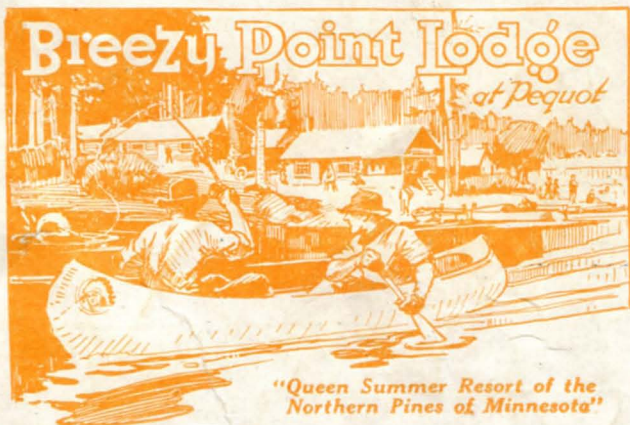


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August





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America's Magazine of HUMAN Stories
Edited by W. H. Fawcett

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

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Illustrations by A. T. Hart, Walter Taube and Don Methven.

MANIFESTO



THE latest entrant into the field of periodical literature greets you. Like newspaper men say when the presses begin to revolve, "The child is born!" He does not enter the world unendowed. On the contrary, he feels it is more blessed to give than to receive. He will reverse the order of things at his christening by distributing gifts with a lavish hand.

Primarily, the object of TRUE CONFESSIONS is to amuse and entertain; but, unlike many other magazines, in doing so it does not intend to sacrifice truth for bizarre effects. In all its stories, even those that appear to be light and frivolous, will be found an underlying strain of serious thought and an unobtrusive moral—a lesson learned through sometimes bitter experience by a person who "has lived this life."

In closing, the Editor might quote Pitt's Reply to Walpole, in defense of his new venture:

"The atrocious crime of being young. . . . I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience."



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NEW MAGAZINE - Aims and Ideals - NEW REALISM

WITH this issue there emerges from its chrysalis a new Fawcett Publication—TRUE CONFESSIONS. As its name implies, True Confessions is a magazine symposium of the most vivid romances of real life—irresistible masterpieces of realism.

Its stories teem with dramatic situations that defy description; tear away the veils of pretense and paint the naked soul in indelible words of truth.

In the announcement of our \$10,000 prize story contest several weeks ago the editor particularly emphasized that True Confessions was in the field for based-on-fact, naturalistic stories describing intimate life—the lights and shadows, the frailties and falls, the perfect images of the lives of the shoplifters, the drug users, the demi-mondes, the bootleggers, the burglars—the languors and lassitudes and tremors of breakfasting love—and so on through the gamut of life—evading none of the problems, veiling none of the faults, telling all of the truth without exaggeration.

Our motto is: Straightforward truth rather than circumlocution.

True Confessions is not invading an already overcrowded field. It is blazing its own trail. Its mission is to be a vent through which the most intimate experiences in life may be voiced. Its aim is to sound and give expression to events that have played important roles in the lives of men and women and have had much to do with shaping their careers.

Each story teaches a lesson by which every reader ought to benefit.

We are not one of those persons blessed with such serene indifference to the accumulating woes of this hapless world that we can whistle through graveyards and fiddle while Rome burns.

But we have been and are optimistic about True Confessions. We feel assured that these frank and vivid stories will strike a responsive chord in the hearts and minds of our readers.

Advance orders for the initial issue of True Confessions truly have been phenomenal. More than one-quarter of a million readers will peruse the magazine this month—and the August issue is only a beginning.

Of course, True Confessions expects to improve both in subject-matter and in typographical style.

In the September issue—which will be on the news stands August 15th—prize winners in the first section of our \$10,000 short story contest will be announced. Some of these stories will be published in the September issue.

As a matter of fact, there may be one or two in the August number, as the judges have given no word or sign that might identify the Cinderellas who are to wear the golden slippers.

The second section of the prize story contest will not close until October 1, 1922, so there still is time for your life story.

Analyze yourself, set the analysis down on paper and send it in, irrespective of whether it illustrates the lofty or the base in your nature.



DIARY OF DEVIL - Versus - HYMN OF HYPOCRITE

IT IS said before the elephant drinks in the river he tramples the water with his feet so as not to see his big ugliness reflected. A very natural trait for some human animals when they grow old and do not care to look in the mirror and behold hollow eyes, pale cheeks and wrinkled faces.

It is natural for one to hide one's inmost self from one's self. Often in the home those who sit next to us are a million miles away from our souls, separated by a screen of silence. We forget the proverb, "An honest confession is good for the soul," and that it is far better to tell things as they are than to play the hypocrite and pretend the skeleton is happy left alone in the dust and dark of the closet.

The editor of True Confessions welcomes to its pages the revelation of those who follow the classic example of Ovid, with his lurid love adventures; of Marechal de Retz, who made a pact with Satan, killed boys and girls on the average of two a week for fourteen years, and whose confessions at his trial were so monstrous that women fainted with fright; of Rosseau, and his high life in Venice and elsewhere; of Casanova, with his amorous incontinence on the Continent; of Lamb, in his piteous personal confessions of a drunkard sinking into the mire of disgrace; of De Quincey, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater"; of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, whose chronicle of crime startled the world; of Tolstoi, in his "My Confession"; of Marie Bashkirtseff's journal; of Beaudelaire's "Flowers of Evil"; of Maupassant's stories; and of the writings of Goethe, George Sand, Mirabeau, Byron and Marquis de Sade.

Some of our most fascinating literature has been of this character. It was Oscar Wilde, who confessed in his "De Profundis": "There was no pleasure I did not experience. I threw the pearl of my soul into a cup of wine. I went down the primrose path to the sound of flutes, I lived on honeycomb."

True Confessions is the first magazine of its kind in the world. It prefers the diary of a devil to the hymn of a hypocrite. It believes with Heinrich Heine who wrote in his "Confessions": "I might tone down my words and veil my meaning in vague language, as some authors do in such cases; but in the very depths of my soul I hate ambiguous phrases, hypocritical flowers and cowardly fig-leaves."

Good wine needs no bush and it would not be safe to advertise bad wine in these degenerate days. If you like True Confessions tell us—tell your friends—tell your newsdealer—and remember that True Confessions is not on earth to ride a high moral stalking horse and to write and speak condemnation of every back-slider. We are here to bare life to the bone, to help the innocent and uninitiated develop brain and intuition, to cultivate steadiness and clearness of judgment—for, as the pagan poet hath described the primrose path to the everlasting fire: *Facilis descensus Averno*—Smooth the descent and easy the way.

In this task a mighty labor lies.—The Editor.

*A Story which Bares Achings of
a Woman's Soul*

“MOON

*This Tale
will be a Revelation To
SOME Husbands*



“I decided to take a place beside a quiet, business-like appearing man”

I DON'T know how to tell my story so that anyone will understand. I don't understand it myself. Sometimes, looking back, it seems impossible—it must have dreamed it. I almost convince myself as I sit in my pleasant, sheltered home, that it never happened. Then my little son comes running to me. I look into his eyes. I hear his clear, silver-sweet voice, and I know—

It was November when I married Carl and left the Rhode Island village where I had lived my life until then, for the big city of New York. It was easy, then. I was madly in love with my husband. And in November it is not hard to exchange the grayness, the bleakness, the wide, dull skies, the bare, desolate fields and hillsides for the bright lights, the easy comforts, the gay life of the city. Our pretty apartment seemed a marvel of luxury to me. The housework was like child's play after the drudgery of an old-fashioned farmhouse. And every day I loved Carl more. I am not one of these women to whom the love life means nothing. I was supremely, intoxicatingly happy and content.

But the winter slipped by, and all at once it was April. April, with the golden sun shining down on nothing but asphalt pavements and bare stone walls! With the mad-cap, heady breezes carrying no scent of good brown earth upturned, of spring flowers pushing up through the sod, of a million growing things opening eager green leaves to the light! A few pert, shrill-voiced sparrows chirped from the ledges. No fat, saucy robins; no golden-throated orioles; no flash of a bluebird's wing; no chorus, heavenly sweet, at dawn!

Carl was good to me. He took me to the parks and we saw lovely cultivated flowers in beautiful, straight rows. We rode on the buses and saw window-boxes spilling jonquils and geraniums and marguerites. We bought pots of flowers for our front windows, and I put gay cretonne slips on the furniture, and fluttery little summer curtains at the windows. And every night I made a beautiful green salad for dinner. I was still very happy, but—

When you've spent every springtime of your life among lovely, awakening, miraculous things, there's something in you that won't be put off with hot-house flowers, and lettuce from the corner grocery, and green things printed on your window curtains!

But nothing could take me from Carl. I was restless, but not restless enough to be willing to leave my adored husband, even for a visit to the old home.

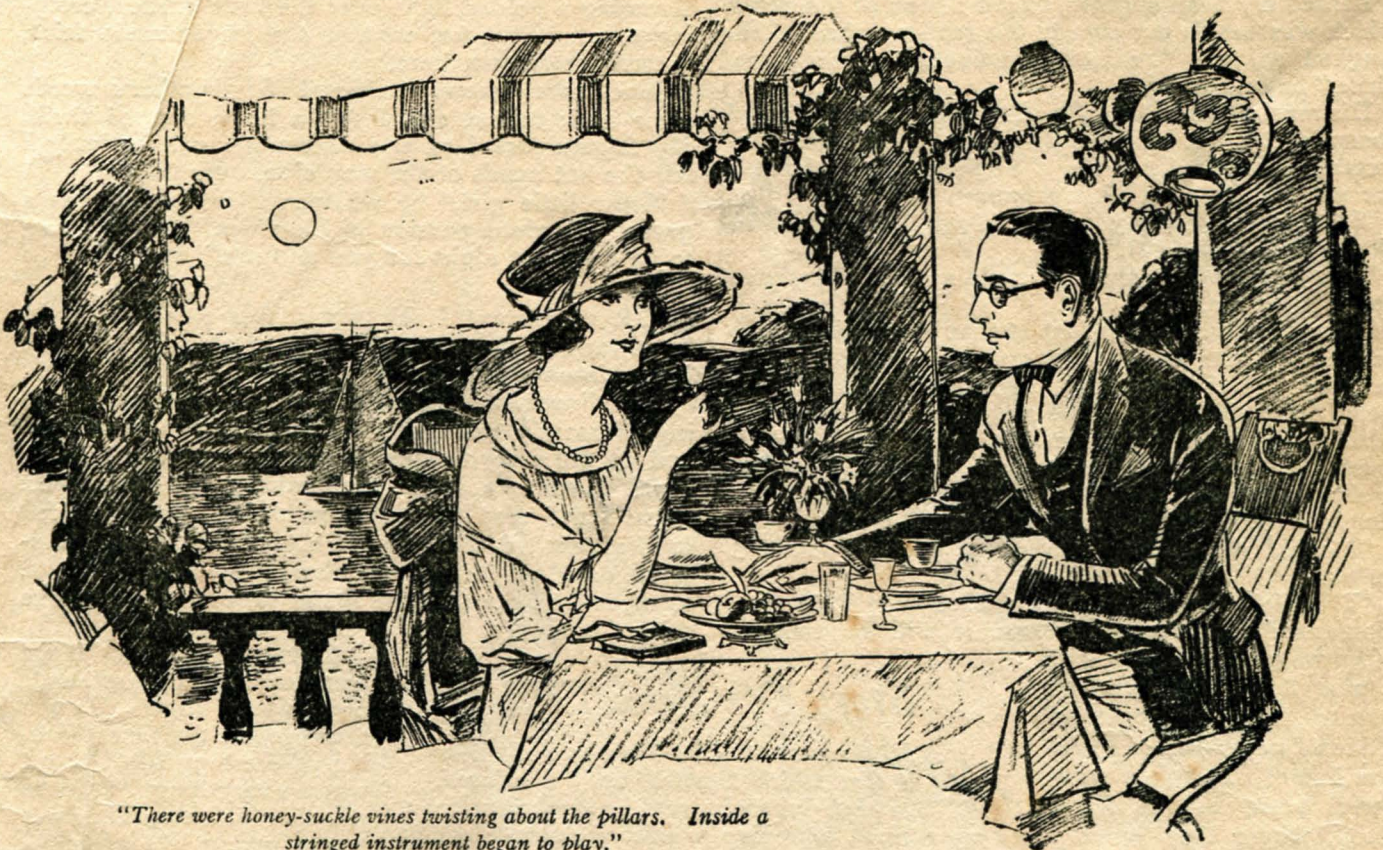
APRIL passed, and May, and all the time the country kept calling to me, but the call of my love was stronger, and I stayed in town with Carl. On the first of June he came home to tell me he must go South on a two-weeks business trip. Our first separation!

“You must go up home and visit your folks,” he told me. “The change will do you good. We'll come back to the city on the same day—two weeks from tomorrow.”

Looking ahead to two weeks without Carl it seemed an eternity! I was ashamed of the way I broke down and sobbed when we parted. It was not until we were far out of the city and the train was running through green stretches of country with mountains rising

Madness"

*Many a Mad Magenta Minute Lights the
Lavender Lamps of Life*



"There were honey-suckle vines twisting about the pillars. Inside a stringed instrument began to play."

against a far horizon and a lovely, silver strip of a river keeping us company, that I could feel cheerful again. As we went farther north the apple trees were loaded with pink-and-white blossoms, the early roses were flaunting great masses of bloom, the air was full of lilacs and syringa. My heart began to sing with joy.

At home everything was at its best. Father and mother were glad to see me and spend their whole time planning things to make me happy. But I liked better than anything else to sit in the big swing under a blossoming apple tree and drink my fill of the beauty all around me. For hours I would sit there, doing nothing—just dreaming, dreaming, while the clouds drifted overhead, and everything about me seemed to sing of love.

That was it—my dreams were all of love. Through all my enjoyment ran the longing for Carl. One day a sentence in a book caught my eye: "To women, the loveliest scenery is but a background for sentiment." And it is true. My desire for my husband was so deep and poignant that it was pain. Eagerly I counted the days until I could return to him.

I had been there a week when father called me to the door one evening to see a sickle moon, hanging low in the west, guarded by one clear star. "When it is round and full," I told myself, "I shall be going home to Carl!" After I sat late every night drinking in the beauty of a world drenched in the light of moon and stars, thinking of my husband. Mother worried about me a little.

"You know what they say about a June moon," she warned me, half joking, half serious. "It brings madness. Moon-madness they call it. My grandmother

used to believe in it. She said a June moon would turn the strongest head. Folks aren't really accountable for what they do under a June moon."

"It's a good thing I'm going home tomorrow," I laughed.

I HAD decided to go home one day before the time Carl and I had agreed on. That would enable me to get the house in order. What a good dinner I would prepare for that first night at home with him! Mother gave me fresh butter, preserves, and at the last a pair of spring chickens. I was as happy and excited as a child when I started off.

I entered the train a trifle breathlessly. I had almost missed it, and a glimpse in the little mirror set between the windows showed me my cheeks were flushed, not unbecomingly. The seats were crowded and I could not sit alone, so I decided to take a place beside a quiet, business-like appearing man, wearing horned spectacles and an air of absolute boredom. He was apparently quite engrossed in the latest number of "Thrilling Tales."

I deposited my traveling bag at my feet, pushed my ticket in the velvet seat-top before me, and prepared to doze comfortably off into day dreams, when a voice beside me said:

"Pardon me, do you care to peruse the pages of this particularly lurid fiction?"

I gave an involuntary start. It was my seat companion speaking, and his voice had a singularly pleasant quality. But I did not feel in the mood for conversation, nor was I in the habit of talking to strange men. So I replied coldly, "Thank you, I don't care for such fiction."

Instead of being repulsed he seemed encouraged. "Good taste," he approved. "Beastly close in this train, isn't it?"

I stiffened. "I do not mind it." But he continued, undaunted. "Glad I telegraphed ahead so my car will be at the station."

I tilted my head slightly, to get a look at his ticket which was beside my own in the seat-top ahead. He laughed softly. "Yes, our destination's the same, girly," he said amiably.

His musical voice, and the underlying spirit of good comradeship that is in us all, urged me to talk. Reluctantly, I melted a little. "You're lucky to have a car waiting for you," I murmured.

"Is anyone meeting you?" he asked. "If not, I'll be glad to give you a lift."

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" I exclaimed. "There's no one to meet me, but—"

Abruptly I paused, for just at that instant I remembered that I was not wearing my wedding ring. That morning I had scalded my left hand slightly with steam from the kettle. The ring hurt my finger and I had slipped it into my handbag. The Devil himself must have prompted the impulse that made me fail to finish that sentence as I had meant to, with the simple statement that I was a married woman.

"I could not think of troubling you," I finished, instead.

"Trouble? To have a ride with a nice little girl? Nonsense!" he laughed. "Say, it will be twilight when we get in. How about a nice drive out into the country, and dinner at an old inn I know, before I take you home? There's a wonderful place on the River Road, where they serve a dinner fit for a queen. And there's a moon!"

AH, THE moon! The June moon! Was it that which tempted me?

I refused, but half-heartedly, and he laughed aside my refusal, beginning to talk of other things in that unusually melodious voice. The few hours flew by, and I was amazed to find that we were pulling into the station.

"Now for our little drive," he said, "and some food."

I followed him. Why not? I argued with myself. It was only an innocent little adventure. Carl was not at home. He would never know. Or, if I told him, it would only be a good joke—but in my heart I knew I never would tell Carl!

A splendid car was waiting, a chauffeur at the wheel. He sprang from his seat and my new friend spoke to him. Again I was impressed with the clear beauty of his voice.

"You may go home, Jim. I'm going to drive myself, this evening."

"Yes, sir." Jim melted away. I hesitated, but found myself being helped into the car. He took his place beside me, the purr of the motor began, and we were gliding down the street, threading the busy traffic, on and on, into the outlying districts. Presently we were going past sleepy-looking farmhouses, from whose windows shone yellow lamplight.

We stopped before a rambling, gay-shingled inn. He seemed quite at home there, for he led me through a quaintly-furnished dining room to a small, screened piazza, where a single round table was laid for two.

A maid came in, and he ordered a chicken dinner for two. So far, so good!

There were honey-suckle vines twisting about the pillars of the piazza. Their fragrance came in, faintly. Somewhere inside a stringed instrument began to play a slow, soft melody. Outside a full moon came riding, throwing a golden light over the little garden, creeping across the floor, so that the leaves made faint, fluttering shadows there.

June moon—moon madness! My mother's words came back to me, and I felt a little, amused thrill. My fingers rested on the table-edge, and suddenly I felt the hot hands of the man close over them.

"Dear little girl," he whispered, and there was a queer, tremulous passion in his voice, "this is going to be a golden night for you and me."

FOR an instant I felt my senses recoil. Did he mean—? But no! It seemed absurd for me to harbor such a thought.

The dinner was delicious. We ate it slowly, talking pleasantly and impersonally, though toward the end we did stray to more intimate topics and once or twice I grew a little confused by an over-ardent remark delivered in those melodious tones. I felt uplifted, exalted by this new friendship, strangely intoxicated. And all the time the slow, sweet music stole out to us, and all the time the round June moon poured its glory down.

At the last, we had some transparent drink that made my pulses tingle. I was about to ask the time, thinking of the long drive home, when everything began to wheel around me. The table was spinning like a merry-go-round. I gasped and tried to keep by breath, which seemed to be leaving my body. The last I remember of that night is the feeling of two strong arms

guiding me tenderly, yet efficiently somewhere.

WHEN my senses returned the bright sun was pouring its golden stream in at a window. I could hear the joyous songs of birds, and I drowsily opened my eyes.

"Greetings, little morning-glory blossom," he said, still in that melodious voice. "Do you feel like breakfast?"

Dazedly, my gaze swept the room.

I said just four words: "Give me my handbag."

He complied, wondering no doubt, what the idea could be.

I took out my wedding ring and pushed it on my finger. Then I held up my hand to him. His face turned deathly pale. There was a long silence before he spoke.

"I didn't know. Why didn't you tell me, child? I never dreamed—I just wanted you. I'd have married you today—"

"The trouble with you is that you read too much frisky fiction," I informed him coldly and rather lamely. "Things never come out right in real life. But I don't mean to let this spoil mine. Now, please, I wish to dress and go home to my husband. I shall never tell him about this. I refuse to wreck his happiness because of a night of moon madness. Will you leave me?"

(Continued on page 58)

Story Oft Been Told

AH, the moon! The June moon! Was it that which tempted me? I refused, but half-heartedly, and he laughed aside my refusal, beginning to talk of other things in that unusually melodious voice. He was clever, entertaining, agreeable. The hours flew by . . . "Dear little girl," he whispered, "this is going to be a golden night for you and me . . ."

Confessions of a CHAMELEON

*A Glimpse into the Heart
of an Emotional Woman*

Told by Herself

I CANNOT analyze the conflicting tides which alternately sway my emotions. At times I am cold as marble, hating myself for the weakness which at other times causes me to yield to the lure of my intoxicated senses. Again, my very finger tips tingle with the vibrations which flood my being. At these times I am held in leash only by protecting influences and the hedging custom of civilized life. I long to flee to some primeval spot and be snatched into the cave of a dominating personality which could subjugate my flaming emotions and concentrate them into one incense-giving flame. Perhaps it is because of the lack of this domination that I have, during these wild moods and in unguarded moments, yielded to the longings which rend my very being.

I was a very staid, demure little lass when attending college. Fresh from the refining influence of a convent, I found the new freedom wonderful and unfamiliar. From the very first I did not care for men of the "rounder" type and if they were attracted to me at all, after one evening in my society they found me "slow" and unsophisticated. I feel that the fact that I escaped from the fate of many other girls endowed with my unfortunate temperament is due to the redeeming quality which attracted to me serious-minded men of honorable principles and sturdy character. Not that these men were lacking in sensual emotion, for they were strong personalities. In fact, I preferred older men with a sense of responsibility, though my first real sweetheart was only three years my senior, I being eighteen at the time of our infatuation. One of the most disturbing problems of those days, however, was the allaying of jealousy in the minds of the men who sought my society. Each one was afraid the other was going to take advantage of my innocence and I was continually being warned to be on my guard. At last I became engaged to the young man mentioned above. For a year we were inseparable, and then he went away to attend a university. During his absence, not caring to go about unaccompanied, I accepted the escort of other eligible young men. Unexpectedly my fiance returned, consumed with the wrath of a "righteous indignation."

"YOU have not been true to me. John is a rounder and he has gotten the best of you. I know he because he would not go with a girl whom he could not dominate," he raved.

In vain I pleaded with my beloved that I was innocent and unswayed.

"You are mine now. Nothing in the world can take you from me . . ."



"Give yourself to me, then. If you have sinned, I will forgive you and stand by you in spite of the world. If you are innocent, I will know it, also," he at last challenged.

Virtuous horror filled my soul. Could it be possible that this man loved me and yet he sought to commit me to the very perdition which he accused me of having entered?

"Why, John, you are insulting me! I am innocent of your accusations and I love no one but you. Would you make of me the thing which you seem to abhor with all your soul?" I cried.

"I would only make you my very own. No matter what that scoundrel has done to you I know the worth of your character and I will set my seal upon you so that you shall never want to be clasped in the arms of another man," he cried, folding me in an embrace which made me dizzy and bewildered.

The intensity of his pleadings, the inflaming heat of his breath, and the mad atmosphere of the moonlight night somehow overpowered me, and I lost all reckoning of time or space. . . .

"You are mine, now. Nothing in the world can

A woman whose heart and fancies were as changeable as the hues of a Chameleon

take me from you. I would go down into hell for you, dear," he reassured me many times afterward.

But even as he spoke I knew that he had put a barrier between us. How could a girl feel certain of a man to whom she had committed a treasure which even the law cannot at times protect? Besides, there was always a fear that if we did marry, he might reproach me for my weakness. He was faithfulness itself, and now, after I have been married ten years and he still remains a bachelor, I believe that he would have loved me to the end of time. But how is one to know?

I MARRIED to protect myself from myself. I was swept off my feet by a young ranchman of excellent family and with a very promising future. I said young, but I should have said a bachelor. I was twenty and he was thirty-three. He had an uncanny influence over me, for he was a strong personality; yet I was not at all sure that I loved him. He said that he would make me love him and held out to me a future of ease and plenty. My parents favored the match, and after a two month's courtship we were married. Before I would accept my husband, however, I acquainted him with the facts of my relations with my abandoned fiancé. With apparent sincerity he agreed that the past would be buried and we would live for the future. Here was a man, I decided, who truly loved me; for could a man forgive such a Magdelene unless he loved her?

It took me but a very short time to discover that my husband had married me to prey upon my youth. I tremble lest he recognize himself in this confession, but I am speaking the truth. He is a beast. To the world he is a quiet, refined, alert, business man; but, revealed in his naked soul, he is a bird of prey. If he comes into the room where I am dressing, his eyes glitter and he gloats over my body until I would fain raise my shrieking voice to high heaven in protest. He is a clean man, yet loathsome to me. His very touch maddens me with the desire to throttle him. I am turned to ice by his caresses and I dread even to be left alone with him. Yet the laws of civilization demand that for the rest of our lives I must submit sweetly to his fondness. The language which he uses when carressing me would repulse any woman of refinement, yet he is remarked upon for his timidity. He has been untrue to me, and I have hoped that he would sever the tie which links us together; but the years of youth are slipping away from me and I am a worse slave than the most loathed creature of the segregated district. My life is a lie, and I am a misery unto myself.

YET there have been glittering moments when I have cast off my hopeless despair and sought solace in distraction. During the war I undertook to brighten the days of alienation for a young soldier whom I had taught in Sunday school. At the time of his going across, his sweetheart had, for some unstated reason, cast him off, and the boy was in the depths of despair. During those terrible days of slaughter and bloodshed the boy cared little whether the enemy missed him or not. He wanted to die. Yet, though his very comrades were wounded and killed, he remained alive to grieve and remember. To his old teacher, who was not much his senior, however, he confided his grief and despair. I tried to make life endurable for him in those days, to give him something to hope for. At last, though it was not true, I hinted

of a dawning affection for him, just to give him something to speculate upon. Although never a censorable word passed in our letters, there gradually grew up a comradeship born of mutual sorrow. I myself became attracted to my own pit. Then came the armistice and the return of those glorious boys. My little laddie sought my presence with strange emotions.

"You saved me from something worse than death, dear one. I know I have no right to love you, but I do. Your letters reached me at the most crucial moments of my exile. They came just before and after battle. Above the reeking, loathsome stench of the trenches, above the din of shot and shell, in the midst of temptation, your image arose to beckon me back to a home which I was trying to forget. Your lonely soul called me home to you, dear. I know and understand, though you have never told me, that your life is empty of joy. Let me make it happy for one little hour that I may repay the debt I owe you. To me you have always been the most wonderful woman in the world. When I was a little boy and you tried to instill manly principles into my soul, I planned to marry a woman as near like you in every way as I could. The girl I once thought I loved was, I imagined, vaguely like you; but she robbed me of manliness when she sent me broken-hearted across the sea. You restored my faith in myself. Let me give you my youth and realize the dream I have cherished of possessing my ideal just once." He pleaded in that soft persuasive voice of his.

IT WAS the call of dawning manhood to departing youth, and my heart was starved. . . . Like a guilty thief who had robbed an innocent victim, I repaid my sinful debt by sending the youth, whom I had robbed of his ideal, back to the arms of the girl he loved—youth is very forgiving and plastic, and they are now very happy, while I still am lonely, my ideals shattered and my longings unsatisfied.

One day there came to our house a young mechanic who was to set to rights our car. He had married, from my husband's family, a woman many years his senior. He was perfectly wretched, for they had not a thought in common. He was an artistic soul who lived in dreams of tenderness and beauty. He loved music, and I, lonely for appreciation and sympathy, grew to long for his visits. I put the car out of order so that he might be needed. At last, one day, as he was about to leave, he took me in his arms and kissed me.

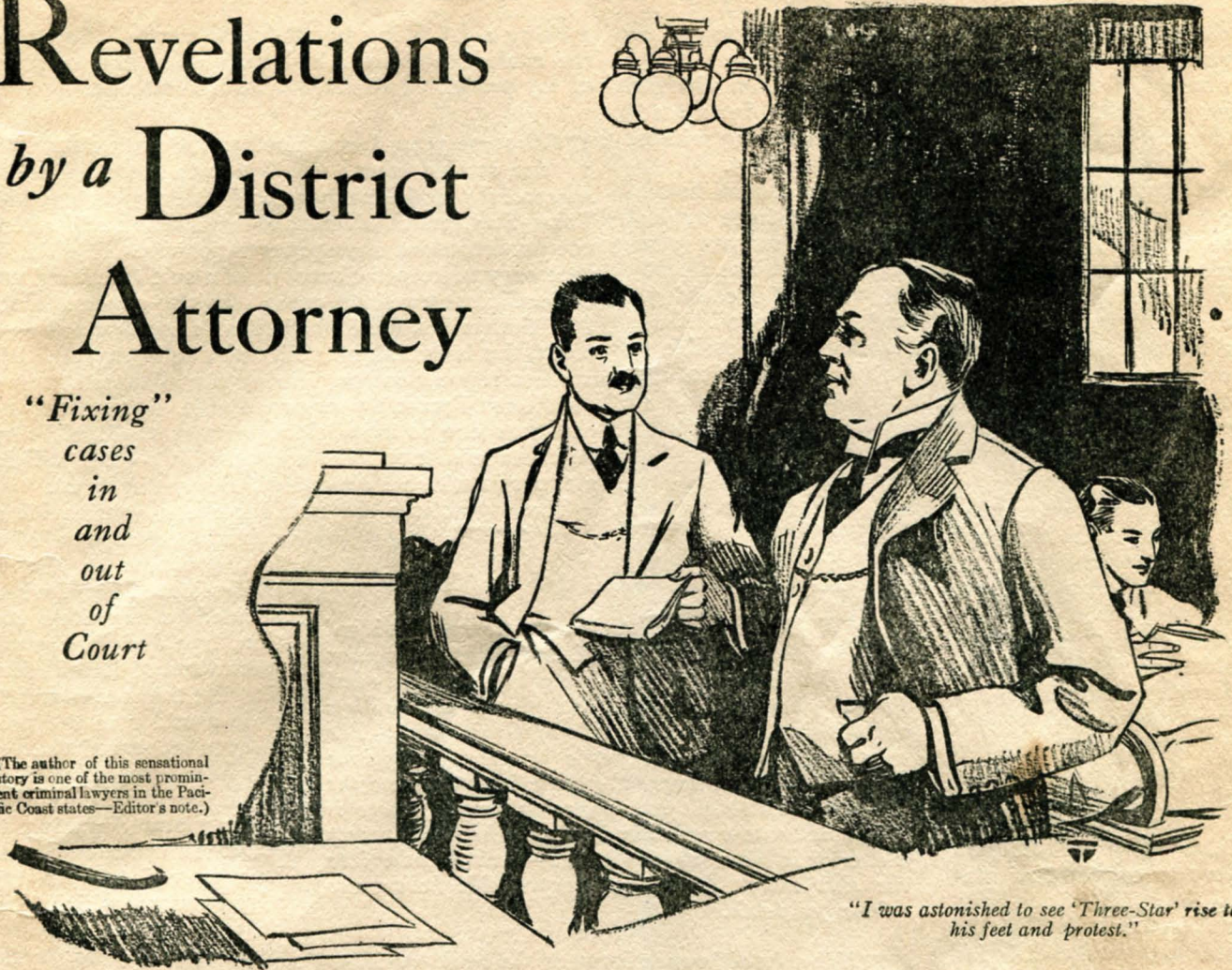
"We are mismated, sweetheart. You were meant to be an inspiration to someone and not a mere drudge. I believe that I could make you happy and I am sure that with my guidance you might become a famous artist. Let us run from bondage and live for each other," he urged.

I shall never forget that mad night as long as I live. I was playing "Let the Rest of the World Go By" and it seemed to impel me to accept the avenue of escape for us. I left the home of my husband, and my lover went into the air service. I met him in the city of Z—. With secret misgivings I consented to go to a hotel to talk things over. We had been there about an hour when I fancied I heard someone outside our door. My lover ridiculed my fears and manifested toward me a tenderness which seemed to take away much of the stoniness which the years had put into my heart. I felt almost (Continued on page 67)

Revelations by a District Attorney

*"Fixing"
cases
in
and
out
of
Court*

(The author of this sensational story is one of the most prominent criminal lawyers in the Pacific Coast states—Editor's note.)



"I was astonished to see 'Three-Star' rise to his feet and protest."

UPON my return from the Philippine Islands in 1899, after serving through the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection, I was honorably discharged from the army and received the princely sum of one hundred and eighteen dollars. When I had purchased civilian clothing and other necessities, I still had twenty dollars, which is not much with which to start life anew.

For a time I looked about me and then decided to adopt the profession of law, with its honorable traditions and the chance it offered in this country for political preferment. As every American is a potential president, it is only natural that nearly everybody with ambition looks to politics for the advancement of that ambition. Not that I had my eye on the presidential chair, but there are other offices in the gift of the people, which, if not so exalted, are as desirable from a pecuniary standpoint.

If any profession should foster high ideals, that of law should do so in a supreme degree; so it was in an exalted frame of mind I took up the study of Blackstone nights while I earned my living by various enterprises during the day. It was not so long before I had saved sufficient money to pay my way through a law-course at the State University, from which I was graduated two years later and admitted to practise with my lofty ideals still intact.

No sooner had I hung out my shingle than clients began to appear, but they were mostly small fry. Their cases were not of a character to justify large fees, but they gave me a steady income and much

practise in ordinary court procedure, which in turn gave me confidence and it was not long before my natural eloquence brought me a modicum of distinction if not fame.

I DID not at first realize why members of the criminal class who were in trouble began to come to me with their cases—which means a lucrative practice, indeed—until I learned that they always select a lawyer—or “mouth-piece,” as they call him—because he has the gift of gab. Being generally guilty of the charge against them, they have to depend on their lawyer’s brilliant presentation of their case, to get away.

But such ability is of little use in police court, where preliminary hearings are held and minor cases disposed of. I began to notice with wonder and amazement that lawyers of mediocre attainments, at least in my opinion, had greater success than I in having cases dismissed, instead of having them held to the grand jury for consideration by the higher court. It took me some time to solve this riddle.

We had at that time as deputy district attorney—this was in one of the larger cities of Oregon—a man of distinguished appearance, deep of chest, florid of face—in short, a man with a “front.” He was generally known as Three-Star, and owed his appointment, not to his legal ability, but to his voice—he could sing. It was his duty to prosecute all state cases in police court, while violators of the ordinances

were prosecuted by the deputy city attorney, an earnest and upright young man.

One day I was called upon to defend a man charged with an immoral act. The charge had been made under the city ordinance and the complaining witness was the man's wife, her motive being jealousy.

As usual, when the woman saw her husband behind the bars she relented and wanted the charge against him dropped, but demanded that his woman companion be prosecuted. The husband-defendant already had promised me one hundred dollars if I could get the charges against both defendants dropped. So I explained to the wife that it would be impossible to prosecute the woman and not the husband also, and she consented to have the charges against both of them dismissed. I accordingly made the necessary arrangements with the city prosecutor.

WHEN the case was called, the city prosecutor explained to the court that the prosecuting witness refused to testify and he therefore asked the dismissal of the charges against both defendants. Before the judge could act, I was astonished to see Three-Star rise to his feet and protest. He had a habit of referring to himself as the "state."

"The state of Oregon desires to oppose this motion," he said, "as we have not been consulted in the matter and we feel it is far too serious a charge to be disposed of under a city ordinance."

I was standing close to him. I could see a vision of the hundred dollars taking unto itself wings. I stepped on his foot and gave him a significant glance. He stuttered and stopped. Then I stepped into the breach.

"Your honor," I said. "If you will kindly continue this case for ten minutes I believe I can satisfy the state of Oregon that circumstances have arisen that make it desirable that this case should be dismissed." And the court kindly consented to order the recess.

As we walked out of the court Three-Star leaned over and inquired in his basso-profundo: "What is there in it?"

"Twenty dollars," I said in desperation, seeing no way out of dividing my fee except to declare the fat and satisfied prosecuting attorney in on it. It went against the grain, but it opened a new vista to me. All at once it was disclosed to me—the "system."

I introduced the defendant's wife to Three-Star. They exchanged a few words. She told him she was unwilling to testify against her husband, and within a few minutes he was willing to have the case dismissed, which was accordingly done.

It set me thinking. Here I had been plugging along, working my head off in district court, when I might get fat fees by "fixing" cases before they got before that high tribunal. Naturally I forgot about some of the higher ethics of my profession, but I had no difficulty in finding many illustrious examples who were

making a fat living by the same means. So some of the exalted notions I had held about the sacredness of my profession received a decided setback.

FOR some years I continued to have a lucrative practice in that court. All that was necessary to be a successful practitioner was to divide my earnings with Three-Star, police officers, court attaches and often as not unscrupulous newspaper reporters. It often was necessary to keep the account of a suit dismissed without sufficient cause to creep into the papers. But at that the scribes were not half as unscrupulous as the court, the lawyers and policemen and—myself. I had made a reputation for clearing my clients; but in my own heart I wasn't very proud of it. Most of my success was due to a judicious manner of distributing a percentage of my fees, not entirely to the judicious manner in which I conducted the case in court.

These practices did not, I confess, agree with my original conception of the lofty purpose of the law profession. To me, when I decided on my life's vocation, law and justice were synonymous. Later I found that the two terms were as wide asunder as the poles. It even appeared that one had been evolved with the sole purpose of circumventing and defeating the other. In other words, the Law proved to be a two-edged sword which could be used as a weapon to hew ones way to Justice, or, with equal force, to cut down barriers that threatened to entangle a criminal and cause him to pay a penalty for his crime.

When one is a public official, ones purpose naturally is to convict a criminal and bring him his just deserts; but most prosecutors seem to forget that every defendant is not a criminal and that a conviction would prove a grave injustice in many an instance. If prosecutors were guided solely by their conscience, there would be less need for the defense to resort to devious ways to protect the interests of their clients. But when nearly every case in court degenerates into a battle of wits instead of a meting out of justice, counsel for the defense may, humanly viewed, be pardoned for resorting to connivance and trickery in order to defeat the forces arrayed against him. This may be the attitude of a sophist, but it became the attitude I gradually assumed, and my reputation grew apace.

I WELL remember the trial of the first man I defended on a charge of murder. It was a sordid case. Two Scandinavians, Tom Olson and Ole Swanson, jointly were indicted for killing a fellow-countryman they intended to rob. Swanson was my client; the other was defended by W. W. Battens, a large, pompous individual. Separate trials were waived and, owing to my comparative inexperience Battens insisted on taking the leading part, with only minor assistance from me, saying he had a vast experience in the conduct of murder trials. I was properly (Continued on page 59)

Hard is Road to Success

A N Emperor born to the purple robe, fringed with ermine and gold, is not half the king nor half the man as the one who was poorly but healthily born and had to spend his life in dauntless skirmishing on the sunny side of Grub-street. The only man who really achieves is the one who has gone down among men where the game is played, and the battle fought to the last opposing ditch. There is where he broadens inch by inch until he measures up a man or is lost beneath the tide—sucked under into the sink where dwell that unspeakable horde, the submerged tenth.

T HE only difference between the bank president and the besotted derelict, panhandling "jitneys for a flop," in worldly attainment, is that the former had a goal and fought up to it; while the latter sated his propensities and traveled without a chart or a compass. The accompanying "Revelations by a District Attorney" forcibly illustrate the many obstacles in the path of the poor man who would succeed in his chosen profession.—Editor's Note.

Villamette's Legacy

*Love had been her
life and she bequeathed
it in dying*

“TAKE care of ‘forty-two’ tonight; tomorrow it won’t be necessary,” was the doctor’s instruction to Melinda Bickersby.

She found the number—an impertinent reminder of her own age—and on the cot a tiny creature, whose features were concealed in a mass of black hair. There appeared to be something weird about the form, for when she stroked its locks aside a queer, almost uncanny, sensation began to tingle in her finger tips. It was a bit of humanity so shrunken that the nurse leaned closer to assure herself it breathed, and then instinctively stepped back as one does from a painting, hoping its details will then satisfy the eye better.

When she raised its head to pour the first spoonful between its lips, she was almost afraid it might crumble to pieces in her arms. Soon, however, the effect of the tonic became apparent, for the young woman, girl, child, or whatever it might be, began to breathe and the blood to trickle through its veins.

Slowly she opened her eyes, and her lips played into a smile as she saw Melinda stroking her frail fingers.

“Thanks; how good you are,” she whispered. Then languidly she let her head sink back into the pillow as if the words had caused an exertion.

“Did the doctor tell you I am dying?” she asked.

The nurse discreetly evaded a direct answer by another question, “Why, what should you be dying of?”

“Of too much living . . . the moonlight on the Riviera was beautiful . . . Adelbert . . . two months sweet, glad hours. . . .”

THE girl’s mind was busy with the past, so she continued without heeding the nurse,—“And then Marquis d’Aglesquon—he called me his Musette—and I was true for a long, long time.” she said, as if anxious to clear herself of an accusation.

“There now, there now,” soothed the nurse.



“Did the doctor tell you I am dying?” she asked, without looking up.

The tonic had roused the girl’s mind into activity, for she asked, “But am I very, very wicked?”

“I am afraid your life has not been good, dear.”

“It has been mostly—not always, but mostly—sweet.”

“Wasted,—wasted in sin, wrong, poor child!”

“But really, really sometimes, when alone in the night,” she resumed, “I tried to think how it should be—tried to get it right; but then there were balls and music, and I forgot.”

“Helpless child, the world has done you wrong. There, don’t think any more now,” suggested the nurse.

For a moment the girl buried her head in the pillow, as if she tried to stop thinking.

But the drops were doing their work, for the next instant she looked up and spoke more distinctly:

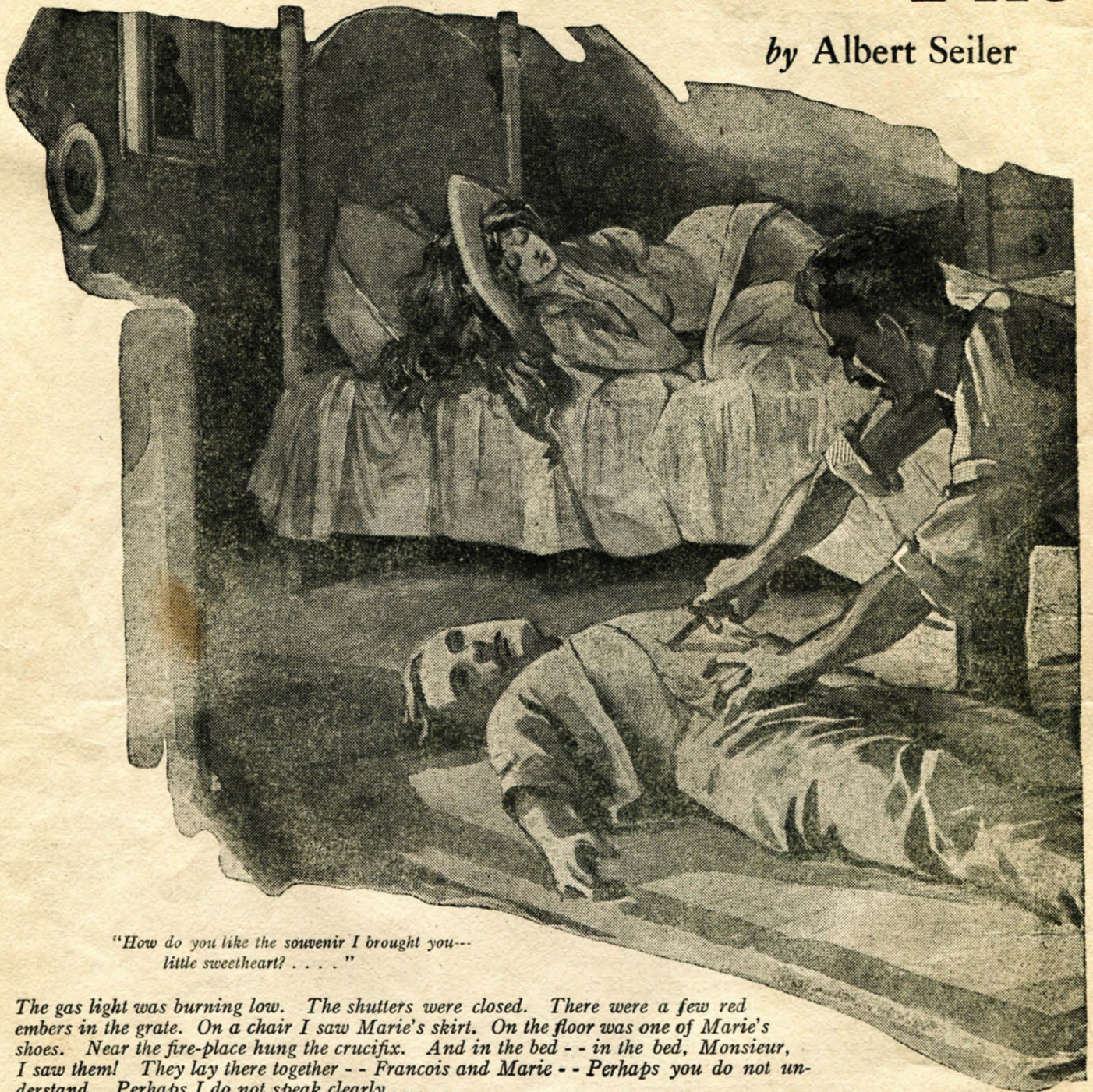
“Won’t you get me my handbag on the chiffonier?” When handed to her, she took (Continued on page 60)

“Be not deceived . . . For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

“Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

“Woe unto them that desire iniquity.”

by Albert Seiler



*"How do you like the souvenir I brought you---
little sweetheart?"*

The gas light was burning low. The shutters were closed. There were a few red embers in the grate. On a chair I saw Marie's skirt. On the floor was one of Marie's shoes. Near the fire-place hung the crucifix. And in the bed -- in the bed, Monsieur, I saw them! They lay there together -- Francois and Marie -- Perhaps you do not understand. Perhaps I do not speak clearly

WHEN I was an art student in Paris, this remarkable 'etude pathologique' was told me by Dr. Paul Esmerge, who at that time was an interne in the hospital attached to the prison, La Sante, where Jacques was taken after the atrocious double-murder. From purely pathological point of view, Jacques' case greatly interested my friend and he finally succeeded in gaining the murderer's good will. He got Jacques to tell him his story substantially as I have written it down. Dr. Esmerge said he had never seen a man in whom the fear of death was so little developed. The morning before he was guillotined, Jacques laughed and repeated ribald jokes and refused the last rites of priest or chaplain. My friend said he believed the man possessed no moral sense whatever; for he showed not the least contrition for his crime. I have

taken the liberty to write the story in the first person, but it is substantially as given to me.—The Author.

IT IS SO. I confess it. I killed them. You hear, monsieur? I cry it to the whole world: I killed them! I do not deny anything. I do not ask for my life. Do what you like with me. Death does not make me afraid. No, I spit at Death. He is nothing. . .

My name is Jacques Coquelin. I was born in Chantilly forty-five years ago. You see, I am old enough to reason. . . . When I was thirty, I came to Paris. I met Marie. She was good in those days, monsieur, and beautiful—very beautiful. Think of the loveliest woman you have ever seen in Paris, in France, anywhere. Marie was a thousand times lovelier than she. . . . But perhaps, monsieur, this does not interest you. You say to yourself: "All women are the same."

SOUVENIR

A Woman's Perfidy—A Man's Revenge

And that is true. You are right. All women are the same. . . Well, I loved the girl. I asked her to marry me. God knows what made her consent. There were many fellows richer and handsomer by far than Jacques Coquelin.

sat by his bed and looked into his eyes without speaking; and he smiled at her and caressed her hand. . . I did not like that; but what could I do? He was her cousin. When I spoke to her about it, she laughed, and then became angry and said I was a fool. So I kept quiet. I even tried to talk nicely to Francois—called him 'mon vieux,' and treated him like a friend. But, you understand, monsieur, I did this for Marie's sake. I did not want to do it.

THE war came. Francois was called. I could see that Marie was miserable. She cried a little. But I was very glad. I thought we would soon be happy together, like before. At the depot I shook Francois' hand, and wished him good luck. Marie kissed him.

I did not care. Perhaps she would never see him again.

A month after Francois went away, I asked Marie if her cousin had written her.

"No," she said. "I wonder what has become of the poor lad?"

"I wonder," I said.

There was something queer in her voice, monsieur. And she did not weep. I thought perhaps she was lying. I looked at her a long time. She turned her head away. . . I did not believe her.

I said nothing.

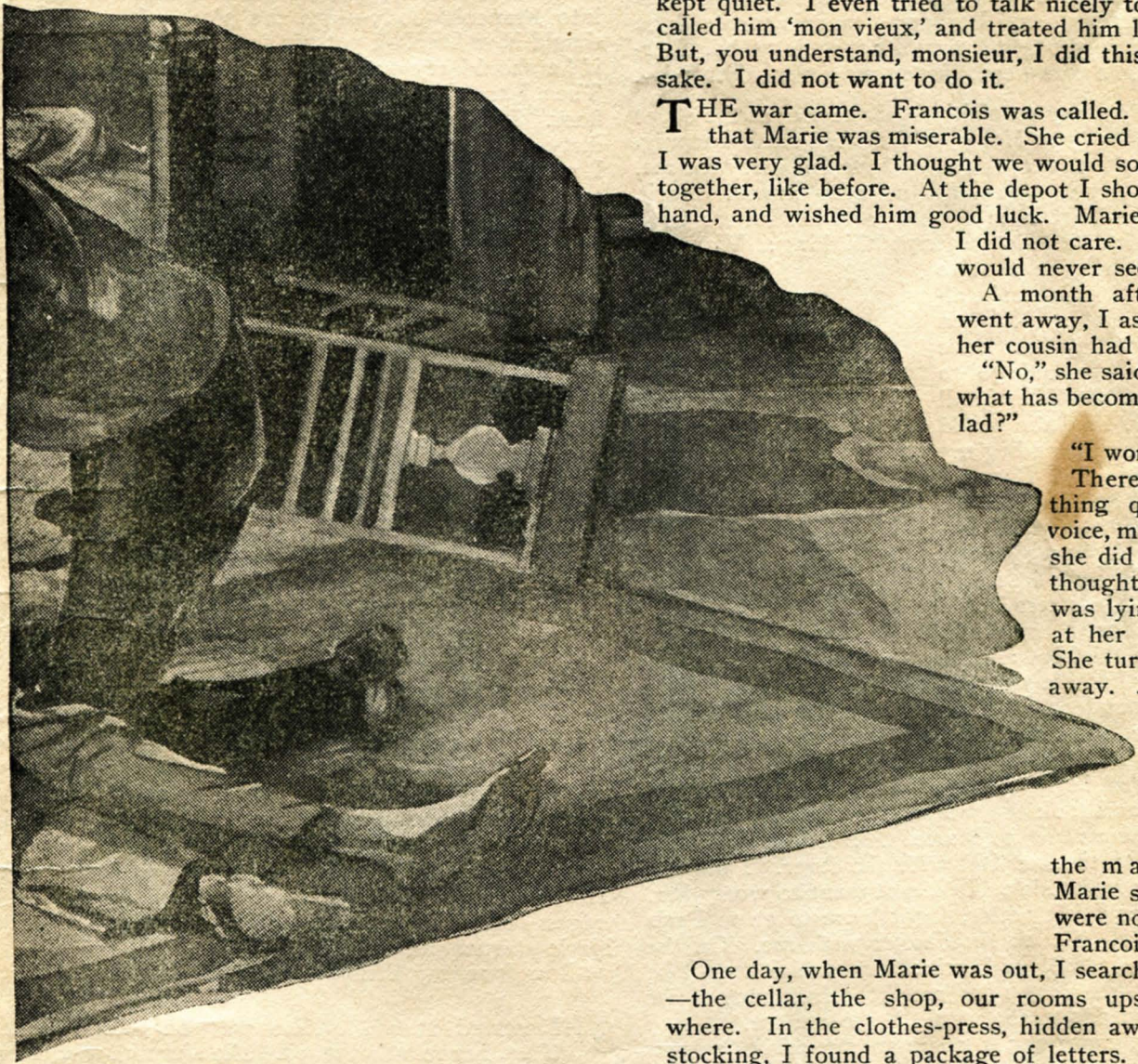
I carefully examined all the mail before Marie saw it. There were no letters from Francois.

One day, when Marie was out, I searched the house—the cellar, the shop, our rooms upstairs—everywhere. In the clothes-press, hidden away in an old stocking, I found a package of letters. All of them were addressed to Marie, but another street number was given. And all of them were from Francois!

Of course, monsieur, I cannot tell you everything he had written to Marie. I forget. But one letter I do not forget. The words burn in my brain like fire. Francois said:

"My little sweetheart, how I am longing to be with you again. My thoughts are only of you. When the shells screech overhead and men are dying beside me, and under the silent stars alone with my dreams, I think of you. Oh, to be with you once more!"

You hear, monsieur? He called her "little sweetheart." What does that mean when a man calls a woman his "little sweetheart?" . . . I put the letters back into the stocking. When Marie came home, I said to her:



I bought a little wine shop on the Rue Marcel. Above the shop was our menage. For a long time Marie was honest with me. We were happy together. When other men looked at her with desire, she laughed at them. And I laughed too, monsieur; I knew she loved only me. . .

Then Francois, her cousin, came to the city. All was changed. Francois was twenty-four years old—just Marie's age. He was good looking. He had soft, pretty hands, and the pink-and-white face of a girl. I hated him the first time I saw him. Why did I hate him? I did not know at the time, monsieur. You see, sometimes we hate without reason. We feel against a man . . . I cannot explain.

Francois was often sick. Marie always used to nurse him. She made him stay with us. She gave him his medicine. She petted him. Sometimes she

"Francois is a clever boy."

"He knows how to steal a woman's heart."

She did not speak again. She blushed and tried to hide her eyes. . . . So, she loved Francois; Francois loved her. I knew that, monsieur. Yet, I could not be angry with her. She looked so beautiful as she sat there with her downcast eyes. Could I blame Francois for loving her? . . . I took her in my arms and kissed her. I forgave. I did not speak about the letters. Perhaps their love was pure. I did not go to the other street number. Perhaps Francois wrote there because Marie thought I would not understand. Perhaps Francois was dead. Many men were dying. . . .

THEN I got my requisition. Marie was at the depot to see me go. Her eyes were red from weeping. If she didn't love me, she must have felt sorry for me.

My company was stationed near Le Cateau. Marie wrote me at least once a week, and her letters were very affectionate. But I kept thinking: Was she writing letters like that to Francois? Oh, Francois, always Francois! . . . Then I thought on my first leave of absence I would go to Paris. I would tell Marie all that I knew. And she would fall to her knees and beg my forgiveness. And I would embrace her and forgive her, and Francois would be forgotten. . . . How we dream, monsieur, how we dream!

In one of her letters Marie asked me for a souvenir.

I could not think of anything to send her. One day the fighting became very bad. Many of our men were dead or wounded. We captured an enemy trench. Lying in the red mud, with a great gaping wound in his chest, I saw an enemy soldier. He was dead. In his right hand he held a small dagger. I unloosed his fingers and took the weapon. I thought it would make a nice souvenir for Marie. . . . Three days later I was sent to the hospital with the fever. I did not write Marie I was sick. I did not want to worry her.

As soon as I felt better, I got leave to go to Paris for two days. I took the dagger with me. On the train I thought only of Marie; how good it would be to have her in my arms and smell the fragrance of her hair; how surprised she would be to see me. . . .

And now, monsieur, I come to my crime, as you call it. I am not sorry that it happened. I have no regrets. . . . When I reached the house, it was midnight. I tried the two doors. They were locked. At first I thought I would ring. Then I said to myself: "No, I want to surprise Marie." I remembered that one of the shop windows had a broken lock. I wrenched open the shutter with my dagger, and crawled in.

It was very dark. I could see nothing. Suddenly, as I stood there, I felt . . . I cannot explain, monsieur. It seemed to me that I was not in my own house. Then I became afraid, and I trembled. I lit the gas. It was my shop . . . everything the same. I turned off the gas, and went upstairs. Very quietly I pushed aside the curtains before the bedroom door.

THE gas light was burning low. The shutters were closed. There were a few red embers in the grate. On a chair I saw Marie's skirt. On the floor was one of Marie's shoes. Near the fireplace hung the crucifix.

And in the bed—in the bed, monsieur, I saw them! They lay there together—Francois and my Marie. . . . Perhaps you do not understand. Perhaps I do not speak clearly. You think I lie to you? I swear to God I speak the truth.

I went to where they lay—softly, oh, so softly. Marie was smiling in her sleep. Francois had his mouth open like an animal. . . . Then, monsieur, it all happened very fast. I took the dagger I had brought for Marie, and with a single stroke drove it into Francois' body—into the place where his heart should have been. I put my free hand over his mouth, if he should cry out. But he did not make a sound. Then I took the body in my arms and laid it on the floor. I did not remove the dagger. My hands were dirty. I went into the kitchen to wash them. When I returned, Marie still was sleeping. I lay down on the bed and waited. And while I lay there I kept thinking how surprised Marie would be when she awoke! How would she like the little souvenir I had brought her? . . . I wanted to laugh out loud, but I knew that would spoil the fun. I waited. . . .

I looked at Marie. Her hair was scattered over the pillow. Her face was very pale, but she was smiling still, and her lips were pursed, as for kissing. Suddenly, in her sleep, she stretched toward me and said:

"Francois, I love you; oh, I love you!"

I laughed to myself:

"Francois is too cold now to care for any woman's love!"

I lay very quiet for a long time. I did not want to awaken Marie. I could hear her breathing and the ticking of my watch. . . . I did not think of the dead man on the floor. I thought only of the time Marie would awaken; how surprised she would be. . . . I looked at my watch. It was nearly half-past four. The fire had burned itself out. I covered Marie. A wagon rattled along in front of the house. Suddenly, Marie started and sat up.

"Bon Jour, my little sweetheart," I said.

SHE stared at me. She was only half-awake. Then her mouth opened. She shrank away from me. And her eyes became as big as five-franc pieces. "How do you like the souvenir I brought you—little sweetheart? You see, I always think of you when the shells screech overhead and men are dying beside me; and when I'm under the silent stars alone with my dreams. . . . Wait, there is not enough light. You cannot see my gift. And I have put it in such a handsome box for you."

I turned up the gas. She saw the corpse and began to wring her hands and shriek:

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

I laughed. Francois lay there on the floor. Across his chest was a thin, red streak. There was a pool of blood near his head. His face looked so funny—like the clowns at the fairs. His mouth was stretched wide, and his jaw hung down—I could not help laughing, monsieur.

Then I heard Marie laugh. I thought she was mocking me.

"Be quiet!" I said.

(Continued on page 58)

A Souvenir for Marie

IN ONE of her letters Marie asked me for a souvenir. I could not think of anything to send her. One day the fighting became very bad. Many of our men were dead or wounded. We captured an enemy trench. Lying in the red mud, with a great gaping wound in his chest, I saw an enemy soldier. He was dead. In his right hand he held a small dagger. I unloosed his fingers and took the weapon. I thought it would make a nice souvenir for Marie . . .



"My husband picked me up in his arms....."

Experiences of a Dope Slave

By "Babe" Lamont

"SHE EATS 'em alive. Omaza, the Wild Girl! The big show opens in twenty minutes. Step right up and buy your tickets to see Omaza!"

Hundreds of persons milling about in the sweltering heat of a July sun on the sawdust arena of the great Ting-a-Ling circus in Oakland stopped and gazed as the ballyhoo-man started his tirade.

At the same time down the long line of tents, the various spielers took up their raucous propaganda.

"Hit that wooden-headed family, folks!" came in strident tones from the nigger-baby concession; "get money, exercise and cigars."

"Get your photo taken! Get your photo taken!" was the nasal wheeze from the photographic stand.

"She eats 'em alive!" wailed the wild-girl ballyhoo-man.

A pretty, red-headed, blue-eyed girl of the "baby-doll" type edged closer to the Omaza spieler and eyed him closely.

And that red-headed girl was I.

I have listened to the alibis of hundreds of girls. I have no alibi. I can't help being what I am. Of course, environment has been partly responsible, but I think there always was something diabolical in my make-up.

I have gone to the so-called "leg shows" and stared at the antics of the girls of my own type. I have watched their expressive, although almost childish, faces change from animation to exhaustion as the long evenings droned interminable. I have been with them when, after the show, they have gone out thoughtlessly, with abandon, and committed the most shameful excesses.

Sometimes I wonder if these girls have a soul. Sometimes I wonder if I have a soul. Because I am one of them.

I stared at that ballyhoo with hope in my eyes. My nerves were jumpy, I yawned and gaped constantly and little sharp pains like needle-pricks overwhelmed me spasmodically.

There was something about the nervous tension of this ballyhoo-man that told me he was of the same fraternity as myself. His eyes were dilated, glassy. As he paced back and forth across his platform, he took little hesitating steps. Occasionally his glance wandered in wild suspicion over the faces of the country-yokels who ate popcorn and peanuts and wiped away beaded perspiration from their faces.

"Omaza, the wild-girl from Australia!" sang the ballyhoo-man. "Watch her in that den of hissing, seething, creeping, crawling reptiles. Watch them twist about her head, neck, limbs and body!"

HOW should I encounter this ballyhoo? He was making so much noise I could not address him without shouting. And if I shouted, I would attract undesired attention to myself.

A man came rushing from the tent and dragged the ballyhoo off his platform.

"She eats 'em alive! Raw—hair, hide, bones and all," he shouted, before turning to the fat proprietor.

I was so close that I could hear what the fat man said. His face was purple. He was so agitated that he stuttered.

"She's go-go-go-gone!" he said in a stage whisper. "The wi-wi-wi-wild-girl——."

For a moment the ballyhoo stared, unbelieving. Then he visualized his share of the coin winging itself away and his incredulity changed to chagrin and he cursed out the wild-one with expressive profanity.

"Where can we get another?" asked the fat man appealingly. "See all the people out there! You've sold fifty tickets already. They're in there hollering because the show don't start."

Here was my chance. I had never tamed snakes, but I was willing to do anything if I could get relief from my agony.

"Where can we get one?" repeated the fat proprietor.

"Right here!" I piped up.

The two men confronted me. I squirmed under their scrutiny. Then I raised my pink baby-face and deliberately winked at the ballyhoo.

It didn't take the spieler ten seconds to "make" me.

"Just a minute, Jim," he said to the proprietor, taking me by the arm and leading me to one side.

"You're a hype," he accused, abruptly.

"And you're another," I returned. "I had you spotted. I'm dying for a shot of C." That is what we call cocaine—C.

"Who are you?" he asked. I saw his eyes grow big with suspicion. I guess he thought I was a "stoolie."

"I'm Omaza, the wild-girl!" I replied, audaciously.

This took him off his feet. He glared at me; then laughed.

"You're on," he said. "Get inside the tent and put on the goatskin."

I stood motionless, obstinate.

"Come across!" I demanded.

Furtively he looked around. Then he drew me back of the tent to a deserted spot.

He pulled out a silver cigarette case and handed me a cigarette. I was about to throw it away when he caught my arm.

"Break it open," he whispered. "Break it open and be careful not to spill the contents." Then he left me and I heard him take up his call,—"Have you seen Omaza?"

WITH hands that shook I broke open the cigarette. It was hollow and in this cavity was a powder.

My body trembled with excitement and relief.

I spread out the powder on the white cigarette paper and sniffed vigorously. The pungent poison penetrated to my lungs and some of it entered my throat, producing a bitter taste. As I breathed deeply, it seemed that even the air cut into my very flesh.

A hop-head takes "dope" to get relief and not for pleasure. I was an abject slave to drugs. I had been without cocaine or morphine for more than a day, and at the time I met the ballyhoo I was desperate. It is while in this state of mind that the dope-fiend commits crimes.

Now I was back to normal again. I felt fine. The shivers, yawning and perspiration had gone.

I crawled through a flap to get into the rear of the tent with my knees knocking together. I was afraid of those snakes. A little old weazened man, a hunchback, was taking the snakes out of their cages. He was handling them as if they had been playthings.

He leered at me, displaying blackened, worn teeth. "Don't be skeered," he said. "They ain't no poison in 'em. That's been taken out."

He held a reptile toward me. The snake raised its head, threateningly.

I turned to run, but as I slid, I collided with the fat man.

"Easy, easy sister," he said. "They won't hurt you. Now hurry. I'll help you get into the skin clothes."

A PAINTED, half-nude creature, over whose shoulders were draped "creeping, crawling reptiles," stared out at the crowd of country-folk who were milling about on the sawdust floor of the circus-tent.

I would not have recognized myself in the outfit. I felt that I was effectually disguised.

The cold snakes twined their damp bodies over my bare shoulders and chest. They swung their heads back and forth and stared at the circus-fans out of small, black, beady eyes, only occasionally making an undulating motion toward my face with a hideous head.

"Hold them loose," the old cripple had told me. "Hold them close and slip them a live toad every so often behind the scenes. They won't try to bite you then."

So I held them loosely, breathed the dust-filled air, endured the reeking odor of sweaty people, and became Omaza, the Wild-Girl.

I SAW my husband before he got to my tank.

He stood head and shoulders above everyone there, a powerful, heavy-faced, strong-willed man. All the underworld knew and feared Detective Andy Lamont of the State Board of Pharmacy, Nemesis of the dope-peddler.

I stared at him as if hypnotised and my gaze must have attracted him, because he saw me then. No light of recognition came into his eyes. Andy Lamont had a poker-face. But he quickly came over to my stand.

As he came up, I sat there paralyzed, wrapping a great python about my body.

"Watch her in that den of hissing, seething, creeping, crawling reptiles," sounded the cry of the ballyhoo, above the murmur of the crowd.

He looked straight into my eyes. Andy was an honest "dick" and his gray eyes pierced right to one's soul.

He didn't say anything for a moment, but his look held a world of reproach. He had been a good husband to me and I had "run out on him" as the hop-heads say. Because he had been away from home so much. I took to the cheap dance-halls for enjoyment. A bad case of the "flu" had knocked me out for a time and when I went back a "Shimmy Willie," Ted Adams kept me stimulated with cocaine. I'll never forget this man who started me on the "stuff." After that I began mixing it with morphine and finally with "dynamite." Dynamite, that's what we call heroin. It has a dynamite kick.

"Come on out of it, Babe," Andy said at last. "Don't stall. Get on your clothes."

My mind was heavy from the influence of the cocaine. The ballyhoo-man had just given me another "blow" of "coke." I reacted slowly to his suggestion. I smiled at him vaguely.

"Come on," he urged. "I don't want to cause trouble, but I'm going to save you, in spite of yourself."

Gradually his meaning dawned on me. He was going to put me through another cure. The memory of the suffering I endured in my last "cure" came to me vividly. I could never go through it again.

"Go away, Andy," I pleaded. "Leave me alone. I'm happy here. I don't love you any more."

I'M LAUGHING yet as I think how I made my escape. I threw those snakes round Andy's neck. For once his stony self-control was broken. He actually shrieked. Then I made my get-away.

I was full of hop and happy. I didn't know and didn't care where my next supply was coming from, but I knew that it would be stopped if Andy got me again, so I ran. I was just in time to board a special car hauled by the California local as it pulled out, and I fell into the arms of its occupant.

He proved to be Barney Rosenbeek, a notorious dope peddler. He recognized me nearly at once for what I was—a hop-head, and he lost no time in making his proposition. Under the guise of a wealthy clothing importer he smuggled drugs from Mexico into the United States.

"I get it out of Mexico in cantaloupes," he said. "It costs me eighteen dollars an ounce—four hundred and eighteen grains. I sell it at one dollar a grain. I need your help. Are you on, Babe?"

And so I, Babe Lamont, became the slave of a peddler. It is the only way the peddlers can keep a pretty girl—by feeding her the dope. I sold myself for "a shot in the arm."

BARNEY and I sat on the mezzanine floor of a big hotel.

Below us in the lobby an occasional guest or a cushion-footed bell-boy came within our range of vision and vanished.

An aristocratic-appearing girl haughtily walked through this lobby and entered the manager's office.

She had that sleek appearance of the thoroughbred, who always has been surrounded by luxury and refinement and has developed a contempt and loathing for everything coarse, dirty, and earthy.

I felt fingers gripping my arm and heard Barney's voice in my ear:

"That's the girl," he exclaimed. "Ain't she a beaut? Say, I'd give a million to land her."

I lay back languidly in the easy-chair and closed my eyes to exclude the outside world. Fifteen minutes before, I had taken a half-grain of morphine. The whole world was now flooded with a rosy light that seemed to rise like incense all around me and to suffocate me with joy.

The fat merchant at my side was forgotten, except vaguely. I saw the other girl out of eyes that were clouded by heavenly visions. It seemed as if the world was at my feet. I had but to hold out my hands.

Finally I lifted my face to Rosy and said seriously:

"If you do not arrange to get that carload of diamonds they will be lost. They are coming in on an express car from San Francisco. There's a whole carload of them."

I knew but one thing about those diamonds. I felt that they were coming. There was no disputing the reality of them.

"All right," returned Barney. "Give me an order and I'll get them. Now forget it. I'll get them." Under his breath he said: "I'm hep to this pipe-dream stuff. It don't even amuse me."

From a wild-girl attired in a goatskin, I had been transformed into a conservatively-attired child of wealth. A large diamond gleamed on my engagement-finger along with the plain gold wedding-band. But these were my only rings. The expensive comb that was thrust into my mass of red hair was studded with smaller diamonds. The simple pearl necklace was genuine and nearly priceless. My clothes were conservative rather than extreme. The long dress did not display more than a couple of inches of silk-clad ankle. Barney had seen to all this. We were playing the part of a respectable married couple.

BARNEY had watched Evelyn Demarest, daughter of the proprietor of the hotel, since we had registered there and had begun our wholesale night operations of flooding Los Angeles with drugs through the petty peddler. Barney sold the stuff to the peddler at one dollar a grain. The peddler sold it to the addicts at one dollar for a quarter of a grain.

I was not at all jealous. I knew that Barney had fallen in love with this girl. I hoped he wouldn't get her, but I wasn't jealous. I didn't care anything for Barney. All I wanted was to get the cocaine and morphine that I had to have to keep from suffering too intensely. I lived only for the periodical "shot."

"Come on up to the room," Barney said roughly. He saw that I was too much enraptured in my day dreams to care for his intrigues.

In our mahogany-furnished suite, Barney gave me more morphine and proceeded to tell me his plans.

Episodes in the Story

"I have gone to the so-called 'leg-shows' and stared at the antics of girls of my type. I have watched their expressive, although almost childish, faces change from animation to exhaustion as the long evenings droned interminably. I have been with them when, after the show, they have gone out thoughtlessly, with abandon, and committed the most shameless excesses."

* * * *

"If we can get Miss Demarest to sniffin' the stuff, she'll soon crave the needle. If I can get her 'on it' she's mine. I'm calling the manager now. You're the bashful little girl who's afraid to be alone in the city. Get that?" The lines of Barney's face hardened. He thrust his muzzle close to me. "And if you fail me I'll smash your face and you won't get another pill outa me!"

"We can pull some big 'coke' parties here and I can get that girl if you will break square with me," Rosenbeek explained.

"If you can once get in with that bunch, everything will be jake. But there are several things you must remember. Don't go too heavy on the 'coke.' If you spill that carload-of-diamonds stuff or get to seeing zebras floating through the air, it's all off.

"You're a lady. Do you get that? You're the innocent little girl-wife of Barney Rosenbeek, wholesale clothier. You never were a rough talker, so if you'll go easy on the 'coke,' we can pull this right.

"Now, there's another thing. You can't get these sweet young things to take a shot in the arm right off the bat. You are subject to very bad headaches. The doctor has prescribed this narcotic. You snuff it. It relieves your headache. Do you get the line?

"If we can get Miss Demarest to sniffin' the stuff, she'll soon crave the needle. If I can ever get her 'on it' she's mine. I'm calling the manager now. You're the bashful little girl who is afraid to be alone in the city. Get that?" The lines of Barney's face hardened. He thrust his muzzle close to me.

"And if you fail me I'll mash your face and you won't get another pill outa me!"

When a man is paying \$20 a day for a hotel suite, the hostelry manager is bound to be more or less attentive. He very readily came to Barney's suite.

"I'm going to ask a favor of you, Demarest," said Barney. "I'm leaving town for a few days. My wife is not accustomed to being alone in the city. She's quite a child, you know. Will you look after her while I'm gone."

I was looking at Demarest as Barney spoke. I saw the doubt in his glance. The hotel man was a gray-haired, clean-cut fellow of very attractive appearance.

His eyes met mine. I looked as innocent as possible and then lowered my gaze demurely.

The trick worked.

"She can stay at my home," said Demarest cordially. "I'll be glad to have her. Evelyn is always making new friends. I think you and she will get along," he added, turning to me.

When Demarest had gone, Barney favored me with explosive caresses.

"Fine," he growled, joyfully; "the gag worked. Now it's up to you. If you're any good that girl will be in my arms in a month."

I WAS transported into a new, wonderful world when I went to live with Evelyn Demarest.

Their mission-type villa, located about thirty-minutes ride out of the metropolis, overlooked the Pacific Ocean and the little city of Long Beach.

The blood was pumping at my temples when Mr. Demarest took me into the music room where I could hear the piano trilling under a master touch. Would this beautiful, haughty girl wither me with her contempt? I am sensitive. The least slight makes me unhappy for days. I have tried to overcome this, but it seems impossible. I knew that if I were treated as I deserved, I would not be able to stand it for a night.

As Miss Demarest rose from the instrument and faced me, I could feel her cool, appraising glance piercing into my own blue eyes.

She must have caught something of my distress, because in a moment the hauteur had dropped from her and she was the kind, thoughtful woman whom I was to love.

Kindness and strength are exquisite qualities. Would that I possessed either. They are a resource

which will carry one through the greatest trials and temptations. Evelyn Demarest was both kind and strong.

There was nothing effusive about her greeting.

"You are certainly very welcome, my dear," she said. "I will give you the West room, where you can see the surf breaking on the shore from your bed."

"Now you must make yourself at home," she said. "I must go back to my music. You are free to go as you choose. You will meet my mother at dinner. The library is just across the way if you desire to read, or you may come down and listen to me play if you can stand the strain."

For one moment her glance rested on my two-carat engagement ring. That ring must have set Rosy back a thousand bones. The movement caused me to glance at her left hand. She wore a diamond of about the same size. But in appearance and luster mine was much superior.

At the head of the stairs she stopped:

"I know we're going to be great friends," she called to me, smiling.

AFTER she had gone, I sat by the window of my room, looking down over the house-tops and business-structures at the sandy beach, marked by a fuzzy line of breakers. I could see bathers scampering about or sitting under their umbrellas like giant toads. It was a restful scene.

But the curse that was on me would not let me rest. I felt a dissatisfied gnawing, characteristic of the hop-head, boring into my consciousness.

I unscrewed the gold handle of my silk sun-shade and drew out a vial which I knew contained "dynamite." Dynamite, I have explained, is heroin. Heroin is very much more effective than morphine. In fact, it is morphine greatly refined. As you know, morphine is a derivative of opium. Heroin is a refinement of morphine. Cocaine is made from the coca-leaf and has an effect very different from that of the opiates.

I poured out a bit of the "dynamite" on a cigarette paper and sniffed it, putting my thumb to my nose and sucking the poison back into my brain. Then I replaced the vial.

It was Rosy who devised this hiding-place for the narcotics. I had heroin, morphine and cocaine, all in vials, in the hollow handle.

The heroin brought me back to normal. I felt as good as, but no better than, the ordinary healthy person.

At dinner I met Mrs. Demarest. She was a society matron who was too much occupied with her clubs and plans to pay any attention to one so insignificant as myself. She treated me just as she did her daughter and her husband.

Mr. Demarest was the last to enter the dining room. He was accompanied by a young man.

At the sight of this young fellow I rose from my seat involuntarily. My face twitched with excitement.

As my legs would not support me, I slumped back into the chair.

EVELYN came toward me with him. I knew that I must rise. By supporting myself on the back of a chair, I struggled to my feet.

"This is my friend, Mr. Adams," she was saying.

He bowed distantly, coldly. Only the dilating of his eyes showed that he recognized me. As I sat down I saw his eyes glaring hate and fear.

This was the man who had made me a hop-head.

Fortunately, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Demarest observed my agitation. Evelyn was more observing,

however, and I saw her frank brow clouding doubtfully as she glanced at me now and then. She was mystified, that was evident.

Adams neither looked at me nor spoke after the introduction. Once he let his fork fall to the floor. Again he spilled food on the spread. I knew from the color of his irises that he was greatly excited. Immediately after the meal he feigned illness and left.

Guests came in and a dance was started in the big sun-parlor. I danced mechanically with Mr. Demarest, several kids and a gray-haired, elderly fellow who tried to make love to me. In the midst of the thing a servant brought me a telegram.

I was very much puzzled. Who could have wired me? I did not want to open the message in the crowded place, so I excused myself as having a bad headache and went to my room. The message was from Los Angeles. It read: "I expect results.—Barney."

Those three words filled me with a sense of revulsion. I had almost forgotten my mission. Must I betray Evelyn Demarest?

There was an implied threat in the missive. You can understand how effective a threat it was only when you comprehend the terror that fills the heart of a drug-addict who has lost his source of supplies.

Barney was keeping me in narcotics. I must have the drugs to keep well. Deprived of the stimulant I would suffer intense agony. A doctor once explained this "habit" to me. He said that morphine, for instance, when taken regularly into the system, causes an anti-toxin to be built up to combat it's poisonous effects. The more morphine is taken, the stronger will become the anti-toxin in the blood. When the supply of morphine is suddenly decreased, this poison in the blood attacks the nerves. I can only describe my agony when suffering from a "hoppy's yen" by likening it to torture by sticking pins in every part of the body.

Should I defy Barney Rosenbeek? I evaded making a decision. I took a sniff of 'coke,' forgot my troubles and went back to the ball-room to dance with the gray-haired beau till one o'clock.

I WAS awakened at an ungodly hour in the morning by Evelyn's voice calling. She came in in a riding-suit and sat on the edge of my bed.

"Slip on this bathing-suit and come down to the beach for a swim," she suggested. "I am just getting in from a gallop and feel mucky enough to dive fully dressed into the surf."

I felt very shaky. My night had been spent in dreaming of wild men who tied me up while I suffered with the devil's desire. I would need a "shot" before I could move.

Irritation at being awakened at seven o'clock in the morning drowned my good impulse of the day before.

"I have a terrible headache," I said. "Will you hand me those powders on my dressing table?"

She complied and watched me while I poured out the cocaine and sniffed it. For a few minutes I ignored her questioning look. Then I said:

"You are wondering what this is? Well, it is a very potent headache-powder. Now I am ready for a swim."

She looked very thoughtful as I bounded out of bed and slipped into the bathing-suit. I picked up a silk-robe, draped it over the suit and presently we were in an enclosed car, speeding down to the ocean.

"That was a very potent powder," ventured Evelyn, as we stopped on the deserted beach.

"If you ever feel badly, I will let you have some," I volunteered. I had fallen in with Rosenbeek's diabolical plan.

For the first time since my childhood I really enjoyed myself playing in the surf. Evelyn was an excellent swimmer. The blood sang a

happy song through my veins as we rolled lazily back to the Demarest villa.

"You have come to us in time to help me in arranging my most important social affair," said Miss Demarest, smiling at me charmingly, enigmatically.

For a moment I failed to understand, then I got it.

"And who is the lucky man?" I asked.

"Oh, I thought you understood," she exclaimed.

I had expected it. Yet my actions must have betrayed a certain amount of emotion, because she asked:

"Why, Ted Adams."

"Is there anything wrong, dear? You seem very nervous."

"No, I replied shortly. "It is nothing. When does the wedding take place?"

"This coming Sunday," she said.

So Ted Adams, dope-peddler and hop head-baiter, was about to marry this queenly creature! It seemed incredible.

"It can't be," I kept thinking. "I'll stop it."

I thought at first I would confess everything. Then I realized that this would not do. Such a woman as Evelyn Demarest would not throw aside the man she loved on the word of a stranger. I must find some other method.

Could I turn the trick?

ADAMS was at the house when we returned. He came down the walk and tipped his hat to us, but all his attention was centered on Evelyn.

It was Friday before I had a chance to see Ted Adams alone. Only two precious days remained in which to make plans to stop the wedding.



"Step right up and buy your tickets to see Omaza, the wild girl. She eats 'em alive!"

I had decided to double-cross Barney Rosenbeek. The fat peddler had faded from my mind. He and his problems were of small importance compared with the work I now had undertaken.

Adams found me sitting on a rustic bench reading. I dropped the book and rose as he came up. He was looking furtively around to see if anyone was in sight. Apparently he was convinced of our isolation, because he reached me in a couple of strides and caught me by the arm.

"You damned little gutter-hype!" he cried, twisting my arm till I cried out. "What in hell are you doing here?"

He was white with anger. I never saw a man in such a frenzy.

"You damned dope-peddler, what are you doing here?" I countered.

He caught me across the face with a blow of the open hand. As I staggered against the bench he pulled me erect with a jerk that nearly threw my arm out of joint.

"If ever you call me a dope-peddler again, I'll kill you," he threatened. "I swear it Babe, I'll kill you."

He was in deadly earnest. He drew an automatic pistol from his pocket and pointed it in my direction.

"Aw, don't get fussed up, Ted," I chaffed. "I was only kidding you. You called me names. Put up the toy, Ted, and let's be friends."

He regarded me suspiciously for a minute, but I guess my innocent look worked and he pocketed the gun.

"Well, what's the game, Babe?" he inquired, more calmly.

"I'm living on the square now," I told him. "I'm here as a companion for Miss Demarest."

"You're a liar!" returned Adams, shortly. "Come clean, Babe. What has Rosenbeek got you in this place for?"

"You're very inquisitive, Ted," I bantered. "I'm not interfering with your graft. Why should you interfere with mine? What is your game, I'd like to know?"

TED sat down on the rustic bench and drew me down beside him. Although effectively concealed by bushes, he could see all approaches.

He toyed with my hand as he had done in the old days when he was teaching me to use narcotics—when he broke up my home. I hated him so just then that a sickly sweet taste came in my mouth.

"You've got me wrong, Babe," he said earnestly. "I'm going to tell you the truth. I'm going to marry Miss Demarest. She is a wonderful girl. I've turned square. I have a little gasoline schooner running between here and Mazatlan bringing me in enough money, and in this city I am becoming a pillar of respectability."

"What do you smuggle?" I asked.

"Smuggle!" he exclaimed.

"Sure; on the schooner," I returned. "Booze, narcotics, or both?"

"Purely legitimate business," he protested. "That's straight, Babe."

"Do you think you're good enough for this girl?" I demanded.

At that he sneered.

"All women are the same," he said, coldly. "Have you seen any wings on Evelyn Demarest?"

Then I realized the hopelessness of my plan. He could never comprehend the fact that he was far

inferior to this girl. It would be useless to appeal to his higher sensibilities. He had none.

"Couldn't we have just one more party before you become thoroughly respectable?" I coquetted, looking up at him languishingly. "It would be great fun to pull off a party on a schooner."

He shook his head emphatically.

I tried to put my arm around his neck, but he threw it off.

Then I began to cry. I sobbed out my love for him. I brought back the old days when we would be on a "coke-jag" for days at a time together. And as I talked I saw the fever glow in his eyes. I saw I had won.

His voice turned softer. He stroked my arms and passed his hands over my body, lightly. He was "coke-mad."

I knew that the spell would hold. I was sure that whenever his thoughts turned to me now the old fascination would return.

"Come on," he insisted. "Come on now. I will get a car. We will go to the schooner. Ah, to live once more like we lived then!" He breathed deeply and sighed.

"I will meet you there at seven," I whispered.

"At seven," I repeated in his ear as we parted.

Back at the Demarest home, I sent a telegram. It was addressed to Andy Lamont, inspector for the State Board of Pharmacy, an honest "bull."

I HAVE a terrible headache, would you give me some of that wonderful powder of yours?"

I looked up from a grip into which I was packing a few of my most valued belongings. Standing in the doorway was Evelyn Demarest. As she saw what I was doing, she appeared startled.

"Why, Mrs. Rosenbeek," she exclaimed. "Has anything happened?"

I sat back on the floor and crossed my legs in the most unladylike manner. I screwed my face up to look as devilish as possible and I sneered; yes, actually sneered.

"Listen, kid," I said, with that tough Bowery style which is so popular with the music-hall fan. "Listen to a wise guy and believe."

"I'm a hop-head. Get that straight—a hop-head."

"No!" she articulated.

"Yes," I retorted, savagely. "It cost me much to sacrifice the respect this beautiful girl held for me. And the headache-powder was cocaine, coke, a white poison that would send your soul to hell!"

I waited for this to soak in, watching her narrowly. My manner convinced her where my words did not. I put into my demeanor all of the reckless abandon and contempt for human morals that I felt—and still feel. I am an unregenerate.

Her friendly eyes became cold. The hauteur returned and she curled her lip as if I were a reptile. But she did not speak. Merely she stood there, and her silence was intolerable. Instinctively my tortured mind and body sought justification.

"You have but contempt for a dope-fiend," I continued. "You look on me as a criminal, not as a victim of a terrible disease. If I had consumption you would feel sorry for me and seek to send me to a sanitarium. But I am a hop-head, so your first thought is to call for the police."

I rose and confronted her with my hands on my hips.

"I was sent here by a certain party to make a hop-head of you." I said, speaking (*Continued on page 61*)

What force in the realm of psychology impelled this man to tell his story?

As Life Ebbbed and Passed

By B. H. Thompson

IT WAS midnight in a small Chicago suburb, a typical January night of the present year. The weather was cold and the strong east wind was bringing with it a flurry of snow. The little town, which lay huddled down beside the main-line tracks, was wrapped in slumber. The only light to show into the night was the one which marked the office of the telegraph operator in the little red station.

The operator, who had been "listening-in" to the merry clicking of his instrument, rose from his desk as it ended, glanced at the station clock and noted that in another hour he would be relieved. He yawned sleepily several times and settled back into his chair to while away the time until he could start for his little home at the east end of the village.

Suddenly the quiet of the night was split by the piercing whistle of an approaching train. The gleam of its head-light was seen rounding a near-by curve, its bright rays reaching out over the sleeping village, then swinging back as the track straightened again. With a roar and rush of wind, and the rapid clickety-click of steel on steel, the Flyer from the West swept past the station on its way to the terminus,—Chicago.

About three-quarters of a mile to the east of the station a dark, crumpled heap lay in the center of the cinder-strewn track, an object which, singularly enough, had not been there before the passing of the train. Had there been any witness at that point as the train sped by, a scraping thud, accompanied by a wild scream, then followed by several low moans might have been heard. But the tail-lights of the fast-moving train passed on into the distance and silence once more settled over the land, broken only by the moaning of the snow-laden wind. Whatever the object was which had so suddenly been deposited in the center of the roadbed, it lay inert.

PUNCTUALLY at 1:00 A. M. the relief operator appeared at the station and with a few words of



"Next morning the papers carried a short notice --- 'Unidentified Tramp Killed.'"

instructions I turned the office over to him. After crawling into my heavy coat, slipping on my overshoes and pulling my cap down over my ears, I swung out into the storm with a cheery "good-night" flung back over my shoulder. With chin on chest and hands crammed deep into my pockets I headed into the storm. Bent only on reaching my warm and cheerful home, I took a short-cut by way of the tracks.

Suddenly my foot struck a soft, yielding body and I all but lost my balance. A strange thrill shot through me, for I realized even before making a closer examination what I had stumbled against. I stooped over, tore open the ragged coat covering the chest of the stranger and placed my hand over his heart. It still was beating, though faintly.

Quickly deciding that the best bet was the station,

with its telephone, by which I could obtain medical aid, I picked the body up in my arms and began to retrace my steps. It was back-breaking work, for the man was nearly as heavy as I and the tearing wind made it difficult for me to keep my balance. After what seemed an age, but was less than an hour, I staggered onto the station platform, tore the door open and fell sprawling on the floor with my burden over me.

I was too utterly spent to explain, but the first-trick man took in the situation at a glance and ran to the telephone. He instructed the exchange girl to summon a physician and then came back to give what assistance he could.

By this time I had partly recovered my strength and between us we carried the stranger to a cot in the inner office and made him as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

For the first time since I had made the discovery of his mutilated body, the stranger groaned, then moved painfully. He raised his head slightly, then let it fall back on the improvised pillow. A peaceful expression spread over his face and in a low voice he began talking. Breathlessly we leaned over him, expecting to hear a last message he desired to pass on to his loved ones; but we soon ascertained he was not making an ordinary dying statement of how the accident occurred, nor leaving instructions about notifying relatives.

IN COMMON with others whose occupations gave them time to meditate in the quiet hours of the night, I often have pondered over the riddle of life and death. What is life, and what is coming after? But like the others, I have come to no satisfactory solution. I never have been closer to the mystery than on that night—the line of demarkation between life and death. But I am no nearer the solution. It will remain a mystery to me until the time when I myself cross the Great Divide, and even then, will there be an answer?

As nearly as we could decide, the man was virtually physically dead. His heart-beats were imperceptible; his breathing had ceased. But he spoke, in disjointed sentences, 'tis true; but it was a disclosure of his entire life, as though he saw it thrown on a screen and made comments as it passed like a motion-picture play before his sub-conscious vision.

I have tried to make it a connected narrative, but in so doing I have found it necessary to re-arrange the story as told by the dying—or was he already dead?—man. This is what I gathered.

MOTHER!—God, how I wish you were here! How I remember. . . I can see you now—your smiling face, your white hair, your blue eyes, your wrinkled forehead. How you used to watch over me! Always willing to sacrifice yourself to the pleasure of father and me. . . How happy we were on our little farm. . . Nothing mattered in those days.

"Then came the blow. Father died. Oh, the anguish of it! I could see you fade before my eyes. You aged rapidly; became strangely quiet, and, if possible, more attentive and affectionate toward me than before. . . Our crop failed; on all sides was talk of hard times.

Fate was unrelenting. You took ill and died. I was alone in the world. . .

"I sold the farm and in a mad desire to get away from the scene of my sorrow left for the city. Without any education, all I could find was work in a factory. With hundreds of others I soon fell into the rut of the daily routine. Like them I had nothing to offer but my brute strength, and, like them, my earnings were scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. I cultivated the acquaintance of some of them and together we spent our spare time in pool-rooms and other places of amusement open to such as we.

"One night, at a public dance, I met her—Mary!

"Since the death of mother, no one had taken any personal interest in me. I had felt myself slipping, and Mary proved my salvation. Her kindly interest, her ever-present cheery smile, changed my entire outlook on life. The lowering horizon lifted and I could see myself on the upward path, led to the heights by this child-woman with faith in me and a vision.

"I was swept off my feet with a passion sweeter and purer than any I had known since mother's death. We were married. Then came the war.

"War . . . the wrecker of homes and of hopes;

despoiler of the nation's best. Mary and I decided it was my duty to answer my country's call. I reported, was accepted, sent to camp and then to France. Shortly after setting foot on that war-torn soil I found myself at the battle-front.

"Came a letter, not from my Mary, as I had expected, but from one of her girl friends. It related how the influenza had swept

the country and my Mary was one of its victims. . . Once more I found myself alone in the world, but in a place where I, too, might be called at any moment. How I prayed the moment might come—that some missile of death would find lodgement in my body. I escaped unscathed. But surely the enemy must have felt my vengeful presence as I stood in the trenches and pumped bullets into their ranks!

WAR. . . Sleepless nights and sunless days. Death and destruction all around. Then the Armistice. . .

"The war was over and I could return home. Home! I had no home to return to. The place I once called home held nothing for me but sorrow. I broke down and wept!

"I came back, but nothing more seemed to matter to me. I was unable to settle down. Mary was gone and with her my life's hope. What had meant so much to me now meant so little. Again my horizon had contracted and stifled me. . .

"The harvest season came and with it a call for men. I answered the call. With men of my own type I worked, trying to forget, and partly succeeded.

"Then came the spring of 1921 and with it unrest. I felt I must move on and I went West—the land of promise and opportunity! But conditions had changed. The promise went unfulfilled and opportunity was not there. Instead I found want and destitution. Many were forced to call on charity for the food to keep them alive. With several (Continued on page 62)

He Died Amongst Strangers

This is the story of the emotional life of a "tramp," or "hobo," as he is generally known. He lived his life's tragedy and then "passed on" while relating his most intimate life-secrets to strangers who befriended him in his last moments. It is the narrative of a man's struggle against relentless Fate. Like the good soldier he was, he "fought to the last ditch" and succumbed only after the very elements conspired to defeat him.

Reveals the skilful and ingenious methods resorted to by swindlers.

Memoirs of a "Con" Man

Personal recollections of one who believed in Barnum's famous saying.

This is first of a series of stories of Real Rufus Wallingfords.

MY HAIR is nearly snow-white now, and I have passed the fiftieth mile-post; but for my chosen profession I'm in my prime. I call it "profession," for it is a calling that requires training and education in many branches of human knowledge, a clear insight into human nature, and a thorough grasp of the workings of the human mind. To this equipment must be added a pleasing personality and a genius for inspiring faith, as well as a gift for convincing argument. Gentle readers, I'm a confidence man.

By specious sophistry I might be able to convince you, as I have convinced myself, of the legitimacy of my calling; but it would be time wasted. However, the fact remains that they who fall victims to my cunning always have been as willing to "trim a sucker" as have I, and have shown themselves every bit as devoid of conscientious scruples as I and other members of my craft. Even the police, whose duty it is to apprehend, if they can, and convict and punish, if they are able, such as I, have little sympathy for persons who fall into our clutches.

Furthermore, I have come to the conclusion, after studying closely for years the methods of so-called legitimate business men, and comparing their methods with mine, that barely a hair-line divides us and that an offense or a crime consists not so much in its commission as in being caught at it. I have never been caught.

I confess that it is with considerable glee I recall some of my exploits. My vocation is an art, and no mean art, and I must be pardoned for at times displaying an artist's conceit, not unmixed with complacency, over the success of some of my ventures. In self-extenuation may I add that no down-and-outer, no woman in distress, no child in want, ever applied to me for aid without receiving it. And do not labor under the misapprehension that I well can afford to be generous with the "easy money" I acquired by devious means. It is not at all "easy money"; it takes resourcefulness and brains to be a con-man.

WHEN I submitted these Memoirs for the consideration of Captain Billy Fawcett, editor of True Confessions, and in so doing revealed my identity, he looked at me askance and with a smile inquired if I had in mind "playing him for a sucker," and, if so, what the particular game was to be. I told him I suddenly had become imbued with literary aspirations and boastfully declared I was after one of the \$1,000 prizes he offers; but, I added, more modestly, I'll be content with space rates.

"My friend," remarked the Editor, "I'm not exactly publishing a reform magazine, you know. . . ."

"Who said I had reformed? I broke in indignantly. "I'm merely an opportunist, and this is the only opening for making money I can see just at present."

"And furthermore," he continued, "I fail to see any particular moral in this tale of predatory genius."

"Moral," I sputtered. "Is it moral ye want? Well, then, listen! Here I'm revealing to the unsophisticated all the wiles, tricks and stratagems employed by men of my avocation to separate the unwary from his kale; laying stones in my own path, as it were, for my flivver to come to grief on; issuing a warning that through the far-flung distribution of True Confessions will sound a clarion call to the incautious and rash investors who hope to double or triple their money

through some plausible scheme advanced by men like me. I call that as good a moral as any old man Aesop drew at the end of his famous fables."

"Right," said he, laconically. "Shoot!"

I.

ACCIDENT of birth has nothing to do with a person's later activities in life. Inherited qualities are mostly con-

finned to the physical. Acquired habits and environment form a person's character. My father was a Presbyterian clergyman, as were his father and grandfather before him, and my mother was of Quaker descent. Both were the very soul and mirror of righteousness and honesty. For generations both branches of my family had borne unblemished reputations.

I have no doubt, however, that if I could have traced my genealogy back far enough I should have found the traditional horse-thief. But, as I remarked, I don't lay the inclinations that determined my choice of a vocation to any of my forebears. That is the general plea and loophole of the coward.

Born in an old New England village I had the advantages of a cultured home and refined surroundings. I attended the village school and later was graduated from the high school of a nearby town, but never took a college course nor a university degree.

From my earliest recollections I had a fondness for games of chance, which often are, in reality, games of skill. Beginning with playing marbles "for keeps" and matching pennies, I soon surreptitiously procured a deck of cards and played casino with the other school boys for their cards of merit, of which I won a sufficient quantity to keep my standing at home up to the required standard.

Conjuring and sleight-of-hand tricks had a great fascination for me and I would improve every oppor-

tunity to enlarge my knowledge of, and increase my skill at these arts.

Of course, the arrival of the circus in our village was a red-letter day in the lives of all the children, as well as the grown-ups, for that matter. Unlike the others, I took little interest in the animals, but took the greatest interest in the side-shows—fakes all!

The horse-race games, the wheels of fortune and other devices for separating the gullible from their money gave me food for thought; but I was sufficiently versed in mathematics, my favorite study, to be able to figure out the odds in favor of the "house." When it came to the man with the three shells and the mysteriously disappearing pea, however, I was at a loss for some time. His nimbleness was too much for me and it took me a long time, and the trips to the circus for many seasons, before I solved his substitution trick. Then it was so plain to me that I marveled.

FIRST I marveled at my own blindness of the boobs who persisted in playing the game against a sure thing, and, finally, at the blindness of our sheriff, who permitted such a bald swindle to proceed uninterrupted under his very nose.

For a time I prided myself that I, a mere child, was the only one in the community with acumen enough to have discovered the rank swindle, but in this I was disillusioned some time later, when I observed the sheriff pass by the stand, nod familiarly to the sharper and receive, unobserved as he thought, a roll of bills.

I kept my own counsel, told no one of my discovery of the swindle practised by the peaman, nor of the methods he employed to "get by." This information would be of value to me later, I argued. It was the first time I had seen "protection" money paid. This was about the time when the word "graft" was adopted into the English language. It was formerly called "hush-money." I was wise enough to see that less cleverness was required in the gentle art of hoodwinking one's neighbor if the authorities could be induced to close their eyes to the goings-on.

My mind was made up from that moment. Some of that "easy money" would eventually come my way, I decided; but I fully realized it took money to make money and I set about acquiring a bank-roll.

From a more or less harmless—and worthless—corner lizard swapping stories and comments on the passing village show with my comrades, I became a veritable miser. Instead of spending my small allowance with easy grace as heretofore, I began to save every cent and resolved to seek employment so as to earn more. I applied for and obtained a job in a grocery, where I put in every extra hour I could spare from my studies. Upon my graduation, I announced to my astonished parents I had decided on a commercial career instead of theology, with Wall Street as my ultimate aim. They believed me and finally gave their consent, after I had depicted in glowing colors my ambition to become a financier and re-establish the family fortune.

FOR another year I continued as a regular employe in the grocery and put in my nights studying law, for I realized such knowledge would be of value to me; not primarily so I could live within its provisions in my future operations, but so I could, as safely as possible, evade them.

Came a day finally, about a year later, when my bank-book showed me I had amassed what to me in those days was a fortune of \$700, and it occurred to me it was about time to cut my moorings, set sail and



bale out my fortune on the high seas of life. Mine was to be a piratical craft, commanded and navigated by myself, whose role was to be that of a refined, intellectual Captain Kidd.

New York City, of course, was my objective. When I had procured an outfit of up-to-date clothing and purchased my ticket I found I had just \$500 left as a working capital, sufficient, I thought at the time, to lay the foundation for a fortune.

Strangely enough, as I was bidding farewell to my parents, my father called me aside and handed me this advice:

"Son," he said, "whatever you do, don't gamble and don't trust strangers. I am speaking from experience. For the first time in my life I have been 'stung' as a result of violating the advice I now am giving you. I trusted a stranger in a gamble that I had hopes would net me enough to add considerable to your capital, but instead I was victimized and lost several hundred dollars and now I cannot, as I had hoped, give you anything besides my blessing and good advice."

And now I have to make a confession that hurts. The experience I am about to relate was humiliating in the extreme and I can urge in my exculpation only the fact that I was barely nineteen years old and without any practical experience. It was a severe blow to my pride and it brought home to me, like nothing else could, the wisdom of my father's parting advice. I never forgot the lesson it taught me and have profited by it to many times the amount it cost me. I have chuckled over it many times since, but at the moment I failed to appreciate the humor of the situation.

EVERY seat in the train was occupied when I stepped aboard with the exception of one beside an elderly man, well, but modestly dressed, whose gray hair gave him a benevolent and kindly aspect.

"Come with me and share my suite," he suggested, "if you have no special hotel in mind."



I sank down in the seat as he moved over and made room for me with a pleasant smile, accompanied by a few courteous remarks.

Within a few minutes we were conversing like old friends. His manner was perfect and he flattered my self-esteem by treating me as an equal, although I was barely nineteen, while he, I judged, was in his early forties. But despite the disparity in our ages, there was nothing condescending in his address and soon I had poured my aspirations and ambitions into his sympathetic ear.

In return he confided he was more or less in the same game, although his long suit was gambling, he said. He already had told me his name was Jennings—Alonzo Jennings. "It is a man's game to match wits with men as keen as oneself," he declared.

When dinner was announced in the diner he invited me to be his guest, saying it was well for me to keep my bank-roll intact until I found a favorable opportunity to "invest" it in my first venture. Of course, he already was in possession of the knowledge that I had a capital of five hundred dollars in my wallet.

"Come with me and share my suite," he suggested, when the train drew into the Grand Central Station; "that is, if you have no special hotel in mind."

I WAS glad to avail myself of the opportunity and admit I was somewhat awed at the magnificence of the place; but, I thought, it was well to learn at the outset how to "put up a front." He told me not to worry about expenses, as he had struck it rich. So I let him pay for meals and drinks, congratulating

myself the while that I had been fortunate in landing a sucker right off the reel.

This continued for two days, which time I employed orienting myself in the city, which, I decided, should henceforth be my field of operations. Then, on the third morning, I was awakened by the ringing of the telephone. I leaped out of bed and noticed, as I passed, that my friend's bed had not been slept in that night.

It was a call from Jennings. He asked me to meet him in fifteen minutes at a Broadway address. I was on time to meet him as he stepped out of a motor-cab.

"I'm in a pickle," he explained hurriedly. "I sat in a stiff game of stud last night and the gang cleaned me. I must have four hundred and fifty dollars at once, or I'll lose my prestige at the club. I have here a postal money order for five hundred dollars, but I did not want to humiliate myself by presenting it at the gambling house and the post-office does not open until nine o'clock. If you can let me have the money, I'll meet

you at the post-office at that time and repay you."

Of course I gave him the desired amount. I was tickled to be able to be of service to a man who had done me so many favors. I refused to take the money order he tendered me, saying I would meet him at nine.

I arrived at the rendezvous a few minutes late and waited for an hour. Concluding he already had cashed the order and gone to the hotel to meet me, I hurried there, but found the room was deserted.

"Has Mr. Jennings been in within the last hour?" I inquired of the clerk.

"I don't know any person by that name," replied the clerk.

"I refer to the man who occupied the same suite with me," I explained.

"Why, he registered under the name of Hanscomb," said the clerk. "Yes, he was here more than an hour ago. He checked out, saying you had decided to stay for a few days longer and would settle the bill for both. Anything wrong?" he added, when he saw the look of consternation on my face.

"Nothing," I said, struggling bravely to compose myself. "Only, I have changed my mind and intended to leave with him. What's the bill?"

It was produced and set me back forty-six dollars. After handing out a few tips I found myself the proud possessor of one silver dollar!

"Stung, by Gad!" I muttered, as I stumbled out into the sunshine. "What was it dad said about not trusting strangers? Well, that's that. Now, what to do?"

(Second Installment in Next issue.)

Beating the Stork

By Rev. "Golightly" Morrill
Pastor People's Church,
Minneapolis, Minn.



Rev. G. L. Morrill

A LONG June day was drawing to a close. As I sat in my Minneapolis study waiting for a wedding that was half an hour late, the 'phone rang, and the sobbing voice of a woman came over the wire—"Is this you, Dr. Morrill? Well, the wedding we arranged to have at your house this evening can't be held there"—there was a pause, and then with choked utterance she added, "For God's sake, come quick," and told me where to meet her.

Ten minutes later I stepped out of a car and was met at the corner by a woman who came from the shadow of a doorway. Punctuating her words with tears, she said:

"My poor little sister!—mother's been dead for years, and I've tried to take care of her, but I've failed—she's gone wrong—her lover tried to do the square thing by her, and she was just coming over to be married in the bridal dress she had made, when she was taken sick. You see, she wanted to be married before the baby came. She's at home now with the doctor—I sent for him a short while ago."

"Is the baby born?" I asked.

"Not when I left," she replied.

"Then hurry and show me where you live—maybe we can beat the stork."

Running down a dark street, we came to a plain-looking little house, embowered in trees, that stood back from the walk as if to get away from the public gaze. She darted up the path, crossed the porch, entered the unlocked door. I followed.

"She's up there," she said, pointing to a narrow, steep staircase leading to a partly opened door from which streamed a soft, yellow light.

I WENT up three steps at a time, pushed the door wide open, and entered. There in the humble room I saw the young lover kneeling by the bedside, his hat on the back of his head, his coat off, and holding the hand of a dark-eyed girl whose black hair was tossing on the pillow like a restless wave. The doctor who was standing by the struggling patient, turned around, saw me and exclaimed, "Why, Morrill, what are you doing here?"

"Doing what I should have done nine months ago, and they wanted me to do tonight. Is the baby born?"

"No, not yet."

"Can you hold it back a minute?"

"Yes; what for?"

"I'm going to marry them now."

A grateful look shone through the sick girl's eyes like the sun through an April shower—the lover's lips

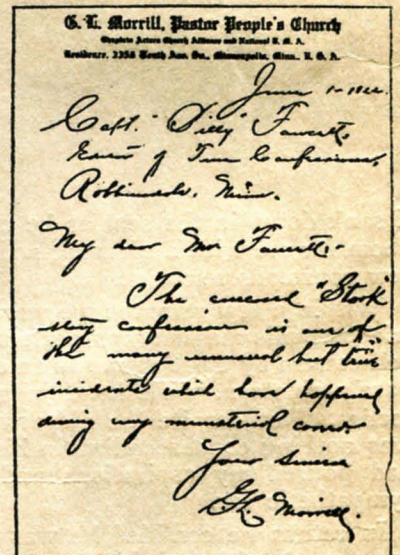
trembled—the doctor stood bravely by, ready for any emergency. The dim lamp on the table lit up the anxious face of the sister, who had quietly come into the room. The strong hand of the lover, white to the knuckles, clasped the moist fingers of his sweetheart. In a few seconds, according to the laws of God and man, I made them husband and wife.

The young bride swooned away. There was a groan of anguish, silence—then the cry of a baby's voice. And she who had just been married was now a mother.

WHILE I was congratulating the new husband and father, the young mother came back from the Valley of the Shadow, stretched her hands towards him, and began to cry as if her heart would break. "Girlie, don't cry, everything now is just the way you wanted it—you know we all love you," I said, and taking a red carnation from my coat, I put it into her white hand, telling her how it took all the power and care of heaven and earth to make that flower, and that God loved her more than any flower that ever grew.

Stooping over her, I whispered, "God bless you every day and way," and kissed her good-bye.

Out doors I looked at my watch. I was an hour late, and hurried away to the other end of Minneapolis where I was scheduled to make a talk to the Swedes.



An Art Model's

Modern Garden of Eden

Here are truths that will interest every woman—and every man. Some men of a type may resent its revelations. Women who know will say: "It is life."

IN YEARS I am only twenty-two. But in worldly wisdom I am old—terribly old. Down from heaven I have been dragged, through stratum after stratum of black deeds and thoughts, to reach at last the plane of every-day life.

In a way, I am not sorry for my experiences. They are over. My ship of life has sailed into a calm haven. I look back at the stormy, tortuous voyage with horror, with regrets. But, after all, we learn from our experiences—and we are able because of them to help others to avoid the same mistakes.

That is why I tell this story now. Other girls may read it, be warned in time, and be able to turn their little ships into safe waters before they reach the black shoals of disillusionment and despair.

I WAS only eighteen when I became an artist's model in Greenwich Village. Born and bred in New York I didn't know what the country meant and never hungered for it. My brother and I lived in a two-room flat, way over in the East Side. When he died I was left entirely alone, with nothing but the clothes I had on my back.

I had managed to dodge the truant officer so that I never had spent more than six months in a school room. Somehow, I had picked up the ability to read a little. I didn't know the multiplication table, but no one could cheat me out of a penny of change. My only chance for a job seemed to be something where no brains were needed—yet I loathed the thought of the confinement of a factory, and I would not even consider a kitchen.

Then, as I went desolately down a street, not knowing where to turn, I saw a sign in the window of a shabby old house:

GIRL MODEL WANTED

I knew there were artists too poor to pay for an "ad" in the papers. I didn't stop to think that such an artist would not have money to pay me. I rang the bell and a sloppy landlady stared out at me.

"I wanna see the guy that has the card in the window," I said, in the typical language of a "goil" of the East Side.

"Gwan up," she said, pointing. I went up three flights of smoky stairs, into a perfectly dark hall. Finally I found a door and rapped on it.

The door creaked, and a tall man stood before me. He might have been anything from thirty to fifty years old. His face was so emaciated that I could get no idea of his age. What struck me most forcibly were his magnificent eyes, which burned with a hot, feverish light. The drawn lines of his face relaxed as he looked at me.

"I seen your sign," I began, but he interrupted me by taking my arm and drawing me into the room.

This is a Thrilling Story

*of a Young Girl's Amorous
Adventures in New York's
Greenwich Village. It May
Help Some Other Girl to
Avoid the Same Mistakes.*



—Cafe Brulo

"Here was the first happiness I had ever known . . ."

There he gave me a keen look—the once-over, I called it, mentally.

"May I ask how old you are?" he said, and when I answered "eighteen" he sighed. "You're too young," he said. "You haven't had experience enough with life to go through this thing. I couldn't ask it."

"What's the matter?" I demanded, seeing my chance slipping from me. "Ain't my figger good?"

"You'd do, I guess," he admitted, "but you are too young to pose nude. I couldn't ask it of you."

I F I EVER had known any training, of any sort, in morality, I should have left then—but I hadn't. My brother always had been good to me, but his sense of modesty wasn't sharpened any more than mine. So I just looked at the man. There was something about him I liked. I could see that he was up against it, and fairly desperate, and yet he was trying to save me.

"Say, what's your proposition?" I asked. "You need me, I guess. And I need a job awful bad. Let's get down to business."

He looked at me quizzically. "Know anything about art exhibits?"

"Nope. Only heard of 'em."

"Well an art exhibit is a display where artists put their work up for prizes. There will be one in Fine Arts Hall in just four weeks. I have learned that a man named Gilson is putting up a picture called 'Youth,' which is a copy from one of my old ones. Of course he painted this one, but it is my idea just the same."

He looked at me rather impatiently as I frowned with perplexity, trying to understand. "Sit down," he ordered. "Of course, it is hard for you to understand.

You see, Gilson and I used to be firm friends, and work together. That was when I gave him my painting, 'Youth.' We were struggling artists then, but while I went to war he stayed home and became a great success by using my methods. The report went out that I was killed over there, and he thinks it was true. Don't you see, girl, I've got to beat my own work to win?"

"Gee, what a dirty trick;" I put in. "I'll help you!"

"It's a five thousand dollar prize if I win. But all I have now is enough to buy a few provisions and my paint. So I can't pay you a cent until I get the prize-money. And at that I may fail. So you see it's a gamble—too much to ask of a child like you."

"I'll take a chanct," I said. I don't know how I thought I was going to live. I had scrambled along, from hand to mouth, all my life. It wasn't as if I had been in the habit of looking ahead. And there was something about him that made me determined to help him out. "When do we begin?" I asked.

"I was just going to have a bite of supper. Will you join me? Then I can try you out, if you really decide to stay."

"Suits me," I said. Here was one meal, anyhow!

And after that it would be a long time till breakfast! That's the way I was used to reasoning.

OVER by a dingy window he had a little three-legged table. He brought out crackers and cheese and two bottles of ginger pop.

"This isn't much," he apologized.

"There's plenty of cheese," I said, "and that's filling."

We talked a lot while we ate. It made me ashamed when I heard his nice way of speaking. I made up my mind right there that I'd listen to every word he said, and learn to speak nicely myself. And I did it, too. That was the beginning of my education.

At last we had eaten every crumb. I rose and said, "Well, what's the program?" I tried to act careless, but I was a little shaky inside, at that.

He held out an old lavender robe, made of crepe de chine. "Go over behind that screen," he said, "and disrobe, and slip this on." I did as he said, and soon came out, holding the flimsy thing around me. He indicated that he wanted me to step on a flat box in the middle of the room.

"Stand erect, and draw the robe very closely around you," he told me. I obeyed, and he walked all around me to get the effect.

"You're pretty thin, but I can fill in. Can you pin your hair higher? That's good! Now just drop your head, in a dejected attitude. You're tired, you know, discouraged. Fine!"

He studied me from every angle. His voice had taken on a new confidence. He had me try a number of other poses. All the time his spirits were rising. And he didn't show a bit of feeling any more than if I had

been a wax figure in a window. That helped a lot.

"Now!" he said at last. "Please throw off the wrap, roll your head back and place your hands behind your neck. There. That's just right!"

EVEN for me, that was not easy. I did as he told me to, but I blushed to the roots of my hair. But he looked me over from various distances and viewpoints, nodded, and handed me my wrap without any show of feeling or of noticing my embarrassment. I slipped behind the screen.

When I came out he said. "You're going to be wonderful. Now tell me, if I give you lunch and supper every day, can you get along? That is, do you know where you are going to sleep until this thing is done?"

"I know exactly where I can stay," I told him. And I did. I set out for the park, and found me a nice, soft bench, out of sight of the police.

Well, the time went pretty fast that first week. But I begun to feel pretty bad, from lack of proper sleep and food. One afternoon everything went black and I tumbled off the box onto the floor. The next thing

Unmoral or Immoral?

WAS ALICE to be censured for her relations with her artist lover? This confession should make a wide appeal, especially to our women readers. She was a child of New York's East Side, without moral upbringing, but clean of heart. Her ideas of right and wrong, as generally understood, were hazy. Her morals were primitive—unmoral rather than immoral. She knew that she loved and was loved—and she was satisfied to "let the rest of the world go by" until in steps a sophisticated man of the world and with a word awakens her slumbering conception of social convention and arouses in her a desire to become a wife in name as well as in fact. With a breaking heart she makes the sacrifice of her love to gain what? To become "respectable" in the eyes of society, a society that had calmly ignored her when she was making her early struggles for existence. Despite her weakness in yielding to the dictates of her heart and defying an artificial convention of which she had only a shadowy impression, was Alice not cleaner of mind and purer of heart than thousands who have been shielded and guarded from their infancy by doting parents, teachers and associates? We invite the opinion of our readers.—The Editor.

I knew he was carrying me over to the little cot in the corner.

Of course he saw what was the matter, and he made me own up to where I'd been sleeping. He went out and got a bottle of milk and let me drink half of it. "That's enough, for a start," he said, and took it away from me. He made me lie down again, and he sat and thought, with his head in his hands. It began to get dark in the studio. The windows were open and I could hear a street piano down below, and the kids all running and dancing. The light on the corner went on, and it came through the window and struck on his head. He looked up then.

"I want to propose something," he said. "It's the only way I can think of. You stay right here with me, until the picture is finished. Now don't take me wrong," for I had raised myself on my elbow and was staring at him. Even I knew that he was proposing something rather extraordinary. "We'll be just the same as now. You needn't be afraid, Alice."

Well, it seemed pretty risky, I thought. But, after all, I had to stay somewhere! And he needed me, and it wasn't as if I had folks to fuss about my reputation. I stayed. And he kept his word to me. He treated me like a little sister.

For days we worked there. When I was not posing I cleaned up the bare little room and got it to looking sort of homelike. One morning when we had been working about an hour he stopped short.

"Lord! I've run out of red paint. Just when I was getting along so well, too. I'll run out for some more. Don't dress. I won't be long."

I SAT by the window and watched the people across the street hang out a gray washing on a fire escape. He must have been gone about a half-hour when the door opened. Without turning around I said:

"I didn't expect you back so soon. The parrot of Mrs. Steinberg's certainly is the limit."

"Well, well! Look what's here!" I heard a strange voice say, and I turned about swiftly. A rather young man, very well dressed, and with an expression I didn't like, stood staring at me with a crooked smile.

"Who are you?" I cried, backing against the wall, holding my robe around me.

"The question is, who are you?" he said, coming nearer. His face looked like a cat's, when it has a mouse cornered. He kept coming nearer until he was in front of me. He placed his hand under my chin and tilted my head.

"Really, a marvelous face," he mumbled to himself. "Hang it all, how does Fitz get such good looking models?"

I was afraid to move, hoping against hope that Fitz would return. Suddenly the man turned and glanced over at the easel, which was covered with a piece of canvas. I read his thoughts. He was going to look at the picture.

Something told me he mustn't. I rushed to the easel and stood before it, arms outstretched, my robe opening loosely over my shoulders.

"You mustn't touch it!" I cried. "Mr. Fitz doesn't allow it."

"Well, well! Why all the mystery? I really must have a look now. Step aside, you handsome little devil."

"I won't."

"Now, be reasonable. What is it to you?" He tried to tear me away and his fingers sank into my bare shoulder. With the touch of my flesh he seemed to go wild. Before I knew it, his arms were about me and he was kissing me on my neck, my throat, my breast. I struggled, but he held me and was carrying me over to the cot when the door opened and Fitzmaurice stepped in.

"Gilson!" he shouted, "you dirty dog!" The man let me drop so suddenly that I fell to the floor with a crash. I saw Fitz pick him up almost bodily, drag him to the door and pitch him out. Then Fitz rushed back and gathered me up in his arms, holding me tightly against his heart.

"My darling!" he breathed, "my own little girl! If anything had happened to you I should have died. Put your arms around me, sweetheart. Tell me you all right!"

So began the first real happiness I had ever known!

Intrigue-Me-Not

A Farce adapted by Tatler, which draws the Blue Line at the Blue Lines

By LISLE BELL

The scene is a conventional stage boudoir, with the telephone hidden by a French doll, and the heroine not exactly hidden by a French negligee. All the lamps have rose shades, and a 25-watt incandescent bulb burns brightly amid the artificial logs of the would-be fireplace. The heroine is reclining on a chaise longue reading a condensed version of "Three Weeks," which will only take a couple of hours.

A couple of hours pass.

The heroine closes the book just as the intruder opens the door. She is not startled. Having just finished "Three Weeks," she is ready for anything. Fortunately, the intruder is handsomer than anything. He is tall, dark, and has a good barber.

He (advancing to the center of the room)—May I come in?

She—Apparently.

He—Are you sure we'll not be disturbed?

She—Well, that's up to you. I haven't been disturbed for two hours, but maybe you can do it.

He (seizing her in his arms)—You vam—

She—Sh-h! Don't say "vampire." It sounds so professional.

He—What shall I call you?

She—Call me—Eve.

He—Ah, Eve—the first modern business woman!

She—How do you make that out?

He—Why, the inventor of the loose-leaf system.

She—I see. From fig-leaves to fig-ures.

He—We are wasting time. I came to ask you to fly with me.

She (indicating her negligee)—But I'm not dressed for flying.

He—Haven't you got a slip-on you can slip over that slip-in?

She—I thought you wanted me to fall for you—not merely slip.

He—I do! I want—

(The telephone rings.)

She—Excuse me. And don't forget what you were going to say you wanted.

(Into the phone) Hello!

Operator (who is downstairs in the hall)—Someone calling to see you, ma'am. A gentleman.

She—A gentleman? How extremely rare! Describe him.

Operator—He wears tan shoes that squeak. He has on a brown derby. There are spots on his vest, and a glass scarf-pin in his tie. He carries a toothpick between his teeth, and his trousers are baggy. He also needs a haircut.

She (into the phone excitedly)—I know that man! Don't let him come up! Have him arrested at once. He's a suspicious character. This is not the first time he's annoyed me, either! (She hangs up the receiver.) What a narrow escape!

He (goes to the window, and looks out)—Look! They're throwing the fellow into a patrol wagon! Why, who—? Good heavens, he's your husband!

She (calmly)—Of course.

He—But you said he was a suspicious character.

She—Well, he is one. Doesn't he suspect me?

He (seizing her again)—Oh, Eve, you vam—. I beg your pardon.

She (with a sigh)—Now that my husband's in jail, what were you saying you wanted when we were interrupted?

(They clinch, and the

CURTAIN FALLS)

IT IS not true that when the wolf howls love flies out the window. There were many days before the exhibit when all we had to eat was bread—and none too much of that. But my new love was meat and drink to me. I lived in a glory of happiness.

And at last the wonderful day arrived when the judges gave my man the prize! We were so happy we were almost delirious, but I was not surprised. Never once had I doubted his getting it. He bought me new clothes. We went out to dinner every night. Fitz rented a fine new studio, and beautiful society women came to beg him to paint their portraits.

So poverty and hunger were left behind, and the first months in the new studio were heavenly. I had graduated from an "East Side goil" to a lady on Quality Row. I had learned to dress and to speak properly. I continued to pose for Fitz. When he was not painting portraits he was working at a picture of me, called "Inspiration."

"That's what you are!" he would say, "My inspiration!" It made me so happy, and so proud.

One day a stranger appeared at the studio, —a very handsome man, about forty years old, I thought. Fitz was overjoyed to see him.

"Alice," he said, "this is my old friend, Herbert Hanley. He deserted art to become a plutocratic importer. Hanley, this is the little girl who made me famous."

Hanley bent low over my hand. "I've looked forward to this meeting," he said. "I want you both to come to a party at my place tomorrow night."

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with one of the rich men of New York. He kept a sort of a studio apartment where he loved to entertain artists, actors, writers, musicians. He invited us very often, and he came to our little studio affairs, always bringing me beautiful flowers, or boxes of candy.

One night, at a party of his, he drew me into an alcove for a little chat. He often did that, but tonight I felt somehow that all was not well. Suddenly he reached over and caught my clasped hands in his. I looked up in surprise, for I never had thought of him as a lover. There was a new alarming look in his eyes.

"Fitz is really very selfish with you," he said. "He has no real claim on you, and yet he keeps us all away from you."

"Why, Mr. Hanley, I thought you were his friend," I stammered. "And why do you say he has no claim on me. You know what we mean to each other."

"I don't doubt that handsome Fitz has won your heart. But tell me the truth, little girl. Has he ever asked you to marry him?"

"No-o," I admitted, "that is—" I stopped short,

confused, not knowing how to go on without seeming disloyal to Fitz. "He loves me," I finished defiantly.

"Just now, yes. But how much longer do you expect such a fascination to last with a married man?"

HIS WORDS were like a slap in the face. I was almost stunned, but I defied him.

"It isn't true!" I declared.

"Ask him!" said Hanley.

"I won't. I know it isn't true!"

"Ask him tonight!" he challenged.

I didn't believe Hanley—yet I couldn't rest. The first real trouble had lifted its head in my paradise. When we got home that night, I clung to Fitz for a long time. He seemed to sense something wrong.

"What is it, dearest? Something worrying you?"

"Oh, tell me it isn't true!" I cried. Then I sobbed the whole thing out on his shoulder. He kissed me and petted me and assured me of his undying love. But gradually it dawned on me that he wasn't denying it!

At last, holding me so closely I could hardly breathe, he muttered. "It is true. But, my darling, she means nothing to me. For years I have not lived with her. She won't divorce me. And I loved you so! It seemed better not to tell you, since there was nothing I could do. But you believe that I love you better than life itself? You won't be unhappy about it? You forgive me?"

Yes, I forgave him. I loved him. I believed that he loved me, and yet—the old, happy trust and confidence was gone. I began to ask myself questions that never had entered my mind before. I wondered what I would do if Fitz should tire of me, if his wife should appear, if this, and if that.

My mind was in this when I met Hanley on the street. "Let me take you for a ride, and then home," he coaxed. "You

look pale. A drive in the country will do you good. It's beautiful just now over in Jersey.

I hesitated, and consented. The air was wonderful, the fruit trees were all a-blossom, the sun turned the river to a ribbon of silver. I tried to be my old happy self, and I did feel better after an hour of the country air. Hanley was most thoughtful and considerate. We had started homeward before he said, "Did you ask Fitz?"

"Yes," I admitted, "and he told me it was true. But I do not care. I love him just the same."

"You may love him just the same, but you care! And you are foolish to go on living with him, knowing he never can ask you to be his wife. It is unjust, little girl. He should be ashamed to look you in the face. He took you when you were young, inexperienced. He placed you in this false position. He is ashamed to take you out, openly. If you will be my wife it



" Tell me, little girl, has he ever asked you to marry him?"

will be my joy to introduce you to my friends. You will have an assured position in society. There will be nothing to fear. This way, what have you to look ahead to? A man always tires of a woman under this arrangement. Then what will you do?"

A WAVE of self-pity engulfed me. For the first time, I felt a burning sense of shame. Never before had it entered my head that Fitz might be ashamed of me. A thrill of rebellion shook my very soul. I began to cry forlornly. Hanley comforted me, fed my self-pity, flattered my vanity, urged me to let him give me "an honored place among other women."

In the end I yielded. I promised to be his wife, though I told him frankly that I still loved Fitz. He said he did not care, that he would teach me to love him when I was his.

Hanley drove me home and as I entered the door of the studio Fitz seemed to feel that something was wrong. He came toward me, holding out his arms; but for the first time in my life I drew away from him.

"I'm going to leave you, dear," I said.

He staggered back. "Good God, you can't mean it, Alice. Think, dear, of all we have been through together!"

"I have thought," I told him. "That is why I am going. I am going to be a wife, Fitz. An honored wife."

"Alice!" It was almost a shriek. He drew me to him, crushed me to his heart, argued, begged, reasoned. How I ever steadied myself is a mystery to me, as I look back. But I did. I remained cold as ice. And all the time my stubborn heart was breaking.

Even while Hanley and I were being married in a little stone church in New Jersey I could see my lover's face as it looked that last night. Somehow the ceremony didn't thrill me as I had thought it would. No sense of glorification came to me from being pronounced a wife. But I had my honeymoon to look forward to. We were to Cuba, in my husband's yacht. That was a thrilling event to a girl who had never been out of New York.

It was a wonderful cruise. Hanley was thoughtful, tender, companionable. I thought for a while that I almost loved him.

I was surprised at the large cargo he carried on the little boat. "I always thought yachts were only for passengers," I told him, "and here you are loading things every night."

"I had this boat made purposely for whisky," he said.

"Whisky! You can't land that in New York!" I exclaimed.

"You'll see," he laughed. From that time his attitude toward me was different. We were nearing home, and his plans were maturing. The night before we came in sight of Miss Liberty he came into my state-room without knocking. He had never done this before, but I reminded myself that he was my husband, pulled my negligee closer about me, and said nothing.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, "that we stop at the three-mile limit, and I have wired some friends to come out to meet me. When they come aboard I want you to be extra nice to them. They mean a lot to my business. Of course you realize now what it is I im-

port at such a big profit. I want you to wear that thing you have on, when they come."

"Why, Bert! This is only a scrap of chiffon. It would be outrageous to appear before men in this."

"You've appeared before one man in less than that, remember. Why the sudden modesty?"

FOR a minute I was stunned. Then, "Bert, dear," I said, trying hard to be cool and reasonable, you know you don't mean it. You don't want your wife to appear before a lot of men, half nude."

"I made you my wife by law, but you know very well you have not been mine in heart. Your heart stayed with Fitz. Well, then, I'll have something for my money and my name. You owe me a little gratitude. Am I to marry John Fitzmaurice's mistress and get no reward at all? You'll obey me about this, or I'll turn you back on the streets where you belong."

And it was then, driven to desperation, heart-broken, unable to deny that I had left my heart with my faithful Fitz, that I held up to him, silently, the little garment on which I had been sewing when he entered the room.

"Good God!" he stammered.

"Do you wish the mother of your child to entertain men as you have suggested?" I asked of him.

"No, no! Stay in your state-room. You will not be disturbed," he promised.

From that time on he showed me a new tenderness, a new respect toward me. I began to urge him to give up the business. I wanted our child to be born at home, with no cloud of lawlessness overhanging. He half promised to grant my wish. But one evening he took a long chance and drew up at a wharf to meet some of our best customers. There was quite a riotous crowd on deck about eleven o'clock and suddenly we heard the putt-putt of a motor boat coming alongside us. The next thing we knew the deck was swarming with government officers. Bert glanced wildly about and went overboard. The officers rushed to the gunwale. One of them turned a searchlight out over the water.

The white finger of light flashed up and down, wavered, rose, and picked out the figure of my Bert. I screamed—there was a shot—a man cried, "I got him!" That was all.

When they brought him in he was dying. He asked to see me alone. I bent over him tenderly.

"Don't try to talk," I urged.

"I must," he said. "Alice, Fitz doesn't know it, but his wife has been dead three years. I know he will take you back, and marry you. Love like yours and his doesn't die. Send for him, dear. I wish you all the happiness in the world. But, Alice, will you name our boy for me?"

I PROMISED, and I kept my word. My dying husband was right. Love like Fitz's and mine is everlasting—nothing can kill it. Without a word of reproach, he welcomed me, and we were married. We have lived happily for many years.

Four children are ours. The eldest is a tall, handsome youth, just finishing college now. He adores Mother and Dad and his three young sisters. Sometimes our friends accuse us of favoritism toward only son.

His name is Herbert Hanley Fitzmaurice.

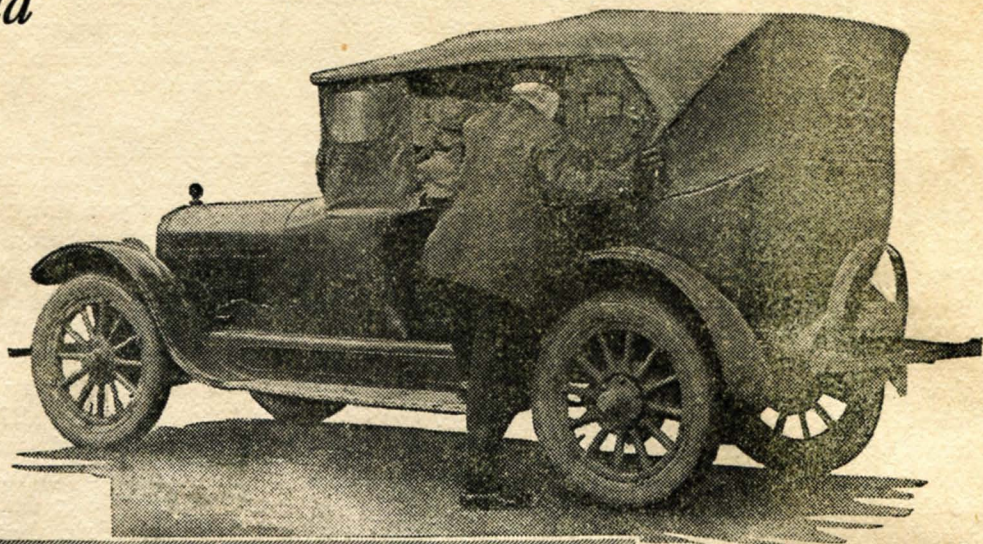
A Story of Retribution and Swift Justice

TWO

The Twin Cities
of Minneapolis and
St. Paul were the
scenes of these crimes.

Detectives at scene where Connery's
body was found.

(Flashlight picture taken by
I. P. Jones)



Connery enters car.
It proved to be
his last ride.



sued by police until the fugitives, at bay, were forced to surrender.

For sheer cruelty and lack of motive in which no personal passion entered the two crimes stand unparalleled in the annals of the Twin Cities. One of them must be laid to downright brutality; the other to the necessity for obtaining funds with which to escape the consequences of the first. Even a sordid lust for gold did not enter into either of them.

They that fell victims to the blood-lust of the slayers were a man and a woman; one, a Minneapolis policeman; the other, the separated wife of a wealthy St. Paul contractor. Neither knew the other. Credit for linking the two crimes and charging them to the same criminal must be given to John J. O'Connor, then chief of the St. Paul police department, and nationally known as a police executive of rare ability.

First came the mysterious disappearance of the policeman, Geo. H. Connery, who was last seen as he stepped into an automobile and then vanished as utterly as though the earth had swallowed him. This was on a Tuesday, April 24, 1917.

Thirty-six hours later, or shortly before two o'clock on the morning of Thursday, Mrs. Alice McQuillan Dunn,

IN THE spring of 1917, when the entire country was preparing for war, but shortly before the first consignment of troops had been sent to Europe to bear aloft the standard of the United States in the most titanic struggle of all time, two murders, which for cold-blooded cruelty rivaled anything laid to the Boches across the seas, shocked the twin communities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

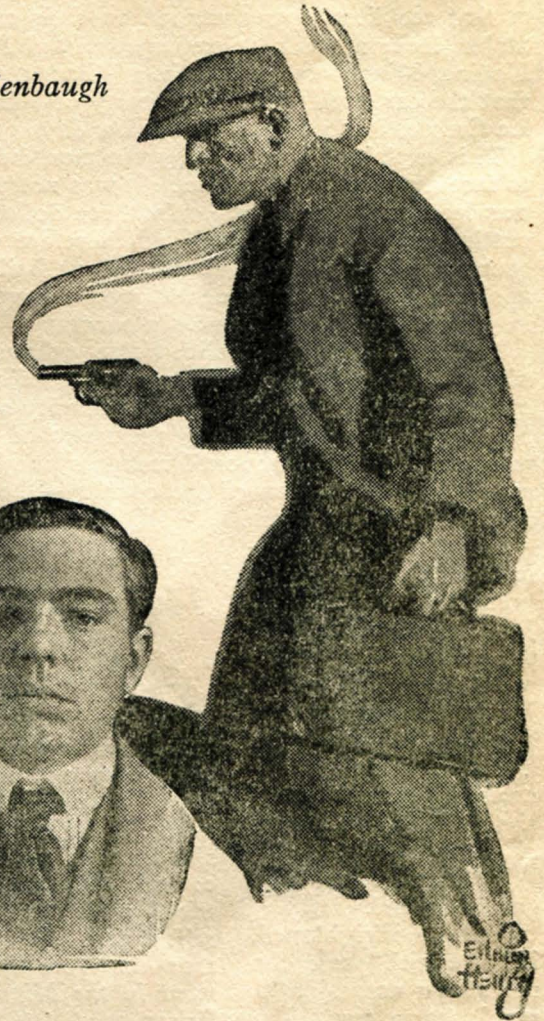
The purpose of this narrative, taken from the police files and the court records of the two cities, is to show how the perpetrators of the crimes, and the planners of one of them, were brought to book through the confessions of two of the principals in the bloody dramas, after they had been trailed and captured in a quest unrelentingly pur-

slayers were a man and a woman; one, a Minneapolis policeman; the other, the separated wife of a wealthy St. Paul contractor. Neither knew the other. Credit for linking the two crimes and charging them to the same criminal must be given to John J. O'Connor, then chief of the St. Paul police department, and nationally known as a police executive of rare ability.

Captors of Slayers

THE second and fourth men from the left shown in above cut, J. A. Weare and F. W. Brunskill, respectively, were the detectives principally responsible for the capture of the slayers of Patrolman Connery and Mrs. Dunn. Detective Weare later was shot and killed in a pistol duel with a thief, who in turn was killed by the detective's partner. Brunskill now is captain of detectives of the Minneapolis department.

Murders



Bertillon pictures of McCool and Redenbaugh taken by I. P. Jones of the Minneapolis department of criminal identification. McCool is on the left.

young and pretty wife of Frank J.

Dunn, nearly thirty years her senior, was foully murdered at the home of her parents, where she had lived since the separation from her husband, more than a year before. Three bullets were fired through her head by a man who entered the room where she was asleep beside her sister, Katherine McQuillan.

AT THE time no one dreamed of connecting the two crimes. In fact there was no knowledge then that there had been a crime in connection with the disappearance of the policeman. An abortive attempt was made to have it appear that the murder of Mrs. Dunn was committed for the purpose of robbery; but this was so clumsily carried out that it failed to deceive the police.

To revert to the disappearance of the policeman.

On the morning of April 24th, two policemen, C. E. Ziegler and F. X. Kort, had been detailed by their precinct captain to establish a speed-trap on Washington Avenue Southeast, the main traveled thoroughfare from St. Paul into Minneapolis, following complaints of speeding which had been the cause of numerous accidents.

Several arrests had been made and it was nearing two o'clock in the afternoon when a car from St. Paul shot by Ziegler, who signaled Kort. The latter leaped to the running-board of the car as it was about to pass him when the driver failed to stop at his command.

The driver protested he was going at the rate of only eighteen miles an hour, but the policeman insisted his stop-watch indicated nearer the forty-mile mark.

"You'll have to report at the station," he said, and he called Connery, who was on the beat, to take the men to the station and book them for appearance in police court the next day.

Murder Scene Described

THE writer was present when the body of the policeman was found. It was a weird and ghastly sight. Only the flickering light of a lantern illumined the scene, for the moon was hidden by heavy clouds. Surrounded by towering trees, in the middle of a small clearing, the ill-fated officer was lying supine, with a rolled-up rug under his head, his hands clasped across his chest and a small crucifix placed against his feet in such a manner that his dying glance could fall upon it. The face was badly battered, but the uniform left no doubt of the identification.

Connery stepped into the rear seat of the car, the curtains fell to behind him, and in another moment he had begun the drive which proved to be his last.

Note was made by the operator at headquarters that Connery failed to "pull in" at three o'clock, and again at four, the hour he was off duty for the day. When Kort and Ziegler appeared at the precinct station to check over their day's work, they failed to find the men turned over to Connery.

At first it was believed that Connery had gone with the men to their home to get money for their bail, but when Mrs. Connery called up at six o'clock and said her husband had not arrived as usual, the search for him began in earnest.

No real alarm over his absence was expressed, however, until the next

day, when it was learned the men in his charge had been arrested for speeding by the Prior Avenue Station police, St. Paul, fifteen minutes before they were stopped by the Minneapolis officers, and when the culprits failed to make their appearance in the traffic courts of either city. They had deposited twenty-five

dollars with the Prior Avenue police for their appearance.

IN THE investigation which followed, it was learned that the license-plate carried on their car had been stolen from a truck belonging to Paul A. Zenke of Nodine, Minnesota, stored in a Winona garage, and that the car itself was the property of John Stephens, La Crosse, Wisconsin, stolen a few days previously.

This explained in part why the men did not desire to face a police investigation. It was not until later it was learned the men had only three dollars left after putting up bail in St. Paul and therefore would have been unable to furnish the necessary bail in Minneapolis, and, as a consequence, would have been held in jail until their appearance in court.

While Minneapolis police were exhausting every effort to find the key to the mysterious disappearance of their missing comrade, the community of the entire Northwest was shocked by the news of one of the most brutal and unprovoked murders known to police annals of that section of the country—the slaying of Alice McQuillan Dunn.

In approved burglar-fashion, entry into the home of her father, J. F. McQuillan, was effected through a rear window. Katherine McQuillan awoke when a man, disguised with a handkerchief-mask, entered the room where she and her sister were sleeping.

Horror-stricken she sat up in bed.

"Don't be frightened, little girl," said the masked assassin. "I won't harm you. I'm here to do a bit of shooting," and before

the girl could cry out, his pistol spoke three times and the three bullets crashed through the head of her sister, who had just awakened and was sitting up in bed. She fell back without a groan and the gun-man disappeared silently.

Katherine gave the alarm and the first to respond was her brother, J. A. McQuillan, who discovered, when he attempted to telephone the police, that the wires had been cut.

When the police finally arrived, they found that a check for ten dollars and fifty cents and thirteen cents in change had been taken. Valuable silverware and jewels had been overlooked and the indications were that robbery was not the motive for the crime.

By three o'clock the same morning, Frank Dunn, the husband of the victim, was facing Chief O'Connor at Police Headquarters. He had an air-tight alibi, so far as his personal appearance in the murder was concerned, but from that day to this he never has seen a free day.

He explained, and brought out proof, that he had been at the Knights of Columbus Hall that night and was there at the hour the killing occurred. He was exonerated of the actual slaying, but O'Connor was not satisfied. He knew that Dunn was paying his wife seventy dollars a month alimony and had made overtures to another woman to marry her, but could not do so while his wife, who refused to apply for a divorce, was alive.

DESPITE all efforts of Dunn's influential friends, for he was wealthy and had hosts of them, the contractor was kept in jail, and the police chief began a close investigation of his record.

O'Connor was one of the few who insisted that Connery had been killed. When the car in which the policeman had been spirited away was found abandoned in St. Paul, the Chief announced cryptically that the man responsible for Connery's death also had slain Mrs. Dunn. He refused to give his reasons for this assumption and the statement was ridiculed by the then Chief of Police of Minneapolis, Lewis Harthill.

On May first two men, Charles Brown and Harry Fertig, were brought back from Montana by St. Paul detectives. They confessed Frank Dunn had "framed" with them a year before to have them "dispose" of his wife for ten thousand dollars. They "stalled" him, they said, obtained six thousand dollars, and then refused to commit the crime. He had arranged with them that he was to be at the Knights of Columbus Hall on the night when they carried out his instructions and killed Mrs. Dunn.

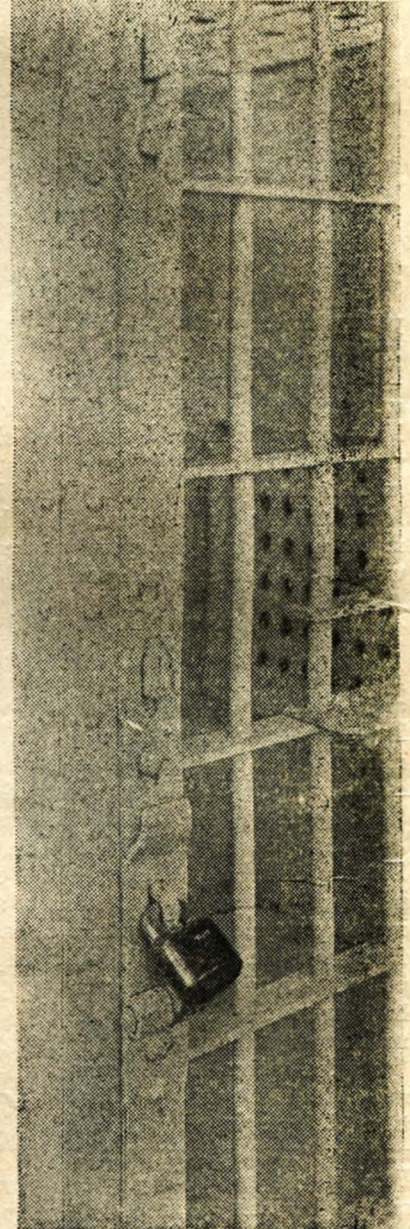
Chief O'Connor learned that Dunn had not been at the Knights of Columbus for a year previously to the night of the murder, which lent color to the story told by the two men. That they were not guilty of the crime, however, they were easily able to prove. They were released and the search for the actual criminal continued.

In the meantime the Minneapolis police had traced the course of the car in which Connery rode and learned it had been seen at various points along the route to Fridley, a hamlet north of Minneapolis. They dragged a creek in that neighborhood and recovered a blood-stained rug, which was identified as having been in the automobile, but could find no trace of the body. On May second they announced one of the men responsible for the disappearance of the policeman was a well-known criminal and that they were on his trail.

This man, it developed, was Frank J. McCool, later

Murder Deliberately Planned

FRANK DUNN deliberately planned the murder of his young and pretty wife so he would be left free to marry another woman. He paid hired assassins three thousand dollars to commit the crime and contrived a clever alibi for himself, which, however, failed to save him from life imprisonment in the Minnesota State Prison.



arrested in Omaha, and who made three separate "confessions" before he was induced to tell the truth.

For days the parallel investigations of the two departments progressed and it was not until Chief O'Connor had questioned Mike Moore, a bar-tender in C. W. Chickett's saloon on West Seventh Street, St. Paul, that they merged and formed a straight line pointing directly to one man as the perpetrator of the double crime. The man was Joe Redenbaugh, barely

and thirty-one dollars. The next day he married, in Kansas City, a girl he had met in Columbia, Nebraska, where he was reared, and had made his appearance in St. Paul after he had spent the money he had obtained in the bank robbery.

Additional information obtained by police was to the effect that Redenbaugh with four other men had made a trip to La Crosse with the purpose of blowing a bank-safe there, but that their plans had miscarried. Also, that they had stolen a machine when their own went wrong on them, and the car, it developed, was the same in which Connery was kidnapped.

"Redenbaugh is the man who killed Connery and later returned to St. Paul and murdered Alice McQuillan Dunn," O'Connor announced.

"Not so," said Chief Harthill. "Redenbaugh may have murdered Mrs. Dunn, but we are looking for E. H. Hamilton as the man who made away with Connery."

"Redenbaugh and Hamilton are the same," insisted O'Connor.

"They are not," was Harthill's answer. "One killed Mrs. Dunn; the other Connery."

So the controversy raged. Detective Thomas Gallagher of the Minneapolis department had obtained a photograph of the man. It was printed on circulars and sent broadcast, the St. Paul department requesting his arrest as Redenbaugh; the Minneapolis department making the same request, but calling him Hamilton.

St. Paul police "picked up" the men who had accompanied Redenbaugh on the ill-fated excursion to La Crosse. To them he had boasted, they said, that "a monkey up in St. Paul is going to give me ten grand for bumping off his wife." This made O'Connor certain that the slaying of Mrs. Dunn was the work of Redenbaugh. "Ten grand," in thieves' lingo, means ten thousand dollars.

FINALLY, on Saturday night, May fifth, the body of Patrolman Connery was found. The discovery was made following a mysterious telephone message received by Captain Arthur Gow of the Military Police at his hotel. Whom the informant was, was never learned, but the directions for the finding of the body were given with minute detail.

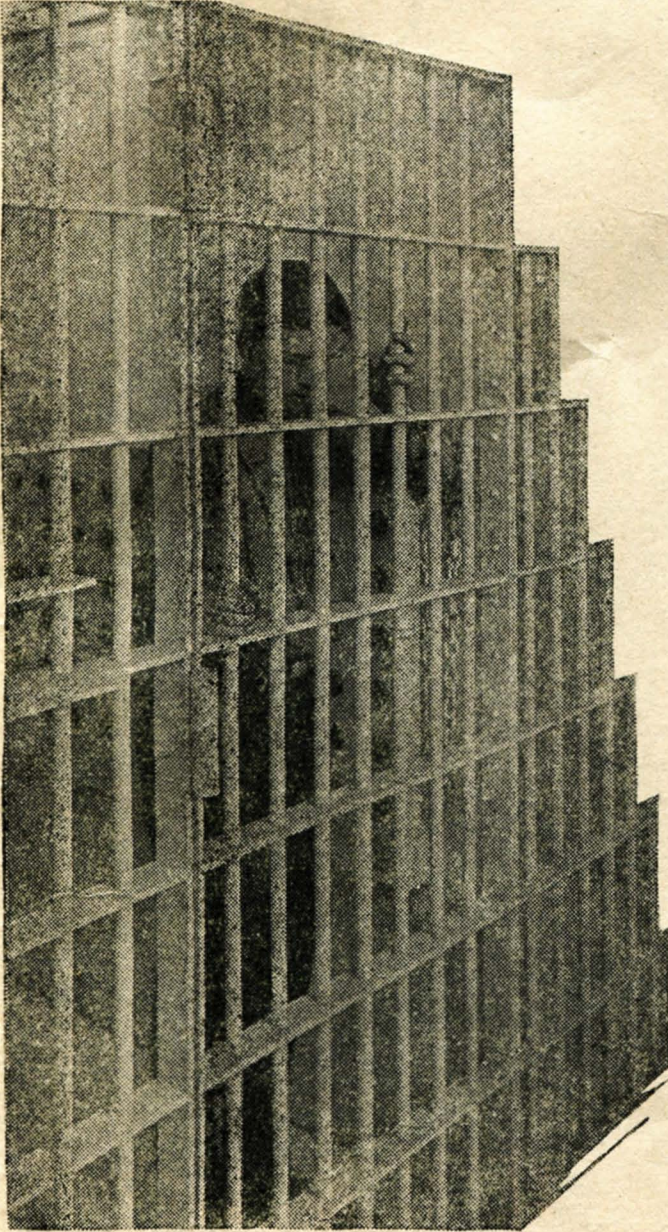
Summoning four of his aides, Captain Gow motored to Onaway Park, about eight miles north of Minneapolis. On this journey they had to cross Rice Creek, where the blood-soaked automobile rug had been recovered a few days earlier.

There, in a small clearing, with the feet crossed and a crucifix arranged near for the dying eyes to rest on, was the body, supine on the dead leaves, the hands folded across the chest. Nearby lay a small notebook which contained the dead man's last message to his family, scrawled in a hand nearly undecipherable and partly obliterated by rain which had fallen since it was written.

"Good-bye, Mollie, darling," it read. Then something about "children." The rest could not be made out. The name of Connery's wife was Mollie, and he was the father of five small children.

Captain Gow immediately notified the police of his gruesome discovery. He had not taken them into his confidence before, because he thought the message he had received might have been a fake.

It was found that Connery's nose was broken and his face smashed in, as from heavy blows. There also was a fracture of the skull and a bullet-hole in the left leg, indicating the bullet had entered near the knee and had torn its way along (*Continued on page 63*)



Redenbaugh in his cell after confessing to the double murder.

of legal age, called by Chief O'Connor "the toughest kid in the world."

MOORE was pointed out by the two Montana men as the go-between when they had negotiated with Dunn for the murder of his wife more than a year before. He had served five prison terms and when questioned by O'Connor admitted Dunn had frequented the saloon and had lately inquired about "bad men," which had resulted in an introduction to Redenbaugh, whose reputation as a desperate character was known to him. Redenbaugh, it was known, had held up a bank at University Place, Nebraska, in broad daylight on February sixteenth, and escaped with nineteen hundred

*Story of How
the Lure of
Gold Prompted
a Woman
to Commit
a 'Passive'
Crime, and
How She
was Punished.*

THERE is an old saying,—“Murder will out.”

Perhaps that is what compels me to write this tonight before I start on that long journey from which I probably shall never return. I would rather think, however, that I am writing it because I really desire to have the truth known—sometime.

I want my friends and neighbors, who think me so noble, to know how undeserving of their praise I have been. So I shall write my confession and lock it in the box with my will that it may be read after my death.

What will the good people about Broderic Hall think, I wonder?

Some of them may never know, as the box may not be opened for a long time. Or, it may be opened soon. Who knows?

But my affairs are all settled. And as soon as this story is written, I am ready to answer my summons whenever it comes.

The past week has been such a busy one; for after I recovered from my swoon and terrible shock and made up my mind what to do, I immediately began my preparations and carried them through with desperate haste.

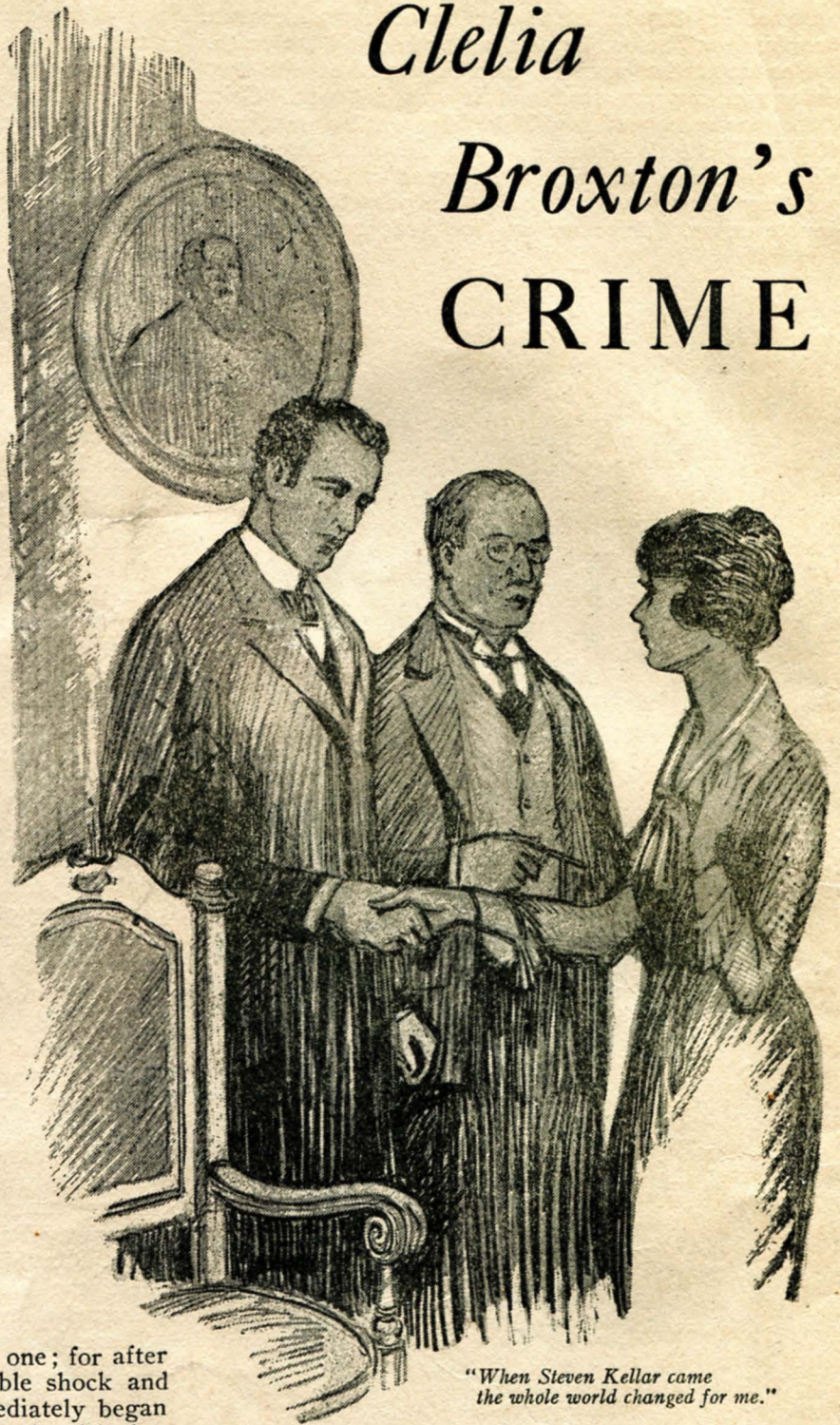
Lawyer Haskell looked at me so oddly today when he was drawing up the will, as if he half doubted my sanity. It seems strange to him I suppose that now, when everything is mine, I should, as he terms it, throw my life and fortune away.

Perhaps he may read this—some day. Then he will understand.

I shall write this in the quiet and silence of Mercedes' room. Opposite me is her invalid's chair, empty; the rolling wheels still. But it seems to me she is sitting there watching me; waiting for me to sing her bedtime lullaby.

Oh, Mercedes! Poor, wrecked life! I can only hope that the look I last saw in your beautiful eyes meant forgiveness.

Clelia *Broxton's* **CRIME**



*“When Steven Kellar came
the whole world changed for me.”*

FIRST, I must tell what folks say of me. Stephen thought me the noblest woman on earth. In his eyes I was perfect. My neighbors say that I, Clelia Broxton, am a good, Christian woman who has given the best years of her life in caring for an invalid half-sister.

“Not one in a thousand would do what Clelia Broxton has done,” has frequently been said.

I have had sympathy showered upon me. People naturally pitied poor Mercedes; but it was patient, uncomplaining Clelia who had their praise. Sometimes I have thought that I could bear it no longer; that I must scream out and tell them that if they knew the truth, they would say I was only being justly punished.

I shall begin my story on the day that I really began to live,—the day my mother married Doctor Broderic. I was thirteen then. All I remember of my life previously to that event, is comprised in the one word—poverty; the thing I hated more than anything in the world.

I wanted mother to marry Doctor Broderic. He was very rich and very old, I thought, when I heard he was sixty-seven. "He will die soon and leave us all his money," I told myself. Worldly reasoning for thirteen years! But poverty teaches hard lessons and I had an old head on my shoulders even then. Furthermore, I must have been born with a craving for riches.

After the wedding Doctor Broderic brought mother and me here to Broderic Hall, his fine old home. One of the first things he did was to give me a handsome allowance; and for the first time in my life I had money to spend.

My step-father liked me and I could not help liking him; he was so kind and thoughtful. Like some others he discovered that I had a voice. "You shall study music under the best instructors, Clelia," he promised, "and some day you will be a prima donna."

AND that became my dream—to be a great singer and travel all over the world; to be praised for my beauty and my voice. I was happy in the mere thought of it and still happier when the doctor said one day:

"I haven't a relative in the world, Clelia, so I guess I shall have to leave my entire fortune to you. Unless I should happen to have an heir of my own," he added with a laugh.

An heir of his own! How absurd!

The Broderic fortune was sure to be mine. I rested secure in the thought for I knew the Doctor made no idle promises. What a future lay before me!

Imagine then how my dream was shattered when, at the end of a year, my mother gave birth to a baby girl!

I have never seen anyone so insanely happy as was Doctor Broderic. His joy was equaled, I believe, only by my disappointment; for almost the first thought that came to me was that the doctor's own child, and

not I, would inherit his fortune. And I hated the baby who had come between me and my coveted wealth.

Mercedes—that was my little half-sister's name—was an adorable baby. My mother was very proud of her and Doctor Broderic worshipped the air she breathed. She was the very core of his existence.

The summer that Mercedes was a year old, my mother began to go out in society a great deal. The doctor did not care to go. He preferred to remain at home and look after Little Blossom, as he called Mercedes. He was too jealous of her to trust her with any of the servants, or with anyone in fact, except me. Whenever he was compelled to let her go out of his sight, he wanted me to be with her.

"Clelia and I will let no harm come to Little Blossom," he was wont to say; "but no one else can be trusted with anything so precious."

Had he only known how I felt towards his precious one, particularly after he said one day:

"Little Blossom will cause a change in our plans, Clelia. Of course, being a Broderic, she will have to have the bulk of the Broderic estate. But you shall have enough to keep you in comfort."

HE SPOKE in jest, of course; but I knew it was true. There would be only comfort for me. Comfort! When luxury was what I craved.

Mercedes was the loveliest child I ever saw. Her fairy-like form was perfect. Her face resembled some delicate flower set in a frame of gold, and her violet eyes were beautiful beyond description. She was such a happy, joyous little elf, too. Her baby lips were never still. Her sweet, bell-like voice and tinkling laughter rang constantly through the house, filling it with music.

At fourteen months she was walking. No, not walking; I never saw her walk. She danced, glided, flitted like a butterfly, everywhere. She was afraid of nothing.

I well remember the doctor's fright the first time Mercedes climbed the stairs. She was half way to the top when he discovered her. He could not have followed to have saved his life—he was so paralyzed with fear. He called me. "Get her, Clelia," he said hoarsely. "Oh, for God's sake, be careful! Don't let her fall."



"... They danced before my eyes in letters of blood."

How foolish he was! When I started up the steps Mercedes screamed with laughter and hurried as fast as her little limbs could go. She beat me to the top and raced the length of the long hall before I could catch her; then the whole house rang with her shrieks of delight.

The doctor was shaking in every limb when I placed her in his arms.

"My Blossom must not climb," he chided gently. "She might fall and get hurt."

But that was only the beginning of Mercedes' climbing adventures. She seemed to have a mania for climbing everything in sight; and required constant watching.

There came a day when my mother was gone as usual and the doctor suffered with a headache.

"Watch Blossom, Clelia," he cautioned me when he was forced to lie down.

I took Mercedes—or followed her rather, for she danced ahead of me—out on the lawn. Presently her steps led us to the rear of the house. There she began to play in her sand pile. Seeing that she was contented I threw myself down under a tree and lay listening to the sound of her sweet voice as she prattled to herself.

I MUST have become drowsy, for after a time I started up, wondering why Mercedes was so quiet. Then I saw she was not near the sand pile. Where was she?

I glanced in every direction but did not see her until a gurgle of delight caused me to look towards the windmill.

An exclamation of dismay escaped me as I saw that Mercedes was climbing the ladder!

She had ascended only a few feet, however, and I could easily have taken her down,

but as I took my first step in her direction, a horrible temptation came to me. "Let her go—and fall," it whispered; "then you will be the doctor's heiress."

I stopped dead still and stood watching while that fairy form mounted higher and higher.

"Get her—while there is time," urged Conscience and the good in me. "Let her go," whispered Satan and the evil. "She stands between you and riches."

Horrible as it may seem, I listened to the latter voice. Remember, I could easily have saved her. It was in my power to do so; but I deliberately let her go to her death, as I thought.

Up, up she climbed, more slowly and laboriously; her small hands firmly grasping the rounds; her tiny feet following. She must have been fully twenty feet above the ground when I saw her pause and throw back her golden head, as if wondering how much farther it was to the top.

If the doctor had seen her then, hanging there between earth and sky, I believe he would have died.

I heard her utter a soft coo as she climbed a round higher, then she paused again, to look down. She must have become dizzy, for after a few seconds I saw the little body sway, and—I covered my eyes with my hands and dropped face downwards on the ground.

"You are a murderer—a murderer!" accused Conscience. "As much a murderer as if you had killed Mercedes with your two hands. You could have saved her! Murderer! Murderer!" Over and over the accusing voice called me that horrible name.



"Mercedes was the loveliest child I ever saw."

HOW long I lay there I do not know; but when at last I raised my head and looked towards the windmill, Mercedes was not on the ladder. Too well I knew where I could see her, but I dared not lower my eyes. I had heard no sound; had not seen her fall; but I knew just how that baby form had plunged down, down—

And then the thought came to me: How should I tell the doctor? He would never forgive me for allowing an accident to befall his darling while she was in my care. What should I tell him?

I was pondering over this when a faint, inarticulate cry came to my ears. I sprang to my feet. "She is not dead after all," was my thought as I started towards the spot where she had fallen.

No! Mercedes had not been killed by her fall. She was sitting, a small, huddled heap, on the ground, her hands aimlessly pulling at the grass. As I approached her she looked up at me in a dazed sort of way and smiled, a pitiful little smile which was followed by a more pitiful moan. I lifted her in my arms and she laid her golden-ringed head on my shoulder. Even now I can feel

her white forehead pressing against my neck.

She was asleep when I reached the house. Doctor Broderic was asleep also. I quietly laid her beside him. When he awoke and saw her he smiled and said: "Poor tired Blossom! She plays so hard, Clelia."

Mercedes slept a long time. When she awoke she cried a little and was fretful, something so unusual for her that the doctor was alarmed. "Surely she cannot be ill," he said. He examined her closely, but could discover no symptoms of illness.

As the days went by, however, Mercedes became more and more unlike her merry self. She was listless and fretful; would sit in one position for an hour at a time, and her dancing feet were still. It was apparent that something was gravely wrong with her.

Doctor Broderic sent for an eminent nerve specialist who was also one of his close friends.

"You are sure she has had no fall?" was the question the physician asked after he had carefully examined the patient.

"Absolutely sure," was Doctor Broderic's positive reply. "We have scarcely allowed her out of our sight. She could not have had a hard fall or been even slightly hurt without our knowing it."

THE specialist meditated a long time, then shook his head. "Her condition is such as might result from a serious injury to the spine, but if she has suffered no injury—"

Again the Doctor declared that she had not; and once more I proved myself a criminal at heart by keeping silent. Perhaps, if I had confessed the truth, the doctors would have known how to treat Mercedes' case; but I left them in the dark and they could only guess at the cause of her ailment. My guilty conscience smote me as I felt Mercedes' beautiful eyes fixed on my face in that sad, reproachful gaze which was to haunt me for so long.

Soon after the specialist's visit I went away for my first year at boarding school. I did not return to Broderic Hall until the next summer. I was shocked at the change in Mercedes—she was so frail and weak. My mother, too, looked pale and worried.

"If we only knew what is the matter with the child," she said sadly. "We have tried so many kinds of treatment but she gets no better. I am afraid she cannot live long."

I was silent. Strangely enough Mercedes seemed to think more of me than anyone. I noticed that she did not try to talk as she had done before she had her fall; but she would lisp my name and cling to me. She wanted me to be constantly with her. When I went back to school she cried pitifully.

In the midst of my last high school year I was summoned home again by a telegram announcing the illness of my mother. Worry over Mercedes' condition, constant care of her and close confinement had overtaxed her nerves and strength. After a few weeks of lingering illness my mother died.

"Take care of Mercedes while she lives, Clelia," were her last words to me; and I promised.

I loved my mother. I grieved over her death and have never been able to banish the disquieting thought that I was the cause of it.

After her funeral was over Doctor Broderic talked to me.

"I hate to ask you to give up your school, Clelia," he said, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, "but I cannot trust Blossom to the care of servants or strangers. She loves you so much and her life is hanging by a mere thread. She will not be here long, Clelia. You shall be well paid for your sacrifice if you stay and take care of her. Will you stay?"

There was nothing else for me to do, of course. Even if I could have resisted the doctor's plea, there was the promise to my mother. I was bound to take care of Mercedes while she lived. I tried to pretend that I would do it willingly and cheerfully; but, truth compels me to admit it, I found consolation in the thought that Mercedes would not live long and that

I would be well repaid in the end.

SO I DID not go back to school. I kept up my piano and vocal studies at home, however, that I might be ready for the time when I should be free to exhibit my talent before the world. For my desire to be a famous singer had grown with me. But alas for my dreams! Throughout all these years I have sung night after night, and my audience has comprised but one person—Mercedes. She was passionately fond of my music. Many a time when sleep would not come to her poor, pain-racked body, I have sung to her even in the midnight hour, and soothed her to rest.

Weeks and months went by; and at the end of the first year I was weary of my life of imprisonment, for as such I regarded it. Why did Mercedes not die? Her condition baffled physicians. Some hinted at an operation, but Doctor Broderic would not hear of such a thing. "I will not risk it," he declared.

One day the doctor sent for his lawyer; and that night he called me to his study and said: "I have made a new will, Clelia, and I wish to tell you about it. At my death, everything that I have goes to Mercedes, to be hers while she lives. At her death, it will all be yours. But while she lives, you are to receive, in addition to all expenses, twenty-five hundred dollars per year for taking care of her. I hope you are not displeased with this arrangement, Clelia; and don't think that I doubt you in any way, but I must take every precaution to insure my Blossom being well cared for."

Thus was I bound as with chains. My only chance of gaining wealth and freedom lay in Mercedes' death. "She cannot possibly live long," so said everyone; but despite the predictions, Mercedes lived on, a strange,

physical wreck, her body frail and twisted; her limbs drawn and undeveloped. One thing about her was perfect and that was her face, with its flawless, white skin, beautiful violet eyes and her golden hair. Neither had her mind developed and she was always a child, gentle and loving, whose only thought was to worship me.

DOCTOR BRODERIC grew feeble with the passing of the years, until at last he was a confirmed invalid, whimsical and childish, making the most unreasonable demands on my strength and time. Every moment that I could spare from Mercedes must needs be given to him. Thus my life, dreary and monotonous, dragged on, while I chafed under my yoke. There were times when I thought I could endure it no longer.

Doctor Broderic was eighty-eight years old when he died. Mercedes was twenty then, while I was thirty-four. And it was that same year that love came to me.

Up to that time my life had been so completely taken up with my invalids that there had been no thought of or opportunity (Continued on page 65)

MY HINDOO PRAYER

*Thou great Eternal Infinite,
Thou great unbounded whole,
Thy body is the universe,
Thy spirit is the soul.
If Thou art God
And Thou do'est rule
Immensity of space,
Then I am God,
Think as you will,
Or else I have no place;
And if I have no place at all,
And if I am not here,
Banished I surely cannot be,
Or else I'd be somewhere.
If Thou art God
And Thou do'est rule
And Thou art all in all;
If Thou wert here before I
was
Then I'm not here at all.
For I must be a part of God,
No matter if I'm small,
For if I'm not a part of Him,
There is no God at all.*

*An Episode
in the life of a private chauffeur*

WHO Was

By "King"



"He whipped out a revolver and fired at me."

the MAN?

IF MY name were attached to this confession I would not be jotting it down, as you will readily perceive, after you know as much about the Drummond mystery as I do. They say a bull-dog, the moon and a chauffeur could tell many a wonderful tale if the truth were known; I can, at least, vouch for the truth of this statement, so far as the chauffeur part is concerned.

To skim rapidly over the facts leading up to my employment as a chauffeur for Al



Drummond and his pretty wife, at Detroit, Mich., I go back to the time when my own dad owned three cars; I had the use of all of them, and naturally became proficient as a driver. Speed was my middle name, and in spite of the fact that I had driven many thousands of miles, and never tasted the dust of others, my first serious accident was to happen. With such a record you will pardon my personal opinion as to efficiency.

Dad died; unwise investments hastening the end. Mother had died the year previously. I was the only child. An orphan and stony broke at twenty-four. There you have it. This, however, is not a confession of my own escapade; I was but an innocent on-looker. I was paid to drive the car that night, and I simply carried out my duty. No man could be blamed for that.

It was late in June, and it had been a sultry afternoon, with the wind shifting into the southwest. Storm clouds which had been gathering all day finally broke forth into torrents of rain and left the roads top-soft and slippery. Al Drummond was a millionaire, a sportsman, going in for golf, fishing and auto racing with a swift hand. He was about fifty-two or three, I should judge. Iron-grey at temple, square of jaw, clean-cut and inordinately proud of Mrs. Drummond. (And jealous, as usually is the case where a man has a wife twelve years his junior.) The case of Mrs. Drummond was not that of a "flapper," but of a younger woman, tied down to a man whose idea seemed to be that money, a social position and gratification of every whim takes the place of personal attention and love. Mrs. Drummond was one of those vivacious, deep-blue-eyed women, with a full figure, not fleshy, but temptingly rounded. Her teeth were one of her main points, so even and flashing with every quick smile of the pouting lips. I admired her deeply. But to her I was, until the night in question, merely the hired chauffeur. Dependable, perhaps, but not a confidant in any sense.

AT SIX on the evening I speak of I decided that neither one of the cars would be called out, as Drummond was away on a fishing trip up north, and Mrs. Drummond was entertaining a couple of women friends from the other side of the city. I had figured on a full evening to myself,

when the bell in the garage rang, not once, but three times—the hurry call. I ran across the wet lawn, through the driving rain, with my gaberdine loosely thrown over my shoulders.

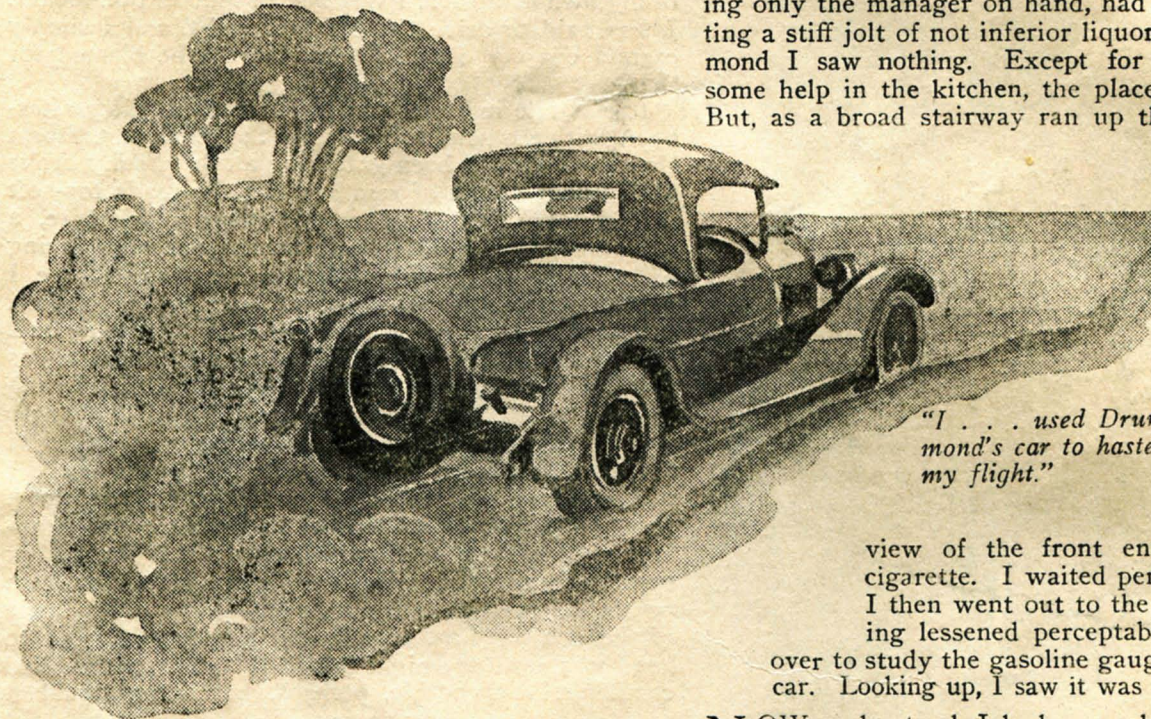
I went in through the servant's door in the rear, on into the back hall, and was confronted by Mrs. Drummond, greatly agitated and wrapped in a storm coat,

evidently prepared to leave at once. I shot a quick glance at the front door and was surprised to see Simon, the butler, ushering the two fair visitors to a waiting car. Evidently something of a serious nature had occurred to speed the guests so summarily.

"Edmond," said Mrs. Drummond to me, "I have received a message which means I must drive out to the Elder Inn tonight. But first I must ask your word you will not speak of this trip to anyone." She emphasized the word sharply.

"I do not speak of my affairs to anyone, Mrs. Drummond," I answered, bowing slightly.

She appeared annoyed. "No, I presume not. But this is not your affair." I felt rebuked and waited for her further word. But instead of speaking she grasped her silken skirt close about her shapely ankles and in



"I . . . used Drummond's car to hasten my flight."

the lead hastened to the garage. The case must be extreme, I thought, for surely she could have waited at the door for me to pick her up. That she was in a desperate hurry was evinced by the manner in which she hurried into the speedster. The closed car was ignored. I had just time to throw up the storm hood, then she urged me to get under way.

The small car was one of those low-hung, racing models, with very narrow seat space, and her body was very close to mine. As the car gathered speed she swayed against me, and I could have sworn I heard her heart beating. I surmised the reason she had asked me to drive, was the slippery condition of the road, for Mrs. Drummond was no mean driver herself. The road to Elder Inn ran out along the river, and was gravel but part of the way. After five miles it was clay.

From the Drummond home to Elder Inn was seventeen miles, by my speedometer. I had made the trip before when on a private joy-ride—for Elder Inn was a road house, not usually patronized by those in Mrs. Drummond's set. I kept my conjectures to myself. There were no children in the family. I knew of no

escapades in which Mrs. Drummond had been mixed. Why she was rushing headlong to such a place was a mystery to me. I was forced to keep the car at forty, straight through, and it took a steady hand, for that clay was wicked; hard below, with a slimy coat on top. We skidded around the corner at the entrance to the Inn, drew up at the big porch, while the mistress jumped out, bidding me drive into the big garage sheds, and wait for her.

In a moment her form had vanished through the front door and I drove under the shelter provided. I was sufficiently acquainted with the Inn and its ways to know that a drink could still be procured for a proper price, and being wet and lonesome, I left the car, went into the serving-room at the rear, and finding only the manager on hand, had no trouble in getting a stiff jolt of not inferior liquor. Of Mrs. Drummond I saw nothing. Except for the manager and some help in the kitchen, the place appeared empty. But, as a broad stairway ran up the front entrance,

and the private rooms of the Inn were on the second floor, I was confident Mrs. Drummond could be found on that second floor.

I sauntered out onto the rear porch, which gave a

view of the front entrance, and lit a cigarette. I waited perhaps ten minutes. I then went out to the car, the rain having lessened perceptibly. As I stooped over to study the gasoline gauge, I heard another car. Looking up, I saw it was Drummond!

NOW understand, I had no real reason for believing Mrs. Drummond was anxious not to have her husband know where she was. But a man does not need to have a road-map spread in front of him to tell him some facts. I simply knew that Mr. Drummond must not discover Mrs. Drummond up on that second floor. My car was in an angle of the big shed, and cut off from view of the entrance. Drummond was alone in his car, an ugly look on his face, and he sprang to the porch as I began to plan what to do.

Cruelty of Circumstantial Evidence

In the open door stood Drummond, staring coldly at us; involuntarily I had drawn Mrs. Drummond toward me; we were alone in the room. Her waist, open at the throat, the glasses, the place! Drummond was not to be blamed for seeing in the situation every cruel, low vision of an assignation—his wife and the chauffeur!

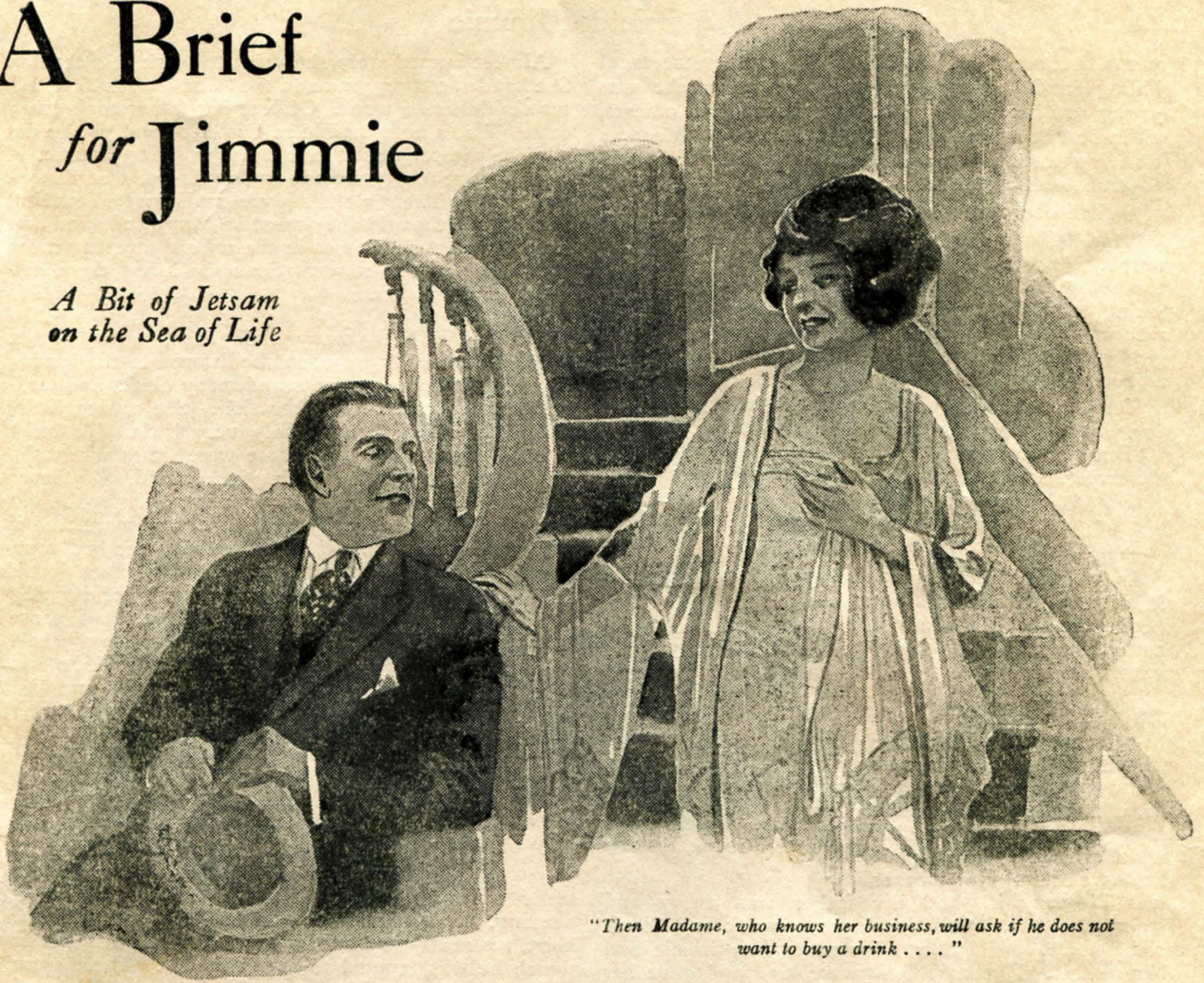
My mind was made up on the instant. The roof of the shed was just below the rear windows of the second floor. It was no difficult feat to climb onto a tool box, from there to the shed roof and into a window, conveniently open this warm evening. I was standing at the rear of a hallway extending

straight from the front stairs, back to the windows in the rear wall. Doors opened to each side of this hall. Mrs. Drummond was in one of those rooms. With what purpose or with whom I did not know, but Drummond was below and sure to arrive on the scene at any moment.

Risking discovery I hurried to the front stairway and leaned over. Below (Continued on page 67)

A Brief for Jimmie

*A Bit of Jetsam
on the Sea of Life*



"Then Madame, who knows her business, will ask if he does not want to buy a drink . . ."

THE spirit of reform which has swept our land during the past few years, made strangely ludicrous by the seemingly irresistible crime waves that have followed in its wake, has touched but lightly the fester spots of the cities. Especially has it spared Metropola (I shall call it), a city of about one hundred thousand souls, some distance below the Mason and Dixon line—maybe in Tennessee and maybe not.

That section which harbors those unfortunate children of sorrow who slumber in darkened dwellings by day and wake each night to rouge their stubborn, half-understanding faces, and dress their bodies in flimsy silk, is still flourishing in Metropola. It is just behind the State Capitol building and only occasionally annoyed by police raids. When they come, Madame shrugs her shoulders and says, "It will pass. Every year they do it. They must satisfy the people!"

Pass it does, and the piano tinkles at night, and the silken-clad girls come into the parlor with smiling, alcohol-flushed faces. The men straggle in, some singly, some in pairs, occasionally a roistering group. There may be one among

them with a face that betrays a trace of shame; and Madame, if she knows you well, will whisper, "His first visit." The really seasoned visitor comes in with a flushed face, shouting the name of a girl who runs and flings herself about his neck. Then Madame, who knows her business, will ask if he does not want to buy a drink, and always he buys.

But that is at Madame's house. In the others there is utter sordidness, and fat, shapeless women from whom all but a few of the senses not touched by dirt have fled, sit on the steps in summer soliciting passing men in hard, unnatural voices. Not even the painted, brazen joy is theirs. But that does not matter, for this story is concerned with Madame's.

ONE calls her Madame. Her name—a few know it—is Madame Moultre. Madame has in her room a book-case and in it are Shakespeare, Voltaire, the

Bible, the poems of Kipling, French and Russian and English novels. Madame has read them all and will sometimes talk of them. Madame comes from Hungary. If she knows you well and you will go through the slight formality of buying a drink, she may tell you strange stories of Budapest. Wierd

An old, old Picture

" . . . And the piano tinkles at night, and the silken-clad girls come into the parlor with smiling, alcohol-flushed faces. The men straggle in, some singly, some in pairs, occasionally a roistering group. There may be one among them whose face betrays a trace of shame; and Madame, if she knows you well, will whisper, "His first visit."

yarns that seem untrue. Tales of winding streets, of killings and thievery. Of the days when she was young and beautiful and dashing Hungarian officers, all in scarlet and gold, fought for her favor. Madame was in a house when she was a girl. She thinks perhaps she was born in one.

"When one cannot remember, one cannot tell!"

"And in Budapest," says Madame—this she will tell only after several drinks have been bought—"there are the houses all on two long streets and no one else but we may live there. All is ours, and there are doctors who come each week, and only once a week may the girls go into the city. And then she must dress quietly as becomes a lady."

Here Madame will chuckle. Always she chuckles and one wonders why, for Madame is not overly cynical.

"But you Americans! You allow them to go about the streets at will. And then you wonder why other girls find their way into houses. Oh, la-la! But this is a new country. Perhaps you will yet learn."

And again Madame will chuckle.

As we said before this story is concerned with Madame's. But it does not begin there. We are not sure that it ends there—or anywhere.

WHEN Jimmie Campbell was born in North Metropola of a forceless mother and a father who knew the great American sleep, morphine, and America's vodka, white whiskey, she had but little welcome. Her mother was ill—very ill—and her father was angry and stamped out and was drunk for a week and didn't come home. Which was fortunate for Jimmie and her mother. The neighbors were kind and gave her food and looked after the baby—so they both lived.

No one ever knew why they called her Jimmie. Even her mother never remembered who picked out the name.

Everyone lost interest in Jimmie early. She survived her babyhood in some manner and grew up to be another of the small waifs of the neighborhood. She wandered about from home to home, eating her noonday meal here and there, oftenest with the grocer on the corner—a fat, squat Russian Jew who railed at the American method of child raising and grumblingly fed her to satisfy his conscience.

When night came she crept in at home unnoticed and slept on a mattress in a corner. Even in winter she was seldom cold. Somehow her mother always got plenty of coal from the coal yard on the corner. It never bothered Jimmie how she got it and only the yard man and her mother knew. The coal man was really a very nice man and had a family of his own. He was a good provider and he was honest in his dealings. But that part doesn't matter.

Jimmie didn't die and eventually she came to the attention of the Charity Commission. Fortunately the Commission was in charge of a woman who was really sincere and so Jimmy, with the aid of several policemen who worked in her ward and kept her father quiet, got an education through the grammar grades. She was late in starting and one year she failed of promotion so she was seventeen when she came out of school with her certificate.

Almost immediately she went to work at a theater. She handed out programs in the "Continuous 11 to 11" for six dollars a week. Of that her father took every cent. That's not possible in this day—and yet he did it! The theater was at first a new world to Jimmie. A world where pretty women and handsome men danced and sang. Their clothes were ravishingly beautiful and Jimmie thought they must be happy and good and wonderful. A few times in the ushers' dressing room and a few of the conversations she heard there dispelled that illusion.

FOLLOWED many dull days, weary days, monotonous days, when she listened to the leering advances of some students and many clerks and taxi-drivers who came down her aisle. She sensed little, asked little and thought only very little. To exist seemed enough burden. There were times when she felt a sort of rebellion stirring in her soul. She never thought of it as rebellion. It was merely that she got "sore" at the way "papa" treated her and wondered if she could get away. Of moral training she had none save a few remarks from her father to the effect that if

he ever caught her running around with any of those "damned fresh guys" he'd make it hot for her. She was a worker by day and did domestic chores at home by night, after work.

Until one night there came into the theater in a slightly intoxicated condition a young barber who lived only a few doors below Jimmie. She had seen him

many times before, about the street. In her half-heeding, aimless manner she had admired his silk shirt, his neatly pressed blue suit, and the manner in which he was reputed to spend money. There were whispered rumors that he would show a girl a good time and that even some of the actresses went out with him.

JIMMIE wasn't beautiful, but there was a wavering charm about her face, a sort of unsettled prettiness, a light in her eyes and a gravity about her features that attracted his attention. He knew her as "that Campbell kid down the street," but tonight she seemed suddenly grown up.

"Come set by a fellow, kid," he whispered thickly, a flame kindling in his dark eyes.

"I can't. I'm busy," she told him, but his hand pawed at her shoulder, detaining her clumsily.

"Come 'long. If the Boss kicks, I'll fix it up. Well, then, meet me after the show. Yes?" His breath was hot on her neck. With frightened eyes she peered about in the dim lights while she whispered "No-no!"

The floor manager approached and the barber left her and moved on down to his seat, but not before he had whispered, "Well kid, if you ever need any money let me know. I'm strong for you."

A little proud that a man had asked her to go out with him she kept thinking over and over the proposal. She planned what she would do if he asked her again. She half decided she would consent to go on a "party" with him if he invited her. Then she thought of her father and decided she wouldn't. But she took to crimping her hair, and to rather vague, disturbing day-dreams.

And then one day Jimmie needed some money. No

Temptation and Then—??

A little proud that a man had asked her to go out with him she kept thinking over and over the proposal. She planned what she would do if he asked her again. She half decided she would consent to go on a "party" with him if he invited her. Then she thought of her father and decided she wouldn't. But she took to crimping her hair, and to rather vague, disturbing day-dreams.

one ever knew exactly why she wanted it or what she wanted it for. It may have been a hat. Perhaps it was some of those shiny silk things that one sees in shop windows, which look as if they would feel ever so soft against the skin. It was perhaps that.

So she went to the barber shop in the arcade where the young barber was employed. It must have been at least a dozen times that she walked past before he saw her and came out.

"Well, little girlie, what is it?" And then, banteringly, "Still love me?"

Jimmie smiled slowly and turned up a questioning face. "Will you lend me ten dollars, Mr. Carlson?" she asked.

"Sure kid," he grinned. "If you'll go up to my room with me at noon today I'll get it for you."

And that day she didn't go, but she knew what he meant.

All that night she thought and thought until her head ached with thinking, and there came with the pain the first real revolt against her father. "I hate him, hate him, hate him!" she cried over and over again to her pillow.

And the next day Jimmie went.

There were three more after the barber who gave her money. But still she kept on working. The evil of it never really entered her head. She went about apparently unchanged, aimless, vague, half-pretty. No one knew whether she bought clothes with her money. If she did, they weren't clothes that showed up much.

STATISTICIANS have figured out that low wages are responsible for a majority of the girls who go astray. It must be the statisticians are wrong, or else they forgot to mention the girls who are not quite up to standard mentally because of lack of training in thinking. These girls, about whom so much has been written, can be reached. They are all children at heart. If the reformers would only remember that! They are children at heart even after the tinsel has worn through and left the lead. For Christmas, at Madame's, is muchly observed. There are many presents and many delighted cries go up on the morning the gifts are given. Before, they go about like children and hint what they would like and get this one to tell that one that a certain gift is wanted. It is the game of children and they play it with the guile of a child. But to get back to Jimmie.

It was a few months after the barber that Jimmie went to the third man and told him something was wrong. She was very frightened because of her father,

and the man was good-hearted, so he took her to Madame's. She was young and passably pretty, the man was an old acquaintance of Madame's, and Madame knew her business, so she took Jimmie in.

It was only three nights before the raid came and Jimmie went to police court. A big fat matron came and stared at her through the bars and Jimmie hid her face and cried. Then some officers strolled back to see the catch and joined the others in laughing at Jimmie who still was crying. She didn't understand it. A reporter or two came back later and talked to her, or tried to, and a negro shoved through the bars a mess of bread and sausage.

The Judge said to give 'em all ten days and hold 'em for the clinic.

Jimmie went to the clinic along with the rest. She didn't know why, and when she learned of the disease it was the first sear across her mind.

Her baby was born there.

JIMMIE stayed six months with old, hardened police-court characters. The kind who sit on doorsteps and smoke cigarettes like



"And Jimmie was eighteen and a mother . . ."

creatures from another world. And Jimmie was eighteen and a mother and it didn't do her any good.

She was cured and sent out with her baby—broke. She knew she couldn't go home. So she got rid of the baby. She never told how. "It's all right," was all she'd say. She didn't love the baby. She really hadn't the mental power to grasp all that her body had been through in that short year. Her motherhood had made her pretty. There wasn't any doubt about that.

She must eat. It was winter. Her clothes were relics of the summer. So she went back to Madame's. It was a fight for existence and Jimmie took the only way she knew.

Fate was kind, or unkind, to Jimmie. At Madame's she was just in time for another of the semi-annual raids. She went before the Judge (*Continued page 62*)

*How one false step nearly
ruined a life.*

The Danger Period

*A story that should
appeal to young
and old alike*



"Betty opened for the last time the wound in her heart."

Few boys, and fewer girls, realize the tremendous, far-reaching possibilities for good or evil that lie in the danger period of their lives, before judgment and experience have laid their quieting hands on young, impulsive feelings and young impatient desires. It is for their sakes that I am telling now the secret I have known and kept for years—the story of little Betty.—The Author.

FOR generations the Northrups had lived in the old ivy-covered brick house on Elm Street. Splendid, stalwart men and comely, wholesome women had grown up there and gone out to take their places in the world. But, strangely enough, the name of Northrup now rested entirely with one tall, dark lad of seventeen years. Unless sons were born to Jack Northrup the family name would be extinct.

It seemed unlikely, however, that the Northrup line would fail. Jack was handsome and lovable—the ideal of most of the girls in the Bradley High School. He smiled on all of them, but his smile grew tender, his eyes seriously adoring only when he looked at pretty Betty Warwick whose great, dark-blue eyes would fall before his ardent glance, while a rosy flush would change the wild roses in her cheeks to flaming Jacqueminots.

Their affection dated back to the days of mud-pies. Days when Betty, golden curls piled high on her head, donning one of Mother's gingham aprons for a long dress, would keep house for Master Jack in a big piano box. All through the grades Jack paid homage at Betty's court, with book-carrying, with gum-drops, with red apples, with lace-paper valentines. Highest of all the hearts carved on the trunk of the old beech tree in the school-yard was the one that bore the initials "J. N. and B. W." Always, the other children had grinned and pointed fingers at them with laughing taunts of "Betty's Jack's gir-rul! Betty's Jack's gir-rul!" But Betty had only tossed her golden curls and gone her way, and Jack, with a boyish blush and grin, had never failed to follow.

HIGH SCHOOL days came. Betty's skirts were lengthened. Jack donned his first pair of long trousers. But through these momentous changes their hearts remained true to each other. It was an accepted fact in their circle that Betty was Jack's one sweetheart.

One lovely spring night, with the air heavy with the

fragrance of lilacs and apple-blossoms, one of their class gave a party in a farmhouse just outside the village. It was nearly midnight when the dancing and games were over and Betty and Jack started down the river path which was the longest way 'round to Betty's home. Did young lovers ever choose the shortest way on a moonlit night in springtime?

The path curved in and out, now running through woods that shut out the starlight, now coming into the open. It was in one of the open places that Jack suggested sitting down on the river bank to watch the moon rise. He spread his coat and Betty sat down, with a little sigh of contentment.

"Do you mind?" he asked, taking out a cigarette.

"Not in the least. I really think it seems cozier to see you smoke. And then it—it makes you seem so old!"

"I wish Mother could see it that way," laughed Jack. "She takes it to heart so, my smoking."

"Oh, then, Jack, I don't think you should do it, if it makes your Mother feel badly," said Betty sweetly, and she laid a gentle hand on his coat sleeve.

The cigarette went hissing into the river. Jack caught up the little hand quickly, kissed it, put out his other hand and drew Betty close, into the circle of his arms. For a moment the girl lay immovable, sweet, fair face uplifted to his, a look of wondering tenderness deepening in her blue eyes. Then her eyes fell and she tried to draw away, but the boy's arms tightened.

"God, Betty, but you're pretty!" he whispered huskily, bending down his face. There was a strange look in his eyes which Betty did not understand, or like. She closed her eyes and tried harder to draw away, even while she trembled with some new, intoxicating emotion. Then Jack's lips found her's, and in that first, burning kiss Betty forgot everything except that Jack was her man, her mate, her lover.

AN HOUR later the wise, old moon looked down from his lofty height on an age-old scene; on a frightened, dejected girl sobbing out all the agony of a guilty heart; on a boy, bewildered, remorseful, standing a little apart from the girl.

Suddenly Jack strode quickly to Betty's side, stooped, and raised her to her feet, trying to look into her sorrowful eyes.

"Betty, darling," he said, "there's just no use trying to tell you how sorry I am. It was all my fault. I was mad! I hate myself—but I love you, and I always shall. If only you will forget it, everything will be all right. In two years we will be through school. Then we will have a scrumptious big wedding. You'll never be sorry, Betty; I swear it. You're the only girl in the world for me. You don't hate me for this?"

There was a husky little whisper from his shoulder where the golden head was buried.

"I can't hate you, Jack! Maybe I ought to—but I can't. I love you! And it wasn't all your fault. I should have gone straight home, as mama always tells me to."

"Then please stop crying, Betty, dear, and come home now. Remember, no one will ever know but just us two, and when we are married it won't make a bit of difference. I'm so ashamed of myself—but not of you, my darling! Now come."

So they went home, down the moon-lit path, which somehow had lost all its beauty. Their young eyes were shamed, their first, fresh rapture was gone. But the wise, old moon looked down tenderly, understandingly—since the days of the garden of Eden the moon has lighted such scenes!

Sitting by her window until the stars faded and the dawn crept up the skies, Betty lived it all over and over. If only she could blot it out! Kneeling there in the starlight, little, innocent Betty asked God to forgive her deadly sin!

SHE went on with her studies, the same laughing winsome little Betty. Yet often there was a soft shadow in the blue eyes and a pensive droop became noticeable, where always there had been smiles. By

the time the spring term came to a close everyone was worrying about a thin, tired-looking Betty, with dark circles beneath her eyes, and hollow, colorless cheeks.

"I'm going to take her up to a cottage in the mountains," declared her married sister, Jean. "Dan's away, and she will be company for me. She needs a complete change."

Betty was glad to get away. It had been growing harder and harder to meet Jack's remorseful eyes. And lately had come the gnawing, awful fear in her heart!

High up in the mountains was the little cabin Jean had leased, quite secluded, hemmed in by giant trees. A little path ran down to the valley where several farm-houses nestled. Here Jean, lover of nature, was free to roam in the forest solitudes, while Betty stayed near the cabin, resting, and thinking the long, long thoughts of youth and inexperience.

Secrets like Betty's cannot be kept forever. One afternoon, having sobbed herself to sleep in the hammock, she woke to find Jean standing beside her, looking down at her with a strange expression of tenderness, sorrow, and fear.

"Betty dear," she said softly, "isn't there something you want to tell me?"

Betty's face went white, and a hand flew up to her throat. "Oh!" she gasped, and began to sob wildly, "you know!"

Jean drew a seat close to the hammock, sat in it, and took one of the small, trembling hands in her own.

"I know only what I suspect, dear. But you know I am years older than you. If you will tell me, I will try to help."

"Oh, Jean!" sobbed Betty, "I'm not bad! I didn't mean to do wrong. It—it just happened—before we realized!"

"Who are we, little sister?" Jean asked quietly.

BETTY'S face flushed. "Jack!" she barely whispered. It couldn't be anyone else, Jean. I've always loved Jack." When Betty had finished her story, Jean sat for some time quite silent. The afternoon waned; the early mountain dusk crept softly around them. Finally Jean stirred, dropped to her knees beside the hammock and gathered her sister into her arms.

"Little sister," she said, "I'm not going to upbraid you, for that would be useless. But Betty, oh, Betty, the day will come when you will realize what your love has cost you. Does Jack know?"

Betty shook her head. "I couldn't bear to tell him. He was so sorry, and so miserable!"

"Then we will stay here until after it is all over. If the child lives I shall find some one up here to care for it. Then we will go back home."

"And leave it here!" gasped Betty.

"Of course. You wouldn't let poor mother know?"

"But Jack would marry me. I know he would."

"What of that, child? Everyone would know. Mother's heart would break. The Northrups would be crushed with the disgrace. All your life you'd have it against you, and against Jack. The last of the Northrups! It would kill his mother."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What can I do?" wailed Betty.

"Do as I tell you. It will be easy enough, dear. I will provide for the child from my own income. No one will know."

"But Jean, it seems so heartless. Think of leaving the poor little thing up here alone—my own baby!"

"I know, dear. But it will never know that it does not belong here in the mountains. And I want you to promise me one thing, solemnly. That you will not tell Jack!"

"Oh, but why?"

"Because a secret like this must not be shared. Believe me, little sister, it is best. If you and Jack ever marry, you can tell him then, but not before. Promise me!"

"All right, I promise," answered Betty wearily. "Now may I go down on my rock for a little while?"

"Yes, dear. Only don't grieve too long down there. I'm going to see you through it all."

DOWN on the big rock which she called her's, Betty flung herself, looking out over the valley where the lights gleamed out from tiny houses. Everything was so peaceful down there. Oh, if she could be living there, in one of those crude little shacks, married before God and man to her Jack, cooking his supper now. She imagined him coming in from his work, kissing her, sitting down to eat the food she had prepared. After the dishes were washed and dried, her sewing—lovely little garments that would some day be her baby's. All her motherhood looked out through Betty's wet eyes now.

"Oh, God," she sobbed. "I can't bear it! I want my baby. I'd love it so! I can't give it up!"

There was a light step among the leaves and Jean was beside her. "Come child," she said gently. "No more grieving. It is cold and damp out here. You must keep well."

So, with a last look at Peaceful Valley, Betty got slowly to her feet and followed her sister to the cabin.

The summer days passed. Betty stitched on dainty little clothes, knowing she never could dress her child in them, but loving, nevertheless, to fashion the sheer, lovely garments that were wet so often with her tears. The days grew shorter, the leaves turned to red and brown and gold, and Jean wrote to her mother that the mountain air was doing Betty worlds of good, and that she was going to keep her up there until Christmas time, at least. And to Jack, who wrote loving letters every week, Betty said that she was sorry to miss a half-year of school, but that she would be able to start after the mid-year, and that she was his own, loving, loving, Betty.

On a snowy, blustering December day, there came to the little cabin a wee, brown-eyed boy, who cuddled close to his young mother's heart and sucked at a tiny pink fist, as happily as if he had not come so near to costing his young mother her life.

AND to Betty, looking down at the little face of her son, it seemed that it would have been far easier and better had she died. "How can I leave you, baby mine?" she whispered over and over. She sobbed, she begged; but Jean was firm. The day came when Betty placed her son in the arms of a kind old lady in the peaceful valley, and went, desolately, with empty arms, back to her mother. At the last, it was only Jean's promise that she would bring her back, sometimes, to see the child, that enabled Betty to go.

Back at school they welcomed her with outstretched arms, yet they marvelled at the great change in her. She made a brave pretense at being her old self, yet always there was sorrow in her eyes, and her sweetheart, seeing it, cursed himself anew, and renewed his vows of tender devotion. In the summer their engage-

ment was announced. Their marriage would take place the following spring. Betty would be eighteen years old then, and Jack twenty. The Northrups loved Betty, and they were anxious for their son to marry and settle down to business on the old place.

"I must see a son of Jack's pattering about the house before I die," said Jack's mother, and wondered at the tears which filled Betty's eyes. She wondered if it were possible that the girl dreaded motherhood!

And now life became a little happier. Jean took Betty to the mountains in the late summer, and she had two wonderful weeks with her little son. Jean still held her to her promise, but Betty did not grieve so much. As soon as they were married she would



"The wise old moon looked down on an age-old scene"

tell Jack, and she felt sure that he would, somehow, find a way to let her have her baby. So the roses began to bloom in the pale cheeks and Jack rejoiced at his sweetheart's improvement and blessed the healing mountains.

JANUARY came. Another month, and Betty would be Jack's wife. Over and over she dreamed of the day when she could tell him her secret. Never once did she doubt his loyalty and his sympathy. She knew her Jack, with his laughing eyes and his heart of gold!

The river was frozen to a smooth, gleaming ribbon of silver. A party of young people planned to skate down to the next town, and Betty and Jack were glad to join them. Side by side they skated, a little behind the others, while the golden moon looked down on them as it had looked, one night in spring-time, centuries ago, it seemed to Betty.

They passed the spot where they had stopped, that spring-time night. Jack, with a quick gesture, drew Betty closer.

"I love you, love you, sweetheart!" he whispered. "A month from tonight you'll be mine, and no one can—."

A scream rang out on the clear air; a terrified, agonizing scream, cutting off Jack's words. Ahead of them, everyone began to babble excitedly, and they could hear the sharp crack of the ice. Like an arrow, Jack darted forward, calling back to Betty over his shoulder:

"Stay there, dear. Don't come any closer! Someone's gone through."

But she could not stay. She pressed forward, near enough to see the dark hole through which one of the girls had gone; near enough to see Jack fling himself flat and reach over the edge; near enough to see the hole widen and take him in!



It was two weeks later that they found his body, frozen in the ice. And in those two weeks a second tragedy touched Betty's life. Jean—loving, loyal Jean—sickened suddenly and died.

"Keep your secret, little sister," Jean whispered, almost with her last breath. "My income will be your's now, so you can manage. Keep your secret!"

AND Betty, heart-broken, despairing, obeyed Jean. There seemed no other way. Now that Jack was gone, could she bring disgrace and shame on his memory by betraying the secret of their child? Could she add to the grief of the Northrups over their son's death, to the grief of her own parents over Jean's death? There seemed only one way for little Betty—the way of sacrifice—and she took it, bravely.

Five years went by. Each summer Betty managed to slip away to the mountains for two precious weeks with the boy who did not know she was his mother, but called her "pretty lady," and loved her devotedly. Gradually, some measure of confidence and hope crept back to her heart. She began to plan for a course of business training which would enable her to live in a city and to have her boy near her.

Then Craig Winston came into Betty's life. No other man but her dark-eyed, laughing boy lover had ever stirred her heart—but this one did. He was gray-

eyed, serious, deeply tender and thoughtful. When he was near her, Betty's whole being seemed wrapped in contentment and rest.

The first time he proposed to her she refused him. "Love and marriage are not for me," said little Betty.

The second time he demanded the reason. Because of his great love, she felt compelled to tell him. Gravely, quietly he listened to her story. She told it frankly, only hiding the fact that her child lived. Something told her to keep this secret. Perhaps it was a whisper from the spirit of Jean.

"Poor child!" he said. "And this is why you refused me before? Did you think my love so light a thing that it would fail in so small a test? You have never been bad, or wicked, my darling. You were a victim of circumstances, of innocence! I shall cherish you more because of the pain you have borne."

SO BETTY began to prepare for her marriage. Jack's mother wept bitterly when she went to her with the news.

"I am glad for you, dear child. I would not have you live your life alone. But it is hard! If only my boy had lived to have one child, it would not seem so bad. It would have been something to live for. But you must be happy, dear. Truly, I am glad for you."

And it was on her way home from this call that the postman handed her a letter from the old lady in the mountains. Her health was failing. Betty must find some one else to care for her boy.

Slowly, Betty turned, not knowing just why, and walked down the river path, noticing nothing, deep in her thoughts. When she glanced up, she was just passing the spot where she had sat with her boy lover, that spring-time night, so long ago. Only once since had she been there, and now she sat down and remained very quiet, looking her problem in the face.

And suddenly, as if a voice had spoken to her out of the stillness, Betty knew! She must give the boy to Jack's mother, who could adopt him legally. It would comfort a heart-broken woman. It would enable the last of the Northrups to bear his own name, to be raised in the house of his father, openly with no shame to anyone!

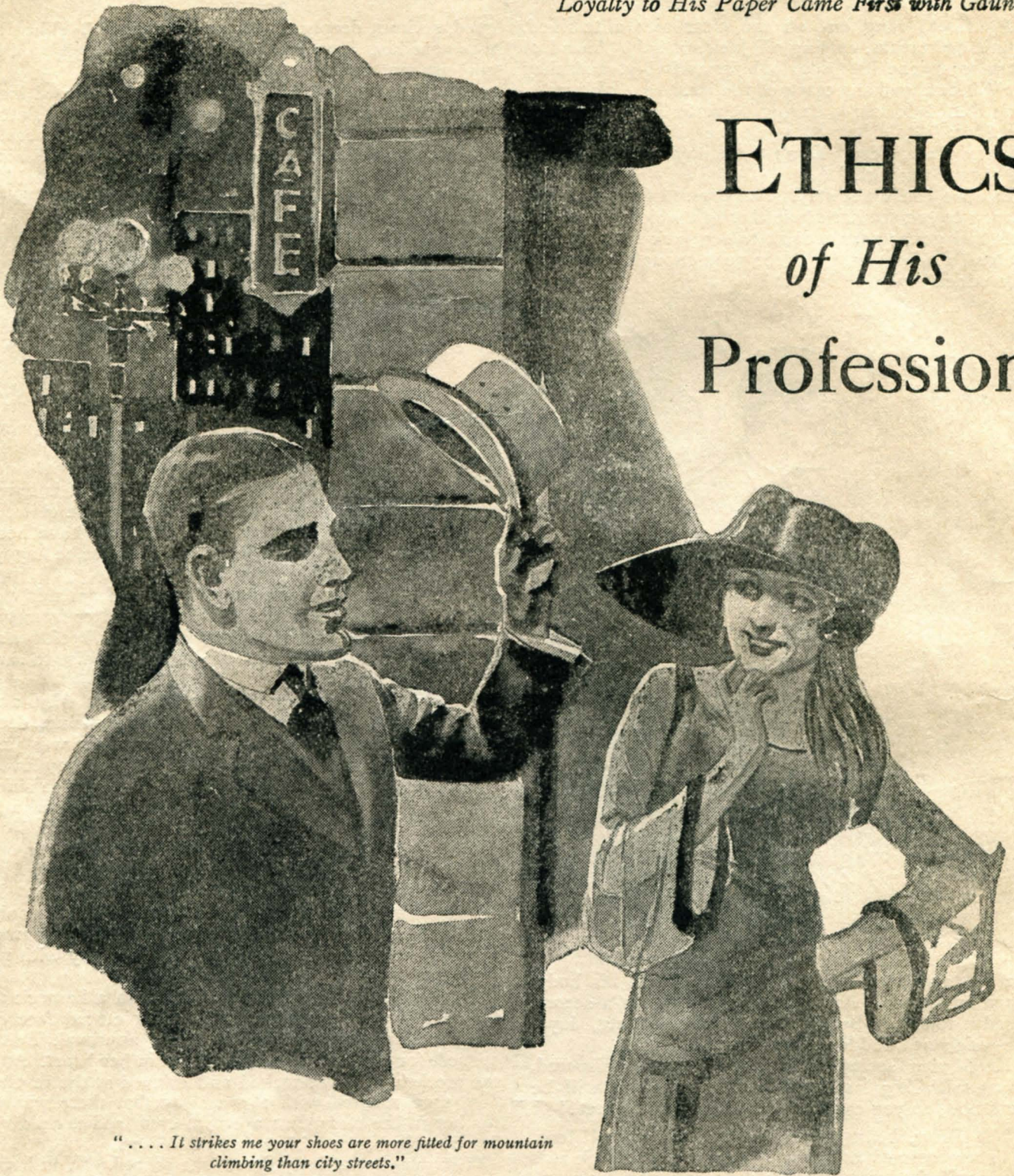
So, in the Northrup parlor, seated on a hassock at the feet of Jack's mother, with the pictured face of Jack looking down at her in silent approval, Betty opened, for the last time, the wound in her heart. And the mother, at first shocked and grieved at the revelation, soon realized with a great joy that there waited for her in the mountains a brown-eyed laddie, child of her own flesh, son of her dear, dead son.

"God bless you, Betty dear," she sobbed. "You have given me something to live for!" And in little Betty's heart there grew and settled a peace such as she had not known in all her life before. The last of the Northrups would grow to noble manhood, without shame, in the house of his fathers!

THE years have passed. Betty's secret has been well kept. The last of the Northrups is a strong, handsome youth who will doubtless hand the name on, unblemished.

But there are a few who wonder why pretty little Mrs. Winston, with children of her own, is yet so wrapped up in the tall Northrup boy and takes such interest in all his affairs. And there are others who wonder why the adopted son of the Northrups should be the image of their young son who lost his life beneath the icy waters of the river.

ETHICS of His Profession



" . . . It strikes me your shoes are more fitted for mountain climbing than city streets."

FOSTER, news-editor of the Northtown Daily Capitol, scribbled "30" on the last sheet of telegraph flimsy, and, jamming it into the copy-chute beside him, sent it on its way to the composing-room above; then, with a relieved sigh, sank back in his swivel-chair.

"Well," he remarked after a moment, "that's another day's work done." He removed his double-thick-lensed glasses to rub his weak and now very tired eyes; pushed his chair back a little, elevated his feet to the flat-top desk, and surveyed the room at ease.

Already most of the staff had gone; only Gaunce, on the police-run, and Cook, the sporting-editor, remained. As Foster put away his glasses and drew

forth and lit a thick, very black cigar, Gaunce pounded out the last lines of his copy and drew out the paper. Rising, he crossed to the news-desk to impale the just-written sheet on an empty spike-file, and as he did so, remarked: "Just a local about a policeman's wedding. It should have gone in today, but I forgot it until this minute. But it will please the guy as well tomorrow as today. And, you know, though it's not an important news item to us, these little things always pay when you're hustling news. Maybe, some day, this harness copper might tip me to a story worth while."

Foster nodded, and Gaunce, vaulting lightly to the table-top, came to a sitting position, legs swinging over the edge in lazy, pendulous motion.

"Not **much** doing with you today," Foster ventured presently.

Gaunce shook his head.

"By-the-way," Foster went on, "you haven't written us an underworld feature lately; and those column or half-column specials of yours come in good. It's my opinion as a newspaper man that these little human-interest stories every day draw circulation. Some readers look for them ahead of the news. Of course, with all your work, I don't look for one every day; but give us one whenever you can. That is, unless you have lost out with your underworld?"

"No; oh no; I still stand O. K.," the reporter replied, somewhat pleased by the implied praise in the other's words. And he added; "I'm mighty glad you like them. I'll dig up another tonight."

"All right." Foster was generally laconic; but now he continued: "Northtown's kind of unique in this underworld stuff, isn't it. It isn't often that so many crooks make a town of seventy thousand population their headquarters. How do you account for it?"

GAUNCE thought a minute. "Well, Northtown taps a big country, a bigger stretch without other city competition than do most places. And then the last three years men off the two transcontinental railways building through the mountains to the west all have come in here to blow their stakes, and, you know, they're easy prey. Besides, Northtown's close to the American border, and when things get too hot on that side, why lots of these men and women find our little Canadian city a convenient place to light; and," Gaunce concluded significantly, "for cash received, the police of some cities are more obliging than others."

"Well,"——Foster's voice was oddly wondering——"you seem to be the only man that can get the underworld dope; you've consistently put it over the Bulletin and the Journal. How do you do it?"

"Oh, I dunno; just luck, I guess," the reporter suddenly became noncommittal, not caring to discuss the how of his hard-won position. And the conversation having taken on rather a personal tone, he was about to go, when Cook, the sporting editor, called out: "Say, fellows, listen to this from the New York Star." Half turning in his chair, with the paper in his hand, he went on: "It's headed:

**'ROBBERY FOR A PAPER
IS NOT A CRIME, SAYS
CONVICTED REPORTER.'**

"And now, listen to the story: 'William S. Collins, twenty-six years of age, a reporter of the Daily Bee, was sentenced this morning to thirty days imprisonment for breaking and entering the apartment of Della Montserrat, 1204 Washington Square, and removing a photograph of Miss Montserrat, which photo was later reproduced in the Daily Bee. Miss Montserrat was recently mentioned as co-respondent in the divorce suit entered by Mrs. Paine-Jones against her millionaire husband, famous the world over for his safety-button invention.

"Following the loss of her photograph, Miss Montserrat placed the case in the hands of private detectives, and Collins was arrested shortly after the appearance of the picture in the Daily Bee. Before Judge Cassidy this morning Collins pleaded guilty to the charge, and somewhat startled his honor by offering the novel defense that as he had been assigned by his paper to procure the picture, he did not feel he had done any wrong. He further pointed out to the judge that the lady's picture had been returned to her by

special messenger little more than five hours after it had been taken.

"In delivering sentence Judge Cassidy remarked that the reporter's viewpoint was not one with which he could feel in sympathy, and pointed out to Collins how serious was the offense, one punishable with fourteen years' imprisonment. However, as the evidence showed that considerable money and other valuables were left untouched in the room from which the picture had been purloined, his honor felt that a thirty-day sentence was sufficient. But in thus lightly committing the reporter, Judge Cassidy warned Collins against a repetition of the offense, and promised severe punishment to him or any like offender in the future.'

'PRETTY typical, that fellow Collins, of all us newspaper-men," Cook went on. "To get copy, we'll lie, steal, get wet, freeze, roast, endanger friendship, and forget our principles——do almost anything short of murder. And all for what?——To produce our share in a daily newspaper, a thing whose contents are forgotten almost as the ink is dry; a thing which tomorrow is the most obsolete object in the world. Yet we toil, slave, struggle, exert all our energy every day, giving up the best that's in us——oh, this news instinct, it's beyond understanding! It's stronger than ourselves!"

He had started calmly enough, but had grown quickly heated; in his last words was actual passion. And his hearers, too, at first listening in light mood, had passed with the speaker to a more serious frame of mind. For a moment there was silence, which Gaunce broke: "Yes; right down in my heart I don't believe that fellow Collins realized he was stealing when he broke in and took the woman's picture. After all, no one really was hurt by what he did. And he didn't sacrifice any really high principle."

"Perhaps not in his case," Cook persisted; "but it's my contention that you or I or Foster, or any newspaper-man the game really has hooked, would, if the occasion demanded, sacrifice his highest principle that the paper might be served; would forego doing what he thought was right, what he earnestly desired to do, if from that action the paper would suffer loss."

There came a longer silence, broken again by Gaunce, this time with words of denial. "No; oh, no," he said very slowly, in the tone of one making a statement upon a problem, the correctness of which he yet pondered. Then, more firmly, as conviction grew to certainty, "No, Cook; I, at least, can't agree with you in such a sweeping statement. Suffer hardship, lie, even steal in some such manner as that New Yorker did, I think most of us will; but sacrifice one's highest principle! deliberately forego a deed that was right, that your better self demanded you to do, for the paper's sake?—No; no—I wouldn't do it."

For answer Cook laughed quizzically. "Some day you'll face just such a situation, and then——well, you'll find I'm right." His eyes sought those of Foster for confirmation. But Foster was a placid soul; he never committed himself to an absolute statement, so he made no reply.

Now, from down below, three stories, in the basement, there came the long rumble and heavy whir of the stirring press—the last edition was going to the street. A boy hurried in from the press-room with half-a-dozen papers, wet, odorous, and new-born with news; and each man grabbed one with an eagerness of motion which even daily repetition of self-same happening through long years of routine had failed to dull.

With lightening but all-seeing glance, Foster's eyes

swept the front page, examining that no serious error was there. "All right, let her go," he said, and the boy hurried out and down to the press-room, where the press momentarily had been stopped waiting word from the editor. Again the rumbling clamor rose; even the great windows of the news-room, far removed by many stories, rattled faintly from the vibrating machinery.

Together Foster, Cook and Gaunce passed out of the building, to wend their steps a block away for a parting drink, a daily event at the same saloon, almost unailing in its regularity.

IT WAS early that evening when Gaunce turned into Rice Street. Along its narrow confines, in various joints, sundry wily gentlemen of the Orient operated chuck-a-luck, fan-tan and lottery games, and, provided the credentials of the applicant were right, a bamboo-stem and hop at four-bits the card were to be had. So Rice Street was a favorite hang-out of the opium-smoking members of Northtown's white underworld.

Here, too, good stories abounded; and Gaunce, during his five years as police-reporter for the Capitol, had frequently made it a loitering-place.

The reporter, as became his news-run, fraternized on terms of equality and friendship with every officer on the force, from the chief down to the newest "harness-bull" on the beat; many hours each day his work brought him in touch with headquarters "dicks," these plain-clothes men, the underworld's direst enemies. Yet, despite this seemingly impossible handicap, the underworld in time had taken Gaunce unto itself. Little by little he had grown to know Northtown's "homeguard" members of the underworld, and made acquaintance with many a passing one, until now, to a man, they accepted him as one of themselves.

This entree into a world, closed to the average man, and to newspaper-reporters in particular, Gaunce owed to long diplomacy, a fine knowledge of men, but more than anything to his strict neutrality. The first and foremost writer of the big stories that from time to time had their setting in Northtown's underworld, he still had remained between its people and the police a purely non-partisan figure. Knowing much, yet writing only those things he knew were acceptable to those from whence his news tips came; favoring none, the reporter had gone his way. So the underworld in time had come to like and trust him, knowing that its inner secrets would never be peddled by him.

Gaunce had been quick to note, even in the earliest days of his cubship, that almost every "copper" liked publicity. Later he had come to note that "grifters"—by such cognomen do underworld workers speak of each other—also were partial to printed glory, provided always that such was properly done. Thus, when one of the yegg fraternity performed an exceptionally clever "soup job," either on an out-of-town safe or on one of the city's bloated corporations, or a confidence-man separated a wealthy mark from a par-

ticularly plethoric bank-roll, Gaunce quickly and alone of Northtown's newspaper-men knew the facts, and in the columns of the Capitol related them so that they were acceptable to grifters at large, while at the same time the stories lost nothing in news-value or interest to the paper's readers. Thus, by knowing when, how and what to write of the half-world's doings, Gaunce had progressed until his prestige was established.

AND not alone to "cannon," "mobsmen," "peterblowers," and the rest of Northtown's subterranean masculine element was the reporter's friendship restricted. Bit by bit he had learned the life history of many of the women of the street and parlor-houses; had won their confidence and respect, till they turned to him in times of stress for guidance and advice; confiding their secrets, disclosing their petty ambitions, hopes and aims, and in many things trusted to his judgment. All the women liked Gaunce. Yet, despite this intimacy, his friendly association, none of them had ever offered him her love. He stood from them apart, separate, an alien, of another world.

To Gaunce, in turn, these men and women were a constant source of interest and wonder—particularly the women. To his analytic mind their lives seemed so hopelessly empty, lacking in one single thing worth while; generally tragic; always sordid. It seemed to him strange that always the woman who gave herself to many men seldom, if ever, had really

received so little in return for their dog-like devotion that Gaunce found their reason for thus lavishing their all on a usually unresponsive man an unsolvable problem.

And tonight, as he turned along Rice Street in search of copy, he fell again to puzzling over this, the oddest of the half-world's many riddles.

Reaching the Olympic Club, known at police headquarters as "Rounders' Roost," Gaunce entered. It still was a little early for the nightly gathering; only Lannery was sitting in one of the huge leather chairs before the fireplace in the big lounging-room. Lannery was prim, prim as the primmest girl in a young ladies' seminary of highest class. From his carefully-brushed, sleek black hair to his spotlessly shining patent-leather shoes, he was immaculate. His exquisitely-fitted suits gave an impression of eternal newness; even the creases in his various tight-wasted, tailored overcoats were ever fresh and perfect of line. He was tall, thin, and dark, with a fresh, almost boyish, complexion; but, barring this beauty of countenance, his was rather a dull face, the eyes large and bovine. Only his perfectly-tailored clothes made him noticeable. Intellectually he was a blank, drab, uninteresting. Yet Lannery was of the genus homo for whom nightly a woman walked the streets. Gaunce knew that for this man a woman toiled willingly and gladly, giving her-

The Woman Always Pays

*To Gaunce these men and women were a constant source of interest and wonder—particularly the women. To his analytical mind their lives seemed so hopelessly empty, lacking in one single thing worth while; generally tragic; always sordid. It seemed to him strange that always the woman who gave herself to many men seldom, if ever, had really the love of one. * * **

Gaunce stood staring; even he, used as he was to the ways of the underworld, was roused. Impelled by a sudden surge of anger and quick-come resolution born of it, he crossed the street and turned in the direction of the Central Police Station. 'I'll turn Lannery up,' Gaunce raged to the unheeding night. 'By God, he won't save any more money on shoe-leather for awhile, and never again in this town!'

self to all comers for the mere pleasure of handing over her gains to this dapper little human rat.

THOUGH at the present moment to Gaunce, in quest of an idea or an anecdote by which to build a half or a whole column of story for the morrow's Capitol, the conversation of "Yegg" Johnny, Jimmy "the Bear," or any of the many men who made their own hard way in the underworld and scorned such as Lannery, would have been preferable, none of them was about, so the reporter decided to try Lannery's companionship for the time being.

Lannery sat much about the Olympic in one favorite big leather-chair, smoking innumerable cigarettes; but he seldom talked. "Pinky" Bellman, the handbook man, making a precarious living by booking on the Juarez, Tia Juana, and other distant race meetings, and with whom Lannery occasionally made a bet, had once remarked, unkindly, though perhaps truthfully, that this silence on Lannery's part was to avoid "tipping himself off"; meaning thereby that Lannery was lacking in ordinary intelligence.

Gaunce, however, had twice found Lannery fairly ready of speech, and once even possessed of knowledge of no little news-value. So now, with a nodded greeting, he dropped into a chair beside him. And again, as he did so, there came that same thought, which had been so often in his mind on many past evenings: What was there about this man, and so many of his kind, to command such devotion? What strange power was his to hold woman in willing bondage?

For several moments the two sat in silence, Gaunce's thoughts still upon this psycho-physical problem of the half-world's sisterhood.

"I see they give Stevens two years on the old white-slavery charge," Lannery volunteered presently, apropos of something which had been going on in his innermost thoughts; and Gaunce, not immediately replying, Lannery went on, "Well, if he hadn't been so fond of talking his head off to the wide world, he'd still be a free man."

The reporter nodded, then ventured: "If that were the only way a man could get convicted, you, at least would be safe for life."

Lannery met the reporter's eyes, and, after thoughtfully weighing the varied possible import of the remark, finally accepted it on a complimentary basis. He smiled slowly, but ventured no further remark. He lit another cigarette, and relapsed into one of his profound states of meditation, so cruelly explained by "Pinky" Bellman.

Gaunce waited several minutes. Then, himself at a loss for a subject of conversation, and tiring of Lannery's continued mute companionship, he rose and strolled around the room. But the night was a barren one. The club was singularly deserted. So, after a couple of hours' loitering, no one of interest turning up, he left the club, his brain barren of a single worthwhile idea. As he reached the street he realized he was very tired. So he turned toward the main portion of the city and started homeward.

IT WAS cold and raw. He hurried. Presently, reaching Jasper Avenue, he stood waiting for a car, but it was long in coming and he at last began walking on. Half way down the next block, in front of a department store window, he ran across "Teddy Bear," the lady who nightly walked the street for Lannery. The girl was standing staring at the wax models in the brilliantly lighted window. As Gaunce neared her, she looked up, and, recognizing him, smiled.

In the last year, Teddy had become a familiar figure to the reporter. Very often, of late, as she paraded up and down the street with an odd little trotting walk upon her regular evening patrol, he had run across her, as two acquaintances will, even in the largest of cities.

But seldom did he more than nod, and seldom was Teddy to be found loitering. Now, without any particular reason, Gaunce crossed over from the outer curb and, stopping beside the girl, turned his eyes upon the gorgeous window display. "Picking out something for the cold weather?" he ventured.

The girl shook her head. "No; just looking them over while I rest a minute. I've walked so much tonight, and in new shoes, my feet ache." She smiled a little wearily, turning her eyes upon her shoes. "What do you think of my new shoes?" she said, brightening slightly.

The reporter followed her glance to where a pair of high-laced shoes peeped out from under her short walking-skirt. "Why, I guess they're all right, but it strikes me they are more fitted for mountain-climbing than city streets."

"Do they look as bad as that!" Teddy said, a little wistfully. She raised one of them, slightly upturning it, bringing to view the thickness and weight of the sole. "They are a little heavy and hard at first, after the light pairs I've been wearing; but I guess I'll get used to them, and no doubt they're the best. Lannery got them," she explained, adding as an after-thought the reason. "He thought they'd be just the thing for me on the streets. You know, I been wearing out the thin, ordinary walking shoes so quick, it's been costing a terrible lot."

Gaunce started slightly, staring for a swift moment at the girl; the idea that she was kidding him filling his mind for the instant. But she did not note the start, nor his wondering glance.

"Well, I gotta be going," Teddy threw him a quick little smile, and was gone with that odd little trotting walk up the cold street, now almost deserted.

GAUNCE stood staring. Even he, used as he was to the ways of the underworld, was roused. Impelled by a sudden surge of anger and quick-come resolution born of it, he crossed the street and turned eastward down a side street in the direction of the Central Police Station. "I'll turn Lannery up," Gaunce raged to the unheeding night. "By God, he won't save any more money on shoe-leather for awhile, and never again in this town!"

Though he had never resorted to the underworld people's ways, actions, or ideas, Gaunce had come to accept, after a fashion, their viewpoint, assimilating their conception of life as one will do that of persons with whom one is brought into continual, friendly contact. But in the buying of that thick-soled pair of shoes such depths of callous brutality was shown, such smallness in vile cupidity and penny-pinching was reached, that Gaunce was spurred to action. Swayed by consuming anger he strode rapidly for half-a-dozen blocks. The impact of his thick rubber-heels under the impetus of his furious steps sounded almost loud in the empty street. Then, almost unconsciously, he slackened his pace to a dragging walk; his heels met the pavement without sound. Sane reason, ever a part of his make-up, made itself heard. Now its small voice waxed louder, crying out irrefutable arguments, and remonstrating against his contemplated action. Convincingly and beyond cavil it pointed out the folly of such proceeding; for Lannery, though only an insignificant (Continued on page 66)

BOOKS, PLAYS *and* COMMENT

Amaryllis' Love Idyll

(Review of Elinor Glyn's Sensational Book—
"Family")

This is another of the famous Glyn books, akin to her "Three Weeks." It is the story of the marriage of a beautiful English girl, chock full of thrills 'n everything. Unfortunately she weds a titled Englishman unable to perpetuate the family as a result of a hunting accident. Family meant everything to him and thus the strange bargain with his cousin whereby an heir arrives. This is the meat of the book. "Family" is worth reading as you may judge from the following taken from a mid-section:

AMARYLLIS held his coat and looked up at him wildly.

"Denzil—It was you—not—John?"

He unclasped her clinging arms: "I must go."

"You shall not until you answer me—I have a right to know."

"I tell you I have nothing to say to you," he was stern with the suffering of restraint.

She clung to him again.

"Why did you say that word 'Sweetheart' then?"

It was your own word. Oh, Denzil, you cannot be so frightfully cruel as to leave me in uncertainty—tell me the truth or I shall die."

But he drew himself away from her and was silent; he could not make lying protestations of not understanding her, so there remained only one course for him to follow—he must go, and the brutality of such action made him fierce with pain.

She burst into passionate sobs and would have fallen to the ground. He raised her in his arms and laid her on the sofa near, and then fear seized him. What if this excitement and emotion should make her really ill——?

He knelt down beside her and stroked her hair. But she only sobbed the more.

"How hideously cruel men are. Why can't you tell me what I ask you? You dare to even pretend that you do not understand!"

He knew that his silence was an admission, he was torn with distress.

"Darling," he cried at last in torment, "for God's sake let me go."

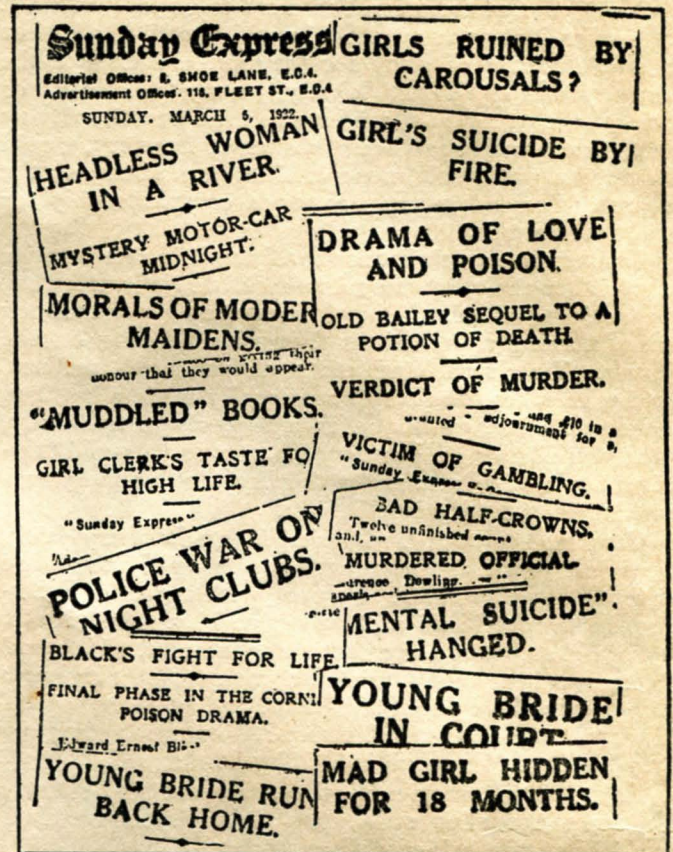
"Denzil"—and then her tears stopped suddenly and the great drops glistened on her white cheeks. Weeping had not disfigured her—she looked but as a suffering child. "Denzil—if you knew everything you could not possibly leave me—you don't know what has happened. But you must, you will have to since—soon—

He bowed his head and placed her two hands over his face with a despairing movement.

"Hush! I implore you—say nothing. I do know, but I love you—I must go."

At that she gave a glad cry and drew him close to her.

"You shall not now! I do not care for conventions any more, or for laws, or for anything! I am a savage—you are mine! John must know that you are mine! The family is all that matters to him, I am only an instrument, a medium for its continuance—but Denzil, you and I are young and loving and living. It is you I desire and now I know I belong to you. You are



The accompanying headlines from a London newspaper should serve as a fitting rebuke to Margot Asquith's diatribe against American "yellow" journalism, so-called, in which she anathematized the American newspaper headwriters for their sensationalism, and intimated it was never like that in "dear old Lunnnon." She says:

"... Headlines of murder, rape and rubbish excite and demoralize the American public," and she continues:

"Violent and ignorant young men and 'flappers' (in whom the American public seems to take an unnatural interest) might easily suppose that their best chance of success in life lay in creating a sensation.

"Of what use can it be to create a sensation? Who profits by it? What influence can this sort of thing have upon the morals of a great and vital nation?"

Wouldn't these questions apply equally to Mrs. Asquith's own articles? They are nothing if not sensational. Who profits by them, Mrs. Asquith?

the man and I am the woman—and the child will be our child."

Her spirit had arisen at last and broken all chains. She was transfigured, transformed, translated. No one knowing the gentle Amaryllis could have recognized her in this fierce, primitive creature claiming her mate.

FURIOUS, answering passion surged through Denzil; it was the supreme moment when all artificial restrictions of civilization were swept away. Nature had come to her own. All her forces were working for these two of her children brought together by a turn of fate. He strained her in his arms wildly—he kissed her lips and ears, and eyes.

"Mine, mine," he cried, and then "Sweetheart."

And for some seconds which seemed an eternity of bliss they forgot all but the joy of love. But presently reality fell upon Denzil and he almost groaned.

"I must leave you, precious dear one—even so—I

gave my word of honor to John, your husband, that I would never take advantage of the situation. Fate has done this by bringing us together. But darling, help me to have courage to go."

"I will not—it is shameful cruelty," and she clung to him, "that we must be parted now that I am really yours—not John's at all. Everything in my heart and being cries out to you—you are the reality of my dream lover, your image has been growing in my vision for months. I love you, Denzil, and it is your right to stay with me now and take care of me and it is my right to tell you of the thoughts about the child—Ah! if you knew what it means to me, the joy, the wonder, the delight! I cannot keep it to myself any longer. I am starving! I am frozen! I want to tell it all to my beloved!"

He held her to him again—and she poured forth the tenderest holy things, and he listened enraptured and forgot time and place.

"Denzil," she whispered at last, from the shelter of his arms. "I have felt so strange—so exalted, ever since—and now I shall have this ever-present thought of you and love women in my existence—. But how is it going to be in the years that are coming? How can I go on pretending to John?—I cannot—I shall blurt out the truth—. For me there is only you—not just the you of these last few days since we saw each other with our eyes—but the you that I dreamed about and fashioned as my lover—my delight—John gave you to me—he must have done so—it was some compact between you both for the family, and if I did not love you I should hate you now and want to kill myself. But I love you, I love you, I love you!" and she fiercely clasped her arm once more around his neck. "You must take the consequences of your action. I did not ask to have this complication in my life. John forced it upon me for his own aims, but I have to be reckoned with, and I want my lover. I claim my mate." Her cheeks were flaming and her grey eyes flashed.

"And your lover wants you," said Denzil wildly returning her fond caress, "but the choice is not left to me, darling, even if you were my wife, not John's. You have forgotten the war—I must go out and fight."

All the warmth and passion died out of her and she lay back on the pillows of the sofa for a moment and closed her eyes. She had indeed forgotten that ghastly colossus in her absorption of their own two selves.

Yes—he must go out and fight—and John would go too—and they would both be killed like all those gallant partners of the season and her cousin, and those who had fallen at Mons and the battle of the Marne.

No—she must not be so paltry as to think of personal things, even love. She must rise above all selfishness and not make it harder for her man. Her little face grew resigned and sanctified and Denzil watching her with burning, longing eyes, waited for her to speak.

"It is true—for the moment nothing but you and my great desire for you was in my mind. But you are right, Denzil; of course, I cannot keep you. Only I am glad that just this once we have tasted a brief moment of happiness, and Denzil—I believe our souls belong to each other, even if we do not meet again on earth."

And when at last they had parted, and Amaryllyis, listening, heard the motor go, she rose from the sofa and went out through the window to the lawn, and so to the church again, and there lay on the steps of the young knight's tomb, sobbing and praying until darkness enveloped the land.

WHEN Mrs. Sheridan, the sculptress, went West she had a famous interview with Charles Chaplin and made a bust for him. Mrs. Sheridan now is writing a story about the comedian. It appears that Charles' home life is moody, fluctuant and slightly sybaritic—whatever that means. Mrs. Sheridan sees for Charlie a great future—Shakespearean plays, public life. She invisions him standing for Parliament—for she has heard him make "impassioned speeches to imaginery crowds. He has harangued the sand dunes."

Charlie may become Prime Minister . . . Sir Charles . . . Lord Hollywood . . . but we don't think anybody need worry about the great custard pie artist becoming a Shakespearean fool. We doubt if Charles could even play Bottom—greatest of all low comedy parts. The tragic fool in "Lear" also is out of Chaplin's class; there is no pathos in Charlie, however earnest he is in the effort to delude himself into the notion that he can evoke the laughter that is akin to tears. He might come within hailing distance of Touchstone, and as the Nurse's servant, Peter, in "Romeo and Juliet," he should be supreme.

It was once rumored that Chaplin had an "ambition" to play Hamlet. Whoever started that yarn was unquestionably "spoofing" us. It is possible, too, that the merry wag was merely satirizing the "ambition" of every budding actor who has trod the boards to the resonant Cibberism of "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!" Still, there is much to be said on behalf of a Chaplinesque Hamlet. It would be hard to imagine anything more absurdly comical; and no two persons would agree as to the quality of the absurdity. There are degrees of the ridiculous. We don't mean a Chaplin burlesque of Hamlet—that would be too obviously a sacrilege. We would have this master low-comedian "aspire" to play the melancholy Dane with all the melancholy of Charlie Chaplin, absolutely convinced that his mannerism and interpretation fitted the part as nicely as the mannerisms and interpretation of Booth or Fechter or Forbes Robertson or Walter Hampden. For some of us it would be a "scream"; for others it would be a tragedy in real art; for all of us it would be pitiful.

However, we needn't worry about it; Chaplin isn't going to play Hamlet. Charlie is a wise bird and knows when his own nest is well feathered. He is content to be unique and he has no "ambition" to be inimitable.

* * *

IT IS only the small fry who go under. The whales come up to breathe. Behold us now, emerging from the deep and taking a long breath.

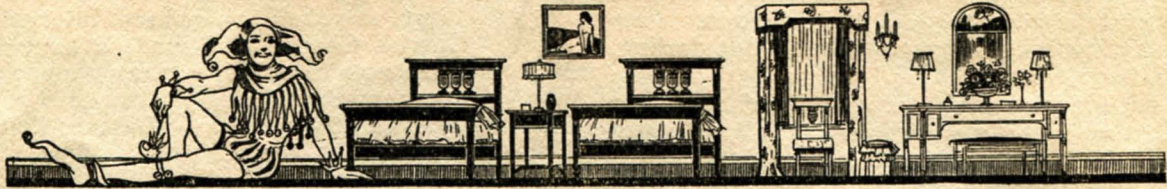
* * *

SPeAKING of the passing of "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and "The Face on the Floor," and other barroom tragedies, it has occurred to True Confessions that "Father, dear father, come home with me now, the clock in the steeple strikes eleven," is also a trifle passé. Yes, indeed, a father now is likely to be the only one home at that interesting hour.

* * *

NO DIFFERENCE!

Some sweet Parisiennes have been deploring
In modern clothes the total lack of taste;
And some of them are bent upon restoring
To woman's silhouette the wasp-like waist.
But these dress-wrangles are extremely boring,
The more as we suspect them to be fake.
If they leave it loose, or bind it,
We are pretty sure to find it.
So after all, what difference does it make?



TWIN-BED TIME YARNS FOR THE SILLY SEASON

HIGH SOCIETY!

MISS ANNABEL PINK DE PETTICOAT gave a delightful piano recital at the Palliser hotel one evening last week. Her interpretation of Beethoven's Moonshine Sonata was scholarly and remarkable for its technique. This charming artiste remained perfectly sober until after the recital, when, the strain over, she jumped on top of the piano, yelled for the bell-hops to get busy, and then proceeded to dance the can-can in wildest Parisian fashion for the edification of the musical critics present. She got excellent notices the following day.—Calgary Eye Opener.

* * *

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

TWO friends, an Irishman and a Scotchman, enjoyed nagging each other to such an extent neither one ever missed an opportunity to crack a joke at the other's expense.

Both were employed on the same job, and Sandy had a shade the best of it one day when it came time to quit, and they went to a barber shop.

The Scotchman was first to get shaved, and when the barber asked him if he wanted a little perfumery on his face to complete the job, he replied, hastily,—“No, not on your life. This perfumery stuff always reminds me of the old time tough districts, and I don't want no arguments with friend wife.”

About this time, Pat's barber asked him,—“How about a little perfumery on your face?”

Pat said,—“Shure, shlap it on. Me wife won't get suspicious. She was niver in one o' thim kinda places.”

* * *

OH! PERCIVAL

Algy—“That vulgah puhson mistook me for a racing man.”

Sally—“How was that?”

Algy—“He said that I won the Brown Derby.”—Chaparral.

* * *

THAT'S DIFFERENT

“Who's that homely-looking woman?”

“That's my sister.”

“She sure can dance.”—Record.

* * *

DOWN THE ALLEY

Stude—Sir, can we see Venus tonight?”

Astronomy Prof.—No, she's too low down to pick up.—Purple Cow.

* * *

AMBULANCE PLEASE!

Fond Hubby—I kiss my wife a dozen times a day.

Friend—I know several men who do the same thing.—Royal Gaboon.

SCRATCHED FROM TIGER

EVER hear the stories about the golden fleece?”

“No, do they bite?”

* * *

THREE POTATOES

CHEM PROF: “Name three articles containing starch.”

Student: “Two cuffs and a collar.”

—Orange Peel.

* * *

ANTI-APPRECIATION

MIKE had come home from his first day's work in a stone quarry. This was new work for him, and when he sat down to a nice supper, his wife had prepared, she noticed his discouraged looks and behaviour and tried to cheer him up.

Failing in this, she asked him, point blank,—“Mike, tell me what's wrong. You know I never hold back anything from you, good or bad.”

Mike was silent a minute, then replied,—

“If ye musht know, I'll tell you. I know me new boss don't appreciate me wurk.”

Then his faithful better-half inquired,—

“How do you know he don't?”

Another interval of silence followed, then Mike explained:

“Whin I shtarted in this mornin', I told the boss the job was new to me, but I'd soon get the best of it if he gave me a show. Well, he gave me half a dozen steel crowbars, which he called 'drills,' and a big hand hammer, thin showed me how to work 'em. Well, I soon got onto what he wanted, thin he wint away, never showin' up agin' till nearly 5:00 P. M. By this time me arm was near broke, but I had me two holes drilled. Thin what does he do? Him an' another feller shtuk a lot of dynamite in both thim holes, thin some fuses, touched a match to both fuses, and less 'n' a minute after, me whole day's work was blowed to hell.”

* * *

A BATHING STORY

Mother (of her)—“Margie had the cutest dimpled knees when she was a child.”

He—“Well, for that matter she still ha—er ah—I mean most children have.”—Voo Doo.

* * *

YOUNG AMERICA

Teacher (to pupil disturbing class): You'll have to remain here after class with me.

Johnny: Sure, Miss Jones. If you're not afraid of the scandal, I'm not.

CONFESSIOAL

Shop Talk by the Editor

THIS Department of *True Confessions* is designed to be a feature of the magazine in which the editor and the readers will have an opportunity to "get together," exchange views, hand out bouquets, brick-bats and banalities in informal manner, and, in general, indulge in heart-to-heart talks with the purpose of common benefit and entertainment.

Criticisms are invited. It is our primary object to please our readers and to give them what they demand within the province of this publication. Therefore, it may be in place to define the limits of the magazine and give future contributors an outline of the requirements we deem essential.

True Confessions, as the name implies, aims to publish only such stories as are based wholly on facts. A large number of early contributions had to be rejected solely on this ground. Many of the stories submitted were cleverly written and of high merit; but they were so patently based on nothing more substantial than the writers' imaginations that we had, often reluctantly, to return them as unavailable.

Some of our contributors seem to labor under the misapprehension that all that is required of them is to write us a personal note saying their enclosed copy is composed from honest-to-goodness facts; but then they spoil it all by adding they have changed names, places, dates, and every other factor that would leave an impress of truth and reality sufficient to carry conviction to the reader.

IT IS our contention that there is sufficient material to choose from, taken directly out of the lives of men and women who are able to reduce their experiences to writing, to make it unnecessary to draw on the imagination more than to make the narrative readable and interesting, and to maintain the continuity of the story. For it is generally true that actual experience—acts prompted by hate, jealousy, love or any other passion or impulse—may be a series of more or less disjointed events that must be woven into a harmonious whole by the skill of the narrator to arouse and hold the interest of the reader.

We found that many attempted to gloss over their lack of basic facts by opening with, "Truth is

stranger than fiction," and then proceed with a narrative that had no element of strangeness or interest whatsoever. This reminds of a city editor for whom the writer once worked during his newspaper career. He objected to the adjective "dramatic" as used in a story turned in to him.

"My boy," he said, "it isn't in your province as a newspaper man to refer to this meeting as 'dramatic.' It is up to you to write it so as to bring out its dramatic features for the readers to see for themselves, and not to throw 'em a sop and leave it to their imaginations by labeling it 'dramatic,' which merely is a confession of your own inability to write a graphic story."

In other words, write your stories so convincingly that they will need no editorial bolstering.

FOR THIS reason the editor demands names and places for his own satisfaction, not necessarily for publication. They may be changed to suit requirements in order to protect persons who might be injured by the revelations of their pasts. This explanation is made to avoid future arguments. Like Oscar Wilde's *Lady Bracknell*, we dislike arguments, for "they always are vulgar, and often convincing."

Stories submitted are read by several members of the editorial staff. Those that fail to meet the requirements already set forth are returned without comment; others that bear the stamp of truth and contain the germ of a good story, but are written in a style too rambling to be available in their original form, are touched up by a trained writer, and the author is paid at regular space rates. Again, when the reader is in doubt about the availability of a contribution, the manuscript is submitted to the editor-in-chief for his final decision. Sometimes a contribution is returned to the author with suggestions that it be revamped to accord with the aims of the magazine. It is understood that the editor reserves the right to make any changes he finds necessary to make the contributed manuscript conform to style and other requirements of *True Confessions*.

WITH the publication of this issue, the first section of the short-story contest for ten thousand

dollars in prizes is closed. The initial copy of *True Confessions* will give future contributors an idea of what is wanted; at least, what is acceptable. It does not, however, more than suggest the possibilities of the accomplishment we have set as our goal in launching this enterprise. Keep in mind that we are ever on the lookout for *true, original and unusual* contributions and let that be your guide.

The second section of the prize contest closes October 1. Make a resolve to be one of the winners; to be *the* winner. Believe us, it will be a greater pleasure for the editor to sign a check for one thousand dollars than it will be for the successful contestant to receive it. Now, then, in the idiom of the day, *let's go!*

IT IS a thankless task to be the editor of a magazine. At times it seems a heartless task as well. It is an unpleasant duty to reject manuscripts—oodles of them—submitted by writers who have high hopes of their acceptance, and to use one's best judgment in accepting others. No doubt the unsuccessful contestants will say our judgment is poor. Maybe they are right. But let it be said in our own justification that it is with a heavy heart we sometimes have marked copy "unavailable." When it is known, however, that at least eight out of ten fail of acceptance, the unsuccessful ones will realize they are members of the great majority and console themselves with that thought. They have not been singled out for disparagement or affront.

Many of the contributions received have been meritorious but not suitable for this magazine. Some of the writers evidently fail to grasp that the truth of a story is not all in all. The subject may be of interest to the writer, but of no general appeal. So much depends on the manner in which it is written. As one editor recently remarked, the inexperienced author "does not comprehend that it is the telling that counts; that it is this which makes the facts, the situations, and the characters convincing—not the actual occurrence." Experienced writers will see the truth of this without further argument.

Pretty Peggy and Her Paris Parties

What a Famous French Editor Says About Peggy Joyce and Her Confession of a "Rattling Time."

(By M. Letellier, Editor Paris Journal, and immensely wealthy.)

PEGGY HOPKINS was a gilded, lovely butterfly. Love and homage and the admiration of men were as milk and honey to her.

No American grub was she, no crude sightseer from the mill towns yawping at Paris with eyes like hard boiled eggs.

Far from it.

She was a dashing, dazzling, brilliant girl.

She stood France on end with her beauty. She wore clothes as no other woman I have ever seen wore them.

She had rare jewels—almost as bright as her eyes, set in gold almost as glimmering as her hair.

She danced ravishingly, she coquetted superbly (becoming a lost art), she had the manners of a capricious young princess—and the sound, sane sense of a clever young woman.

She lived at night and rarely rose much before sundown. She was besieged by dandies and admirers to an incredible degree.

She did me the honor of spending considerable time in my society, despite the wide choice constantly presented to her.

She was never more to me, however, than an exquisite creature with whom I delighted to dine, drive and dance.

I shall never forget this little American lass and my one sorrow is that she has had so much trouble and notoriety in so short and exotic a life.

* * *

As Peggy, herself, remarks: "Fancy an American editor—married—publishing such a love poem about a French woman in his own paper."

Moon Madness

(Continued from page 6)

"I hope your future will be all rosiness," he said. "I'll 'phone for a taxicab to come and take you home. We will never meet again, so good-bye, and forget all this!" Then he left.

I REACHED home safely, and carried out all my plans for having the house in wonderful order for Carl. I cooked the dinner I had planned. I made his favorite dessert. I put fresh flowers on the table. Somehow, I was not conscience-stricken nor overwhelmed with shame. I was

determined not to let our lives be ruined by my foolish mistake.

Carl came, jubilant, adorable, full of tender devotion. We had a wonderful reunion, and we felt anew the love that will never die so long as either of us shall live.

THIS all took place some time ago. Carl and I are the parents of a sunny-haired little chap who is just learning to talk. Constantly people remark upon the singular pleasantness of his voice.

But often in the twilight I sit and wonder and dream—I weep a little—sometimes I pray.

(By Peggy Hopkins Joyce.)

I MET M. Letellier on my second and on my third and last stay in his country. His attitude toward me never changed. I have been his guest at Deauville since Joyce linked his name with mine in the charges that circled the globe, and I am very fond of him. He is a most wonderful man.

Some of the other men singled out and grouped by Joyce into the list of stockholders in the open corporation which he alleged held shares in Peggy, Inc., during the brief six weeks in Paris, I knew but slightly.

I do not deny that I had a rattling time. I do not deny that my behavior would have stupefied stupid Newport or flabbergasted Kansas City, had it taken place there. But—I was in Paris. I had been left there to have a good time.

My millionaire husbands had inundated me with luxuries. I had been pampered by the public. I had been drenched with millions, I had been pushed and dragged into high-proof diversions by my husbands—I couldn't suddenly decide to spend my afternoons in the library, my evenings at knitting bees and my mornings on a rubberneck bus.

The life I lived was the life into which I had been schooled—and I will say that my higher education cost a few pretty pennies. Three husbands had taken it upon themselves to marry me and make me "see life."

And then the last of these, after he had capped all the former climaxes in dousing me with fineries and jewelry stores, had given me a whiff of Paris, then left me there, and told me to find my own ideas of fun.

What reservations my early Christian foundation still cherished—and they were decisive, definite and, to Frenchmen, radical—survived in spite of, rather than because of, the training in ideals and ideas that I had sustained at the hands of my "helpmeets."

The Souvenir

(Continued from page 14)

But she only laughed louder.

"Be quiet!" I shouted.

She laughed louder and louder.

I did not like that. I became afraid. And I took her throat between my hands—like this. . . . Then I noticed that all was very still. I saw Marie lying on the floor near Francois. . . . Then the people came and led me away.

* * *

THAT is my story, monsieur. . . . You ask, did I kill Marie? I suppose I did. I do not remember. Francois could not have done it. . . . Ha! Ha! Ha! I cannot help laughing, monsieur. He had such a funny face!

Revelations by a District Attorney

(Continued from page 10)

impressed and consented. Before the case came to trial, however, I took the precaution to look up his record as a practising attorney and found he never had appeared for the defense in a murder case, and I decided it was up to me to use my wits to the best of my ability and not depend on him for an acquittal, especially as I was convinced in my own mind of the guilt of both defendants.

Came time for the examination of jurors and one of them was John Artic, with whom I had been acquainted from my boyhood days and had had occasion to befriend. I insisted on questioning some of the jurors, despite Battens' arrogance, and one of them was Artic. I deliberately addressed him as Mr. Orton, to give the impression I didn't know the man, and he took the hint immediately. He corrected me, but the incident was sufficient to mislead the district attorney, who failed to ask the juror whether he was acquainted with opposing counsel and passed him.

Despite our best efforts, the testimony against our clients was of the most damaging nature and when the evidence was all in and the case was given to the jury, after I had made an impassioned plea for my own client, it looked like a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree was a foregone conclusion. It was with a sinking heart I repaired to the court-room at eleven o'clock that night upon being notified that the jury had agreed and was prepared to report.

Under the law of the state it is necessary for the defendants and their counsel to be present in court and the judge on the bench when a jury reports. Swanson and Olson were indicted for murder in the first degree, and conviction meant the death penalty.

THERE were only a few spectators in the court-room when the jury filed in. After the members had taken their places in the jury-box and the foreman had handed the verdict to the clerk, not a sound broke the stillness except the ticking of the big clock on the wall. Silently the clerk handed the folded paper to the judge, who opened it, glanced at the contents and returned it to the clerk, who then read aloud:

"We, the jury, duly impanelled and sworn to try the defendant Olson in the above-entitled action,

find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree."

The clerk then read the verdict against Swanson, my client, which was a repetition of the other, with the exception that murder in the third degree was named.

This brought the judge to his feet.

"Let me see that verdict," he demanded. The clerk handed him the paper. He read it over carefully.

"There is no crime of murder in the third degree in this state, gentlemen," he said. "There is murder in the first degree, murder in the second degree, and manslaughter. It was your privilege to find defendant guilty accordingly, or to acquit him. You evidently intended, did you not, gentlemen, to find defendant Swanson guilty of manslaughter, and not of third degree murder. Am I not right?"

The members of the jury nodded solemnly. The judge took up his pen, drew a line through "murder in the third degree" and substituted "manslaughter." He then instructed the clerk to record and file the verdict, thanked the jurors and dismissed them from further service.

I gasped. I hardly dared believe in my good luck. Under the law a man may not be tried nor placed in jeopardy twice for the same offense, and the next morning, after an examination of the law, I made certain that a court could not legally change the substance of a verdict once brought in by a jury, and that the judge sitting on the case had erred in making the change without instructing the jury to retire and make the change themselves. Accordingly the verdict was void, sentence could not be passed, my client could not be tried again and the court would perforce have to release him.

IHURRIED to the office of the district attorney, stated the facts, showed him the law applicable thereto and told him that if he did not dismiss the charges against both defendants I should have no difficulty in freeing my client, which would cause undesirable newspaper notoriety and reflect on his office to such an extent that it would prevent his re-election. He quickly saw the predicament in which he found himself and readily consented to do as I requested with the understanding that I

should keep silent on the subject. Again my exalted opinion of law as the exponent of justice suffered a blow from which it never has recovered.

Although morally certain of my client's guilt, I took advantage of a technicality to free him. I felt I was justified in employing any weapon to win for him; that's what I was paid for. Was I right? No! As a lawyer I was an officer of that court and I used my wits to defeat justice. No wonder small respect for the courts is shown in America.

Of course, the reader realizes how the coup was accomplished. My juror friend was desirous to see me win my first murder case. He was intelligent and had considerable knowledge of the law, more so than his fellow-members of the jury, which gave him a certain prestige with them, although he declined to be named foreman, preferring to keep in the background. He told me later that he depended on my ready wit to do the rest if he succeeded in bringing in a faulty verdict, and he laid his plans accordingly. I will say this in my own extenuation that I did not dream of such a development when I connived to get my friend on the jury. All I expected was his good will, and it was his own ingenuity that brought about the denouement as related.

SINCE then I have myself held the office of district attorney and have endeavored to discharge the high duties of that office in the proper spirit. I have prosecuted only when I believed myself justified, and then relentlessly and, I may say without undue arrogance, successfully. I have never knowingly helped to "railroad" a poor victim of circumstance to the penitentiary merely to swell my record of convictions, nor have I knowingly permitted the guilty to escape. Let that be my vindication. Having lost all respect for Law, I ask only Justice. Give the Devil his due!

MARY MIA

I loved thee aeons back.

Still I love thee, Mary.

Thou didst lead me softly

To your lotus drench'd shore

Where Rapture's very self

abode.

* * *

And it were well we kissed

And ran away,

Else we had been sated with

That purple perfumed hour's

play.

J. S. F.

Villamette's Legacy

(Continued from page 11)

from it a locket that sparkled with gems. At the pressure of some spring it opened and the nurse caught a glimpse of a picture, the miniature of a remarkably handsome military officer.

"Monsieur Bl—," she said; "the latest and—the last."

Then from somewhere else in the little case she took out something carefully wrapped up. Removing the gold foil, she held up a little brown tablet, saying, "Your medicine is good, but this is better." And she swallowed it before the nurse could prevent.

"He brought me two from Cairo," she explained in a voice of better vitality. "Took the one a year ago. Essence of life—thirty hours, thirty hours in one."

"Never mind, dear," said Miss Bickersby, as she helped her change to a more comfortable position and tucked the sheets about her.

But warm currents began to fill out the patient's wizened skin and flush the temples and neck. The mummy pallor was giving way to life color; she was growing strangely younger every minute. The eyes began to sparkle, the shrunken arms to swell into plumpness. She sat up, displaying a neck poised on shoulders of exquisite symmetry.

INVOLUNTARILY the nurse reached for the bell as if she did not wish to be alone with this startling transformation; but the girl waved her hand in protest, detaining the nurse by some strange sway.

"Listen," she said, as she rose to her feet. "Listen—I am bad and sin is black, yet I would risk my life, if I had a life to risk, for you, and that's easy, for you are good—for Aldiano—I loved him—for all but Agrietta, for she was cruel, and I'd like to see her hurt—a little, not too much. Life is good and it's bad; and love is sweet and sin, and sometimes it is all a blur."

"There, there, now compose yourself. I don't know what you are talking about," said the nurse, trying to quiet her.

"I have thirty minutes yet, and I am talking about my philosophy—mine and Jeranitzo's, I was his Miretta. We had it to chat about between the champagne and the waltz—chic, you see. It was this: When the atoms have come together into an ego they dance and dream and play and flash and we call it life; and then they get tired as children of their games and so they go back to the elements and rest and

sleep for a long, long time; and then they wake refreshed and seek others and each other, and affinity calls to affinity and the meeting is love and the parting is death, and so the cycle like the vapor from the ocean and the rain and the brook and the return to the ocean."

This Miretta declaimed with such animation that the nurse remained speechless at the uncanny youth in the strange creature before her.

"Yes," she resumed, "to talk about before the overture—to play with—and so I lived wrong."

"Poor, misguided child," pitied the nurse.

"SAY, now I want to ask you something"—and the girl's lineaments suddenly smiled into childlike tenderness as she slipped her arm around the nurse's neck, her voice deliciously soft and affectionate. "Come, now, think, dear, good lady,—which has been the sweetest moment in all your life?"

"Really, I don't know, dearest."

"I know."

"Better lie down now, darling,—so—so," and she caressed the cheek of the child who cuddled close to her.

"I know," the girl still insisted.

"Well, then, which?" the nurse asked indifferently.

"When your lover kissed you."

Taken unawares, Melinda indignantly replied, "No man has ever."

"What, never?" asked the girl in touching sympathy. "Never in all the years? Poor, dear lady," and her feverish hands stroked Melinda's cheek.

And Melinda was stung into a little pardonable resentment, for she retorted, "I have chosen to spend my years in service, not in sin."

"So, now, darling lady," the girl pleaded, her feverish arms still clinging around Melinda's neck, "how I would like to be good to you!"

"There, dear," the nurse resumed, "I don't blame you so much; the world has done you wrong."

"And the world has done you wrong," added the child; "your hands are not only to lift things with—they are for your lover to hold—this way." And under her caresses a strange glow shot through the nurse's hand.

"Hush, hush—you must know you are feverish, dear."

There was some abatement in the girl's animation, as if after a flood tide of vigor; but her voice rang

softly sweet as she asked, "What is your name?"

"Melinda Bickersby."

"Melinda," the child went on. "Oh!—But Lorello shall. On his knees, at Lake Como, he promised he would do anything for me. And from a booklet in her handbag she tore a leaf on which she wrote impulsively:

To Lorello,

Rue de Revenier 17.

Dearest Lorello—Melinda was good to me. Kiss her for my sake.—Your dying Villamette.

AND she sealed the note and pressed the strange legacy of affection into the hand of Melinda, who did not know what she had written. Then the girl's hands flew to her head and she fell on the cot, gasping. "The minutes are up—Place me on my side—so—and move my hands for me a little—stir me a little—shake me. It's awful to be so still, still, till I get used to it. And hold my hand long, long, tight—and Lorello shall be good to you—and—and . . ."

The nurse wept over the lifeless form on the cot.

* * *

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

An Anthology of Paragraph from the Daily Press

Dr. Caprimulge, Bishop of Bosham

I.

The Bishop of Bosham, Doctor Caprimulge,
Is sixty-eight today.
Married four times,
He has twelve children,
The eldest of whom is forty-five
And the youngest three.

II.

The Reverend Doctor Caprimulge
Has written to the Sunday Press
On "Modern Girls' Immodest Dress"
And "Sins in which the Young Indulge."

The times, he says, are growing late
And skirts grow shorter with the times.
Into what nameless amorous crimes
Seen ankles tempt the celibate!

The modern youth has lost his soul
The modern girl her maiden air,
And brazenly the guilty pair
Practice not self—but birth-control.

There must be flounces in the skirt
And prattlers in the populous house
Or, else like Babylon and Rome,
Degenerate Albion bites the dirt.

III.

Mrs. Euphemia Caprimulge,
Fourth wife of the Bishop of Bosham,
Has recently left her husband
And refuses to return.
The Bishop has filed a petition
For the restitution of Conjugal Rights.
—Vanity Fair.

Experiences of a Dope Slave

(Continued from page 20)

very distinctly. "What if I had done it!"

She recoiled toward the door. Terror shone in her eyes. I had broken her composure.

I followed her.

"What if I had gone through with it?" I demanded.

She threw off her fear like the strong-willed creature she was.

"Well, why didn't you?" she asked.

"I couldn't," I confessed. "When I thought of you as a gutter-hype it seemed that I couldn't breathe. You are too gorgeous for such a fate."

"But I want to warn you. Never touch narcotics. If you do, you will put yourself to the most exquisite torture that fiend ever devised.

"I am going now. Good-bye. I never want to see you again, and I expect that the feeling is mutual."

I PUT on my hat, picked up the hand-bag and brushed past her.

Before I could get down the stairs she was at my side.

"Wait," she implored. "Tell me, who was the man? Who was it?"

"I'm not a snitch," I returned coldly. "I can't tell you."

I walked briskly out of the place and started across the grounds of Demarest Lodge. About half-a-mile distant was a car-line that would take me into Long Beach where Adam's schooner was anchored at a certain wharf.

Suddenly I heard someone calling my name.

An electric brougham was bearing down on me. In it sat the Demarest girl.

She stopped the car and ran to me.

"Please, Mrs. Rosenbeek," she implored. "Don't go away like this. Isn't there some way I can help you?"

"You can leave me alone," I snapped. Then I burst into tears. Her kindness had been the last straw.

I sobbed out my story to her as we rode down-town in the brougham. But I did not mention Adams or my connection with him. She wanted to take me back to the house, but finally consented to let me off near a pier. I had recovered my composure by this time.

She took my hand and kissed me as I climbed from the brougham.

As I turned to smile at her, I saw there were tears in her eyes.

Do you wonder that I resolved to sacrifice all for this girl?

MY FATHER used to call me an abandoned imp.

I am.

For if I were not, I would at least gloss over this final chapter.

It was in a good cause that I went aboard Ted Adams' schooner that night. At six-thirty I had seen Andy Lamont, my husband, and had made a clean breast of the whole affair. My plan for exposing Miss Demarest's fiance could not fail. I knew Andy would be on hand at the proper time to interfere with our maritime "coke-party."

But it was some devilish quirk in my make-up that led me to adopt the scheme that I employed. The use of drugs endows one with a depraved, perverted taste, otherwise unaccountable.

Seven o'clock found me walking over the gang-plank of a neatly appointed gasoline schooner. Anyone watching would have thought I was a young girl, attired in ordinary attire, protected from the night-air by a heavy cloak. Such an observer would have been very much surprised because I was carrying a silk sun-shade at night.

As Ted came out of his cabin to meet me I threw the cloak aside, raised the sun-shade and darted across the white, scrubbed deck of the craft, dancing and cavorting.

I was attired a la September Morn, except for my shoes and stockings.

For a full minute the man stood with his mouth open, amazed, watching my wild antics. I felt an impelling desire to do something outrageous.

On the land near the wharf I knew Andy Lamont and a detail of police were waiting. When I screamed, Andy would come. But my husband did not know of my September Morn disguise.

Twirling my sun-shade, I rushed straight at Ted Adams. He dodged to one side, but I jumped at him, struck him and knocked him down.

In a second I was on top of him and we were rolling over and over. I wanted to hurt him, to bruise myself.

Presently he got free, but not before I had slipped a tiny envelope containing morphine and

cocaine into his pocket. It was an easy "plant."

He was laughing now.

"My, but you're wild tonight, Babe!" he exclaimed. "I've seen you in tantrums, but this is the worst yet."

I ran from him and he took up the chase. At last he cornered me in the ship's bow.

As he caught me by the arm, I gave a shriek which caused him to snap out an oath.

"For God's sake, not so loud!" he warned.

He was carrying me to his cabin when Andy and three officers walked on board. Ted pulled his cigarette case out of his pocket and threw it overboard. He thought it contained his only supply of drugs. He did not know of the "bindle" I had planted in his coat pocket. That "bindle" would be enough to send him to the "big-house" for a long stretch.

AS THE other officers grabbed Adams, my husband caught me and covered me with his overcoat. I saw that he was white with anger.

"Here's some stuff on this bird," exclaimed one of the policemen, holding up the paper envelope.

Adams comprehended instantly.

"You damned little stool-pigeon!" he snarled at me.

"Take the fellow to the station, Dan," said my husband. "I'll look after this girl."

Andy found my cloak and put it on me without a word. He procured a taxi and took me to my room. He was through with me, I could tell that. Strangely enough, I felt sorry.

As he was about to leave he handed me a twenty-dollar bill.

"This will take you to the man who bought you," he said. "Rosenbeek's in San Francisco. You'd better drift out of here in the morning."

My last anchor was gone. I threw myself on the bed and cried myself to sleep.

The next day the papers announced the arrest of Ted Adams, prominent shipping-man, who, according to the reporters, was found by the officers engaged in a wild orgy with a notorious hop-head, who escaped.

"That'll fix him with her," I said to myself; "I've saved Evelyn Demarest from a terrible fate. Now for a big blow-out."

After the "blow-out" was over I

found myself in a Pullman sleeping car en route to San Francisco with a blind consumptive, who assuaged my agonies with occasional contributions of adulterated morphine. My mind went back to Barney Rosenbeek, the man who always had plenty of good "hop."

I found him at a big hotel in San Francisco and went directly to his room. I was all "coked up" and felt quite cheerful.

"You haven't looked after my car-load of diamonds," I said in an aggrieved tone.

Barney came over and looked at me hard.

"You damned little piker," he snarled.

His fist connected with my jaw and my head hit something hard.

I AWOKE with the odor of anaesthetic pervading my senses.

I was in a perfectly white, perfectly clean room that smelled nauseatingly of drugs.

A face loomed between me and the light from an open window. A hand crept over my face caressingly.

The face was unmistakably that of Andy Lamont, my husband. I tried to speak, but the effort was too much. I managed to articulate his name.

"Andy," I said.

He reached over and kissed me.

"It's all right, kid," said Andy's voice. "You're cured and I'll soon have you out of here. That was a lucky punch Rosy gave you."

Big, hot tears rolled down my cheeks. Andy kissed them away.

ONE marvels at the ways of men and women. You would think that after my shameless conduct, Andy Lamont would have divorced me. Instead, he took me when I was down and out and helped me to climb back to respectability again. That is hard to understand.

But what is even more difficult to comprehend is this: Evelyn Demarest married Ted Adams. She heard the story of his vile life at his trial. Yet she married him and is waiting for him to do his eighteen-months-jolt. Then they will go away together.

What is this grotesque thing they call love? . . .

A Brief for Jimmie

(Continued from page 45)

again. A new one this time and he had tightened up a bit. He droned out the required twenty-five dollars and hold for the clinic.

She passed the clinic examination, but some one in the Charity Commission discovered their old charge and they all wept over her. Jimmie wept with them. "She was so young, you know, and had experienced so much." A few of them said she should be flogged because she wouldn't tell where her baby was, but Jimmie only smiled and when they left her she chuckled. One started at hearing that chuckle. It was so very much like Madame's.

THEY decided to take Jimmie to the home for incorrigibles at Merton, so they told her.

And Jimmie told them, without anger or excitement, that a woman couldn't take her, and if a man took her she wouldn't stay at the home after she got there, so help her Gawd.

And they merely sighed and wondered how "a mere child could become so hardened."

Before she left, Jimmie leaned against the bars and talked to her visitors. She had learned a lot at the clinic, she told them. "Say," she said, "I'm not such a fool as I was then. Hello, there! I remember you. You bought me a dinner when I was here before. They say they're going to send me away, but I feel like I know my stuff now and they won't fool me again. If you don't see me again, why so long!"

And that was the last of Jimmie.

They got a telegram from Merton at the police station last week. It simply said that the girl sent from Metropola, Jimmie Campbell, had jumped from the fourth-story window of the main building and had died that night in the hospital.

WHEN we told Madame she said, "It is perhaps the best!" She looked out through the window for a long moment and her eyes darkened a bit. Then she asked if we would not buy a drink and we bought. Always we do.

But to those she knew well she whispered, after the others had gone. "I am glad she did it, because for her this is not all . . . well . . ."

And she shoved us through the doorway and didn't ask that a drink be bought.

As Life Ebbbed and Passed

(Continued from page 22)

other unfortunates I crawled into a box-car one night and started for the East.

"In this way I drifted Eastward, ever and anon trying to obtain work and failing. Had it not been for the friendly Missions I should have died of hunger and exposure.

"Winter found me in Kansas City. Conditions were worse, if anything. Reports were rife that Chicago was the mecca of the unemployed. I decided to make one last effort. I made my way on foot to a junction and waited for a passing train. I crouched in the brush beside the track and waited. It was early morning before a passenger train stopped to take on water. When it started, I swung myself underneath onto the rods and made up my mind to stick it through, although I was chilled to the bone and faint with hunger. . . ."

THE unknown's voice died away. He lay quiet, as in a deep sleep. There was not a sign of life. Then, in a lower voice than before, he began to talk again. He appeared to be re-living the last hour of his losing fight with Fate.

". . . It's cold. God, how cold it is! My fingers are numb. I can't hold on much longer. . . I'm hungry, too. But I must be strong. . . Only a little while longer. . . I want to live. Death? No, I do not fear death. Why should I? Maybe I shall be re-united with the only friends I ever had—Mother and Mary. . . I can't feel my own arms. They seem to be missing, but that can't be. My hands are at the end of them and these rods I'm gripping will show the imprints of my fingers. . . How can I let go? It means death. . . . Death? You are welcome. I am ready to meet you. . . But I can't let go . . . my hands are frozen to the rods . . . Ah-h!"

The telephone bell broke shrilly in on the silence that followed. Central reported a doctor was on this way. . .

NEXT morning the city papers carried the usual scare-heads about the Unemployment Conference, The Bonus, The Four-Power Alliance, etc. On an inside page, in an obscure corner, was a short notice. It bore a one-line head—"Unidentified Tramp Killed."

Two Murders

(Continued from page 35)

the thigh to the hip. The blows, however, had produced the mortal wounds.

Developments now came thick and fast. First came the information of the arrest of Frank McCool in North Platte, Nebraska. He was taken off a train while on his way to Salt Lake City from Omaha. He was returned to Omaha when he said he was wanted there for robbery. His object was to be arraigned on that charge, give bail and then make his escape, he later confessed.

But before this could be arranged, Detective J. A. Weare, since killed while attempting to arrest a suspect, and Detective Frank W. Brunskill, now Captain of Detectives of the Minneapolis Police Department, arrived in Omaha and claimed him as the slayer of Connery.

AT FIRST he made vehement denial, but here is where Fate stepped in. McCool, who went under the name of Brent Glasscock, had made one of the mistakes it seems all criminals make, no matter how carefully they lay their plans. On his person was found a revolver which was positively identified as having been the property of George Connery!

And right then he made his first "confession," a lying one as it proved later.

"I guess you've got me dead to rights," he said. "I might as well confess. Yes, I killed Connery, if that is his name. I didn't do it intentionally. All I intended to do was to knock him out so I could make my own get-away. He proved ornery at the last minute—didn't know when he was licked. I must have hit him harder than I thought. Honest, I didn't know he was dead till later. I had intended to call up his wife and let her know where to find him, but things happened so fast after that that I didn't have the opportunity."

Asked what he knew about the killing of Mrs. Dunn he denied all knowledge of it and did it so convincingly that for the time being he was believed.

When the photograph of Redenbaugh was shown him he reluctantly admitted it was that of his companion, but insisted his name was Hamilton.

"I guess I should know," he

said, "for I married his sister." This was later proved to be false. He denied knowing where "Hamilton" was.

McCool was taken to Minneapolis. Then came the arrest of Redenbaugh in San Francisco. He had been traced from Omaha to Salt Lake City, thence to San Francisco, to Portland and back to San Francisco. He was with his young wife at the time of his arrest.

The news of the arrest was broken to McCool, who was told his friend "Hamilton" had confessed to the slaying of Mrs. Dunn and had implicated McCool in the crime. McCool then made his second "confession."

"It appears you have the goods on us," he said, "so what's the use of trying to wriggle out of it. I killed Connery and 'Hamilton' killed Mrs. Dunn. So help me God, though, I didn't know Mrs. Dunn was slated to be killed. I thought all the time it was merely a burglary to get funds to get away after the slaying of the policeman." This is the story he told!

"Me and 'Hamilton' was up against it. The job we had planned in La Crosse failed to pan out. We was told we could blow a peter in Minneapolis, where both of us was living then, and we was on our way over to look at the lay when we was pinched by a St. Paul copper for speedin'.

"Ed put up twenty-five bucks as bail, which left us with only three dollars between us, and then we was unfortunate enough to be nabbed again by Minneapolis bulls.

"We had a jimmy and a small bottle of soup in the car, which was stolen, and we couldn't afford to be sloughed. When that copper jumped into our buggy to take us to the station we had to do some fast thinking. Ed, who was driving, gave me the high-sign and after we had started I pulled my gat and told the officer to stick up his hands. Then I fanned him and took away his gun, but I kept my own on him so he wouldn't feel inclined to holler for help.

"WE PASSED the station and kept on going. We had decided it would be necessary to get out of the city and dump the policeman in a place where he couldn't notify his pals until we was in the clear, but just then the car gave a

jerk as we passed over an obstruction and my gun went off. The bullet struck the copper in the leg. I apologized, for I didn't intend to shoot him, and then bandaged the wound with a piece of his pants-leg.

"He bled a great deal and the rug became soaked, so I hurled it into a creek we crossed. We was miles out in the country before we found a good spot. We drove into the woods and turned the car; then, knowing he couldn't follow us very rapidly with his wounded leg, we told him we would leave him there and let his family know where to find him. I even took the telephone number of his house.

"Just as we was ready to get into the car, that copper made a quick pass and pulled a gat he had kept concealed in a holster under his left arm-pit. Before he could use it, however, I lammed him on the head with the butt of my gun and he dropped. I swear I didn't know he was badly hurt and I even threw the automobile robe over him to protect him from the cold and I intended to let his folks know where to find him, but things began to happen so fast I forgot.

"After we reached St. Paul again we ditched the car and it was up to us to get enough dough to make our get-away. It was then Ed told me about a job of house-breaking he had under consideration, but it was not until the next night we broke into the Dunn home. I had picked up a check and some pennies when I heard the shooting and realized we were in another mess. I honestly didn't know Ed had planned to kill the woman."

This "confession," like his first, later proved to be false, although most of the details he gave regarding the kidnapping of and assault on the policeman were correct, with the exception that Redenbaugh, and not he, had caused the officer's death and also had shot him in the leg, although this really was an accident.

Redenbaugh was arrested May fifteenth, just three weeks after Connery was kidnapped, and readily admitted his identity. He said the name of E. H. Hamilton, under which he was registered, was an alias he had adopted after the slaying of Mrs. Dunn. On May seventeenth, he made a full confession of the two crimes in the presence of Detectives Weare and Brunskill, the Chief of Police of San Francisco and R. D. O'Brien,

County Attorney of Ramsey County, the county in which St. Paul is located.

WHEN McCool was told of this confession he realized the jig was up for his friend "Hamilton," and himself made a third and true confession, but it added nothing to the one made by Redenbaugh, which went into the minutest details of the two crimes and implicated Frank Dunn, Mike Moore and "Tacoma Johnny" Doyle, who was arrested a year ago. All of them, with the exception of McCool, are now serving life sentences in the Minnesota State Penitentiary at Stillwater. McCool received a twenty-year sentence.

In his confession, Joe Redenbaugh told how, through Mike Moore, he had met Dunn, who had offered him three thousand dollars "for the job of bumping off his wife."

Redenbaugh told his story with the coolness and relish of a seasoned raconteur. He expressed no repentance or remorse over his crimes, but told of them in a boastful spirit, as though they were everyday happenings of no particular importance except as they had added to his reputation as a gun-man and killer.

"Dunn's proposition did not particularly appeal to me," he said. "The woman had done me no harm and there really wasn't enough money in it for the inconvenience it would cause me in evading old Johnny Law.

"As a first step," he continued, "Moore took me to a drug store where Dunn had arranged to take his wife for this very purpose and pointed her out to me.

"Be sure you kill the right woman," Moore said, "or you won't be paid. Don't get the two sisters mixed up."

"This was earlier in April and even then I had not decided to undertake the job. But I needed the dough. I already had spent most of the cash I took out of the bank in University Place. It was not until the venture in La Crosse failed and I found it necessary to bump off that obstinate copper that I seriously accepted Dunn's proposition.

"If it had not been for that policeman, I probably would not have agreed to relieve Dunn of his wife, so you see it was more of an accident than anything else.

"Frank McCool and his wife were living at 1012 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, and I and

my wife were living in a Minneapolis hotel at the time. The girls needed money for clothes and after that La Crosse fiasco we were considering a job in Minneapolis. A St. Paul friend had put us wise to, and we were on our way there when that policeman butted in.

"MCCOOL means well, but he is too soft-hearted. It was an accident when I shot that copper in the leg, but it was no accident when I bashed him on the head as he was about to draw a gun. I would have hit him harder, but Frank pleaded for him and really would have notified his family, I believe, if things hadn't happened as they did.

"Well, we knew the disappearance of the officer would raise an awful stir, so it was necessary to obtain funds in a hurry for a quick escape. I decided on the Dunn job and notified Moore I was ready. The date was set and Dunn arranged his alibi. Frank is a liar if he says he didn't know what was in the wind. The theft of the check was merely a stall to mislead the police.

"Everything went fine and dandy. I was sorry to frighten that other little girl, but it couldn't be helped. I went alone into the bedroom; Frank McCool was on the floor below and Tacoma Johnny was keeping watch outside. We got away nicely, as we had cut the telephone wires and there was some delay in calling the police. We met the patrol wagon as we were crossing a street about a block away.

"Frank and I took a taxi to a small village near St. Paul where we boarded a train for Omaha. Our wives already were on board. We had arranged with them to take the train in Minneapolis. Moore had paid me the money in the meantime and kept one grand for himself.

"Next day my wife read about the killing in the newspaper. She didn't know I had any part in it. 'Such a brute should be hanged,' she remarked, after finishing reading the account. 'Yes, that's hell, ain't it?' I answered.

"In Omaha Frank met a former sweetheart and abandoned his wife. She went with us to Salt Lake City, where I gave her one hundred dollars and we parted company. My wife and I continued on to San Francisco and then I went alone to Portland, where I pawned the gun I had

used in both killings. Wasn't Frank a sap," he added, "to keep the gun he took off the policeman?"

The detectives later redeemed Redenbaugh's pistol, which they found pawned in the place he had mentioned.

REDENBAUGH admitted he had begun his criminal career when but nine years old. He served four terms in the reformatory for burglary and escaped twice, he said.

McCool was permitted to plead to murder in the third degree and on this charge escaped with a sentence of twenty years. Redenbaugh pleaded to first degree murder and testified against Dunn when the latter was tried. It was one of the most sensational murder cases ever tried in Ramsey County court. Both were given life sentences, as were Mike Moore and Tacoma Johnny Doyle. A life sentence is the limit of punishment under the Minnesota law.

A few months ago McCool tried to deceive the prison authorities by playing insane. He was about to be removed to the asylum for the criminal insane in St. Peter, and had already been taken to that place for examination, when he succeeded in making his escape. He was re-captured a few days later, however, and returned to serve out his time in the state penitentiary.

LE CHANT DE LE DIABLE

(With Apologies to Kipling)

A man I was and I thought to care
(Just in a fiendish way)
For a sweet, white soul in a body fair
And I built a nest and I set her there
And made believe 'twas a house of prayer
(Just in a demon's way).
I took her soul and cast it by
(Just in a fiendish way)
She learned that my love was born to die
That my lips of love were lips that lied
And how from an altar a man will fly
(For that is the sensible way).
So she hid the soul of her out of my
sight
(Out of my fiendish way)
For the woman I love must be first, pure
as light,
And flesh, not spirit, is my delight
And when tears were shed I felt just
right
(In my own fiendish way).
With life of her body she gave me all
(This being the woman's way)
And though light in her life may shine
no more
Her lips are mine as they were of yore
Though her heart is dead as never before
(For this is the woman's way).
A man I was and I didn't care
(As is the demon's way)
For the thing that I lost when I let it go
The soul of the woman who loved me so
For I am a demon from depths below
(Alas for my fiendish way).
—Carl H. F. von Lautz.

Clelia Broxton's Crime

(Continued from page 39)

for romance. I had dreamed of travel and pleasure and fame, but never of that; so, when Steven Kellar came, the whole world changed for me.

It was by the merest chance he came to Broderic Hall. He was a friend of the physician who attended Mercedes and accompanied him on one of his visits to her. Thus we met; and from that first meeting we loved each other.

Steven Kellar was a minister and for several years he had been a missionary in the Far East. That summer marked the end of his year's vacation in America. He was to return to his work the first of September, so our time for courtship was short. But had I known him for years, I could not have loved him more.

One wonderful August evening I shall never forget. After I had sung Mercedes to sleep as usual, I slipped out into the sweet-scented summer dusk to meet my lover. Oh, the ecstasy of that moment when he asked me to be his wife and go with him. How gladly would I have gone, to the very ends of the earth. But it could not be. I was bound to stay at Broderic Hall and care for Mercedes, while she lived.

I told Steven all about it,—how I was carrying out my step-father's wish and fulfilling my promise to my mother; and when I had finished he said: "You are an angel, Clelia, to sacrifice your life as you are doing. Not for my sake would I have you desert your post of duty. But when you are free, Clelia, then will you come to me?"

Would I? My heart sang for joy at the thought.

I STILL can feel Steven's kiss on my lips, can hear his dear voice saying: "I shall count the days until you come to me."

So we parted; and time dragged on again. A year, two, another, and still another, until six had passed; and the only bright spots in those years for me were Steven's letters. I seemed to live but for them. He never mentioned my coming to him, but every line breathed of his longing for me. And then at last he wrote: "I am coming back to you, Clelia, even though it be for only a short time."

And he came.

I wondered if Steven would think I had aged during his

absence, but he declared I had not. "To me you are more beautiful than ever, Clelia," he said, "and I love you more than ever. I love you not only for yourself, but for your noble self-sacrifice."

I should have cried out the truth to him then. I should have told him that for my wickedness we were both being made to suffer! That through me my mother's life had been shortened; my step-father's saddened; my sister's wrecked! But I had not the courage to tell him.

It mattered not to me now that all my former hopes and desires were blighted. I cared for nothing but Steven, whose face was pale and lined with care; whose brown eyes held such sadness in their depths. He was so desperately in earnest about his work. He loved the poor, ignorant people for whom he labored and to whom he must return. He talked constantly of the time when I should come to him and we could work for them together. When I should come! When, oh, when would it be?

Giving Steven up the second time was harder than it had been before. I tried to bear our parting bravely, but at the last I pleaded with him to stay, to wait until I could go with him!

"My duty calls and I must go, my Clelia," he answered sadly. "May I always be strong enough to stick to my post of duty as bravely and faithfully as you have done. Come to me when you can, dear heart," were his last words.

A GAIN he was gone, and time plodded more slowly than ever. While Mercedes still appeared frail as a shadow, there was no visible change in her. I began to realize that she might live for years, might even outlive me! But I gave her the best of care. Thank God I can say that with truth.

Mercedes loved me so much that she was content merely to sit and look at me; and it was when she did, that her reproachful eyes and sad smile stabbed me like a knife. There were times when I would have told her all and asked her forgiveness; but as I have said, she had only the mind of a child. She could not have understood. "Sing, Clelia," were the words oftenest on her lips. And I have sung to her when my heart was well-nigh breaking.

Again I lived on Steven's letters, which came less regularly as the months went by, and finally ceased altogether. I had a sickening sentiment that something was wrong. I read his last letter over and over, and always through a blur of tears. "Good-bye, dear heart, until we meet—" he always closed his letters thus—and in this one he had added: "in the Great Beyond." That last phrase worried me. What did Steven mean? But now I know.

One evening Mercedes suddenly became very ill. I summoned her physicians and all was done that earthly hands and skill could do to keep life in her poor, wrecked body; but the next night, while I sang to her, her spirit passed away. Her beautiful eyes lingered on my face until the white lids closed over them forever. But there was no reproach in them then; only unutterable love, and—dare I hope it?—forgiveness.

Mercedes was dead. I was free at last, free to go to Steven! After the funeral was over, I began to make preparations for my journey. There was much to do; for I knew that I should never return to Broderic Hall. Even if Steven and I did not spend the remainder of our lives abroad, we would not come back to the old home which the doctor had loved so well, but which for me could hold nothing but painful recollections. So I instructed my lawyer to sell the place.

And all the while I was so busy settling my affairs, I was hoping to hear from Steven again. It had been so long since he had written; and I was uneasy. Then a letter came, but not from Steven! My heart sank when I saw the unfamiliar handwriting. My shaking fingers could scarcely tear the envelope; and when I saw the written page, all that I sensed of it were the fatal words: Steven is dead! They danced before my eyes in letters of blood and fire until I seemed to die.

THE servants found me in a swoon and for a long time I lay unconscious. But at last I came back to life and the bitter truth. I read the letter through calmly. A friend of Steven's had written it. Steven had been in failing health for a year, the writer stated, but he would not give up. And he had died there in that foreign land! And now, when I was free to go to him, it was too late!

I longed to die. Life held nothing for me now, and I would gladly have closed my eyes on this world forever. And then, as if to taunt me came the thought: I am a rich woman! I have more money at my command than I ever dreamed of having! The immense Broderic fortune, that which I coveted, is mine, gained by my sin! And I do not want it! I want only Steven. And Steven is dead!

The heart may bow beneath its load of sorrow. Hope may be crushed; but while life lasts, hope will revive again. So after a time, when the numbness of grief and despair had worn away, I began to wonder what I should do with the rest of my life. And one night while I lay thinking, I seemed to hear a voice say: "Go to the land where Steven died. Take up the work that he was forced to leave

undone. Use your wealth for the benefit of those poor creatures whom Steven wished to save. Use your voice to soothe those in affliction, as it soothed Mercedes."

And so I am going. If I give my talent, my service, my life to a good cause—the cause that Steven loved—may it not atone, in a measure, for what I have done? And that is not all. After I am dead, the whole of my fortune shall be given to help those needy ones. My will provides for that.

Tomorrow I start on my long journey.

I can hear my good neighbors and friends sing my praises anew.

"Not one in a thousand would do what Clelia Broxton is doing," they will repeat.

But—some day they will know the truth.

Ethics of His Profession

(Continued from Page 53)

member of Northtown's underworld, even despised by some of its higher workers, was still a member—and the underworld as a whole, no matter what might be the variety of private disinterestedness or even dislike of him, would not condone Gaunce's turning him up to the police; would all at once turn upon the reporter suspicious eyes; brand him with the copper brand. And so branded, his exclusive story-field would be gone, and his paper suffer from this dwindling of his news-gathering powers.

After all, that still, small voice kept urging, "What was the use of turning up Lannery?" Teddy would remain as she was; would only hate him for an interference she could not understand, and cling still tighter in the future to this object of his contemplated prosecution. It was not a question of reforming either the man or the woman; for reform, of the existing kind, was hopelessly inadequate here. These people were as they were; creatures governed by strange codes. The existence of such men, as presented by this petty and sordid incident, similar in character to a thousand sordid others taking place daily, was a problem, vast, complicated. And Gaunce saw that nothing useful would be effected by him thus single-handed turning the light of justice upon a single case—no wide and lasting good could come

out of it. The world would wag on, pendulously slow, without apparent change, and sin, oppression, wrong still hold sway in their long established realms.

TO ACCEPT the world as it was had always been Gaunce's way heretofore. And now reason kept urging: What was there to be gained by changing now, striving against such existing conditions?

Individuals suffered. Men, ephemeral as motes in the sunshine, moved in strange paths—some good, some bad, some cruel, some kind—while the world swung on its immutable way. Revolving in its orbit, Nirvanically calm, unheeding, it continued through space, while he and all the other men and women upon it played their little parts, different, distinctive, ordained—parts that all his little meddling could not change.

Gaunce came to a dead stop. With hands in pockets he stood staring idly up the long avenue. High in the sky a sullen moon peeped through a rift in scowling, wind-spiced clouds, then was gone. Again to Gaunce came the thought of that thick-soled pair of shoes, and all they implied. And the soul of him burned, till sane reason ceased to make itself heard. He took three slow steps forward, and despite a desperate rallying of all his reason's forces, some other part of self rose stronger and cried out for the head of Lannery.

He walked on, turned a corner. Down the side-street the lights of the Central Police Station blinked white in the darkness. Gaunce moved faster; reached the portal that led up the stairs to detective headquarters. Tomorrow, or the next day, the underworld would know of his treachery. No matter how carefully he conducted the court proceedings, the news of his action would be heralded; for the underworld, insidious in its workings, strangely powerful, seldom failed to ferret out the hand which harmed it.

"I just gotta do it," he gritted, his language, under the stress of his emotions, most unjournalistic. His hand touched the big swing-door. He passed in, set foot upon the first of the twenty steps, realizing as he did so that in another minute would be thrown away the labor of years—his conservation of the underworld as a news-source, his standing of friendship, built upon solid foundation, the result of slow, tactful years of diplomatic maneuver and approach and patient, toilsome study spent upon the followers of the grift—all, all would be gone!

Gaunce's foot touched the last step. He stood at the stairhead facing down the long corridor with its rows of official-lettered doorways. A door nearby swung open. Shute, chief of the "morality squad," stepped into the hallway. "Why, hello, Gaunce; you've just come in time. I got a bear of a story for you, but I was on my way to bed. Two minutes more an' you'd 'ave missed me." The inspector turned back into his office.

"No! By God, I can't do it!" The words came from Gaunce's lips, as one suddenly awakened might speak aloud without intention.

"What'd you say?" Startled, Shute half turned and stared wonderingly at the reporter.

"Nothing," Gaunce said, recovering himself. "I was just deciding another matter that was bothering me bad." With brisker step he moved through the open doorway in the wake of the detective, and dropped into a chair. Elevating his feet to the desk-top, after the manner of long familiarity, he said: "Well, what's the story, Inspector?"

ONCE again Gaunce was the newspaper-man—first, foremost, above all things. Cook was right.

Confessions of a Chameleon

(Continued from page 8)

human. I believe I could have loved that man had not Fate intervened. Without any preliminary knocking the hotel clerk unlocked our door and confronted us. With quiet shame we endured his sarcasm and left the hotel in a whirlwind of emotions.

"Whatever happens, let us stick together. Let everyone know that it was love that drew us together," he told me gravely.

HE GAVE me a beautiful little platinum cirlet as a pledge of his honest intentions. We wrote wonderfully passionate letters vowing faithfulness. Upon my second week in Z—I was startled by the unexpected arrival of my husband. He had got an inkling of our plans, and he was mad with the rage of despoiled egotism. He had been so sure of me that he had never dreamed that the worm might turn. He accused me of infidelity. I confessed with defiant bravado. I sent my once complacent master into the inferno of suffering. He came forth tender, subdued and forgiving. He vowed to kill my tempter, but today we both are all living at peace with our legal mates, still drifting in the dark shadows of destiny. It is a strange world, after all.

Last year I taught in a high school as a tonic for shattered nerves. My work lifted me up into intellectual realms, and I was happy beyond all description. I put behind me all memories of my wretched past and lived in an exalted state of mind. One of the most promising pupils was a dark-haired lad who was very gifted. From the day I first laid eyes on him, I knew he was an extraordinary chap. He was a splendid violinist and sang most touchingly. When he played or sang his dark languorous eyes would enchant me with their spell, and the passion of his playing haunted me both waking and sleeping. I scoffed at myself and set my teeth in grim determination.

"It is a mad whim. I have principles which I must uphold and I shall not deviate from them," I told myself.

YET, even as I spoke, I could feel the lure of those enchanting eyes. The boy followed me like a faithful dog and I rebuffed

him continually. I would look up from my desk and find him gazing languishingly at me. The blood would race through my veins and I would pray for strength. He was a manly youth, however, and kept silent until the end of school. But at the last commencement dance, his self-control tumbled.

"Do you know that I am very wretched tonight? Someone I love is going out of my life and I am miserable," he whispered with quivering lips.

"Why, you poor boy, tell me about it," I said, innocently and sympathetically.

"You know who I mean. You surely have seen enough in my eyes to tell you that I am mad about you," he breathed.

Someone cut in on our dance at that moment and I was whisked away from him.

The next evening, at twilight, I was sitting on my front porch, dreaming, when the latch of the gate was lifted, and someone stepped softly up the walk. It was the boy.

"I had to come. I have walked the floor all night and all day to try to calm myself, but you have intoxicated me. I am simply wild. I must see you once in a while," he murmured.

"But you cannot. You must think of your parents and yourself, my dear. You will ruin your life and mine, also. Go away at once," I commanded.

"Don't send me away like this, dear. See what you have done to me? I am your slave, body and soul. Just let me stay this one time and I will promise never to come again," he pleaded.

And I, the exalted being in whom wholesome young minds had trusted, fell from my pedestal—into the arms of that mad boy.

To guard against future meetings I confided to the boy's brother the state of affairs and begged him to keep an eye upon the lad. The brother laughed.

"He is harmless. You cannot blame him, can you? Why, I have been a tool about you all these years myself; but I never dreamed that you would ever melt," he said.

I wonder what will happen next.

Who Was the Man?

(Continued from page 42)

came the angry tones of Drummond. "What have you done with her? You produce her or I'll make it a costly deal for you." My time was short, for if the husband arrived in that state of mind there might be shooting. Drummond was never a man to fool with.

I ran quickly along the hall, but ere I could determine which door to try, a man ran hastily from a rear room and hurried down the front stairs, ignoring my presence, except for a swift look of apprehension. That Drummond did not know the man was evident, for I heard the front door slam. Drummond could not have helped seeing him. The problem now was to assist Mrs. Drummond to escape. I have said I admired her. I did, and no duty would be more of a pleasure than to earn enough of her gratitude to make me less the chauffeur and more of the confidant.

Hurrying to the door whence the stranger had come, I was relieved to see Mrs. Drummond standing by the table, upon which were two empty glasses, a piece of wrapping paper and some cigarette stubs. As I entered the room, Mrs. Drummond hastily grasped the throat of her dress which was open, and flashed an angry glance at me. Her throat had been bare and her whole manner betrayed extreme agitation. I did not hesitate, but rushed to her side and was just about to inform her of the presence of her husband, when the door, which had swung shut, was forced violently open.

IN THE opening stood Drummond, staring coldly at us; involuntarily I had drawn Mrs. Drummond toward me; we were alone in the room. Her waist, open wide at the throat, the glasses, the place! Drummond was not to be blamed for seeing in the situation every cruel, low vision of an assignation—his wife and the chauffeur!

What could I say—or do?

I had been attempting to protect my mistress, but of what she had been guilty I knew not. No explanation of mine could possibly suffice in the devilish dilemma. And Drummond, who evidently had been sampling the liquor below, was in no mood for explanation. Whipping a revolver from his pocket he fired at me. The bullet grazed my shoulder. Seeing

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I was his target and objective, I forsook valor and leaped from the window. In other words, I "beat it" and used Drummond's car to hasten my flight.

The Drummonds are not married now. My explanations never satisfied him. But the former Mrs. Drummond is a very close friend of mine, for I did explain satisfactorily to her. And women do appreciate some things other than social position, money and gratification of every whim, save love. But what I would like to know is why in the deuce Mrs. Drummond really went to the Elder Inn in the first place? Mr. Drummond had really gone there to ascertain what had become of a valuable hound, which the manager had been keeping for him and lost. Later, Drummond had spotted his other car in the shed and his investigation, based on his natural suspicions, had led him to discover his wife with me. If Drummond reads this he is entitled to all the satisfaction it gives him.

* * *

*Well, Well. And What About the
Iceman?*

(Forward Passed by Naob from a
Medical Journal.)

Michigan's Board of Health reports an increase of 33 per cent of twins born in that state during the last year—2,216 as compared with 1,666, and 11 sets of triplets, as compared with 4 the preceding year. Coincidentally, a census report shows that there are now more preachers, policemen, firemen and letter carriers in Michigan than in any other state in the Union.

* * *

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

Robert Burns

Comin' thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the rye!

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the glen
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken?

Chorus

O, Jenny's a' weel, poor body,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye!

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