'd get well—we couldn't have stood that, any of us."

Bowen said, "We're only human, all the same. If things had gone right, she'd have been with you who can say how many years from now? But things didn't go right. I did what I could and what I believed I had to do."

JAMES SAID, "Katie'll know that, someday. It's just that she's so cut up, Doctor Bowen."

His eyes, as blue as his sister's, were red-rimmed, but he smiled and took Bowen's hand in his hard grip. And Bowen said abruptly:

"It suppose it's clear to all of you that I'm in love with the woman I want her to marry me and give up her profession. She won't. But I had hoped—"

He stopped. That hope was gone.

They were all against her, at home. Bowen had made them see reason, his reason. She thought, Meadows wouldn't have done it; he's too new, too young, too—afraid Meadows would have let well enough alone and given her back to us for a few months. I couldn't have done it; I couldn't take the chance, no matter who it was. She thought, Perhaps I'm not fit to be a surgeon.

After the funeral she went back to Lister. They wanted to keep her at home, but she didn't stand their lack of condemnation. They were convinced of Bowen's integrity; they were even grateful.

Even old Doc Morrison, to whose office

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she went, was not on her side. He said, "Katie, the man did everything possible. He took the long chance because if he'd succeeded—and he did succeed, speaking from the purely surgical standpoint—Elizabeth would have had her long useful years. The other way—you know yourself what that would have been. Up one day, down the next, increasing pain, and always she would have hoped. You couldn't stand watching that, could you?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know!" cried Catharine.

Back to Lister. Never mind the vacation; let me work till I drop. If there was an opportunity to transfer to another hospital where she wouldn't have to see him, but there'd be no opportunity.

She tried to tell Becky about it. Surely Becky would comprehend. But Becky didn't. She asked slowly, "Didn't it ever occur to you how brave it was, Katie? If it had been anyone else, it wouldn't have been bravery—not moral bravery. But it was someone you loved. Don't you suppose that went through his mind?"

AND BOWEN spared her the sight of him. He had gone away. To Europe, she understood.

She read in the society columns of the paper that Hetty Jenkins and her niece Miss Gloria Lonsdale had also gone abroad. That was nice, very nice. Perhaps they'd meet Doctor Frederick Bowen in some pleasant place where gardenias grew on bushes, as common as—as cornflowers.

Catharine was grateful for her ambulance service—the white bus roaring through the city. Stairs to climb and stretchers to follow; squalid rooms and crying children; heat prostrations, stabbings, Sullen people, angry because she was a woman, distrustful.

She had a long stretch of service. Things were disorganized at Lister that summer. One intern in bed with a bad appendix; another up at Saranac. Catharine had a spell of day service on the ambulance and in the accident room, followed by a session of night service.

Becky stormed. "It's absurd! You'll kill yourself."

"No," said Catharine. "I'm all right. I—I like it, Kate."

She did, in a way. It was another world. Daytimes, things were so clear—the dirty streets, the papers swirling in gutters, the litter and confusion, the summer heat, the smells, sounds, sights. But at night you were almost a disembodied spirit; you raced through the dark; you traversed streets almost empty; you stopped before the address given you and looked up at dingy buildings, and over them all were stars. Toward dawn, if a call came, the streets were eerie under the gray skies and silence was strange and profound, broken by the rumble of trucks and milk wagons, by a woman's scream or a police whistle sharply blown.

Catharine grew nervous, irritable, and Becky, watching, noticed.

"Snap out of it. You'd better take that vacation, after all. Things are getting on your nerves," advised Becky.

Catharine shook her head. The silver-gilt hair had lost a little of its vitality and lustre; her eyes were heavily shadowed, and she was thinner. She said, smiling, "Haven't a nerve in my body—as long as I keep going."

"One of these days you'll smash," prophesied Becky.

"No," denied Catharine. "I won't. I can't afford to."

Summer went on. There was drought in the West and Midwest, and Tessa wrote in discouragement:

What are we coming to? The country barely recovers from floods and dust storms when in one section the floods rise again and in another the drought ruins the crops and kills the live stock.

Catharine thought, If I could make it up to them. If I could help!

She had not served her full apprenticeship. After that, the wearisome waiting before a paying practice could be established. Perhaps her opponents were right: perhaps there was no place for the woman she intended to become. There were times when, thinking of her people, thinking of her obligations, she told herself, You were a fool, my girl. If she had given it all up; if she had told Frederick Bowen, This is not the end, it's the beginning?

Rumor ran through the gossip columns that Doctor Bowen and Mrs. Hetty Jenkins' redheaded niece were constantly together. So much for that.

Catharine was no longer clanging through the streets, an integral part of one of the Lister buses. She was back in the woods. She would be finished with Lister before the New Year came and had been accepted at an upstate mental hospital, where for a time she would learn something about the darkened world of the mad. After that, the road stretched clear before her, leading home. Autumn was a cool breath, along the streets: the city maples reddened, and the shops were bright with color. Becky tossed a paper at her roommate one night. "Seems queer, doesn't it?" she said. "Following the episode of the minor racketeer and the ladies' maid."

The firm headed by Richard Moreland had "there was no blame attached to Moreland himself. All his personal wealth had gone with the firm's holdings, and it was apparent that Mrs. Moreland's penthouse parties would soon be wholly of the past. One of the papers made mention of the fact that the Morelands' only child, a daughter, was working as a reporter.

Catharine wasn't interested. Becky said, "Well, Joe's girl friend would have lost her job anyway, Joe or no Joe. That's that, Katie, you look done in. Have you been to see Redding?"

Redding was chief of medical. Catharine shook her head. She knew that rest would re-establish her physical balance but no amount of rest or tonics could restore her emotional health.

Somehow wires were pulled and a word went forth. Becky may have known, as the Naubem name carries weight, but she came about. Catharine found herself with a two weeks' vacation on her hands in September.

She said helplessly, "But I can't afford to go home," and Becky glared at her.

"Who says you're going home?" she demanded. "My brother has a camp in the Canadian woods. He's in California, and you're going there— pronto."

Catharine agreed docilely. She was, after all, terribly tired.

The camp was pleasantly luxurious. Perhaps it was a coincidence that Becky had persuaded one of the Lister graduate nurses to take her vacation at the same time and place. She was sane and humorous, and an affable companion. If her vacation wasn't a vacation, but a paying job, only she and Becky knew it.

Becky said, "Look here, Pearson's been on that Foster case for six months, and she's worn out. She hasn't any place to go. Do you care if she goes to camp with you?"

Pearson went. She read and knitted and was there when Catharine felt the need of companionship.

Pearson had a little car, so they drove up. The camp cook was fat, her food was hearty and her caretaker husband thin and melancholy. There was a blue lake, like a sapphire fallen from a ring, and row on row of pines, the needles slippery and fragrant underfoot.

Becky wrote. She did not mention Bowen but Catharine knew he was due back. Bill Gaines wrote maliciously:

Surgeons are like movie stars; they shouldn't keep out of the picture too long. I was around the place, and it's quite a fellow. I was around at his last operation, and a neater piece of work I never saw. Bowen had better come home, or he'll find that Annie doesn't live here any more.

Tossing the letter aside, not troubling to read the final more personal part, Catharine thought, As if there was anyone like him! Yet how could she think that? He had failed where success would have meant her whole world.

Shortly after Catharine and Pearson reached camp two boys came to camp farther north and their ways were attractive youngsters, spending the remainder of their summer vacation camping before returning to college. They pitched a tent and went fishing and turned up at the bigger camp to borrow a couple of eggs. The nearest village was miles away and consisted of six houses and a general store and the combined.

Catharine and Pearson liked the boys enormously. Stocky youngsters, brothers, from Cleveland, with rough fair hair and dark eyes, alike enough to be twins. But George was eighteen months older than Bert.

Two days before the boys were to break camp, and two days before Catharine and Pearson were to drive out of the woods, there was a bad storm. Catharine, lying in her comfortable bed listening to the thunder crash, wondered uneasily about the Peters boys.

At first she thought the frantic knocking at the door was also thunder. Then she heard the desperate voice:

"Doctor Wright! Doctor Wright!" She switched on the light, found slippers and robe, and ran to the door. The wind beat in, and the rain, George was leaning there, exhausted. There was blood on his sleeve and hands.

He said, gasping, "It's Bert—I think he's dying."

CATHARINE said, "Come in. I'll be with you at once." She woke Pearson, and Dick, the caretaker. She pulled on knickerbockers, heavy socks and a flannel gown, and ran as much with her, she thought anxiously, as the usual remedies. But Pearson had her kit—hypodermics, scissors, clamps.

They beat their way through the storm to the other camp. On the way, stumbling over tree stumps, George managed to cry out what had happened. They hadn't gone to bed. Bert had been out looking at the storm. A tree had fallen. George had tried to lift it off—and partly succeeded, but not quite.

That was a nightmare—the thunder growling, the lightning vivid, a brief and hideous illumination, and the wind tearing at the tree, at the people who worked frantically with their bare hands to free the boy pinned under it.

They took the tentpoles and coats and bedding, and improvised a stretcher. They brought Bert back to the Naubem camp, where they had hot water and lights and a kitchen table. They cut the boot and trouser leg away and saw what they saw. Pearson turned pale.

They had to lift with what to work. Pearson had a hypodermic syringe,

# The Eleven Masked Typewriters (ALL MAKES)

# ... AND THE Mystery of No 11



*Day by day typists recruited at random operated eleven masked machines... Day by day the voting was heaviest for one of them... No. 11.*

WHAT a strange setting for a battery of typewriters! A long fabric-covered board from the face of which eleven typewriter keyboards protruded. Eleven typewriters masked so that even their own makers would never know them. Yet they told a group of engineers and witnesses some startling new truths about "TOUCH."

Every day new groups of typists recruited from the city's employment offices operated these machines. Each operator was asked to cast her vote favorably or otherwise after she had used each typewriter for a definite period of time. Each was asked to record her reactions to every machine in one of three ways... "Fine"—"Acceptable"—or "Do not

like." And day by day the vote placed Machine No. 11 in the lead by an overwhelming majority.

Machine No. 11, with a final score of 92½ points, led every other typewriter in the "Blind" Touch Test by a wide margin.

Machine No. 11 received more votes of "Fine" by almost 50% than any other standard typewriter in the Test.

Machine No. 11 was a stock model Underwood Standard Typewriter, brought by Touch Tuning\* to the peak of touch perfection, as are all Underwoods before they leave the largest typewriter plant in the world.

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morphine, atropin and digitalis. She had bandage, scissors and a Kelly clamp. Catharine had nothing but the remedies with which one usually travels.

Impossible to get Bert to the nearest city hospital that night. Paddling to the nearest landing was out of the question in the storm. Moreover, he had lost a great deal of blood.

Pearson said, "You'll have to amputate."

There were ordinary knives boiling in a kettle on the oil stove. In the tool chest there was a small saw.

Catharine said, loud, looking at the unconscious boy. "If I take a chance and get away with it, he'll be two legs."

George was in the doorway, yawning.

Catharine said clearly, "George, you understand my position? Something has to be done for Bert—at once. We can't get a proper surgeon tonight; we can't wait till tomorrow. I'm going to try to save that leg if I succeed—and it's good. If I fail—if we get an infection out of it, we may be able to get him to a hospital for an amputation in time. But as God is my witness, I don't know."

George said dully, "You—you do as you think best."

Dick's fat wife caught him as he fell, dragged him into the other room. "Okay," said Catharine briefly to Pearson, "we'll go to work."

It was a far cry from the Lister operating room, where one had everything with which to accomplish mercy. There had to be agonizing pain, stabbing through unconsciousness. And when it was over Pearson, her face the color of chalk, drove home the shining needle.

Catharine wiped the sweat from her forehead. She had scrubbed her arms and hands until they were raw, with hot water and laundry soap. There was nothing else—no rubber gloves; no mask; no white operating-room gown.

Dick had gone, driving Pearson's little car to the village. There he followed instructions Catharine had given him—a phone call to the nearest airport and hospital—and then, leaving the car in the village, he drove back in the morning in the biggest car he could commandeer, that of the storekeeper.

They took Bert out in that car. Catharine and Pearson held him in the back seat, a ghost who tried to grin. George drove like a madman.

The plane met them, flying from the city to land in the emergency field some thirty miles out of the village. Another hundred miles, and they were at the big airport, where an ambulance waited.

In the strange hospital, surrounded by strange doctors, Catharine made her few bare statements, then walked up and down outside of a telephone booth while George talked to Cleveland, Ohio.

He said, coming out of the booth, "Dad and Mom are flying on. They want me to try to thank you, Doctor Wright."

She said dully, "You'd better wait until you know."

The Canadian surgeons were deft and competent. Coming out of the operating room, they said, "He's going to be all right, barring something unforeseen."

They didn't say any more. Pearson, catching Catharine in her arms, cried, "Well, she has a right to faint, hasn't she—after all she's been through?"

That was the worst of women, they had a right to faint.

Catharine and Pearson drove back to New York. Catharine was overdue at Lister but Pearson said, "Please, I won't have you taking a train alone. Besides, I phoned Doctor Nauheim." All very irregular but Becky would pull her

wires and see that the welcome was securely fixed to the Lister mat. Later, George and Bert and their parents would stop off to see Catharine on their way home, and thank her and thank her.

"But I didn't do anything," she told Becky. "I mean, what I did was take a chance. If I amputated, he'd get well, perhaps or he wouldn't. If he got well, there he was, legless, a youngster, his life before him. He'd rather be dead, perhaps—and I'd wonder all the rest of my life, if I hadn't; if I hadn't? . . . So I didn't. I thought, if I get away with this, if we get him into a hospital . . ." She added, "Becky, there was heavy silk thread—just plain silk—and ordinary needles, and boiling water. I—if I'd stopped to think—"

"You didn't," said Becky, "thank God." She looked at Catharine thoughtfully, then said, "By the way, Bowen's back."

Catharine didn't see him, except for occasional glimpses in the hall. Her service was obstetric. It was a long time to her next night off.

He wouldn't, of course, be at home. She spoke to the man at the apartment-house switchboard. She said, "Would you ask Doctor Bowen if he would see—Doctor Wright?"

She was at the switchboard was amused. Bowen had all sorts come to see him but this doctor gag was a new one. He spoke into the transmitter, then nodded. He said, "If you'll go right up—it's the second floor."

Bowen opened the door for her. He was in dinner clothes. There was a gardenia in his buttonhole.

Catharine said, breathless, "I won't keep you a minute."

"Come in," he said. He looked at her, almost peering, as if he could not believe his eyes.

His apartment was lovely. Catharine did not see it. She stood in the middle of the living-room floor with her hands clasped in front of her and said quickly:

"I've come to ask you—please, will you forgive me? I do understand; I understood then, but I was so—oh," she cried, "will you forgive me?"

If he had spoken; if he had put out his arms. But he did not put them out, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said, "Forgive you—for what? Oh." It was as if he had just remembered who she was. "But that's over," he said gently. "There's nothing to forgive. Your reaction was perfectly normal."

There was nothing more to say. He waited patiently, as if he was too courteous to bid her go.

She said, bewildered, "I—I see. Thank you. I won't keep you any longer."

She turned blindly and went to the door. He did not follow her; he made no gesture of farewell. He merely stood and looked at her straight little back as if he had never seen it before and would never see it again.

Catharine took a taxi back to the hospital. This was a luxury she never permitted herself, but one cannot weep in the subway. It was over. He had forgotten, or he had never cared. It was plain that he did not care now.

She thought, "It's just as well; I've been such a fool. Best to throw a career overboard because she loved him so much, because she understood his viewpoint, because she wanted to make up to him for all she had caused him to suffer."

Suffer! The great Bowen? That, she thought, is a laugh!

A week later the word spread through the hospital. Bowen was leaving. Lister Bowen was retiring. At his age; with his reputation. He must be crazy. Or, decided Bill Gaines, he's marrying money.

Catharine thought frantically, it can't be. There's no adequate reason.

Winter came, and Watkins was surgical chief and Catharine's time at Lister was up. She said good-bye to the echoing corridors, the long wards, the misery and triumph. It was a wrench. Leaving Becky, too. Becky said, "Never mind; I'll be seen in you," and wiped the tears from her dark eyes. Bill Gaines, no longer at Lister, wrote, "Isn't there a chance for me now, Katie?"

"Now" meant Bowen.

In the winter of nineteen thirty-six, Catharine Wright returned to the little town in which Tessa had taken a tiny apartment. Offices downstairs, kitchen, dining room, a living room which served as waiting room, and upstairs two bedrooms and a bath. After several weeks Catharine wrote to Becky:

"You don't know nothin', diggin' yourself in in your lab. I've had two cases of measles, one broken arm—I had to be in the nearest doctor—and a case of hives. I'm getting on. Took in two dollars, and there's twenty on the books."

Tessa said, "Never mind, Katie; the practice will come." And once she said hesitantly, "Katie, I used to think from your letters that Doctor Bowen—"

"I used to think so too," said Catharine steadily.

Early that summer, over a week end, Catharine closed her office and went with Tessa and her father to visit an aunt. James drove them, and his pretty wife.

Aunt Emily lived in the town which had a hospital. The airport. Catharine remembered that airport only too well. She was sitting at dinner with Aunt Emily and the family when a popeyed small boy rushed in.

"Gee," he said. "Gee, Mis' Wright, there's been an awful accident over to the airport. They're calling out all the doctors and ambulances."

THERE WAS NO HOSPITAL IN AUNT Emily's town. Catharine rose. She said, "Okay, James, let's go."

Sixteen passengers, two pilots, the waitress. The airport had no ambulance.

Hasting and lunch rooms were improvised dressing rooms. Doctor Rawley was away at the county fair; Doctor Meade was delivering a baby; Doctor Ellis had the flu. There was one man there, working, an old man who glared at Catharine and ordered, "Get going."

Shocks, seizures, hysteria, a fractured leg, concussion and in a small room the chief pilot lying on a couch, and with him a tall man with dark eyes.

Catharine stood at the door staring. Presently she spoke, as if out of a dream. "Frederick?"

Bowen looked at her a moment and frowned as if in concentration. Then he said, "Catharine, of course."

"You—you were on the plane?"

"Yes. I seem to have escaped except for this—"

She looked at him again, ran to him. His right arm hanging helpless. She said the tears pouring down her cheeks, "But it's your right arm, Frederick!"

It was frantic, running to get the old doctor, saying over and over, "But it's his right arm, I tell you."

The old doctor came, grunted, groped in his bag, said testily, "There's a woman in there with a fractured leg."

Catharine cried, "But this is Doctor Bowen—Doctor Frederick Bowen."

Bowen said, low, "Catharine, listen to me. It doesn't matter. It's perfectly simple. I'll heal in good time. It doesn't matter, I tell you. I—I shall never operate

again, anyway. Surely you knew that?"

She said blankly, "Not operate!"

The old doctor was doing what he could, muttering about X-rays.

"Wait," said Bowen, "leave us alone a moment, will you?"

Catharine cried, "I'll drive you to the hospital. At once."

"No. You must help her. Listen." He drew her close with his good hand. "You must have known. That night at the apartment. You—you were sorry for me, weren't you? That's why you came?"

"Sorry for you!"

He said, "My eyes—surely you heard that? I stayed in Europe a long time. But the best men there . . . It's just one of those things, Catharine—a business of the optical nerves. I'm not blind. Not wholly. Just nearly. Too nearly to take a knife in my—"

She cried, "Oh, my darling, if only you'd told me!"

"That's just why I didn't tell you. Then I thought perhaps you knew."

The old doctor poked his head in and said, "Young woman, if you're any good you'll come out here where you belong."

"Go with him," said Bowen, and sat down again beside the pilot. The boy was unconscious, his head roughly bandaged. Groping, Bowen felt for the pulse.

Later, when the ambulances had come and gone, Catharine drove Bowen to the hospital, and his arm was attended to.

They were alone in the last private room in the small hospital. He'd said, "Nonsense, I can go on," and she had said, "You can't. That's doctor's orders." So now he was sitting in the one big chair, Catharine kneeling beside him.

She said, "I'll quit. We'll travel; we'll go everywhere, just you and I."

"No," he said, "you won't quit. I've had to. I know."

"All right. And you didn't have to give it up. Surgery, yes, but not disfigurement, not medicine. You—you aren't blind, Frederick. Or are you too blind to see that I can be your eyes; too blind to see what good work we can do together?"

He said heavily, "I can't let you. Catharine, I've been such a coward. There were men who said just what you are saying: 'Stick to it. You have sensitive hands; you have ears; you can listen, you know.' I—I couldn't. It was too hard. After the excitement, the triumphs."

"There'll be other triumphs," she said.

"There's so much you have to give. There are books you can write. And I can learn so much from you. I need you, Frederick. I love you so much."

He said, "My right arm isn't very good."

"There's your left," she reminded him.

It went around her, close, hard. He said, sighing, "I'm still a coward—for having found you again, I can't let you go, Catharine, you win."

She said, "We'll be married at home and go back to New York."

"Suppose I come here."

"I'd shake you if you hadn't a broken arm. Back to New York," she repeated, "you and I."

He kissed her. He said, "Catharine, I haven't any right. But they tell me I'll never grow worse. I'll still be able to see you, darling, a little—with my eyes. But with my heart, so clearly."

"Surgeons take chances. Women take chances, and you'll always be able to see me, Frederick, because I'll be so close to you, waking and sleeping, day and night, forever and ever," she said.

"Auction Gallery," the third story in this series of Manhattan Nights' Entertainment, will appear in December

# BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT-



I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN, WHAT A LITTLE HEARTBREAKER YOU WERE!



WELL I'M NOT NOW!

SUE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU—WO'N'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?



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NO BAD BREATH BEHIND SUE'S SPARKLING SMILE!



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Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

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Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

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## Four Men and a Prayer by David Garth

(Continued from page 43)

at her curiously. "Strange to find you in Buenos Aires, Lynn. Why, you were on your way to England when I was leaving that delightful isle."

"Oh, were you in England, Peter?" "Isle of Wight regatta. What, may I ask, are you doing here?"

"She blew a stream of smoke toward the ceiling. "Having a time. What's this—one of your long cruises?" "Idling along," he admitted. "Small crowd aboard. Old General Cradock and his daughter—a few others. I had thought you might like to join us. Love to have you, Lynn."

"Lynn shook her head. "Thanks, no." "Please reconsider. You can name your own course. Santos? Alegre Island?" "Another time, Peter. I—"

"She stopped. "Yes," she said impulsively. "I know where I'd like to go—Murros Island."

Peter glanced at her in surprise. "Never heard of it."

"Your captain would have it on his charts. I don't believe it can be far."

"But it sounds frightfully dull."

"That is where you're wrong," Lynn said briskly. "It has a most interesting pirate history, and I swore I'd see it before I left for home, Murros Island, Peter, and count me in."

"Well," he said, "Murros Island it is. When would you be ready to leave?"

"The girl stood up. "Tomorrow morning. As early as you like."

Wyatt sighted the island around noon. He turned to nod at Geoff and point over the side. Geoff surveyed it keenly.

Murros Island! It looked about five or six miles square, and part of it was thickly wooded. Wyatt circled over it, then dipped down in a long lazy arc. There was a harbor and a village with a flat area of salt beds behind it.

They flew over a steep slope that rose to a plateau, and then as they soared over the other side of the island Geoff tapped Wyatt excitedly on the shoulder. Wyatt nodded.

A wide inlet on the other side of the wooded plateau opened into a small landlocked harbor fringed by a wide beach. Men were there, shading their eyes as they followed the plane's flight, and clearly discernible were a colony of huts and several tarpaulin-covered pyramids.

By Jove—that was no salt industry! The engine began to cough. Wyatt turned back to look at Geoff and made a sweeping downward gesture with his hand. Geoff's white teeth appeared in a brief responding smile. Unanimous.

They came down, landing with a cloud of spray, rising, skimming, then settling down to taxi toward the beach. Wyatt shut off the engine and they drifted in.

Several men had gathered at the water's edge, dark-skinned men, barefooted, in limp duck trousers. They were a negative-looking lot, but the man who strode into their midst was far from negative. He was a rangy, sandy-haired man with light blue eyes like cold Norwegian fjord water. A holster under one arm added to the positive touch.

"Hello," said Wyatt. "You look as though you speak English."

"That's right," said the man, eying them carefully. "Hello."

"What's this place?" inquired Wyatt. "Murros Island."

"Murros Island!" Wyatt exclaimed. He looked at Geoff. "My God, we are off our course."

"Out of gas?" asked the sandy-haired man. "Leak in the fuel line, I imagine."

The man's blue eyes moved from Wyatt to Geoff and back again. "Can you fix it?" "Oh, absolutely."

"Where are you bound?" "If this crate holds out," said Wyatt, "I hope to the good Lord we get to Buenos Aires."

Geoff added a silent "Amen." Investigating this island came under the heading of Unhealthy Pursuits.

Wyatt clambered out of the cockpit and onto a wing. Geoff followed.

"'Til stall," Wyatt said in a low voice. "You get ashore, Geoff. Keep the old eyes open, but play it safe, son."

Geoff jumped down on the beach. He strolled along, not at all sure how this expedition was going to turn out.

THESE SEEMED quite a few Brazilians lounging about in the shade, and on a veranda of one dwelling several men were playing cards. Nobody paid any attention to Geoff, but after he had gone a little way down the beach he met the sandy-haired man.

"How's that repair job coming?" "May take a little time." The man made no comment. Geoff looked about him. "Questa community you have here. Tired businessmen?" He laughed.

"Close enough," said the man laconically. His icy blue eyes swept Geoff briefly, then he brushed on by.

Geoff retraced his steps along the beach until he was opposite the group on the veranda. He took a breath and walked over.

"Good afternoon," he greeted. "Nice day, what?"

They looked up. "Making yourself at home?" inquired one.

"Oh, quite," said Geoff. "Mind if I look on a bit?"

"Men never don't care what you do, neither do I," he was informed.

Geoff judged that MacAvoy was the sandy-haired gentleman. He watched them as they sat around their game. The currency involved, being Brazilian, was a source of annoyance to one of them—a wiry, bald little veteran in khaki trousers and an undershirt.

"This stinking spinach," he said, holding a wad of it in his fist. "It don't even look like money."

"You got it easy enough," grunted another.

They did not seem to bother about Geoff's presence, but he sensed the mental talk in their voices, the hard wild strain of lawless men. They were a strange mixture. Besides those playing cards, there was a man hailed as "Dutchy," who sat staring out at the shimmering blue water. The linen trousers and polo shirt he wore could not disguise the military lines of his physique. For that matter, all these men could well have been professional soldiers. Now men who ran guns; in some they served "interests."

It was a terrific strain to stand here and think that somewhere in this snug encampment might be the secret. Interests? Military? Geoff knew that he and Wyatt did not have much time. And Murros Island was a warmish place.

He left the veranda and walked slowly along the beach. As he passed one of those tarpaulin-covered pyramids he looked around casually. Siesta and cards still held sway over this end of the island. Geoff rested a hand against the pyramid.

He felt the outlines of a box.

Geoff bent down and drew up an edge of the tarpaulin. The pyramid was built of long oblong wooden boxes, and his eye was immediately caught by the stenciled

direction: "Murros Island Trading Company. Sporting Goods from the Fortune Arms Corporation, Holton, Pennsylvania."

"Interested?" The voice froze Geoff. He straightened up and looked around. MacAvoy was standing there eying him closely.

Geoff Leigh managed to grin. "Not very. Just wondered what in thunder these things were."

"I'd sort of like a line on you," MacAvoy said slowly. "A leak in the fuel line, eh? Maybe. Anyhow, I think I'll ask you birds to stick around awhile."

And then the revolver appeared. Ask? That was a funny one.

Geoff and Wyatt were escorted to a hut that had evidently served as a store-room. Three of the windows were boarded up, and the fourth had a jagged rusty screen. The door was secured by a hasp and padlock, and a Brazilian guard with a serviceable-looking revolver took up sentry duty outside.

Wyatt smiled at Geoff. "This bears the earmarks of a spot."

"My fault," Geoff said. "Afraid I tipped our hand. I was looking under the edge of one of those fool tarpaulins."

"I don't believe they would have let us get away anyhow. What did you find under the tarpaulin?"

"Boxes shipped to the Murros Island Trading Company from the Fortune Arms Corporation, Holton, Pennsylvania." Geoff laughed shortly. "What a prize bit of information!"

"I don't know," Wyatt looked thoughtful. "That was a moment, my lad. If the Fortune Arms Corporation should be those 'interests' Loveland was talking about, we've made a good-sized step."

"But," objected Geoff, "if you remember, according to Lynn, he said he knew it when told about the outbreak at Encarnación. How could he have foreseen that Fortune stuff would be run at Encarnación?"

"Exactly," said Wyatt. "He must have seen somebody or heard of somebody who had something to do with that outbreak at Jerislawbi. You remember what he said—there ought to be a bell on him?"

"Tinkle, tinkle—here comes bloodshed."

Geoff stared at him. "By Jove!" he whispered. "Then he must have been in Buenos Aires fairly recently. Wait!"

"That's why we want to get out of here and find out about this Fortune Arms Corporation."

The hours of the afternoon slipped away. One of the Brazilians came in with food; MacAvoy accompanied him.

"Look here," Wyatt said, "what is your idea? When are you going to let us go? We came down because of engine trouble and are jolly well kidnapped."

"Take it easy," said MacAvoy curtly. "Maybe you had engine trouble and maybe you didn't. But you're here, and until I figure a line on you, you're going to work. Meanwhile, take it easy or you'll get your ears blown off."

And that was all they could get out of him. Night passed, and outside their hut the Brazilians changed guard regularly.

It was mid-morning when Wyatt, standing by the window, uttered a low exclamation. "Visitors, Geoff."

Geoff looked over his shoulder. A schooner had come into the lagoon and was lying offshore about twenty yards. The Brazilians were running a pontoon bridge out from the beach. The tarpaulins were hauled off the pyramid-shaped piles. Those long oblong boxes were opened and from them came rifles, hundreds of them.

They were repacked in other boxes, barrels, crates, brought off the schooner.

"Reconsigning," muttered Wyatt. "I can see how they work it now. Guns shipped here as a distributing base and then either reconsigned as legitimate cargo or jammed through somewhere along the coast by MacAvoy's bunch."

MacAvoy ordered them out to join the party. "Or," he said grimly, "you can sit in there and rot."

All through that scorching day Geoff and Wyatt worked with the dark-skinned Brazilians, carrying boxes over the pontoon bridge to the schooner's side. They worked, naked to the waist, perspiration streaming.

And at night, MacAvoy and the other whites kept them moving. They loaded the schooner by the light of huge flares stuck in the beach.

They were nearly worn out the next morning, but again they were released from their hut to join in the work. This day tarpaulins were ripped out of the sand, the covers of plank-reinforced caches yanked back. Boxes came out, handled with care. No smoking allowed.

Explosives! Explosives in a steady pouring traffic across the pontoon bridge to the schooner's side, all through another scorching day. They finished just as darkness fell, a worn-out crowd.

Geoff stretched himself out as soon as the padlock snapped behind them. Wyatt, however, remained standing.

"One of us sleeps at a time tonight. Geoff. We may have a chance to get out of this. Everybody's dead-tired. Catch that guard of ours asleep—"

"The door, Wat," Geoff reminded him. "Locked—on the outside."

"Right enough, but that screen in the window can be ripped out—if we don't make too much noise about it."

"It's a chance."

"Yes," said Wyatt. "A chance. Just another chance, Geoff. But we simply have to get out of here. That Fortune Arms Corporation thumps in my mind like a dashed bass drum." He turned toward the window. Moonlight was flooding the lagoon, etching the beach into a swath of silver. "A long, long trail," he murmured.

"What?" said Geoff. "What did you say, Wat?"

Wyatt's eyes rested on his youngest brother. "Geoff," he said softly, "sometimes men get out of the habit of showing their feelings. We've been separated a lot these past years. I just want you to know how proud I've always been of the three of you—you and Rod and Chris—all grand chaps. And the governor, Geoff. We could never forget him, or Mary Louise and how she loved him and all of us. That's why I don't regret any chances we've taken. We had to take them, and we had to risk anything we might find along the trail."

There was a lump in Geoff's throat. "Why, sure, Wat," he said. "And we'll carry through."

"I know it," said Wyatt. "Whatever happens, Geoff; one, two, three, or all of us will find it, old son—that great thing—truth." He gave a little laugh. "Not going psychic; I just feel sure—suddenly." He turned back to the window. "You sleep first. I'll watch—for our chance."

Geoff abruptly did not feel like sleep. He got up and joined Wyatt. They saw a sleepy Brazilian relieve his confrere on guard. He sat down near the wall of the hut and leaned back with a yawn. Everything was very quiet as dawn began to take possession of the sky.

Then they heard it—a gentle snore. Again it came, and then the steady, regular breathing of the sleeper.

"Now!" Wyatt said in a low voice.

He took the jagged screen between thumb and forefinger. Slowly he began to pull it loose. There was a rasping screech. Wyatt stopped. They held their breaths for a long moment.

Wyatt tried again. This time he gave a sharp yank. Again there was that rasping sound—loud in the quiet dawn. But again their luck held.

The window was nearly clear. They bent down the remaining fragment of screening.

"Give me a leg up," whispered Wyatt. He put one foot in Geoff's clasped hands and swung himself through after Wyatt. In another instant he had gone into action. He put one hand over the guard's mouth and yanked the revolver from his belt with the other. The amazed Brazilian awoke to find his mouth stopped and a revolver against his brow.

Geoff had swung through after Wyatt. They gagged their man with his own bandanna kerchief, tied him with his own snakeskin belt and Wyatt's shoestrings. They left him and quickly sought the noiseless footing of the sand.

Their plane had been pulled up on the sand. They had to push it out. It slid and swung, hissing noise that sounded like fifty sheets of sandpaper being torn across. Geoff's blood ran cold. Wyatt's face was expressionless.

"Quick, Wat!"

Wyatt was in the cockpit. Geoff waded out to his waist, floating the plane out, swinging its nose around slowly, the very ripples sounding to him like clarion calls.

"All right," said Wyatt. "Here goes. Keep her swinging."

There was a sudden terrific roar thundering through that hushed island world. And then—the engine died in a series of explosive, irregular coughs. *Died!*

Geoff splashed to the side of the



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plane. "Give it the gun again, Wat," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, God, wouldn't the thing warm up! Ten, fifteen seconds—hours, rather—and then they heard a shout. Men were running toward the beach. A shot sounded. A bullet tore through the fuselage. Geoff ducked and came up on the other side, out of the line of fire.

Wyatt got the engine this time. It roared and held. He rose in the cockpit to give a hand to Geoff climbing out of the water.

"Wat!" Geoff shouted. "Stay down!"

Wyatt gave a sudden jerk. His face twisted, and the next moment he had slumped down.

Geoff clambered toward the cockpit, running a good chance of becoming a target himself as a bullet plowed a furrow along the fuselage. Then the seaplane started to move—a sign that Wyatt had not been hit vitally. His mind was clicking.

They taxied out fast, spray leaping as the blue water swirled under the pontoons. They rose a little from the water, but careened crazily and bounced back with a tremendous sheet of spray. Wyatt's flying technique was badly off.

Again he tried to get clear, and this time the plane wobbled heavily and then began to rise. Higher, higher they rose, over Murros Island.

The plane lurched suddenly. They slanted down toward the blue sea, the thundering sound of the engine permeated with a high-pitched whine. Almost at the last moment Wyatt pulled into a long low swoop, fought to keep control as the water streaked along beneath them.

A pontoon nearly buckled as they hit; they bounced violently, and then settled, sagging to one side, the engine dead and Wyatt thrown forward against the instrument board. Geoff clambered out of the cockpit immediately as they floated disabled a half-mile or so outside the harbor of Murros Island. Straddling the fuselage, he leaned over to support his brother with one arm.

"Damn it to hell!" muttered knightly Sir Wyatt Leigh in disgust. "Had to come down; became dizzy. Damnation!" "The greatest flight you ever made, Wat," Geoff said fervently.

HE SAW where his brother had been hit. Bloodstained shoulder. Gently he tore Wyatt's shirt away, found a handkerchief and bound it to the wound with strips torn from his own shirt.

"That feel any better, Wat?" "Tophole job, my lad," Wyatt said weakly. "One mess to another—what?"

Geoff anxiously studied Wyatt's face. Wyatt's mouth was set in a straight line of pain.

Geoff bit his lip. Damn it, they could not drift around here indefinitely with Wyatt in the need of treatment and nothing but that deadly Murros Island in the vicinity. An occasional Dutch freighter! Ha! Good laugh, that.

And yet he raised his head on the very thought. The sunlit water seemed to blur his eyes. Suddenly he winked. "It was impossible! It just could not be! And yet Geoffrey Leigh, staring amazed, could swear that there was a ship—no, a yacht—a long white yacht bearing toward Murros Island.

"Wyatt!" he said tensely. "Great God—that is a ship!"

The next moment he was clambering forward atop the engine. He stood there and yelled and waved his arms.

A yacht! A liner would have been astounding enough, but a yacht!

It veered toward them and stopped

within hailing distance. Geoff could see several people at the rail, but it was a white-clad officer with a megaphone to his lips who commanded his attention.

"Ahoj, seaplane! In distress?" "Badly injured man here!" Geoff yelled back. "Need help. Plane disabled."

"Stand by!" "A motor launch was swung from the yacht's davits and lowered. Manned by three sailors, it purred alongside the plane and was secured with a bathhook.

"You don't know how glad I am to see you fellows," Geoff said.

He waved Wyatt gently from the cockpit. The sailors lent a hand.

They were transported quickly to the yacht's side. Geoff and a sailor carried Wyatt up the shore ladder, and a dark-haired girl in a blue beach robe suddenly flung a slim white hand against her mouth. Geoff saw her immediately as he came on deck, and for the second time in the last half-hour was scarcely able to believe his eyes. Lynn Cherrington!

But even before he could speak, her eyes swept from him to Wyatt. "Oh, Geoff!" she burst out. Then she caught herself. "Hector, is he—his not—"

"Drilled through the shoulder, Lynn."

She turned swiftly to the man at her side. He was a handsome man, dark except for a lock of pure white. "Peter," she said, "haven't we anyone on board who can help him?"

"What happened to you?" Furnoy asked Geoff.

"We had to come down at that island," said Geoff. "Unfriendly people there. Jove, yes! Took shots at us."

"Is that so?" said Peter Furnoy slowly. "Strange island." He snapped his fingers toward a sailor. "Tell Mr. Hardiston to come to the saloon and bring his medical kit," he said, and led the way.

They rested Wyatt on a divan. The officer, Mr. Hardiston, appeared, followed by a sailor with a first-aid case. Hardiston stripped off the inadequate rags, and Geoff bent over Wyatt with him. Furnoy regarded Lynn meditatively.

"My dear," he said, "do you mean you actually know these men?"

"Oh, yes," said Lynn.

"Did you expect to meet them here?" said Furnoy. "Is that why you were so set on coming to this place?"

"I was never so surprised to see anybody in my life," she said calmly.

"If you'll pardon me, it's the damnedest thing I ever heard of," said Furnoy.

The officer straightened up. "Lost a lot of blood, sir," he reported, "and the bullet broke his collarbone, but he'll be all right. I think he should be in a hospital, though, Mr. Furnoy."

"We could be back in Buenos Aires in two days, Peter," Lynn said eagerly.

"All right," said Peter Furnoy. "It's your cruise, Lynn. If you have no further interest in Murros Island—he looked at her again—"then I will give orders to return our course. Do what you can for him, Mr. Hardiston. And now," he added, "might I be introduced?"

Lynn introduced Hector Gordon.

"We owe you a tremendous debt, Mr. Furnoy," Geoff said.

Peter Furnoy waved a hand. "That's quite all right. I will see that a stateroom is put at your disposal." He smiled.

"Strange, your being a friend of Lynn's. I mean, of course, out here near this deserted island. Oh, pardon me, not deserted; somebody shot at you. Why, do you know?"

"I imagine they did not like strangers," Geoff grinned.

"Well," said Furnoy, "I'm glad it was no worse. And now—excuse me. We'll proceed immediately to Buenos Aires. If your brother's condition should be worse,

we can set you ashore at Montevideo."

He nodded and departed. Geoff watched him go; then without a word he led Lynn to the other side of the saloon.

"You are the most wonderful person I have ever known," Lynn said, without end preamble. "I don't know how you happened to be around—you must be omniscient or a sorceress—but I can't tell you—" He stopped. Then: "You're always there, Lynn," he said, "always."

"I was interested in Murros Island," she said, from what she heard of it at Emulsion. "So Peter and I invited me to take a cruise I asked to come here."

Geoff's gray eyes rested on her in a keen glance. A pleasure trip to Murros Island? "Lynn," he said, "there's only one of you. There couldn't be another in the world. You're grand."

WITH HIS natural courtesy Peter Furnoy came to Wyatt's stateroom late that afternoon. Hardiston had informed him that the casualty was running a fever.

Wyatt tossed restlessly as Geoff and Lynn sat at his bedside.

"How is Mr. Furnoy?" inquired.

"Running a slight fever, Mr. Furnoy," said Geoff.

Wyatt muttered something. His hand clenched on the coverlet. "Fortune Arms," he said indistinctly. "Remember that name—Fortune Arms."

The name sounded vaguely familiar to Lynn. Fortune Arms?

Furnoy regarded Wyatt curiously. "Delirious?" he asked. "Or does that make sense?"

"Out of his head," said Geoff steadily.

"If he isn't better by tonight," said Peter Furnoy thoughtfully, "perhaps we had better head for the nearest port. Don't you think so, Mr. Furnoy?"

Geoff nodded slowly. A hell of a trade—Wyatt incapacitated in exchange for a name stenciled on a rifle box.

But Wyatt was better that night, and Geoff went out on deck vastly improved in appearance and spirit by reason of white linens from the Furnoy wardrobe, a bath and a few hours' rest. He saw Lynn lounging at the rail.

He had always known she was a strikingly beautiful girl, but as she stood there in an evening gown of white lace that set off the jet-blackness of her hair she was more than that. To Geoffrey Leigh, coming out of the trenches for a moment, she was inspiration, gallantry.

"Stargazing, Lynn?" he asked lightly.

"Oh, hello, Geoff. How is the patient?"

"Coming along fine."

There was a silence. Geoff tried to say something. "Lynn—" he began, and when she turned to look at him, he stopped.

Geoffrey Leigh could not help himself. He drew her close and kissed her.

He released her slowly. "I want to tell you so much, Lynn," he said impulsively. "What you mean to me."

But he really could not tell her. And Lynn realized what had stopped him.

Gwen! Geoff ran fingers through his hair. That promise of his rose up. If, as and when Loring Leigh rode back into his rights and honorable place in history and memory—Gwen Conrains. Hell, he couldn't even think about telling this American girl all she meant to him. No, he had to concentrate on a trail that led through treachery, forgery and murder.

As Wyatt had said—it was a long, long trail. To Geoff it seemed just a little longer than that.

When they arrived in Buenos Aires an ambulance was waiting for Wyatt. Peter Furnoy had radioed for it. Geoff



thanked him again as he stood on the dock with Lynn.

"And," he said, smiling at her, "see you soon."

She and Peter saw them drive off. Again she wondered about that irritatingly familiar name Wyatt Leigh had murmured in his fever. Fortune Arms. "Did you ever hear that name before, Peter?" she asked. "It sounds familiar to me, somehow. Fortune Arms."

"What?" said Peter Furnoy. "Fortune Arms? Oh, what seemed to be on Gordon's mind when he was ill? Why, it sounds like the name of a hotel or something, don't you think?"

Not to Lynn, it didn't.

Wyatt was in the hospital for a week. And during that time Geoff quietly checked out of their hotel and established quarters in a more secluded one. After paying for the loss of the plane, they had to watch every peso, and in addition, they both agreed that the less talk about Wyatt's injury, the better. Lynn alone knew where they were. A cable to England gave their new address.

They heard from Rodman almost immediately. He cabled that he was back at the Hall, that Chris had finally been heard from and was coming home.

"I think we had better go back," Wyatt said. "Check up with Rod and Chris. See where we stand."

"But Loveland is such a direct lead," Geoff said.

"Yes, but we can't waste so much time trying to crack him open. Work on beyond him—who the billy-o is Fortune Arms, for example? We'll pick up Loveland's trail along the way, I'll wager."

And finally Geoff agreed to return to England.

It was in the next couple of days that he began to be queerly disturbed. He returned to their room at the hotel one afternoon and immediately had a strange sense that somebody had been through it. There was no disorder. The door had been locked. Nothing was missing. Everything was just as he had left it—except one thing. A snap lock on one of his suit-cases had been hard to close. He remembered the hard time he'd had closing it that very morning. Yet now it was open. Open! There it was—that one definite proof. Nothing else.

And then he began to have a feeling that he was being watched. Leaving the hospital the next day, he noticed a dark-skinned man in white ducks leaning against the wall, paring his nails lazily, and it occurred to him that he had seen the man there before, doing the same thing.

Wyatt had recovered enough to be on his feet. One arm was in a sling and he was still weak, but that evening he was permitted to accompany Geoff on a drive.

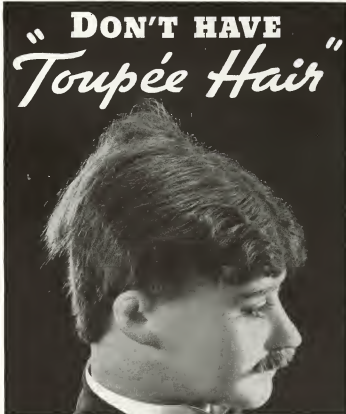
As their carriage left the hospital a car parked down the street slid quietly into gear.

Wyatt leaned his head back and took a deep breath. "Good to get out of that hospital. Be even better to smell some English air." He glanced at Geoff. "You still don't care for the idea, do you?"

"I'll tell you what I don't care for," Geoff said. "Lynn playing around with Loveland. She is such a hell of a fine girl, and Loveland—that blasted Judas! Before we took that flight there was some jabber about the possibility of their being engaged. Whew! That would be too damned awful."

"It would," agreed Wyatt gravely.

Geoff's eyes narrowed in a frown. It seemed hardly possible, but Lynn certainly was handling Loveland a lot of encouragement. Even during the past week, twice when Geoff had called on her



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she had an engagement—with Loveland. Wyatt suggested a stop at a café. "Have a drink, son."

Geoff thought that an excellent idea. They instructed the carriage to wait and went into a café from which came the rhythm of an Argentine orchestra. A woman was dancing in the middle of a small floor fringed with tables.

They gave their order and watched the castane-clicking dancer until their drinks came. Geoff lifted his glass, nodding to Wyatt. "Here's how, Wat."

As Wyatt raised his glass to his lips, somebody bumped into him violently. He spilled his drink but it was the expression of pain as his shoulder was jostled that made Geoff look up angrily at the man who had knocked against him.

He was a dark-skinned man in white ducks, and he acted as though he had been grievously insulted. A torrent of smoking Spanish poured from his lips. He grasped Wyatt roughly by the lapel.

Geoff's eyes widened—that man, that dark-skinned man in white ducks and—by the Fates! The man he had noticed hanging around the hospital. This looked funny. And he noticed that there were three other men beginning to crowd around them something flashed a warning light in his mind. They were being framed into a brawl.

"Quick, Wat!" he shouted. "The door—get out of here!"

He threw the table over and swung on Wyatt's man with a right hand that met a dark-skinned jaw with a sharp crack. The music stopped suddenly, the dancer stood stock-still, and there was an excited babble among the café patrons.

In an instant Geoff found himself deep in trouble. They were at him. Wyatt was down, with a man bending over him, striking down with something gripped in his fist. Geoff kicked him off, seized a chair and stood over Wyatt. He swung the chair viciously about him as they closed in on him, felt it splinter over one head and at the same instant felt a burning slash down one arm and knew he had been knifed. He dropped the broken chair and lashed out with everything he possessed—cracked another man between the eyes, grasped a wrist, twisted it and pushed. He plied them up just in time.

"Behind you!" Wyatt's agonized voice. Geoff whirled and swung. He knocked down a man who was just raising his hand with a glittering little present for a spot between his shoulder blades.

The man whom he had kicked off Wyatt came to his feet, a revolver in his hand. Geoff crashed him on the wrist, and the man screamed as the revolver fell from his suddenly useless hand.

Wyatt picked up the weapon. He rested back on his wounded shoulder and fired with unsteady hand.

At the sound of the shot Geoff's remaining assailants suddenly fled. He was left alone, swaying, his right arm almost numb. He helped Wyatt to his feet. They weaved drunkenly to the door and out to the waiting carriage.

"Vamos!" Geoff yelled, and sank back on the cushions.

Once out of that street, they paid the driver and changed to a taxi. Geoff got in, still grasping his arm.

"It's just a flesh cut," he said between set teeth. "That was no accident, Wat. That was started on purpose."

"If that's so," said Wyatt grimly, helping him strip off his coat. "Somebody must be afraid of us. Geoff, we're a lot closer to something than we know."

Geoff drew a deep breath. "I was right," he said. "Our room was searched. We were watched. We must be dangerous

to somebody, and I'm staying right here in Buenos Aires."

"Steady on!" Wyatt gripped his shoulder. "Our lives aren't worth tuppence here. Whoever put that murderous quartet on us will be after us some other day. We can't help the governor, dead or alive. We can't get out of here as soon as possible. The governor's death was accepted as suicide. Ours would have gone down in police records as the result of a café brawl. Jolly end, what?"

They stopped at a *farmacia* for help in bagging the long gash in Geoff's arm. Then they were again in the taxi. "Check out of that hotel right away, Geoff," Wyatt said. "No time to lose." Geoff nodded glumly.

They planned to leave the next night on the night boat to Montevideo and wait there for passage on a freighter. Geoff had only one thing to do before he left Buenos Aires—tell Lynn good-by.

He had figured that the dinner hour was the best time to catch her in and he had not arrived any too soon. She was gowned for the evening.

"I called at the hospital today and learned that Wyatt was no longer there," Geoff said, smiling. "Burray!—and so forth. But when I phoned your hotel to suggest a celebration I found you had left. What on earth, Geoff?"

"We're leaving, Lynn," he said. "Tonight. We're going back to England. I came to say good-by."

Before she had a chance to rally fully from her surprise there was a knock at the door. Geoff stood up.

"I'd better be popping along." "Popping along!" said Lynn Cherrington. "Cheerio, pip-pip. Geoffrey Leigh, you certainly give a girl short notice. It's fortunate that I like to see boats off."

"Nothing I'd like better, Lynn," he said gently, "but I'll have to pass that up this time. Don't even tell anybody we sailed or are thinking of it."

The knock was repeated. Lynn went to the door and opened it.

"Good evening, darling." Geoff knew that voice. Loveland's. Loveland was coming into the room. He stopped as he saw Geoff.

"Oh," he said. "Let's see—Mr. Gordon, isn't it? Hello."

"Hello," said Geoff.

He was suddenly disgusted. It was too much for any man. Loveland with his easy intimate air, his top hat and tails.

He said good night to Loveland in lieu of grasping him by the throat, and nodded to Lynn. "Good night," he said politely.

She caught the change in his voice. It struck her poignantly. He could not know she was trying to be their contact with Loveland. No, of course not, but to let him go feeling coldly formal was almost more than she could bear. But even as he tried to say something, he held out his hand.

"Good-by, Lynn," he said, with that dreadful formal courtesy. "Best of luck."

"Good-by—Geoff." It was so pitifully inadequate.

Geoff took a taxi to within a block of his hotel and walked the rest of the way with his hand in his pocket and an unpleasant sensation in the small of his back.

Wyatt let out a breath of relief when he came in. "See anything rotten?" "Everything seems rotten all of a sudden," Geoff shrugged. "Set?"

"Right. How was Lynn?"

"Ready for a big evening," Geoff said slowly, with Loveland. Rippling bonvoyage gift. Let's go."

A big evening! She did not feel like talking, danced mechanically, found herself detesting the exclusive Carrizta. Why

had the Leighs given up on Loveland?

"Ready to move on?" Loveland inquired. "The Carpenters have asked us to join them at the Balneario."

"I'm sorry, Douglas," she said. "I don't feel up to it. Terribly tired."

He was disappointed, but called a taxi. The girl sat back in the corner. Her thoughts were confused. What was to do? Leave here. The sooner, the better?

"What's the matter, Lynn?" Loveland was saying anxiously.

She pulled herself out of it and suddenly was able to think again. Some day, somewhere, Loveland would again let something slip. He was so valuable a contact to lose, no matter whether Geoffrey and his brother had abandoned the field or not. She nearly smiled as she reflected this came under the head of holding the fort under heavy fire.

"I was just thinking that soon I'll have to leave all this," she said. "Due home."

"Oh, my dear Lynn, you're almost stricken as she took her hand in his. 'Leave! Lynn, I can't stand the thought of not seeing you. From the first moment I've been crazy about you—you know that. We could have such a swell life. Can't you say the word, Lynn?"

She noted the position in which she found herself. Loveland had ever tried to hope she might marry him. And then as she thought of the tragedy that had struck suffering into Geoffrey Leigh's life, into the life of his gallant father, she once again could find the strength that had first sent her winging solo down this mysterious trail.

"Don't go," Douglas Loveland begged. She forced herself to look at him. "If you should feel like coming to the States, I might just ask for a—raincheck."

"If I could get a leave of absence!" Loveland said. "It's hard. Old Vic is down on me. To hell with him, anyhow! I'll be in the States as soon as I can." Lynn Cherrington, the lovely daughter of Palmer Cherrington, United Steel Industries Corporation millions and midnight hair and stirring eyes—oh, yes, Douglas Loveland would be alone!

It was after Christmas when Geoff and Wyatt arrived in England. Rod and Chris were both at the Hall and old Mr. Hazel and the vicar Mr. Crump and Bridges, Duke and Randy, the dogs, leaping all over them; tears in Mr. Hazel's eyes; Mr. Crump sounding quavery—an enthusiastic reunion.

At a first opportunity after Mr. Hazel had gone back to London and Mr. Crump to his vicarage, they went into conference.

It looked natural to see Chris, brawny, blond, standing before the big fire in the living room, glass in hand.

Rodman, seated in a deep chair, said, "Supper at the States as soon as I can." What you discovered at Jerusalem? Chris?

"It wasn't much. You'd never think there had been any trouble in Basaphur at all. However, I worked on Baker and Harley. Everything right enough there. Regular soldiers. I went around under an assumed name at first. I tried to trace that fatal luncheon of the governor's—stone wall, b'gad. So I dropped the assumed-name business with the governor's former adjutant, Major Canby, and told him what I was after."

Major Canby had been given a shock when Chris told him of his conviction that Kirkenny, the orderly, had been murdered, and not killed in action.

"Plis—just suppose, major," I argued. "Just suppose, for example, that Captain Loveland had that forged order with him all the time and was only awaiting the arrival of an orderly from the governor for

a chance to use it. What could bring Kirkleny from headquarters on the very day the governor was strangely drunk?"

Major Canby had always sworn by his commanding officer, and the thought that Loveland might have had a forged order with him started him thinking.

"The major went into a trance," continued Chris, "and emerged with the information that the O.C. checked regularly once a week with the men on patrol at the Pass. Kirkleny might have gone to Dowlongah Pass on a simple routine matter."

Rod sat up. "You see?" he said eagerly. "Timing. The whole thing points to it. The very day an orderly went to the Pass, the governor had a Scotch and soda that made him seem blotto. Loveland sat up there with that forged order and simply used it for the one Kirkleny brought. He was protected because if the governor found that he had moved out of position and called him to account, he could have produced that order or called his witnesses, Bryce and Leggett and Baker."

"Kirkleny?" Rod smiled thinly. "That poor chap's death warrant was signed the moment he rode away on that customary routine mission. The governor? He was thought to be blotto—in that state he could have sent an order to storm the South Pole, as far as the Intelligence was concerned. It was a deliberately framed, timed crime."

Wyatt broke a long silence. "Nice work, Chris," he said. "When we find the solution to the governor's behavior on that day, we'll have a case for the War Office." He paused. "Well, Rod?"

"I ran into pretty much of a blind trail myself," Rodman Leigh said. "Bryce is pure soldier. Unassailable record. But I imagine I annoyed him no end asking questions about something he was convinced had been settled justly. Finally he snapped at me."

"You see, I kept hinting that the Nazim had made duty of the British Army in India to get munitions through, and that drew indignant sparks. What, our good captain demanded, was I trying to do—make another Bolobir scandal out of this? What, I asked politely, was the Bolobir scandal? Well, it seems that there was a Bolobir several years earlier."

"I went to Bolobir. Scrubby little port. But I found out all about the case through the British consul. A whole army of Rifis had been armed with munitions shipped through that port. The French investigated, of course, and discovered that several port officials had been bribed to the eyebrows. There was a lot of smoke raised and accusations made against the English armament firm of Smithies Limited."

"Finally it came down to some nebulous Smithies agents, and the case was hushed up or dropped. But there were two aspects of that Bolobir affair that impressed me. First was that bribery angle. Port officials shut their eyes at Bolobir—Loveland withdrew from Dowlongah Pass. Clear track for munitions in both instances. Secondly, that munitions were the pivotal point each time. Why couldn't some armament firm have been behind the guns that were run through Dowlongah Pass?"

Wyatt nodded. "I think I see a possibility of a clue. Listen."

The fire died down as he related the whole Buenos Aires experience. It gave forth spasmodic little explosions, burned with a sullen, yellow, dying glow.

But another flame leaped. It could be felt in that room when Wyatt had finished. A flame of fresh conjecture.

Rod drew a long breath. "Jove!" he said. "You lads must have been in

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*\*Based on actual letter in our files*

## ABSORBINE JR.

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someone's eyes. Do you think Loveland might have discovered you were?

"No," said Wyatt, "I don't think that's possible. There was only one person in Buenos Aires who knew us—that American girl, Lynn Cherrington."

"She might have let it slip," remarked Chris.

Geoff looked up. "You can forget that idea," he said. "Lynn never would have told Loveland or anybody else who we were. Don't worry about her."

There was a brief silence. Chris said, "Oh, right—ho," and dismissed it. Rod, however, looked at Geoff with keen eyes.

"What do you know about her, Geoff?"

"Nothing much," Geoff returned. "She seems to have some money, likes to travel, and she is a topping girl."

"She seems to make a habit of bumping into you. You met her in Buenos Aires again; with Loveland, of all people."

"I repeat," Geoff said quietly, "that I don't know much about her, but I'd stake my life on Lynn Cherrington. Rod, I'd feel that way even if she hadn't saved our lives at Muros Island."

"That interests me a bit. How did she know you were going there?"

"Somehow," Geoff said, "I feel certain she realized we were interested in what she was telling us about her day at Encarnación. She might have tried to get in touch with me, found I had gone out of town and taken a flier as to what we'd done. That's one answer, Rod."

"All right," said Rod. "You're no fool, Geoff. But—she did run around with Loveland a lot."

They turned to a discussion of Loveland's intimation that there was a connection between the guns run through at Encarnación and those at "another place he had been" in India. Were those interests Fortune Arms?

"Let's look at it this way," Wyatt proposed. "Who would have gained from those munitions that were sent up through the Pass? The nationalist crowd in Bazarapur with the seething zeal for independence would certainly want them. That's one. Then there might be some professional gun-running crowd that was being paid heavily to see that they went through. There's another possibility. Lastly, some armament firm—all right, in this instance, let's assume it was the Fortune Arms Corporation."

"My vote goes for the Fortune Arms," said Rod. "I'll tell you why. It wasn't solely that consignment of munitions pushed past the governor's regiment. Suppose that outbreak at Jerishawbi had lighted a fuse that would have spread all through the warlike factions in India. Suppose those Dowgils captured Jerishawbi instead of being driven out by the governor. Why, there would have been a market for munitions in India that would have paid the greatest dividends ever dreamed of. The governor was just a cog—somebody in the way who could not be bribed, fooled or frightened."

"And here is something else about Fortune Arms. The firm of Smithies Limited is now known as Fortune-Smithies Limited. That went into effect a month or so before the governor's death. I remember thinking at the time it looked like a potent bid to be a leader in the world-armament market. Now I thought I'd come in contact with it." He laughed suddenly. "A slingshot against some mammoth Goliath—may heaven have mercy on our souls."

That suited Christopher Leigh. "Let's heel into it!" he said. "B'gad—action, dash!"

"Chris," Rod said, "I would take even money on you to tackle Saint George's dragon with your bare hands. But how are you going to fight the tremendous

fortified power of a clicking organization like Fortune-Smithies, for example? With their influence, their contacts with banks, newspapers, officials—Lord, Chris, the efforts of some of those firms are responsible for changes in governmental policy, for the arsenals of countries getting ready just in case—"

"Go on," said Christopher. "You have me afraid, right, Chris?"

"Not one of us is afraid, but we ought to know what we're up against. I say that people like Fortune-Smithies have their agents out constantly trying to create new markets. Peace-time dividends from selling the war lords of China, other-headed South American countries, other countries watching each other's strength—oh, hell, that's what we bump into—if we're on the right track."

"Right enough, Rod," Geoff said, "but damn it, we're not trying to fight any big combine or anything of the sort. We're after a man. We want that man who engineered treason, forgery, murder, and then shut off the governor as he was getting close to the truth. We're to be found in a mighty machine, we'll have to look for him there."

"Sir Hubert Townley used to be a director of Smithies," remarked Rod. "He was a friend of the governor's. We could jog up to London and ask him what it's all about." He looked at Chris and grinned. "I, for one, will join you in a drink. Make mine a big one."

"Make it two," smiled Wyatt.

"Three," said Geoff.

"Unanimous," said Chris.

Wyatt and Geoff drove up to London a few days later. Geoff went to look up an acquaintance at the American Embassy, and Wyatt dropped in on Sir Hubert Townley.

"I happened to be near by, sir," explained Wyatt. "I thought I'd stop in for a moment."

He deftly steered toward his objective through the amenities of inquiring about Sir Hubert's health, and then he waved a hand about him.

"There have been some changes here, haven't there, sir?" he said. "I see Smithies has a partner."

"We have made certain affiliations that should mark a progressive step for us," Sir Hubert said.

Wyatt wondered who controlled this affiliation. His private opinion was that Fortune-Smithies Limited was the English branch of that enterprising Fortune Arms Corporation.

"Seeing you," Hubert said suddenly, "reminds me that the last time I saw your father was here in this office a week before he—passed on. Loring asked the most extraordinary thing. He wanted to see a listing of our stockholders."

Wyatt was thunderstruck. Sir Hubert practically telling him that—he sees on the front followed by Sir Loring Leigh.

His hand tightened on the arm of his chair. "Is that so, sir? Interesting, that. And did he—see the list?"

"Oh, yes. I arranged it. Decidedly irregular, but it seemed vital to Loring."

"Perhaps he was going to purchase some stock."

As a matter of fact, when he handed it back to him, he thanked me for giving him the chance to return a luncheon engagement. Most extraordinary."

"He said that!" Wyatt exclaimed. He bent forward. "Sir Hubert, will you let me see that listing also? I know how irregular it is, but—"

"I couldn't do that," Sir Hubert vetoed promptly. "I made an exception with your father because he gave me his word it would be strictly confidential, and Loring had suffered so—I felt that

anything I did for him England was doing for him. Great officer."

Wyatt's eyes were misty. "It is vital to me, also," he said, "and I would regard it as strictly confidential."

But Sir Hubert shook his head. Wyatt had to abandon this quest for the time.

Geoff had met Carey Randall, counselor at the American Embassy, in the days when he had been attached in Washington. Randall had been with the State Department on special work then, and Geoff regarded him as one of the best-informed men any Foreign Service could wish. He sought him out at his Embassy, and Randall saw him immediately.

"Hello," the American greeted warmly. "This is a surprise. What are you doing away from Massachusetts Avenue?"

"I've resigned," said Geoff.

"What?" said Randall. "Young man, that was a fool thing for you to do."

"Circumstances made it advisable," said Geoff. He added, "If you could tell me something about the Fortune Arms Corporation, is Fortune-Smithies affiliated with it?"

"Completely. I should say," returned Randall. "Fortune is a subsidiary of the United Steel Industries Corporation and that, of course, is Palmer Cherrington."

"Who?" Geoff said, startled.

"Palmer Cherrington, United Steel Industries head. He's also a director of Fortune-Smithies."

"Oh," said Geoff. "Has he a daughter Lynn?"

"Oh, yes. She's very well known socially. Have you met her?"

"Yes," said Geoff. "Yes, I've met her." As he walked down the steps of the Embassy he was conscious of a sense of depression. A whole train of associations seemed to whirl in his mind.

*In the December installment Lynn makes an accusation—a coward runs away—and the Leigh boys follow closely at his heels*

## Beam Ends

(Continued from page 41)

huddled in the wheelhouse, haggard from sickness and lack of sleep.

"Hey!" I shouted. "We've sprung a leak! You get on the pump, Charlie, quick!"

For an hour we pumped in ten-minute spells, without making any appreciable gain on the water. The pump was a hand-plunge type and soon ceased to work at all because of the continuous shifting of the water from side to side as the ship rolled.

We continued to pump incessantly all that foul night. We had to. With a few tons of water in her, the *Sirocco* lurched, rolled and staggered up into the head wind as heavily as a sodden log. At dawn I was seriously considering turning in towards the distant shore and trusting to luck to find some shelter on that bleak and stormy coast, but one glance at the chart showed that it was utterly impossible.

We appeared to have made no headway at all during the night; the headland of Point Stephens was seemingly as far off as ever. Then at last the wind veered a few points to the east. By midday we were off the point and making a good five knots. An hour later we dropped anchor close to the small jetty in Fort Stephens. The ship had over two feet of water in her.

Taking a tin of biscuits with us, we rowed ashore and fell asleep instantly

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in an empty shed on the jetty. It smelt badly of lobsters and fish, but no one noticed that—not until next morning, anyway.

After a good hot breakfast, we began the job of cleaning ship. Books, clothing, papers—all had been reduced to a sodden mass by the oily bilge water. It took a couple of days to get shipshape once more and, after scraping the carbon out of the engine, we hove up anchor and set sail for Coff's Harbor, halfway to Brisbane.

With a fresh, fair wind blowing from the southeast, the *Sirocco* bowed along in great style, the following seas catching up every so often and shooting her along on their crests. The engine was shut off and, with no sound except the swish and hiss of the water along her side and the occasional flutter of a sail, we felt the keen joy of sailing a hard-driving vessel.

Then, in the late afternoon, the wind began to rise and dark clouds rapidly overtook us from the south, threatening a strong blow and probably rain. At six we had logged ninety-eight miles in twelve hours—magnificent sailing for a vessel of the *Sirocco's* size.

At midnight the Dook sighted a flashing light which he recognized from the chart as South Solitary Island, off Coff's Harbor. If I had just come out from a tomb couldn't have been happier to see a light.

The entrance to Coff's Harbor is narrow and tricky, necessitating careful negotiation between a rocky headland and a small island at the mouth, and even more careful steering in. You have to keep two red leading lights directly in line. If you once let them get out of line, even slightly, you finish up the rocks.

We rounded the island and began to search anxiously for the first red leading light which would mean turning in towards the harbor. Treleway spotted it just when I thought we must have missed it entirely. I took the wheel and hove to while the others stood by in readiness to take sail off.

It was pitch-dark but somehow we took the mainsail in, or rather, it took us in. It came down with a rush and covered the entire deck and the crew as well. The night became even blacker as we struggled frantically to free ourselves, expecting to hit the rocks at any moment. During that time the little *Sirocco* did everything but stand on her bowprit.

As it was, just as we freed ourselves, a tremendous wave caught her beam on, crashing on deck with such force that I thought the main hatch cover would surely be smashed in. Fortunately, it held and I jumped for the wheel and once again headed for the entrance. With the sea showing the second light faster than we wanted to go, we ran wildly for the narrow harbor mouth. So far, only the one leading light had been picked up; the other was not to be seen at all.

I went below to keep the engine in full reverse, in an effort to give the others time to find the second light. With only the one lead spotted I expected at any moment to feel the sudden lurch and crash as we piled up on the jagged rocks of the breakwater.

Being shut up in a tiny engine compartment under such circumstances is enough to give the strongest a bad case of claustrophobia. It seemed an eternity before the other leading light was sighted. It had been hidden directly behind the first one all along! They were

a long way off, but instead of being on the water front as we expected, they were set far back inland and we were almost ashore before we knew it. Charlie saw the beach just ahead and bellowed down the companionway: "Go astern! Astern, you fool! We're in the breakers!"

"I am going astern!" I bellowed back. Then I waited for the crash with bitter calm. But slowly the *Sirocco* backed off, the engine going oncing madly instead of missing. It was a narrow shave. We were practically on top of the line of breakers before they could be seen in the darkness.

We let go anchor without having the least idea of our position, beyond the fact that it was an exceptionally bad one. We pitched and heaved there all night, exposed to the wind and sea. In the morning we were surprised to find the *Sirocco* lying in the center of the fairway, only a few yards from the wharf.

We were four days at Coff's Harbor waiting for the weather to break. The harbor is a death trap in the southeast, being fully exposed to the fury of the sea.

For thirty-six hours we lay to with two anchors out and the engine running as a stand-by in case the cables parted. Most of the time was spent trying to contrive a means of making the wretched forward hatch watertight by nailing pieces of rubber round the coaming.

At last the weather broke. On a fine sunny day we left Coff's Harbor hoping never to see the place again. A fair wind was blowing from the southeast and the *Sirocco* scudded along at seven knots with as little motion as if tied alongside a wharf. If the wind held, we hoped to make Brisbane the following day. Beyond Brisbane lay the sheltered waters of the Great Barrier Reef, where we could cruise along without fear of being caught by sudden gales. We had to choose our weather carefully. The *Sirocco* was far too small and uneasily worthy to make Brisbane.

During the afternoon the engine broke down, but even without it the ship made good speed. When the sun went down the wind eased a little but still kept the sails full. This was the first pleasant night we had spent at sea. We were able to leave the hatches open and sleep in the cabin without being half-suffocated by oil fumes. But it was such a perfect night, so warm and starlit, that I took my bedding on deck and for an hour or so watched the moon drift across the sky.

With the engine practically out of commission there was little chance of our making Brisbane. A cylinder was cracked and the oil pump broken; it could only be run for a few minutes at a time, as it then became red-hot. A glance at the chart showed that the Richmond River, about eighty miles below Brisbane, was the most likely place to have it repaired. The Sailing Directions stated that the bar over the river was very dangerous at times and that the passage was narrow but had plenty of water on it.

I had never seen a bar and had no idea what it was like. When, at daybreak next morning, the Dook pulled across and said he thought that must be the bar, it could scarcely believe it. Three enormous lines of raging breakers lay ahead, bursting in mountainous foam. There was supposed to be a passage somewhere through them but the lines of surf looked utterly unbroken.

In consultation we studied the Sailing Directions, hoping there was some mistake. There was no mistake. We were supposed to sail through those breakers!

"What's that signal on the flagpole ashore?" asked Charlie anxiously.

The Dook trained his glasses on it. "A black ball," he said. "Where's the code book?"

"We looked it up. 'Black ball,' it read. 'Do not attempt entrance. Bar dangerous.'"

"We've got to go in." I said. "We can't go on to Brisbane with a busted engine."

We started up the engine and went in closer and could not find the other beacon. The Dook said that if we raised a length of grass rope out astern it would keep us from broaching to. He had read of this old trick of the days when sailing ships had to cross bars, and it was lucky he had.

ALL HATCHES were battered down and lashed. The *Sirocco* crept up towards a spot in the line that seemed to have a slightly smaller surf.

It was a tense moment when we reached the first line of breakers. Luckily, it was not so bad as usual, and just then, through the glasses, Charlie raised the second beacon far over on the port side. I gave the ship full speed ahead and the Dook swung her over to get the two beacons in line. He barely managed to straighten her up when the second breaker caught us and flung the ship onward in a mad rush, with her stern high out of the water, bow down and rudder useless, the rope astern saving us from making the swerving broach that capsizes ships, small and large.

In the middle of that maelstrom of colossal breakers, the steering gear broke! The Dook promptly let go the useless wheel and jumped to the short stump of tiller aft, using all his strength to bring her stern on to the surf. He undoubtedly saved us from crashing into the breakwater on the port side.

There were seven lines of breakers on the bar that day, the middle ones much larger than the others. By great good luck only one breaker came aboard—it was a big one. It swept over the deck into the wheelhouse and submerged everything, filling the Dook's long sea boots right to the brim. Intent on the arduous business of steering with a tiller about eight inches long, the Dook yelled frantically to Charlie to come and pull them off.

Even in those tense moments it was comical to see Treleway sitting braided on the deck in running water, clutching the tiller in both hands, with his left leg stuck up in the air while Charlie hauled him at the waterlogged sea chest.

With what relief we sailed into the calm water of the Richmond River! It was the merest fluke that we ever crossed that bar. Fool's luck, according to the pilot, who was waiting on the wharf to inform us of this fact among others of a more personal nature.

That day three lovers, two more really serious drinking, and I awoke next morning to see one George, a youthful fisherman who had joined us at some indefinite period during the night, sleeping wheezy on the cabin floor. Next to him lay Frank, the convivial town policeman, using as a pillow a parcel containing three lobsters. These were immediately turned over to Charlie to convert into a curry for breakfast.

The journey from Richmond River to Brisbane was so good that I don't remember many details of it. The engine gave no trouble. The sea was calm, the weather fine and warm. No one was sick and the *Sirocco* flew along with a bone in her teeth.

It is forty miles from the mouth of



the Brisbane River to the city, all against a strong current, and it was dark before we made fast to someone's nicely painted yacht mooring.

With more optimism than judgment, I had calculated on a week for the voyage from Sydney to Brisbane. It had taken us a month and I felt as though we had sailed halfway round the world instead of about six hundred miles.

We decided to stay a week or so in Brisbane to have the engine thoroughly overhauled. Brisbane is an uncomfortable city in the summer. The heat is stifling but even on the hottest day the citizens go about dressed in somber, heavy black clothes, which gives a new arrival the impression of having been set down in the midst of an undertakers' convention. If, however, the stranger ventures to don tropical garb, he instantly becomes an object of curiosity. The natives will stare at him in astonishment and even follow him around.

The Dook found in the heat a long-desired opportunity to wear the new khaki pith helmet he had purchased in Sydney. But the unusual headgear attracted such attention that a bunch of urchins collected at his heels and followed him along the street, shouting: "Shot any tigers today, mister?" "Hey, mister, where's yer heelpunt?" "Gawd, truth! 'E's come out without 'is gun." "Look at 'is 'at, will yer?"

He returned to the ship in great confusion, and with the topee wrapped up in a brown paper parcel.

While we were in Brisbane, the Dook received an advance on his estate from his lawyers in Sydney, and this he insisted on placing at the ship's disposal. Not that anyone tried to prevent him. We were much too hungry. He also bought a new jib, to replace the one blown out off Coff's Harbor.

Finally we chose a fine day and sailed. A hundred miles north of Brisbane we came to a large island, Great Sandy. The scenery was beautiful on the waters between this island and the mainland. Little inlets, their gently rolling banks matted with gorgeous wild flowers in full bloom, sent forth gusts of perfume and offered a constant speculation as to what lay beyond. To the left, on the mainland, the country was flat, divided by little streams thickly sown with bright green water lilies.

In the late afternoon we were off the Mary River, and as the chart showed a small township just inside the mouth, I decided to anchor there for the night. On entering the river, however, we found the town had disappeared! There was no sign of human habitation, let alone a town.

Mystified, we sailed up and down the stream to look for it. The chart even gave the names of the principal streets. Having little more faith in the Dook's navigation than in my own, I thought we might be in the wrong river. But another look at the chart proved this was impossible. The only other river in the vicinity, the Burnett, lay many miles to the north and was quite thickly populated.

So we slept at anchor off that non-existent town and at dusk the following day made Bundaberg, on the Burnett River. Here the mystery of the missing town was explained. It had been the proposed site for a new town and somewhat prematurely had been marked in detail on all charts and Sailing Directions. That was as near as it ever came to civic glory.

It was the annual Show Week in Bundaberg, and the town was in the throes of carnival excitement. Tall, bearded shepherds from the western

districts, in wide-brimmed hats and elastic-sided boots, rode through the streets on fine-looking horses. Others, with faces scorched by the sun to the color of a walnut, strolled about with the stiff gait of men unaccustomed to being out of the saddle, or gathered in circles to discuss the coming rodeo events.

Posters and placards decorated every shop window, announcing that the Tallest Man in the World had arrived in town, also the Fattest Lady and Zimmo the Limbless Wonder. The Chinese Giant was there, too. Other posters said that Ned Wirth of Coonabarabran, the best rider in the world, had undertaken to remain on the back of Curly Bell's famous horse, The Devil, for three minutes, despite Curly's assertion on the same posters that no one in the world could do that.

Each man, the announcement continued, had bet heavily on the result and everyone was urged to turn up and see the battle. Forty Rounds of Boxing was to be an added attraction.

We decided to see Ned in action. The price of admission, two shillings, nearly deterred us, but it was worth it, though the big bet was obviously a put-up job. You will never see finer horsemanship than in these small rodeos in "out back" North Queensland towns.

The Forty Rounds of Boxing lacked in mystery what they supplied in quantity, though the exponents all seemed consumed with a desire to inflict as much damage as possible in the shortest space of time. Several young men stepped into the ring and offered to take on anyone of their own weight. Actually, they were third-rate "pugs" engaged by Curly Bell to insure some competition. He would hold up a boxing glove and offer three pounds to anyone in the

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*That is not news.*

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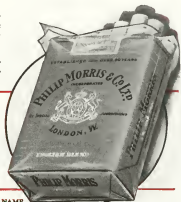
Promptly a group of doctors set about to find out for themselves the effects of this advancement in manufacture. Their report\* proves that on changing to Philip Morris, 3 out of every 4 cases of smokers' coughs cleared completely.

These facts have been accepted by eminent medical authorities. NO OTHER CIGARETTE CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT.

Smoke Philip Morris for pleasure, too. It's not only good judgment—it's good taste.

*Philip Morris & Company do not claim that Philip Morris Cigarettes cure irritation. But they do say that an ingredient—a source of irritation in other cigarettes—is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.*

\*Published in leading medical journals. Names on request.  
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**PHILIP MORRIS**  
*America's finest 15¢ Cigarette*

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 86 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

you find you have to let go and rise to the surface as soon as she dives, but after a while you learn the knack of holding your steed's head up in a certain way so that she is unable to dive, and then comes the real fun of turtle riding. The excited animals swim about on the surface of the lagoon, clumsily trying to unsheat you, and you can steer in any direction you wish.

After several days of this idyllic existence we pushed on to Cumberland Island, the commencement of the beautiful Whitsunday Island group. We anchored every night in the reef, as the many hidden and uncharted reefs made navigation difficult even during the day. In these dangerous waters the Dock showed his mettle as a navigator. He sweated nearly as much over his charts as I did over the engine and steered us safely through the reefs with only one or two keel scrapings.

Occasionally we passed over coral reefs, visible through eight or ten fathoms of pellucid water. Where the reefs have less water covering them, many more hues than you see in a peacock's tail gleamed from the depths. While the *Sirocco* threaded her way through narrow passages, we lay for hours on the deck gazing in quiet rapture at the little island pyramids that rose from the water level, stretching as far as the eye could see, a long booming line of cottony white breakers marking the outer wall of the Great Barrier Reef, unique natural wonder of the world.

The southeast trades made sailing a delight in these waters. We soon came to Dent Island and the ship was hove to while Charlie and I went ashore to try to obtain some much-needed tobacco from the lighthouse keeper. There were only two men on the island. The life task of these individuals was to keep their light burning night and day. At six-month intervals the lights were tendered, making the one exciting incident in the monotonous routine of their lives.

There being no anchorage off Dent Island, our arrival was something of a sensation. The two hermits' first question was whether we could spare them a little tobacco, as the supply ship was overdue and they had been without a smoke for two weeks.

**E**VEN BEFORE we reached their quarters, it was apparent there was a strong hostility between these two. As though their dreary loneliness were not enough, they hated each other bitterly and we soon discovered that no unnecessary word ever passed between them. They had been living like that for two years and the situation was so strained that we got under way again as soon as possible.

The coarser some distance northwards of Dent Island was safe and well charted, with none of those outcrops of living coral that make most parts of the barrier waters such a nightmare to navigators.

A subtropical climate and a delightful situation and harbor make Townsville one of the most attractive ports on the Australian coast. The town itself is well planned, with long avenues of tropical palms and shrubs running down the center of the main street, giving a bright and pleasing air to the business section.

On the outskirts of the town, overlooking the bay, a great shaggy bluff rises like a fortress sheer into the sky. Inside the River mouth, a number of launches and small ketches lay at moorings, the latter mainly engaged in the beche-de-mer and Trochus-shell fishing industry.

In reaching Townsville, we had completed nearly half our journey. It was five months since we had left Sydney on a voyage planned for about two months. However, we were now quite reckless of time.

Cairns was to be the next port of call. Here we were to pick up two drums of a special fuel oil ordered from Sydney, but we had some slight difficulty in persuading the agent to hand them over to us. He had some impractical notion about our paying cash for them, but I finally persuaded him to charge them to our account. Not that we had one, of course, but that was a chance the agent had to take.

Charlie left the ship here to visit Forsythe, his one-time partner in ownership of the *Sirocco*, who was living on Hinchinbrook Island a few miles north. We arranged to pick him up on our way through the Hinchinbrook Passage to Cairns.

Leaving Townsville, we dropped anchor the same night in the lee of Hinchinbrook Island, and the following morning entered the passage.

Inside, it was as beautiful as the journey through the Whitsundays. The passage was narrower and deeper, however; at times we might almost have been in the smaller fjords of Norway. The bows sliced into water lying placid as a mirror. The echoed thrub of the engine resounded with a muffled boom from the steep green hills on both sides, and the many emerald-like islets, thick with tropical fruit trees and palms, nesting about larger islands made this passage a veritable trip through Paradise.

The afternoon we hove to in a small bay at the far end of the main island. Charlie and Forsythe came out in a dinghy to meet us and lead the way to an anchorage.

Timing our arrival at Cairns for daylight the following morning, we left Forsythe's anchorage at midnight. We sailed slowly, up the bay, steadily. But the beam of a powerful torch, with Forsythe piloting us to the mouth of the passage. Wishing us luck, he jumped into his dinghy and was instantly swallowed up in the dark astern as the *Sirocco* slipped silently forward, heeling over slightly to a gentle breeze blowing from the southeast.

Still following the Queensland coast, we were now heading northwest, with the southeast trade blowing dead astern. The mainsheet was out to its fullest extent, the knot at the end fast in the block, while the headsails forward flapped uselessly on the stays. But the *Sirocco* loved a stern wind and we were making better than eight knots as we turned the long lines of beacons marking the narrow channel into the lovely little harbor of Cairns. In a day or so we made for Cooktown, one hundred miles farther north. It was the last port of call on the Australian coast before the severe test of the voyage across the Coral Sea to New Guinea. We would have to stop to take aboard provisions, water, et cetera, and try to put the *Sirocco* in her best shape to meet any of the dread cyclones for which the Coral Sea is notorious.

On the way, we called in at Restoration Island out of pure curiosity. I wanted to see the island which had once been the salvation of Bligh and his men of the *Bounty* a month after they had been turned adrift in their twenty-three-foot boat near Tahiti. The island has a high hill with forest to the water's edge and one beautiful sheltered sandy beach, without doubt the one on which Bligh and his starving men landed.

We swam in the lagoon and then lay on the beach trying to recapture in imagination the feelings of those men as they saw the aborigines in all their war paint, shouting and waving their spears only a short distance away, and the dread misgivings in each heart as they launched their tiny boat once more and sailed off to what must have seemed certain death.

We saw Restoration in the late afternoon, in time to reach Cooktown early next morning. Almost immediately we had a number of curious visitors; they were rather more welcome than the usual type, however. In prodigious numbers goats ambled onto the pier and stared down at us. It was a sign from above. Meat was scarce and had obviously been sent to us by heaven in our need.

**W**ITH UNERRING aim Charlie swung a lasso. A fine young billy thudded onto the deck with a loud and startled bleat. He was tied up and spirited below into the galley.

For the next couple of days we worked hard to get the *Sirocco* in shape for the Coral Sea crossing, calking the decks and topsides, respicing the running gear, getting sea anchors ready, et cetera, until she was as seaworthy as she would ever be.

At four the next morning the alarm rang and sent a shiver of anticipation down my spine. We tumbled out in the dark and on deck found a fresh southeasterly blowing. A good sign, this, and soon we had it aft of the beam, heeling us over by the passage through Cook's Passage sixty miles away. This is the opening to the Great Barrier Reef through which that prince of navigators, Captain Cook, sailed his gallant little *Endeavour* over a century and a half ago. We could see the passage in the distance, with lines of heavy rocks breaking on both sides of the reef, just as Cook must have seen it in 1770.

As we approached the outer barrier, the southeasterly had freshened so much, with a fast-rising sea, that we decided to anchor at Lizard Island, only a few miles from Cook's Passage, and wait for the weather to improve.

As we left Lizard Island, from my position high up in the crostrees I could follow the breaking combers on the Great Barrier Reef, stretching away north and south as far as the eye could see.

Ahead, a rolling swell was coming in through the passage leading to the Coral Sea, a great, billowing expanse stretching away to the horizon.

As I looked down at the tiny little splinter of a boat below me, I wondered when we would see land again—if we were lucky enough to see it!

By night we had lodged good time in spite of the seas. Provided she had sailing wind, the *Sirocco* was never troubled by a hard sea; we were the ones who were troubled—she just dived through the waves like a porpoise and anyone who had to go on deck for a moment was soaked to the skin.

The waves were mounting all the time and as the hours went by I didn't at all like the look of the sky. The sun was no longer to be seen and black clouds were racing up from the northeast. Then a bilge sounding disclosed the alarming fact that we were making water faster than we should have been. It was even beginning to seep through the cabin floor, making the ship very sluggish and necessitating a watch of hard pumping.

After that the ship handled a little more easily. By this time, it was well on into the night and we were all feeling pretty miserable. I had crawled through

the engine room to the cabin to lie down, but with all the hatches closed tight, it was, as usual, filled with sickly old fumes from the engine. There was another and stronger odor mingling with the smell of oil, but I didn't take the trouble to investigate its cause.

That night and the succeeding ones, the four of us were huddled together like sheep in the tiny wheelhouse aft. It was the only fairly dry spot on board, and if we managed to snatch an hour's uninterrupted sleep, we were lucky. Every now and then some part of the running gear or a halcyon would snap. Then the two off watch would have to get out to splice it up. Once the main backstay wore through. While it was being repaired we trembled in fear that the mast might go. No one went on deck without a rope first being tied around his middle.

Since leaving Lizard Island we had had only some biscuits to eat and were feeling the need of something hot. My face was covered with a thick layer of hardened salt and my mouth tasted ghastly.

Charlie and Rex went below and managed to get the stove warm enough to make some hot chocolate, a noble feat, for by this time the strong smell I had noticed the previous day was quite overwhelming and made the cabin and galley uninhabitable for more than a few minutes at a time. One would hold the pot while the other came up to be sick and every few minutes a sea would force its way through the forward hatch and put the stove out. We drank the cocoa scalding hot, and immediately life assumed a more cheerful aspect.

In the late noon it was blowing half a gale, with seas running so high that we were shipping every second one green. The ship was leaking so badly now that our situation was critical. Water was pouring in through the counter like a faucet. It looked as though the old ship might go to pieces any minute, although all possible sail had been eased off to relieve the strain on her timbers.

We had only the vaguest notion of our position. With the ship standing on beam ends as she had been doing, it had been impossible to take an observation. Even now she was still leaking badly and the constant pumping had worn us out. With no food except biscuits and a few apples, I was feeling so weak that my half-hour turn at the bilge pump left me ready to drop. It was the same with the others.

That day passed, and another. At the point of exhaustion we struggled through the third night, pumping continuously, dimly hearing the thud, smash and crash of the angry waves and the constant creaking of the timbers.

Morning broke, still gray and cloudy, and found us looking anxiously out to starboard for a sight of land. I knew we should be fetching the southwestern promontory of the Gulf of Papua. I also knew—only too well—that if we missed it, we should be lost. Beyond lay the Aratupa Sea and we had no chart of it! Another night of driving before that fierce, howling gale, with no knowledge of the reef-studded waters ahead, would mean certain disaster and equally certain death.

We had reached that semilethargic stage of exhaustion when nothing matters much—the storm seemed to have been screaming around us forever, although each hour, as it passed, seemed an age.

Then, dimly—only a glimpse at first—land was sighted far over on the starboard. It was salvation. We just pointed at it without even trying to speak.

Then began the portland business of bearing in to reach it. Each time we got beam on, in an attempt to wear ship, the



I entered your office as a customer...  
I leave it as a competitor

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The Spirit of Old Kentucky



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Largest distillery in Kentucky

DISTILLERS OF KENTUCKY TAVERN, 100 PROOF; GLENMORE, 100 PROOF; MINT SPRING, 90 PROOF (KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES); TOM HARDY, 90 PROOF (A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES)

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Supremely fine—yet the cost is low—28¢ for the standard size at fine stores everywhere.

Exquisite...but  
not expensive

seas would crash over us again and again. Slowly, very slowly, the land grew more distinct as we played touch and run with the gale. We would run before a sea, then quickly swing the ship's nose landwards in its trough and try to run before the next sea caught us.

It was late afternoon before we knew for certain we would make the shore before dark. At dusk the anchor was let go on a sandy cove dotted with coconut palms. Exhausted, completely worn out, we dropped to sleep in the wheelhouse there and then. We were not even sure this land was New Guinea and we didn't care much. It was land—that was enough. We were safe from the storm.

As I dropped off to sleep, I remember thinking that it would be unfortunate if, after all our trials, a bunch of Papuans were to come out during the night and collect our heads as trophies, as is still their playful little custom in some parts of the vast island.

The morning was well advanced when I roused myself and came on deck. The first thing I saw was two large canoes circling slowly some distance off. We hailed them and they approached within ten yards. There the crews of men, women and children backed water and sat staring at us silently. They made no reply when we spoke to them, but sat with paddles in hand as though ready to fly back whence they had come.

They had great mops of fuzzy dark-brown hair and all were naked except for loincloths made of what appeared to be the soft bark of a tree. The men were fierce-looking, with long thin pieces of bone, about four or five inches in length, stuck through their nostrils.

I tried them out in the Motuan language, of which I had a smattering, and also in pidgin English, but none of them seemed to understand. After a lot of persuasion and coaxing they finally brought their canoes alongside. We were soon doing a brisk trade.

I took a revolver and we made a short visit to the shore. They seemed friendly enough, but I had heard many tales about deserted ships being found in the Papuan Gulf with their crews in excellent health apart from the fact that their heads were missing. Close to the beach there was a village of about fifty thatched dwellings, all built on wooden piles nesting close under a cliff and surrounded by a plantation of coconut palms.

We bought a young pig, arranged for it to be roasted, and decided to anchor offshore meanwhile and get the ship in shape. When the main hatch was slid back, the smell which had been bottled up inside for days rose in an overpowering cloud that nearly knocked me down. Tying a handkerchief over my nose, I went below and finally located the cause—a bucket of fish in the last stages of decay which we had dymnited at Lizard Island and forgotten.

The news of our arrival must have spread rapidly, for tourists flocked in from all sides to have a look at us. Among these came one Inamotu, a cheerful savage who spoke good pidgin English. He had a wide grin, a plausible manner and a full and complete knowledge of everything under the sun. He announced at once with becoming modesty that there was no better pilot in the entire world than himself, and with these few words he hired himself and took complete charge of the situation.

We found him a great help. We had many articles on board which made good trade: fishhooks, a few odd knives, some wet matches which soon dried out in the sun and a few old hats. With these, Inamotu was able to buy native foods

much cheaper than we could. Naturally, he pocketed a small commission of two or three hundred percent, but even at that we found we still saved on the deal.

At the end of three days the storm had nearly blown itself out. It was settling down to a steady southerly now, so we left the village, taking Inamotu as pilot. Again the wind was right on our bow and blew without cessation as we fought our way against it along the coast toward Port Moresby.

We were only a couple of days from Port Moresby, near the village of Bukau-sip Bay, when tragedy struck. Today, long after the events occurred, the details of that ghastly day are as vivid in my mind as if they had happened yesterday.

As the *Sirocco* lay anchored in Bukau-sip Bay, the wind came up with the swift fury of a hurricane. We were ashore at the time but had seen it coming, looming up from the horizon until the whole sky was like one great black cloud. The wind caught us while we were rowing out to the *Sirocco* a half mile offshore. Rex and I were at the oars and it took all our combined strength to keep the dinghy from being blown back before we could get a rope fast to the ship.

On board, I immediately got the other anchor out and the engine started. The gale rose so quickly that its fury was on us before we were aware of it. In spite of the twin anchors and the engine full ahead we were dragging slowly and surely towards the reef.

Then the wind seemed to come from all directions at once. The ship began to swing in a circle, slowly at first but soon so fast that the anchor chains were twisted. A cyclone!

"Gobu!" shouted Inamotu. "Gobu! Gobu!"

We worked like demons trying to clear the twisting anchor chains. It was useless; they were hopelessly gnarled together.

"Get sail on her!"

We jumped to the halyards and managed to set one headsail. Then what I had feared happened. The twisted chains snapped, one within a few seconds of the other.

We were being driven fast onto the reef.

The engine was useless against the force of the gale, but within a few yards of the jagged coral the jib filled with wind and we swung off to safety. I wish now that we had piled up on those rocks. The ship would have been lost, but that would have been nothing to what afterwards happened.

Again we found ourselves running before a gale—a gale which had not yet reached its full force, but still blew us along under headsails like a paper ship. Inamotu was at the helm when there came a sudden sharp scrape on the bottom. I rushed to the side and saw the reef, dark and ominous under us, as the ship struck for the second time—running fast up on it as the shock snapped the topmast off like a match and brought the broken spar crashing down on the deck.

I knew at once it was the *Sirocco's* death blow. Luckily, the bottom was torn out of her as the ground over the reef to leeward healed far over.

"Coral niggerhead!" shouted Rex. "Sticking right through her! Half full of water!"

"Get the dinghy into the water!" I yelled back, and clambered below to see the great jagged piece of coral protruding through the bilge.

Stuffing a revolver and the ship's papers into my pocket, I clawed my way on deck again. The dinghy had just been slid into the water on the lee side. I saw

a great wave take it up, then crash it back against the ship's side, smashing in its bow like an eggshell. It still floated, but I knew it would never hold five of us. And we were five or more miles from land!

"Look, get the ax! I'll cut the mast down, then you, Charlie and Rex take the dinghy. Inamotu and I will try to swim the mast ashore!"

But events did not work out that way. Just then the boat heeled farther over. The heavy boom swung across the deck and I caught its full impact in the middle of my back. Only dimly do I remember hitting the water.

I revived to find myself with Rex and Charlie being blown ashore in the dinghy. The oars were lost but Charlie was keeping the boat stern on to the sea with one of the seats. I looked back but of the Sirocco there was no sign, and either broken up or sunk. I tried to sit up but found myself partially paralyzed on the left side as a result of the blow from the boom.

"The Dook?" I asked.

"The last I saw of him he'd just cut down the mast," said Charlie. "He dived in and helped us haul you into the dinghy. You were unconscious. Then Inamotu pulled him back to the Sirocco with a rope and they started cutting the mast down."

We never saw him again.

The dinghy was blown ashore onto a beach and we were lucky enough to find a village near by. I immediately sent for the chief and asked that one of his large seagoing canoes put out to save the two men. The chief shook his head and said that it was impossible in such a sea. I produced my revolver, shoved it hard into the pit of his stomach and said the canoe was going in any sort of sea.

But it was no use. All the men of the village tried time and time again to launch it but each time the sea and wind drove the ten strong paddlers back, until finally the outrigger broke. We tried the only other canoe, but the same thing happened. No canoe could live in such a sea. Fires were lighted all along the beach and we watched throughout the night. Before dawn, Inamotu was washed up, drowned. I worked on him for an hour, but the poor fellow was beyond all help.

In the morning the gale had subsided enough to allow the two repaired canoes to be launched and we began a far and wide search until dark forced us to give up and return, hearts heavy with grief.

We never even found the Dook's body. The Sirocco's bones and his are scattered over a coral reef in the South Seas, as are the bones of many a gallant ship and fine man, though never a finer man than he.

In the peace and quiet of port, old sailors spin their yarns, telling tales of the southern seas. How once they sailed into the still, blue lagoon, beached their boat on the gleaming sand, and walked beneath the coconut palms and lovely tropic vines to the native village.

But always, ever present behind the brightness of this picture, there lay a gloomy shadow—the shadow of the coral. To the ancient mariners it was no thing of beauty. It was a horror and a nightmare, worse dreaded than the iceberg or the fog of the northern seas.

Today the lure of the beautiful, treacherous coral seas still exacts a heavy price from those who seek adventure. We found it so.

THE END

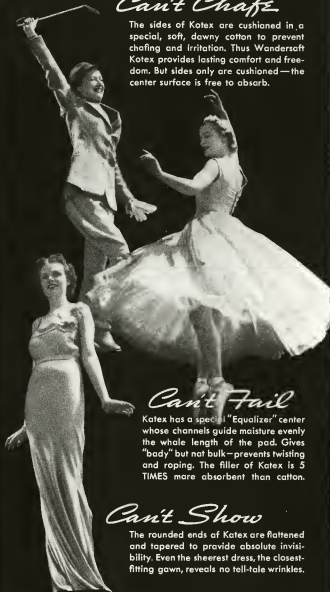
Coming: An exotic story of the South Seas, "The Mutineer," by Allan Vaughan Elston

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**WONDERSOFT KOTEX** A SANITARY NAPKIN  
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)







Madame DeLorme screamed. "You're not going to harm her!" she cried.

Ksun-Chang looked at her as if he hadn't noticed her before. Then a faint ironical smile came to his face. He said: "Tiens! I didn't realize it was you." He called two other men. "Take her to the front of the house. I will see her later."

They took Joan into a small, evil-smelling pantry. She did not struggle. There didn't seem to be any point in doing so—especially after the incident of the Frenchman. The two men left her in the pantry, and she heard the rasp of the lock behind them.

A few minutes later Ksun-Chang entered—alone. He sat down on the edge of the pantry table, lighting a cigaret. He said, flicking away a match: "English?"

She shook her head. "American."  
"American," he repeated. "Much better. Englishwomen are apt to be cold—to the proletariat." He smiled ironically. "I was at an American mission school before I went to the university at Shanghai. Your people have a semblance of social conscience."

"What do you intend to do with me?" she asked sharply. "I hate indecision."

He looked at her a long time. Then he said: "I have a little place on the Mekong River, and a garden filled with flowers—like your face. You would be my housekeeper. Would you like that?"

"Not particularly," she said in a tired voice. "Nor would you. I'm not very experienced—as a housekeeper."

He had a quick perception. He looked at her sharply. "You claim the privileges of innocence, but that is not very convincing in a young lady who travels with Madame DeLorme. She has probably been the *petite amie* of a dozen wealthy men in this country. Her name is a byword in Saigon."

"I met her on the train this morning," Joan said. And she added, "There's something I don't understand about you either. They say you're the leader of a revolutionary movement. Since when have theft, murder and abduction become part of politics?"

"They always have been," he sneered. "Read history, and you will find out. Only I happen to be more open about it than most leaders. Our code is simple. We thrive to fill our coffers for our cause. We kill when we are opposed. We abduct—when it pleases us as individuals."

Suddenly he strode over and kissed her on the mouth. Then, her chin cupped in his hands, he said: "Look at me!"

She looked at him steadily. For more than a minute he held her like that, staring into her eyes. And then, abruptly, he turned on his heel, uttering an oath. He strode across the pantry; opened a small door which she had not noticed before. He beckoned to her.

She crossed the room, bewildered. He thrust a small piece of paper in her hand. "Take this! Run down the road—to the left. About a kilometer from here you will find the old resthouse. Spend the night there, but be careful not to light any lights. At five A.M. the Pnom-Penh postal car will come by. I will see that it stops for you."

"Why are you letting me go?" she asked.

He said, his voice shaken: "Because, Flower Face, innocent women like you complicate the life of a man like myself more than any other type of humanity." Then his tone changed. "Go now!" he shouted, as if furious with her. "Get out!" As she fled, she saw that his arms were held rigidly at his sides, as if he were standing at attention.

She heard the door being slammed behind her. She found herself reeling

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surface germs are destroyed,  
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## • When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

you continue your doctor's  
treatment by destroying sur-  
face germs, relieving the cold.



### USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you 2/3 of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

**SAVES 2/3  
OF YOUR DOLLAR**

..Goes 3 times  
as far!



over soft, damp loam. When she reached the highway she paused under a flickering arc light, to examine the piece of paper he had thrust into her hand. It was a hundred-plaster note. More than enough to assure her journey to safety.

In the wide, dusty square at Phom-Penh there was a desultory gathering of sad-faced Annamites and French officials awaiting the arrival of the postal car. And the first person Joan saw, as she descended from the car, was Cary Woodward. He came toward her, and she saw the strain in his face, beneath the dust of some fatiguing journey.

He held her by both hands, looking at her eagerly, hungrily, as if joy, long absent from the earth, had suddenly returned. He said: "Joan! Joan! Just let me look at you forever. I can't believe you're here. A wire came to Bangkok last night, saying that Ksun-Chang men had killed several tourists and abducted two women, and I've been insane since then. I chartered a plane at dawn and came here. I've been trying for the past six hours to raise a search party—but you've no conception of colonial red tape. I only came down to meet the bus on the remotest chance. But Joan, how did you escape from that devil?"

She smiled. A sad little smile. "Ksun-Chang let me go of his own accord."

"Why? He's never done that before, with any woman worth looking at."

In the taxi on the way to the hotel she told him how Ksun-Chang had looked into her eyes. And the name he'd given her: Flower Face.

Cary Woodward's face became suffused with something akin to humility. He said: "I've been wrong, damnably wrong and blind. Are people forgiven for such things? Could I send a cable to my lawyers tonight—something

clean-cut and drastic, to show I care for nothing but my freedom? Would there be any point in my sending it?"

She could sense his breathlessness, waiting for her answer. She said: "Of course you will send the cable, Cary. There's nothing to forgive." She knew that in her heart of hearts Cary wasn't something you could regulate by reason. You could be hurt and still go on loving—because love and pride could never be successfully harnessed together.

But at the same time she knew in her heart that there had been one man in the world sensitive enough to comprehend her nature. Perhaps that was why that clairvoyant sensitiveness could be called love, too. Love in its rarest form, because it was sacrificial. A man she had talked to for only twenty minutes . . .

When they reached the hotel, the concierge came rushing to meet them. "Have you heard the news, Monsieur Woodward?" he gabbled. "A military detachment is closing around Ksun-Chang. He may be captured at any moment."

Joan said, her voice no more than a whisper: "Will they shoot him?"

Cary and the concierge exchanged a happy glance. Two good, cheerful citizens assuring each other that justice had been done. "Of course," Cary said. "How much do I owe this taxi fellow?"

Joan found herself walking with Cary through the coolness of the hotel lounge.

"Reserved a nice room for you," Cary was saying. "Facing the Mekong River."

"What did you say the name of the river was, Cary dear?" The ornate little elevator was waiting them upward.

"The Mekong," Cary repeated. "You must rest, Joan. How about meeting for cocktails downstairs about eight?"

She said, with an effort: "I don't believe I feel like cocktails tonight."

## I've Been to London—

(Continued from page 21)

down from the closet a knitted dress of blue which matched the blue of her eyes. Her hair was soft and black, and brushed straight back from her forehead. She had slender feet and hands, little ears close to her head, a fine slim throat. She was like the women of her father's line, while Peg was like her mother who, even now with gray in her hair, showed the perfect coloring which belongs to blondes of the alburn type.

There was a blue hat to match Pamela's frock. As she pulled it on, she telephoned her. She answered it as if she turned toward her mother, Margaret was aware that a change had come over her.

"It's another wire from Peg. I'm not to meet her. She's motoring down with friends and will be here tomorrow in time for dinner."

"My dear, I'm sorry."

"For me?" Pam picked up her bag. "I might as well unpack it."

She went about the room opening drawers and shutting them, hanging things up.

When things were at last in their places, Pam sat down on her bed. There were two beds, for Margaret's daughters shared one room. It was a thing she deplored, for Pam was orderly and Peg was not. But the family exchequer permitted no extravagances of space.

"Next year," Pam said, "I'll be going over. That's something to think of. Peg's trip is behind her; mine's ahead."

"I wish you might have gone together." Pamela considered it. "I don't believe Peg wanted it that way. She said she was fed up on family."

Margaret protested, "Oh, she didn't mean it."

"She did, and I don't blame her. She wanted everything different: everything new. Peg's that way. I'm not. When I go over, I shall probably sit on the steps of the Old Curiosity Shop and dream of Dickens. But Peg has done a thousand things. I'm wild to see her, Mother. She's like a lamp in a room."

"More like a firecracker," said Margaret. She had liked the peace of the apartment since Peg's departure, but she would, of course, be the mother of her daughter. She looked at herself in the mirror. "I'm not dressed, and your father will be here before we know it."

It was late, however, before Talbot came in. When Pamela heard his key in the door, she rushed to open it, and her father, dressed in his arms full of parcels. One did not expect a man of Talbot's distinction to be his own marketman. Yet here he was, not minding in the least.

He said, "Gangway, darling," kissed her, and moving on to the kitchen, deposited his burdens on the table. "There are artichokes, the bag, and the grapes are perfect." He stopped, struck by a thought. "Did you miss your train, Pamela, or are you going later?"

"I'm not going. I had another wire from Peg. She doesn't want me to meet her. She's motoring down with friends. She'll arrive tomorrow in time for dinner."

"If I miss my season, we won't forgive her, with all we've planned. Did your mother show you the steak?"

"Yes, but Peg's on a diet." Talbot was beaming. "The less she

ants, the more for the rest of us." He kissed his wife and glanced at the stove. "Feast tomorrow. Famine tonight?"

"You know it's never famine. I took the end of the steak for a meat pie. With your appetite, I can't limit you to a leaf of lettuce."

"Why should you limit me? Appetite, my dear, is a matter of relative values. Compared to our friend Pepsy's fricassee of rabbits, leg of mutton boiled, three carps and a dish of roasted pigeons for one meal, our end of steak and carrots and crust and onions seem abstemious."

Pamela, having heard the same thing before, listened with admirable patience, then ventured, "Daddy, dinner will be ready in three minutes." And Talbot rushed off to freshen up.

After dinner Talbot and his wife played cribbage, and Pamela wandered to the window. Below her the street lamps shone bright. At the curb an express wagon was unloading trunks and boxes. A tall young man, to whom the luggage evidently belonged, was directly under one of the lamps so that he was illumined by it. When the expressmen went in, heavily laden, he followed them. A moment later, there was the sound above of things being moved about.

Pam went to her room for her coat and hat. "I'm off for a walk," she said. When she had gone, Margaret complained to Talbot, "The child was terribly disappointed to miss her trip. Peg is so thoughtless."

But Talbot refused to be concerned about it. "They've made that way, honey. Pam's the giving kind, and Peg's the getting. But life will even things up."

Pam, following the avenue westward, found her spirits lifting. Tomorrow Peg would be home again, swinging life into a gayer rhythm. There were always more invitations when Peg was in Washington. Yet what did it all amount to? Pam was not inclined to self-pity, but now and then her youth cried out for something more soul-filling than the slender satisfactions of her days. Something that had to do with stars, and morning and sunrise, with all of throbbing life, the cosmic forces which sway the universe.

It had, perhaps, to do with love; with marriage. Peg meant to make an important marriage. She had said so. She had refused Phillip Meredith, who had a law office across the hall from her father's. To some women Phillip might have seemed extremely eligible, but Peg's dreams transcended anything he could give her. "You can have what you want," she declared, "if you set your mind on it."

Pam was not sure what she wanted. Her dreams, unlike Peg's, had nothing to do with material things. They had to do with high romance. Some day the man Pam meant for her would arrive.

And in the meantime, Peg was coming home tomorrow!

Pamela was waked in the middle of the night by the sound of sirens. On the block below was an enginehouse and the shriek of sirens was often heard, so Pam did not bestir herself until through her windows she saw a dull red glow against the sky. Then she drew on a dressing gown and went into the living room, where she found her father.

"It's a big fire," he said. "Out north-east, somewhere."

"Oh, Daddy, let's go."

Pamela knew he couldn't resist the lure of it. He and she had done it so many times. Usually they walked, but the distance tonight seemed to demand the use of Talbot's old car, so he rushed around the corner to the garage.

Pamela, waiting on the sidewalk, suddenly heard a voice speaking. "Looks as



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if the whole world were burning up."

It was the tall man from upstairs, Pamela said, "Daddy thinks it may be a group of old trolley barns. We are going to see it. He's getting the car."

"Going?"

"Yes. We've done it lots of times."

He laughed. "Women aren't often like that."

Talbot's car slid up to the curb, and Pamela said, "Daddy, this is one of our new neighbors. I think he likes fires."

"Hop in," Talbot invited. "The more the merrier."

"Oh, look here," the tall man expostulated. "I'm afraid I'm intruding."

"Intruding, nothing," Talbot told him. "This is no time for formality."

The tall man on the back seat said as they rode along, "My name is MacHugh—Fergus MacHugh."

"That's a good name," Talbot told him. "Mine is Pierce, and this is Pamela—my daughter."

That was the beginning of the comic thing about which Pamela had wondered dimly. It was the thing that made the sky with its glow, the rushing wind as they whirled northward, the increasing murmur of voices as the crowds streamed by them, part of a magical scene.

When they came within the radius of the police lines, they had to park the car and walk. As Talbot had surmised, a group of buildings, used years before as trolley barns, was making a spectacular conflagration. There were, too, some houses burning. The people who had left these houses were sitting in a vacant lot, with their belongings about them.

An old woman in a rocking chair said to Pamela, "It's like the end of the world—with all these people coming up on Judgment Day." She seemed curious about it rather than afraid. At last she said, "I hope they'll save my cat. She was in a box with her kittens. They may forget her."

Pamela said, "How dreadful!" Then she saw Fergus MacHugh stride away. She saw him coming back with a box.

"Here are the kittens," he said. "The firemen got them out, but the cat isn't about. I'll go back and look."

He found the cat looking for her family, grabbed her and wrapped her in his coat. She stopped her frantic struggle when he set her in the box with her offspring.

Fergus covered the box with a shawl and fastened it down. "Where are your people?" he asked the old woman. "You can sit here all night."

"My son's down there saving things," she told him. "I've a daughter that lives up the street. I'll go there."

Talbot offered to take her. So the old woman with her cats and her bags and bundles went off with Talbot, and Fergus and Pamela were left alone.

"Fire is so dreadful," she said. "And so beautiful."

They watched the smoke billowing blackly against the red, the steam in clouds, the firemen like fighting devils.

"There was a fire once at sea," Fergus said. "I was in the midst of it. The captain and his crew were wonderful: not a sign of fear; perfect discipline; perfect courage. They worked for hours getting the fire under control. At last they did it, and the captain thanked God on his knees."

"Were you a passenger?" Pamela asked. "It was a boy of ten. The captain was—my father."

It was all very well for Fergus MacHugh to say to himself, "It was only a voice." But out there in the dark Pamela Pierce's voice had shaken his heart,

and he didn't want his heart to be shaken. What he wanted was to go through life as he was—taking all that it gave him, but not being tied.

For the man who is tied by his affections becomes a prisoner to them. There was Kipling's Gadsby, free as air, fearing nothing. Then marrying a wife, and being a coward forever after because of her and the child. There were the verses which went with the story—"He travels the fastest who travels alone," and someone had set them to music. Fergus hummed beneath his breath. He dared not sing aloud, for Jon was asleep, and it was only six o'clock in the morning.

Fergus had not slept since he came home from the fire at three. He kept seeing the fierce glow and the black figures against it—the mother cat with her kittens; the old woman huddled in her chair. But above and beyond them he saw Pamela, the wind blowing her hair about her face.

Perhaps it was more than the girl's voice that had shaken his heart. For memories had come upon him: of that marvelous silver night, of the ship saved, and his father praying.

Men didn't talk much of religion in these days. They talked of how to reform the world, and how to save it; of passion and of politics; of books and Bolsheviki; of cocktails and Communists. They talked of women and cars and horses and everything else, but they did not talk of God.

Even Jon had said, "I don't believe things, Fergus. If there is a God, would He have taken Mary?"

Mary was Jon's young wife. He had lost her two years before, and since then he had lived on the cherry ranch in Colorado which Fergus had inherited from an uncle. When Fergus' father died at sea, Mrs. MacHugh had said, "It would kill me to have you follow his profession, Fergus." So he had given up the thing that was in his blood.

The men of his family had braved storms and had found the smell of salt water fragrant to their nostrils. The boom of waves on the beach, the beacon lights, the harbors, the great enterprise of sailing ships—these Fergus would have shared if he could have broken his mother's heart.

But since he could not break it, he had accepted his uncle's offer and come to America to manage the ranch. In the two years that followed his uncle had died, and his mother. Fergus would have gone back to Scotland and its rough sea had he not found himself with a new love—a love in a low of the mountains which beat their great waves against the sky; of the day's work, the ride over his acres, white in the spring with the blanket of bloom. There was, too, his dog Sandra. And the horses in the stables. He felt that he could not leave them. And then Jon had come with his young wife, and another link had been forged in the golden chain of affection.

When Fergus had found the pathetic pair, Mary was ill, and Jon was painting like mad and getting nowhere. He was at the end of things when Fergus, riding through the orchard one morning, came upon him.

He would never forget Jon at that first meeting—pale, distraught; a man too sensitive for the workaday world; an artist with a touch of genius.

Fergus, stopping at the bungalow where Jon and Mary lived, had been moved to pity by their plight and had extended a hearty invitation: "Come to me. I've a house big enough for an army, and servants falling all over each other."

So Jon and Mary had moved in, and

a month later Mary had died, and Jon had stayed with Fergus.

It had seemed at first a perfect arrangement. It would have continued to be perfect had it not been for Jon's dependence on his new friend, Fergus held no brief for himself as an ideal comrade, but he made no demands on Jon's liberties. Jon, on the contrary, was constantly putting the brakes on Fergus.

When, therefore, a commission had come from a certain Senator, who had seen some of Jon's studies in cherry blooms, to paint murals for his new house in Washington, Fergus had welcomed the thought of a few months of separation. Not that he liked Jon less, but that he knew his own need for freedom.

But Jon had said, "I'll go if you'll go with me."

In the end Fergus had somewhat weakly compromised. Jon would take an apartment in Washington, and Fergus would join him in October.

And now October had come, and he was here, and the ship's clock which stood on the mantel was striking seven.

Fergus roused himself. He was hungry, and he wanted his bath.

He sang in the bathtub. "My love's like a red, red rose."

No reason why Jon shouldn't wake. He sang louder.

Jon's voice came sleepily from the other room. "What time?"

"Time for you to get up."

"Why so early?"

"I went to a fire and couldn't sleep when I got back. And I want a cup of coffee. Do we go out or have it here?"

"Here. I hate getting out on cold mornings."

"Is it cold? But why ask? You're a slyartie."

Jon, appearing in the doorway, said, "I wish I had half your energy."

Fergus, getting into his clothes, said, "Oh, go on and have your shower. I'll get breakfast. It won't be the first time." He used the bright coals of the grate for toasting thick, square slices of bread, deep brown, and crusty. He gave their eggs four minutes, and there was raspberry jam in a porcelain pot.

"Many's the time I've made toast for my mother," he said as Jon, wrapped in a dressing gown, dropped into one of the big chairs and watched him.

Jon hated light housekeeping, and would be glad when the maid arrived. He wondered if Fergus hated anything, and asked him.

Fergus was not surprised at the question. Jon was always digging into the people's mental states. "What's the use of being? Such things rest on themselves."

"But you take life with such ease. Fergus; as if nothing mattered. And everything matters to me. I love, and I hate. You shrug your shoulders."

Fergus' smile was inscrutable. He set the plate of toast on a small table. "Did it ever occur to you that my indifference might be a defense?"

"Against what?"

"Against emotions so deep it would be dangerous to bring them to the surface."

When the meal was over, Fergus, looking from the window, saw Pam starting out with her father. His first impulse was to join them, to swing along beside the little girl with the nice voice.

But he checked himself sternly. "None of that," he told himself.

Pamela, unaware of Fergus at the window, said to her father as they walked,

"It's a grand day, isn't it, Daddy?"

It was a grand day, and Talbot was feeling fit. Tonight Peg would be home, and that was enough to think about. Talbot refused to let his mind dwell on unpleasant things. He had always



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dreamed dreams and seen visions. He had inherited some money from a grandfather, and a law practice from his father. He had carried on the practice successfully until the World War came.

When his own country got into it, he had enlisted and had left the office to take care of itself, and Margaret to take care of her two small daughters. All the men of his family had fought when their country called.

He had returned to find the best part of his practice absorbed by colleagues, but the boom had carried him high. When the boom died, he had squared his shoulders cheerfully to the burden of changed conditions.

Peg had been sent abroad with the money Talbot and his wife had long ago set aside for that purpose. Pamela's turn would come next.

Meantime, Talbot liked having Pam in the office. She had a tiny room next to his, where she made tea for him at noon. Sometimes Phil Meredith joined them.

Phil came in today and found Pam alone. "I thought you were going to New York."

"Peg didn't want me. She's motoring down with friends."

"Peg's a selfish little beast."

"Don't call her names."

"Not very gallant, is it? But selfish or not, she's the woman I want. I'll never give her up till some other man gets her. Why can't you and I have tea together this afternoon?"

"I have to rush home and set the table. Mother is having Ethel help in the kitchen, but Ethel's no good when it comes to decorations."

He was impatient. "Why should you do everything?"

"I don't. Mother works like a slave."

"And the lovely Peg lets the two of you do it."

"Peg's a parlor ornament."

"What's the matter with you as a parlor ornament? You're worth two of Peg, Pam, and you know it."

He went away, looking dejected. Pamela wondered, if he had fallen in love with her instead of with Peg, what she would have done. Phil might not furnish high romance, but he was a star.

She forgot Phil in the busy hours that followed. The table when she set it was charming, with Margaret's fine old linen and the gold-and-white crested china.

Talbot, flying in at the last moment, surveyed the table with satisfaction. "Everything ready and Peg due any minute."

But Peg did not come in time for dinner. She was motoring madly from Baltimore with Gerry Mitchell.

It had been a most amazing day. The Ashurst car had been at the dock, and after the formalities of landing, Gerry had swept up Fifth Avenue to a florist's for orchids for Peg.

Enid had protested, "Gerry, we have to get Miss Pierce to Washington in time for dinner."

"Why worry, Enid? We'll get there. And she's not Miss Pierce. She's Peg to all of us. And I'm going to do the driving, and she's going to sit beside me."

To Peg it seemed like a dream to be sitting in that shining car, with Gerry going as many miles an hour as he could get away with.

Cummins, the Ashurst chauffeur, who was on the let-down seat behind Gerry, gave now and then a word of caution: "If you should meet a cop, sir . . ."

But Gerry swept on and on, flashing into towns and out of them, coming finally to a long stretch of open country with little traffic and a straightaway chance for an adventuring driver.

He had talked incessantly until they

came to this clear stretch of road, but now he was intent on his driving, with the dial going up and up until Jim Ashurst said, "No monkeyshines, Gerry."

Gerry did not slacken speed. "Afraid?" he asked Peg.

"A little."

He laughed and drove faster.

Peggy said, "Oh, please!"

He looked down at her, a strange light in his eyes. "The more afraid you are, the faster I'll drive."

"But why?"

"You must trust me. I hate a coward." She tried then to regain her poise. Gerry had called her a good sport and she must hold her title.

And then Jim Ashurst's voice came heavily behind her. "Stop the car, Gerry, and let Cummins do the driving. I should have known better than to let you have the wheel."

Gerry drew up to the side of the road. "It's your car," he said sullenly.

Enid said impudently, "Oh, Gerry, be decent. You were just trying to show off."

"So that's what you call it?" Gerry put Peg in the back seat with Enid, and Jim sat beside Cummins. Gerry took Cummins' seat and, with his back to Peg and Enid, stared straight ahead.

Peg talked to Enid and found her charming. And Enid liked Peg. The child was a lady, too good for Gerry.

As they came into Baltimore, Gerry said suddenly, "Let's eat here."

Enid protested, "But Peg is due in Washington for dinner."

"I know a place to dine she shouldn't miss."

Peg picked up the argument. "I really must be getting on. Daddy would be disappointed."

Gerry demanded, "Would you rather disappoint him or me?"

Peg's breath was quick. "I'll send a telegram."

Gerry's smile was triumphant. "Good girl! Just for that, I'll get you home in time to dress and go to a supper dance."

Peg's telegram, arriving instead of Peg, said:

DELAYED AT BALTIMORE STOP DO NOT WAIT DINNER STOP SORRY STOP LOVE.

Talbot's disappointment brought him close to tears. "She shouldn't do things like that."

Pam gave him a quick kiss. "Let's ask somebody to help us eat up the dinner."

"Whom could we ask?"

"Mr. MacHugh and his friend."

Margie demurred, "But we really don't know them."

Talbot said, "MacHugh is a gentleman. I'll give them a ring."

Fergus, answering, accepted with alacrity. "If we can have a moment to change. We've been unpacking boxes."

He turned from the telephone to find Jon demanding, "What are you getting us in for?"

"A dinner with the people downstairs." "But why should we accept?" Jon demanded. "We don't know them."

"I met Pierce and his daughter last night at the fire."

Jon, dressing hastily, remarked, "But I thought I was going to have you to myself."

"Don't make it a ball and chain."

"What do you mean?"

"Men fight for liberty, old man."

Dead silence. Then, "I see. Just because I am satisfied to be a hermit, I mustn't shut you up in a cell? Sorry."

They went downstairs without speaking, but when the door of the Pierce apartment was opened to receive them and they entered a gracious firelighted room and were met by Talbot and his



wife and daughter, Jon was shaken from his mood of darkness and swung up into a world of light. For Talbot's wife was sweet and smiling, and Talbot's daughter, in a frock of honey-colored velvet, was no longer the tired child he had seen on her way to the office, but a surprisingly charming person.

When they were seated at the table, Jon asked her, "May I paint you in that dress? I've always dreamt of doing something by candlelight."

Fergus interposed, "Don't let him, Miss Pierce. He'll do you all in angles. Just now he is following the moderns."

Jon brushed that aside with, "He doesn't know anything about it. He sings, and I paint. I wish he'd stick to his last."

Everybody laughed, and Fergus said, "You shall judge for yourselves. You must come up and see his pictures."

Jon ignored him. "It's a promise, isn't it, that I'm to paint you?"

Pamela said, "But how can I promise? It's all so sudden."

"Like a proposal," Fergus said. "But he really isn't dangerous, and your mother can come to tea and play propriety."

"Nobody plays propriety these days," Jon said. "But we'll love having your mother."

Pamela felt as if she had been transported to a world of color and light.

As they left the dining room, she said to Fergus, "I heard you singing."

"He has a grand voice," Jon told her, "but he doesn't value it. He croons and croaks about the house when he ought to be attacking the classics."

"But one gets top-heavy with Wagner and Puccini," Fergus argued. "I fit my songs to my moods."

Pamela said with a sense of daring, "Will you fit one now to your mood?"

"Why not?"

He sat down at the piano, looked across at her with smiling eyes and began:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine . . ."

As he sang, Pamela was again aware of the thing she had felt as she rode to the fire—a cosmic thing about which she had wondered. Fergus' voice seemed to lift her up on wings of sound until she soared above the world, into the skies that shone with ineffable light.

Then suddenly above the sound of singing came other sounds—the opening of a door, a voice crying, "Darlings, darlings!" And into the room flitted a girl like a flame, orchids on her coat, her hat tilted on her tawny locks.

Fergus, having risen on her entrance, stood watching, Pamela had run forward, and the look on her face was a lovely and touching thing.

"Oh, Peg, Peg!" she cried rapturously and, oblivious of all about her, clasped her sister in her arms.

But Peg was not oblivious. She kissed Pam, her mother, her father, then flashed a questioning glance toward the guests. "I didn't know you were having a party."

"We are substitutes," Fergus said. "We ate up your dinner."

"I'm afraid I've staged a scene for you. The prodigal's return and all that. But you see it's my first trip abroad, and my first home-coming, and it's quite gone to my head. Not waiting for an answer, she turned to her father. "Sorry to disappoint you, Daddy, but Gerry was starved when we got to Baltimore and insisted on eating. I made him come on the minute dinner was over. And here I am, and you've got to forgive me. It's all been so marvelous. I feel like the cat in the nursery rhyme."

With a quick movement, she sat down at the piano and picked out a tune with the tips of her fingers, singing in an

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The Eye-Matched  
**MAKEUP**

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**



STAGE STARS, screen stars, girls and women everywhere are spreading the good news about Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup. It's a complete makeup . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara . . . all scientifically color-harmonized, keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

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Take the advice of these women who know...choose your makeup by the color of your eyes...and you'll look younger, lovelier, be the radiant you he wants you to be...tonight!



amusing falsetto of London music halls.

"Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?"

"I've been to London to visit the Queen."

Fergus was aware that the lovely Peg was playing to the gallery. The other one—Famila—could never have taken the center of the stage so confidently. Yet it had been delightfully done, and this Peg was a woman to reckon with. She was on her feet again, catching at her father's hands. "Dad, I've promised Gerry to give him this evening. He wants me to bring Pam." We are to go somewhere and dine and have supper."

Talbot demanded, "Gerry? Gerry? Who is Gerry?"

"Gerry Mitchell. I met him on the boat. It's all very proper. His sister, Mrs. Ashurst, and her husband came down with us from New York."

"Talbot's look of disappointment was pathetic. "You mean you're going to leave us tonight, Peggy?"

"You'll have me tomorrow, and all other tomorrows, Daddy."

Fergus said, "We must be running on."

Peg stopped him. "Please don't." She surveyed him speculatively. "I wonder if I dare ask you to join us at supper? Gerry asked me to bring a man for Pam, and there isn't time to telephone."

There was a moment's silence. Then Fergus said, "I accept with pleasure. Or Jon, whichever you elect."

"You mean I must choose?"

"Yes."

She considered. "Why not flip a coin?"

"Heads, I win; tails, it's Jon?"

"Peg, my dear!" Margaret protested.

"Don't be Victorian, Mother." Peg held out her hand for the coin Fergus had ready for her, then tossed it in the air.

It showed heads. "It's you, Mr. MacHugh. I'm sorry, Mr. Stafford. It will be your turn next time."

Jon laughed with some excitement.

"I'm glad there's to be a next time."

"Are you?" She gave him a brilliant glance, then turned to Fergus. "Gerry is sending his car for us. Can you be ready in twenty minutes?"

He could and would.

When the two men had gone, Peg, unpacking her bags, asked her sister, "Where did you find that stunning party?"

"They've taken the apartment above us. We hardly know them at all, Peggy. I can't imagine what Mr. MacHugh will think of you pulling him in for a party."

"Mfn don't think, darling. And they like parties."

Peg went through the drift of dresses that lay on the bed and held up a chiffon in pale rose with bunches of blue flowers. "Wear this, Pam, I got it for a song in Paris, and my things fit you."

For herself, she chose a soft and shimmering white satin. "Gerry asked me to wear this. I had it on the first time he saw me." She smiled a little secret smile as she thought of that meeting in the moonlight. Gerry's darling had more than matched her own, and she had loved it.

Gerald Mitchell with his sister, Enid Ashurst, and her husband, Jim, were at one of the big hotels at the edge of town.

Gerry, having arranged for a table for the supper dance, was waiting in the lobby for Peg and her party. He waited with impatience. His three days with Peg had been stimulating. He had felt he could not have too much of her—at least not now. Gerry never looked ahead in his affairs.

Enid had challenged him that afternoon. "She's not bad, Gerry, so don't make a fool of her."

"I should say she could take care of herself."

"I'm not sure. She's pretty, and things have gone to her head a bit. But she's rather a child with it all."

There was a note of pleading in Enid's voice. She knew Gerry wasn't kind.

When he was through with a thing, he thought. And Enid knew the list of his girls yesterday.

Gerry liked the way eyes followed Peg as she came in. But there were eyes, too, for the sister.

When Fergus was presented, Gerry found something vaguely familiar in the tall figure with the burnt-brown hair and the smiling eyes. He asked Peg as he danced with her between courses, "MacHugh? Where does he hail from?"

"Colorado."

"Known him long?"

"Just met him."

Gerry danced on in silence, trying to remember. "Like him?" he asked finally.

She too, danced in silence, lifting her eyes to his at last to say, "It's a queer thing about you two men. You are both so attractive, but in different ways. Mr. MacHugh makes me think of an eagle, while you—"

Her voice fell away.

He said with impatience, "Well, go on with it."

"I'm trying to think of a bird to compare you with. A hawk, perhaps."

"I like that!" His tone was injured.

"There was a hawk that once flew to the top of a tree in our garden in winter-time. He was so beautiful and eager."

"There was a touch of triumph in his laugh. "So I am eager—and beautiful?"

"You're more than that."

"What—more?"

"I'm not sure. I'm trying to find out."

Her lashes were lowered before his look, then came flashing up. "I know what bird you are."

"What?"

"A chintzeiler."

He laughed, holding her closer. "My dear, you are complimentary. First a hawk, and then a rooster."

"Chintzeiler is more than a bird. He's a symbol. Again the lashes were lowered.

"He made the sun rise."

"Love," he said under his breath, "you've got something."

Pam was dancing with Fergus, and he was saying, "Who is this Gerry Mitchell?"

"You know as much as I do. Peg met him coming back on the boat."

But Fergus' mind was still questioning when they came back to the table where Gerry was holding a teasing argument with Peg. At last the nervous, staccato voice gave the clue. Fergus remembered it, as he always remembered voices. It had been a long time since he had heard it—four years before, when he had ridden over to an adjoining ranch and had found a crowd gathered about a slender man whose voice was raised in frantic protest. "But I'm worth millions. I can pay you." Fergus talked to Jon about Gerry Mitchell. "Somehow, I hate to see him with those two girls—even with that Peggy-child who thinks she knows so much." He told Jon what he remembered. Not a savory story. It had to do with the beating of a horse. "A little mare. He killed her. And you know what the men out there think of their horses? They say, 'What are you going to do about it?'"

"What can I do? It isn't as if he had killed a man. But a man who's cruel to a horse will be cruel to a woman."

"He probably isn't serious with the

Peggy-child, as you call her. So why worry?"

But Fergus did worry, and lay awake that night thinking about it.

The next morning Peg refused to get up for breakfast. "I'm simply dead," she said to Enid. "Be a sweet thing and bring my coffee."

"But Daddy wants to hear about everything. He'll be so disappointed."

"Tell him to come in here before he goes to the office."

When Talbot, a little later, obeyed his daughter's bidding, Peg was enchanting in a pink bod jacket, with a wisp of pink ribbon about her head.

"It's such a long story, darling," she said as he sat down beside her, "and there isn't time for it now. But the evening is yours if you want it."

"Want it? Don't you know how we've been waiting?"

She nodded abstractedly, then pulled him down to her. "Daddy, I've got to talk to you. Alone. About things I don't want to tell Mother and Pam."

"You know how I hate to keep things from your mother." His voice was uneasy. Peg's secrets usually had to do with demands for money.

"But if it makes Mother happier not to know, please, Daddy, I'll come to the office this afternoon. Pam has some errands. That will leave the coast clear."

Since he could never refuse her anything, Talbot surrendered. And so it happened that Philip Meredith, coming out of the office building that afternoon, met Peg coming in.

He stopped short, his handsome face flushing. "Peg!"

"Phil darling!"

As if he felt her insincerity, he spoke with a hard abruptness. "Still sprinkling your conversation with darlings? What are you going to say when you are really in a pink bod jacket?"

"I'll let you know when it happens."

Ignoring that, he said, "Why can't you and Pam dine with me on Saturday?"

"Love to—unless Gerry Mitchell drives up from Virginia."

"Who is Gerry Mitchell?"

"A man I snatched on the boat."

"You snatched a man?"

"I'll let you know when it happens."

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"You snatched a man?"

"I'll let you know when it happens."

And if I'm in New York I can make him care. Oh, I know you and Mother are old-fashioned and think a man should do all the wooing, but they don't these days. There are so many girls, and not enough men to go round. I'd rather be unmaidenly than old-maidenly—and a marriage with Gerry Mitchell is something worth working for. It's gate open, Daddy. My opportunity is Pam's and yours and Mother's. Gerry has an estate on Long Island, and his sister has a house in London. You could spend months with me and live again like real people."

Dreamer that he was, Talbot Pierce dreamed with her. "But how can we explain to Pam and your mother?"

"We won't explain. I have a little money left from my trip, and I'll say I'm going to New York for lessons. Daddy, my heart will break if I can't go. I care a lot for Gerry, and I can't give him up."

"If he cares for you, he'll come to you."

"But he may not, and I want to work it my own way. It's my one chance, darling. Can't you see?"

He gave in. He had never been able to resist her. By the time they reached home, he was convinced of the justice of her cause. She would, she told him, go on to New York as soon as possible.

But the next morning when Peg was having her breakfast in bed, Pam brought in a letter which had come by special messenger.

Peg tore it open, color flying to her cheeks as she read. "It's from Gerry. Oh, Pam, Helen!"

"Lovely Peg:  
"I've tried it for twenty-four hours, and I can't get along without you. I am enclosing a letter from Becky Whiting, asking you down for a week. I had to fix it up for me."

"I wanted to drive up for you, but Emid thinks it best for you to come by train. So I'll meet you. You should get this tomorrow morning, and I will be at the station Friday with banners flying."

"Always and ever,

"Gerry."

Pam said when Peg finished reading: "Who are the Whiting's?"

"Rich New Yorkers, with more money than social background. But Don Whiting has a wonderful old house in Loudoun County, and Gerry is crazy about hunting. And he likes Becky. It's wonderful of them to ask me, don't you think, darling?"

Pam, who was basting fresh collar and cuffs on her blue wool office dress, waited before she answered. "I'm not sure that it's wonderful."

Peggy stared at her. "Why not?"

"Because I don't like him."

"Gerry? But what reason have you?"

"None. It's just a feeling."

"Oh, that!" said Peggy.

She got up and began to brush her hair.

Pam said, "If you go down there, it will cost a lot, and Daddy's terribly hard up and tired and worried."

Peg was impatient. "But it's the chance of my life! If I let this invitation go, we'll all jog along together like the farmer's gray mare. Can't you see, Pam? I've got to go if I'm to get anywhere."

Pam said, "Get where?"

"To the top. Oh, you're not ambitious, darling. You don't know the urge of it."

"I know this," Pam said with a sudden flare. "I'm tired of playing second fiddle. What if I had my breakfast brought to me in bed and let you go to the office and pound a typewriter?"

They faced each other for a moment, Peggy with her back to the mirror,



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CLAIRE TREVOR, BEAUTIFUL 20TH CENTURY FOX PLAYER IN "TO MARY... WITH LOVE," SAYS SHREDDED WHEAT HAS A DELICIOUS, NATURAL FLAVOR ALL ITS OWN THAT JUST CAN'T BE BEAT! NO WONDER ITS FIRST CHOICE OF MILLIONS."



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Pamela ready for the day in her fresh collar and cuffs.

"Then Peg said slowly, "I am what I am, Pam. You can't make me different. I am going to make life give me things. If you call that selfish, make the best of it." And with Pam following, she made her way to the dining room, where Talbot and Margaret still sat at breakfast.

Peg sat down and began at once. "I've had a letter, Mother, from Gerry. He wants me to visit his friends the Whitings in Virginia. He enclosed a note from Mrs. Whiting. I'm asked for a week, beginning tomorrow."

Margaret said, "Who are the Whitings?"

"Friends of Gerry's, and of his sister Enid."

"What do you know of Gerry, or any of the rest of them?"

"Oh, Mother! The whole world knows the Ashursts and Gerald Mitchell."

Talbot interposed, with a touch of anxiety, "Do you see any reason, Margaret, why Peg shouldn't go?"

"I don't see any reason why she should. If Gerry Mitchell wants to see your daughter, Talbot, he should come here. Why can't he come here, Peggy, and meet your father and me? If he cares for you, he'll come."

Peg was flaming. "I don't want him to come. I'm going to be frank about it. I'm not ashamed of my home, and you're all wonderful, but modern men don't want to feel they're being hauled in for the family to look at."

Mrs. Pierce was pouring coffee. Her hand was steady, but the touch of red in her cheeks was a sign of mental disturbance. "It's impossible for me to understand a man who doesn't want to meet the mother and father of the girl in whom he is interested."

And now the red was in Peg's cheeks. "Of course it's impossible with your Victorian ideas. And because of them you want me to refuse the most wonderful invitation I've had in my life. Well, I'm not going to refuse. I'm going to accept."

Then, just as the moment seemed to arrive when Peg would break down all the wonderful structure of confidence and affection which had so far sustained them as a family, she began to cry.

She had always known how to cry convincingly. She presented always such an aspect of pathos that inevitably she got her way, as she got it now.

That night Peg, having talked herself hoarse at the dinner table, carried Talbot and Margaret off to the movies. Pam stayed at home. She was tired and a bit depressed. She had looked forward with such eagerness to Peg's companionship, and now they seemed separated by something wider than the sea.

Wrapped in a blue kimono, she settled herself on the living-room couch with a book. The kimono had been sent from Japan by one of her father's old friends. It was silvery blue, beautifully embroidered, and wearing it gave Pam a sense of great luxury. She had few lovely things, and her spirit as well as her body seemed unfolded tonight, and soothed and comforted.

As she lay on the couch she could see herself in a mirror opposite and approved what she saw. Effe was not vain, but there were moments when she liked herself.

An hour later the telephone rang, and Fergus MacHugh was on the wire. Jon, he said, had been taken suddenly ill—a cold and high fever. Could she recommend a doctor?

She could and did. "Is there anything I can do?"

"He's begging for something cool to drink. Orange juice, perhaps. We haven't

an orange in the house, or ice, and I don't dare leave him."

Pamela hung up the receiver and flew to the kitchen. Ice, oranges, a squat thin pitcher, a tall thin glass, a silver tray. And presently, still in kimono and slippers, she was climbing the stairs.

Fergus, opening the door, smiled as he saw her. She was more than ever charming in her rôle of cupbearer.

"How is he?" she asked, as Fergus took the tray from her.

"Most uncomfortable. The doctor may be delayed a bit, but will bring a nurse. Come in, please, and have a look at him."

The huge divan on which Jon lay was half hidden by the screen which had been placed about it. He was wrapped in a lounging robe of red brocade, his fair hair like silver against the pillow.

Pamela bent down to him. "I've brought you something to make you cool again."

He drank gratefully, then closed his eyes, and Pamela said softly, "I'll run on. Call me up if you need me."

Jon opened his eyes again. "Don't go!" Fergus drew a big chair forward. "Please, won't you?"

"I'll stay until the doctor comes. Everyone in the family has gone to a movie." Jon closed his eyes as content. The little fire snapped and crackled. Above it on the mantel shelf were a ship's clock, a row of thin calbook volumes, and a little horse of white Chinese pottery with trappings of turquoise and red.

Fergus, seeing Pam's eyes on them, said, "Those are my treasures. Where they go, I go. The clock was my father's. The books are a few of my favorites. The little horse is the family mascot. My grandfather and my father took him on all their voyages until that last one from which my father never came back. By some mischance the little horse had been left behind."

Pamela stood on tiptoe and touched the horse. "How old is he?" she asked. "A thousand years or more."

"I wonder if he remembers all the things that have happened?"

"Who knows? The world is full of magic."

She was poised on the hearth, a far-away look in her eyes. "It is magic just to have him here," she said.

Fergus liked that quality of childlikeness in her. Her eyes were starry with it. He was sorry when the doctor came and the spell was broken.

Jon, who had seemed asleep, moved and spoke. "I'm so darned uncomfortable."

"We'll fix that." The doctor was tall and wiry, and had a Scotch name—Stevenson. "Not as Scotch as yours," he said when Pam presented Fergus, "but my given name is Sandy."

While the two men talked, Pamela bent down to Jon. "You'll be all right, now that my doctor is here."

Through the haze of his fever Jon was aware of the faint blue of her robe. "I'm all right when you are here," he whispered dreamily. "Come again, angel."

In the excitement of Jon's illness, Peg's departure for Virginia became to Pamela a matter of secondary importance.

"Have a good time," she said.

Peg's eyes were wide with excitement. "I'll have more than that, darling. I'll be on top of the world!"

She was on top of the world when the Virginia countryside in all its autumn opulence burst upon her, and there at the station was a roadster more gorgeous than any royal coach, with Gerry in tweeds and a pork-pie hat.

He smiled at her. "Glad to be here?" "Very glad."

"Good girl!" His laugh was mellow and content. He started the car and they drove between miles of sun-warmed orchards. Golden bees swarmed in the sunlight; the sky was high and deeply blue.

"You'll like the Whitings," he said, "and they'll like you."

"I'm dreadfully scared, Gerry."

"You needn't be." He flashed a glance of appreciation.

Whiting, he told her, was a plutocratic New Yorker who had built on a Virginia plantation a feudal castle. Whiting's wife, Becky, had been a classmate of Enid's at a school in France. "Both of them use Enid a bit to help their own background," was his astute summing up. "So you needn't be afraid. You have better blood than they have."

Peg settled back in her seat with a sigh of relief. On her way down from New York she had told Gerry about the governors, not flaunting her ancestry, but having a splendid chance as they drove through Maryland to speak of it without ostentation.

They met a party of people on horseback who waved to Gerry and looked curiously at the girl by his side.

Gerry said, "Do you ride?"

"Yes. We did a lot of it at my grandfather's country place, but I haven't been on a horse in ages."

"Everybody here lives in the saddle. With Whiting it is rather an affection. He was probably never on a horse till he made his money. But these Virginians have it in their blood. It's a throwback to the old English hunting spirit. Last night we followed a fox in the moonlight. It was unearthly—like something out of a dream."

"You must do it with us. Enid will lend you riding clothes. She has a lot, and they ought to fit you. And if you stay as long as I want you to, I'll have some sent down for you from Alienbret's."

She considered that. "I'm not going to let you buy me riding clothes."

"Why not? You're surely not dated like that. In these days we men give what we please to a girl when she is as good-looking as you are."

"Oh, Gerry, now you're spoiling things. I hate an argument."

"There is no argument."

"There will be if you try to make me spend your money."

He laughed. "You win," he said. "Most girls are gold diggers. I'm glad you're not. But some day you'll let me buy more than riding clothes."

"What a tyrant you are!" she said lightly. "I believe if you had a wife, you'd beat her."

"I'd make her mind, if that's what you mean." His voice was grim, and Peg hated the grimness. Then she forgot her doubts of him as he said, "If I care enough for a woman, she can wind me about her little finger."

"How much is—enough?" She looked up at him from under her lashes.

He said, "Some day I'll show you."

Some day!

Peg's heart was pounding as they arrived at the Whitings'. As they went in, everybody was having tea. Peg wrote to Pam about it:

A lot of the women are stiff, but my hostess is charming. And there was Enid, of course, so I wasn't left out. Most of the men seem to like me, and the fact that Gerry treats me as if I were a precious jewel counts a great deal with them.

But my best time was the evening. I wore my white satin, and all the men were quite mad about my dancing. It was terribly late when we got to bed, and what did Gerry do but have me waked at seven to ride with him. I wanted to beg off,

# IT STARTED WITH A "COMMON COLD"! (It Usually Does)

## The Necessity of Definite Treatment

He wasn't feeling so bad yesterday—just headachy and luggy. Today they telephoned the office that he's pretty bad and they had to have the doctor in.

Everyone is shocked, for it was only a "slight cold" yesterday. Yet, isn't it true that nearly every case of bronchitis and pneumonia you heard of started with "just a common cold"?

If there's anything you want to be concerned about, it's the so-called "common cold."

Federal, state and city health departments are constantly calling attention to the danger of the "common cold." They know the insidious nature of the "common cold." They know, from experience, what it can develop into, almost before you know it!

## To Be Safe

What you want to do, if you want to be safe, is to regard a cold—any cold—seriously. Keep two things in mind:

- (1) *A cold is an internal infection and, as such, calls for internal treatment.*
- (2) *A cold calls for a cold treatment and not a "care-all" or a preparation that is only incidentally good for colds.*

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

First of all, it is distinctly a cold treatment, a tablet designed expressly for the treatment

of colds and nothing else. Secondly, it works internally and it does four things of vital importance in the treatment of a cold—as follows:

First, it opens the bowels, an acknowledgedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, it checks the infection in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and fever.

Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against recurrence.

This is the fourfold effect that distinguishes Grove's Bromo Quinine and it is what you want for the prompt treatment of a cold.

## Decisive Treatment

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, go get yourself a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets. Don't compromise with less efficient methods. Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold the first day and that's the speed of action you want.

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A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.



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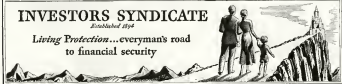
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### INVESTORS SYNDICATE

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but he wouldn't let me. I'm going to take a nap as soon as I finish this. I'm having a grand time, dearest, and Becky Whiting says I'm to stay for the Harvest Festival on the first.

What Peg did not tell was of a certain passage at arms with Gerry, in which she had not come off triumphant. He had said, when he told her good night, "See you at seven. Shall I have them call you?"

"At seven? Darling, I always have my breakfast in bed."

Gerry's tone again had had in it that touch of grimness. "You won't eat in bed tomorrow morning. I've got a horse I want you to try."

And that had been that! Protest as she might, he had stuck to his point. And then there Peg had learned that when Gerry wanted a thing, he got it.

She rode with him every morning and found it better than breakfast in bed. With the world just waking, and a freshness in the air which was like a tonic. She loved horses, looked well on one and worked hard, loving Gerry's praise and a little afraid of his blame, although she never showed it.

They would come back to breakfast in the garden room, where everybody was gathered. It was a delightful room. The floor was of red clay. Over the fireplace, with its glowing logs, was a stag's head. The gate-leg tables and the Windsor chairs were painted green and red and yellow. Hot foods and drinks were in gleaming copper casseroles and urns. Peg had never seen anything like it. More than ever she glowed and sparkled. More than ever the men gathered about her.

Gerry, getting her alone for a moment, kissed her. "What a girl! You're as alive as the morning!"

And the morning was alive—frost in the air, spider webs spangled with beads of dew, starting circling up through the elms to the golden sky.

Peg, standing in the open door with Gerry, knew her kinship with it all. Gerry didn't have to tell her! The world was hers, this lovely world with its movement, its action, its almost incredible beauty. And Gerry was hers. Hadn't he said it? Not in so many phrases, perhaps, but in a thousand ways that spoke of his infatuation.

She had, however, been just a week at the Whitings' when something happened that shook her out of her security. She had her first quarrel with Gerry. It was early in the morning, and they had been thundering over the turf, with the dogs racing.

Gerry had beaten one of the dogs and Peg couldn't stand it.

"Oh, Gerry, you mustn't!" Again Gerry's voice took on the grimness she hated. "He'll learn to mind."

He turned from her and had struck the dog again. At that Peg had ridden away from him, letting the mare have her head—entering at last a little strip of woodland where the branches of the trees brushed off her hat.

She was aware that the mare was out of hand, but she was not afraid. The thing that had frightened her was Gerry in that grim mood. She could hear his horse pounding behind her. "Peg, you little fool! Stop it!"

But she could not stop, and Gerry caught at the bridle, hurting the mare's mouth so that she winced and reared.

He jumped from his horse, lifted Peg down and stood beside her. "What made you do a thing like that?"

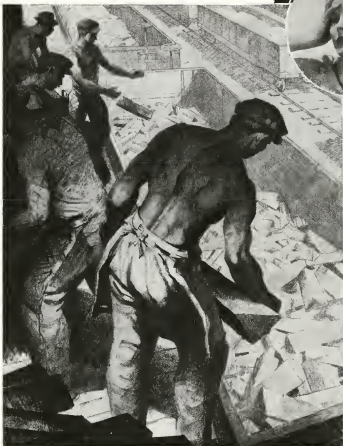
"I wanted to get away from you."

"Why?"

"Because you whipped the dog."

(Continued on page 144)

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES E. ALLEN



It is almost never your work that tires you but how you work. You should rest the moment you begin to tire.

**Y**OU HAVEN'T time to rest? Of course you haven't! Furthermore, you never will have, never will get "caught up." But it is no longer an adequate excuse for fatigue to say that you haven't time to rest. Nobody who lives and does things ever has. Since we wish to live life to the full, we must have another answer. Rest is the cure for fatigue. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. That is how modern efficiency experts look at fatigue. They believe in prevention.

The results of experimentation with prevention have been astonishing. Perhaps of first interest in our hurried, nervous age is the fact that the usual method of working wastes more energy than it uses. You can wear yourself out while sitting still waiting for a tardy friend. On the other hand, the heaviest kind of work can be done without fatigue—and done much better.


At the Bethlehem Steel Mills men were loading cars with pig iron, each man carrying twelve and one-half tons at day. Frederick W. Taylor, efficiency expert, advanced the unbelievable theory that, according to foot pounds and calories, the men should carry three times that amount. He put it to the test merely

by making the men sit down and rest every few minutes—before they tired instead of after. If you sit down before you tire, the body repairs itself, or rests, much more quickly; you require less time for resting in the long run and almost never slow up your work because of fatigue.

Well, this simple rule enabled the men to carry forty-seven and a half tons of pig iron the very first day and to continue at that rate—three times as much as formerly. That tells the story. It is almost never your work that tires you but how you work. You should rest before you tire, or the moment you begin to tire, instead of postponing rest until the next hour or day or week.

This rule has applications to fit all types of work. Riveters who were made to rest two minutes between every ten rivets driven increased the number of rivets from six hundred to sixteen hundred a day. But in most of our office, shop and factory work this rule involves the rhythm of working rather than actual rest periods.

The healthy heart uses this desirable rhythm, beating slowly enough to rest



# Why GET TIRED?

by  
**Daniel W.  
Josselyn**

between beats. The nervous heart beats too fast to rest properly—which is the way many people work. It is not a question of working slowly, but of working without a sense of hurry or forcing.

Muscular fatigue is comparatively rare nowadays, and true brain fatigue has always been rare. The common fatigue is nervous fatigue, which may be measured by how easily little things "get on your nerves." The problem, therefore, is to apply this unhurried rhythm to the nerves. Nervous tension makes all work excessively fatiguing.

Since you have little voluntary control over your nerves, the problem resolves itself into the question of how to relax them. Experiments in muscular relaxation have answered this. You do have voluntary control over your muscles, and by relaxing them you can relax your

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nerves by reflex action. You cannot have a tantrum if your muscles refuse to kick and scream.

This, then, is the rule for working efficiently: Go over your body frequently in your mind and ask yourself what muscles are tensed. Back muscles, shoulder muscles, neck muscles, even the frowning brow—wherever you find tensed muscles, relax them; they are wearing you out.

Among other things, relaxed working will cure nervous indigestion, which reminds us that modern nutrition has contributed greatly to the prevention of fatigue by increasing energy.

Henry C. Sherman of Columbia University, perhaps our foremost nutrition scientist, has been testing the results of an extra supply of the valuable vitamins and minerals in the diet. He kept one batch of rats alive for thirty-five generations on an adequate diet; they prospered and were strong and healthy. But to another group of rats he gave more than an adequate diet, more of the important vitamins and minerals than they actually needed. This second group were even stronger and healthier, and they lived longer.

So the rule in nutrition now is to get more than you need of these things, rather than just enough. Translating this into foods, your daily diet should include a raw and a cooked leafy vegetable, a raw and a cooked fruit, at least a pint of milk, cod-liver oil or its equivalent in other fish oils or preparations of vitamins A and D, and eggs to average four or five a week.

If you eat too much of other foods, particularly the proteins—meat, fish, fowl, eggs, cheese—the excess causes putrefaction in the colon, which results in the lassitude of auto-intoxication. There is also some accumulation of nitrogen in the system, and in the case of meat an excess of uric acid.

Living fish, the Yale economist, put some college students on a diet containing little more than half as much protein as Americans commonly eat, testing their endurance before and at the end of the experiment. It doubled in six months. A simple rule for regulating your protein foods for endurance is: Do not eat a protein food more than once a day.

But suppose that, after you have learned to drive your human engine properly and have put good gas in the tank, it still skips and quits on a hill. Had you ever thought of reconditioning your personal engine as the mechanic does your car?

The human engine can be reconditioned through physical exercise so as to double its endurance within a year. Exercise perfects the vital machinery.

Getting into condition is not complicated. Begin by walking a mile briskly three times a week. After several weeks, do the mile by walking a block and trotting a block alternately. In six months you will be able to jog the entire mile and your endurance will have doubled.

But wait a moment—we have been taking it for granted that you are tired. Maybe you are not. Edward Thorndike, Columbia psychologist, kept some young men awake for six days and nights merely by keeping them interested, so he says that what we call fatigue is often merely boredom—hence the yawn.

A sportsman may tramp for miles on a hunt, until his feet weigh tons; then up jumps the game, and presto! he is not tired. That is emotional energy. It isn't just imagination, psychological reaction; it is real energy. When you are really interested, your ductless glands, the body's hypodermic needles, shoot you

full of something stronger than strychnine or arsenic.

You may come home from work feeling worn out, yet react energetically to play, to some enthusiastic interest or general pleasure. These are the things that stimulate the ductless glands.

It is certain, then, that if you cannot arrange to make a sort of play of your work, you will not be able to use these powerful emotional energies. You will feel tired before you are tired. You will be, merely, bored. Not only that, your work will be of poor quality.

Get out of the habit of dullness and pessimism. Begin with a forced grin at work, a mere pose of enjoying it, if you have nothing better. Be alert to find ways to make work more pleasant, more interesting, more like play. It will increase your energy, better your work, and give the sometimes dangerous emotional energies a constructive outlet.

The great energy lesson of history is that the same pose and solid populations have a tremendous energy, but are able to use these powerful emotional energies, and insubstantially. Love, marriage and the home, Elsie Dinmoreish as it may sound nowadays, form the social backbone of the energetic nation and the energetic individual. They supply fundamental principles: some are larger, some are smaller—something to round out the full life of the instinct to reproduce and prevent it from making a destructive effort to find its full answer in its incomplete or passionate form.

Fortunately, we have laboratory facts concerning sexual morals in their relation to energy and can get down to solid earth in this phase of the subject. Of particular interest to us is that modern physiology shows sexual energy to be glandular energy, one of the vital emotional energies which quicken us to supreme, zealous living. As with other emotional energies, this energy can be wasted in gross extravagance or saved, redirected and used.

Actual experiments show that excesses lower emotional energy, causing a general emotional flaccidity or boredom. Moral restraint increases equally the energy, the zest for life and the ambition to greater things than work.

Almost without exception, we want to live greatly. That is why we are interested in more energy, and now that our scientists have proved we do not need more rest, we can quit blaming our work. Instead of feeling sorry for our poor overworked selves, we can check more fundamental things than work.

But how can we make a systematic check on our energy? The following detailed questionnaire provides an answer. This test is divided into three parts, so that you can see if you are failing in energy conservation, energy generation or energy stimulation. A perfect score would be 150 in conservation, 150 in generation and 210 in stimulation; a total of 510. A reasonable score in both conservation and generation is 75, a good score 90, an excellent score 115. For stimulation, 105 is reasonable, 125 good, 150 excellent. For a total score, 255 is reasonable, 300 good, 350 excellent.

To give yourself this test, rate yourself from zero to ten on each question (except for four questions as hereafter indicated). If you can answer absolutely "Yes," then you rate ten; if absolutely "No," zero. Many questions will rate an answer somewhere between zero and ten.

### CONSERVATION OF ENERGY

1. Do you relax completely for a few minutes as soon as you begin to tire?
2. Do you take a nap in the daytime if you feel the need, and



- always before dinner if you are going to be out late?
- Do you keep emotional turmoils and "nerves" out of your work?
  - Do you work with an easy mental and nervous rhythm similar to a swinging stride?
  - Do you frequently think over your body and relax any muscles you find tensed, from brow to toes?
  - Do you work in harmony with your business associates?
  - Do you make lunch a pleasant, restful occasion to break the day into halves?
  - Have you noted whether you tire excessively in any particular place—eyes, feet, voice, neck, back—and done something intelligent about it?
  - Do you avoid abuse of tobacco?
  - Do you avoid abuse of alcohol?
  - Do you avoid fatiguing social life?
  - Is your home life free from emotional explosions?
  - Do you avoid depressing literature and amusements?
  - Do you avoid sexual stimulation, such as easy play, reading, conversation, companions?
  - Do you avoid unnecessary thinking about sex, turning your mind to more practical and less dangerous interests?

## BUILDING ENERGY

- Do you eat cooked and raw fruits, one a citrus fruit, daily?
- Do you eat cooked and raw vegetables, one a green leafy vegetable, every day?
- Do you drink at least a pint of milk every day?
- Do you eat several eggs a week?
- Do you take fish-liver oil daily?
- Do you get enough of vitamins B and C?
- When tired, do you always rest before eating?
- Do you eat slowly and pleasantly and make a special effort to keep relaxed and poised for an hour following meals?
- Do you limit your calories approximately to your needs?
- Do you limit protein foods to one meal a day?
- Do you keep your weight within ten pounds of normal?
- Do you exercise to the point of perspiration three times a week?
- Can you trot a mile and enjoy it?
- Have you a physical hobby?
- Do you have a medical examination at least every three years?

## STIMULATING ENERGY

- Are you enthusiastic about your work?
- Do you regularly seek stimulating business contacts?
- Do you seek responsibilities and opportunities?
- Do you devote regular time to study and preparation for your work?
- Are you definitely working for advancement?
- Are you a pleasant person to work with?
- Do you take pride in your work?
- Is your social life constructive and stimulating?
- Do you make a point of reading stimulating, inspiring literature?
- Have you an enthusiastic hobby?
- Do you own (or are you buying) your home?
- Is sex a part of the finer side of your life? (Score 0 to 30.)
- Do you practice energetic restraints in your private life? (Score 0 to 20.)
- Are you happily married? (Score 0 to 30.)
- Are you a successful parent? (Score 0 to 20.)

By correcting your weak spots you can easily add fifty or more points to your efficiency score in a few months. And it will be real efficiency, not just a score.



## HOW TO GET A FINE COCKTAIL ANYWHERE IN THE U-S-A

It may be the cool amber of a Martini, the deep glow of a Manhattan, the subtle satisfaction of a Side Car. Each is honored by those who recognize excellence, the minute they taste Heublein's Club Cocktails.

The House of Heublein is cocktail maker for a nation. The wide distribution and acceptance of *Club Cocktails* are soundly established because Heublein produces and bottles *Club Cocktails* under a mandate of good faith. Because Heublein assumes such responsibility you are assured that a fine cocktail is yours for the asking. A cocktail made of materials superior in grade to those used in many homes. A cocktail mixed with a studied skill that has taken years to acquire.

And it cannot be repeated too often that the *flavor* of *Club Cocktails* improves by *standing in bottles*. The bouquet takes on a full-bloom character which is a supreme reward to the expectant palate.



Try Club Cocktails in your favorite variety—nine kinds—available at all state operated and other liquor stores—Martini Medium Sweet (60 proof), Dry Martini (71 proof), Extra Dry Martini (70 proof), Bronx (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Side Car (60 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof), Sloe Gin Cocktail (49 proof), and Rum Cocktail (70 proof).

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What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

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Scientists recently discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown for the simple reason that they do not get enough direction-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured *ale yeast*. By a new process the finest imported cultured *ale yeast* is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast Tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast Tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch fat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

### Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast Tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in a few weeks, as they have thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast Tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and send it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, request with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drug stores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 3411, Atlanta, Ga.

## I've Been to London— (Continued from page 140)

"He deserved it. And you might have killed yourself going into that wood. It's a wonder you weren't stripped from your saddle."

The flame of her hair blew about her face; her eyes met his in a blazing challenge. "I wasn't afraid. And I couldn't stay and see that dog beaten."

"Well, don't give me such a scare again. Hear me?"

He caught her to him suddenly. His lips came down hard on hers.

"When she was again mounted, he said, "You can't run away from me, and you needn't think it." He stood looking up at her, a smile in his eyes. "You're blushing. You haven't been kissed often?"

She shook her hair back. "No."

"I like that," he said. "There are a lot of things I like about you. One is that you think you know the world and you don't—darling."

On the way back he said abruptly, "I'm going to give you that dog. You can leave him here with the rest that I keep in Whiting's kennels, but you're his mistress. If he needs punishment, you can give it."

"Then he will never be punished." "You'll spoil him, of course. His name is Tafty. When I move the others, I'll take him up to my kennels on Long Island. You can love him when you want him."

"But I haven't any place to keep him." "You might, some day," said Gerry.

The Harvest Festival, which was held the first week in November, was a charity affair, the proceeds going to the local hospital. The Whittings this year were to lend their grounds for the sale and their ballroom for the stage shows, to be put on by the house guests. Peg was to dance. Gerry was keen about it. He loved to show her off and wanted to buy her a new gown. But she would not let him and wrote to her father for the money.

The Whittings had been most anxious to keep Peg for the Festival. Keeping Peg meant keeping Gerry and the Ashars.

Jim Ashurst liked Peg and had often said to Enid, "She's too good for Gerry." "I know it."

"Then why let her go on? She's falling for him."

"I'm not sure she is," Enid was brushing her hair, which was long and pale gold. "She likes what Gerry stands for—money, position. But fundamentally she and Gerry are different. If she knew his other side, she'd hate him, unless she was strong enough to hold her own. If she doesn't, he'll lose interest."

Jim grumbled, "Lucky for her if he does."

Enid began braiding her hair, and when she had wound it in a coronet, she said, "The thing I am afraid of is that he'll make her care—and then not marry her. He's done it before, Jimmy."

"He's never been like this, has he?" Enid admitted that he hadn't.

As the Festival approached, Gerry's infatuation seemed to increase. Morning, noon and night he was with Peg. She wrote frantically to her father:

We are going up to Richmond day after tomorrow, and I must get some things. I hate to ask again for money, but it is all so wonderful . . .

She did not say in what way it was wonderful, but Talbot knew. Margaret was worried about Gerry Mitchell, but Talbot still dreamed of the sumptuous future which Peg had planned for them all. And young Mitchell must be a good sort or Peg wouldn't care for him.

He sent his check, and Peg spent the last penny of it in the week preceding the Harvest Festival.

People from the villages, the towns, the countryside and the great estates came to the Festival. Housewives brought and sold fruit, vegetables, sausages, mince-meat, jams, jellies; fine embroideries and knitted things. All the money they made would go this year for equipment for an operating room and more new hospital beds. The climax of the affair would be a sumptuous supper, followed by the stage performance.

The morning of the great day dawned crystal-clear. By noon the Whiting estate was gay with booths and bunting.

The gates were opened at two o'clock, and the people, arriving in old cars and new and on foot, were soon milling around. Bands were playing, and barkers calling. There was friendly visiting, and much frank curiosity about the Whiting guests.

"That's Gerry Mitchell," was the whisper that went around as Gerry and Peg wandered together about the grounds, and Gerry was saying of Peg, "She's a beauty. Who is she?"

But no one knew. They only knew that her hair was like a flame, and her eyes like stars as she looked at Gerry.

At four o'clock a cloud which had rolled up on the horizon set the whole crowd surrying and calling back and forth, "There's a big storm coming."

It came and stayed, pouring steadily. An out-of-doors feast was, of course, impossible. It was decided to serve supper to outsiders in the largest garage, and to set tables in the ballroom for Becky's house guests and friends.

It was all well planned, but the rain took the life of things. Many of the people went home. After supper the crowd that gathered in the ballroom was slim. Becky, noting the empty chairs, mourned, "There won't be enough money to buy a baby's crib."

The entertainment opened with Peg's dance. She called it "The Dance of the Hunter's Moon," and wore a gown of golden tissue, wide and flowing, so that as she whirled it was full and round like the moon at its height. The music was her own arrangement of an old hunting song. Woven in with the rhythm was the hoot of an owl, the sharp barking of a fox, the deeper baying of the hounds, the shrill of the wind, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the sound of a horn.

It was fantastic, beautiful. Wild applause greeted her when she finished.

Gerry, leaping up the steps to the stage, caught her in his arms as she came off. "Everybody's mad 'bout you. I'm mad about you, darling."

So far was perfect for Peg. But the evening was her own. The rest of the program stretched out until midnight. There was dancing for an hour or two, after which tables were set again and supper served—the storm raging and roaring, within the fires blazing.

The crowd had by that time been reduced to Becky's house guests. For greater comfort, the tables formed a half circle about the largest fireplace.

Becky, who had charge of the cashbox, was counting the day's receipts. "Not half enough," she said as she finished.

Jim Ashurst said, "Can't we all chip in?"

"You've done your bit already, Jimmy." Gerry slouched in his chair, with Peg beside him, said, "Who cares about money? It's love that makes the world go round." He laid his hand over Peg's.

Hating public demonstrations, she drew

her hand away. She did it with seeming casualness, but Gerry was in no mood to meet opposition. He said, "Hi, there, let's have it," and caught her hand in a grip that hurt.

Laughing lightly, but a bit afraid of him, Peg said, "I'm dead for sleep. What about you, Enid?"

Enid, who had been watching the little scene, acquiesced eagerly. Gerry had been drinking, and she knew the danger. "I think we should all go to bed." She started to leave the table, but Gerry stopped her with.

"Nobody's going to bed before we get that money. We'll have an auction. One of Peg's kisses to the highest bidder."

There was dead silence, out of which Jim Ashurst said, "Don't be a fool, Gerry."

Gerry whirled on him. "Nobody gives me orders." He mounted a chair, his eyes sweeping over the sea of startled faces. "Gentlemen, what am I offered?"

Peg sat still as a statue, while Gerry shouted, "I've got to have a gavel."

He looked down at Peg, whose chair was turned slightly from the table. Her knees were crossed, and one foot in a golden slipper showed below her gown. In a flash he was beside her and had the slipper in his hand.

Mounting the chair again, he struck the mantel shelf beside him with the shining heel, "What am I offered? I'll advance fifty dollars. There's your challenge, gentlemen. Surely you're not going to let such a kiss go for fifty dollars."

A voice said, "Seventy-five."

Another voice, "One hundred."

"One-fifty."

"Two hundred."

Gerry glanced down at Peg. She sat looking up at him, a little smile on her face. "Two hundred—who'll make it two-fifty—three hundred?"

Peg's mind was in a tumult. Was Gerry insulting her in the face of this crowd? She didn't know what to do about it. She might cry out, voice her indignation, but she had never made a scene in her life. Perhaps if she showed herself a good sport? Why not? These people might understand that it was for sweet charity.

Gerry was saying, "Make it three hundred."

"Three hundred and fifty." The men were eager now. Gamblers, most of them. Cards and stocks and horses. And the girl was taking it well.

Enid's face was white. Gerry ought to be thrashed. But she knew that nothing would stop him.

"Four hundred."

"Four hundred and fifty."

It was Jim Ashurst who said, "Five."

Gerry held the slipper aloft. "Five hundred once, five hundred twice." He brought the slipper heel down with a bang. "Going at five hundred!"

All the men were laughing, eyes on Peg. Gerry's were laughing, a bit of the devil in them. "Go to it, Jimmy." Then his eyes met Peg's, and the laughter went out of them.

For Peg's eyes were as clear as ice, and her voice as cold. "I shall be glad to give you my check for five hundred, Becky. I don't sell my kisses."

The room was still as death until Jim Ashurst said, "My loss! I'll match it with another five hundred."

As Enid told him afterwards, "Men know a good sport when they see one, and you were gorgeous."

Jim grinned. "So was Peg."

"Becky says they'll have more than enough for the operating room and beds. But I don't think Peg ought to pay. Gerry should, of course, but he's furious."

"He ought to be repenting in sackcloth and ashes. A girl like that—"

Enid was again braiding her hair. She stopped to give her husband a kiss. "Sometimes, Jim, you're a darling."

He held her to him for a moment. "But not always?"

"No. Perhaps it is my fault."

"No. Don't ever change, Enid. If you hold on, some day I may come your way." He kissed her again quietly. He had said all that he meant to say, and she went back to braiding her hair. But her heart was full of hope.

As she lay in her bed in the early morning, tense and agonized, it seemed to Peg incredible that Gerry who had seemed to love her should have held her up to scorn! Thank heaven, she had kept her head and had achieved a triumphant finale. Triumphant, that is, as far as others were concerned, but for herself deepest humiliation. Gerry had violated all the codes to which she had been accustomed. To be sure, he had been drinking, but she felt she could never forgive that last gesture when he had flung her slipper at her and had stumbled from the room.

Hiding her head in the pillows, she sobbed until she was spent with it. No matter what Gerry did, no matter what he said, things could never be the same again.

She was done with him. Yet, even as she thought of it, she shuddered at the thought of her empty future. To give up those mornings with the little mare under her. To give up the house on Long Island, the London season. To give up Gerry and the things he had said to her, setting her, as it were, among the stars.

Now the stars had fallen, and she was in the dark!

She began to sob again into her pillow; then, as a knock sounded, she sat up. Enid came in. "Oh, my dear, you're

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## Bon Ami



crying, I don't blame you, I've told Gerry what I think of him."

"It isn't that. It is what you all must think of me."

Enid said, "Gerry is my brother, I love him, but it is in spite of and not because of the things I know about him. I think he cares as much for you, Peg, as he will ever care for any woman, but the person Gerry loves best is himself."

Chanticeer! Peg remembered that night in Washington and how Gerry had laughed.

She began to cry again. "How can I face the people?"

"Easily, Gerry's gone."

"Gone?" Peg stared through her tears.

"Where?"

"Heaven only knows."

"I can't stay here, Enid."

"You can until tomorrow. We're motoring back in the morning to New York, and we'll take you as far as Washington. You mustn't make a mountain out of a molehill. These people think it's a joke on Gerry. He's not popular you know."

"Women like him."

"Yes, unfortunately, I hope you're not in love with him, Peg."

"I don't know, Honesty."

Enid looked down at her. "If you are, you're too good for him. You'd better dress now and go down. Nobody is laughing at you. They're laughing at Gerry. They think you gave him what he deserved. Jim says he thinks you shouldn't pay the five hundred."

"But I shall. It's for charity, isn't it?"

"Yes," Enid would have said more, but felt that this was beyond her. She was sure the child was hard up, but her pride was inordinate, and she was hurt to the heart.

When Enid had gone, Peg sat up in bed and looked about her. The lovely room which had been hers for such a little time would soon be hers no longer. She felt that in this moment she was saying farewell to beauty. She would go home to sleep beside Pamela in their

room in the walk-up flat, and all because she had been a fool and had let Gerry see that she loved him.

She got through the day bravely. The men liked her, and at luncheon they crowded about her. It was thrilling. Yet she was glad she was going tomorrow, for Gerry had left her high and dry on the shores of Whiting hospitality.

Peg had said casually to Becky when she met her in the morning, "I'll send you my check as soon as I get home. Wasn't it corking of Jim Ashurst to double?"

But Becky had answered with a certain frigidity, "We owe Gerry a vote of thanks for making the Festival a success. I don't see why he ran away."

It was good, therefore, having seen the last of Becky and Don Whiting, to be riding along in the Ashurst car.

Before she had left, Peg had gone down to the kennels to see the dog, Taffy. A friendly creature, eager for a run.

"Not today, Taffy."

Not today? Not any day. What would she do with a dog in a walk-up flat?

The trip to Washington was a quick one, and Peg was at home in time for

She came in crying, "Darlings, darlings!" as was her way, and explaining lightly, "Gerry had to go on to New York, so I motored up with the Ashursts."

She had decided it was best to keep all that had happened to herself—all except the payment of the five hundred. She would have to tell her father, but it must be hidden from her mother and Pam.

Strangely, she found that her arrival did not create the sensation she had expected. Jon Stafford was very ill—not expected to live through the night—and they were all upset about it.

"But why should you be upset?" Peg asked. "You hardly know him, do you?"

It seemed that they knew him very well. There had been much going back and forth, and it had brought them together. But they were glad to see Peg,

and were sorry when she said if they didn't mind, she'd go to bed.

Pam went to tuck her in. "You look dreadfully fagged, Peggy."

"So much excitement." She began pulling off her clothes, her hands shaking.

Pam saw the shaking hands and said quietly, "I'll help you undress."

Peg's laugh was brittle. "No, I'm all right. Nothing to worry about, Pamela."

So Pam went away, and Peg lay there, warm as to body but frozen as to heart. Only a few hours ago at the Harvest Festival she and Gerry had visited the fortune-teller. The gypsy had told Peg the commonplaces of things to come, and all the rest of it. But for Gerry there had been no commonplaces, "Perhaps a marriage, but it won't last."

"Divorce?"

"How can I tell?"

"Death?" Gerry's laugh had been mere snuff.

"It is not well to laugh at the cards."

But he had gone out laughing; had said to Peg, "I'll tell you more than she did. Let me see your hand."

He had studied it and said, with mock gravity, "I see you across the water—all white with a headdress with three feathers."

He had laughed and dropped her hand. But what else could he mean but that some day she would be his wife and riding in a coach to Court?

She had gone into the house in time for tea, and had laughed and chatted with the people she found gathered about the hearth. Then, seeing herself suddenly in a long mirror, something magical had happened. She was still wearing her rough russet cape and cap, and as she looked, the bright color had vanished, and into the mirror had come a pearly whiteness which presently formed a figure, and the figure was herself in white satin with plumes waving!

And now here she was, tucked under a cotton blanket—and with an unpaid debt of honor of five hundred dollars!

*The girl who wouldn't sell her kisses meets her Prince Charming again—in Temple Bailey's December installment*

## Has the White Race Gone Soft?

(Continued from page 86)

that drawback was being discussed, another guard was killed.

About this time, Patrick F. O'Neill happened along. O'Neill was forty-three and a teacher at Holy Cross Abbey College, Canon City. He probably never had seen a stick of dynamite before in his life, but he promptly volunteered to carry twenty-five pounds of the stuff across that no man's land.

All the lights in the yard were extinguished and O'Neill started out, covered by rifle fire, made the hundred feet, deposited the dynamite and returned to discover the wires attached to the charge had become disconnected and the explosive couldn't be set off.

So more wires were attached to another charge, and O'Neill did the trick again.

The Carnegie Fund report concludes, "The leader of the rioters, becoming hopeless of escaping, killed his companions and then killed himself, after having shot all of the remaining guards, save one, whom he wished to favor." Patrick O'Neill got a bronze medal.

A surprising number of these tales of heroism have to do with explosives. Western Union construction Foreman F. M. Burton and his gang had been taking fifty pounds of dynamite for a ride on a handcar. A fast train ran past a signal and suddenly appeared in a sort of canyon, bearing down on the handcar. The intervening distance wasn't sufficient for

stopping the train, but it gave Foreman Burton a split second to think.

If the men jumped and Burton then threw off the dynamite, it would blow everybody to pieces. If they didn't jump, or the dynamite wasn't thrown off, the same thing would happen when the train struck the handcar.

Foreman Burton said, "Jump!" Then he rode along another hundred yards or so, hugged the dynamite to his bosom and leaped into space. By some miracle he landed on his feet and the explosive dropped almost gently on the right of way.

Courage and resourcefulness in the line of duty or otherwise, seem confined to no particular class, race or age. The Carnegie and other citations include Indians, Negroes and Chinese; children between nine and fourteen; butlers, barbers, brickmen, millionaires and members of Congress. You and I have cured plenty of taxi drivers for recklessness, but weren't you a little surprised last year when New York's Commissioner of Police decorated seventy of them for valor?

Many years ago, George Bernard Shaw said, "The courage to rage and kill is cheap. The courage to be just has the same cost but all the same." Military courage may not be precisely "cheap," but it certainly seems less fine than the behavior of what Carnegie called "the heroes of civilization." It is one thing to

go over the top with the band playing—metaphorically, at least—and another to go over alone, without incentive outside of the job to be done and without thought of glory.

If there is an environment conducive to courage, I should think it might be the dark, damp solitude underground, yet the United States Bureau of Mines issues a series of circulars that sound like the old-fashioned dime novels. When you read that between 1906 and 1910 there were 13,288 fatalities in mines, you'll agree that they offer plenty of opportunity for heroism.

On May 4, 1933, twelve men were preparing to blast in a copper mine at Jerome, Arizona. Some thirty-five boulders had been drilled and loaded with explosives, when a shot went off prematurely. John Stout was pinned under a rock. Fuses were burning directly in front of him and on both sides. The indications were that Stout had about a minute to live.

The report on my desk says, "All the men left at once, except two." These were David H. Jones and Benjamin F. Major. Rapidly they began tearing the burning fuses from the holes nearest Stout. "They did not have time to pull all the lighted fuses, but they kept at it until the other shots began to go off." Jones was thrown on his face and narrowly escaped being imprisoned beside

the man he was trying to rescue. Twelve to fifteen shots exploded while Jones and Major were trying to free Stout, which they finally succeeded in doing. Miraculously, none of them was seriously injured. Both Jones and Major were awarded the gold medal of the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association.

Can you imagine how many of these tales I am compelled to ignore, every one as good as the others? The Holmes Association alone has bestowed a hundred and eighty-six medals and certificates.

Two years ago, the cable repair ship *Cyrus Field* was steaming slowly through an ice floe off Cape Bonavista, Newfoundland, when the man in the crow's-nest sighted "something on the ice, two hundred yards from the edge." A glance through the telescope revealed a dog—probably one of a sledge team cut loose by seal hunters when the ice cracked.

Nothing in the last of the sea compels a ship to go to the rescue of a dog, but this ship did just that. In a high wind Captain Beadon put about and went plowing through the floe. Frightened, the animal ran away, and the *Cyrus Field* followed. When the dog fell into the water, Boatwain McCredie jumped overboard after him, and half an hour later the vessel was on her way again, carrying an exhausted but grateful canine mascot in the hands of the ship's doctor.

Rescues at sea, of course, run into the thousands. Pretty nearly everyone knows about Captain Fried, of the United States Lines. In January, 1926, Captain Fried stood by in mountainous seas while lifeboat after lifeboat was sent to the British freighter *Antinoe*. Boat after boat foundered or capsized; men were swept overboard and swam to other rescuing men or were drowned, but after ninety-four hours of almost continuous effort, everyone was taken off the *Antinoe*. In January, 1929, Captain Fried performed the same feat with the Italian freighter *Florida*. It seems to have become a habit by then, for he saved the crew of a Swedish vessel in 1930, stood by an American steamer in 1931, rescued an airman from a floating plane in 1932 and four more airmen in 1934. And in each case, obviously, there were plenty of assisting heroes to launch boats and pull at the oars.

There seem always to be plenty of assisting heroes. That's a grand story of Conan Doyle's about the infantry captain who needed a man to go to certain death and asked for a volunteer to step forward. When he looked up, the line was unbroken. He remarked, "I thought I could count on at least one volunteer." A sergeant saluted, and said, "Beg pardon, sir; the whole line stepped forward."

But do you know that this actually happened when Richmond Pearson Hobson asked for men to sail the collier *Merrimac* under the Spanish guns at Santiago de Cuba and block the channel by blowing her up? Every enlisted man in the fleet volunteered. Every man and woman in the employ of the Southern California telephone companies was cited for "courage and devotion to duty" following the earthquake of March 10, 1933.

Apparently, there's no such thing as "the common man." At any rate, an extremely large number of common men have an uncommon endowment of spunk, daring, initiative, resourcefulness and the determination to carry on. Otherwise, as my secretary remarked, business certainly could not be "going on as usual." A machine is no better than the men and women behind it, and all our shafts and wheels would be scrap iron about twenty-four hours after we ran into a serious shortage of people who put doing their jobs above everything else.

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## What the Doctor Ordered by Mildred Harrington (Continued from page 61)

grotesquely from a near-by peg had been a pair of monogrammed silk pajamas worn to tissue-paper thinness.

It was Bill who told her that Cam hadn't had a job in three years. Cam, who had come out of college in '28 to walk into a bond-selling office that paid for the flowers and dinners and theater tickets that were routine stuff for girls like Renée and Coralie.

He didn't know when he finished college that the last of the comfortable family fortune had gone to keep him there. Cam's parents had been dead for years. His four brothers were married; they had wives and children to think of. Carolina planters, they had seen themselves stripped of everything except land on which they couldn't pay taxes.

At first, when Cam's firm exploded like an overripe bubble, they had sent him money "... until you can get on your feet again, boy." Cam was their beloved. They had brought him up from childhood. He was ten years younger than the brother nearest him.

But as soon as Cam found out how things were at home, he had lied to them: "I have a decent job now. Not what I want, but it will do. Things are bound to get better."

Things had not got better for Cam, but he had his pride. There had been enough coming in from a tiny trust his mother had left to pay for a cheap room and food of a sort.

When he came out of the hospital, Bill Page had begged him to go home to Carolina for a few weeks, but Cam had refused. Bunny had guessed that he didn't want his brothers to find out how hard the going had been.

Cam and Bunny had such good times together. Their pleasures were simple—the neighborhood movie, a bus ride up Fifth Avenue, and, later, dinner before the fire in Bunny's living room.

Bunny's throat tightened every time she thought of the day Cam had come in with a job in his pocket. A start-at-the-bottom job in a big electrical concern. Only twenty a week, but Cam was jubilant.

"How would you like it, Mrs. Trent, if your husband came home at night in overalls with a dinner pail under his arm?"

Bunny's rosy face must have reminded him that he was making a good deal for granted. He put his arms about her, and the teasing went out of his voice. "Please, Bunny, darling, will you marry me?"

Proud, stubborn Cam being humble! Pleading with her to marry him whom she had loved so long!

Over their coffee, he said, "You've done so much for me, dearest. I've been ashamed that I could do nothing for you. But this job is just me besting him. A toe hold. I've always been keen about electricity. I know I'll make good."

"Of course you will, Cam!"

"I've got to," he said doggedly. "I owe you so much."

Later, when he had gone, his words had come back to her. It was almost as if he were trying to square a debt. Dear, funny Cam! He couldn't bear being under obligation to people. Not to his brothers who adored him; not to Bill. Bunny hadn't worried about it at the time. Their love was too new and wonderful. She reveled in their perfect companionship. She had never before known what it was to sit for hours with her cheek pressed close to a man's rough textured shoulder; to tramp through the rain matching her steps to a masculine

stride. For Bunny had been too fastidious for casual flirtations; too shy for give-and-take friendships with men.

And now life was suddenly so rich! So beautiful!

It was exactly as if she and Cam were shut in by magic walls from all the sorrow and trouble in the world, and yet she was a million times more responsive to the needs of others.

In those days, there was just one thing she had feared. And that was Lella Page's jealousy. From the first, she had sensed that Lella would love to see Cam pop out of the eminence to which Bill's adoration elevated him.

It had been all she could do to force herself to go to the tea to which Lella had invited her.

Putting down the detective magazine with which she had read her patient to sleep—old Mrs. Westley liked her murders brisk and bloody—Bunny sighed softly. And as she got ready for bed in the little alcove adjoining Mrs. Westley's big private room, her thoughts grew more and more troubled. Why was it supposed to be a joke when a man fell in love with a girl who had nursed him through an illness? Coralie Clark's barbed words came back to her: "... never had a chance at him when he was flat on his back."

Bunny tossed restlessly on her narrow cot. But the next night at dinner in the little Russian restaurant which was Cam's favorite—he had been working nearly a month now and insisted upon taking her out twice a week—she was reassured. Cam's eyes were so happy.

"Bill called up this afternoon," Cam tried to keep the excitement out of his voice.

"What did he want?"

"He's on the trail of a grand job for me. Seventy-five a week to begin with." His eyes shone. "You won't have to keep on nursing after we are married." She had made him promise she might work for a while.

"Oh, Cam, what kind of job?"

"Radio, I'm to sell 'spots' on the air to sponsors."

A cold hand clutched at Bunny's heart. "How did Bill hear about a radio job?"

"Somebody—a chap named Horton—phoned him from XBC this morning. Said they needed a man with selling experience, and one of their people had mentioned me. He wanted the low-down on me."

Bunny tried not to hear again a husky, lazy voice saying, "Horton would jump through hoops for me." She said aloud: "But Cam, I thought you liked your job, the one you got yourself."

"I do. But a married man has to think about the old wherever that. I want to buy the world for you, darling, and bring it home wrapped up in pink tissue paper!" Abruptly his mood veered. "Nothing's settled yet," he warned her. "I'm to go over at my lunch time tomorrow."

At two the following afternoon he called her at the hospital, although he knew that personal calls were forbidden to nurses on duty. "I got it! He was triumphant. 'I go to work tomorrow!'"

Bunny wondered if he knew he owed his job to Coralie Clark.

It was the day before Thanksgiving when Cam told her he had lunched with Horton. "At the Sky Club," he said, "where all the big shots in radio hang out. He had a nurse before adding, 'Coralie put a bite in Horton's ear. If he says the word, I get O'Brien's job when O'Brien takes over the Chicago office.'"

"Do you see Coralie often?" Bunny

could have bitten her tongue out for asking.

"Now and then." His voice tightened a little. "Any reason why I shouldn't?"

No.

He came up behind her and kissed the nape of her neck.

Bunny told herself she was happy—as happy as she had been at first—but she knew it wasn't true. Her love was no longer the bright and shining thing she had given into Cam's keeping. Somehow, it had got smudged.

Five days later Bunny found herself in Frances Whitcomb's neighborhood at luncheon time. Tardily she remembered that she had promised to ring Fran up. All at once she had a feeling that Fran might steady her; help her to see clearly where Cam was concerned.

Crossing the street, she took an elevator to Fran's offices. The competent young woman at the reception desk was frightfully sorry, but Miss Whitcomb had sailed for London the day before to open a branch office.

Just outside Fran's door, there was a telephone pay station. Yielding to impulse, she dialed Fran's number. "I'm uptown," she told him, "in practically a starving condition. Want to feed me?"

Cam groaned. "Couldn't you make it yesterday, or tomorrow?" he pleaded. "I've got Horton on my hands. His secretary just phoned..."

Bunny emerged from the booth very low in her mind.

Out in the thin December sunlight again, she wandered about aimlessly. All around her couples were hurrying to lunch. A man and a girl... a man and a girl. It was one of those days when the whole world is paired off. A smartly dressed couple swept past her into a gay restaurant. Bunny opened her purse and counted out. "Crepes Suzette for one!" she decided recklessly.

Tucked away in a corner, she watched the crowd trickle into the restaurant. She was dawdling over the clam juice she had chosen to precede her glorified pancakes when Coralie and Cam threaded the way in. They followed a blandly welcoming waiter to a table for two. Somehow, you knew at once that it was their table; that they always sat there.

CAM DID NOT talk much, but his dark head was bent eagerly to the red-egg one. Bunny could not see his face, but she could see Coralie's. And what she saw was like a knife in her heart. Coralie's lovely, sulky eyes had come alive. She wore the proud, plumed look of a woman who is sure of herself.

In vain Bunny told herself that the incident meant nothing. Something had happened, at the last minute. Perhaps Horton had invited Coralie, and then had found that he himself couldn't make it. Perhaps— But how stupid to sit there inventing excuses for Cam. There was some simple explanation, of course. He would tell her all about it tonight at dinner.

But he didn't. Not even when she made an opportunity for him to tell her.

It was about this time that Bunny began to lose her appetite. She grew thin and edgy. Her work suffered. But nothing seemed to matter now.

One day Judy jacked her up pretty sharply. "Look here, my girl, Doctor Sackett wants a nurse who's on her toes for this maternity job next week. Do I recommend you, or don't I?"

Bunny brightened a little. She loved maternity cases. Here, at least, there



was some reward for the pain. Nobody knew better than Bunny that too often there is nothing to show for suffering.

It was a bitter dose to watch Cam being weaned away from her day by day. To know that she was helpless to stop it. "Rotten luck, darling," he would phone. "I've got to drag an out-of-town client to the theater." Or, "Coralie is having the Hortons to dinner. Her extra man failed her at the last minute..."

Ironically enough, it was not a telephone call, but the lack of one, that proved to be the final catastrophic straw.

It happened on Cam's birthday. Bunny had baked the cake the night before. She had twenty-six tiny candles to go on it, and a swanky lighter she couldn't afford to go beside Cam's plate. She had planned the party weeks ahead.

Thankful that she was on day duty, she had rushed home to get dinner. When the table had been laid before the fire, and the chicken set to bubbling in its cream gravy, she whipped into a frock she had been saving for her troussesu—a thing of soft silver lace with a narrow louvered sash of vivid fuchsia. Five minutes before she expected Cam's step on the stair, she started the coffee, lighted the candles on the table.

Fifteen minutes later, she was peering anxiously down the stair well. No sign of Cam!

Another quarter of an hour, and she sat dully surveying the wreck of her dinner while she waited for the telephone to shrill out its evil tidings. But the telephone did not ring.

At ten o'clock, she cleared away the untasted food; dismantled the gay table. Cam had forgotten the party. Cam had forgotten—her.

She lay awake all night staring at a ceiling she could not see. One by one, she bade farewell to pictures she had thought to cherish forever: Cam's eyes twinkling at her across a room full of people. Cam, a towel about his waist, beating waffle batter in her tiny kitchen on Sunday nights. Cam on the hearth-rug, his head against her knees, contentedly puffing his old black pipe.

At six, when her alarm clock went off, her mind was made up. If Cam had really cared, he couldn't have forgotten. Coralie was right. It was part of a man's conscience to fancy himself in love with the woman who had nursed him. And Cam hated being under obligation, hated bonds. Very well! She would give him back his freedom!

He had loved Coralie all along. He could go back to her now. But Bunny wouldn't tell him that. It would only strengthen his stubborn sense of duty. "I'll have to find a way to hurt his pride," she thought. "That is the one thing he would not forgive."

Her patient went to the delivery room that morning. For hours Bunny lost herself, lost Cam, in the age-old, ever-fresh miracle of helping a new life into the world. But that afternoon while both her charges slept, she rehearsed the scene that had shaped itself in her mind during the sleepless night: "Please try to understand, Cam. You were sick and down on your luck. I guess I was—sorry for you." That would cut him to the quick. "Nurses get that way about their patients, especially good-looking male ones. The maternal instinct, I suppose!" Cam called her in midafternoon. "I tried to get you early this morning, and again at noon."

"I was in the delivery room."

"Something happened—I'll tell you tonight. I forgot about the party. Darling, I'm so terribly sorry. May I come to dinner and eat the scraps?"

"I won't be home in time to prepare



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dinner." Bunny was surprised to hear her quiet voice speaking steadily, surely. "Meet me at the Russian place at eight." She hung up. She was glad she had thought of the restaurant. She couldn't cry with people looking.

Cam was waiting for her at their favorite table. He stood up eagerly when she came in. A waiter took their order. When the man was gone, Cam said swiftly: "Dearest, I feel like a dog. I bet you baked a cake."

"Yes," said Bunny, "I baked a cake." "With candles?"

"Bunny," he said, suddenly urgent, "there's something I've got to tell you about last night. Coralie—"

Bunny dug her nails into the edge of the table. "All right, Cam. But first, I've got to tell you something..." She heard her voice going on and on; saw Cam stiffen. "And I guess," she finished lamely, "I was just sorry for you, Cam."

Cam looked at her a moment. He said roughly, "You're crazy, or you're lying."

Bunny thought desperately, "I've got to hurt him a lot. It must end now while I have the strength to end it."

Deliberately she said, "So many women have been mad about you, Cam, I don't wonder you find it difficult to believe that one could fall to succumb. With every word, she heard herself drive a nail into the coffin of her love. But she couldn't stop. She had to finish it now. No more waiting for a telephone to ring. No more torturing herself with pictures of Cam's dark head bent to a red-gold one. "Try to forgive me,"—she drew in her breath sharply—"but I can't go on! I can't!" At least, that last was genuine.

She slid his ring across the table.

Cam stood up. He was very tall and very white. He picked up the ring and flipped it in the air as one flips a coin. "All right," he said, "if that's the way you feel. He tossed the ring into his pocket. "I'll take you home now."

"No," said Bunny, "No, please. I want to go home—alone."

"Right," said Cam. He went over to the line of hooks against the wall and took down his hat and coat.

Bunny waited until the door closed behind him. Then she went out into the cold winter rain and walked until she was numb and drenched.

She never knew how she got through the next week or two. Fiercely she threw herself into her work. Judy no longer had to jack her up for lack of interest.

There's no special point in killing yourself," she said. "Now she saw a couple of days off between cases. See a show. Buy yourself a new hat. Heaven knows you need one!"

In pursuit of the new hat, Bunny ran into Fran Whitcomb. Fran laid enthusiastic hands upon her and dragged her to tea, rattling on about this and that. "Since Cam threw up his job—" she began, and was stopped by Bunny's look. "I thought, of course, you knew."

"No," said Bunny, "I didn't know." "Well," said Fran, "you ought to know." "Why?" asked Bunny faintly.

"Because," said Fran, "the fight was over. It seems that after Coralie got Cam that XBC job, she thought she owned him, body and soul. She resorted to all sorts of cheap tricks to be with him. Several times she made Horton call Cam for lunch. And then, at the last moment, she would turn up instead of Horton, who had suddenly been summoned to an important conference. She bragged about it to Lella Page, who thought it all very clever and amusing."

"Oh, no," murmured Bunny.

"I see, you don't," declared Fran energetically. "If you've let Coralie Clark

do you out of Cam Trent, you don't see half as much as you ought to see."

"But—if Cam wanted her?" "Good Lord, he didn't! What's more, he finally managed to convey that idea to the lady. That was the night of the big row. She tried to rope him in on a last-minute party, and when he flatly refused, she told him she owed it to her to go because she had got his job for him. According to Lella, who got it from Coralie with gestures, there was a pretty scene, and Cam walked out on Coralie and the job."

Bunny felt as if she were choking. "When did all this happen?" she asked. Fran admitted she didn't know exactly. "But," she said, "you can figure it out yourself, for, according to Bill, you handed Cam his ring the very next night." Fran gazed into her empty teacup. "Sweet for Cam, wasn't it? I only wish I could catch him on the rebound."

Later, going over what Fran had said, Bunny told herself sternly, "He didn't blow up on account of you, idiot. It was because he was furious with Coralie for tricking him into a false position. Try to remember that all this happened weeks ago, my girl, and he hasn't called you once. If he really cared, he wouldn't let his pride stand in the way."

But deep inside her, Bunny knew that she had driven Cam away from her with bitter, wounding words. He couldn't come back without violating his self-respect. She might as well make up her mind that he was out of her life forever.

The days creaked by, filled with work that could not quite deaden the dull ache in her heart.

She did her best to forget Cam. But she couldn't. There were days when the longing to see him became an obsession. She fancied she recognized his long stride in the walk of a stranger a block away. She saw him rushing down subway steps, waving for her outside the hospital.

One afternoon she saw her in a room when she was leaving the hospital, she thought she glimpsed Cam's square shoulders crossing the street ahead of her. Almost without conscious volition she sped after him. She dodged in and out of traffic, ignoring signals.

When the square shoulders threatened to elude her by starting down the crowded subway steps at the Twenty-eighth Street station, she reached out a detaining hand. The man swung around, and she went sick with disappointment. She had never seen him before. "I'm a-sorry," she stammered. "I thought you were somebody I knew."

He lifted his hat, but his eyes narrowed in a wide smile.

Bunny fled from that narrow-lidded look into the milling crowd at the curb. But the smile, which had become a leer, pursued her. She walked faster.

Caught for a moment in a human eddy in the middle of the street, she suddenly remembered hearing a patient complain that an amputated foot hurt him every time he thought of it. She understood now what he meant. Some part of her was gone, cut off with Cam, but it still ached. And in that split second she came to know how dreadful, how irrevocable a thing it is to love past forgetting.

A traffic cop's whistle shrilled. The human eddy surged forward and she was carried with it. And in a flash of self-revelation, she knew where she was going. She was going to Cam. Nothing else was important. Not pride; not even life itself. She was going to find Cam; telling him what a fool she had been; begging him to forgive her for the cruel lie she had told when she said that it was pity, not love, that had made her promise herself to him.

Her feet beat an eager tattoo on the wet pavement. Cam's room—Fran had said that he was back in his old diggings—was only four blocks ahead now.

Cam would be home. He had his old job back. Fran had told her that, too. But he wouldn't be working Saturday afternoon. She turned off Third Avenue into a poorly lighted cross street, and almost at once she became aware that footsteps were following her. Terror gripped her. She thought of that narrow-lidded smile and tried not to break into a run. One more corner and she would be there—safe inside Cam's house.

The outer door was open. Thank heaven for that!

She shut it behind her, drew a long breath and started to climb the two flights of stairs to Cam's room. She had reached the first landing when she heard the street door open below and footsteps start up the stairs. She ran up the remaining flight. Her breath came in gasps. She lifted her hand to hammer on Cam's door and was frozen into immobility by the shadow of a man which loomed at her back. She opened her lips to scream, but no sound came.

A long arm reached past her and set a key into the lock of Cam's door.

"Won't you go in?" said Cam's voice.

"Thank you," murmured Bunny weakly, and braced her buckling knees to carry her across the threshold.

Cam took off her wet coat, her dripping hat. He drew up a chair for her by the tiny grate in which live coals glimmered pleasantly. He knelt down beside her and removed her soaking shoes. He started to rub her cold feet.

"I'm glad that I built up the fire before I went out," observed Cam conversationally. He added in the same casual tone. "It's nice to see you again."

"Thank you," said Bunny.

They were as polite to each other—and as wary—as a newly divorced couple. "I don't wonder you're out of breath," said Cam. "I don't know when I've indulged in such lively sprinting myself."

"Then it was you—all the time?" gasped Bunny.

"Every inch of the way," admitted Cam. "Usually, I keep at a pretty safe distance, but tonight when I saw that man ogling you, I decided I'd better see you safely—wherever you were going."

"You mean," said Bunny softly, "that you've followed me before?"

"Often," said Cam with brazen calm. "Why not? There's no law to keep folks from looking at folks, provided the folks of the first part don't speak to, or otherwise annoy, the folks of the second—"

"Cam," begged Bunny, "please don't talk like that, because I came to tell you—Cam, I came to tell you—"

"I hope," said Cam gently, "that you didn't come to tell me you are sorry for me."

Bunny shook her head violently.

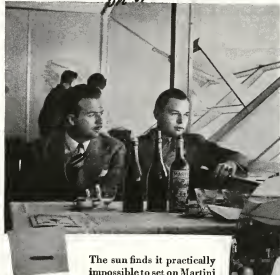
"Good!" said Cam, starting to rub the other foot. "I'd hate to marry a girl who was sorry for me. She might wind up by being sorry for herself."

Bunny tried not to cry, but in spite of herself the big drops splashed down on Cam's head.

"You see," said Bunny earnestly, "I was jealous. I thought— Well, I'm not clever and beautiful like—like—"

"Aren't you?" said Cam. "I hadn't noticed." Suddenly he dropped the foot he had been drying, and reaching up, he cupped Bunny's tear-wet face in his hands. For a moment he regarded her almost sternly. "And what has that to do with us? I thought I told you a couple of million years ago that you were exactly what the doctor ordered!"

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his inspection of the toilet articles on the bureau top.

Heath and I were both near the archway, our eyes on Vance, when he suddenly called out, "Look out, sergeant!"

The last word had been only half completed when there came two shots from the rear door. The slim, crouching figure of a man, somewhat scholarly looking and well dressed, had suddenly appeared there.

Vance had swung about simultaneously with his warning to Heath, and there were two more shots in rapid succession, this time from Vance's gun.

I saw the poised revolver of blue steel drop from the raised hand of the man at the rear door; he looked round him, dazed, and both his hands went to his abdomen. He remained upright for a moment; then he doubled up and sank to the floor, where he lay in an awkward crumpled heap.

Heath's revolver, too, dropped from his grip. When the first shot had been fired, he had pivoted round as if some powerful unseen hand had pushed him; he staggered backward a few feet and slid heavily into a chair. Vance looked a moment at the contorted figure on the man on the floor, and then hastened to Heath.

"The baby winged me," Heath said with an effort, "My gun jammed."

Vance gave him a cursory examination and then smiled encouragingly. "Frightfully sorry, sergeant—it was all the fault of my trustin' nature. McLaughlin told us there were only two men in that green car, and I foolishly concluded that two gentlemen and the Chinaman would be all we should have to contend with. I should have been more farseein'. Most humilintin'."

"You'll have a sore arm for a couple of weeks," he added. "Lucky it's only a flesh wound. You'll probably lose a lot of hair; but really, y'know, you're far too full of blood as it is." And he expertly bound up Heath's right arm, using a handkerchief for a bandage.

The sergeant struggled to his feet. "You're treating me like a damn baby." He stepped to the mantel and leaned against it. "There's nothing the matter with me. Where do we go from here?" His face was unusually white, and I could see that the mantel behind him was a most welcome prop.

"Glad I had that mirror in front of me," murmured Vance. "Very useful devices, mirrors."

He had barely finished speaking when we heard a repeated ringing near us.

"By Jove, a telephone!" commented Vance. "Now we'll have to find the instrument."

Heath straightened up. "The thing's right here on the mantel," he said. "I've been standing in front of it."

Vance made a sudden move forward, but Heath stood in the way.

"You'd better let me answer it, Mr. Vance. You're too refined." He picked up the receiver with his left hand.

"What'd you want?" he asked, in a gruff, officious tone. There was a short pause. "Oh, yeah? Okay, go ahead." A longer pause followed, as Heath listened. "Don't know nothing about it," he shot back, in a heavy, resentful voice. Then he added: "You got the wrong number." And he slammed down the receiver.

"Who was it, do you know, sergeant?" Vance spoke quietly as he lighted a cigarette.

Heath turned slowly and looked at Vance. His eyes were narrowed, and there was an expression of awe on his face as he answered. "Sure I know," he said

significantly. He shook his head as if he did not trust himself to speak. "There ain't no mistaking that voice."

"Well, who was it, sergeant?" asked Vance mildly, without looking up.

The sergeant seemed stronger; he stood away from the mantelpiece; his legs were apart and firmly planted. Rivulets of blood were running down over his right hand, which hung limply at his side.

"It was——" he began, and then he was suddenly aware of my presence in the room. "Mother of God!" he breathed. "I don't have to tell you, Mr. Vance. You knew this morning."

### THE WINDOWLESS ROOM (Friday, July 22; 10:30 P.M.)

VANCE LOOKED at the sergeant a moment and shook his head. "Y'know," he said, in a curiously repressed voice, "I was almost hoping I was wrong. I hate to think——" He came suddenly forward to Heath, who had fallen back weakly against the mantel and was blindly reaching for the wall, in an effort to hold himself upright. Vance put his arm around Heath and led him to a chair. "Here, sergeant," he said in a kindly tone, handing him an etched silver flask. "Take a drink of this—and don't be a sissy."

"Go to hell!" grumbled Heath, and inverted the flask to his lips. Then he handed it back to Vance. "That's potent juice," he said, standing up and pushing Vance away from him. "Let's get going."

"Right-o, sergeant. We've only begun." As he spoke he walked to the rear door and stepped over the dead man into the next room. Heath and I were at his heels.

The room was in darkness, but with the aid of his flashlight the sergeant quickly found the electric light. We were in a simple, boxlike room, without windows. Opposite us were two doors, a narrow army cot. Vance rushed forward and leaned over the cot. The motionless form of a woman lay stretched out on it. Despite her disheveled hair and her deathlike pallor, I recognized Madeline Kenting. Strips of adhesive tape bound her lips together, and both her arms were tied securely with pieces of heavy clothesline to the iron rods at each side of the cot.

Vance dexterously removed the tape from her mouth, and the woman sucked in a deep breath, as if she had been partly suffocated. There was a low rumbling in her throat, expressive of agony and fear, like that of a person coming out of an anesthetic after an operation.

Vance busied himself with the cruel cords binding her wrists. When he had released them he laid his ear against her heart for a moment, and poured a little light cognac from his flask between her lips. She swallowed automatically and coughed. Then Vance lifted her in his arms and started from the room.

Just as he reached the door the telephone rang again, and Heath went toward it.

"Don't bother to answer it, sergeant," said Vance. "It's the same person calling back." And he continued on his way, with the woman in his arms.

I preceded him as he carried his inert burden down the dingy stairway.

"We must get her to a hospital at once, Van," he said when we had reached the first hallway.

I held the front door open for him, my automatic held before me, ready for instant use, should the occasion arise.

Vance went down the shaky steps without a word, just as Heath joined me at the door. The Chinaman still lay where we had left him, on the floor against the wall.

"Drag him up to that pipe in the corner, Mr. Van Dine," the sergeant told me in a strained voice. "My arm is sorta numb."

For the first time I noticed that a two-inch water pipe, corroding for lack of paint, rose through the front hall behind the door, a few inches from the wall. I moved the limp form of the Chinaman until his head came in contact with the pipe; and Heath, with one hand, drew out a pair of handcuffs. Clamping one of the manacles on the unconscious man's right wrist, he pulled it around the pipe and with his foot manipulated the Chinaman's left arm upward till he could close the second iron around it. Then he reached into his pocket and drew out a piece of clothesline, which he had obviously brought from the windowless room upstairs.

"Tie his ankles together, will you, Mr. Van Dine?" he said. "I can't quite make it."

I slipped my gun back into my coat pocket and did as Heath directed.

Then we both went out into the murky night, Heath slamming the door behind him. Vance, with his burden, was perhaps a hundred yards ahead of us, and we came up with him just as he reached the car. He placed Mrs. Kenting on the rear seat of the tonneau and arranged the cushions under her head.

"You can both sit in front with me," he suggested over his shoulder, as he took his place at the wheel; and before Heath and I were actually seated he had started the engine, shifted the gear and got the car in motion with a sudden but smooth roll. He continued straight down Waring Avenue.

As we approached a lone patrolman after two or three blocks, Heath requested that we stop. Vance threw on his brakes and honked his horn to attract the patrolman's attention.

"Have I got a minute, Mr. Vance?" asked Heath.

"Certainly, sergeant," Vance told him, as he drew up to the curb beside the officer. "Mrs. Kenting is fairly comfortable and in no terminal danger. A few minutes more or less in arrivin' at a hospital will make no material difference."

Heath spoke to the officer through the open window, identified himself, and then asked, "Where's your call-box?"

"On the next corner, sergeant, at Gunhill Road," answered the officer, saluting.

"All right," returned Heath brusquely. "Hop on the running board."

Heath leaned back in the seat again and we went on for another block, stopping at the direction of the officer. Heath slid out of the car, and the patrolman unlocked the box for him. The sergeant's back was to us, and I could not hear what he was saying over the telephone, but when he turned he addressed the officer peremptorily.

"Get up to Lord Street." He gave the number and added: "The second house from the corner of Waring—and stay on duty. Some of the boys from the Forty-seventh Precinct station will join you in a few minutes, and a couple of men from the Homicide Bureau will be coming up a little later—as soon as they can get here. I'll be returning myself inside of an hour or so. You'll find three stiffs in the joint, and a Chink chained up to a water pipe in the front hall. There'll be an ambulance up before long."

"Right, sir," the officer answered, and



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started on the run up Waring Avenue.

Heath had climbed into the car as he spoke, and Vance drove off without delay.

"I'm heading for the Doran Hospital, just this side of Bronx Park, sergeant," Vance said, as we sped along. In less than fifteen minutes, ignoring all traffic lights and driving at a rate far exceeding the city speed limit, we drew up in front of the hospital.

Vance jumped from the car, took Mrs. Kenting up in his arms again and carried her up the wide marble steps. He returned to the car in less than ten minutes.

"Everything's all right, sergeant," he said as he approached the car. "The lady has regained consciousness. Fresh air did it. Her mind is a bit misty. Nothing fundamentally wrong, however."

Heath had stepped out of the car and was standing on the sidewalk. "So long, Mr. Vance," he said. "I'm gettin' in that taxi up ahead. I gotta get back to that damn house. I got work to do." He moved away as he spoke.

But Vance rushed forward and took him by the arm. "Stay right here, sergeant, and get that arm properly dressed first."

He led Heath back and accompanied him up the hospital steps.

A few minutes later Vance came out alone.

"The noble sergeant is all right, Van," he said, as he took his place at the wheel again. "He'll be out before long. But he insists on going back to Lord Street." And Vance started the car once more and headed downtown.

#### A STAGGERING CONFESSION

W. (Friday, July 25, 11:45 P.M.)  
As we reached the Doran apartment Currie opened the door for us. There was relief written in every line of the old butler's face.

"Good heavens, Currie!" said Vance, as we stepped inside. "I told you you might kick yourself in at eleven o'clock if you hadn't heard from me—and here it is nearing midnight, and you're still up."

"The old man looked away with embarrassment as he closed the door. "I'm sorry, sir," he said in a voice which, for all its formality, had an emotional tremor in it. "—I couldn't go to bed, sir, until you returned. I understood, sir—if you will pardon me—your reference to the documents in the drawer of the secretary. And I've taken the liberty this evening of worrying about you. I'm very glad you have come home, sir."

"You're a sentimental old fossil, Currie," Vance complained, handing the butler his hat.

"Mr. Markham is waiting in the library," said Currie, like an old faithful soldier reporting to his superior officer.

"I rather imagined he would be," murmured Vance as he went up the stairs. "Good old Markham. Always fretting about me."

As we entered the library, we found Markham pacing up and down. He stopped suddenly at sight of Vance.

"Well, thank God!" he said. And though he attempted to sound trivial, his relief was as evident as old Currie's had been. He crossed the room and sank into a chair; and I got the impression from the way he relaxed that he had been on his feet for a long time.

"Greetings, old dear," said Vance. "Why this unexpected pleasure of your presence at such an hour?"

"I was merely interested, officially, in what you might have found on Lord Street," returned Markham. "I suppose you found a vast vacant space with a

real estate sign saying, 'Suitable for factory site.'"

Vance smiled. "Not exactly that, don't you know. I had a jolly good time—which will probably make you very angry and envious."

He turned round and came to where I had seated myself. I felt weak and shaky. I was only then beginning to feel the reaction from the excitement of the evening. I realized now that in the brief space of time we had spent on Lord Street, I had become too keyed up physically to apprehend completely the dread possibilities of the situation. In the quiet and safety of familiar surroundings, the flood of reality suddenly overwhelmed me, and it was only with great effort that I managed to maintain a normal attitude.

"Let's have your gun, Van," said Vance, in his cool, steady voice, holding out his hand. "Glad you didn't have to use it. Horrible mess—what? Sorry I let you come along. But really, you know, I myself was rather surprised and shocked by the turn of affairs."

"I'll be a little abashed, I took the unused automatic from my pocket and handed it over to him: it was he who had assumed the entire brunt of the danger, and I had been unable to be of any assistance. He stepped to the center table and pulled open the drawer. Then he tossed my automatic into it, laid his own in the drawer beside it and, closing the drawer meditatively, rang the bell for Currie."

Markham was watching him closely but said nothing as the old butler entered with a service of brandy. Currie had sensed Vance's wish and had not waited for an order. When he had set down the tray and left the room, Markham leaned forward in his chair.

"Well, what the hell *did* happen?" he demanded irritably.

Vance sipped his cognac slowly, lighted a pipe, took several deep inhalations and sat down leisurely in his favorite chair. "I'm frightfully sorry, Markham," he said, "but I fear I have made you a bit of a trouble. The fact is, he added carelessly, "I killed three men."

Markham leaped to his feet as if he had been shot upward by the sudden release of a powerful steel spring. He glared at Vance, in doubt whether the other was jesting or in earnest. Simultaneously he exploded: "What do you mean, Vance?"

Vance drew deeply again on his cigaret before answering. Then he said with a tantalizing smile: "*J'ai tué trois hommes. Ich habe drei Männer getötet. Ho uocico tre uomini. He matado tres hombres. Hårom embert megöletet. Haragti shet-tuó anashim.* Meant, I killed three men."

"Are you serious?" blurted Markham.

"Oh, quite," answered Vance. "Do you think you can save me from the dire consequences? . . . Incidentally, I found Mrs. Kenting. I took her to the Doran Hospital. Not matter of life and death, but she required immediate and constant attention. Rather upset, I should imagine, by her detention. A bit out of her mind, in fact. Frightful experience she went through. Doin' nicely, however. Under excellent care. Should be quite herself in a few days. Can't coordinate just yet. . . . Oh, I say, Markham, do sit down again and take your cognac. You look positively perturbed."

Markham obeyed automatically, like a frightened child submitting to his parent. He swallowed the brandy in one gulp. "For the love of God, Vance," he pleaded, "drop this silly ring-around-the-rosy stuff and talk to me like a sane human being."

"Sorry, Markham, and all that sort of

thing," murmured Vance contritely. And then he told Markham in detail everything that had happened that night. But I thought he too greatly minimized his own part in the tragic drama. When he had finished he asked somewhat cooly: "Am I a doomed culprit, or were there what you would call extenuatin' circumstances? I'm horribly weak on the intricacies of the law, don't you know."

"Damn it, forget everything!" said Markham. "If you're really worried, I'll get you a brass medal as big as Columbus Circle."

"My word, what a fate!" murmured Vance.

"Have you any idea who these three men were?" Markham went on, in tense seriousness.

"Not the groggiest notion," sighed Vance sadly. "One of them, Van Die tells me, was watchin' us from the footpath in the park last night. Two of the three were probably the lads McLaughlin saw in the green coupe outside the Kenting domicile Wednesday morning. The other one I have never had the exquisite pleasure of meetin' before. I'd say, however, he had a gift for tradin' in doubtful securities on the sly. I've seen bucket-shop operators who resembled him. Anyhow, Markham old dear, why fret about it tonight? They were not nice persons, not nice at all. The geniuses at Headquarters will check up on their identities."

The front doorbell rang, and a minute later Heath entered the library. His ordinarily ruddy face was a little pale and drawn, and his right arm was in a sling. He saluted Markham and turned sheepishly to Vance.

"Your old sawbones at the hospital told me I had to go home. He complained about there's nothin' in God's world the matter with me," he added disgustedly. "Imagine him puttin' this arm in a sling!—said I had to take the weight often; that it would heal quicker that way. If my gun hadn't jammed—"

"Yes, that was bad luck, sergeant," nodded Markham.

"The doc wouldn't even let me go back to the house," grumbled Heath. "Anyway, I got the report from the local station up there. They took the three stiffs over to the morgue. The Chink'll live. Maybe we can—"

"You'll never wrangle anything out of him," put in Vance quietly. "Your beloved hose pipe and water cures and telephone directories will get you nowhere. I know Chinamen. But Mrs. Kenting will have an interestin' story to tell as soon as she's rational again. Check up, sergeant, and have some more medicine. I'll pour Heath a liberal drink of his rare brandy."

"I'll be on the job tomorrow all right, chief," the sergeant asserted as he put down the glass on a small table at his side. "Just imagine that young whippersnapper of an internee at the Doran Hospital tryin' to make a Little Lord Fauntleroy outa me! A sling!"

Vance and Markham and Heath discussed the case from various angles for perhaps a half-hour longer. Markham was getting impatient.

"I'm going home," he said finally, as he rose. "We'll get this thing straightened out in the morning."

Vance left his chair reluctantly. "I sincerely hope so, Markham," he said. "It's not at all a nice case, and the sooner you're free of it, the better."

"Is there anything you want me to do, Mr. Vance?" Heath's tone was respectful, but not without a certain slyness.

Vance looked at him with commiseration. "I want you to go home and have



a good sleep. And by the by, sergeant, how about rounding everybody up and invitin' them to the Purple House to-morrow, around noon?" he asked. "I'm speakin' of Fieel, Kenyon Kenting and Quaggy. Mrs. Falloway and her son will, I'm sure, be there, in any event."

Heath got to his feet and grinned confidently. "Don't you worry, Mr. Vance," he said. "I'll have 'em there for you." He went toward the door, then suddenly turned round and held out his left hand to Vance. "Much obliged, sir, for to-night."

"Oh, please ignore it, my good sergeant — it was merely a slight nuisance, after all," returned Vance, though he grasped the sergeant's hand warmly.

Markham and Heath departed together, and Vance again pressed the bell for Currie.

When the old man had entered the room Vance said: "I'm turning in, Currie. That will be all for tonight."

The butler bowed, and picked up the tray and the empty cognac glasses. "Very good, sir. Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

#### THE BRONZE FIGURINE

VANCE WAS UP and dressed in good season the next morning. He seemed fairly cheerful but somewhat dlistrait. Before he sat down to his typical meager breakfast he went into the anteroom and telephoned to Heath. It was rather a long conversation, but no word of it reached me where I sat at the desk in the library.

As he returned to the room he said to me: "I think, Van, we're in a position now to get somewhere with this case. The poor sergeant! — he's practically a ravin' maniac this morning, with the reporters houndin' him every minute. The news of last night's altercation did not break soon enough for the morning editions of the papers. But the mere thought of reading of our escape in the noon editions fills me with horror."

He sipped his Turkish coffee. "I had hoped we could clear up the beastly matter before the news venders began giving tongue. The best place to do it is in the Purple House. It's a family gathering place, as it were. Everyone connected with the family, don't y' know, is rather intimately concerned and hopin' for illumination."

Late in the forenoon Markham, haggard and drawn, joined us at the apartment. He did not ask Vance any questions, for he knew it would be futile in the mood Vance was in. He did, however, greet him cordially.

"I think you're going to get that medal, whether you like it or not," he said, lighting a cigar and leaning against the mantel. "All three men have been definitely identified, and they have all been on the police books for years. They've been urgently wanted by the police for a long time. Two of them served terms; one for extortion, and the other for manslaughter. They're Goodiey Franks and Austria Rentwick — no, he didn't come from Austria."

"The third man was no other than our old elusive friend, Gilt-Edge Lamurze, with a dozen aliases — a very shrewd crook. He's been arrested nine times, but we've never been able to make the charges stick. He's kept the local boys, as well as the Federal men, awake nights for years. We've had the goods on him for eight months now, but we couldn't find him. It was a very fortunate affair last night, from every point of view. Everybody's happy; only, I fear you're about to become a hero and will have ticker tape rained on you from the



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windows whenever you go down Broadway.

"Oh, my Markham, my Markham!" wailed Vance. "I won't have it. I'm about to sail to South America, or Alaska, or the Malay Peninsula." He got to his feet and went to the table, where he finished his old port. "Come along, Markham," he said as he put his glass down, "let's get uptown and conclude this bull's case before I sail to foreign parts where tickler tape is unknown."

He went toward the door, with Markham and me following him.

"You think we can finish the case today?" Markham looked skeptical.

"Oh, quite. It was finished long ago." Vance stopped with his hand on the knob and smiled cheerfully. "But knowin' your passionate adoration for legal evidence, I have waited till now."

Markham studied Vance for a moment, and said nothing. In silence we went out and descended the stairs to the street.

We arrived at the Kenting residence, Vance driving us there in his car, fifteen minutes before noon. We took our hats and made a surly get-up toward the drawing-room. Sergeant Heath and Smitkin were already there.

A little later Fiel and Kenyon Kenting arrived together, followed almost immediately by Porter Quaggy, and they had barely seated themselves when Mrs. Falloway, supported by her son Fraitm, came down the stairs and joined us.

"I'm so anxious about Madeline," Mrs. Falloway said. "How is she, Mr. Vance?"

"I received a telephone call from the hospital shortly before I came here," he replied, addressing himself to the others in the room, as well as to a woman who had not settled herself comfortably, with Fraitm's help, at one end of the small sofa. "Mrs. Kenting is doing even better today than I would have expected. She is still somewhat irrational—which is quite natural, considering the frightful experience she has been through—but I can assure you that she will be home in two or three days, fully recovered."

He sat down by the window leisurely and lighted a cigaret. "And I imagine she will have a most interestin' tale to unfold," he went on. "Y' know, it was not intended that she return." He moved slightly in his chair. "The truth is, this was not a kidnaping case at all. The authorities were expected to accept it in that light, but the murderer made too many errors—his fault lay in trying to be excessively clever. I think I can reconstruct most of the events in their chronological order. The man wanted money—wanted it rather desperately, in fact—and all the means for an easy acquisition were at hand.

"The plot was as simple as it was cowardly. But the plotter met a snag when some of the early steps failed rather dismally, and the more bold and bolder procedure and technique became necessary. A damnable new technique, but one that was equally encumbered by the grave possibility of error. The errors developed almost inevitably, for the human brain, however clever, has its limitations. But the person who mapped out the plot was so blinded and confused by his insatiable desire for the money. Everything was said."

Again Vance shifted his position slightly and drew deeply on his cigaret, expelling the smoke in curling ribbons, as he went on. "There is no doubt whatever that Kaspar Kenting was the appointment for the early morning hours, after he had returned from his evening's entertainment at the casino with Mr. Quaggy. He came in and went to his room, changed his suit and his

shoes, and kept that appointment. It was a vital matter to him, as he was deeply in debt and undoubtedly expected some sort of practical solution of his problem to result from this meeting.

"The two mysterious and objectionable gentlemen whom Mrs. Kenting described to us as callers here earlier in the week were quite harmless creatures, but avid for the money Kaspar owed them. One of them was a bootmaker; the other, a shady fellow who ran a sub-rose gambling house—I rather suspected their identity from the first, and verified it this morning; I happened to recognize one of the men through Mrs. Kenting's description.

"When Kaspar left this house early Wednesday morning, he was met at the appointed place not by the person with whom he had made his appointment, but by others whom he had never seen before. They struck him over the head before he so much as realized that anything was wrong, threw him into a coupe, and then drove off with him to the East River, where he proposed to him, hoping he would not be found too soon.

"It was straight, brutal murder. And the persons who committed that murder had been hired for that purpose and had been instructed accordingly. You will understand that the plotter at the source never intended anything less than murder—the risk was the only one he had grave risk in letting him live to point an accusing finger later.

"The slender Chinaman—a lobby-gang of the gang, whose skull was fractured by the sergeant last night—then returned to the house here, placed the curtains of the window—it had been left here previously for just that purpose—entered the room through the window and set the stage according to instructions, taking the toothbrush, the comb and the pajamas, and pinning the note to the window sill, generally leaving various suspicious indications that Kaspar Kenting had kidnaped him, in order to collect the money he needed to straighten out his debts.

"Kaspar's keeping of the appointment at such an hour naturally implied that the rendezvous was with someone he thought could help him. I found the pajamas and toothbrush and comb, unused, in the Lord Street house last night. It was the Chinaman that Mrs. Kenting heard moving about in her husband's room at dawn Wednesday. He was arranging the details in which he had been instructed."

"Vance continued in a matter-of-fact voice, "I maintained the plot working nicely. The first misfortune occurred after the arrival in the mail of the ransom note with the instructions to take the money to the tree. The scheme of the murderer to collect the money from the tree was thwarted, makin' further steps. The same day Mrs. Kenting was approached at her appointment, perhaps with a promise of news of her husband—obviously by someone she trusted, for she went out alone at ten o'clock that night to keep the appointment.

"She was met—possibly just inside Central Park—by the same two gentlemen who had done away with her husband. But instead of meeting with the same fate as Kaspar Kenting, she was taken to the house on Lord Street I visited last night, and held there as a sort of hostage. I rather imagine, don't you know, that the perpetrator of this heinous scheme had not yet been able to pay the price demanded for the neat performance of Kaspar's killing, thereby irking the hired assassins. The lady still alive was a very definite menace to the

schemer, since she would be able, if released, to tell with whom she had made the appointment. She was, so to speak, a threat that over one criminal by another who was a bit more clever.

"Mrs. Kenting undoubtedly used, that evening, a certain kind of perfume—emerald—because it had been given to her by the person with whom she had the rendezvous. Surely, being a blonde, she knew better than to use it as her personal choice. This wise and practical gentlemen why I asked you so seemingly irrelevant a question the night before last. Incidentally," he added calmly, "I happen to know who gave Mrs. Kenting that Courtet's emerald."

There was a slight stir, but Vance went on without a pause; "Poor Kaspar! He was a weak chap, and the price for his own murder was being wangled out of him without his realizing it. Through the gem collection of old Karl Kenting, of course. He was deploring that collection regularly at the subtle sneer of a thief who ate someone who took the gems and gave him practically nothing compared to what they were actually worth, hopin' to turn them over at an outrageous profit. But semiprecious stones are not so easy to dispose of through illegitimate channels. They really need a doctor to appreciate them—and collectors have grown rather exactin' regarding the origin of their purchases. A shady transaction of this nature would naturally require time, and the now-defunct henchmen who were waiting for settlement were becoming annoyed.

"Most of the really valuable stones, which I am sure the collection contained originally, were no longer there when I glanced over the cases the other morning. I am quite certain that the balas ruby I found in the poor fellow's dinner coat was brought back because the purchaser would not give him what he thought it was worth—Kaspar probably mistook the stone for a real ruby. There were black opals missing from the collection, also exhibits of jade, which Karl Kenting must undoubtedly have included in the collection; and yesterday morning the absence of a large piece of alexandrite was discovered."

Fraitm Falloway suddenly leaped to his feet, glaring at Vance with the eyes of a maniac. There was an abnormal color in the young man's face, and he was shaking from head to foot.

"I didn't do it!" he screamed hysterically. "I didn't have Kaspar killed! I tell you I didn't—I didn't! And I think I'd hurt Madeline! You're a devil. I didn't do it, I say! You have no right to accuse me."

He reached down quickly and picked up a small but heavy bronze statue of Antinous on the table beside him. But Heath, who had been standing behind him, was even quicker than Falloway. He grasped the youth's shoulder with his free hand, just as the other lifted the statue to hurl it at Vance. The figurine fell to the floor, and Heath forced young Falloway back into his chair.

"Put your pulse-warmers on him, Smitkin," he ordered.

Smitkin, standing just beside Fraitm Falloway's chair, leaned over and deftly manacled the youth, who sank back limply in his chair, breathing heavily.

#### THE FINAL TRAGEDY

**M** (Saturday, July 23; 12:30 P. M.)  
 Mrs. FALLOWAY, who had sat stoically throughout the entire unexpected scene in the drawing-room, now looked up quickly as Smitkin placed the handcuffs on her son. She leaned forward with horror in her eyes. I thought for a

moment she was going to speak, but she made no comment.

"Really, Mr. Falloway," Vance admonished in a soothing voice, "you shouldn't handle heavy objects when you're in that frame of mind. Frightfully sorry. But just sit still and relax." He drew on his cigaret again and, apparently ignoring the incident, went on in his unemotional drawl: "As I was sayin', the disappearance of the stones from the collection was an indication of the identity of the murderer, for the simple reason that the himin' of thugs and the disposal of these gems quite obviously suggested that the same type of person was involved in both endeavors: to wit, both procedures implied a connection with undercover characters.

"Not that the reasonin' was final, you understand, but most suggestive. The two notes yesterday were highly enlightenin'. One of them was obviously concocted for effect; the other was quite genuine. But boldness—always a good technique—was, in this case, seen through."

"But who," asked Quaggy, "could possibly have fulfilled the requirements, so to speak, of your vague and amusing theory?" The smile on his lips was without mirth—it was cold and self-satisfied. "Just because you saw two black opals in my possession—"

"My theory, Mr. Quaggy, is not nearly so vague as you may think," Vance interrupted quickly. "And if it amuses you, I am delighted." Vance looked at the man with steady, indifferent eyes. "But, to answer your question, I should say that it was someone with an opportunity to render legal service, with legal protection, to members of the underworld."

Fleel, who was sitting at the small desk at the front of the room, quickly addressed Vance. "There is a definite implication in your words, sir," he said calmly, with his customary judicial air. (I could not resist the impression that he was pleading for a client in a court of law.) "I'm a lawyer," he went on, with ostentatious bitterness, "and I naturally have certain contacts with the type of men you imply were at the bottom of this outrage." Then he chuckled sarcastically. "However," he added, "I shall not hold the insult against you. The fact is, your amateurish ratiocinations are highly amusing." And leaning back in his chair, he smirked.

Vance barely glanced at the man, and continued speaking as if there had been no interruption. "Referrin' again to the various ransom notes, they were dictated by the plotter of Kaspar's murder—that is, all but the one received by Mr. Fleel yesterday—and they were couched in such language that they could be shown to the authorities in order to sidetrack suspicion from the actual culprit and at the same time impress Mr. Kenyon Kenting with the urgent necessity of raising the fifty thousand dollars. I had two statements as to the amount of money which Kaspar himself was demanding for his debts—one, an honest report of fifty thousand dollars; the other, a somewhat stupidly concocted tale of thirty thousand dollars—again obviously for the purpose of diverting suspicion as to a connection with the crime.

"The second note received by Mr. Fleel was not, as I have already intimated, one of the series written at the instructions of the guilty man—it was a genuine document addressed to him; and the recipient felt that he not only could use it to have the ransom money paid over to him, but to disarm once more any suspicion that might be springing up in the minds of the authorities. It did



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not occur to him that the address, cryptically written in for his eyes alone, could be interpreted by another. Oh, yes, it was a genuine message from the unpaid minions, demanding the money they had earned by disposing of Kaspar."

He turned slowly to Fleel and met the other's smirk with a cold smile. "When I suspected you, I said," he said, "I sent you from the district attorney's office Thursday before Mr. Markham and I came here, in order to verify my expectation that you would urge Mr. Kenyon Kenting to request that all police interference be eliminated. This you did, and when I learned of it, after arriving here with Mr. Markham, I definitely objected to the proposal and counteracted your influence on Mr. Kenting so you couldn't get the money safely that night."

"Seeing that part of your plan hopelessly failing, you cleverly changed your attitude and agreed to act for us—at my request through Sergeant Heath—as the person to plant the money in the tree, and went through with the farce in order to prove that no connection existed between you and the demand for money. One of your henchmen had come to Central Park to pick up the package if everything went according to your prearranged schedule."

"Mr. Van Dine and I both saw the man. When he learned that you had not been successful with your plans, he undoubtedly reported your failure, thereby throwing fear into your hirelings that they might not be paid—which accounts for their keeping Mrs. Kenting alive as an effective threat to hold over you till payment was forthcoming."

Fleel looked up slowly with a patronizing grin. "Aren't you overlooking the possibility, Mr. Vance, that young Kaspar kidnaped himself—as I maintained from the beginning—and was murdered by thugs later, for reasons and under circumstances unknown to us? Certainly all the evidence points to his self-abduction for the purpose of acquiring the money he needed."

"Ah! I've been expecting that observation," Vance returned, meeting the other's cynical stare. "The self-kidnaping setup was very clever. Much too clever. Overdone, in fact. As I see it, it was to have been your—what shall we call it?—your emergency escape, let us say, if your innocence in the matter should at any time be in doubt. In that event how easy it would have been for you to say just what you have said regarding the implications of a self-motivated peace-keeping. And I am not overlooking the significant fact that you have consistently advised Mr. Kenyon Kenting to pay over the money in spite of the glaring evidence that Kaspar had planned the kidnaping himself."

Fleel's expression did not change. His grin became even more marked; in fact, when Vance paused and looked at him keenly, Fleel began to shake with mirth. "A very pretty theory, Mr. Vance," he commented. "It shows remarkable ingenuity, but it entirely fails to take into consideration the fact that I myself was attacked by a machine gunner on the very night of Mrs. Kenting's disappearance. You have conveniently forgotten that little episode since it would knock the entire foundation from under your amusing little house of cards."

Vance shook his head slowly, and though his smile seemed to broaden, it grew even chillier. "No, Oh, no, Mr. Fleel. Not conveniently forgotten—conveniently remembered. Most to my recollection, don't y'know. And you were jolly well frightened by the attack. Surely, you don't believe your escape from any casualty was the result of a miracle. All

quite simple, really. The gentleman with the machine gun had no intention whatever of perforating you. His only object was to frighten you and warn you of exactly what to expect if you did not raise the money instanter to pay for the dastardly services rendered you. You were no safer in your life than when that machine gun was puttering away in your general direction."

The smirk slowly faded from Fleel's lips; his face flushed, and he stood up, glowering resentfully at Vance. "Your theory, Mr. Vance," he said angrily, "no longer has even the merit of humor. You are no safer in your life than when I and my associates have been amused by it and have been able to laugh at it. But you are carrying a joke too far, sir. And I wish you to know that I greatly resent your remarks." He remained standing.

"I don't regard that fact as disconcerting in the least," Vance returned with a cold smile. "The fact is, Mr. Fleel, you are no safer from most criminals when I inform you that at this very minute certified public accountants are at work on your books and that the police are scrutinizing most carefully the contents of your safe." Vance glanced indifferently at the cigaret in his hand.

For two seconds Fleel looked at him with a serious frown. Then he took a swift backward step and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew forth a large, ugly-looking automatic. Both Heath and Snitkin had been watching him steadily, and as Fleel made this movement, Heath, with lightning-like speed, produced an automatic from beneath the black slings of his wounded arm. The movements of the two men were almost concurrent.

But there was no need for Heath to fire his gun, for in that fraction of a second Fleel raised his automatic to his own temple and pulled the trigger. The bullet from his hand fell immediately, and his body slumped down against the edge of the desk and fell to the floor out of sight.

Vance, apparently, had been little moved by the tragedy. However, after a deep sigh, he rose listlessly and stepped behind the desk. The others in the room were, like his myself, too paralyzed at the sudden termination of the case to make any move. Vance bent down.

"Dead, Markham—quite," he announced as he rose, a moment or so later. "Considerate chappie—what? Has saved you legal worry no end. Most gratifyin'." He was leaning now against the corner of the desk, and nodding to Snitkin, who had rushed forward with an automatic in his hand, jerked his head significantly toward Fraim Falloway.

Snitkin hesitated but a moment. He slipped the gun back into his pocket and unlocked the handcuffs on Fraim Falloway.

"Sorry, Mr. Falloway," murmured Vance. "But you lost your self-control and became a bit annoyin'. Feelin' better?"

The youth stammered: "I'm all right." He was alert and apparently his normal self now. "And Sis will be home in a couple of days!" He found a cigaret, after much effort, and lighted it nervously.

"By the by, Mr. Kenting," Vance resumed, without moving from the desk, "there's a little point I want cleared up. I know that the district attorney is aching to ask you a few questions about what happened yesterday evening. He had not heard from you and was unable to reach you. Did you, by any chance, give that fifty thousand dollars to Fleel?"

"Yes!" Kenting stood up excitedly. "I gave it to him a little after nine o'clock last night. We got the final instructions all right—that is, Fleel got them. He

called me up right away and we arranged through him. He said someone had telephoned to him and told him that the money had to be at a certain place—'way up in the Bronx somewhere—at ten o'clock that night. He convinced me that this person on the telephone had said he would not deal with anyone but Fleel."

He hesitated a moment. "I was afraid to act through the police, again, after that night in the park. So I took Fleel's urgent advice to leave the police out of it and let him handle the matter. I was desperate! And I trusted him—God help me! I didn't telephone to Mr. Markham, and I wouldn't speak to him when he called. I was afraid, I wanted Madeline back safe. And I gave the money to Fleel—and thought he could arrange everything."

"I quite understand, Mr. Kenting," Vance spoke softly, in a tone which was not without pity. "I was pretty sure you had given him the money last night around nine, for he telephoned to the Lord Street house a little later, obviously to make immediate arrangements to pay off his commissions, as it were. Sergeant Heath here recognized his voice over the wire."

"But really, y'know, Mr. Kenting, you should have trusted the police. Of course, Fleel received no message of instructions last night, and was part of his stupid technique, however, to tell you he had, for he needed the money and was at his wit's end. He, too, was desperate, I think. When Mr. Markham told me he was unable to get in touch with you, I rather thought, don't y'know, you had done just what you have stated."

"He was far too bold in showing us that note yesterday. Really, y'know, he shouldn't have done it. There were references in it which he thought only he himself could understand. Luckily, I saw through them. That note, in fact, verified my theory regarding him. But he showed it to us because he wished to make an impression on you. He needed that money. I rather think he had gambled away, in one way or another, the money of the Kenting estate he held in trust. We shan't know definitely till we get the report from Stitt and McCoy." Vance glanced at the accountants who are gone over Fleel's books. It is quite immaterial, however."

Vance suddenly yawned and glanced at his watch. "My word, Markham!" he exclaimed, turning to the district attorney, who had sat nonplussed through the amazing drama. "It's still rather early, don't y'know? If I hasten, old dear, I'll be able to attend the second act of 'Tristan and Isolde.'"

Vance went swiftly across the room to Mrs. Falloway and bowed over her hand solicitously with a murmured adieu. Then he hurried out to his waiting car at the curb.

When the reports from the accountants and the police came in at the end of the day on which Fleel had shot himself, Vance's theory and suppositions were wholly substantiated. The accountants found that Fleel had been speculating heavily on his own behalf with the funds he held in trust for the Kenting estate. His bank had already called upon him to cover the legitimate investments permitted him by law as the trustee of

"The practice of turning over ransom money to outsiders, in the hope of settling kidnap cases, is not an unusual one. There have been several famous instances of this in recent years."

"This was the same firm of certified public accountants whom Markham had called in to inspect the books of the firm of Benson and Benson in the investigation of the Benson murder case."

the estate. The amount he had embezzled was approximately fifty thousand dollars, and as he had long since lost his own money in the same kind of precarious bucket-shop transactions, it would have been but a matter of days before the shortage caused by his extralegal operations would have been discovered.

In his safe were found practically all the gem-stones missing from the Kenting collection, including the large and valuable alexandrite. (How or when he had acquired this last item was never definitely determined.) The package of bills which Kenyon Kenting had so trustfully given him was also found in the safe.

All this happened years before the actual account of the case was set down here. Since then, Kenyon Kenting has married his sister-in-law, Madeline, who returned to the Purple House the second day after Fiel's suicide.

Less than a year later Vance and I had tea with Mrs. Falloway. Vance had a genuine affection for the crippled old woman. As we were about to go, Fraim Falloway entered the room. He was a different man from the one we had known during the investigation of what the papers persisted in calling the Kenting kidnap case (perhaps the alteration of the nomenclature was largely the reason for it). Fraim Falloway's face had noticeably brightened, and his color was healthy and normal; there was a vitality in his eyes, and he moved with ease and determined alacrity. His whole manner had changed. I learned later that old Mrs. Falloway had called in the endocrinologist whose name Vance had given her, and that the youth had been under observation and treatment for many months.

After our greetings that day Vance asked Falloway casually how his stamp collecting was going. The youth seemed almost scornful and replied that he had no time for such matters any more—that he was too busy with his new work at the Museum of Natural History to devote any of his time to so futile a pursuit as philately.

It might be interesting to note, in closing, that Kenyon Kenting's first act, after his marriage to Madeline Kenting, was to have the exterior of the Purple House thoroughly scraped and sand-blasted, so that the natural color of the bricks and stones was restored. It ceased to be the "purple house," and took on a more domestic and *gemütlich* appearance, and has so remained to the present day.

THE END

## Private Confusion

(Continued from page 31)

was up to Rick to break the news to his kid sister. She was in a boarding school in Connecticut, and we decided to drive down in the morning.

We sat up talking most of the night. He was for cutting loose from the university immediately and going to Europe. It was a good idea, but I wasn't of age until October, and I knew those hard-boiled bankers would have other ideas. Rick swept that aside. He had plenty of money.

"And besides," argued Rick, "how are you and I going to disentangle neckties, socks, pajamas, shirts and all the rest of the accumulated junk of four years? I don't know whose is which. You'll go nuts here alone. And I'll go nuts in Europe without you."

It didn't take much argument.

I sat in the car outside of Benita's

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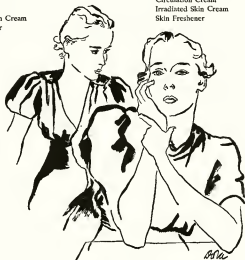
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school while he went in to talk with her and tell her that their father was dead. He came out a half-hour later, Benita, eyes puffed from crying, was with him, and he was carrying her bag. She said a gully hello and climbed in beside me. I gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"The Kid is coming with us—for a few days," said Rick.

"I'm coming with you for always!" she declared passionately. "Please don't send me away, Jimmy! I'll be ever so good! Make Rick keep me!"

Rick gave me a glance that told me not to commit myself, and we headed for New York. It was the last Benita ever saw of school.

For four long years we dragged the Kid and a governess back and forth across the Atlantic and all over Europe. We were demon foster parents. Education hadn't taken with us, so we saw to it that she had enough for us both. So far as education goes, it worked. She knew languages, history, art and geography. Plenty of geography. The world was fluttering with nervous gaiety, excitement and false motion, and we were fluttering with it. You bumped into the same people, doing the same things, in Paris, London, New York, Deauville, Biarritz. It didn't make sense, no one wanted it to make sense.

The crush put a few dents in us, but nothing very much. When Europe lost its gaiety, we centered more and more at home, around Haven's Deep. The Kid was too old for governesses now, and we thought it would be a good idea to give her a proper background.

After breakfast, I played around in the surf until it was nearly time for luncheon, then I went up and put on riding clothes. Luncheon, when the weather was nice, was always served on the east veranda, a big, shaded, red-tiled place, but just off the surf table and a serving table that held platters of hors d'oeuvres, warming pans and bowls of salad. You helped yourself, or told a servant what you wanted, and sat in the vacant chair nearest the head of the table, where Benita presided.

The mob—a couple of dozen house guests and people who had dropped in—were clustered around the perambulating bar, waiting for Benita, when I arrived. Lola Burt, a cocktail in one hand, was holding Rick's arm and glancing up adoringly into his eyes. I singled out Flo Kirby, who was my own bet for the summer, and was talking with her when I saw the Kid in the doorway. I knew something was wrong.

Her eyes had an unnatural, feverish brightness and her smile of greeting was obviously automatic. She spotted me and came directly to me. Without even speaking to Flo, she looked at me, said, "Fub's bludge," and passed on.

"What did she say?" asked Flo.

"School-child patter," I explained.

Who, or what, "Fub" was, or what a "bludge" might be, I shall probably never know; as Benita used it, it meant, "Help!"

We settled ourselves at the table. Benita ate almost nothing, and her eyes kept searching out mine. She rose presently and touched my shoulder as she went down the table. I asked Flo to excuse me and followed. Benita was waiting in the hall.

"I want you to go out on the *Grampus* with me," she said.

"Is anything, I meant, understood?"

"Yes—terribly!"

I told her that I would be at the dock in ten minutes and went back to tell Flo that I couldn't go riding with her. I

peeled off the riding clothes and skinned into whites. Benita was at the dock, making ready to shove off, when I arrived. We worked silently, as though we had some desperate purpose, made sail and cleared the dock with Benita at the helm. There was a good breeze for mid-day, and she held the *Grampus* so close-down that we shipped a little water. I sprawled out and kept quiet.

"Jimmy," she said presently; "Rick and I aren't brother and sister."

I sat up abruptly. "Are you crazy?"

"Not crazy—and not drunk. Please lie down again. And don't look at me. I want to tell you all about it."

She didn't dramatize the interview with Casterman—just came out with the facts. A few weeks before, she had received a letter from a Mrs. H. P. Fleming demanding, in a rather peremptory fashion, to see her. Benita, as a matter of course, had her secretary forward the letter to Casterman and all but forgot the matter. She was accustomed to cranks and beggars.

Casterman investigated and, with Mrs. Fleming demanding one million dollars, the matter had come rapidly to the point where I felt forced to do the thing he had always dreaded—tell Benita the truth about herself. She wasn't Crosby's daughter, except by adoption. She wasn't Rick's real sister.

Benita was the daughter of Benjamin Harley, Crosby's crony, side-kick and companion of years, and a chorus girl—the present Mrs. Fleming. The adoption had been entirely legal. The woman—or girl, as she was at the time—had accepted twenty-five thousand dollars to relinquish all rights and to keep her mouth shut.

Adversity, plus a husband who didn't object to blackmail, had made her change her mind. She couldn't, of course, do a thing to stir up a messy scandal, but it wasn't difficult to imagine what some of the papers would do with it—a maudlin yarn of poverty-stricken motherhood, pictures of Benita and Rick and Haven's Deep and the *Sesame*.

She stopped talking.

"What are you going to do about it, Kid?" I asked.

"Pay her off—ten thousand a year for life," she answered coolly. "I don't mind that. That's not the real hell of it, Jimmy. The hell of it is what I've gone through for years—loving Rick."

I breathed out an "Oh!" and lay there, face upward, with my head buried in my arms.

"It's been such complete misery," she went on. "Don't say anything. Just let me talk." She was silent for a while. "Do you remember that time in Paris when I was so awfully sick that you and Rick had to take me to St. Jean for my health? That was the beginning of it, as far as I can ever tell, except that I always adored Rick. He was running around with Laura Pierson then. I thought he loved her. Nights when he didn't come home, and I knew he was with her, I used to lie there suffering. I took a lot of medicine to make myself sleep. I wouldn't eat, and I sneaked cups of coffee so I couldn't sleep. One night when Madame Prevost left me alone, I soaked in a hot tub and then I lay down on the floor with the windows open, hoping I'd get pneumonia and die. And all I got was a bad cold in the head.

"That's suffering, Jimmy. I was bucking against it, but I couldn't understand. Instead of growing out of it, I mine got more and more involved, more heart-breaking, because I thought I was rotten and unnatural." She was silent again.

We put the *Grampus* on another tack, and I squatted in the cockpit to light a couple of cigars. I gave her hers and perched to windward, gazing down at the deck.

"And I've always had you, Jimmy," she continued. "You're the best reason I know of for my not being a broken-down neurotic. You've always been so understanding. There always been your shoulder for me to weep on."

She was facing away from me, and she thrust her hand back. I took her hand, kissed it and pressed it to my cheek.

"What are you going to do?" I asked finally.

"I don't know. Any suggestions?"

"Yes," I said. "Go away for a while. Go up to Maine and visit Esther Lanning. And have Casterman shoot the works to Rick. He'd better know. For one thing, it'll shock him out of his preoccupation with dear little Lola."

"The mix?" she exclaimed sardonically. "You don't think that's serious?"

"Serious enough," I said. "I think he has ideas about going down the bright lane of the years hand in hand with her."

"Good grief!"

We headed silently for home. Nothing could ever be the same for us again.

I sprawled out on my bed, finally fell asleep, and the valet woke me when it was time to dress for dinner. He said that Rick and Lola hadn't returned. They had gone out in his car. The butler came and asked me to join Benita in the little library.

Benita was waiting for me. The glass of straight cognac she held in her hand was enough of a tip-off to her mental condition. Benita never drank much. She had seen enough, too much, of carousing and lady scumble-burns during the years we had played around Europe, and she had the snooty new 'younger generation' attitude that it just isn't being done. Tonight, her nerves were shot and she was headed for the deep end with a big swish.

She was wearing a creamy-white dress with a spray of scarlet artificial flowers. I had never seen her looking lovelier.

"That's a grand dress," I said. "Why haven't you ever worn it before?"

"I've been saving it for a big moment," she replied. "And this is it, I suppose—the main event. Have a drink?"

"You'll knock yourself loose with that stuff before dinner."

"I need Dutch courage," she answered. She gave me her glass and poured another stiff one for herself. "Jimmy, I can't go on any longer. We'll have to have the showdown tonight—the instant Rick comes into the house."

"You're going to tell him?"

"Yes!"

"Why not do as I suggested—go up to Maine?"

"I can't! I'm at the end of my rope."

"All right," I said; "shoot the works. Do you want me to stay here with you, while you do it?"

"Please!" She finished her drink.

I said: "You'd better lay off that bottle or you'll land in bed awaked to the teeth."

I was half aware of laughter and shouting. Someone started banging chords on the piano.

The door was flung open and the whole mob surged in, pushing Rick and Lola before them. The banging resolved itself into the Wedding March.

"Harris . . . Eloped . . . Lola and Rick . . ."

Rick came forward with Lola, holding her hand. "Benita, dear—" he began. Benita's voice cut at him. "You idiot!"



You idiot! You and your funny little doll-faced bride!"

She spun about, headed for the door which opened on the garden. I shot out after her, without caring much what the effect of her outburst was on the others. I knew she was in a mood to do some crazy, desperate thing.

Benita was headed, hell-bent, across the lawn toward the boathouse. When I rounded the corner of the boathouse I found her dress, slip and shoes on the dock, and far out I caught the flash of a white arm. She was headed for the inlet—and the tide was going out. If she were caught in it, she would be carried to sea, which seemed to be what she wanted.

I jumped for a speedboat, kicked the motor over and started after her. The instant she heard the motor, she stopped the crawl stroke and swam so quietly that she was scarcely breaking the water. The tide was already carrying her. I throttled down and finally spotted her; then she went under the water and I started stripping off clothes. I was alongside when she came up for air.

"You bloody fool!" I yelled. "Get in this boat or I'm going in after you. And if I do, I'll knock your damn block off."

That was exactly what I intended to do—grab her by the hair and pop her on the jaw if she put up an argument.

She didn't say anything for a moment. Then: "All right—you win."

I pulled her aboard. We headed back. Benita wrapped in my dinner coat.

"So what?" she demanded angrily when we reached the dock.

"Just shut up," I replied. I went into the bathhouse and got a couple of robes for us; then we gathered up our clothes and went back to the house. In at a side door and upstairs to her room.

"If you think you've made enough of a chump of yourself for one night," I said, "you might get dressed again and come on downstairs."

"But Jimmy," she wailed, "he married her!"

"Better snap yourself together," I said.

"You'll stick by me, won't you?"

"Not if you act like a rotten little brat. I'll go downstairs and tell them that you're so swacked you don't know what you're doing."

"I'll go down," she said quietly.

I pulled her electric hair-dryer out of her closet and connected it.

Benita stood up. I took her chin and forced her to look at me. "There are only a few of us left, Kid," I said. She forced a smile. I kissed her and left.

It was a hell of a wedding dinner. Lola was on the verge of tears. Rick was murderously angry. Benita was completely cynical and as insincere as a parrot in her apologies.

The guests acted as if they expected a bomb to be tossed at any minute. The news had spread, and neighbors began pouring in for the big drinking act, which relieved the tension a little.

Rick got me aside as soon as he could and asked what it was all about.

"Nerves," I said. "The Kid has the port-and-starboard jitters. This last jolt was too much."

"Why should it be?" he demanded. "My God, I'm human! Is it so strange for a man to get married?"

I shrugged. "Jimmy, why don't you marry the Kid?" he asked.

"Benita and I don't feel that way about each other," I said.

"You'll have to take care of her, anyhow," he persisted.

"I'll do my best," I told him.

Rick and Lola left shortly before

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midnight to catch a boat the next day. They had ideas of going around the world. Benita, smiling, brazened out the farewells and put on a fairly convincing show. As we went back into the house, she linked her arm through mine.

"Are you sorry I went after you?" I asked.

She shrugged. "It'll be all right. Don't worry. Get rid of these people, will you? I'm taking a sneak up to bed."

The party was roaring, and there was champagne all over the joint. I joined the others and told them that Benita had decided to close the house for the season. I told the servants to lock up and not to serve anything more to drink. Then I took a brandy and soda and went outside in the moonlight.

Flo came beside me quietly. "Well?" she said. "What's next?"

"Benita will probably go up to Maine for a rest," I said.

"I don't give a damn what Benita does," she growled. "How about you—about us?" She went on: "If you love Benita so much, I wish you'd told me months ago."

"You're padding around in something you don't understand and that doesn't concern you."

"Doesn't concern me!" she exclaimed, aghast. She stood for a moment staring at me. "Good night," she said finally, in a tone that implied good-bye.

It was all right with me. I said, "Good night." She turned and left.

Benita had told me not to worry, but I couldn't help it. As I was getting undressed, I remembered that she had a whole bottle of sleeping capsules in her bathroom. My imagination started working overtime and I saw her taking the lot. Just one of the "Crazy Croesbys." I slipped into a bathrobe, went down the hall and sneaked into her bedroom, tiptoed across to the bath and found the bottle intact. As I started out she stirred slightly.

"I told you not to worry, funny-face," she mumbled, wriggled more deeply into bed and dropped off to sleep again.

I didn't know that Flo, being suspicious, had deliberately kept watch on me; that she had seen me steal into the room. She didn't wait to see me come out. Nice goings-on at Haven's Deep—with Rick scarcely out of the house.

**T**HE NEXT MORNING when I came down, Flo had left. I scattered the mob, let servants go, got a plane for Benita and shot her off for Maine, closed Haven's Deep for the season and headed for New York.

Three days later, Benita banged into the apartment, bag and baggage. "To hell with Maine!" she said succinctly.

"Do you intend to stay here at the apartment?" I asked.

"Of course!" I said. "But you'll have to have a hotel room as a cover-up."

"I suppose so," she agreed, "but it seems awfully silly, doesn't it? Just because Rick isn't around to be chaperoned." She laughed. "As if he ever was!" She came directly in front of me and said, "Jimmy."

I looked up and met her eyes. There were times when we didn't have to put much into words to understand each other.

"The answer is No," I told her.

She nodded. "All right. I thought we'd better get the point settled. Is it because of Flo?" she asked thoughtfully and hastened to add, "I don't want to come between you and her—if it amounts to anything. Even if it doesn't."

"We'd better go on just as we always

have," I said. "I don't want to change anything about us. We have something that will last—and everything else seems so damnably impermanent. Maybe it's the fear of God being the beginning of wisdom. I'm not being moral. I'm not being generous. I'm not even trying to protect you from being completely selfish, and I'm trying to protect myself. I don't want to start anything that may fly back and hit me on the nose. You and I love each other—"

"Wouldn't it be strange if we didn't?" she interrupted.

**B**UT I'M NOT IN LOVE WITH YOU, and I don't want to be," I continued. "And you are in love with Rick."

"A lot of good that does me."

"You're just a middle-aged woman of twenty-one," I said. "You have a couple of years before you'll shrivel up, and Rick isn't going to be gone always. You and I had better keep our eyes open for the day when he comes rolling home."

"With dear little Lola," she said bitterly. "Perhaps he'll push her overboard. Twenty-four hours a day with that itay-bizley must be grim."

"By the way," I said, "people won't understand or believe the sort of relationship that you and I have, so we'd better not try to make them or we'll make fools of ourselves."

"People aren't very bright about understanding anything that doesn't fall into form," replied Benita. "And our dear friends so love to believe the worst." She gave my hand a squeeze, and a smile flashed between us.

The first thing she had to do, of course, was inspect the new schooner yacht—the *Seseme III*—which was being fitted at the yards. She was a fine, lovely ship and we went lingeringly over every inch of her, except for the husky Diesel which was being installed. Benita wrinkled her nose at the engine. She liked sail.

The yacht took up most of our time, and we didn't see much of people. We wanted to go out and look up some weather, just to see how she would handle. And we made some wonderful plans for cruises that would take us all over the world. That was what the *Seseme* was designed for.

I suppose we talked too much about the yacht. In our enthusiasm it was always, "The *Seseme* . . . Benita and I . . . Jimmy and I . . . we . . ." The cover-up of the hotel room worked well enough; but one little girl got a good laugh out a cocktail party when she said, "This going to be a honeymoon cruise?"

Quite a few people were wondering the same thing. And a couple of columnists cracked about us. Then Rick wrote from Paris:

I suppose it is none of my damned business, but just for the looks of things—if you and Benita are going to go on living together and go on cruises together without other people being along, I think you ought to get married. Do as you please, of course, but why give people a chance to gab?

I asked one of the men I knew I could trust what people were saying. He made a face and nodded his head. "Flo hasn't helped, you know," he said.

"How do you mean?"

"That last night at the house," he said, "Flo saw you go into Benita's room."

That sent me back on my heels. It was probably naïve of me, but it seemed so natural to be with Benita that I was astonished to discover that there really could be scandal about us.

The next night, as we were having a late dinner after being at the yards all

day, Benita asked: "Are you being solemn about anything in particular—or are you just tired?"

"I was just thinking that it would be a shame to turn the shakedown into a yachting party."

"Hell's bells!" she exclaimed. "Whatever mad you think of that? I want to sleep on canvas on her and sail."

"There'll be scandal," I said. "There's a lot of talk already."

"That so?" she asked unconcernedly. I nodded. "We'd better get married."

"Why, Jimmy!"

"We won't have any peace if we don't."

"You're not seriously proposing, are you?"

"No—not very. Just as a means of keeping people from talking too much. And Rick'll be in a stew if we go off together. The only way we can keep this situation simple is by complicating it a little more."

"All right," she said. "But what a funny way to be married—just to be able to go sailing." She seemed faintly amused by the whole prospect. "I suppose we'd better," she added. "We could do it when we're offshore. The skipper can marry us." The skipper was Captain Anderson, who had been with them since the original *Seseme*.

"Better do it here," I said. "Then the record is all clear for the divorce courts."

Benita put her head back and laughed. "Darling, can you imagine anything sillier than you and me promising with straight faces to love, honor and obey?"

"You obey, ducky," I said. "I just cherish."

And so we were married. Benita, face glowing, was at the wheel when we cast off and the *Seseme III* came to life. The skipper thought we were a funny pair of newlyweds. So did we.

Our cruise was half over, and we were in the middle of a howler off Hatteras when we had the first indication that I was helplessly, and hopelessly in love with her. Nothing she said or did brought it about; our ridiculous marriage hadn't changed us in the least; certainly, after seven years of the way we had lived, the intimacy of being together on a boat didn't mean much; and there is precious little physical lure to a girl with dirty face and hands, hair matted with salt spray and drawn up with a bedraggled piece of once-red ribbon, dressed in a jumper and dungarees spotted with paint.

Sometimes at night when I was standing with her would curse at myself and at the stars and say, "Why do I do it? Tell her and hope for the best? Or should I get away from her on some pretext and see what time would do for us?"

There was always the good excuse of having to go West on a rush trip connected with the estate. One time, I could invent excuses for staying, or perhaps I would write to her and tell her frankly what had happened; tell her that I wanted to stay clear until she was settled in her mind and heart about Rick. That seemed best and fairest for both of us. It was an honorably and carefully thought-out plan, but, like many other plans which involve emotions, it didn't work.

It was night when we picked up our mooring, and I was sitting aft with a whisky and soda. Benita, dressed for the city, joined me.

"You look awfully pretty," I said, "but I think I like you dirty best."

"So do I," she replied. "I dread going ashore."

"We always do."

"Somehow, it's worse this time," she

said. "I feel a little panicky about it, I'm afraid to face things. If I didn't have you to depend on I—I don't know what I'd do," she finished lamely.

She snuggled close beside me, and I put my arm about her.

"Are you afraid, too?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," I admitted.

"What is it, Jimmy?"

I got up suddenly, faced her and said exactly the thing I had decided not to say. "The hell of it is that by some curious twist I've fallen in love with you. The last thing on earth for us to do is to stick together."

"Oh!" she said miserably and put her face in her hands. Then: "Oh, Jimmy!"

"Forget it," I said. "I was planning to scam for the West without telling you how I felt. Perhaps it's just as well this way. Now we can't have any misunderstanding."

"I've mucked things up terribly!" she exclaimed. "But I didn't know."

"Neither did I until a few days ago. I thought that you and I were immune." She rose swiftly and came to me. "I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world."

"I know," I replied. Then she was in my arms and I was kissing her—with all the emotion I had planned to keep secret from her. "That's how I love you," I said, and added with a little laugh that didn't have much humor behind it, "I'd better go West on the first plane."

"Are you sure that's wise?" she asked. "Wouldn't it be better to stay here and accept all the love I can give you?"

"Knowing all the time that you want Rick? Hell, no! I'm miserable enough as it is."

She sank dejectedly into a chair. "I feel pretty licked. Isn't it strange that two people who wanted just to be kind and generous and good to each other could get themselves into such an unholty muddle? Jimmy, I'm not trying to hold you, but it seems to me that you can't live without you. You're a habit. All the little things—my tea in the morning won't taste the same, and when I put on a hat I won't be putting it on because I hope you'll like it. I suppose I'm as selfish as hell, but . . . Oh, Jimmy!" It was like a wall.

When we reached the landing we stood for nearly a minute looking at the *Sesame III* resting so proudly in the night. Both of us felt gumpy.

It was nearly dawn when we reached home with a pall of chop suey we had picked up on the way. Benita put on water for tea, and I mopped dust covers off the furniture; then we plowed into a huge stack of mail. She found what she was looking for—a letter from Rick.

"Jimmy," she exclaimed excitedly, "they're not going around the world! They're going to spend the rest of the summer in Cannes! He says it's because of the war scare, but you know that no war scare would stop Rick. You know, Jimmy!"

"Doesn't sound like Rick to me."

"Lord, I'll bet he's bored with Lola!" she exclaimed. She banged down on her knees before me and took both of my hands in hers. "Jimmy, let's get back aboard the *Sesame* and sail hell out of her to Cannes. We'll work so hard that we won't have time to be unhappy. Oh, please, Jimmy! Oh, please, please, please!"

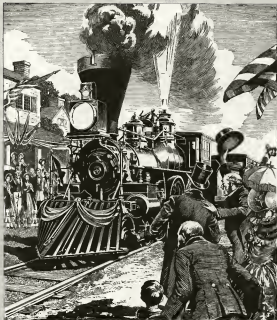
It was Benita the Kid, aged fifteen, talking.

"No!" I said, and meant it.

"We'll slap canvas on her and work like crazy."

"No," I said, and didn't mean it quite so much.

"Jimmy, it's Benita talking to you. You



## 90 years ago

Five Years before the inauguration of train service between New York and Albany in 1851, Dr. Austin Church and John Dwight had associated to produce Bicarbonate of Soda. Descendants of these two founders are still active in the management of Church & Dwight Co., Inc., whose products, Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand Baking Soda, (pure Bicarbonate of Soda), are today familiar old standbys in millions of American homes.

90 years of specialized experience enables the Company to offer these dependable brands at extremely low prices.....



know me, I'm your old friend Benita—the girl you got sailing with."

We caught a couple of storms on the way across and there were plenty of times when we had all hands and the ship's cook on deck. The skipper wrenched his shoulder badly, and for two days Benita and I stood watches heel-and-toe. It was hard work, but grand sailing, and the *Sesame* was a perfect lady every inch of the way.

So far as emotions go, there wasn't much to tell about. In New York we were much too busy making the *Sesame* ready for sea again to think of such things; then we were too busy sailing her; and finally, too busy getting the yacht and ourselves ready for port. The only change in our relationship—and both of us were conscious of it—was an absence of affectionate gestures, of holding hands, mutually making the acquaintance on the deck with our heads close together. We were so conscious of it that we felt an electrical awareness when our hands accidentally touched.

The night before we reached Cannes, we were sitting out on deck listening to the phonograph. Overhead, silvery-lucid stars dripped in the dark sky and just enough of a soft breeze was stirring.

Benita switched off the phonograph and settled back in her chair. "Jimmy," she said thoughtfully, "I think this trip was a good idea. It has saluted us down a lot—and we needed it."

"Perhaps it would have been running away if I'd left you in New York," I replied. "Now I feel a lot calmer about everything, a lot less confused."

"What are your plans?" she asked.

"I'll receive a cablegram asking me to return immediately and go to Denver. I won't even pause in New York. When it gets a little cooler, I'm afraid I'll have to go to Mexico. José Ornelas has been waiting for me for two years to go to Mexico City and play polo with the army crowd. Easiest thing in the world, by the way, to get a divorce there."

Benita laughed and said: "We might send Lola down to you and let you get one for her, too."

"You're completely confident about Rick and Lola, aren't you?"

"How would you bet?" she asked.

"Ten to one that he's fed up with her."

"I'll give twenty to one. Rick's a sucker for 'em when they're sweet and pretty, but it doesn't last long." She was silent for a little while. Presently she asked: "What if we should find Rick happy with Lola?"

I shrugged. "It wouldn't make any difference in my plans. I'm not playing substitute for Rick or anyone else. I'm on my way."

"That will be best," she said. "We might just as well face it. Of course, whatever happens, we'll have to move very quietly. This might make a stinker out of a story for the papers. Double divorce—and I marry Rick. Where! Imagine what they would do with it!"

"I already have."

She nodded solemnly, and we didn't talk about it any more.

We picked up our mooring just before the next morning. Luggage was ready to go over the side, and we were dawdling about, finding this and that to do before we went ashore. Just as always, we hated the final moment of leaving and the resumption of shore contacts—friends, telephone, telegraph.

We were having sandwiches and tea, when Benita checked the cook's report of galley stores. The skipper's voice boomed excitedly down to us: "It's Mr. Rick! He's coming aboard!" We dropped everything and got out on deck.

Sure enough, it was Rick in a little charter launch he had picked up.

"You sons-of-guns!" he yelled, waving his arms wildly. "I knew it was the *Sesame* when I clapped an eye on her!"

It was a crazy and noisy welcome, and none of us made much sense for the first few minutes.

"Can't begin to tell you," he said, "how happy I was when the message came that you two mugs had decided to get married. Lola and I drank your health. She'll be here in a few minutes. I sent the drinks to the hotel for her."

"Hiya is Lola?" I asked.

"Couldn't be better!" he said.

Benita was studying him intently. "Haven't you put on a little fat, sonny?"

His **L**AVINGS and slumped the beginnings of a paunch. "A little, perhaps, but that'll come off." He glanced about the *Sesame* speculatively. "She's a fine-looking ship!" he said. "Yes—a fine-looking ship. Handle well?"

"Like something you dream about," I replied.

Benita was still studying him. Her eyes wouldn't meet mine. I suggested a bottle of champagne to toast the *Sesame*.

He glanced at his watch. "Pretty early," he said. "Matter of fact, I'm not drinking much these days."

"Not even a drink to the *Sesame*?" asked Benita, faintly bewildered.

"Oh, a little glass," he said. "I promised Lola that I'd stick to my two-a-day, but she'll forgive me this once."

Benita was watching him with a glazed, hurt look in her eyes, and I presume that I, too, was wearing a pretty funny expression. This couldn't possibly be Rick—not the Rick we had known. There was something aldermanic and stuffy about him.

"Why didn't you cable that you were coming?" I asked Rick. "We might easily have missed you, because we're going to England within a few days. As it is, we're all tied up with engagements."

"You said you were going to be here the rest of the summer," said Benita.

"Lola finds the climate a little enervating," he explained. "We're spending about a week in England with Lord and Lady Climburch—you remember them—and then heading back home."

I remembered them well enough—as a couple of stuffed dodos. Benita was still avoiding my eyes.

She said: "I thought you'd want to spend a lot of time aboard the *Sesame*."

"Well, you know Lola and boats. Anything smaller than an ocean liner is a skiff to her." He lowered his voice. "This is a secret. Lola's going to have a baby about seven months from now. But for heaven's sake don't tell anyone. As Lola says, if you tell anyone at the beginning, it's explained. We're spending about a week in England with Lord and Lady Climburch—you remember them—and then heading back home."

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"Oh, how nice!" said Benita faintly.

I asked, "Is that why you're going home?"

"That and some business things."

"Such as?" demanded Benita. "You've never done any business in your life."

"Matter of fact," said Rick, "I'm planning to handle a good deal of my business myself, instead of turning it over to the bank. I've run up quite an account in the market. You'd better let me handle yours, too. I'm sure I can add twenty-five percent to your incomes."

"What the hell?" said Benita, and Rick looked pained. "I have more money now than I know what to do with."

The steward came with the wine, and we lifted our glasses to the *Sesame III*.

"Well," said Rick, "I hope you two can be even half as happy as Lola and I

are. I can't begin to tell you. Matter of fact, I feel as if I'm just beginning to live. It's the sort of life for a person to have. Haven's Deep is going to be a home now—not the sort of roadhouse it used to be. Couldn't very well be—cut with youngsters and nurses around. You know, Benita, I was thinking the other day, it's about time for this tradition of the 'Crazy Crosbys' to die down. And it's up to us to kill it. You'll feel the same way about it when you have children." He stopped suddenly. "By the way, there isn't any." He cocked his head.

"No," said Benita in a strangled voice.

"No," I said desperately. "Have some more wine."

"No, thanks, old boy. How are you two planning to spend the summer?"

"I don't know," said Benita faintly. There was a crazy note in her voice. "I don't know. I'd like to take the *Sesame* to Greece—for a while, then perhaps through Suez and head for the South Seas. But I really don't know."

Rick laughed condescendingly. "Well, old dear, you'd better go ahead and get it out of your systems. I was thinking that we might make a deal—my interest in the *Sesame* and yours in Haven's Deep. You two'll be wanting a home of your own, of course."

"Yes," she breathed. "Of course."

The skipper stuck his head in and said, "Mrs. Crosby is coming aboard, sir."

Rick bounded up on deck.

"Oh!" exclaimed Benita. She looked at me, blinked to bring me into focus. "You wipe that grin off your face or I'll throw this bottle at you."

"I can't help what my face is wearing," I said. "I'm as punch-drunk as you are. Snap yourself together, Kid! Here they come."

Rick was solicitously helping his Lola down the steps. She was prettier than ever, more robust, but without losing any of her delicate pastel quality.

The greetings we exchanged were cordially false.

Lola saw the third glass. "Lover, have you been drinking? Oh, naughty! Benita, how did you manage him all those years?"

"I didn't try."

Conversation died a few hundred deaths before Lola said: "Lover, you haven't forgotten we're motoring to the Cap for *déjeuner* with the Ramseys."

**L**OVER LOOKED at his watch. "Matter of fact, I did forget, and we'll just have time. Lola doesn't like to drive very fast, because—" He broke off and said to Lola: "I told them about us. I was sure you wouldn't mind, and they're not going to say a word to anyone."

"Of course I don't mind." She turned to us. "I'm horribly proud about it, but I always say that if you tell people right off it seems more like nine years than nine months."

We went on deck and saw them off. There were some vague promises about getting together later in the day.

The skipper came up. "I'll be sending the luggage ashore now, sir."

"Belay that," I said, "and have all hands stand by." I took Benita's arm and led her below again. "I'm not leaving you," I said.

"No—never! I'm all yours! Every little bit of me!"

I took her in my arms and kissed her. Rick and Lola, motoring toward Cap d'Antibes and *déjeuner*, saw the *Sesame* head out to sea again, saw white canvas fluttering against a blue sky, and decided that we didn't have sense enough to profit by their good example.

We didn't even look back.

## Hollywood

(Continued from page 23)

rode up and down in a truck with the cameramen while a horde of rebel soldiers swarmed into the town to pursue and molest the inhabitants. To rehearse this scene with a real Chinese crowd (many of whom had to be given instructions through interpreters) was no easy matter; it was strenuous alike for director and actors; and Paul Muni, charging like mad toward the receding camera, took at least one nasty fall. He said it didn't matter, and of course he was quite right. Nothing matters in picture-making except the picture.

That particular scene, with its retakes, occupied a whole afternoon; on the screen it may last a couple of minutes. The cinema today feels that there is nothing disproportionate in these time-ratios. "The Good Earth," I believe, has already cost two million dollars and been two years in preparation; and there are critics, doubtless, who would regard this as a wanton expenditure of both money and effort.

I don't agree. A picture like "The Good Earth" has documentary as well as entertainment value. It will give millions of people an idea of China which will last longest and clearest in their lives; and this idea, remember, is the authentic one that thousands of readers have already obtained from Pearl Buck's novel.

But what, numerically, are the tens of thousands who read even a world best seller against the millions who gain their impressions from the screen? The screen has this new and enormous public; it is giving them new and hitherto inaccessible ideas, and such things are worth doing.

Hollywood, indeed, may well be trying out a new technique of achievement to which the whole modern world, if it has the luck to survive, must inevitably adapt itself—a technique in which there is no meaning to the word "waste," provided that the thing done proves eventually worth doing. Time and money should be the commonest products in a world full of leisure and machines; the rarest thing will be, as it always has been, a work of artistic integrity. That is what a few people in Hollywood are aiming at.

I think especially of Frank Capra, dark-haired Italo-Californian bambino, one of the greatest of the directors of pictures; an artist whose instinct to produce a work of art has an immortal sureness. Immortal? That brings up a disarmingly simple question which I have often asked without getting a definite answer. Supposing one of these days there is produced a screen masterpiece worthy to rank with the very greatest masterpieces in other arts, how long can posterity hope to enjoy it?

I am told that the actual physical film-print deteriorates rapidly after twenty years or so, and that technical research has not yet found a complete solution of the problem of reprotopography. Thus we seem to be faced with an irony of modern progress—that early man, who carved on stone, could bequeath his work for millenniums; later man, who wrote on vellum, could confidently expect centuries; while modern man, using the camera, cannot yet be sure of longer than his own generation. Perhaps this is all he will need or get; perhaps the physical impermanence of the twentieth-century medium bears some relation to the faster and more dangerous gears of the twentieth century.

But to come back to Capra. When



*There is a saying that when at a first meeting the impression is made on the heart, that impression never changes . . . Evening in Paris Perfume speaks the language of the heart . . . For Evening in Paris is known the world over as the fragrance of romance . . . It is the perfume masterpiece of the man who has created most of the great perfumes . . . a perfume as rich in moods, as enchanting to the senses, as Paris, itself, at night.*

*Evening in Paris*  
**BOURJOIS**

I saw "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" I felt I knew what Capra was driving at—the same thing that Thornton Wilder was driving at in "Heaven's My Destination." But I also thought that Capra hit the mark more accurately than Wilder, maybe because the screen can handle certain ideas better than the novel. It is a disturbing possibility for the novelist, but he may have to face it.

Certainly no novelist could have had a triter fate than to face the spectacle that Capra offered when he first introduced me to the lamasery set for "Lost Horizon."

I was speechless; I could do nothing but shake his hand. As I have been called a sentimental writer, I can afford to confess to such a moment without loss of reputation; but I suspect that most writers would have felt the same in my place.

Capra's conception of the lamasery of Shangri-La, that tranquil Tibetan refuge from the troubles of the world, was more visual than mine had ever been; but henceforth it is part of my mental conception also. The lotus pool fringed by flowers and lawns, and the exquisitely stylized architecture of the lamasery background, caught the exact paradox of something permanent enough to exist forever and too ethereal to exist at all. I could not help a feeling of sadness that in my must, presumably, be broken up when the picture was finished; I should have liked to add a few rooms to its insubstantial fabric and live there myself.

I first met Capra at Frances Marion's house a few days after I arrived in Hollywood. We then talked for two hours about "Lost Horizon," and she described his ideas about making a screen play of it, and the changes (most of them slight) that seemed advisable to him and to Robert Riskin, who was writing the script. I found him in complete sympathy with the mood and spirit of the story; actually, he broken up for more changes than he was, for I wanted to shorten rather drastically some of the High Lama's speeches, whereas Capra believed he could keep more of them intact.

Later, I met both Capra and Riskin many times, and one evening at Capra's house I was invited to inspect a rather untidy bundle of typescript enclosed in a very tidy case.

It proved to be the original typescript of "Lost Horizon," hammered out by me three years ago! I had sold it, rather reluctantly, to a London dealer who offered what seemed to me big money; and Capra, unknown to me, had been the eventual purchaser. My only regret is that I hadn't known it was Capra who wanted it. If I had, we could both have saved money.

The late Irving Thalberg, who was one of the M-G-Empereors of the famous Hollywood celebrity with whom I had many interesting contacts. As well as high artistic integrity, he had an almost biblical patience in persevering with a job.

All the Thalberg patience and attention to detail went into the making of the "Romeo and Juliet" picture, in the demic exactness hovered over this production, an exactness symbolized by the presence of Professor Strunk, of Cornell, to advise on all Shakespearean matters.

I was shown over one of the big sets in company with Hugh Walpole and John Massfield (who, in addition to being the English poet laureate, has written a book on Shakespeare); and during conversation the point was raised as to whether the name Tybalt should be

pronounced with the first syllable long or short.

Professor Strunk, beaming like a good-natured plumber sent for to repair a leak, settled the matter with gentle finality.

And then, turning to me, he pointed to a small vase perched in a rather distant niche of the courtyard wall and said in a whisper, with some eagerness: "You know, that's a real piece—it was brought over from Italy. I do hope they can get it into one of the shots." One gathered that the professor was enjoying Hollywood.

## Coming:

The glamorous memoirs  
of that famous  
grand opera singer

**Madame  
Frances  
Alda**

wood immensely and would return to the campus with enough good stories to last him a lifetime.

Which leads me to the confession that while I myself am not always enthusiastic over Shakespearean movies, the film of "Romeo and Juliet" is nevertheless full of beauty, both of sight and sound; and Shakespeare, anyhow, would be the last to complain of any liberties taken in the adaptation.

It is even likely that he would have fitted into the Hollywood firmament far better than most literary stars. He who twisted other men's plots till they were practically unrecognizable, he who snapped up unconsidered trifles from scores of contemporary writers at home and abroad—above all, he who was, in his own right, a genius—heavens, what a writer-producer he would have made!

When an author comes to Hollywood for the first time, he generally meets everybody who is anybody in the first few weeks, partly because it is presumed he will be interested to meet them and partly because it is presumed they may like to meet him also. Thus there may be a sort of scarcity-value in the people one doesn't meet. I didn't meet Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Shirley Temple or Mae West. But I did, I think, meet nearly everybody else, including many people I didn't expect to find in Hollywood at all: world celebrities washed up temporarily on the movie shore—H. G. Wells, Chaplain, Jascha Heifetz, Alexander Woolcott.

And here, I suppose, I ought to say something about Hollywood parties. But what is there to say? They are just like

parties anywhere else, except that most of them finish earlier, there is a lot of shop talk about pictures, and there are no mosquitoes or rain showers to spoil dinner out of doors. The people are apt to be the same people you meet in London or New York; in fact, most Hollywood people come from somewhere else.

Their houses are uniformly beautiful—sometimes too uniformly, but after all, it is no mosquitoes or rain showers to spoil dinner out of doors. The people are apt to be the same people you meet in London or New York; in fact, most Hollywood people come from somewhere else.

I shall not forget Pickfair, Joan Crawford's swimming pool, the art treasures in Marion Davies' beach palace (you can't call it a house), Harold Lloyd's basement gallery of photographs, the Thalberg home with the latest Thalberg-Shearer baby (looking like a sixth quintuplet) gurgling at the Pacific Ocean!

These things are pleasant to think of; indeed, there is a good deal of charmingly civilized life in Hollywood, life of a kind that is mostly unreported by fan magazines and studio publicity; a civilization transplanted, doubtless, from older and distant traditions, but taking root in California very healthily. I had dinner with Chaplain in a beer hall that might be the best in Bavaria; I met Jean Hersholt at a performance of the Brahms Requiem to which Hugh Walpole had taken me; at Basil Rathbone's house, after a party attended by typical Hollywood celebrities, we ended up—how do you think?—by reading passages from Shakespeare, the way we thought they ought to be read.

So much for Hollywood Nights! Entertainment—for the film star's idea of Whoopee!

And there are artists of high merit in this maligned village—Mrs. Jesse Lasky, for instance, and Harry Lachman, who directs the Laurel and Hardy pictures; while as for music, I would hazard the guess that there is as much musical talent on the Hollywood pay roll as lives permanently in London, New York, Paris or Berlin.

One evening, at the house of Max Rablinskiwicz the pianist, I listened for hours to four men playing string quartets from sight—than which, I suppose, there is no lovelier pastime of a really civilized society.

Yes, I enjoyed Hollywood parties, especially the smaller and more intimate ones, and I certainly enjoyed meeting everybody.

Come to think about it, you could save yourself a lot of time and travel by living in Hollywood and waiting for everybody to come along sooner or later. It is a street corner of the world; and the only objection to living in it is that it is sometimes too much of a street corner.

Go to a big preview and you can savor the curious feeling that if a bomb were to be dropped on the roof, destroying it all beneath it, there would be bigger headlines in tomorrow's papers all over the world than after any conceivably similar catastrophe elsewhere. For just the fact! All, all would be gone, the old familiar faces—Marlene, Wally, Norma, Merle, Doug, young Doug, Elissa, Clark . . . If you can supply the rest of those names, then you belong to our village.

And outside, paying tribute to village life, are the rows and ranks of admirers and adored admirers. For these are supposed to worry the life out of screen stars, and maybe they do; but the stars would worry much more if the supply of worry came to an end.



Anyhow, there is the story of a famous star whose completely infamous friend invited him to Venice. (I mean Venice, California, not Venice, Italy—a place of hot dogs rather than cold dogs.) "But," said the screen star, "I couldn't possibly go to a place like that. Everybody would recognize me; I should be besieged by fans; my life wouldn't be worth living!" In the end, however, persuasion succeeded and the expedition was made. Nobody recognized the famous screen star, for the simple reason (doubtless) that no one was looking for him. There is a moral in this somewhere.

But it is true enough that it is easier for the Prime Minister of England to walk along Bond Street unnoticed than for a movie star of the second rank to be fined for speeding along Wishbone Boulevard without getting his name in the papers. Hollywood keeps a grandmotherly eye on her family, and "Behave yourselves, children; remember where you are!" is the unwritten and unspoken slogan at night clubs, restaurants and parties. Together with the postscript: "Remember also that you have to be up at eight in the morning in order to be on the set by nine."

And whereas in London, New York or Paris, you can make yourself anonymous by moving a mile or so out of the center of things, in Hollywood your village surroundings you, and your tastes and adventures are as well known and as well advertised as any of the fifty-seven varieties. At the fights in the Hollywood Stadium you can see Mae West. At the wrestling there is Hugh Walpole, who on one occasion had two hundred and fifty pounds of man-mountain hurled into his face over the ropes. And occasionally at a restaurant or club is amusingly called a night spot, a little gentle horseplay culminating, at worst, in a sock on somebody's jaw. (The children, you see, do sometimes misbehave.)

All these little things happen in our village and make up our local news. If the world outside is interested, it merely proves that the world outside belongs, in some special sense, to our village. And this is true. Hollywood is an International Village—perhaps the first that the world has yet experienced. And this internationalism is all the healthier in that it springs out of practice and not out of theory. Hollywood does not try to be international like a Peace Congress. It cannot help being international, and therefore it often does not realize how international it is. It is a League of Nations minding its own business, only its own business happens to belong to the world.

There are clever people here, and there is good team work. If Hollywood were Oxford or Cambridge (a teasing thought), then the various studios would be the colleges and Warner Brothers would have an annual boat race with M-G-M, always provided that there were enough rain in California to make a river. Probably Warner Brothers would win, for their intense studio patriotism would make them train for it. Jack Warner certainly captains a go-ahead team. One thinks of Marion Davies (how tired she must be of being called charming, but she is charming, anyway); Leslie Howard, who can speak his lines better, I should like to guess, than any other actor in the world; Nurse Francis and Pasteur Muni, makers of history in more senses than one. Which reminds me that "The Story of Louis Pasteur" was not only a good film but a good idea, and good ideas are as rare in Hollywood as anywhere else.

When I looked around the Warner Brothers' Studios this week, preparing the set for "The Green Pastures" and

## GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!



### See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

by *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value. You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

#### The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest

and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

#### Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also besom the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally un sound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

#### Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(Use one penny this as a penny postage.) (C)		<b>FREE</b>
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder plus a 7-days' supply of my Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.		
Name _____		
Address _____		
City _____ State _____		
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)		



**Suppose** you start reading every word in this issue of *Cosmopolitan* at 7 o'clock tonight—and you read much faster than most people,—you'll still be reading when the milkman rumbles up the street at

**7 o'clock in the morning**



Mare Connelly was cheerfully marshaling a group of colored children for a classroom scene. He talked to me about the ban on his stage play in England and hoped, perhaps too optimistically, that the same stupidity would not be repeated with the screen version.

Then I looked at the other sets in this remarkable picture. How to manipulate angels provided an unusual problem for Hollywood. The Warners' technicians, however, were equal to it; but even Hollywood's average work contains this high quality of technical effort. As elsewhere in the world, technical efficiency runs far ahead of intelligent conception, so the gap seems to me both considerable and less dangerous than elsewhere in the world. Heavens, when you look at Geneva and Danzig and Peiping (not to mention London or Washington) and other distant strife spots, you feel that if nations were to direct their affairs as they do even a bad Hollywood picture, the world would be a more comfortable place!

But really bad pictures are beginning to be rare—just as are, in these days, really bad books. That rather dreadful word "competence" has to be used continually to describe the homes average as it strives to get a little better. Occasionally, as in "San Francisco," sheer technical skill almost by itself achieves a peak of genius; but it is *mind*, after all, that really counts—the flash of vision that, as in the picture "Fury," holds for a few seconds as "stills" the maddened faces of the mob.

When the cinema can do things like that, it proves itself an art. And if it be objected that the cinema does things like that so rarely, let the objector say whether the big moments in books or stage plays come any more frequently. But the comparison should be fair. Take the plays and books that have appeared during the cinema's artistic lifetime—say, during the past twenty years. Count how many have yielded the authentic emotional thrill that comes from art properly aligned to life; then reckon up similar items from your cinema experience.

For myself, I can think of Bergner watching the violinist in the film "Der Träumende Mund"; some of the mountain shots in "The White Hell of Pitz Palu"; a moment in "The Blue Angel" when Schoolmaster Jannings opens the classroom window and the sound of singing from a neighboring class streams in. (Marianne Dietrich told me that this was one of her big moments, too); James Dunn pleading with the doctor in "Bad Girl"; Garbo in "Queen Christina"; the fight in the early and silent "Tollable David"; the stateroom sequence in the Marx Brothers' "A Night at the Opera," which made me laugh more than "Pickwick" ever did, and which, I fear, will make me laugh retrospectively if and when I ever see any of the long-threatened versions of grand operas. This, again, is personal prejudice, because I don't like grand opera. But I don't see why the cinema shouldn't try it if it wants to.

It must try everything, because it doesn't yet know (nor do you and I) the territory in which it is eventually going to be supreme. As Capra says, you can't set limits to an art that has only existed for less than half a human lifetime. Every ambitious writer, director, actor and producer in the picture industry must feel the pull of that continual challenge, must feel inclined to shout out: "Tell me what you think is impossible, and I'll go right now and do it!"

I had plenty of reason to come to Hollywood. Capra was filming "Lost Horizon"; Thalberg was going to make a picture of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips." There was also work on adapting "Camille" for Garbo. This proved both easy and difficult—easy so far as it meant working on Dumas' dotted line, difficult because of the need to reconcile certain features of the story with the changed attitudes of the present day.

I was immensely lucky to have Frances Marion to work with on this tricky assignment. She did the planning and general layout of scenes and incidents; I concentrated on the dialogue. Frances has often been called Hollywood's ace scenarist; what that means exactly I don't know, but I do know some of the other things Frances is—a pianist, a singer, a novelist (did you read "Valley People"?), a charming hostess, a demon card player and the most generous person alive. But one thing she can't do—she can't drink vodka. As a party in her house in honor of Heifetz she had to yield place to the more inspired libations of Englishmen and Russians.

Now that, by the way, was a grand party, and the star turn was perhaps the personal appearance of Frances' monster Saint Bernard, Big Boy, a creature with such a keen liking for drinking, we could never be sure which, for mustn't that he invariably howled in tune with it.

As a matter of record, I used to get up early (about seven, as a rule) and work in my apartment all morning; then during the afternoon I would take a walk on the hills or go down to the beach and bathe. (I lost about twenty pounds during my six months in Hollywood, and feel all the better for it.) In the evenings I either worked again or did something social. I visited the studios often; but the authorities seemed to realize that a writer is used to working on his own, and though he would not have given me an office had I wished on they were quite willing for me to work independently.

What they did give me was a very efficient secretary. Nobody assumed that I either knew or didn't know the technique of scenario writing—I mean the jargon of "cuts," "dissolves," "fade-ins," "camera-runnings," and so on; actually, my secretary taught me all the necessary language in ten minutes. If a writer can write good dialogue and invent clever "business" he need not worry about much else. All the same, it would do him no harm to learn something about the technical side of picture making—camera angles, cutting, and so on. I think I had been any beginners' class in this sort of thing. I should have joined it gladly. But there wasn't.

Anyhow, I found it always interesting and sometimes fascinating to feel part of the life of the studio, to show up work for criticism, and to get back to the student days, to make contact with a pioneer world in which every valuation is quizzing and tentative. "This is a lousy script," somebody says one morning. "This is a magnificent script," another critic (or maybe the same one) says the morning after about the same thing. There is nothing in business of such uncertainties. Every explorer must experience them. Even Columbus never knew exactly where he had got to.

So I take temporary leave of Hollywood with genuine affection for the place and its people, and with decided willingness to return one of these days. A shop-window village . . . and behind the plate glass, disordered, even hidden, but there all the same if you have faith in a future—the goods!

Coming: Another Doctor Finlay Hyslop story by A. J. Cronin

Cosmopolitan

MERRIAM  
BOOK  
LENGTH  
NOVEL

## Trail Street

(Continued from page 47)

trying to fathom the extent of his influence in Susan's decision. The man wanted Susan, and he had both a power of persuasion and a power of money. He was more than a rival; he was an enemy, and a dangerous one.

There was no special irony in the fact that the voice which hailed Allan from the doorway of the Buck and Wing was Maury's. In this small town their paths constantly crossed. Allan halted on the wooden sidewalk, waiting, watching the man as he approached.

He came striding, big and handsome, jovial and impressive. As always there was inscrutable merriment in his bold dark gaze. He was about thirty, mustached and elegant in a hard virile way. "Harper—damned if I'm not glad to spot you! I've looked all over."

"I've been for a ride, Maury." Maury eyed him, and the laughter seemed to rise in that inscrutable gaze. "You and Susan?"

"Susan." "No time to lose now, eh, Harper? I'm afraid she'll be sadly missed hereabout."

Allan drawled, "Were you looking for me to talk about Susan, Maury?" "I wasn't, for a fact." Maury's voice turned subtly hard. "It's a good idea. I've given it some thought. Since she's going away so soon, no more than two days down the trail, you'll have to make up your mind about your option on those cattle."

Maury smiled. "I wanted to locate you to mention that Golden deal for a last time. Word came in this afternoon that the Golden herd has no more than two days down the trail. You'll have to make up your mind about your option on those cattle."

"I told you it was made up a month ago."

"So you did. But a month can change a man's notions. I know you haven't the money to take up that contract. I can take it off your hands."

"No doubt you can. And you can trim old Pop Golden's hide clean. Listen to me, Maury. Prices are up. I took my chances, but you want a sure thing. You know Pop Golden is in over his head, and that's had the blindest drives on the trail so far this summer. He rode into town privately some time back, traveling up the trail alone, and he looked me up and we made another deal. I could ruin him, but I'm throwing in with him instead. That herd is going up to the Yellowstone with my money in it on shares. I'm going to take a good profit and make a friend for life."

Maury was laughing at him. "On a shoestring you're gambling on Pop's luck, and your own?"

"I doubt that I'd make a deal with you if Gabriel himself endorsed it, Maury. I don't like you personally, and I don't like your methods. That's what you wanted to know, wasn't it?"

Logan Maury was stiff and unsmiling. "If I intended staying here, Harper, I'd see to it that you liked me and my methods a hell of a lot less than you do." "I doubt that's possible. And I reckon that's all we have to say now, isn't it? I'll bid you good day, Maury."

Allan Harper strode away, white with

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was rather drunk. Her red hair was awry, and her pale greenish eyes glittered. She was past thirty, heavy of frame, hard to the core.

Allan smiled. "Nothing wrong with me, sister. I reckon I'll make out." He looked away.

At the bar a big man standing by himself watched the encounter with sardonic dark eyes.

The Lily said, "Ain't talking to the girls tonight, eh, sport? You only talk to your starched-up good girls. That it, Johnny?"

Allan sighed. "No, it isn't. I didn't come here for idle talk with man or woman. I came for a drink. Suppose we leave her as she lays?"

"Oh, no!" said the Lily. "Suppose, on the contrary, we find out about this. I'd like to know. You wouldn't talk to the likes of us anywhere, would you? You're too damned sanctified, ain't that so?"

The Lily's voice was strident, and men were beginning to stare.

Allan, now a little set of jaw, raised his glass to drink.

The Lily demanded vehemently. "Well, why the hell wouldn't you, Johnny?" and she swung a flailing blow that knocked the glass from Allan's hand.

There was an instant of stillness. The Lily, off balance from her swing, reeled backward and clutched a table. There was a yell, and a rush of curiosity.

There were no town men present. Allan was practically alone, and his exit was blocked. The Lily cursed fluently.

The circle suddenly upheaved, and a tall, heavy-boned Texan burst through. It was Lance Larkin, and he was primed with liquor and hot with a lust for trouble.

"Hold on here! What you trying, stranger? Lily—you hurt? Did this man hit you?"

Lily's profanity was not clear in meaning, but it satisfied the cowboy. A pale knife scar along one jaw grew livid.

"By Judas, sry man that strikes a woman ain't got him the backbone of a snake! Your kind ain't fit for shooting, you damned dude! Why'd you hit that woman?"

Allan stood steady, wary and fully aware. He swore at himself for his rashness in coming here without his gun. "I didn't strike that woman. She made a swipe at me. Get mad about it if you want to, Texas, but not at me."

"She hit you? Why, you low-down lying Plute, I saw her fall with my own eyes!"

A drunken voice cheered the statement. The Lily watched, fascinated.

Then a cool voice ordered, "Pull up there, Texas. That man's not armed."

The cowboy glared. The speaker pushed through the crowd. It was the lone drinker with the sardonic eyes. He was a big man with a ruddy-cheeked face and intensely blue eyes.

The outraged Lance Larkin said, "By God, I'm armed, mister! Take note of that and explain what call you have to horn in."

The stranger said calmly to Allan, "I'm correct about the arming, ain't it?"

"You are. I'd allow for no interference otherwise."

"The man's unarmed, Texas," the stranger repeated, "and besides; he's told the facts of the case. You'll pull in your horns."

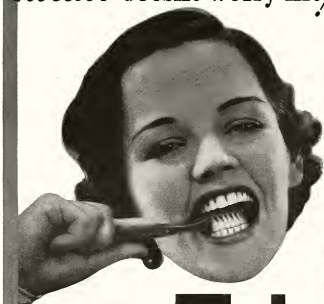
The cowboy glared. "By God!" he said. Then, "By God on a mountain!" and he launched into an incontinent tirade.

The other listened, smiling.

"Look out!" Allan snapped. "He's clean loco-drunk, man!"

The stranger moved—and a long-barreled revolver flew from a shoulder

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helter, struck one clublike blow, and the cowboy collapsed on top of a clattering brass cuspidor, stunned.

The stranger was motionless, facing the crowd, his back to the bar. The weapon menaced no one in particular.

"If the friends of this man want to carry this further, let them speak up. I'm willing to explain, argue or fight. Feeling in this town is running pretty high, as you all know, and this man was headed to hang. I figured it was better to save him and the county the trouble."

The calm tone held the crowd silent.

Allan watched the circle of staring faces. He looked at the Wichita Lily, and the Lily was white, staring at the stranger as if at a ghost. He glimpsed Logan Maury watching from the end of the bar, aloof, disdainful, amused.

It was a big moment, of a kind to make or break a man. It was an opportunity one man chose to seize—Wolf Warbeau, sporting man, duelist, owner of the gaming tables here.

Powerful, elegant and beautiful-eyed, he edged through the crowd. "Look here, my friend," he said coolly, "you're taking on your shoulders more water than you can carry without spilling."

The stranger said, "How so?"

"We take care of our troubles on Trail Street. You'd better know that. Your friend had no business in here, and he knows that."

"She's a free country, by statute."

"The statutes haven't reached here yet. You've probably got a lot to learn, friend. Among other things, I'll inform you that no Texas boy will ever hang in Orlando."

This was a sure-fire bid to the crowd. A couple of southern voices yelled affirmation.

But the stranger drawled, "This is the county seat of Lane County, and according to law this is where killers hang when convicted. What have you to say about a parlor?"

"I have a good deal. And I'll repeat—I advise you to get acquainted with the town."

The stranger grinned. "I've been doing something along that line, and I'm grateful to you for your help. You see, I'm a little green yet. Let me introduce myself. I'm your new city marshal." He added, "Madden is the name."

There was an impressive silence. Then someone said quickly, "Judas—that's Daniel Madden!"

There was no sign on Wolf Warbeau's face. Then he smiled. "Well, I'm damned! Daniel Madden. And I didn't even know the town had hired a marshal. That does alter cases considerably."

"I imagined it would," agreed the marshal.

"You've taken a job on your hands, Madden."

"Likely enough. I reckon I'll handle it."

"I wish you luck. We'll likely meet around. My name's Warbeau."

There was an odd look in Madden's eyes; he made a wry face and turned away. The crowd relaxed.

Madden said to Allan Harper, "This lace goes straight to the calaboose. Do you reckon you could help me carry him?"

"I'll carry him myself," Allan said. "I'll feel a heap better if your hands stay unhampered."

Madden smiled. Allan heaved the body across one shoulder and made for the door.

Daniel Madden was well known all over the frontier by hearsay. Few knew him well or could tell whence he came. Quietly he had made his name. He

served various communities and employers as peace officer. He had come through many fights unscathed, to be credited with absolute courage and a remarkable prowess with weapons.

There was a thrill in Allan as he thought of all this. There had been talk for a year past of importing a fighting marshal.

Madden laughed. "I ain't been appointed yet, but I'm going to be. Mayor Haynes telegraphed to me to come and talk to him. Now I'm here and he's thought it over, he's got cold feet. I think between us we can make up his mind."

The jail, opposite the small depot, was a low structure of bluffs limestone quarried from the bluffs above the river. Adjoining it was a small frame building occupied by the sheriff and his deputy, Dodd Bates, who slept in the office.

Bates was on hand, gossiping on a bench outside the door with a cronny, Lance Larkin was thrust into the lock-up, disarmed and alone.

"I'll appear against him in the morning," Madden told Bates. "All you need do is see his friends don't tear the jail down in the meantime."

On the way to the mayor's home Daniel Madden asked many shrewd questions about the town and its leading citizens. Allan answered without reserve. "I'll appear against him in the morning when she first spoke up, didn't she, lad?" said Madden in an odd tone. "I couldn't help catching her opening remark."

"Remark?" Then Allan remembered and laughed. "Well, hell now! I don't exactly care to discuss that."

"It's his natural, and you needn't. But it happened I saw you two driving into town yesterday, and your girl's eyes were flashing fiery sparks. She sure was in a dander."

Allan admitted the fact. He told about Susan's hatred for the town and the land. Her case seemed complete as he reported it.

He found himself selling fire—about the bottomland he had bought when his hopes were high; about his present state, stranded on the prairie; about his thwarted hopes for peace and industry and plenty in the land. He was surprised at his own volubility. Madden listened, but made no comment.

Mayor Haynes received them in his front room, away from the family, and he was appalled by their story. "Man, I had made up my mind against you," he confessed to Madden. "I have no doubt you can handle yourself, but this is a whole town to be handled. There's growing feeling between the cattlemen and the townspeople. A wrong move, and there'll be sudden war. You're a fighting man with a reputation, Madden. This town must have peace or it will perish."

"Turn me loose. I'll get your peace for you. I like a free hand."

"All right, Madden. I'll give it to you. I'm obliged to the story will be all over town by morning, and we're committed to it." Haynes turned to Allan. "And may I ask what you were doing in the Buck and Wing, Harper?"

Allan shrugged. "My own business, I reckon."

"The sheriff will be pleased to hear of this, won't he? Brawling with a Trail Street woman!"

"The woman was doing the brawling, you'll recollect."

Haynes snorted, and then thought of something else. "You were out in the county today, I heard. Where were you?"

"Northest—out to that man McKeon's place."

"Is he in trouble again?"

"As usual."

The mayor snorted again.



Allan said casually, "How much wheat did you plant this year, mayor?"

"Forty acres," snapped the mayor. He added, "I've got a man on the place. I have to pay him money to stay. Last spring he laid down wheat, corn, barley and oats. They're all done for, by the look of things."

"Would a rain save anything?"

"A rain could carry them along. But I doubt that a single rain will bring in a crop."

Allan pondered. "There's no relying on summer rain out here. You've licked looking for it. Once in seven years. There's got to be another way."

"You find another way," John Haynes said, "and they'll make you governor of this state."

Daniel Madden walked with Allan to Mrs. Logan's boarding house. Mrs. Logan was a prairie woman whose man had been killed by the Indians some years before. Allan found her clean, cheery house preferable to the uproarious hotels.

"What brought you into the Buck and Wing tonight, Harper?" Madden asked.

"Business, as I told the mayor. I was looking for somebody. Nobody in particular. One of the cattle buyers from Chicago, maybe; or an old-time commission man who dealt in beef stock before the trail opened. I had a notion I might get some valuable information out of them."

"What sort?"

"About wheat. The growing of grain is as old as the business of fattening and marketing cattle, and they'd likely know something about both."

"You could go direct to the Old Chisholm House and rouse out a pack of such men."

Allan grunted. "I could indeed. But I doubt that they'd talk in answer to a straight question about farming in this town. Farming means fences, and they're hell on fences since the trail started."

"You keep away from the bars," growled Madden. "You'll be a marked man in town for the next few days, and don't forget it. What's deviling you about wheat, anyway?"

"Why, along with a good many others, I entertained the damn-fool notion once that this was a wheat country."

They paused in front of the unpainted two-story frame house that was Mrs. Logan's. The street was dark and quiet. Near by, one window alone glowed with the soft light of an oil lamp. A short distance away the lights of Trail Street made a faint radiance above the house-tops in the evening haze. They heard a wild Belding yell and the jubilant bark of a six-shooter.

Madden said reflectively, "Beginning tomorrow, I'm going to start separating those boys from their guns. They're a terror, but most of them are only wild youngsters, in from long hard months on the trail."

"He," said Allan skeptically. "Most of them have never been separated from a gun since they could walk."

"No, and they won't take kindly to it. They have no use for municipal ordinances. The only authority they know is their bosses, and the herd owners themselves are an untamed lot. They don't like a Yankee to this day, and do them this is a Yankee town."

"It is," Allan agreed grimly. "And well we know it. If trouble ever started, it would be a bloody shambles, and God help Orlando!"



"That's one reason why I want you to lay low for a couple of days. I'll have enough on my hands."

Allan watched Madden out of sight and was turning to enter the house when he heard a soft, hushed call from a corner of the house.

"Allan Harper."

He whirled. A woman moved from the shadows. It was Ruby—Ruby Lee of the Buck and Wing.

She stood there looking at him. Her lovely eyes were luminous with the moonlight. She was timid, mute, yet persistent and disturbing.

"Ruby," he said, "what's the matter?"

"You," she said. She spoke in a half whisper, huskily. "As if I'd be here for any other reason. I know you don't like my coming, but I had to come, Allan. I'm afraid."

"Yes?"

"Not for me. For you. You should never have gone to the Buck and Wing. Don't go again."

"And why not?"

"Don't be mad at me, Allan," she pleaded. "Please don't. I had to come and tell you to stay away. You don't know how important that is. You won't be angry with me?"

He was hard, silent. Then, "What were you doing with Logan Maury?"

"Maury?" Swiftly she appraised that, weighed it. "Does it matter to you who I make up with? I thought it didn't."

"When it's Maury it does. He's no good."

"What of it? I reckon I'm no particular good, either. Why shouldn't I like up with him? You won't have me. I've got to make up with somebody."

Allan swore to himself. "Ruby, why don't you go back? I'll stake you to all you need to take you home."

"You're kind, Allan," she said with quiet scorn. "But I don't need money. I've got money."

"Oh," he said.

"It's honest money," she told him quickly. "I may work on the Street, but I haven't come to working on the alley. I may yet, rather than go back to the home I had. I'll tell you there've been times when—but never mind about that. That's not what I came to talk about. I came to talk about you. Keep away from the Buck and Wing."

Allan sighed. "I might if I knew why, Ruby."

"You saw all the reason in the world tonight. They don't like you there. The Texans and the touts and the gamblers don't want you. The girls don't. You should know that now."

"They don't seem to mind Maury."

"I don't know if you're still mad at me or just dense, Allan Harper. Of course, He's one of them. He spends. He does business with them. He belongs with them, not with you—all. Is that plain enough?"

He looked sharply at her. "Ruby, are you trying to warn me about something definite?"

"Yes," she said. "I'd likely be shot myself for telling you. I won't tell you more than this: that man hates you. I know if he had the clear chance he'd kill you. The clear chance, mind. He has a reason for shying from plain murder."

Near by, the solitary window glow winked out. Allan was thoughtful. He understood. Maury's hands were tied.

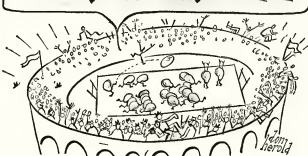
"I see it," Allan said. "I'm grateful, Ruby. What's been said so far?"

"Nothing. I just know."

He laughed softly. "I had words yesterday with Maury. I'm not without warning."

"You had words about Susan Pritchard, didn't you?" She took hold of his

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coat lapels, brought herself close to him. He could feel her warm body, and the passion and despair in it. She said, "Allan, she's going away. They're going together. They'll be married in Kansas City. She's quitting you cold."

He said nothing.  
She went on. "Allan, she was yours while you had money. She's found a man who has more. Allan, I don't want money. I want you."

He cursed, with a blind flame of pain in him. He took her by the shoulders, thrusting her away. "Ruby, I can't talk to you now. I don't want to. Go away."  
"All right," she said quickly. "Whatever you want me to do. Will you kiss me?"

"No."  
"Just once. I took a chance for you tonight, coming here."

He kissed her a little brutally and thrust her from him again. "Now, get going, please!" he commanded.

When Ruby had gone, he went into the house only long enough to get his 38. He came out again and strode along Trail Street, where the night's business showed no sign of faltering.

As he neared the Buck and Wing, massive and iron of feature, he saw Logan Maury leaning against one of the veranda posts, cigar alight, one hand idly playing with a jeweled watch fob.

Maury stared, his face sardonic. "Evening, Harper. You're up mighty late."

"It's been an interesting evening," said Allan. His gaze was steely. "I've been doing a mite of thinking. I reckon you ought to know about it. First, I left my six-shooter home earlier tonight. You saw what happened. I don't expect to leave it home again. I begin to suspect 't might be unhealthy I figured you ought to know that."

Maury laughed shortly. "Man, don't you calculate you were damned lucky you came out unarmed?"

"Possible. But that Texas buckaroo was far luckier."

"How so?"

Allan smiled, his face hard and truculent. He grunted and turned his back. Instantly, in a movement swift and fluid as light, he flicked out the 38 and fired three fast, deliberate shots at a sign spread over the false second-story front of a hardware shop. The sign read "F. O. A. Peters" in white letters. When he stopped, each of the round white periods after the initials was clearly pierced in the center by a small dark hole.

"That's showing off, Maury," said Allan, "and I don't usually demonstrate. I ought to reckon it's something you ought to know."

"Why should I be concerned?"  
"This town's not getting any too peaceable. Anything may happen, even to you. And I think you ought to know this, if not for yourself, then for the information of your friends."

Maury's eyes were hot with wrath. He took the cigar from his mouth, sent it in a glowing arc into the road.

Before a word was uttered, a shot sounded somewhere. There was the scream of a bullet, and a post just beyond Allan on the veranda abruptly shivered and splintered.

Allan sprang almost simultaneously to the veranda alongside Maury, gun in hand. He had no proof that Maury was responsible for that shot; he had only his suspicions.

And then he realized something else. The shot was not meant to kill. Its purpose was to intimidate.

Maury drawled sarcastically, "Better get home before an accident happens, hadn't you, Harper?"

"I've said my say, and I'm ready to go.

But I'll request the favor of your company off this street, Maury."  
"Since you insist. I don't mind a stroll."

Without a word they strode along the wide sidewalk together. At a street corner Allan dismissed his hostage. Maury saluted ironically and sauntered back.

Another person lay awake far into that night in Orlando. There was no peace in Susan Pritchard's thoughts. She meant every word of her ultimatum to Allan, but now that it was delivered and irrevocable, she was bewildered and heartless.

She remembered so much that no woman may easily forget. Her first sight of Allan, the day late last summer when he got off the train, carrying his portmanteau, appraising the town and its citizens.

Susan remembered their first meeting, when Allan had come to the sheriff's home on a chance errand. They had talked, politely and a little disconnectedly, while he lingered. And glowing inside, conscious of the radiant color in her cheeks, Susan had accorded him permission to call again.

Allan had called, punctually, even, with a certain humor, ceremoniously. He could talk well, and he had the gift of laughter, and he gave her an adoration that touched a spring deep in her breast.

And then all at once they were engaged. There were no formalities; it was an "understanding."

There had been a time of happiness. But spring came and slowly passed, and summer came and he had the possession of the land, and the Texans tried up from the south and the cattle pens burst with wild-eyed steers, and men danced and yelled and died on Trail Street. All over the prairie a tide that had swept west with early spring was now receding, and creeping eastward the hollow-eyed, bareboned settlers eastward in defeat.

A woman in the street behind the Pritchard house had one day screamed and gone mad, after two years of brooding over the home and the people she had left behind her for the hollow dream of Kansas. The town had pined her, and shivered.

There were many things: the wind, blowing day after day, everlasting, eating at the nerves until they lay raw and exposed; the dust, that no human could cope with, dust in the house, the clothes, the red-rimmed eyes; the blazing sun and the heat and the lack of any green thing in the universe.

There were all these things, one upon the other, and there was one day a cold fear in Susan Pritchard's soul. Not even the thought of Allan prevailed against it, for he now became part of what she feared.

And then Logan Maury had come. Susan did not know her own mind about him. He was from Louisiana, arrogant, prosperous, ambitious, yet an enigma. He was always gallant, tender and understanding, yet there was in him an underlying hardness that troubled her. He had no illusions about this tragic land. It was a frontier where an audacious man might make much money, but never the place where a man of sensibility would install his home and family.

That audacity and the smooth assurance of Logan Maury's gallantry were what gave Susan both thrill and misgiving. He had never condescended in such a manner that she was truly unaware until he spoke of marriage. She had immediately told him it was impossible, but she knew that was not true, and so did he. He was strong, and he bided his time. It



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a group of reflective men. He observed but did not approach them.

Wolf Warbeau was there. So was Logan Maury. The rest were all of a type—hard-faced gunmen and gamblers, professionals, sharks who thrived in troubled waters—and this day's events were of concern to them all.

"It's almighty strange," drawled Maury. "I've never heard of Dan Madden pursuing anywhere else the course he's laid out for himself here. I'm afraid I don't follow him. He's a first-rate rule-follower. It looks downright suspicious when he takes to slugging people."

"A lot of drunks," scorned another. "Wait till he runs into bigger game."

"Pete West was no drunk," growled Warbeau. "I know Pete. He was cold sober, and he had his gun in his hand when Madden broke his jaw."

A third snarled, "He ain't taking this law-and-order bunco serious, is he? I thought he was a killer."

"He is, and no mistake," said Warbeau. "That's the mystery. I tried to get to talking with him this noon. He was polite enough, but mighty clear. He laughed unpleasantly. He said he hoped I'd join with all the settlement in this campaign for true peace and prosperity!"

"He said that to you?" Warbeau snorted.

"Peace and prosperity!" murmured Maury. As he uttered the words, they were mutually contradictory and absurd. "Imagine that!"

A ripple of hard laughter passed over the group.

A question came. "Well, you've thought it over, Wolf. What about it?"

Wolf Warbeau smiled a sinister smile. "Daniel Madden's reputation is well known. He's a killer. It's his business. He knows trouble and sells it. If any trouble occurred in this town right now, after he's come here, he could claim undisputed title—like it or not!"

"That wouldn't exactly help him any, would it?"

"It would not!" Slaking into their glasses, they smiled ominously.

A cowboy sauntered into the saloon, looking over the occupants. He stared at the group.

One spied him and drawled, "Hi, cowboy!"

Looking around, Logan Maury's face broke into a genial smile. "The very man I was talking about! Come on over, Larkin. I reckon I owe you a drink."

There was gratification in Larkin's surly eyes as he joined them.

Allan Harper soon left off his vain search for Marshal Madden. He went inside to the store of Pritchard, Bellow & Company, just off Trail Street. The firm occupied a two-story wooden building, with yard and stables at the rear. In the back of the dusty, disorderly, yet well-stocked store, an office afforded privacy. Allan walked into the office.

Bellow was there—Major Paul Ashford Bellow, smallish, grizzled, bearded, once of Illinois and Sherman's army.

Allan came directly to the point. Had Tim McKeon done business with them, and if so, what was its nature, provided that wasn't a breach of confidence?

"I scarcely think so," allowed the major. "But why should his business interest you?"

"I think he's stumbled on something good, and I'm curious about it."

Bellow scratched one ear. "Well, it's about time he struck something. He owes a sizable account here. It'd be good news to us."

Allan said, "He told me he tried to get

a loan and failed. He must have asked you for credit."

"He did." "He must have asked for the things he wanted, and priced them. What were they?"

"Bellow eyed Allan speculatively. "I don't see what you're driving at," but I don't mind telling you. He didn't swear me to secrecy. In return, you'll have to lay your cards on the table."

Allan said without hesitation, "I will. It's his secret, not mine. I'd want to spread it."

"Well, he priced a plow, for instance. There actually isn't one in the county like it, that I know of. A fourteen-inch sod-breaker that calls for a yoke of oxen at least. That's considerable plow."

"There's none around here that I know. What else?"

"That seemed to be his main point. The idea was for us to order it. I declined, without a settlement of account or assurance of a fair crop, neither of which I expect. I went so far as to allow him credit on a lot of seed and such, but no further."

"What kind of seed?"

"Wheat. I sent to Chicago for it. It's some new variety they're growing in Minnesota. I told him he was crazy, but I couldn't get rid of him any other way."

"Crazy on what account?"

"Hell, man, with the temperature out here jumping past a hundred and ten in the shade, he picked a wheat selected for forty degrees below. I reckon he figured if you can't freeze it, then you likely can't burn it. If there ever was any such wheat, you could probably make bricks of it but never bread."

An eager gleam was in Allan's eyes. "That's the answer. There's your secret, major!"

Major Bellow stared at him, brows knit. Allan said, "I took here, major. You're in the business. If you can't find the opportunity to harvest a crop of wheat next year—at this time, well ahead of usual harvest—would you go into it? If you were convinced that I could raise such a crop on that bottomland of mine, the best hand in sight, would you back me on shares and let me plow and plant on credit?"

Bellow frowned. "Boy, what do you mean, exactly?"

"I mean winter wheat! That's McKeon's idea. That Minnesota wheat—sown in the fall and sprouting before frost. He's keeping it secret because if a crop ever comes through and you get to climb the nearest mountain in price per acre. He wants to use that cash of his to speculate. He'd stand to clean up. So can we."

"Yes, but winter wheat! Out here?"

Allan was impatient. "It's a gamble, but what else? Everything else has proved a failure. Our spring wheat can't stand these summers. We're all stuck with land unless we can make it good for something besides summer forage for Texas steers that pay not one cent for pasture."

"How do you know it's McKeon's idea? And how do you know it's any good?"

Allan talked eloquently and with conviction.

Major Bellow listened, but was unmoved. "Son, I've heard every kind of plan projected for this country, and I've fallen victim to a good many of them. Too many. I'm a burned child, and I stay from the game. My finances are in no condition to warrant any more projecting around with outlandish schemes of this kind."

"It's a scheme that works elsewhere. They grow winter wheat up North, in the East, in England."



Bellevue laughed. "In England! They have more rain there than Kansas will ever see in a thousand years."

Allan pounced on the argument. "Their first-grade winter wheat, major, is almost entirely grown on the eastern slope, where the summer rain is light. A hot summer is the surest guaranty for winter wheat. That's exactly what we've got here, along with a rainy spring when the wheat is growing and the best soil on earth."

The major's amusement was undiminished. "England and Kansas! What a comparison! Don't you think, son, if there was any sense to this, someone would have put it through long ago? Leave it to the farmers, Harper. They live on the land. We don't. They'll find the secret, if there is any in this God-forsaken country. Don't you think they want to?"

Allan jumped up and paced the floor. "I doubt that they do!" he said vehemently. "Look at them—the kind on the land out here. Speculators like you and me, or else squatters chased off proven lands back East because they couldn't make them pay. All they want is to scratch the earth, throw out a fistful of seed and watch a fortune grow. They don't want to learn; they don't want to work; they don't want to gamble. I do!"

He pounded. "Why not, major?" he demanded. On a table was a newspaper, a Chicago paper not many days old. He snatched it up. "Look at those wheat quotations. What heads that list? Number one wheat, that measures all the rest. Minnesota wheat; top price, one-twenty a bushel. Winter wheat!"

The major's manner now was cold. "I reckon that's fair evidence that they have rain occasionally in Minnesota and that it's a right good wheat country." He frowned at Allan. "Listen to me, son. I know what I'm saying. We're in a country that God laid down for grazing. It's been amply proved that cattle wintered here will average two hundred pounds more per animal than the Texas steer. There's money here—for some of us, if not for all."

Allan sat down again, balked. "I reckon you make yourself clear, major," he said. "You'll make out, boy. You're young. You've a lot to look forward to. Have you seen Susan Pritchard lately?"

"No."  
"If I were you I would." The major's eyes were narrowed wisely. "You got into trouble last night, didn't you?"

"I did."  
"She ought to know your story, don't you think?"

Allan looked at him. "Why?"  
"Well, the way they're telling it, it doesn't sound so well. If I had a girl, I'd make certain she didn't misunderstand."  
Allan got up. "I'm thankful to you, major."

"You've nothing to thank me for, son."  
"Yes, I have. You've made up my mind. I've got to prove somebody is wrong, and I'm going to do it!"

That evening was fairly quiet in Orlando. It was a bad cold, unusual and soothing to one Allan, thinking of Madden's request, stayed off Trail Street. He went instead to call on Susan.

Sheriff Pritchard was just leaving the house when Allan arrived, and his greeting was both vaguely embarrassed and

indignant. "Damn these meddling women!" he muttered.

"Women? Who?"  
"The entire breed of them, I'm inclined to believe."

The sheriff explained no more than that. Susan was in the kitchen, he informed Allan. Sewing. Going-away clothes and stuff. Assisting her was Hannah Weeks. He growled some more, and abruptly departed.

Allan raised puzzled eyebrows as he watched the big lumbering figure go striding down the street.

Hannah Weeks? Allan knew her. She lived near Mrs. Logan's, a soiled spinster existing on the bounty of a sister and brother-in-law, and all the more embittered because she was so conspicuously that frontier anomaly, an unmarried woman.

Allan found the kitchen uncomfortably hot, and his reception equally cool. Spread over tables and chairs was an embarrassing confusion of feminine garments. Both women were intent upon their needles.

"Pretty hot to be working so late, Susie," he observed.

There was asperity in Susan's tone. "I'm aware of it. I've changed my plans, and I'm rushed. I'm leaving for the East day after tomorrow."

By no least flicker did Allan's expression change. So he was not to have his week. He watched Susan's flying hands; he felt Hannah Weeks' gaze intent upon him. There was something baleful about that scrutiny. He drew a chair to a spot near the open back door.

"Mind if I smoke?"  
"You may do anything you please," Susan told him.

Allan studied the spinster, wondering, speculating. Outside, the darkness advanced, and the lamps glowed between the palm at work with a greater concentration of radiance.

It hit him in a flash. The lamps! He remembered the single glowing window on his home street that had winked out while he talked with Ruby the night before. Early that morning, rather, that was the house where Hannah Weeks lived! And she could very reasonably have heard voices on the quiet street, quenched the lamp, listened and watched. She could easily have seen Allan and Ruby part with a kiss.

At first Allan was too stunned by the thought to grasp all the implications. Then, when it dawned on him what Susan must have been told, a tale artfully embroidered in the telling, he was enraged.

But he remained sitting there quietly beyond the pool of illumination from the lamps, for another thought cooled him like icy water. It was the thought of Ruby. She had said, "I'd likely be shot." What dread knowledge had inspired that statement? And what would be her fate if this ghastly thing were aired?

Allan stared stonily at Hannah Weeks. It had been aired, and would be further aired, with no chance of stopping it, short of killing the one responsible. And then Susan suddenly flung her work from her and pounded the table with her fists. "Oh, I can't stand it! Will you please go? Both of you!"

Hannah Weeks looked aghast. "Why, Susan, what's come over you?"

"I can't stand you any more, sitting there gloating. You too, Allan. Go. Get out!"

Allan snapped, "Miss Weeks, I'll see you home."

With fright in her thin face, Hannah Weeks hastened for her things.

Susan was bowed over the table, head



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on her arms. She was not weeping. Her fists were still clenched.

Allan said, "Susan, I'll be back."

"Don't you dare come near me!"

"If you try to stop me, I'll break down the door."

He took the trembling spinster's arm and rushed her from the house. They flew, Hannah half running.

A few yards from her home, Allan stopped. "I have something to tell you, Hannah Weeks. You were up late last night, weren't you?"

"She hesitated, then gathered defiance. "I was. You can be dead sure I was, Mr. Harper."

"Fine! Then I'll tell it to you. If you have anything more to say about last night, I'll kill you. Understand that. I'm going to kill you if you breathe a breath of that again!"

He turned on his heel and marched off. Hannah Weeks stood shivering, in fear and hatred.

Susan had not stirred from her chair, but she was in tears when Allan returned.

He drew up a chair. He did not touch her. "Susan, you've been told something tonight. It's a lie."

She turned to him and threw her arms around his neck, clinging to him like a child in blindest panic. "Don't talk about it. Don't tell me the least thing. I don't want to know."

"Why not?"

Irrationally she answered, "Oh, it hurt! I was nearly crazy with pain and jealousy and anger. But I have no right. I sent you away. You were free. That's what's been killing me. I knew I had no right, and still it killed me. I sent you away. I'm responsible. I had to send you away. I couldn't blame you or really hate you. Oh, I don't want to think any more. Hold me tight, Allan. It's all hopeless. I know, but hold me for just a little while."

"I'll hold you forever, Susie. You're mine, no matter what you think," he told her. Then he knelt beside her. "Now, listen to me. Not a word till you've heard me out."

He told her the entire story of the night before, the pitiful story that accounted for his unexpected rendezvous with Ruby Lee.

"She's not to be judged by ordinary standards, I reckon, Susie. She's a child. She's not like you or me, who have known good homes and loving care. She came here from Tennessee. Her folks were 'poor white trash.' It's not a very original story—her father drank hard and rarely worked and beat up his wife frequently. When she was a little girl, she could run and hide and be overlooked. But as she grew up and grew prettier by some miracle, she attracted her father's attention. Her share of the trouble and the beatings increased. If you know anything of white-trash ways you'll know the terror of that. She had no chance at all for anything decent in life, and she craved such things.

"One night she learned that her father had some money. Stole something and sold it, likely enough. She took it and its outfit. She reached Memphis without knowing where to turn next. Then she saw an ad in a newspaper. It described a job in Orlando—a job as entertainer and dance-hall girl. She was pretty ignorant about such things; it sounded mighty fine to her. She came on here and found her job was at the place called the Wallow."

"I don't have to give you any details about the Wallow. She had taken a cheap room at the Austin Hotel. That's where I was staying at the time. I noticed her, shaken and scared to death,

right after she'd seen what she was up against. She ran out of the Wallow, but her money was gone and she couldn't see trace of an honest job in the whole town. I asked her what was wrong, and she told me. So I gave her some advice, staked her to the price of a few meals, and that's all I've ever done or been to the poor youngster.

Susan said in a whisper, "She loves you, doesn't she?"

"I can't very well say. I gave you her own words."

"Do you like her?"

"Would I like a baby that fell off the sidewalk? Or my own sister, if I had one, and found her in trouble and scared to death? I reckon the answer is yes."

Susan passed the back of one hand over her eyes wearily. "I'm sorry, Allan. I reckon my vanity was hurt tonight after both the stories I heard today mentioning Trail Street women."

Allan said, "Susie, how about dealing a new deck?"

"How do you mean?"

"No more explanations about anything. Girl, I love you."

She sat there an instant, and then she got up, disengaging his hands. She walked over to the water bucket and washed her swollen eyes. When she was finished, she came close to him. He sensed a reaction in her, a collapse of emotion. She did not look very happy; she looked ashamed of herself and confused and miserable.

"Allan, please forgive me," she said.

"I'll never forgive myself for doubting you. You're pure gold, and I'll never think anything else. But leave me alone now, won't you, please? I'm worn out."

He took her hand. "All right, Susie. Tomorrow you'll have to talk to me. The chips can lie where they are till then."

"I knew you'd understand. You're good, Allan."

Allan kissed her and departed in search of Sheriff Pritchard. He finally found him in the back room of Judge Jones' courthouse near the railroad depot, playing poker with the judge, the mayor and two other cronies. Pritchard led the game, and he and Allan walked over to the silent depot, where they sat on a baggage truck and talked.

"I've had considerable of a talk with Susan," the younger man said.

"I don't doubt it," the sheriff grunted. "I just now kissed her good night and left her. The sheriff waited, offering no comment on that. Allan went on. He told the story again, except that scene in the kitchen. The sheriff grunted from time to time and at the end a note of relief in the tone each time.

"I don't give a hoot for what any man thinks of me or my actions," said Allan. "I do give plenty for Susan's thoughts. And I wanted her father to know. Now I'm done explaining. If the story turns up again, I'll scotch it, but not with words."

"I'm glad you told me tonight, Allan," said Pritchard.

The two men shook hands and parted without saying more.

Allan had another errand. He made his way to McKesson's Livery. The night hostler was a likable youngster, nineteen or so, and Allan had long since tallied him as a friend.

"Joe, I'm counting on you," he told the lad. "I need help bad. You deliver a message for me, and I'll sit here till you get back."

"Sure," said Harper, said the boy.

Allan instructed him to go the Buck and Wing and, without being obvious about it, locate the girl Ruby who sang there.

"Ruby?" exclaimed Joe. "I know her.





I mean I've seen her. Pardon, she's right cute! Sure I'll find her."

"Tell her to meet me out on the prairie west of here. I'll be smoking a cigar, so she'll see me. In about ten minutes after you find her, if possible."

The boy was off at a run. Ruby kept him waiting less than twenty minutes. He saw her coming, puffed on his cigar and went to meet her.

He spread his coat for her to sit on. Then he said, "Ruby, what did you mean exactly when you told me last night you'd be in Dallas if it was known you'd come to talk to me?"

"Why, Allan, I meant—" She put a hand on his arm. "Has anything happened?"

"Better answer my question first." "I told you that you were no friend of the people at the Buck and Wing. And I meant they wouldn't take it kindly if they knew I had come to you in friendly warning."

"Who wouldn't?" "Oh, dear—what can I tell you that won't cause more serious trouble? Everything will be all right if you'll just stay away from this place and from the whole Street. You'll never get into trouble if you'll fight shy of the people who start it."

"You'd better let me be the judge of my actions, girl. I called you out here tonight to tell you something important to yourself. Neither of us is in a safe spot."

"I knew something had happened! Tell me, Allan."

He told her the pertinent details of the evening's events.

She was quiet a moment, then laughed shakily. "They won't pay any attention to an old maid's gossip. They know you have nothing to do with me."

"Don't pretend, girl. Gossip won't interest them. They'll know you were at the place all night except for a few minutes. It was at that time we were seen together. They'll know you came to tell me something—and they'll conclude you told me all you know."

She sighed, shuddered. "Then I suppose I have to tell you what I can. It's not much, but it's like giant powder to scatter around. First, Logan Maury is the real owner of the Buck and Wing. I couldn't prove it, but I know it."

Allan grunted. She went on: "Cardomy is running the bar on shares; Belle Pomeroy handles the dance hall and the girls for so much a month; Warbeau didn't have a plugged nickel when Maury set up those tables of his on percentage. But it's all a secret between them. Logan Maury is aiming high, and he doesn't ever want it known he owned a place like that."

"That's a dangerous secret to put in anybody's hands."

"Oh, they know he'd have them killed out of hand if they ever talked. You see, that's why I told you last night I'd put myself in danger."

"I see plainly enough. What else?"

"Allan, you're in terrible danger. Maury hasn't said anything that amounts to exact orders, but everyone knows that anything that might happen to you, best of all while he's away and before he comes back, wouldn't cause him any grief. You don't know what that means."

"He's coming back, is he?"

"Yes, Allan, I wish you'd go away. I'd

go with you, anywhere. And nothing here is more important than your life."

He squeezed her shoulder. "Child, I feel capable of taking care of that. Everything I own is tied up here, all sentiments aside, and here I stay. Now, you'd better go back."

He got up and offered her a hand. She stood looking at him.

"I reckon I'd better. Now, kiss me."

He hesitated, then kissed her. She clutched his arms fiercely, shaking him. "Are you made of iron, Allan Harper? Ain't I a woman and wanted even a little?"

"You are a woman, Ruby—and a baby. If wanting you would help you, I might try; it wouldn't be hard, for I'm not iron at all. But I'd only tear your life in pieces, and that's what I've wanted so much to see you escaping."

"It's that stick of a Pritchard girl!" she cried, and ran stumbling over the uneven bunch grass, back toward the lights of Orlando.

That night, after Ruby was safely back at the Buck and Wing, a waiter came to her.

"Ruby, where you been?" he asked. "Mr. Maury's been asking for you. You better get a gait on."

Ruby hurried. Logan Maury was in a booth sorting a package of papers and documents. She was intensely relieved when he smiled.

"I was beginning to worry about you, Ruby. I don't trust these Texans around a pretty gal."

"I do." She dropped into the booth opposite him. "They're helpless as babes in the hands of any woman. I had a headache, and I went for a walk away from the noise and smoke."

"I was beginning to sort the papers. Had something to tell you. I'm leaving for the East earlier than I expected. Day after tomorrow, in fact. I had an idea we should have a talk."

"Yes? Why are you going so suddenly?" "I'm seizing an opportunity. Miss Pritchard wants to go. I had a note from her early this evening inquiring if my offer of accompanying her to K.C. could be hastened a few days. The answer was yes, promptly."

He put the papers in an envelope and stuffed them into a pocket. Then he looked at the girl.

"Baby, I'll be back," he told her. "A great many things will be changed, but for the better."

"You'll be married, I reckon."

"I reckon so. But there'll be no wife of mine in this town. I've been on my best behavior for a long time. It's been a damned nuisance, but good tactics—no man can keep his women secret around here. I've seen to it no man has pestered you meantime, and you know why."

She did not reply. He said, "No man will pester you while I'm gone, either. And you'll be on your best behavior, too, till I get back. I'll be hearing about it. You understand that, honey girl?"

The faintest menace edged the query, and she quickly assured him of her full understanding.

"I knew you would." He took her hands. "I'm impatient, Ruby, but no one can play a better waiting game. And when the chips are mine at last, we'll have a good time."

"I reckon so," she said. Demurely she added, "But how do you think I'll feel with you having a wife somewhere?"

He laughed. "Honey child, she's the one to do the feeling about that."

"And what about Allan Harper and the sheriff?"

"That's one thing you're not to worry

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about! I doubt that Harper will be around at the time. And the sheriff is a Yankee lug; I don't worry about him." "I see," she said mildly. "Now, you run along. I'll see you tomorrow."

Dutifully she got up. He rose, took her bare arm and gripped it hard, looking at her.

"Good night, honey child."

She shivered a little as she smiled and said brightly, "Good night, darling."

Next morning Allan made the rounds of Trail Street, tracking down news of Pop Gowen and the herd. Two or three Texans swore the herd had been seen some days south and were willing to bet that it couldn't be another day delayed.

Allan gave up for the time being. He turned out and saddled Starlight. Walking her out the livery gate, he felt again the old thrill that nothing could diminish—the feel of living power swelling beneath his thighs, responding to him as if that flesh were one with him.

He rode to Susan's house, left the mare and walked in the front door. He called, but there was no answer. He looked in the kitchen. It was empty. He was chagrined, but Susie was plainly not at home. He found a piece of paper and a pencil wrote that he had been there and left the note on the kitchen table.

Allan spent most of that day beyond the town, scouting the vast land as far south as he dared venture in one ride. He talked to a number of herdsmen. He inquired about conditions immediately south. Storms? Water? Trouble of any kind?

It was a hot and arduous journey, and again it was of no avail. He stood for a time on the bluff overlooking the river, resting the mare, and gazed long to southward. Somewhere down there lay his immediate fate. The Golden herd was his only good stake now. It was not in cash, but so long as the herd existed, it was a thing to live by till the cash came in, sometime in September.

It was tantalizing. That herd, safe and sound and with timely delivery up North, was worth over forty thousand dollars. Maybe fifty thousand. He had two thousand in it. His split on the final sale was ten percent. Four thousand dollars! Five!

He set a homeward course that would take him past McKeon's holding. The place drew him irresistibly, although there was little enough to see that was not discouraging. Out of sight of the crowd, over a gentle swell in the land, he dismounted, led Starlight with reins astrail and walked.

During a full hour Allan walked most of McKeon's acres. There was a field of corn, tasseled and mature—and barely knee-high, stunted in its youth, every plant brown as the surface soil. There were fields of unrecognizable growth, dead. There were pastures grazed to the roots, smooth as a beaten floor.

There was one field of perhaps ten acres apparently lying fallow, or perhaps lying scorned. Allan sat down and gazed at the earth. It was like gazing at the face of the Sphinx.

A sound like a hollow tin can suddenly punctured struck his ear. For an infinitesimal space he was puzzled, then he threw himself flat to earth at the scream of a bullet. He lay there waiting for a second shot, trying to figure the direction of those sounds.

A low ridge of ground lay four hundred yards to the north. He was exposed to the point of fire. He tried desperately to figure a way of escape, but there was none. He drew his revolver. It was useless at that range, but it was a comfort.

He could not stir; he could only watch that skyline for a least flicker of movement.

He watched for a long time, but there was no sign. Finally he sprang to his feet and ran toward Starlight. Once in the saddle, he sent the mare into a quick gallop and swung around the rise of land in a great circle, riding low, Indian fashion.

There was no one in sight when Allan gained a clear view of the north slope of the rise. He slowed the horse, staring. Then he stood in the stirrups and scanned the country around. It seemed incredible, yet this prairie had swallowed a man—a man and, undoubtedly, a mount.

Allan realized that prairie man might not have found it too difficult to disappear. Useless to try to search him out. Suicidal, indeed, in view of the advantage the other possessed in the rifle.

He walked Starlight over that quarter from which the shot had sounded. He studied the ground, keeping one wary eye on the horizon. Presently he was rewarded. A glint of yellow metal in the earth proved to be a brass cartridge shell.

He dismounted. The shell was still warm, still rank with discharged powder. He scrutinized the near-by ground. There was a cigar stub, hand-rolled in brown paper. A second. There were a couple of burned vesta matches, small, yellow-tinted. And that was all.

It was a meager find. Allan led the things. The freshest of the few scattered footprints about told him nothing helpful. He mounted and turned Starlight's head toward town, departing with a last glance over the empty land.

That attack from ambush and Allan's feelings about the matter prompted him to parade the length of Trail Street. It was a pointed indiscretion, but there was deep satisfaction in showing himself.

Walking Starlight through the confusion of wagons and saddle horses, Allan heard his name called.

"Mr. Harper! Oh, Allan Harper!"

He spied a blue parasol waving from the sidewalk. It was the Wichita Lily, all in blue, as bedecked as a full-rigged ship with frills and tucks and lace.

Allan hesitated, then edged his horse to the sidewalk and dismounted. A number of men watched, grinning. But the Lily was in no mood either for dalliance or difficulty.

"Mr. Harper, I'm mighty glad to run into you." She was serene and forthright. "I don't mind saying I'm ashamed of what did to the other night. I got nothing ag'in' you. I was drunker than seven hundred dollars."

"No harm done," he said noncommittally.

"I ain't so positive."

"How so?"

"I mean that crazy Lance Larkin. They turned him loose. He's drinking again and he's in a poisonous state. Those Maverick County men are border men, bad to monkey with. Lance Larkin ought to know better, but he's swearing he's going to shoot Dan Madden and you on sight. He's equal to tackling it. I know that man."

Allan smiled. "Well, I reckon he might have some chance tackling me, though I don't exactly recommend it. But Daniel Madden! I don't know the man well, yet—"

"I do know Dan Madden! I've watched him before this when someone was out to get him. He lets them come altogether, too near before closing cases."

"Well, why not tell Madden about it?" She laughed her scorn. "Do you think he'd give me a minute's time? You two went off together the other night. You



can talk to him. Tell him to watch his windows and doorways and alleys, and you do the same or neither of you'll outlast this latest spree of Larkin's. You mark my words!"

Allan drew. "I'll pass the word. And thanks for the favor. You might tell Lance Larkin, if he's interested, that I'm no longer unarmed."

Allan went to the sheriff's office, turning the warning over in his mind. It was a peculiar incident. It was certainly unusual for the Lily to go out of her way to deliver a warning. He remembered that strange sobered look on her face the other night as she stared at Dan Madden. She said she knew Madden. He wondered about that.

At the sheriff's office Bates told him the marshal's whereabouts. He was at the Old Chisholm House, playing poker with Colonel Alexander Barlow and some others.

The Old Chisholm House was the premier hostelry of Orlando, not yet a year old. It stood on a corner of Trail Street, a wide two-story building with a veranda.

Allan found Marshal Madden in a room at the rear of the bar. Madden sat with his back to a corner of the room, obviously enjoying himself, and with him in the game were five others, cattlemen and Texans all. They were an affluent and affable brood, arrogant and independent, the real balance of power in Orlando, since they alone could raise the voice of authority among the rampaging cowboys. Foremost among them was the powerful Colonel Alexander Barlow, a huge-framed, piercing-eyed man with sweeping brown mustaches.

Allan caught the marshal's eye and received a nod in return. In a moment Madden excused himself to join him at the bar. Allan told of his encounter with the Wichita Lily. He did not tell Ruby's story; he dared not, for her sake.

"So that wild man is still chawing raw beef! Well, I'll have to settle him before he bites into somebody, I reckon."

"You mean a shooting?"

"I can handle him."

"No question of that. But a killing might be unfortunate at this point."

Madden's gaze was searching. "I can handle him. I've inquired around. He's inflicted himself on Orlando far too long. I'll run him out of town before dark."

Allan thought of Ruby and the danger of her position. He was uneasy and unhappy, and his hands were cold.

But Daniel Madden was as good as his word. Lance Larkin left town that day before dusk. The whole town saw him go. He rode down Trail Street on a sorry nag, flushed and murderous and impotent. Dan Madden, a shotgun across one arm, strolled behind him, a sardonic, implacable Nemesis.

Madden had simply gone in search of the cowboy, found him in a saloon, and from the doorway, with the shotgun negligently across one arm, had summoned him forth. There were no threats, no debate. Madden told the cowboy what he must do, and Larkin saddled his horse and gathered his gear and rode out of town forthwith.

Logan Maury was one of those who witnessed the incident. He looked on from the Buck and Wing doorway and cursed softly.

Warbeau smiled and said, "Well, Logan, you put your money on the wrong nag."

"The fool!" snapped Maury. "He's been talking at the bars. Naturally Madden would jump him."

"He's giving Madden some damned good free advertising."

"I can't make out that Madden. Look at him, walking along as sure as God! He knows there are plenty of six-shooters on the street right now spoiling for argument."

"Well, the entering-or-leaving-town clause saves his face while the boys make up their minds. Pretty soon the line will be drawn mighty clear between the converts and the inconvertible, and then he'll have to go to work."

"All I want is to let that man have enough rope. He'll take it. He imagines the law-and-order element are behind him. I had a talk with the sheriff today that indicates otherwise. They're afraid of him. They'll abandon him the minute trouble starts."

"The sheriff? What did he have to say?"

"He wants to make a deal with someone who has influence on the Street. He doesn't trust Madden. He suspects I have some standing around here. I aired some doubts, but said I'd see what could be done. A better time will come, and I'm waiting for it."

"When?"

"When those tejanoes get over the novelty of a marshal and gown tired waiting for something to happen."

"And when it happens—that'll be a better time?"

"Certainly! I have a stake on the Street. When those Texans have to eat crow, what do you think's going to happen to our business?"

Warbeau chuckled deeply.

Allan had an early supper in a mood of uneasiness, and immediately afterward he walked to the Pritchard house. There was a saddle horse hitched to the post before the house. Allan came to an abrupt halt. It was Logan Maury's saddle.

Instead of anger, there came a sense of lucid calm. Allan walked around the street corner and made his way up the alley to the back door of the house.

His calculations were correct. Susan was in the kitchen alone, finishing up. Maury and the sheriff were entertaining each other in the front. Susan, putting away spotted dishes and utensils, was unaware of Allan's presence until he spoke from the door.

"Allen! You frightened me."

"Is Maury calling on you?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

Color mounted quickly to her cheeks.

"For the evening, Allan."

"By what right?"

"By what right? He asked to call, and I gave him permission."

He advanced, took a small stack of saucers from her hands and placed them on the table, then held her by the shoulders. "Susie, are you trying to start trouble?"

Her eyes were frightened, reckless, pitiful, angry. She began to cry.

Allan looked at her and held her close. A little harshly he said, "Susie—then you're still set on going tomorrow?"

She nodded vehemently.

Gently he let her go, walked to the door. Pausing, he said, "Susie, I'm going. You stay. But I have the final thing to say: Logan Maury is not going with you."

She looked at him. "What do you mean?"

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you go, since it's your own wish. But I won't let him go. That's his wish, and I don't have to respect it."

He turned back to the door. He heard her hushed, "Allan, please!" but he strode on.

It was not yet dusk when he walked into McKeason's livery yard and joined Joe on the bench by the stable door. He felt no need for talk.

Joe was sufficiently voluble for both. He was anxious to know if everything had turned out all right last night, and curious about reasons and consequences. "Sorry," Allan told him. "I'd like to spin you the yarn, but that's Ruby's sole right. Ask her some day. Maybe she'll tell you."

Joe rolled and lighted a cigaret. "She's pretty nice, I reckon," he ventured. "She's the best there is on Trail Street, Joe."

That, apparently, was Joe's cue. He wholeheartedly professed his admiration. "She said hello to me a couple of times. No reason, just passing by or running into each other on the street. It doesn't mean anything the way you say it, but since I hit this town without the price of two meals I don't reckon I've spoken to another woman. Plenty of them around, but more on their mind than a kid working at the livery. Miss Lee, she's just naturally friendly."

"She understands a little better than the others, Joe."

"I reckon so." He was thoughtful. "I figured when I come out here I'd have a knot tied in life's tail in no time. I know animals and farming, and I can work. I've saved every penny I made since I came here. I could lay out a claim tomorrow somewhere hereabouts, but it don't work out. It's licked better men than me, and that's something I didn't count on."

Allan's sympathy and interest were touched by that. "Son, you be patient and wait. The time will come. Save the money and bide your time."

"Maybe I can't wait. For that matter, maybe I'm a damned fool. I've got to know otherwise, though. I wanted to build a home and own something real. Look here, Mr. Harper." He was desperate between impulse and embarrassment. "That Ruby girl. She's even younger than I am. She's not like those other women on the Street. She ain't been here long. Would you think—"

He could get no further.

"You mean, would she have you?"

"That's it."

Allan swore softly. "Lord above, Joe, that's something I can't answer. She might be the happiest girl on earth. She might have other things in mind. Nobody can speak for another living creature."

"I reckon so," Joe sighed. "Well, it's just an idea. I feel pretty good having even that much to think about."

"Reckon you mean you're in love with the gal."

Joe grinned. "I reckon so."

At some time past midnight that night Susan Pritchard awakened to a sound of knocking at the front door. She heard her father answer.

Susan waited, heart pounding. There was a murmur of voices, and the sheriff returned to his room. She heard him dressing. She sprang up, threw a wrap around her and went to his door.

"What's the matter, Father?"

The sheriff looked grim. "A mite of trouble. I've got to go out."

"What's happened?"

"I'm not sure. I'm going to find out. You go back to bed."

In a moment he was gone.

Susan could not sleep. Tomorrow was creeping upon her steadily and dreadfully, and each second, each heartbeat, was a separate agony. She thought of this night, of Logan Maury . . .

Maury had sensed the turmoil within her; had tried to sustain her courage with his own assurance, his tenderness and humor. Susan had not dared tell him of Allan's ultimatum. He simply knew that she was in a panic; that this last night in her father's house was an ordeal.

"Susie, I've had a craving for months to see you among flowers and trees and cool green things," he had told her. "I wish I could plant you right in my mother's garden, the garden I remember as a child before the war."

"I'm sure it was pretty, Logan."

"You'll have a prettier one soon, Susie."

She was grateful for his understanding and patience; for being comforted rather than tortured. Marriage? She shut her mind to that, too. She must concentrate on one thing. Escape.

"Kansas City isn't much to speak of, though it will be some day, Susie," he had continued. "Trouble is, it'll take a lifetime, and that'll be too long to wait. I'm only on my way. I'll be in Chicago inside two years, if I have my way. I usually do. I want to get you out of this desert. I'd like to give you all there is of the best in the world, Susie, you make a man dream! You're too beautiful."

Lying in the dark, alone and sleepless, she remembered that; but the sweet, ir-repressible thrill was gone, and nothing was vivid but the image of the depot in the noonday sun, with the train in, hissing and impatient—and the sudden flashing lights of guns and search beams.

Within half an hour Sam Pritchard returned. Susan heard him in the kitchen, another man with him. They were preparing a meal. She dressed hastily and joined them.

The other man was Doctor Evans, the town's physician and county coroner. He was grim and silent.

"I'm riding into the county, Sue," her father said. "There's been a killing. A man named McKeon was robbed and murdered northeast of town."

"Who did it?"

"They don't know, exactly. A neighbor rode over to his place tonight to borrow some salt. There was no light. He let himself in the dugout. He found the man shot dead inside."

Susan helped with the meal, chilled. Intuition bored through her like a gnawing thing. "What do you mean, 'exactly'?"

Sam Pritchard did not answer. Doctor Evans cleared his throat.

"There's no certainty, Susan, but it's not good news, at that. A certain man is suspected on strong circumstantial grounds. He was seen in the vicinity of the dugout this afternoon, and his actions were hard to explain."

"Who is he?"

"Allan Harper."

Susan sat down, fighting a sudden weakness. "Allan? Oh, it couldn't be! You don't mean you really think—"

"We think nothing," her father said.

"We just wanted you to be prepared. We've got to investigate the crime and perform our duty regardless of feeling. An accusation has been made by a man with reasonable cause to form an opinion."

"Is Allan under arrest?"

"He probably will be." The sheriff added with gruff tenderness. "Now, you go back to bed and stay at home till I get back."

When the men had gone, Susan automatically cleared up. Allan? But Allan



couldn't have done such a thing. She sat stiffly by a window for a time. *Allan?* Suddenly she sprang up and, throwing a shawl over her head, left the house and ran, a silent wraith on the darkened streets.

She knew Allan's room at Mrs. Logan's. The house door was never locked. She let herself in and knocked softly at Allan's door. There was no answer.

Praying, Susan tried the knob and let herself into the room.

"Allan!"

The darkness was silent, empty. She groped for the dresser and struck a match. The bed was disheveled and empty. There was no one else in the room.

Susan stared around her an instant, unbelieving, shivering. Then she fled back into a night haunted by a horror worse than any she had dreamed . . .

Now, Allan Harper was truly gone, but it was not in any manner remotely guessed by Susan. A little before Susan's arrival he had been awakened by the slight sound made by someone entering his room. He lay still, listening, then found the gun beneath his pillow.

He said sharply, "Who's there?"

"Madden," was the soft reply. The marshal sat on the bed. "I want to talk to you."

"What's wrong?"

"Where were you this afternoon?"

"Out in the county."

"What doing?"

"Just riding. Looking for Pop Golden's herd."

"That all you did?"

"A pause. 'I went on later to look over some land.'"

"I was playing a hunch. I think Tim McKeon is loading both barrels for a blast that's going to knock cattle clean out of Kansas. If possible, I'd like to know for sure."

"Did you talk to him?"

"I didn't even see him."

"Were you around very long?"

"Less than an hour."

"Hm," said Madden. He added grimly, "Tim McKeon's been murdered."

Allan swore. "Murdered? McKeon? When? Who did it?"

"They say you did it," Madden told him bluntly. "It's known you're desperate. Your girl's leaving. You've asked for money. I understand. You've even talked about McKeon. I'm told. The killing was for robbery. Tim McKeon's dugout was ripped to hell and all, sometime today. There was a hole in the floor and an empty tobacco box near by. There'd been about six hundred in it, according to McKeon's neighbor that found him."

Allan elid from the bed and began to dress. There was a grimness in his soul, for he knew well what this could mean. On the borderlands the mere suspicion of such an atrocious crime, combined with robbery, usually meant quick punishment at the hands of an outraged citizenry.

Allan demanded curtly, "What's been done about this?"

"Sheriff Pritchard and Doc Evans are getting ready right now to ride out and look over the scene of the crime. They'll be back here early in the morning."

Allan paused. "Are you here to make an arrest, Madden?"

"I'm not."

"What, then?"

Madden laughed. "I'm here on my own

account. I'm falling back on the fine old excuse of peace officers since the first one pinned on his badge. I'm out of jurisdiction."

"Well, what's to be done? What do you think of it?"

"Think?" The marshal snorted. "I don't think, lad. I know! Don't you realize who did this? Your Texas friend, Lance Larkin!"

Allan swore prayerfully. "You're guessing, Madden!"

"Guessing, is it? The Wichita Lily don't think so. I went over there on the instant. I can tighten the screws, and she's well aware of it. She told me things. Larkin did plenty talking these two days.

He talked about McKeon among others. Everybody in town, it seems, has heard the old fool boast of his money. Larkin was mighty taken with the possibility of helping himself to it. He said so, and people held him; yet that's hearsay and won't hold in court. The Lily knows that man Larkin. She told me a good many things. He went right out of town and killed McKeon and robbed him. And I myself like a fool sent him!"

"Forget that end of it," Allan advised. "It happened afterward, and certainly you needn't shoulder the blame."

"I do, I let him go," said Madden. "He's not fit to exist, and I let him go."

"The reply was surprising. "For your sake, lad, in a roundabout way. I'm not a man of peace. I came here to do a job such as I've done before. I'm not afraid of a single buckaroo from Texas, nor twenty of the same, but they're afraid of me, because they know I'm a better man to be on their side. This town was ripe, and I could have raised some mighty interesting hell hereabouts. But something struck me about you. It was curious."

"I'd like to hear it," urged Allan.

"You're a man to my measure," Madden went on, "and I never before heard a man to my measure crave peace. You weren't afraid, I found; you wanted things and you were bent on getting them, and it's been my experience that peace never got a man anything. Yet you wanted peace!"

"I did," Allan admitted. "Once."

"And then it struck me. Peace won't end in your mind—it was a means. It was clearance for a man; room for a battle; a road to where you were bent on going. It was a new idea; it was a notion to think about. And I decided I'd create it here and let you have it, just to see the outcome!"

Allan was silent.

Madden added, "It begins to look like my original idea was the right one. Peace, in my experience, is the most dangerous thing a man can fool with."

Allan said, "I reckon you win, Madden."

"And then, look here!" Dan Madden became suddenly nervous. "The Lily says so among other things, that Lance Larkin was wanted for a killing back in Texas. He can't very well go home. He's certain, this time of year, with the trail season ended at the source, to head north for the Flatie country, where the Lily says he has friends. He has no place else to go. There's no good sending word to that kind of country for a lad of his stripe, and there's no point in trying to induce our county officers to chase after him on the evidence we've got. But here's an idea. How about going after him yourself?"

Allan was silent. He had to go somewhere, and instantly! Instantly, whether or no—and be far away tomorrow when the time came for Susan to leave.

"Madden," Allan said presently, "I'm



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kill once more. There was no choice of conclusions. Lance Larkin was entrenched in the house.

The rifle began speaking again, and its bullets raked the field. Allan began squirming carefully on the earth, passing like an eel through the thick growth. He had one course. He was aloof, with only a revolver. Against a man armed with a rifle he was lost, unless he could close in. He cut a circuitous course for the rear of the house, intent on flanking his enemy with all possible speed.

Presently, miraculously, a barn reared between Allan and the house. Out of sight, he broke cover and charged, leaping the fence, sprinting for the rear of the barn. He paused there, breathing deeply, listening. He heard no sound.

Peering around a corner of the barn, he had the yard and the rear of the house before him. The yard was scattered with implements and gear; there was no sign of life.

Allan's jaw set as he made his decision. He left the corner of the barn, gained the partial shelter of a wagon, ran from the wagon to a corner of the house.

At that instant a man with a rifle came charging around the house corner, hunting his vanished prey. It was Lance Larkin.

Both men acted instantly. There was a single exchange of shots.

The 38 was the better prepared, the better aimed weapon. Larkin stood frozen, his face drained of color, while the rifle sild from his grasp. Then he clutched at a limp right arm and gasped, "Don't shoot! I quit! I'm disarmed, Harper. You hit me; you got me. Don't shoot!"

Allan said, "Get around to the front of the house."

Larkin shambled around the house. There were two people inside the house, and at sight of them Allan Harper's set jaws relaxed. Lashed to chairs inside the main room were the pair he had seen in Orlando, driving home behind the huge Percherons which had caught his eye. The eyes of the little woman flashed sparks, and the face of the big man was as dark as the red beard he wore.

"Thank God you came through, stranger!" said the redbeard as Allan hastened to release them. "No man on this prairie was ever more welcome."

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman. "Oh! We thought sure that devil had killed you."

While Larkin cowered sullenly in a corner of the room, the settlers told Allan how he had overpowered them at breakfast after sneaking up to the door, threatening them with his gun, and then how he had been aroused from the table where he was wolfing down food by the call of an approaching horse.

"He knew you instantly," said the redbeard. "He cursed a blue streak, and then he opened fire. You're lucky to be alive and standing."

"It was the poor light," said Allan. He smiled. "Along with some bad-tempered shooting, maybe. I lit into your field and he lost me, so I crawled around to the back."

"The field? My wheat?" The redbeard exhaled gustily. "Man, you're the lucky one that I delayed taking it in!"

Allan gave him a look. "Wheat?"

"The field just east. The one you were in."

Allan strode to the door and looked.

It struck him all at once, a thunder-bolt and a flame.

Wheat!

Golden and heavy-laden, ripe and rich and miraculous, it spread over two score acres like a sea rippling in the morning sun. Tall and straight and proud, the exultant-headed heads nodded at the weight of their fruitful yield. Wheat, a wealth of it—in western Kansas!

Allan came to life. "A harvest of wheat!" he gloated. "Acres of it! Man, how did you do it?"

"Plowed and planted," said the settler. But there was the gleam of intense satisfaction in his eye.

Allan was beside himself. "This will mean millions of bushels! It means fortunes and population and cities. Man alive—man alive, you don't know! You've saved Kansas!"

The settler laughed. "Well, I made a start by saving you, I reckon, son, and that looks like a right good start to me!"

Allan Harper remained over that day and that night. He was a welcome guest to the pair, who bore the name of Ferguson. Lance Larkin's wound required rest more than exhaustive attention. He was bandaged and deposited in the barn, chained and padlocked. Starlight idled and spotted on grain in a corral. She had been found, merely crazed by the bullet that had stamped her, quietly nibbling grass in a grove along the river bank.

Allan took little further interest in his prisoner, but conferred at length with his host. The latter gave willing explanation of his methods. He said that he and his wife had been in to pick up some new cultivating machinery when Allan had observed them in Orlando. They had just reached home. He had a zealous hope for modern machinery as the savior of the harassed prairie settler. He was a railroad engineer by profession, and for the usual backward squatter he had ample room.

"No wonder they're being starved out. The way they work a field is beyond understanding. No man would buy an empty building, and then sit down and wait for it to start producing, let's say, shoes. He'd install machinery and materials, and he'd plan and work. You typical settler moved on the land with an iron plow and a spavined horse and a fistful of seed. Once in seven years the fields produce of their own accord. The other six, if he lasts, he starves."

"What would you recommend that he do?"

"He should plan on drought and frost and storm and all the distempers of nature. When we build a bridge, we start at low water, but we build for high. That bridge outlasts flood and ice and storm. When I came out here I studied the land, and I learned lessons from those who had failed."

"No one here dreams of planting wheat except in spring. I thought. Why not plant in the fall, with a proper fall variety of the grain, as is done elsewhere?"

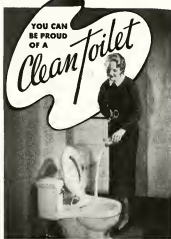
It was told that if you plow deep, you let the moisture up. I thought, Why wouldn't it let the moisture in? I made my own plans, and you've seen the result.

"I planted that forty last fall. It sprang up before frost, and lay there till spring came, and it flourished during the season of spring rains, and this summer heat has matured and cured it while it was blighting younger spring-sown wheat."

Allan remembered the little that Tim McKean had admitted about his notions, and his anger at dearth of money. Queer as it was, McKean had been inspired.

Allan asked, "How did you come to settle so far out?"

"This is going to be a railroad country," said Ferguson. "I went all over



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hereabouts on a private survey, and I'm convinced that a track will be built through here before long, following the course of the river. I'll get employment on it, with my home handy. This country's going to grow, and I'm growing right along with it."

"I'm sure this crop wasn't a lucky accident!"

Ferguson laughed in his red beard. "This year, man?"

Allan laughed with him. The secret of the prairie was unlocked. He was ready to depart.

Captor and prisoner set out southward in the dawn. Larkin offered no resistance or difficulty. He obeyed orders without a word. He was sullen, but that was all. It was an awkward journey. They rode in silence, one ahead of the other, for long stretches. They rested, and not a word was spoken. Always they went on. At one halting place Allan made a discovery. They had eaten, and Larkin had cleaned up, and was smoking. He spilled his own flake tobacco into papers and rolled slender cigarettes which he consumed quickly. When no fire was burning, he lighted up with matches from a box in the dawn. The arresting thing about this was the fact that the cigarette papers were brown and the matches yellow-tinted vestas.

Allan noted these details, and he remembered the whine of the bullet that had barely missed him out at McKeen's place, and the man who had disappeared, and the burned cigarettes and yellow-tinted matches he had left behind. There was a grim satisfaction in meeting them again.

"He said, 'Larkin, how much does Maury pay you for shooting at me?'"

The man grunted, looked halfheartedly at him and looked away.

Allan went on, "Did you actually miss me the other day at McKeen's claim or was that orders?"

"I got nothing to say."

"You'd better think of something to say. We'll soon be in Orlando. The only fighting chance you've got is to talk, and talk plenty."

"I got nothing to say," the man repeated.

"Have it your own way," Allan said, shrugging. "Let's get along."

They got along, pressing steadily southward, hour upon hour, night upon day. There was no pause for sleep. The two animals, with their riders, crawled slowly across the prairie.

They came in sight of Orlando from a low distant rise north of town. It was past midnight. Allan had bound the prisoner; he led the halting mounts on a line.

He headed for the eastern end of town, choosing a course around the maze of looping pens and sidings. Caution and reckless impatience struggled for mastery. Once inside the town, he tethered the horses in deep shadow near the depot and proceeded to the jail.

Deputy Bates was playing solitaire. When he saw his visitors, his jaw dropped. "Harper! Where you been?"

"Polishing my saddle over plenty of country," Allan told him. "I've brought you a prisoner."

Bates looked on one red-eyed visitor to the other. "Lance Larkin? What's he here for?"

"Murder. You lock him up and look after him. This is your McKean killer."

Bates rose, remembering a dire duty. "I reckon you know, Harper, you're under arrest yourself. There's a warrant out. I've got my sworn duty."

Allan stared at him. "To hell with your

sworn duty! Show some sense, you blockhead, and take my prisoner."

"You know I don't like to do this, Harper," He added, harried but dogged, "Allan Harper—"

"Don't say it!" Allan snapped. "Dammit, Dodd Bates, don't you tempt me—"

A footstep sounded on the walk. Allan clutched Larkin's arm and swung him aside, so that they faced Bates and the door. Allan's hand held his gun butt.

It was Sheriff Sam Pritchard.

"What's this?" Pritchard gazed astonished at the tense scene. Angus began to stir in him. "Allan Harper, I'll have an accounting. What does this mean?"

Allan jerked from his belt a canvas-rolled packet which he tossed on the desk; it struck with a heavy metallic sound. From a pocket he drew papers containing the signed statements of the Fergusons. "Sheriff," he said, "I'm at the end of my tether! There's your evidence of murder. I've got testimony of witnesses who will back me up in court. I've been going for three days and nights, and I've just been invited into jail!"

"Yes? So?"

"I'm not going for any man in Kansas, you hear?"

The sheriff looked at him imperturbably. "Well, suppose we talk it over."

And so it came about that Allan Harper was not placed under arrest. That was a swift conclusion, once Pritchard reviewed the amazing facts. Yet he nursed a grievance. It had nothing to do with the crime, but with Susan.

"She's damned unfortunate," he growled, "but there's been talk."

"Talk?" said Allan. "What about?"

"Your informant the other night was seen leaving your hotel."

"Well? Hell, I've squared my informant, haven't I?"

"There's no squaring things when a woman and a man are in my quarters between midnight and dawn."

"What in thunder are you talking about?"

"What do you think I'm talking about when my daughter is seen leaving a man's boarding house in the dead of night?"

"Susan!" said Allan. "She's still here, sheriff?"

"She put off going. I demanded that she stay till you were apprehended or this talk cleared up."

Allan shook his head. "Somebody's crazy! My informant, sheriff, was a man."

Pritchard's eyes related the circumstances. Susan was seen emerging from the boarding house long past midnight. Her father knew why she had gone there and gave her small thanks, but the observer reporting the incident had no occasion to know at the time and was not the kind to correct a false impression later.

"Who was it?" Allan demanded.

Pritchard gave him a quick, sharp look. "I reckon I'll keep that to myself."

"Then it was Hannah Weeks again!" But Allan was more baffled than angry. "I don't know a thing about this. I never saw Susie that night. Didn't she explain?"

"She won't tell me anything."

"Well, my informant was a man. If I had his leave I'd tell you his name."

Pritchard was silent, brooding. Then he said, "It's beyond me. If in this informant will step up and talk, I'll count it a great favor."

"He'll talk, once he hears this," promised Allan.

"Come on, we'll put your prisoner in the lockup," said the sheriff abruptly.

While they were moving the prisoner,



a significant incident occurred. The jail was empty, and the prisoner was unceremoniously installed.

"I'll get Doc Evans to have a look at that arm," said the sheriff. "Bates, you see he has something to eat."

Just then two figures detached themselves from the shadows along the sidewalk and came sauntering by. They were strangers, cowboys, with a peculiar glitter in their eyes.

"Howdy, sheriff!" greeted one. "You done caught you a prisoner?"

"I have," growled the sheriff. The second cowboy drawled, "Who you got in there, sheriff?"

"That's no concern of yours." The pair laughed. "We ain't concerned, sheriff. Just curious, is all."

And they walked away, a little sinister in their nonchalance.

Allan attracted more than ordinary attention as he walked Starlight along Trail Street to McKesson's corral. The mare was patently close to exhaustion, and Allan himself, begrimed and lined of face, was a man who had clearly been through a desperate ordeal.

At the livery stable Joe had a grievance. "Why in hell didn't you let me know, Mr. Harper? I'd have come along." Allan gave him a look. "Come along? What do you know about where I've been?"

"I just heard a minute ago. Fellow dropped by to leave his horse. The story is going all over the Street, I reckon." "Do they know who the prisoner is?"

"Sure—Larkin."

Allan swore. This was bad. He learned that his mission had been the talk of the Street these three days. No one knew exactly what had happened, but they had tried to put two and two together. Allan asked, "Is Maury still around?"

"He is," Joe told him, "and in a bad temper. Ruby told me he's hopping mad because this upset his plans."

"And Ruby?"

Joe hesitated. "Ruby's all right, I reckon. For a time, anyhow. She told me something of what's been going on. That story about you and her got around, and the other gals have been riding her about it."

"She can't say that Maury's heard it; he hasn't said anything to her yet. I told her if he did, and didn't speak the right piece, to get word to me instanter."

Allan smiled. "And what would you do, boy?"

"Why, I'd plug the so-and-so!"

"Joe, if you plug him without giving me a first try, I'll nurse a grudge against you for life."

Joe grinned faintly. "I doubt I'd stop to think about it, Mr. Harper. I'd be kind of in a hurry. That Ruby girl is in a bad corner, and she don't even dare try to get out. No man will help her out because she's wearing Logan Maury's private earmark."

Allan felt chill. "What?"

"No, don't take that wrong. As I said, she's all right for a time. But the time is drawing short. She doesn't say much, but I've had my ear open to gossip. If Logan Maury harms that girl, I'm going to shoot him like a bound."

That was that, and Allan's permission was not even requested. Allan felt as much oppressed by the seriousness of this new situation as he was comforted by the knowledge that he had an ally. He went in search of Dan Madden.

There was only one place to explore for the marshal, and that the dangerous territory of Trail Street. Awareness of that colored Allan's attitude, and there was a steel-like truculence about him as he shouldered his way through the crowds in the bars and gambling rooms. He was conscious of it, and conscious too that it did not go unnoticed.

Only once did a hint of trouble arise. A short, oaken-shouldered rider, a half-breed by the swarthy look of him and the cut of his ornate clothes, lurched from a bar and careened into Allan with extraordinary force. Allan's jaw hardened, but he looked the fellow over. The breed was drunk; he seemed unaware of the mishap. Allan pushed him aside and went on and forgot the matter.

His quest ended in a place called the Four Aces. Madden sat against the wall behind a poker table. He gave Allan an almost imperceptible signal with a jerk of the head. Allan pushed on through the crowd and took a stand close by the rear door.

Presently Madden joined him, saying tersely, "Let's go outside, son." In the darkness of the empty alley he added, "From the look in your eye, I'd risk saying you brought him back."

"I brought him back. Haven't you heard?"

"Nobody told me." "The story's going the rounds. Some of them saw us come in. Sam Pritchard has Larkin now. It's a clear case; he had the money on him when I took him."

"And in what condition did you take him?"

"I had to shoot him a little." "Tell me about it." Allan told of the capture, and Madden granted approval. He also told of the wheat, and the Ferrusons, and a little to his surprise, Madden listened with close attention, and even interposed a number of shrewd questions.

"Then you think this wheat is a practical thing?"

"That man Ferguson has proved it. Absolutely. During the worst season we can remember."

"Hm," said Madden darkly, "it's going to go a mile hard on the drovers. There must be fifty thousand head of stock grazing under herd within a day's circle riding right now. What'll become of them?"

Allan shrugged. "They'll have to make a shift somewhere else. They can't beat the wheat."

"They'll likely try. And the railroads—they won't take kindly to the loss of the cattle trade."

"They only stand to profit," Allan retorted. "Let the herds head farther west when they come up the trail. That will make the haul to the East all the longer." He added, "What's been happening here since I left?"

"Well," said Madden, "I had to shoot a man."

"Bad?"

"They've got him at a house on the edge of town. I think he'll live. He forced it on me. But that makes two Texas men done in by the law. Yours, and mine."

"Was he the only one to tackle you?"

"The only one these two days. They've taken to avoiding me. It ain't natural, and I don't like it."

"Trouble brewing?"

"Maybe," Madden said. "This is shooting weather. I'd advise you to keep your gun handy and stay out of dark alleys. You're not finished with that Larkin fellow yet by any means."

Allan had a final question. Had there been any word or sign of the Golden herd to Madden's knowledge?

"None, boy. I kept an ear open for



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you. Are you sure that Pop Golden fellow is a square-shooter?"

"I'd lay everything I've got on him." "Hm! People are sometimes surprising, especially when the money pinches. This pinches you bad, don't it?"

"That herd has to turn up or I'll have to hike East with the movers. Starlight's about my last stake around here that'll bring cash."

"Well, you hang on a couple of days longer. If the pinch gets real bad, let me know. I've got some cash." Allan thanked him but declined the offer, and Madden merely shrugged.

Late as it was, Allan made for the Pritchard home. He did not return to Trail Street, but walked the rear alley. He was not yet out of the alley when he became aware of someone in the darkness hurrying behind him.

Allan did not pause or look back, but when he reached the street at the alley's mouth, he stepped to one side and stopped, concealed by a building corner. He waited. The unknown stepped out of the alley warily and came to a halt.

Allan drew, "Looking for someone, hombre?"

It was the drunk he had encountered earlier, the swarthy breed. Only the man was now distinctly not drunk. His eyes glittered with fury and apprehension.

Allan told him, "I have a few things to do yet before I turn in. If you want to come along, we'll walk together."

"I do not know what you talk about," the other snarled.

"You'll learn, damned quick if I run into you again." Allan snapped. "I don't like people following me at night. If I find you in my neighborhood again, amigo, I'm going to shoot without asking questions. I'll be on my way now, if you have nothing more to say. Clear out. Beat it! Vamoos!"

The other man glanced at the lights of Trail Street, stepped up the block and began to walk toward them. His very gait suggested sullen venom. He did not look back.

Allan smiled grimly and hastened on.

A light glowed at the rear of the Pritchard house. Susan answered his knock. At sight of him she gasped, paled and pulled him inside.

"Allan! Oh, Allan, are you all right?" "Certainly I'm all right, Sue. I just got back."

"Back? But you should never have come here, Allan."

"Why not?" He grinned. "Am I still out of order in this house?"

"She gripped his arm hard. "Father will be here any minute. He'll want to arrest you on sight. Don't, oh, please don't have trouble with Father, Allan!"

Then it dawned on him: she had not heard the news. He chuckled. "My only trouble with this family is with you, Susie."

She was weak when she learned the truth, and seated herself shakily in a chair.

Allan told her the story of his ride and its outcome while she listened, tense and troubled. He told her about the wheat, and, silent and inscrutable now, she got up and began to make coffee. While he talked he watched her, trying to read her mood and her thoughts.

"What brought you to my house in the middle of the night, Susie?"

"I wanted to warn you," she said quietly.

"Why?"

She poured the coffee. "I felt a duty. I was afraid."

"That I'd killed him?"

"That if you'd done anything it might have been on my account."

He smiled. "Then you granted I might have done it, eh, Susie?"

There were sudden hot lights in her blue eyes. "Yes, I did. How can anyone tell what's likely to happen here? I tell you this country is cursed! I don't know what I'm likely to do myself from one minute to the next. I'll go out of my mind if I have to put up with any more of this killing and shooting!"

"We've made some progress toward ending it," he reminded her. "I've just done a job. Daniel Madden is doing a far bigger one."

"Daniel Madden!" she scorned. "A hired killer walking the streets of Orlando. Progress!"

He saw the resentment mounting in her. He said, "I'm sorry, Susan. That's a matter of opinion. I came here to thank you for coming to warn me the other night. That was a splendid thing to do. I came to talk of other things, too, but perhaps this isn't the right time." He paused. "I'm tired and weary, Susie. I haven't the heart for fighting you, too."

She stared at him, and suddenly her mouth quivered. "Oh, Allan, I don't want to fight with you, either. I'm weary myself."

He took her in his arms, and she leaned her head on his breast. They did not speak. Then she sighed and pushed away from him, shaking her head.

"No, that isn't right. It's weak of me to let you take me in your arms. I can be weak at moments, but I can't change my convictions."

"Damn convictions!" Allan murmured. He found a chair. Then he said, "You've changed your plans anyway, Susie. What happened that you didn't go East?"

"My father prevailed upon me to wait. I reckon I'd have waited anyway, to see what happened to you; to help if there was need. I was frightened, Allan."

He studied her. He yearned to see peace in her troubled blue eyes and laughter on her pretty face again.

And then, without warning, he was on his feet as if propelled by a spring. He dived for the lamp, cupped a palm about the glass chimney, blew out the flame.

"Allan, what's wrong?" she demanded. "Hush. Listen. Outside."

There was a scuffling sound at the rear of the house and grunting noises, then a sharp cry, "Stop! Stop where you are!"

It was punctuated by a shot, and instantly by another, as if in answer. Then there was silence.

"Go into the other room," Allan snapped.

"I'll stay right here with you," Susan retorted. "What are you going to do?"

"I'll find out what it is," he said grimly. "Please stand back against the wall." He stepped to the door, gun in hand.

She flew to him in the darkness. "Don't go out there, Allan! Don't you dare!"

"Susie, please now!" he said with menace.

He pushed her close to the wall; opened the door slightly, tried to penetrate the black mystery of the night. There was not a sound.

Opening the door a little wider, Allan demanded, "Who's out there?"

After a second of hesitation, a voice close at hand replied, "Mr. Harper? It's Joe. It's all right now."

Allan jerked the door wide. "Joe, what's happened?"

Joe loomed in the night, embarrassed, unhappy. "I was just waiting. I didn't want to disturb you till you were ready to go home. I set myself to wait out here. Then a fellow came along so quiet he most scared the wits out of me when I spied him. I grabbed him. He didn't say



anything, but began to fight like a bobcat. Then he broke loose and ran, and I tried to stop him, but he fired a shot at me and I threw a bullet at him, and then he was gone. I don't know where he went—don't know what he looked like or what he wanted. I'm sorry, Mr. Harper."

Allan bade the young man enter. He relinquished the lamp.

"Why were you waiting?" he asked Joe. "Has anything happened?"

Again Joe was acutely uncomfortable. "There's a man wants to see you on the quiet, Mr. Harper, tonight. He says he has some important information. I reckon you'd better see him."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. But I believed him, and I reckon you'd better talk to him."

Allan pondered. "All right. Where is he?"

"Waiting in the stable office." Allan told Joe he'd see the man later and sent him on his way.

Susan looked ill. "Allan, that man came here after you."

"Don't be frightened, honey," Allan soothed her.

But Susan was not to be comforted.

He left her with fear growing like a malignant thing in her heart.

Joe was not in sight when Allan entered McKesson's stable. He opened the office door and looked in—and stood there feeling a little foolish. Seated in McKesson's chair was Ruby Lee.

"Don't be afraid of me, Allan," she said. "Come on in—and shut the door."

She was amused when Allan explained, Joe, delivering his message in Susan's presence, had been overcome with embarrassment and had fabricated the unknown man. But she got down to business immediately.

"I warned you against Logan Maury before, Allan. I'm not going to warn you now. I'm just going to tell you," she hesitated. "The orders are out to kill you, Allan."

Behind the apparent calmness of her gaze Allan could perceive terror and supplication. He drewled. "I sensed as much. It's been an exciting evening."

She went on, "I never told you because I was afraid to start trouble. Logan Maury put Lance Larkin up to tackling you that night when the Wichita Lily got mad at you. That wasn't planned beforehand, but Maury saw his chance and took it, and told Larkin what to do. He paid Larkin's fine and gave him money for it next day. He gave him more money later to keep on hounding you. He never ordered Larkin to kill you, but he figured you'd lose patience and start a fight that would end in your being shot."

Allan said, "Logan Maury ought to go real far if he don't accidentally get himself hung on the way."

"He's skirting mighty close to it right now. He's clean crazy with hating you. He had everything in his hand the other night, and then your disappearance upset all his plans. So he blames you, and now he wants you out of the way, completely and finally. Allan, do you take me seriously now?"

He looked at her. "Ruby, honey, I've never taken you otherwise. If I hadn't known what you've already told me, I might not be alive this minute."

She asked him about his ride after

Larkin. Secretly she had been overjoyed when news came of the return of Allan and his prisoner. It was news that had inflamed many. The prisoner was a Texan, and the call of the clan was strong.

"I reckon you can take care of yourself better than anybody calculated, Allan. But now you are a marked man. What do you expect to do?"

He paused. Do? What was a man to do? He felt young and hard and strong, and only one path led through the murk like life, and if it was a hard path, he had the things it required and the fortitude it demanded.

He said, "Ruby, I expect to do what the next few days will ask me to do. I couldn't go away if I wanted to, and I don't want to." He smiled. "I wish I knew that you were leaving; that you were safe and happy."

"I couldn't leave, either. But I'll be safe, and as for happiness, I've never known what it is, so I'll not be missing anything."

Allan looked at her, thinking of her and thinking of Logan Maury. He gave her shoulder a hard squeeze. "Good girl, Ruby. Don't let anything stampede you. You've got a lifetime ahead of you, and it should be a fine one. Don't throw it away. If they side you too hard any time, let me know and I'll come running."

"I know you would. I'm grateful for it. It's been a help—more than you'll ever know."

There was a change in her that Allan could not wholly understand. There was a composure that was new to her. He knew that now she did not tender her passion and her hunger for him, but the pure gold of friendship.

She did not ask to be kissed. She said, "Good-by, Allan. And good luck, always." And she was gone.

Allan was staring out the window broadly, when Joe looked in.

"Where's Ruby?"

"We had a talk. She's gone back." Joe was chagrined at having missed her. He demanded to know the latest conclusions. Allan repeated the conversation, and Joe asked finally, "Mr. Harper, are you going to Logan Maury?"

"I am not. How can I do that without admitting that I have information? And how can I avoid implicating Ruby in that?" He went on, "Boy, this is no time for going off half cocked. There'll be plenty need for a cool head this next twenty-four hours, and I want you to stand ready."

Joe grinned lazily. And Allan knew he had a man to rely on.

It was close to dawn when several men gathered in a back room on Trail Street, closing and locking the door and drawing the shades. They took chairs around a card table, quiet, a little portentous in bearing. Logan Maury and Wolf Warbeum dominated the group. Maury spoke first, outlining the issues he had invited them here to consider.

"I don't know that you fully realize what's happening right under your eyes," he told them. "We've all been in boom towns before. We've all seen the same thing happen, in time. Either the boom plays out, or the godly element gang up and clamp down the lid. Now, this boom hasn't begun to hit the high spots. All the cattle in Kansas don't begin to touch the millions they've still got down yonder. The trail will triple in size in the next few years. There's a mint of gold in it, and a lot more for the right parties—if they're left alone."

"Well, Maury," drawled one sleek individual, "I ain't heard any rumors that liquor and cards are in danger, and I

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reckon I'll make a living long as they're in circulation."

"It's the cattle that are in danger. How in hell will you make a living if they go outside the county; out of the state, maybe? Don't you deceive yourself Dan Madden can't harm the Street. He's only a hired man, hired by parties sick of the cattle and the trail, if he bosses the Street, they boss him; give him the upper hand, and you and the cattle and the trade and the money will be boosted out of town inside a year."

"I don't follow your reasoning, Logan," demurred one of the other men, "I don't see how those fellows will kill the goose that's laying all the golden eggs. This is their town and their boom, too. If they drive the cattle away, where they going to make any money?"

"They've got something now that will drive the cattle away and save them any worry about money."

They all stared at him. One of them said, "How? This country ain't worth a pair of decent without cattle." "The answer is wheat," said a brand-new kind of wheat that will prosper and cover this country with plowed fields and fences."

Maury explained. They were at first skeptical, even scornful, but they listened. He described the Ferguson wheat-pine miles to the north. He was well informed about wheat, persuasive. His listeners doubted, but they did not argue with his conclusions—if this was true, next summer would see the doom of the Oriando as a trail town, and with it all their profitable take from it.

Maury was asked, "How do you know all this?"

"By keeping my eyes open. There was a killing out in the country, you'll recollect. It came right after Larkin was driven out. It wasn't hard to put two and two together. But next morning Allan Harper had disappeared too, and they were looking for him. That was unusual. I came to the conclusion that Harper was quietly sent after Larkin, and the details kept secret."

"The sheriff is scary and cautious. I've had a man or two watching the jail every moment since. I wanted to know what was up. Two of them tonight saw a prisoner put away, Harper was there. These men of mine talked through the jail window to the prisoner. It was Larkin. He says he isn't guilty, but that doesn't matter now. The matter is that damned wheat, and what Larkin overheard up on that granger's place—that he heard Harper declaring, and what he saw with his own eyes."

"Great Judas, Maury, you don't actually imagine this country's going to sink everything in a risky proposition just on somebody's say-so?"

"It's not risky, and it's not say-so! And this crowd won't need to be feared but if it must be, as the boys will be some swarming. You know they'd overrun the land if anybody demonstrated there was a living in it. They'll have the prairie fenced from here to Pike's Peak!"

A man laughed. "I've got nothing personal against fences, I reckon. But I do object to having my eyes interested with. What's your idea of proceeding about the situation, Logan?"

Maury smiled at them. Welded together, they were a formidable group of men, sinister and ruthless. "There are now two cowboys lying wounded and facing death in this town," he said. "Both are victims of the so-called law-and-order element. Neither is actually convicted of any crime. They are Texans, and all Texans are sensitive about their own. Even a little encouragement from

us will be like a spark to a powder barrel."

"Someone ventured, 'I don't doubt that for a second. But how will that help us?'"

"It will enable us to take over the town on the spot. The law-and-order element will collapse. I'm afraid a few hard ones like Madden and Harper won't survive the occasion. I'm personally making it a point to see they don't. Sheriff Pritchard, who's already made some advances, will hand over all authority on demand at the first alarm, and we'll run things to suit ourselves. We'll make a town so hot for farmers that they won't come within forty miles. We'll have a town so wide open I'll put every one that ever was before it in the shade!"

They eyed one another. "I must say it looks mighty attractive," said one convert. "And the excitement will be good for business. I'll leave it to you. I'm with you any way you suggest."

The circle of men nodded. Maury and Watson exchanged glances, and they grinned.

The next day dawned on an unfamiliar world. The wind was gone. Its voice, an incessant, lost sound, was stilled, and the quiet was strange. Other sounds were sharp and clear and startling. The Oriando town found its nerves on edge this day. Tempers were short and sharp, and a queer train of events fed the growing uneasiness.

First was the hearing of the prisoner Larkin before Judge Jones. The hearing was convened at an early hour, and the proceedings were swift. The prisoner was bound out for murder and back in the jail and the assembly scattered long before the cowboys were abroad; for that matter, before an assembly of vengeful settlers could convene in town and interfere. There was little doubt about the outcome of the trial later to be held.

Orlando town found its nerves on edge in order, but the day developed a whole string of incidents quite different in nature. There was the incident of the hilarious sectionhand, who was callously knocked over the head and dumped unconscious into an alley at the rear of a saloon. There was the eastern drummer, who was roughly handled in another dive. There were a number of frightened strangers, none of them Texans, who made painful discovery of the fact that Orlando's evil reputation was not exaggerated.

When the eastbound passenger train pulled into town in mid-afternoon, a singular collection of people waited at the depot to board it. Their number was unusual, and their manner was subdued, almost furtive. They had nothing to say, but they were in hasty flight, and the reason was one for sober conjecture.

Sam Pritchard watched them go. Dan Mather and the boys went on. Orlando watched and reflected somberly.

Allan Harper awakened from deep sleep late in the day. The night before he had thought sleep impossible, but exhaustion was not to be denied. It was still pitch-dark outside when a pounding on the door had summoned him to rise for the court hearing, and he went through the proceedings numbly, returning immediately to bed, not to rouse till day's end.

On his way to the sheriff's office Allan saw Dan Madden emerging from the depot reading a telegram and frowning. Madden hailed him.

"Well, hi up? I was about to rouse you. I don't think it's advisable for you to stay in that room of yours alone."

Allan shrugged. "What have you heard now?"

"Aplenty. The mavericks are gathering. They'll be looking for you after darkness sets in. I'll rest easier if you lay low this evening."

"You'll rest easy? While a gang is looking for me, I suppose another party will be serenading you with love songs!" Madden's laugh was a short bark. "The Lily informs me we've both been earmarked for private massacre, though she's unable to state who will do the job. There was some kind of meeting during the night. I believe it's the opening turn of a general shindy in the town."

"Who held the meeting?"

"She doesn't say. I don't reckon they take her entirely into their confidence." Allan grinned. "Dan Madden, are you going to let that shindy start?"

"I can't stop it till it starts, if I can then."

"It may be too late. Why not meet it halfway together?"

"Together?" The marshal looked at Allan. "In what way?"

"You know damned well who's backing this play! There's a clique of gamblers down on the Street who sire all the hell in Orlando. Logan Maury leads the lot. I propose we round them up and ship them out of town in a body. I'll guarantee it'll put an end to the trouble!"

Madden shook his head. "Boy, I've heard of some elegant ways of suicide in my time! Where would we do with them between now and tomorrow's train if we got them, allowing that we got out of Trail Street alive? Don't you think I know what's best? Your job is to keep alive and stand ready, and by God, you see you do it."

Allan do not flinch, resigning. "You're the boss, I reckon."

"How will I find you?"

Allan nodded toward the sheriff's office. "I'll be in there, or there'll be word of me around."

"You'll be hearing from me."

Allan turned away, but Madden detained him. The blue eyes twinkled. "I almost think we could do it, boy, you and me together. You've got what I'd like to have beside me, walking down Trail Street tonight." He added, "But Orlando needs it more than I do." He clapped Allan's shoulder and strode away along the sidewalk.

Allan stared after him with a queer mixture of feelings; then he made for the little office.

Deputy Bates was alone, highly nervous, pessimistic. "I hope I never live to see a night like this again," he told Allan. "The cowboys are in town; from miles around. They say more are coming that worthless Lance Larkin. There's enough liquor flowing to float a Missouri steamboat, and enough guns in town to weigh it down and sink it. Besides that, there's a squad or two of settlers in off their homesteads with their old Union Army muskets oiled up and ready, and they say more are coming. They got poor Tim McKeon on their minds. I God, if I had an old sod dug-out somewhere tonight I'd be powerful glad to crawl inside it and stay there!"

Allan made himself at home while Bates regaled him with further morbid detail. He took it as if a fever had been deliberately aroused. Certain parties were said to have ridden all over the county rallying the cowboys. The Street was in an expansive mood; free



drinks everywhere. It was worth a town man's life, though, to show himself down there.

After dark Sheriff Pritchard walked into the little office. He was disturbed to find Allan Harper there. He repeated some of the ominous gossip he had heard.

"You'd better not be seen around to-night, Allan," he said. "The fever here, the better, anyway. I don't want any show of force at this point. Bates, you go eat. Be back here in an hour."

When the deputy was gone, the sheriff went on, "You'd better go over to the house, Allan. I'll feel more comfortable with a man there. Besides, Susan wants to see you."

"She does? Why?"

The father threw up his hands. "You go find out. I hardly got a word out of her all day, but she said to tell you to come over."

"I see," Allan felt a strange reluctance to go to Susan tonight. "Don't you reckon, sheriff, it might be better to send Bates or somebody else over to watch the house? I won't be around there very long if trouble starts over here."

Gruffly the sheriff said, "You go on over, boy. She's only a child, and she's got a power of unhappiness on her mind. We'll see about Bates later."

Allan took a deep breath and walked out of the office.

It was quiet in the darkness, and his footsteps made hollow sounds which seemed unduly loud. There was no sign of life abroad on the silent streets he traveled. But he discovered that other footsteps besides his own trod the board sidewalks. He lengthened his steps. He turned the first corner. He was well along the block when the steps turned after him.

Allan knew these streets and their erratic sidewalks. For a stranger they offered perilous travel. No uniformity ruled their successive sections; they were a patchwork of good intentions come to frequent grief.

Allan headed for a section where low ground and consequent spring flooding had caused the building of a much higher stretch of walk than those adjoining. Once there he dropped to the soft dust of the road and dived into the low space under the boards of the walk. He drew his 38 and waited, his nerves like hot wires.

The steps came on. There were two men, by the sound. Allan heard the tiny jingle of spurs. They neared, and the foremost walked full into the higher sidewalk, striking a shin. Under his breath he cursed, while the other hoarsely commanded quiet.

Allan waited a tense.

Above him the pair conferred audibly. They had lost their quarry and were baffled. In a moment they moved on, but they were filled with indecision. Presently Allan heard their voices again from a little distance. They were disputing angrily, blaming each other. They had given up the chase. In a moment there was silence; they had gone.

Allan stayed where he was, motionless. Nothing stirred on the street. Minute after minute passed.

Then all at once he made out a vague, eerie form in the middle of the road. It was an erect form, the figure of a man advancing step by slow step, silently, a baleful shadow shrouded by darkness.

Carefully Allan felt the earth about him; his fingers found a twisted horse-shoe nail. He tossed the nail sharply above and to one side, so that it flew over the wooden planking. It landed on the wood with a steady rattle of metal. The vague form in the darkened road

whirled by instinct. There came an instant jet of blue-red flame and the deep report of a .48, fired straight for that tiny spot on the sidewalk.

Allan's 38 leveled and fired, and the vague form staggered and fell heavily to earth.

Allan scrambled from his shelter on all fours and into the middle of the road. He then a floundering in the darkness heard a choked, agonized sound. From upstairs came a sharp frightened cry.

"Pecos! That you, Pecos?"

Allan paused. His blood was boiling. At a crouch, his body held low, he ran down the street in the deep floury dust. He turned a corner, ran, turned another and made for the Pritchard house.

Susan herself did not admit Allan until she had talked with him through the locked door. He told her to put out the light. As he struck a match to restore flame to the lampwick he glanced at her, and from her his gaze swung quickly to the visitor she was entertaining. It was Ruby Lee.

It had not been quite dark when Ruby came to Susan's door. She had approached the house by way of the alley, feeling certain no one had followed her or observed her arrival.

"I'm Ruby Lee," she had said, when Susan opened the door at her knock. "You're Susan Pritchard, and I want to have a talk with you."

An instinctive jealousy rose instantly in Susan, but she quelled it. "Very well. Please sit down. I'm glad to have the chance to talk with you."

Ruby looked about the kitchen first, eyeing its modest appointments and homely comforts, its air of gentle living. Susan understood, remembering Allan's description of the girl's own home.

Ruby said, "I don't know how much you know about me, Susan Pritchard, but I decided it was high time you were told everything there is to tell. I don't expect you to like me any better afterward, but that don't matter. It'll be pretty important to you."

"Yes?" Susan parried.

"It's mostly about Logan Maury. I understand you've been thinking of marrying him. No, you needn't talk about it; I'm not asking questions. It has some bearing on Allan Harper, too, and I think I'll begin with him."

Susan shivered a little.

Ruby told of her meeting with Allan, of the help he had given her. She described the terrifying problem she had faced after her arrival in Orlando, and the solution she finally chose—the job at the Buck and Wing, where she was taken on at a fair value.

"Of course there was a reason for that. I was playing in luck, but I didn't know it. I started to work under powerful protection. By the time I woke up to what I had let myself in for, it was pretty late to do anything about it; and besides, it didn't matter much any more. I'm betraying that protection in coming to you. My protector was Logan Maury."

Susan sat stiff, chilled.

Ruby laughed cynically. "Bit of a surprise, ain't it? I was sure it would be. He told me all about his intentions of marrying you. He tells me everything. He wouldn't think of marrying me, of course. You not only have looks, but you have family and money and innocence. You're all he'd want for a wife. But I guess I've been all he wanted otherwise. I've been his mistress these two months."

Susan stared at her, then got up and strode blindly across the room. Shock



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and outrage and humiliation and dismay all mingled in confusion.

She turned to face Ruby, who met her gaze calmly. "What is your reason for coming here to tell me this?"

Ruby shrugged. "I thought it was time you were told. All hell is brewing on the Street tonight. Some of us might not be around tomorrow to tell anything, including myself. If it happened to be Allan Harper, I'd go mighty hard on you the rest of your life to remember tonight and the mistake you're making."

"What mistake is that?"  
The girl's eyes blazed. "Susan Pritchard, you're a fool! You've got the finest man in Orlando in the palm of your hand, and you throw him over for the rottenest blackguard in Kansas. They're planning to shoot Allan Harper tonight."

Susan's eyes were calm. She walked to a peg and took down her shawl. "Who is going to shoot Allan, and where is this to happen?"

"Any of a dozen hired gunmen, and anywhere they can find him. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to find Allan."

"Sit down," Ruby commanded. "I've already told him. He doesn't need your help."

"I'm also going to my father and have him go for Logan Maury to threaten this out immediately."

"Sit down," Ruby repeated. "You'll more than likely get your father shot, and you'll certainly get me killed. Girl, you keep hands off things tonight. You've caused enough trouble already. Half the hell on Trail Street tonight is your doing. You stay right here. I'll see that Allan comes to you. I don't reckon I need say any more."

"No," Susan admitted.  
Just then they heard a shot—and another. They sat tense, waiting, but no more followed.

Ruby said, "That didn't come from the Street. That came from over east."

Susan started for a window, then stopped. There was nothing to do but wait and pray and die a little every time those sounds shattered the stillness.

A moment later came the knock on the door, and Allan Harper.

Before he spoke, Allan gave Susan a swift glance.

She came close to him, threw back the left lapel of his coat, found the pistol butt projecting from the holster, pulled out the weapon and sniffed at the muzzle. The acrid-sweet odor of exploded gunpowder permeated the air. Without a word she returned the 38 to its place.

"Somebody tried a holdup," he said.  
"We heard the shots," she told him.  
"I understand. They tried to kill you. Did you hit anyone?"

"I did." He offered no details. He walked over to the other girl. "Ruby, what are you doing here? You're taking your life in your hands."

She shrugged and got up. "The Street'll be too boiling tonight to notice I'm missing." She shook her head, hopelessly looking into Allan's face. "I wish I knew an argument that would persuade you to ride out of this town for a day and a night."

He smiled. "Mighty sorry. Can't be done, Ruby."

"Well, good luck, both of you!" She slipped through the door and was gone.

Out in the alley, from his vigil in the deep shadows, Joe saw Ruby coming and called her. She joined him, and they walked back toward Trail Street.

"How did it go?" he demanded. "Did she take it standing?"

"She did. She's sound, Joe. She just hasn't found herself yet."



"Who was it that went in just now?"  
"That was Allan. That shooting over east—that was Allan, too. He got one of them, I reckon."

Joe swore softly in satisfaction. Ruby told him about her interview with Susan. She omitted the main point she had made—that of her status with Logan Maury.

In the alley behind the Buck and Wing they paused a moment. Joe stood close to her in the darkness; she could feel his yearning to take her in his arms. A tenderness came over her; she put a hand to his face caressingly.

"Joe, stay close to the stable tonight. Don't get into this trouble they're cooking up."

"I will if Harper sends for me."  
"Oh, then ... Well, if he does I reckon you will."

His hands gripped her arms, held her tightly. "Ruby, there's no telling. I want you to send for me if need come. I don't care what it is."

"I will, Joe. I know you'd never fail me."

Joe went on down the dark alley toward the stable, happy in all his anxiety.

Ruby was wary, once inside. She hoped to evade Maury's attention, but she had hardly come within view of the bar when he detached himself from a group and came to her.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. His eyes were suspicious.

"I went for a walk," she told him, smiling.

His look said he knew she lied. Fear was a seed in her, growing. He said, "You'll stay inside this building till I let you know otherwise. You know damned well this is no night for walking."

"No? Just as you say, Logan."  
"Stay here and stay up, too. Be right here where I can see you. I'll have a talk with you later." And he wheeled back to the bar.

In the Pritchard kitchen Allan did not question Susan about Ruby. He was touched by Ruby's charity in coming, for he had no doubt of the motive. But he had no wish to harry these few hours with argument and recrimination; he had no wish even to learn that all argument was over. Life contained one thing alone tonight: either death or survival. Time enough tomorrow ... if tomorrow dawned.

"Your father sent me," he said. "I was not keen to come tonight. I might be needed over there. But he said you asked to see me."

Susan scarcely remembered what had been on her mind; all things were to the last hour seemed unimportant now. "I wanted you to stay with me tonight, Allan. I've heard such fearful things. I just wanted you to talk to me, I reckon."

Allan said merely, "Suppose we forget about them, Susan."

She took up some knitting and plied the needles while he sat near and watched. They talked, avoiding mention of themselves; of the dread that reigned.

Their talk and their demeanor told nothing of their thoughts. They were lovers, these two, and thought flowed between them and mingled where even they were unaware.

When Allan thought with pity and understanding of her terror of the land; he thought of the spacious dreams they had dreamed together, of their awakening.

And yet beyond that he maintained a hard awareness of the night and what abided in the night, and he waited for a sign, a sound. He waited, ready.

Out of a silence Susan said thoughtfully, "Allan, that wheat you told me about—it's not just another notion, is it?"

"Anything but that."  
"Why didn't you bring some of it back with you? It would have served to convince people it exists."

He was stumped. "I never thought of that."

"Sometimes, Allan," she said, "I do believe you need the help of a woman."

"I don't recall saying anything to the contrary." He looked at her, wondering. "No," she admitted, "you haven't, but—"

She stopped. The night was trembling. There was a distant sound of pistol shots. There was a shouting, and a sound of hoofs beating earth.

Allan sat stiff, erect. Then he leaned to his feet, snatching up his hat.

Susan sprang up. "Where are you going?"

"To your father."  
"You'd better stay here, I'm alone. I'll need you."

"The place for a man to take care of his women is up where the trouble is. I'm going."

But she was closer to the door, and she sprang in his path. "Father told me they'd be after you for bringing back that cowboy. You've done your share. Let the others do theirs."

"Don't bar that door, Susan." His face was hard.

"You can't go! Don't touch me, Allan." He took hold of one arm, pulled her from the door. She was sobbing, clutching at him.

There was a pounding on the door. Allan released her, half drawing his six-shooter.

"Who's there?"  
The door was flung open, and a youth of sixteen appeared, panting, wild of eye. "Mr. Pritchard—Mr. Pritchard, there's been a shooting up at the jail, your father—those Texans, they shot the sheriff!"

Susan's sharp cry was stifled. "Oh, how is he? Did they—?"

"Is he hurt bad?" roared Allan.

"I don't know."  
"Then is he alive still?"

"I guess so. I don't know. I just ran." Allan said to Susan, "I'll send the boy back with news. Stay here till you get word. Come on, kid!" He booted through the doorway.

When Allan arrived a knot of men had already gathered before the sheriff's office. Elsewhere the plaza was empty. The men here were all citizens. They looked around as Allan approached and opened a way for him.

On a bench inside lay Sheriff Sam Pritchard, dead and Madden were attending him. He was alive and conscious. "Two bullets got him," Madden snapped. "Neither fatal. They got an artery, but we caught it in time."

They had one leg bound in a tourniquet above the knee, where cloths soaked up the blood that had just stopped flowing. There was another wound high in the left side of the chest.

"Allan," said the wounded man. "Good boy. Need every man. Our homes at stake tonight. They're sure to come back."

"We'll be here, sheriff," said Allan. "I'll see the whole damned town's here to welcome them!"

"I'm deputizing every man. Dan Madden, you take charge."

"No, not me," said Madden. "Pick a

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town man. I'm a stranger. Pick a town man, and I'll do all he says."

"You're a fighting man. You're needed." "I'm not the only fighting man, Pritchard. You've overlooked a bet, I'm thinking. I mean Harper."

"Harper?" The sheriff hesitated. He looked at Allan. "Boy, you think you can handle it?"

It was no time for hesitation. "Say the word, and I'll hold out till the hinges bust!"

The sheriff said quickly, "Allan Harper, I deputize you. Take care—this town."

His head suddenly rolled to one side. Madden said, "Get some whisky and wet cloths. If we keep him going till the doctor gets here, we'll pull him through."

Coolly Allan considered this desperate task. First he listened to the story of the attack on the sheriff. It was a wanton affair, poorly planned. A party of four heavily armed cowboys had come walking into the office to demand the keys to the jail. The sheriff was alone. He tried to deal with them peaceably, but they would not be put off.

To Sheriff Pritchard's everlasting credit, he continued to discourage them, even after he read the ruthless intention in their eyes. When they made a move to lay hands on him, he went for his gun.

All four promptly drew, and two of them fired pointblank. The cowboys ransacked the desk. They found no keys. They dared not linger over the search, and they beat a retreat. A couple of citizens came running to the sheriff's aid. There was a duel on the plaza.

The Texans leaped on their horses and fled. No one, apparently, was hit in that flurry of bullets, and the four cowboys escaped around a corner and vanished in the sanctuary of Trail Street.

Allan Harper got busy. He conferred with Madden, and the latter agreed with his plan of defense. The jail and office were the key to the town; the prisoner the chief issue at stake.

"You'll be outnumbered, surely," said Madden. "They're better fighters, those fellows. If open fighting ever starts, it'll be murderous."

"We can't face them in open fighting," snapped Allan, "but we can make ready to meet them in our own way. That string of cattle cars on the siding—a line of rifles along the tops of the cars will raise hell with 'em, mob."

"For a while."

"There'll be others set to deliver a crossfire. I'll have every man able to walk well armed and in position within half an hour. I'll ask you to stay close by. When the time comes I'll invite you to do something with me."

"What is that?"

"You can answer when I ask you," said Allan, and turned to the men who were waiting. He dispatched certain of them to round up every able-bodied male they could count on, and all the guns and ammunition in sight.

The men of Orlanado, frightened but desperate, obeyed without quibble. Allan remembered Deputy Bates' reference to the settlers drifting into town and sent some men to recruit them. They returned with a dozen fiery volunteers.

In addition to the armed townsmen strategically stationed about the plaza, there were scouts, whose duty it was to observe the bedlam of Trail Street and report any news. One of these returned, very sober indeed.

"I'm afraid we're in for a hot time. They're whooping it up in true Texas style and getting wilder by the minute."

"Any talk of a jail delivery?" asked Allan.

"None at all. They're not outspoken about that. Whatever they've planned,

most of them seem to think it's still a dark secret. There's only plenty of talk about the valor and honor of Texas."

Allan went outside, and Madden followed him. The plaza looked deserted. The night sky was crystal-clear, a shimmering infinity of stars.

Madden said soberly, "Poor fool lads! This night will mean curtains and slow music for many a Texas boy who will never see home again."

"We may turn out right in the reckoning," said Allan. "Our quarrel's not with the Texans. They may see the light."

"The light?" snorted Madden. "You're a hopeful cuss!"

"I am," admitted Allan, and meant it.

They perched on the bench beside the office door. There was nothing now but to wait, certain of what was coming. This was the hardest part.

Madden said, "How's that girl of yours?"

Allan grunted.

"Hein," said Madden. Then, "You know, I reckon she's right in her way, boy. It's hell on women, the early years in a new place. I mind a case in point. It happened in Stringtown, Colorado. It was a boom town with silver and gold pouring in from the pay districts. It's long since played out and given way to other towns."

"It was fun for a man to be there, those days. It was pretty hard for a man's wife. Work was her lot, and no fun, for the kind of fun on tap she couldn't touch. There was one such woman; her husband dealt a faro game in town, and he was young and careless. He was home little enough, and he failed to see the loneliness and misery piling up there. It wasn't that he didn't care—it was just the way men are often made. I reckon that one day she took a few things and walked out of the house. She went down to the main street of Stringtown and settled herself there in the midst of bright lights and music and dancing and company. She did it openly, and nothing would induce her to go home. She was there a week."

"The husband, half crazy, pulled out of town. Not very long after he came back, willing to come to any terms, but she'd gone. She was seeing the world at last. She'd lit out, leaving no address."

Allan said, "He never found her?"

"Never."

Allan thought, wondering again . . .

It was long past midnight and nerves were on edge when a shambling figure advanced along the plaza from the direction of Trail Street. It proved to be a harmless old man, a swamper in one of the saloons. He had a mysterious summons for Madden. Nothing would induce him to tell who had sent him, and Madden must come with him, that was all.

Madden chewed on the idea. "Harper, I have an idea who this is. You come along. You can trail behind, just in case."

Allan nodded, and they departed.

It was the Wichita Lily. She awaited them in the darkness of an alley. "They're going to attack the jail this hour," she told them. "The word is passing around among the sober ones. The rest are figured to join in when they move."

"Who's passing the word?" asked Madden.

"You well know who! Nobody's showing his hand yet, but it's that same Buck and Wing crowd—the Bascom brothers, Jim Ward, Spanish Andy, Wolf Warbeau, Logan Maury's with them, the worst hothead of the lot. The show will start when a number all of a sudden demand that whoever they are be checked. Some will mount their horses and start up the street, calling out the mob. It'll trail in the plaza in no time."

"They've probably got a few railroad ties all ready for knocking in the jail door," said Allan. "They'll likely count on the last of darkness for the attack. Daylight will favor us. Have you heard any word to show they know we've made ready a reception?"

"That's something I can't tell you. I've told all I know. God help you both—and God help me if they catch me talking to folks up dark alleys!"

Madden chuckled. The Lily was gone, a shade scurrying through darkness.

When Allan and Madden returned to the office, they found Susan there. She was pouring coffee, pale but steady. Allan ordered her home at once.

He felt some compunction as she gathered her things without argument. He said, "I'll be sure you to the house, Susan." As they picked their way over dark rickety sidewalks, she tried to get him to talk, asking many questions, and he found himself telling her his plans. She showed no fear now.

"This Wichita Lily," she said. "You trust her?"

"Madden does. She's an old-timer. She knows the Texans, and she's soft on Madden for some reason."

"She's still at that dance hall?"

"She went back there."

When they reached Susan's home they were challenged by a guard posted there in the darkness to protect the sheriff. The man reported that Doc Evans was still inside; the physician declared the sheriff was resting and out of danger.

"Allan," said Susan, "have you tried to avoid this fight by warning them?"

"Warning them about the men around the plaza? That would be mad, Susan. That's our only defense; we don't dare give it away."

"It will be a terrible thing, Allan. If they only knew!"

"They'd never listen. I have my plans made, Susan. I can't stop longer. Good night!"

Her hands flew out instinctively to detain him, but he was gone. She ran into the house.

Once inside, she did not stop. She flew through the house and out the back door, where the guard would not observe her. Without a sound she was gone in the darkness.

The alley behind Trail Street was infamous, but Susan at least knew where it was. She located the rear of the Bascom and Wing. The door was open, throwing a shaft of yellow light outside. Susan edged near.

She did not wait long. A man stepped to the door for a breath of air. He gave a start when Susan spoke, politely, firmly.

"Will you kindly ask the Wichita Lily to step back here a moment?"

The man, a house dealer, said, "Sure thing, ma'am. I'll get her. But you better step inside and wait in one of the back rooms here."

Susan waited in a little room with a large round table and a smell of liquor and cigars.

When the Lily arrived she stared at Susan, hostile, granting no sign of recognition. "Well, what is it you want?"

Susan said in a businesslike tone, "Sit down. I want to talk with you. I reckon you know me."

"I know you."

Susan made it clear immediately that she knew all about the part the Lily had

played that night. The Lily paled, but looked intensely curious as Susan went on to tell of her father's condition and her own passionate desire to prevent further shooting. The men were going blindly ahead on both sides, helplessly. Wasn't there something the women could do to stop it?

"The Lily was at a loss for answer. But she countered, "You're in love with that Harper fellow, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am. What of it?"

"Well, I heard a rumor you were running out on him. That's a funny thing to do."

"I haven't found it so."

The Lily eyed Susan, judging her. "No, maybe not. And I understand your point, too. It's a lot better to run out in the beginning than later." She chuckled suddenly. "I know; I made my own bed, and I reckon I prefer it. Last year in Kansas City I had a rancher lay the world at my feet—a million acres or so of it, anyway, all sand and crawling with cattle and gophers and coyotes. A girl has a right to jump at a chance like that, eh? I said no-siree-bob, and I'll say it again. I'll live my own life."

Susan said diplomatically, "Men are stubborn and hard, it seems. You can't change them."

"Hard?" The Lily glared. "I'll tell you something, Thad Dan Madden. I know him pretty well. He's probably the hardest man alive if you assay his metal. My head was turned about him once, but it did me no good. Well, Dan Madden had a wife that quit and ran. And I know this: he's looked for her everywhere for years, and he keeps looking. You think men are hard, don't they? They're soft as honey in the hive. Break the wax and watch them run like water. I'll bet you fought like a wildcat with that beau of yours. You'd better be sharper than that—if you want to keep him. Do you or don't you?"

Susan covered her face with her hands. And the Lily said, "Oh, cheer up, sweetheart! To hell with any man!"

"I'm not here about any man," Susan said. "It's all the men I'm thinking of. My men and my friends, and your men and your friends. They're going to shoot one another tonight, and neither side can win. What good is the winning if half are dead?"

The Lily looked afraid. "I don't know, child, God's truth!"

"But why can't it be stopped? Why can't these Texas people see they're heading into slaughter? Don't the lives of men mean anything?"

The Lily snorted. "Not to a cowman. Why, they'd die in pairs, every last pair of them, saving the miserable life of a yearling steer not worth a round of drinks!"

Susan looked at the Wichita Lily. She sat erect. Her eyes were suddenly bright and dry and hard. "Look! Those steers. Those Texas steers out in the pens and corrals. Out on the prairie."

"Well, what?"

"Suppose a fire breaks out! It's likely, and who will stop it? Think of the gunfire and the bullets. Think what will happen when this town boils over and all those men go mad on the streets? Do you think the cattle will stand quietly waiting?"

"Well, what'll they do?"

"They'll stampede! They have carloads of them penned up now, delayed by the car shortage. The town is surrounded by herds. I don't know how many. But can you picture fifty thousand Texas longhorns stampeding?"

The Lily swore softly.

Susan said, "I came for help, and you've given it to me. You know a good

many of the herd owners, the ranchers, the bosses and agents—the men these cowboys take orders from."

"I know a few right well."

"Take me to them. Let me talk to them. They may not care about human lives, but I'll give them something to worry about—the herds they've spent months trailing up here!"

"The Lily got up, looking at Susan. "You really think that will accomplish something?"

"Unless we're too late! Take me to them, Lily!"

The Lily suddenly flamed with missionary zeal. "God bless you, child. Let's go!"

Over at the depot plaza the men of Orlando waited. The waiting and the quiet and the darkness were an ordeal.

Little by little the dawn advanced. Along with the thinning night the sounds from Trail Street thinned, faded. There was a majestic brilliance in the east beyond the cattle pens.

Then it came, abruptly.

There sounded a single shrill yell, exultant, bloodcurdling. It brought every man in the sheriff's office stiffly alert. A chorus of yells, and then a muted roar, like a baying pack let loose on a fresh track. Men were running, and the hollow walks resounded; men were leaping to the saddle, and there was the shrill sound of frightened horses. There was the sudden numbing beat of gunshots.

A single man, one of the scouts, came running over the plaza, shouting.

"All right," said Allan sharply. "Ready!"

The men were already at the windows and near the open door, weapons up.

"Madden!" said Allan. A pause; then, "I'm going out there to meet them. Are you with me? It's the only chance we've got to stop them. The last chance. Madden, we've got to do it!"

There was a peculiar look in Madden's blue eyes. He said, "I'm with you, boy."

They went outside.

There was a grayness in the plaza. At one end a horseman ran his mount into view, brandishing a six-shooter. Others boiled out of the street, yelling.

Allan and Madden stepped into the dust of the plaza and began to walk toward the mob.

The Texans advanced. All carried arms. A wild fusillade of shots whipped the upper air. They were gleeful, ruthless, drunk with violence.

Dan yelled, holding his hands aloft. Dan Madden stood a step behind him, waiting.

"Hold on—where you are!" Allan commanded.

"Clear out, you Harper!" cried a voice. "Clear out, or your blood on your own hands!"

"Before you start," Allan called. "You have a right to know what is going to happen. You stand covered by enough guns to blow you to kingdom come! I don't want to turn them loose, but you can't come near that jail."

"You-all got a Texas boy in that jail. Turn him loose, and we'll quit here and now."

"He's in by court order, and I can't turn him loose till he's been tried. Nor can any man on earth."

"Who's to stop us?"

"All Orlando!" roared Allan. "You damned idiots, don't you see? You are being led to slaughter by men who are making fools of you. They don't care a damn about a thousand Texas boys—they want the law destroyed so they can skin you cleaner and slicker than they ever could before."

There was an outburst of jeering and



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yelling. Through it Allan heard Madden's urgent voice, "The Lily was right. Wolf Warbeau, the Bascoms, Jim Ward—off to the side. Watch them!"

On one flank Wolf Warbeau also watched, calculating the molten, flowing mood of the mob. He kept silent, waiting. He knew they relished his solitary challenge, as the Indians had savagely relished courage in the doomed. But they were not to be stopped by one man, nor by a hundred men. Wolf Warbeau waited.

Allan looked for Logan Maury but could not find him. "Hold on! I'm not through!" He caught their attention. "I know you can shoot me down. You can shoot us both down. But the man that pulls trigger won't live out that second. Look—look yonder, you Texans. There are men on top of those cars on the siding. You can look into gun muzzles all around you—look on the jail roof, the depot, the houses, the cars on the plaza. Do you want to fight those guns? They're waiting for you. But no man goes near that jail!"

"Easy, boy!" said Madden. "You can't hold them. Get ready!"

The mob stood fast. They began to feel the grim certainty in Allan's warning. They hesitated, as if Allan's brutal, insensate anger, brewed in them.

Then Allan caught a flash of Madden's sudden movement out of the corner of an eye. Madden fired, just as a gunshot exploded to one side of the mob. Both Madden's guns flamed.

Several guns were answering then, to the side, Madden staggered, but his revolvers continued their irrevocable execution.

Allan saw one man standing behind his horse. The gear, and a glimpse of the face, told him. Wolf Warbeau! The Wolf's six-shooter rested on the horse, aimed at Madden.

Allan's shot was automatic, fast, sure. He saw Warbeau go down.

A horseman, cursing, leaped his animal at Allan. Allan threw himself aside, to earth, firing pointblank. A pistol barrel swung viciously, clipping his forehead. There was a vast confusion.

And then the shooting ceased as suddenly as it started, and there was the roaring of a mighty voice in an extremity of wrath.

"You fools, you imbeciles, you spawn of half-wits! Get back—back before I break your skulls! What are you all doing here? What damned nonsense is this?"

Allan Harper, half kneeling, beheld an incredible apparition. It was Colonel Alexander Barlow, mounted, terrible and awesome in his giant stature. Standing erect in his saddle he faced the mob, pistol in hand. With him were a dozen other armed and mounted men—drovers and ranchers and the foremost Texas cattlemen in Orlando.

A cowboy yelled, "They got a Texas boy in that jail, and we're going to take him out, by God!"

The colonel's gaze sought him out. The colonel spurred his horse. The animal sped like a bullet into the mob, spilling men right and left. The cowboy turned to flee, but the colonel swung once and struck him down.

Wheeling, the colonel roared, "You damned fools, do you know what you're doing? Have you any idea? Shut up—I'll answer! I'll tell you what you're doing. You're starting a wholesale stampede! Have you no thought of the steers in those pens, or the herds close to town? You're pulling down the house to save a damned rat. I have four herds in and around this town, and I'm not risking them for any drunken blackguard!"

An anxious voice tried to interrupt,

but the colonel roared it down. "You—doan Carter! Who started this? You, Jim Wilson—I'll talk to you later! Petersen. Ashby. Malone. I'll have an accounting from all of you and find out who's responsible for this. Scatter out of there!"

The mob began to break. Like butter in the sun, it swam a little, trickled here and there, and then of a sudden was melting, disintegrating. The colonel's companions singled out their own men for vitriolic attention. The gamblers and the floating element of trail-town refuse could not stand alone; they broke and fled. The mob was suddenly nonexistent, although the plaza was crowded with confused men.

In the center of the scattered crowd there was a cleared circle. Allan Harper was there, erect and wiping blood from his eyes. Five others were there too, but they were flat on the earth, dusty and dazed, and the mob was suddenly nonexistent, although the plaza was crowded with confused men.

"Allan! Dammit all, Allan Harper!" "Madden!" Allan ran to the fallen figure.

The machinery of government never ground so swiftly in the memory of Orlando as in the ensuing hour. Allan had Judge Jones converse court, and the law spoke with emphasis and dispatch. Deputies, faring forth with his specific orders, brought in man after man, and the dry precise voice of the old man pronounced swift judgment.

A large number were disarmed, fined, informed of the drastic punishment awaiting a second offense, and turned loose in a very sober state of mind. Another group was summarily ordered to a corral near the depot which was pressed into service as a detention pen. These were to be lodged aboard the noon train, with strict orders not to return.

The dragnet caught every ringleader on the Street but one. Logan Maury was not to be found.

There was a reason for that. Logan Maury had no intention of abandoning his ride of impartial intermediarity between the Street and the town, and while he fed fire to the flames of riot, he remained discreetly in one of the private rooms at the rear of the Buck and Wing. There he awaited reports from the field.

The reports were soon forthcoming, and their import was stunning. He heard an account of the scene on the plaza from a cowed resort owner. He listened to further accounts of the fiasco from others, and he was informed of the descent of parties of grim townsmen, deputized to perform arrest, upon the hitherto inviolate precincts of Trail Street. Maury dismissed all but a few intimates, locked and bolted the room door.

They sensed frustration and fury in the man, and tried to reason with him.

"It ain't as bad as it looks at first glance, Logan," Carmody, the barman, told him. "You've still got the house here, and the bar. The damned wheat come to spend. Let the damned wheat come. Hell, there'll be other towns!"

But Maury was not thinking of the towns. He was thinking of the cities; of money, quick hard money; of Susan and the great world and the dreams he had ruthlessly dreamed. And he was thinking of Ruby.

Facing the floor, he wheeled abruptly. "Get that Lee girl down here. I'll get to the bottom of this."

They brought Ruby to him. She was quiet and pale. She looked Maury in the eye, and his scowl did not daunt her.

"Somebody has given us the double-cross," he told her. "The town wasn't organized yesterday noon, after midnight it was. Where did you go when you went walking last evening, Ruby?"

She smiled, a little crookedly. "I went to see Susan Pritchard."

"Susan Pritchard?" A silence, and then, like a whip-lash, "What did you say to her?"

"I told her she was a fool. I told her I was your mistress."

Maury went livid. He sprang toward the girl and struck her across the face. Carmody came erect in his chair, then sank slowly back, the red veins in his cheeks vivid against a whiteness.

"You twit! You twit!" Maury said. He called Ruby a litany of things shameful and unprintable. "So you're the one responsible! What other lies did you tell?"

"I told the truth, Logan Maury. Everything I could tell!"

She sensed the import of the quick movement with a blow of the pistol barrel. She sprang to the door; it was open, and she fled, slamming it behind her. She made for the stairs leading to the women's rooms.

Maury was delayed at the door by Carmody. He knocked the barman unconscious with a blow of the pistol barrel. He charged outside, saw Ruby just disappearing on the stairs.

Belle Pomeroy blocked his path. Halfway down she halted, a huge, formidable woman, one hand gripping the rail, the other planted against the wall.

"You murdered a girl in my house, Logan Maury! Get back to your cell!"

"Get out of my way!" Maury roared. "I won't. You can't touch that girl!"

And then came a diversion. In the rear doorway of the place stood a vaguely familiar figure, a young man whose importance Logan Maury measured only by the 45 in his hand.

"Come down here, Logan Maury!" the young man barked. "Come down here, by God, and let's see you face it as well as you give it."

Maury did not come down; he fired two shots from the stairs.

The young man staggered into the place and crashed on the floor.

Up front a man watching from the door yelled, "Here come the deputies! Light out of here, Maury!"

For an instant Maury stood fixed on the stairs, breathing heavily. Then he said, "Tell them I'll see them in court. I'm going after that man Harper, and I'll get him and I get him. I'm going to blow this town clean from its foundations."

He ran out into the alley just as the party of deputies was entering the front doorway.

The deputies had been dispatched by Allan Harper with urgent orders. The elusiveness of Logan Maury was something not to be overlooked, for until the man was scotched this day's work was far from ended. The deputies were instructed to search the house from room to room and not to come back without their prisoner.

And brooding on that, Allan thought of Ruby and of young Joe. There was a debt he owed them both. This day was not yet over, and danger and death still stalked the town. He left the court abruptly and made for Trail Street.

He and Maury met on the plaza. They



saw each other simultaneously. No word was spoken. Each man understood clearly. Their eyes were fixed each upon the other, and the hatred between them required no word. Death was the common ground between them, and they advanced upon death without a tremor.

Maury moved first. His gun flashed clear, and the barrel leveled.

The sound of Maury's shot was drowned in a thunder that rolled over the plaza and over the town. Five bullets coursed and found their mark, and Logan Maury went to earth. He lay where he fell, his face in the dust, his gun free of the limp fingers.

For a moment the world and time stood still. Allan looked at the 38, felt the heat from it, then began to eject the spent shells. He reloaded the cylinder, put the gun away, and was gone from the plaza.

Young Joe was still clinging to life when Allan saw him a little later. He was in Ruby's room on Ruby's bed, and Ruby was with him, quiet, watchful, with a kind of dedication in her luminous eyes. Joe was white and still.

"I got Doc Evans in time," Ruby said. "He says he'll pull through."

"Let him stay here," Allan bade her. "You look after him."

"What else would I do?" she retorted. She went on, speaking with difficulty. "I reckon I ought to tell you. We'll be getting married when he's up and around."

"Ruby!" Allan took a deep breath. "I am glad. Did he actually ask you?"

"He did not." She smiled, a little proudly. "He doesn't need to."

And Allan knew that life was right at last for Ruby. She had found her man.

That morning Daniel Madden was installed in one of the best rooms in the Old Chisholm House. There Doc Evans removed two bullets from his tough frame, and by nightfall he was able to pronounce the patient in danger. Not until then was Allan able to visit him.

"Well, they got me, boy, didn't they?" Madden drawled in a thin voice. His serenity was unruined. "I reckon they shot a little of the toughness out of me this time. I doubt I'm quite the asset to this town I was."

"That's likely true," Allan acknowledged. "They proved emphatically you can't shoot it out with a whole mob single-handed. That's a stiff blow to your reputation."

Madden smiled. "It's up to you now, boy. You're the only law and order on his feet in Orlando, my dear child."

"I've got the easiest job this side of Boston Common," Allan assured him. "Trail Street this minute is quiet as a church. I looked it over and didn't see a single six-shooter in sight."

Madden stared up at the white ceiling. "In view of these present circumstances, I reckon I'll have to take you into my confidence in a certain matter."

"Go right ahead."

"Well, first of all, I must confess that my only employer is not the city of Orlando. I had another job when I came here. I've still got it. Privately and exclusively between us, I'm working for the Kansas and Colorado Railroad Company. I'm on the payroll of the general freight and passenger agent's office. I'm a representative of that office sent here to observe the situation, raise the general moral tone locally and see what can be done to increase company business."

"I thought the map got sent for you."

"So he did. I was working for the company. I was an armed guard and general trouble-shooter, and felt satisfied with the job. But when I mentioned to

my boss, John Savage, that Orlando was bidding for my services, he told me to accept. My salary would go on, and I could work here as city marshal as long as the situation required."

"What obligations do you owe the company?"

"None—except the identical obligations I owed the city."

"Well, then, I reckon there's no cause to take exception."

Madden tried to laugh, almost succeeded. "I'm not through yet. I became interested in this two-sided job of mine; it opened up things I had just before bothered to consider. You're one of them. My office in K.C. looked for reports from me by wire. I took the liberty of looking into the future and making a few suggestions. I wired them the cattle trade wouldn't last. I suggested that they build a lot of sidings and loading pens out west of here, where they've pushed the railroad this summer."

"What did they say?"

"They didn't comment. They just wired back for more information. So I told them about your wheat."

A thrill stole along Allan's frame. Madden went on, "I don't know what they can do on it, but it won't hurt to let them know there may be something to turn to when the cattle are gone. They want settlers; they've got plenty of land to sell along the right of way, and they need buyers. I gave them an idea of what you have in mind and what you saw at that fellow Ferguson's place. They were interested. I had a wire from the company's general land agent inquiring about your standing and reputation."

Allan got up and walked to the window. "What would they do about it if they were convinced?"

"That I can't say. The trouble is there's so little money in this country. I had to tell them the situation and disappoint them with the information that you were honest, ambitious and right willing—but broke."

"What was the last word from them?"

"Late yesterday. You'll find it in my coat there on the chair. Read it."

Allan took out the yellow paper with a scrawl of penciled words.

Strongly urge you forget wheat and concentrate on dangerous situation described most important to all that quiet be maintained keep us advised of developments.

J. H. Savage

Allan refolded the paper and put it away. His face was impassive.

Madden said, "Don't worry, son. I'll work it. I made the doc take down a telegram before he started cutting at me, to be sure of getting off word of this morning's work. I'll make you a reputation, anyway."

"Thanks," said Allan. "I wish you could borrow some money on it for me."

"I've seen strange things for me," Allan smiled ruefully. "Some day, whether I have anything to do with it or not, you'll see the strangest thing of a lifetime out here, Madden."

"What's that?"

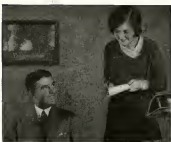
"What all around Orlando so far that you won't pass through it in a day's riding on the fastest horse."

Madden tried again to laugh. "I know a stranger thing still that's no dream but a kind of nightmare."

"What could that be?"

"Dan Madden planting a section of your damned wheat! You'll soon have me down with the contagion of it."

A wiry, elderly man on the porch of the hotel rose from his chair just as Allan was leaving and called his name. Allan glanced at the stranger, then



## "You Must Have Spent Years on Shorthand"

### "No! I Learned It In SIX WEEKS!"

HER employer laughed aloud. "Sir seeks! You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks. You have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they make a great many errors."

"That isn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice, and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

"Ever notice the girl behind the big business man her notebook."

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A. B. C. letters."

"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. Any one can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every character you use in a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly, too?"

"One boy I know who studied Speedwriting in his own home, took court testimony at the rate of 100 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

## Speedwriting

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leaped to shake the leathery old hand.

"Pop Golden! By the Almighty, I'm glad to see you!"

"I reckoned you would be. I heard you were upstairs visiting, so I waited for you."

"We'll go inside and have a drink. The sight of you makes me thirsty, and chiefly for news."

The spry old man chuckled and accompanied Allan to the bar.

Pop Golden's story was quickly told. The herd was on its way. He had ordered it to cut clear around Orlando and proceed north without visiting the town.

"All I been hearing of this summer about Orlando is trouble. I been playing in enough bad luck, so I skipped the town. After I had that talk with you, I kept on going north, and I made a deal up near Laramie. I sold the herd clean as a whistle, subject only to good delivery, and I calculate the water and grass to northward will take care of that. I reckon I'll have a draft for you about the middle of September, and I don't expect it'll rile you any."

Allan laughed. There was a warmth in his soul, the feeling less of profit than of confirmation of a man's earnest judgment. There was that warmth, but there was along with it an inescapable regret. There would be money, but it came too late for the realization of a dream.

Later in the evening Allan went to the Pritchard home. He found the sheriff improving rapidly, buoyed up by the day's triumph. After a short talk with Pritchard, Allan looked for Susan, and finding her alone, joined her.

Susan was weary from her long and anxious vigil, and once her hands were motionless. There was a strange mood on her, an air of calm decision, of peace, as if a storm of harried thought and insecurity were ended and the shelter of a harbor gained, without regret or doubt or misgiving.

There was not even yet, however, complete freedom from misgiving in Allan. He watched her.

"Susan," he said, "you once told me that if you could see the law prevail in Orlando, you'd reconsider. I reckon you saw the law in Orlando this morning."

"I did," she acknowledged. "I myself helped bring it."

"You did. It was a splendid thing to do, Susie; an inspired thing. That's why you're needed here, so badly needed. Do you see that?"

"It's past. I did it, and it won't need doing again."

"It will, in a thousand ways," he insisted. "These prairie women need someone to show them a better way of life. You can do it. There are the children and the schools and the churches and the women's work that will increase steadily as this town and country grow."

"It still seems a man's country, Allan." "It isn't. There's the secret of it!" He talked with conviction. "Peace is not the reward of fighting, it's the end of building. It needs more than the force of arms; it needs the force of right doing, of patience and understanding, of charity and persistence. We men alone can't supply all that, Susan, do you think you can leave Orlando in her need?"

She sat very still. "You understand—I can't leave my father now, don't you?"

"I do and that's duty. It's your heart I'm talking to."



So softly that he barely heard, she said, "I'm staying, Allan."

He got up and went to stand beside her, a hand on her shoulder. "You mean—with me, Susan?"

She sighed, leaning toward him until her cheek came to rest against his hand. "I've learned something, Allan," she said. "I hated this country. It was cruel to me and mine and all I knew. I wanted

own child. I gave something. I did something, both for Orlando and for you, and now a great many things are suddenly terribly precious."

Allan put his arms about her.

She was not finished; she went on, "I realized, Allan, that instead of taking men from this country it was my job to stay and give men to this land . . . big men, like you . . . to hold the land forever."

They were in each other's arms, happy and at peace.

There was a light, almost timid knocking at the door.

Allan sprang up, instantly alert. Susan went to the door.

A young man stood in the lamp-light. "Is the sheriff here?" He stammered a little, and added, "I'm right sorry, ma'am—I mean Mr. Harper. I was told he'd be here." Allan came forward. "I'm here, Tom."

Tom was a youth who worked in the Old Chisholm House. He thrust an envelope at Allan. "It's from Marshal Dan Madden. He got a telegram and wants you to see it. He asked me to find you."

Allan thanked him, and the youth departed. Allan read the telegram twice.

"Susie!" he said. "Susie, the general passenger and freight agent of the railroad is going to back our play! He's coming out here to see it for himself."

"I don't understand, Allan." "Susie, it means money! Credit and equipment and men. We'll plant our wheat this fall on all the land I've got or can lay hands on!"

She stared at him, peered at the telegram. "But why should they?" "Sneer and interest, girl! It's the end to their own troubles. We've given them peace and order—we can give them a harvest of wheat, and they want it as quickly as they can get it. They'd spend a fortune to have a field of wheat right here in Orlando now to show a book of their own troubles. It would be worth millions to the railroad. The trail is going; the railroads will move it west. They've got to have something else—wheat, and the people to raise it."

Susan looked at him. "Allan, if they'll do this, there's something else they'd do."

"What's that?" "Why should they wait till summer to show people a crop? Let them show one now. Let them buy Mr. Ferguson's harvest. Let them bring it here, and put stacks of it all up and down Trail Street, all around the depot, in every store window. They can do that, can't they? Let's decorate every house and dress up the town!"

"Susie!" It was almost a yell. "I'll stun them. It'll stampede the town. It'll start a boom, and as you're born! I'll bet good bottomland will pass fifty dollars an acre inside a month."

He opened his arms, and she came to him. She looked up into his eyes, smiling, happy, proud of him. "Together always, Allan? I'm so happy!" "Together, and down Trail Street, I could do anything. We could lick all Texas."

"Kansas is big enough for me."

"For us and a hundred thousand others, Susie!"

And he thought of the rolling empty prairie and was suddenly dazzled by a golden rustling glory creeping surely over it as far as the setting sun.

THE END

## Coming:

The story of a young architect who made good on the strength of

### The \$100 Necktie

by

**STEPHEN VINCENT BENET**

A gay Thanksgiving story

### Norman's Conquest

by

**JACK GOODMAN**

and

**ALBERT RICE**

to take away from it all those I loved, and I tried hard, I wanted you to leave. I reckon more than half my interest in Logan Maury was just a woman's wiles. And yet I don't know what I expected to find wherever else I went. I've been too long away. In the shock and trial of the last few days, I came to realize that there is no true peace anywhere; that the way of life is struggle, and more struggle, and the only defeat lies in quitting. I realized that your wheat man up North was struggling and winning his fight, winning the land, winning a victory greater than peace."

"It's the kind of struggle we can win together, Susie."

"I want to, Allan. It's something like —it must be like loving and tending one's

THINGS TO LOOK FOR WHEN YOU'RE BUYING



**Clothing**

The width of the seam and the fine, close stitching prove good tailoring.

**Glassware**

High grade glassware gives out a musical ring when rapped sharply.



**Chicken**

A tender chicken has a flexible breast bone.

**Melons**

Feel the blossom end. If it is soft and yielding, the melon is ripe.



**Silverplate**

To tell whether the base is nickel silver (the best) or white metal (cheapest), strike the piece sharply with a pencil. If it rings, the base is nickel silver.

AND WHEN BUYING WHISKEY  
GIVE IT THE . . .

# BEAD TEST

Once it was smart to spend money recklessly. Now it's smart again to buy carefully, to see what you're getting for your money. You can buy whiskey just as carefully as you buy your food or wearing apparel. That's the way old-timers always bought whiskey . . . carefully . . . by the "bead test." It's a natural test because the "bead" (bubbles that form when the bottle is shaken) is a natural characteristic of

all whiskey. Just watch the amount and see how long it lasts. See what kind of whiskey you're getting for your money.

**WHAT IS BEAD?** First of all, it's the head of bubbles that forms on the surface of whiskey when the bottle is shaken. The amount of "bead" and the time it lasts constitute the "bead test."

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