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THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE



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Just ask Murphy and McMullen

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IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

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The figures of failure—they do not lie

WE HAVE our own kindly phrases for explaining failure. We say:

- “He had hard luck” or
- “Things went against him” or
- “He worked hard but he just couldn’t seem to make it go.”

But Bradstreet’s being an unemotional institution, uses other phrases. Of the business failures in the past year they attribute 74.8% to the “fault of the person failing”—see table in the center of this page. They call these figures of failure Incompetence, Lack of Capital, Inexperience, Fraud. The table is worth a few minutes of your time and thought, no matter what your position, for

Every man in business is in business for himself

The manager, the salesman, the accountant—each is his own employer and is determining, by what he knows and does, how much his income is to be increased. If you seem destined to failure, if at the end of this year you are no farther along than you were at the beginning, the chances are seven out of ten that the cause will be one of those due to lack of business knowledge. You may excuse yourself under a more kindly phrase, but that will not change the fact.

How 200,000 men have insured against failure

The Alexander Hamilton Institute in a booklet entitled “Forging Ahead in Business” gives the facts about a training which has enabled nearly 200,000 average

Bradstreet’s Record of Why Men Fail	
CAUSE—	
* Incompetence.....	38.2%
* Lack of Capital.....	30.3
* Inexperience.....	5.6
* Fraud.....	7.0
* Unwise Credits.....	1.3
Failure of others.....	1.7
Extravagance.....	1.1
Neglect.....	1.7
Competition.....	1.1
Specific conditions....	11.3
Speculation.....	.7
Total.....	100.00%

* These are the needless failures that a well rounded business training would prevent.

business men to guard against failure, and insure steady, profitable business progress.

These men represented every sort of business position. They were executives, salesmen, accountants, engineers, lawyers, chemists, factory and office men. The Institute did not make them better specialists in the one department of business where their experience had been gained. It added to that knowledge a working knowledge of *all the other departments*. So, by rounding them out, by strengthening them where they were weak, it helped them to avoid the pitfalls.

The Advisory Council

Only a training vitally sound and practical could have the indorsement of such men as form the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

That Advisory Council consists of: Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; General Coleman duPont, the well-known business executive; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

Send for the facts

“Forging Ahead in Business” is published not to persuade men to enrol with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, but merely to lay before thoughtful men the full facts. Will you, for the sake of your business progress and the security of your family, give the book one hour of consideration? It will be sent to you cheerfully on that condition.

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Is this a Critical Time for your Hair? It is for your daughter's

THESE GIRLHOOD YEARS are critical for your little daughter—perhaps the *most* critical so far as her *hair* is concerned. Like the rest of her growing body her hair at this time demands extra nourishment and attention.

Teach her how to care for it correctly. Explain to her that proper care now will insure lovely shining tresses to tuck up on her pretty young head when her school days are over.

And how about you? Is this a critical time for *your hair* also? Certainly it is if you are troubled with dandruff—or if your hair is too oily or is dry and brittle.

Take care. These conditions eventually cause hair to become noticeably thinner and to lose its charm and attractiveness. Start now to correct them.

Keep your own hair looking its best. This is the finest incentive you can give your daughter. Show her how to follow the Packer Method of Shampooing. She will not need your help after the first few times.

What pine tar means to Women's Hair

The Packer Method is built around the use of pine tar. Physicians, you know, have long recognized that pine tar has a tonic

effect on the health and appearance of the hair. It quickens the action of a marvelous circulation system. Many tiny cells and blood vessels wake up and carry nourishing food to every portion of the scalp.

Pine tar, combined in Packer's, with just the *right* proportions of glycerine and coconut oil, helps to make the hair lustrous, silky and healthy.

So buy Packer's today and begin at once to care for your daughter's hair and your own by the Packer Method. Directions come with each cake and bottle, but more detailed instructions are given in the Packer Manual. Sent free on request.

For your daughter with Blond hair

Blond hair usually grows darker year by year. It is *particularly* important to keep it clean and free from too much oil. Oily hair looks darker than it really is. Blondes use Packer's because it does not darken their hair but helps to keep it clean, light and attractive.

Use either the well-known standard cake, or use Packer's Liquid Tar Soap (Packer's Shampoo). Packer's Shampoo, by the way, is delicately perfumed, and has a different fragrance but the *same* dependable Packer habit of bringing health and beauty to hair and scalp.

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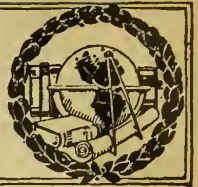
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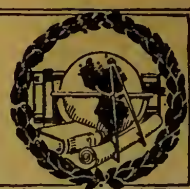
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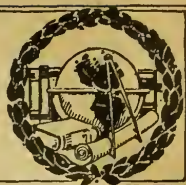
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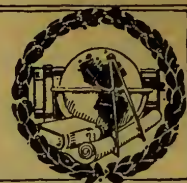
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Send for *The Secret of Mental Power* now. Do not delay. Do not put it off. Tomorrow you may forget all about it. And the loss will be yours, not ours. For although we have printed an edition of 20,000 copies, we do not expect to have a single one left at the end of thirty days. They are going—and going fast. Therefore act at once, for as Sophocles so truly said, "Heaven never helps the man who will not act."

Don't let the fact that you can get this book easily and at no cost deter you from sending for it or cause you to make the fatal mistake of undervaluing it.

There is, of course, no way of judging in advance how immensely valuable this little book may be to you. But by waking you up mentally—by showing you how to think straight—by showing you an interesting way to build mind power—it will convincingly prove to you that it is one of the most valuable messages that ever reached your mind, and that in taking advantage of this free offer you took a wise and positive step toward greater mental power, which is the only power that brings success.

Mail the coupon now. Or, send a postal if you prefer.

Independent Corporation, Dept. RM-3611
15 W. 37th Street, New York

Free-Book Coupon

Independent Corporation
Dept. RM-3611, 15 W. 37th St., New York

Gentlemen:—Please mail me at once—without expense or obligation of any kind—a copy of your free book, *The Secret of Mental Power*.

Name.....

Address.....

..... Red Book, 11-22
"Thinkers act while sluggards sleep."

Loses 74 Pounds

Feels and Looks Like a New Woman

Amazing Discovery Enables Mrs. Denny to Lose 10 Pounds the Very First Week. She Has Lost 74 Pounds Already and Is Still Reducing. No Drugs, Starving, Exercise, Rolling, Painful Self-Denials or Discomforts.

IWEIGHED 240 pounds. I had tried all kinds of anti-fat cures without success. Then one Sunday I saw your advertisement. It sounded so good that I sent for the books.

"The very first week I lost 10 pounds and kept reducing steadily. I lost 74 pounds and am still reducing. My friends say that I already look 10 years younger.

"Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. But now I can RUN upstairs. Formerly I felt as if I were suffocating if I walked fast for 2 blocks. But now I can walk a mile just as fast as I can go and without the least sign of suffocation.

"I never felt better in my life. There is not a sign of my former indigestion now. I sleep like a rock. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples.

"I have reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear smaller shoes now. They were 'sixes,' now they are 'fives.'" *Mrs. Mary Denny, 82 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J.*

Mrs. Denny's experience is but one of many similar ones. Within the last few months over 300,000 men and women have been shown how to reduce to normal weight and secure the slender, supple figures of youth by this pleasant method.

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual.

Secure New Vigor Also

This natural method also builds your health and gives you renewed vitality and

energy. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye and a more elastic step. Many write that they have been astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed could not be effaced. Your nerves are improved and your sleep is more refreshing. You regain youthful vigor and spirit as well as a youthful form.

And you obtain all this without any discomforts or self-denial. You make no change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you may even *increase* them.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

10 Days' Trial— Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into a course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show you how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on 10 days' trial to any one sending in the coupon.

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need to do is to mail the coupon—or write a letter, or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penny and the course will be sent you at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is \$3.50, but \$1.97 is all you have to pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful



Mrs. Mary J. Denny, of 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J., before and after losing 74 pounds by this wonderful method. She also banished nervousness, weakness, insomnia and digestive disorders. Her complexion improved wonderfully. She is still reducing and will continue to do so until she reaches her normal, ideal weight.

method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Complete Cost for All Only \$1.97
Plus Few Cents Postage

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW.

**CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Dept. W-12011
43 W. 16th St., New York City**

If you prefer, you may copy wording of coupon in a letter or on postcard.

**CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,
Dept. W-12011, 43 W. 16th St., New York City**

Without money in advance you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's \$3.50 Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment, and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Street.....

City.....State.....

Price outside U. S. \$2.15 cash with order.

How Would You Like to Reduce to Your Ideal Figure?

Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (his normal weight) in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and sick; had stomach trouble all the time. I feel wonderful now."

*Ben Naddle,
102 Fulton Street, New York City.*

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I feel better than I have for months."

*Mrs. Geo. Guiterman,
420 E. 66th St., New York City.*

Loses 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your method delightful. In just 30 days I lost 28 pounds (8 pounds the first week). My general health has also been greatly benefited."

*E. A. Kettle,
225 W. 39th St., New York City.*

Little problems of conduct are constantly arising—and if we are not prepared to meet them we become embarrassed, ill at ease.



How Should She Introduce Him to Her Friends?

She is walking in the street with a young man and she meets two women of her acquaintance with whom she stops to chat. How should she make introductions? Should she say, "Miss Blank, may I present Mr. Johns," or "Mr. Johns, may I present Miss Blank"? Should she mention the names of both women together—or make two individual introductions?

RECENTLY, a young man who prided himself upon knowing exactly what to do and say on all occasions encountered at a dance a young woman he had met only once before. He wanted to greet her, to step forward and offer his hand—but he wondered whether or not it was correct for him to do so. While he hesitated, she glanced up and quickly glanced away again, not knowing whether the first sign of recognition should come from him or from her. Both were embarrassed—yet both could have been entirely at ease and well-poised had they known the correct and dignified thing to do.

Which is correct—do you know? After an introduction should the man give the first intimation of recognition, or the woman? If a man and woman are introduced for the second time, should the man say, "I have already had the pleasure of meeting Miss Blank," or should the woman say, "Mr. Johns and I have already been introduced"?

Other Problems of Conduct

It is not only in the matter of introductions that one confronts problems of conduct. Every day people judge us by what we do and say. They carry away with them an impression of us as ill-bred or well-bred. Sometimes it is a mistaken impression; because of little unsuspected blunders we are misjudged, underestimated.

Every one knows that table manners reveal breeding. The well-bred person knows exactly how to use his napkin and finger-bowl; how to eat lettuce and celery; how to use his knife and fork in the correct way. He knows that olives are taken with the fingers, and that only one hand at a time is dipped lightly into the finger-bowl. He knows how to address servants, how to create conversation at the table, how to be an ideal guest and an ideal host.

Do you know how to arrange the table for a formal dinner? On which side are the knives placed; on which side the forks? Is it correct to cut a roll, or should it be

broken with the fingers? What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob? asparagus? artichokes?

The matter of dress is often confusing. What should the man wear to a formal afternoon affair? What should he wear to an informal dinner? What is the correct dress for a garden party, both for the man and the woman? What should the very tall woman wear? the very short woman? the stout woman? What should the woman who marries for the second time wear? What is the correct attire for bridesmaids?

We could go on endlessly, listing question after question, pointing out to you the many embarrassing blunders that can be made by those who are not well versed in the rules of etiquette. But you yourself know the value of good manners. You yourself know the importance of doing and saying the right thing at the right time. What we do want to tell you about is the famous Book of Etiquette—considered by thousands the most authoritative and exhaustive work on the subject of good manners on the market today.

The Book of Etiquette

Into two attractive volumes have been incorporated all the most approved and authentic rules of good conduct and correct form. From every book on etiquette ever written, from all sources of authoritative information, have been culled the recognized rules of conduct which have come down to us through centuries of cultured living in the best circles of England and America.

To these have been added the newer rules of good conduct—the most fashionable phases of etiquette. Automobile etiquette, hotel etiquette for the woman, travel etiquette. Nothing has been omitted, nothing forgotten. The Book of Etiquette has been made encyclopedic in scope, and has been written in an interesting manner to insure pleasant reading throughout.

Many authorities recognize the Book of Etiquette as the most complete and authoritative work of its kind available today. You are not only told what to do, but why you do it. For instance, you are not only told how ric and shoes are thrown after the bride, but why they are. All the old and fascinating traditions concerning wedding rings, gay colors at the dance, bridal veils, showers to engaged

girls, even why children have godparents, are explained. Not only will you be able to refer to the Book of Etiquette whenever you are puzzled regarding some question of conduct, but you will be able to spend many hours reading the interesting chapters.

Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination

Wouldn't you like to see this famous Book of Etiquette? Wouldn't you like to examine it for yourself, read some of the chapters, glance at the interesting photographs? We will be glad to send you the complete two-volume set of days, without whatever.



The dance is ended and he is escorting her across the floor to her seat. What mistake is he making?

Just mail the coupon. We will send you the Book of Etiquette at once. Keep it for 5 days. Read the chapter on "The Bride's Outfit"; the chapter on "Correspondence"; the most fascinating chapter on "Games and Sports." See for yourself how complete and exhaustive this work is—how it will point out to you the intangible possession that gives poise, self-confidence, dignity, charm.

Within the 5-day free period you may decide whether you want to keep the splendid set or not. You have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without cost or obligation if you are not delighted with them. If you decide to keep the books, simply send us \$3.50 in full payment—and they are yours.

Don't miss this opportunity to examine the famous Book of Etiquette free. Mail this coupon now, today, while you are thinking of it. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 511, Garden City, N. Y.

.....
NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. 511,
Garden City, N. Y.

I accept your free examination offer. You may send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Within the 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. This does not obligate me to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

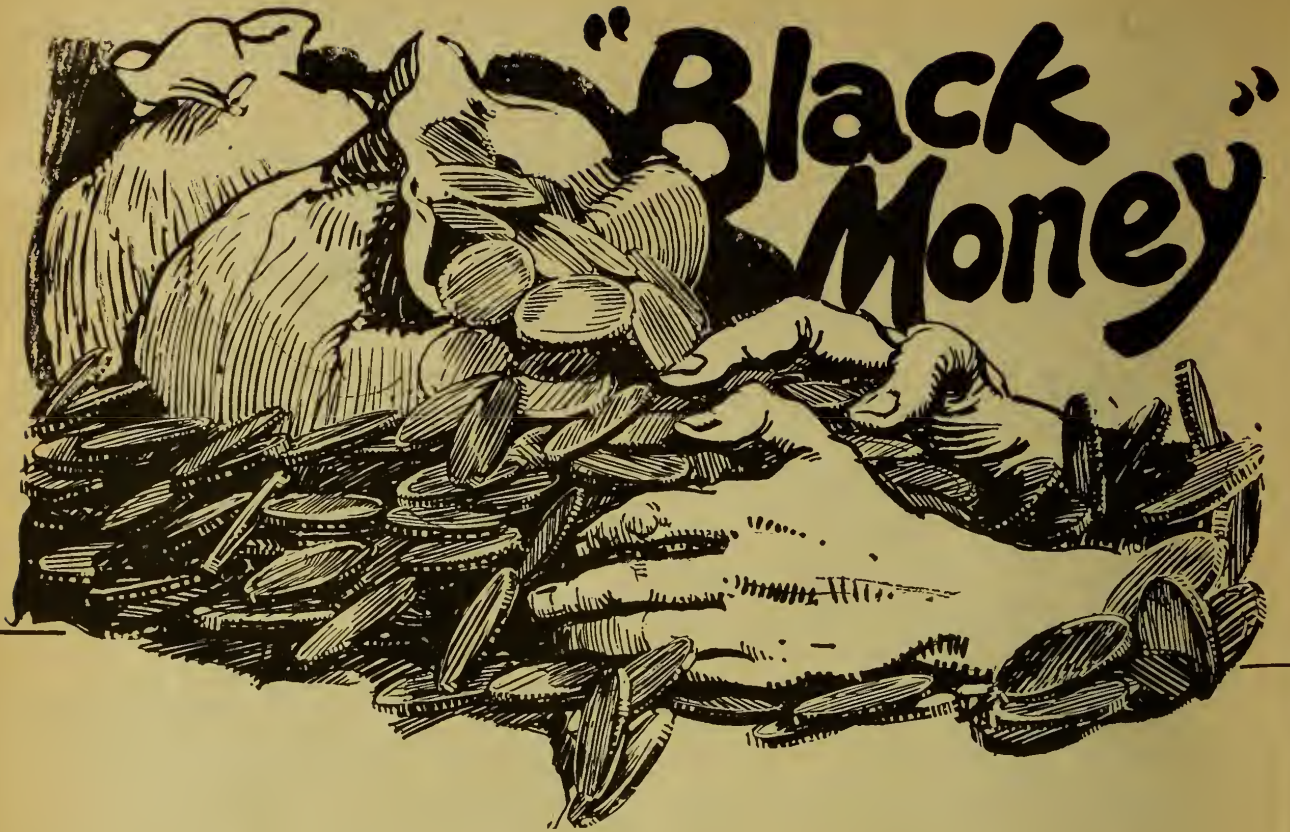
NAME

ADDRESS

Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at five dollars with 5 days' examination privilege.



How easily table manners betray one's breeding! What mistakes can you find in the picture above?



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J. S. FLETCHER

A NEW master of the detective-story has come forward to delight you. J. S. Fletcher has a really remarkable gift in fiction—he writes a story that at once engages your interest, that moves with sprightly speed from climax to climax, that keeps you constantly in the company of worth-knowing people, and that at the end leaves a fragrant memory in the mind. His “The Middle Temple Murder” was hailed by ex-President Wilson as the finest mystery-novel he had ever read. And his “Ravensdene Court” and “The Middle of Things” have brought him a swiftly increasing host of enthusiastic admirers.

NOW comes “Black Money,” unquestionably the best story even J. S. Fletcher has ever written. Dramatic it is, startling even; yet its essential attraction lies in its romantic glamour, the ease of its telling, the friendship of its pleasant people. For Mr. Fletcher is best characterized as “good company”—and “Black Money” as the sort of novel to cheer a lonely fireside or to revive the fine old custom of reading aloud. If you wish to be good to yourself, take home tonight the first big installment of “Black Money;” you’ll find it, along with many other engaging stories by the best authors, in the current November issue of—

THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

Now on Sale at All News-stands

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Publisher, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois

How a New Kind of Clay Improved my Complexion In 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery improves one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear over night—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging and I was tempted more than once to give it up.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on

my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin bits and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience

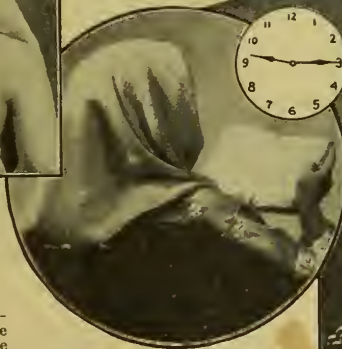
I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half hour of relaxing. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead

had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. It is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer to Me



Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

The formula from which the amazing Domino Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House.

I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers. You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It has been guaranteed to do so and a special deposit of \$10,000, in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. I want you to know that your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Domino Complexion Clay freshly compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only \$1.95, plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from \$2.50 to \$3.50.

ONLY \$1.95

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon today. Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no markings to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 2711, 269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 2711, 269 South 9th St., Phila., Pa.

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save postage. Price, outside U. S., \$2.10 cash with order.

"It Was Worth \$2,000! —and I Tossed it in the Drawer"

"It was in the fall of 1918 that I first began to realize what I was up against in business. I could see that I wasn't getting anywhere, plugging along at a routine desk, and I had a feeling that I ought to put myself in line for something better.

"About this time I ran across a LaSalle advertisement—it interested me—I figured I'd better answer it.

"I cut out the coupon, but instead of mailing it I tossed it in the drawer. I don't know exactly why, but it was two years before I sent it in and got the facts.

"To make a long story short, I finally enrolled, sent in my papers, finished the training. And already it has boosted my income twenty dollars a week.

"When I think that I might just as well have had that 'raise' two years ago, it makes me sick! Mailing that coupon when I first saw it, instead of tossing it in the drawer, would have saved me \$2,000 in cash."

* * *

Fortunate thing for that man that he finally woke up! Some men pay an even costlier price for their delay. Recently a LaSalle member, a man of 49, confessed that he had first considered specialized training eleven years previously. He figured up what his delay had cost him—assuming that he would have held his own with the average LaSalle-trained man—and his loss was \$19,000.

Such experiences are not mere fiction—they're the bitterest reality. Thousands of splendid fellows, starting out in life with every promise of success, grow gray while waiting for their ship to come to harbor. At the critical moment they listen to their weaker selves—and go down to defeat.

On the other hand, thousands of men in whom the seeds of success are deeply planted need but to be shown the path to promotion and they are quick to take it. The reward of their initiative is reflected in such statements as the following:



"LaSalle training has taken me from the \$65-a-month class to a present earning power of over \$7,000 per annum."

"Just received another raise of \$600. This makes a total gain of 400% since I started training. Can either you or I ask more?"

"Passed bar examination with second highest honors in a class of seventy-one."

"Three years ago I was occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and drawing \$22 a week. Today I am comptroller of a good-size corporation, with a salary to start of \$4,500."

"I was Mill Superintendent, with no practical experience in a business way when I started home-study training. Within one year I was promoted to General Superintendent. Within a period of three years LaSalle training has increased my income from \$250 a month to \$6,000 a year."

"I have your course in Business Management to thank for the position I now hold. When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I sit in the manager's chair of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be in the neighborhood of \$10,000, and I have the greatest opportunity that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things."

"In the last six months I have had an increase of nearly 50% as a result of LaSalle training under the Problem Method—but it is the foundation which I am building for something better that gives me the greatest satisfaction."

When one takes into account the foregoing evidence, together with the fact that during only three months' time as many as 1,089 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of their training averaging 56 percent per man, one begins to appreciate the tremendous money value of initiative—and decision.

* * *

You have read from time to time how LaSalle training is conducted—how the member learns by solving actual business problems, right in his own home, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. You have read how training under the LaSalle Problem Method quickly brings promotion.

The time has now arrived for your decision. You can wait one year—two years—eleven years, if you like, and take your loss—a loss, remember, affecting not you alone, but those whose happiness and welfare are most dear to you. Or you can sign and mail the coupon now—and make today your starting point toward bigger things. That little slip of paper just below this text will bring you complete information about the training you are interested in, together with details of our convenient payment plan; also your free copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Mailing the coupon does not obligate you. Incidentally, the man who wins promotion is the man who acts.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

INQUIRY COUPON

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 1166-R CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your booklet, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- Higher Accountancy: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic; Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- Commercial Law.
- Railway Accounting and Station Management: Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.
- Banking and Finance.
- Expert Bookkeeping.
- Business English.
- Commercial Spanish.
- Effective Speaking.
- C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1908.
Financial resources more than \$7,500,000.
Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1600 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.
Numbers among its students and graduates more than 350,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.
Annual enrollment, now about 60,000.
Average age of members, 30 years.
LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.
LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.
LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.
Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.

Name..... Present Position.....
Address.....



MARY EATON
Photo by Nicholas Muray



"Try one with me," says the Star of the Ziegfeld Follies,
as she eats another Life-Saver; "they're cool and refreshing!"



Pep-O-mint

Wint-O-green

Lic-O-rice

Cl-O-ve

Cinn-O-mon



LUCY FOX
Film Star
Photograph by Apeda, New York



HELEN STEWART
in "The Pinch Hitter"
Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe, New York



VIOLET HEMING
in "The Rubicon"

Photograph by Ira L. Hill's Studio, New York



ANNETTE MOORE

Film Star

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York



EILEEN PERCY
Film Star
Photograph by Freulich, Los Angeles



THEDA BARA

Film Star

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York



Love Is Not Blind

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Decoration by JOHN SCOTT WILLIAMS

WE have overturned so many old beliefs within the past few years, that isn't it about time we got rid of another? And that is the belief that Love is blind. We don't know who started it. Somebody must have told the story to somebody else as a joke, and then it was passed along until it came to be accepted.

The truth is, of course, that Love sees farther than anything else in the world. You might even say Love is the one thing in the world that always sees right. When Cupid wears spectacles, they are put there by some artist who doesn't know his business. He has probably been thrown down by a girl from Boston.

For one thing, there isn't anything so ugly that Love cannot discern some beauty in it. You may not think that your next-door neighbor's baby is beautiful, but the baby's mother does, because the baby's mother is looking at that baby with eyes of love.



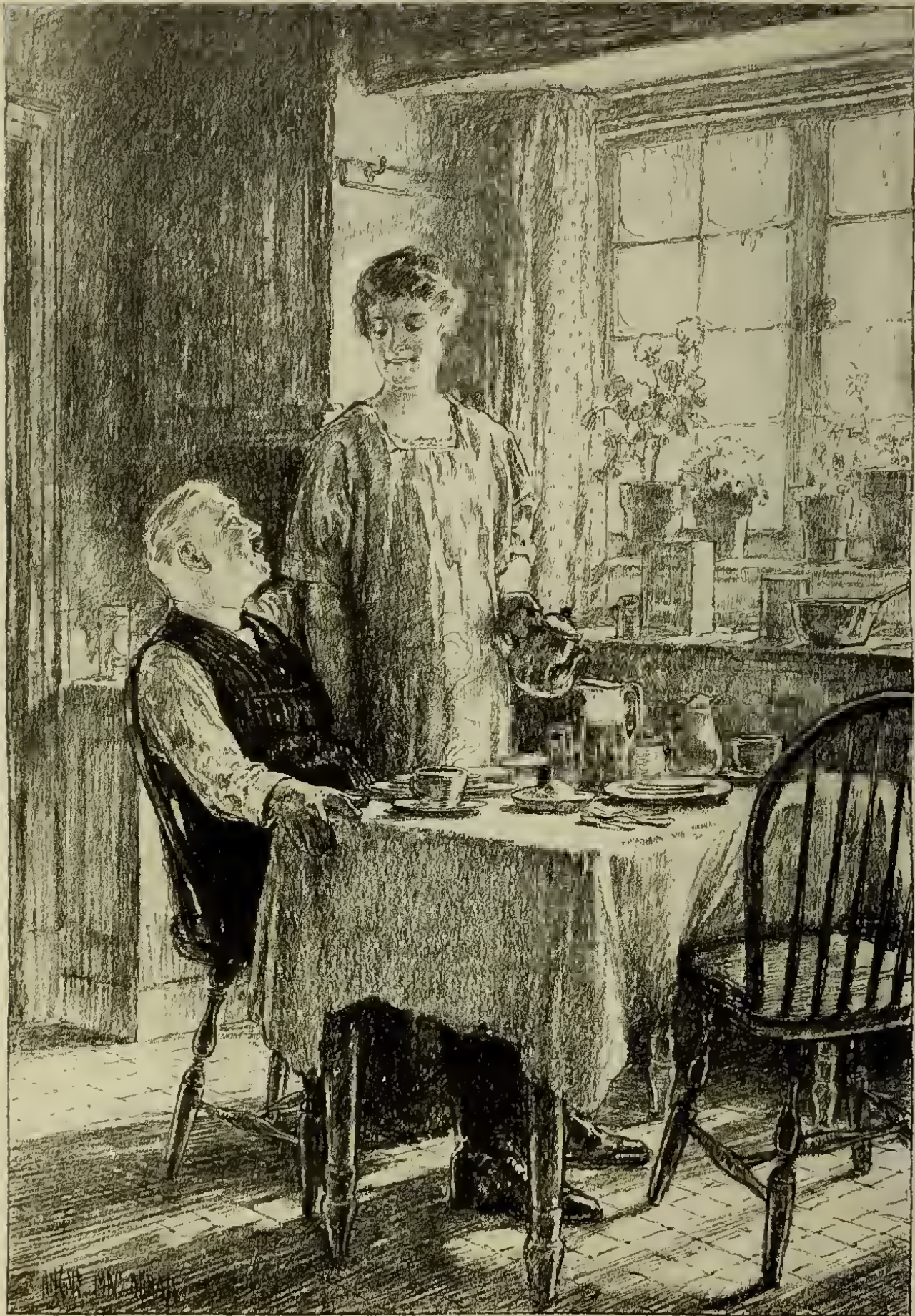
When a fellow proposes to a girl—and this sort of thing is still going on—he sees in her something that nobody else sees. And the thing he sees in her is there, all right, because he is looking at her with the eyes of love. She looks at him, and although, seemingly, he may not be up to par, although his trousers may bag at the knees and he may blush and stammer, and sit on the end of the sofa, her eyes of love go quite beyond all that. Those eyes of love look right into the future. Love makes prophets of us all.

Cupid is the greatest oculist in the universe. The only things that really blind you are hatred and jealousy and greed. If you have any of these diseases, go to Cupid and get cured. He doesn't even put bifocals on you.

Why, the real trouble with most people is that they are blind because they have never learned how to love. Some married men have tried it all their lives and never really succeeded. In the beginning they had a little spurt of eyesight, and then got matrimonial astigmatism.

Now that we have all gone dry, if you want a good eye-opener, learn to love. You will see more things than in your blind philosophy you have ever dreamed of before!





The Jolly Good Fellow

By TOM DALY

Decoration by ANGUS MACDONALL

I AM keen as the next for pleasure
That the inns of the world afford,
And I've gathered my brimming measure
At many a jovial board.

At barbecues, clam-bakes, dinners—
For I've had my fling at them all—
I have bawled with my fellow-sinners
When the "Stein Song" had the call.

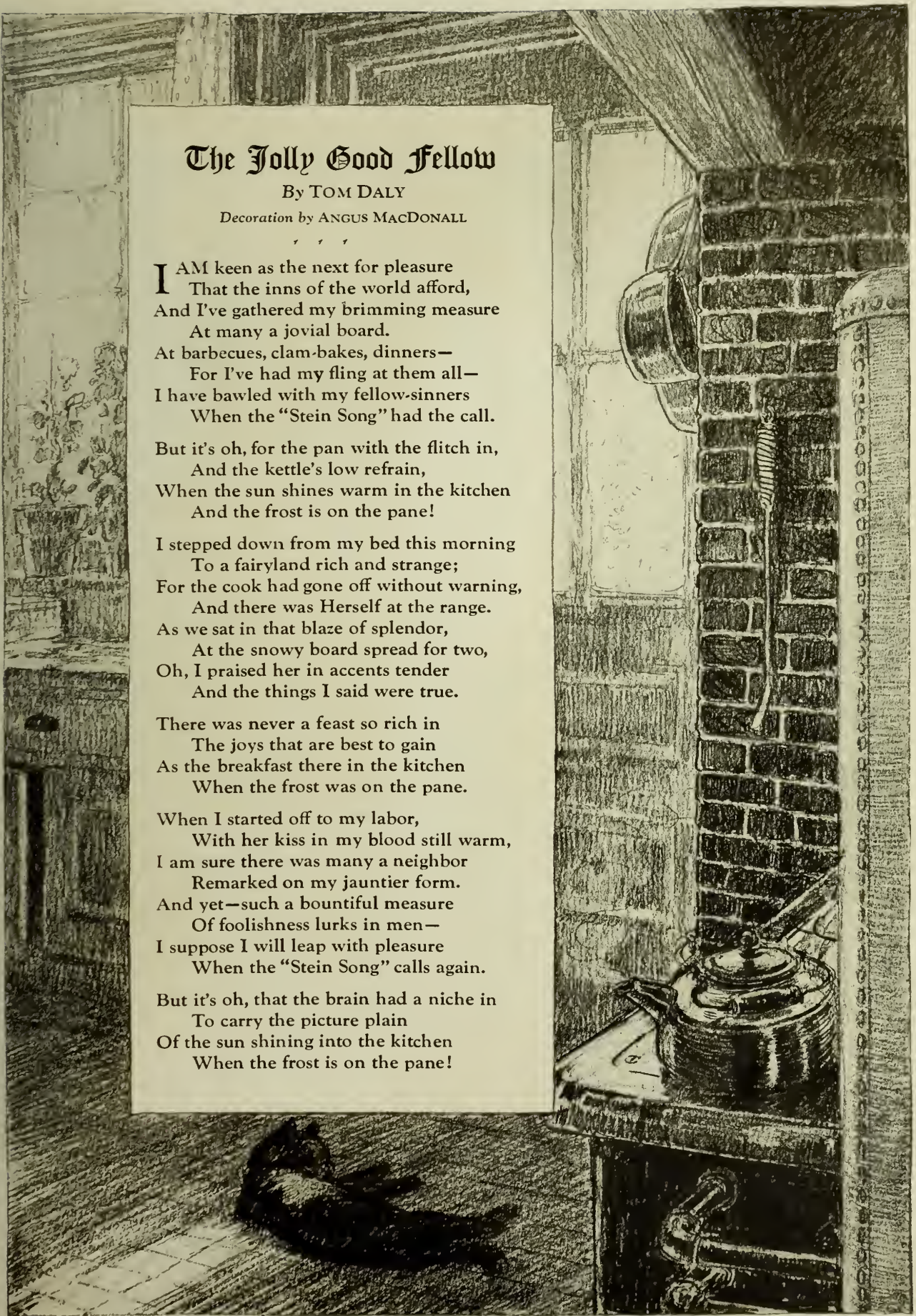
But it's oh, for the pan with the flitch in,
And the kettle's low refrain,
When the sun shines warm in the kitchen
And the frost is on the pane!

I stepped down from my bed this morning
To a fairyland rich and strange;
For the cook had gone off without warning,
And there was Herself at the range.
As we sat in that blaze of splendor,
At the snowy board spread for two,
Oh, I praised her in accents tender
And the things I said were true.

There was never a feast so rich in
The joys that are best to gain
As the breakfast there in the kitchen
When the frost was on the pane.

When I started off to my labor,
With her kiss in my blood still warm,
I am sure there was many a neighbor
Remarked on my jauntier form.
And yet—such a bountiful measure
Of foolishness lurks in men—
I suppose I will leap with pleasure
When the "Stein Song" calls again.

But it's oh, that the brain had a niche in
To carry the picture plain
Of the sun shining into the kitchen
When the frost is on the pane!





THEMISTOCLES, the old Athenian warrior, seemed to have a hard time of it, and yet his place in history is everlasting. He started off with personal vanity at his masthead, and carried pride through to his grave. When his followers would build triumphal memorials to his valor he would insist on having cut therein "I, Themistocles, the Athenian, did this or did that." After a while the people began to laugh at him, but he proved his right to pride at Marathon and at Salamis. Yet he was finally exiled. While in banishment Xerxes, the Persian, captured him. Despite his dismissal by his country Themistocles fervidly avowed his patriotism, refused the offers of his captor, declared anew

"I, Themistocles, the Athenian, won at Marathon and at Salamis, and the evils that I have done to the Persians are numerous; my mind is suited to my calamities; I am prepared alike for favors and for anger; my wife and my children have been provided for — therefore, oh Persian King, I, Themistocles, the Athenian, am ready to die." Sturdy old fighter that he was he included in his speech of defiance "My wife and my children have been provided for." Throughout his campaigns, in all his struggles against his enemies, there was always a thought for his family's future. Still in these peaceful times, with life insurance an easy matter, there are many who cannot say as much. Why is it so?

The Prudential Insurance Company of America



Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

Edward D. Duffield, President

Home Office, Newark, New Jersey

*If every wife knew what every widow knows,
every husband would be insured*

The Magazine of a Remade World

Believing Too Little

A Common-sense Editorial by

BRUCE BARTON

HENRY FORD told me that when he was building his first factory his father was greatly worried.

Every few days the old gentleman shook his head and said:

"You are too late, Henry. Before you can begin to produce automobiles, everybody in the United States who can afford a car will have one."

This sounds much funnier today than it sounded twenty years ago, when it was freely predicted that the automobile would be a short-lived fad like the bicycle.

Many of our "most conservative business men" shared that view. You probably have never heard the names of these "most conservative business men," though they lived carefully and left comfortable estates. But you have heard of Ford, the dreamer, who was foolish enough to believe that the American people have an almost unlimited capacity for buying automobiles.

We live in what is called a materialistic age; everything is submitted to scientific tests; nothing can go forward until it has surmounted all the barriers that skepticism can erect. And there is much wisdom in this.

But skepticism alone never built a great fortune. Nobody, looking merely at the figures, would ever have had the courage to stretch a line of rails across our Western deserts. No great scientific discovery was ever achieved unless imagination was per-

mitted to soar far above and beyond the things that can be seen and weighed.

"He that does not go beyond the facts," said Huxley, "will seldom get as far as the facts."

J. P. Morgan, when he died, left several million dollars in worthless stocks. These represented his adventures in faith, the penalties charged against him for *believing too much*.

But he left many more millions in sound securities—the reward of a faith which was right far more often than it was wrong.

The great practical joker of the last generation was P. T. Barnum. He played upon the credulity of more people than any other man of modern times. Therefore, when he talks about how much it is safe to believe, he is an authority whose word is worth consideration. He said:

"If the fact could be definitely determined, I think it would be discovered that in this 'wide-awake' country there are more persons humbugged by *believing too little* than by *believing too much*."

Of course, the ideal middle ground is to believe just enough; but few of us can attain that state of perfection. Therefore, since we must err on one side or the other, I prefer to be one of those who is fooled occasionally by believing too much. It is much pleasanter.

And, as is proved by Henry Ford, Mr. Morgan and many others, it is generally much more profitable.



Now to brighten up after dusty summer!

Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory.

This Unique Book —FREE

Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size and form for every purpose

Medium Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.

Ivory Soap Flakes

Especially for the washtub washing of delicate garments. Sample packages free on request to Division 28-K, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

How to clean a piano, to restore grimy upholstery, to brighten and preserve the surface of automobiles, to clean wicker furniture, to clean and revive rugs and matting—these and a hundred other household problems are solved for you in this book—“Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap.” FREE, if you write to Section 28-K, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Winter ahead!

Down with curtains, off with slip-covers and bed-spreads, up with rugs!

And—

“Good morning, Mr. Robinson. Please send me a half dozen cakes of Ivory Soap, laundry size, right away.”

Curtains! Cretonne, silk, lace—all their bright colors and delicate tracteries grimed by open-window fluttering—almost shout with relief when they feel the dust and soot depart in Ivory’s gentle, safe suds. No fear of fading or tearing for them!

And Ivory Soap jelly for scouring rugs—

Dissolve half a large cake of Ivory, shaved in 3 pints of hot

water, and let cool. Scour rugs with a brush, dipped in the jelly, and wipe off suds with a damp cloth—all the colors will be restored. Safe for the finest Orientals! For complete directions see booklet referred to at left.

Think of being able to use economically for such household cleaning a soap as fine as Ivory—so fine that millions of people preserve the softness of face and hands with it every day.

Have you ever listed the seven desirable qualities you think a fine soap should have? They would probably be:

- 1 Purity
- 2 Whiteness
- 3 Fragrance
- 4 Mildness
- 5 Abundant Lather
- 6 Easy Rinsing
- 7 “It FLOATS”

Ivory Soap has them all.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1922. VOL. XL, NUMBER 1

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

Here is the latest story by one of the most distinguished novelists employing the English language—the story of a love that passed all understanding.

*Illustrated by
George Wright*



Stroke of Lightning

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

THIS was before the war, and the conditions in Egypt, as everywhere else, were such that the tragedies and comedies of our private lives seemed still to have importance.

I had not seen my friend Frank Weymouth for some years before I came across him and his wife that Christmas at the big hotel in Heliopolis. He was always a sunny fellow, with a spilt-wine look about him, which not even a house-mastership at a public school had been able to overcome; his wife I had only met twice before, and she surprised me a little at Heliopolis. I remembered a quiet, rather dark little person with a doubting eye; I found a very kitten of a woman, brimful of mischief and chaff, and always on the go—reaction, no doubt, from the enforced decorum of a house where she was foster-mother of forty boys, in an atmosphere of being under glass, and the scrutiny of an intense propriety. In our orientalized hotel, with its soft, clever

Berberine servants, its huge hall, palm garden and cosmopolitan guests, its golf-course, with little dark scurrying Arab caddies, and the desert at its doors, Jessie Weymouth frolicked and rolled her large dark eyes, scratched and caressed us with her little paws. Life had suddenly got into her, and left its tail outside for her to chase. She dragged us all along in her gay pursuit of it; and Weymouth roused my admiration by his smiling acquiescence in her rather outrageous goings-on. He knew, I suppose, that she was devoted to him, and her bark no bite. His "term" had been a hard one, too; and he was in a mood of lying back, physically run down, mentally flattened out. To soak in idleness and the sun was all he seemed to care about.

I forget who first conceived our desert trip, but it was Jessie Weymouth who fostered it. The Weymouths were not rich, and a desert trip costs money. The Weymouths, myself and a cer-

Three yards away, I saw her stop. Her lips opened; her eyes went wide with amazement.



tain Breconridge couple had agreed to combine, when the Breconridges were suddenly summoned home by their daughter's illness. Jessie Weymouth danced with disappointment. "I shall die if we don't go now!" she cried. "We simply must scare up somebody!" We scared up the Radolins—an Austrian couple in our hotel, whom we had been meeting casually after dinner. He was a count, in a bank at Constantinople, and she, I think, the daughter of a Viennese painter. They used to interest me, as being so very much the antithesis of the Weymouths. He was making the most of his holiday, dancing, playing golf, riding; she seemed extraordinarily listless, pale, dragged along, as it were, by her lively husband. I would notice her lounging alone in the gorgeous hall, smoking her cigarette, and gazing apparently at nothing. I could not make up my mind about her looks. Her figure was admirable and so were her eyes—ice-green, with dark lashes. But that air of tired indifference seemed to spoil her face. I remember doubting whether it was not going to spoil our trip. But Jessie Weymouth was not to be denied; and Radolin, we admitted, was good company.

We started then, from Mena House, like all desert excursionists, on New Year's Day. The Weymouths were due back in England on the twentieth, so that we only had a fortnight. Our dragoman was a merry scoundrel—an Algerian Bedouin by race. Besides him we had twelve Arabs, a Greek cook, seven camels, four donkeys and five tents. We took the usual route for the Fayoum. I remember our start so well—Jessie Weymouth on a silver-gray donkey, and our scoundrel on his pet camel, in front; Radolin, Weymouth and I on the other three donkeys; and Hélène Radolin perched up, remote and swaying, on the other riding camel—the pack-camels had gone on ahead. We dawdled along all day, following the river toward Samara, where we camped that night, at a safe distance from that evil-smelling village. I had the middle tent, with the Weymouths to my right, and the Radolins to my left. Everything was extremely well done by our merry scoundrel; and dinner, thanks to him, to Jessie Weymouth and Radolin, was a lively feast.

Still, those first days, skirting cultivation, were a bit disappointing. But on our fourth, we were well out on the lonely sands, and the desert air was beginning to go to our heads. That night we camped among bare hills, of a wonderful starry night, cold and clear as crystal. Our scoundrel surpassed himself at dinner; Jessie Weymouth and Radolin were like madcaps, and Weymouth his old sunny self. Only Hélène Radolin preserved her languor, not offensively, but as though she had lost the habit of gaiety. All the same, I made up my mind that night that she really was a beautiful woman. The long days in the sun had given her color, and taken the tired look out of her face; and at least twice during the evening I caught Weymouth's eyes fixed on her as if he too had made that discovery. She, however, seemed quite unconscious that we were finding her any different. The pranks of Jessie Weymouth and Radolin that night reached their limit, and I was really rather astonished at Weymouth's good-natured shrug when they finished by rushing out into the night, to the top of a neighboring hillock. Sitting in my tent doorway, smoking, and counting the stars, I was joined by our scoundrel. The fellow had been in England, and knew quite a lot about Western freedom, and the manners of our women.

"She certainly is a good one, Mrs. Weymut!" he said to me; "Mr. Weymut a very quiet man. I think he will be rather tired of her flirts, but he never say nothing—too bloody gentle. The Count, he is a good one too, but the Countess—ah, she made of ice! We get some fresh fruit tomorrow when we come to the Fayoum!" He went on to his men two hundred yards away among the camels, and I was left in peace and silence, startling after that hilarious evening. The light from stars and a half-moon powdered the sands; no wind at all, yet deliciously cold—the desert in good mood—no influence quite so thrilling to pulses, yet so cooling to fevers; no sound, no movement in all the night.

"Isn't it heavenly? Good night!" Hélène Radolin was passing me in her fur. The look on her face, the movement of her body, seemed to belong to the lonely silence. She went into her tent. I sat on, smoking. And presently, outside the dining-tent, I saw Weymouth standing, his head thrown back, drawing in deep breaths. In the light of the lantern over the tent door he had a look as if inspired, with a curious sort of happy wonder. Then he too went to his tent. Ten minutes later the madcaps returned, Mrs. Weymouth in front, very quiet; her face, indeed, wore a rather mortified expression, as if she had fallen a little in her own estimation. They went into their tents, and I heard voices a moment, to left and right; then the stillness and the powdering light enveloped all.

Next day, bored with donkey-riding, I walked all the afternoon with the Arabs, and saw little of my companions. But Weymouth and the Countess, I think, were on the two riding camels, Radolin and Mrs. Weymouth on their donkeys.

We came to the edge of the Fayoum about five o'clock. That camping ground was narrow. In tents, when jammed together, one can't avoid hearing at least the tone of the talk that goes on, and I was struck by a certain acrimony of voice in the Wey-



mouth tent. Jessie Weymouth seemed complaining that Frank hadn't spoken to her all day.

"I suppose," she said, "you didn't like my running out with Countie last night?"

Weymouth's voice, quite good-humored, answered:

"Oh, not a bit; why should I mind?"

And by the silence, I seemed to realize that Jessie Weymouth was disappointed. I don't suppose I really had a feeling of suspense that evening; but in reminiscence it seems to me I had. Anyway, dinner was but a disharmonic feast—little Mrs. Weymouth alternately audacious and rueful, Weymouth and the Countess very subdued, Radolin artificial; our scoundrel and myself had to make all the running. That fellow was sharp as a needle, though his psychology was not always correct.

"Mrs. Weymut got a fly in her little eye!" he said to me as I was turning in. "I make it all right tomorrow; I get a dancer at Sennourès. Oho, she is a good one! She make the married couples 'appy. We get some fresh eggs, too."

Severe silence in the tents to right and left of me that night.

The next day's traveling through the crops of the Fayoum brought us to the camping ground outside Sennourès, in a grove of palm-trees—a charming spot, but lacking the clear cold spirituality of the desert night.

The dancer was certainly a good one! What a baggage—all lithe, supple enticement, and jangle of shivering bangles and beads! The excitement of the Arabs, the shocked goggling eyes of Jessie Weymouth,—quite a little Puritan when it came to the point,—the laughter of our scoundrel, and Hélène Radolin's aloofness, which kept even that daughter of Egypt in her place, were

what impressed me during the performance. Toward the end, the Egyptian made a dead set at Weymouth, and getting nothing out of him except his smile, became quite cross.

Leaning down to our dragoman and slinking her eyes round at the Countess, she said something maliciously audacious. Our laughing scoundrel patted her, and we broke up. In ten minutes our camp was empty, of dancer and Arabs and scoundrel—all had gone off to the village.

I went out and stood in darkness among the palms, listening to the shivering of their leaves. Inside the dining tent Radolin was playing the guitar. The sound was soothing, after the noisy vibrance of that Arab music. Presently I saw Weymouth come out of the tent. He stood under the lamp at the entrance, looking back; his face was fully lighted for me, but invisible, I think, to those within. I shall never forget the look on it, of adoration incarnate! "Hello!" I thought. "What's this?" And just then Hélène Radolin came out too. She passed him quickly; he did not attempt to speak or follow; but she saw. Oh, yes, she saw—then vanished into her tent. And Weymouth stood rooted, as if struck by lightning, while, on and on, behind him rose the thrum of that guitar, and all around us the shivering of the palm-leaves in a gusty breeze.

Quite the custom, I believe, in these days, to laugh at this sort of thing, at such sudden leaps of an irresponsible force—to suggest that they are old-fashioned, over-rated, literary, in fact. The equality of the sexes, they say, the tendency of women toward brains and trousers, have diminished Venus; still, I am under the impression that what happened to my friend Weymouth may still happen to young gentlemen who talk as if love had no fevers and

no proprietary instincts; as if, when you burn for a woman, you are willing to leave her to another, or share her with him, without fuss. Of course, there are men and men—and some have no blood in their veins. My friend Weymouth unfortunately was not one of them; there was not that sunny, spilt-wine look about his cheeks and his dark-blue eyes for nothing.

But can one imagine a situation more hopelessly designed to promote adoration than that in which we all were, for the rest of our desert trip? Little Jessie Weymouth certainly did her best for Fate. Not that anything she could have done or left undone would have mattered—the stroke had fallen. But she was the only one of us blind to what had happened; her perceptions, you see, were blunted by the life of strenuous duty which she and Weymouth led in a very home of propriety, and by the exhaustion to which she was accustomed in her husband, during the holidays. She evidently could not imagine him otherwise than sober. But now—if ever a man was drunk! During the next two days the thing became so patent that it was painful to see her continued blindness.

NOT till sunset of the second day, with the Fayoum behind us, in our high camp on the edge of the desert, did she sense her tragedy. *Those two* were sitting in camp-chairs close together, watching the sun go down. Our Arabs had been presented with a ram, by way of soothing their grief at abandoning so soon the joys of the Fayoum, and were noisily preparing the animal to the idea of being eaten. Our scoundrel and Radolin were absent; I was sketching; and Jessie Weymouth was lying down in her tent. Those two were alone, their faces turned toward each other, their hands perhaps touching. A strange violet was in the light over the bare hills—how much they saw of it I know not, nor what they were saying to each other, when Jessie Weymouth came out of her tent, stretching and yawning, and like the kitten she was, went stealing up behind, to startle them. Three yards away, unseen, unheard, I saw her stop. Her lips opened; her eyes went wide with amazement. Suddenly she covered them with her hands, turned round and stole back into her tent.

Five minutes later, out she came again, with bright hard spots of color in her cheeks. She ran up to them; I heard her feverish attempts at gayety; and I saw that to those two she simply did not exist. That was it—we none of us existed for them. They had found a world of their own, and we were just shadows in an unreal world which they had left. Do you know the little pink-flowered daphne, the scent of whose blossoms is very sweet, heavy and slightly poisonous? If you sniff it too much, a kind of feverish fire will seize on you. Those two had sniffed the daphne!

I never realized till our last two days in the Egyptian desert what singular values walls have for civilized human beings. Anything more curious than the effect of thin canvas on sophisticated folk in the grip of the elemental cannot be imagined. In my thin tent between the thin tents of those two couples, hopelessly prevented by lack of walls from any outlet to their feelings, I seemed to hear smothered reproaches, smothered sobbing, smothered longings. It was the silence of those two suddenly stricken lovers that was so impressive, so almost terrible. I, literally, did not dare to speak to Frank Weymouth while we were all mixed up like that. This English schoolmaster and preceptor of youth had apparently lost all power of seeing himself as others saw him.

Not that those two "carried on," as the saying is—nothing so normally awkward; they just seemed to have stepped into quiet oblivion of everything but each other. Even our scoundrel was puzzled. "In my house when my wife behave bad, I beat her," he said to me; "and when I behave bad, she scratch my face." But there it was; we had no walls; Hélène Radolin could not be beaten; Weymouth could not have his face scratched. It was most awkward.

THINGS come to an end; I never breathed more freely than in my bath before dinner, when the return to Mena House delivered us all from that frightful close companionship. As if by common consent we dined at three separate tables, and after dinner I said to Weymouth:

"Come up and see the Sphinx by moonlight."

He came, still in his dream. We reached the Sphinx without a word spoken, and sat down near by on the sand. At last I said:

"What are you going to do now, old man?"

He answered as if we had discussed this thing a dozen times already:

"I can't leave her."

"But you have to be back on the twentieth?"

"Yes—can't help that."

"But my dear fellow, it's ruination. And—what about Jessie?"

"She must do what she likes."

"This is madness."

"Perhaps. I can't go; that's all."

"What about *her*?"

"I don't know. I don't know what she will do. I only know that where she goes, I go."

The excellent advice one gives on such occasions dried up within me; I just sat staring at the Sphinx, and the blunt shadow of the broken profile on the moonlit sand. The strange, actionless, desert love-dream was at an end. Something definite—horrible perhaps—would happen! And I stammered out:

"For God's sake, old boy, think of your wife and your work—of yourself, of everything! Be reasonable! It isn't worth it."

"Perhaps not; but there it is. This has nothing to do with reason."

From a master at an English public school there appeared to me something fantastic in that remark. And then, suddenly, he got up, as if he had been bitten.

"My God!" he said, and I knew that he had realized in a flash the difference that walls make. His face had a tortured look. The woman he loved, walled up with the man she had married! Behind us the desert, hundreds of miles of clean savage sand, and in it we humans—tame and spiritual! Before us walls, and we humans—savage and carnal once more! Queer! I doubt if he saw the irony, but he left me sitting there, and went hurrying back to the hotel.

I stayed on a little with the Riddle of the Ages, feeling it very simple compared with this riddle of the moment; then I followed him, having given it up. Would it, like most human riddles, resolve itself in terms of *O. E. D.*? These four people had to live; how long could they afford to play battledore and shuttlecock with the realities? Hélène Radolin had no money; Weymouth had his mastership, and a few hundreds saved; Jessie had a retired colonel for father, Radolin his banking partnership in Constantinople.

A night of walls had its effect. Radolin took his wife back to Heliopolis next day. The Weymouths remained at Mena House; in three days they were due to sail. And I remember thinking: "It doesn't do to exaggerate, you see, and imagine the romantic worst. This was a desert mirage, and will pass like one. People are *not* struck by lightning!" But in a mood of morbid curiosity I went out to Heliopolis to call on the Radolins. And in the tramcar on the way out I felt a peculiar sort of disappointed satisfaction—Hélène Radolin was a Roman Catholic, Frank Weymouth an English gentleman. The two facts put such a stopper on what I wanted—stopped. Yet even a man of the world has a sneaking love for the romantic.

WELL, the Radolins were gone! They had started that morning for Constantinople. In the great Oriental hall where all this had begun, I sat browsing over my Turkish coffee, seeing again my friend Weymouth, languid and inert; his little wife all flirtatious liveliness; Radolin so debonair; and Hélène Radolin so silent, with her ice-green eyes slightly reddened in the lids as if she had been crying. The white-garbed Berberines slipped by; Greek gentlemen entertained their dubious ladies; Germans raised a guttural racket; the orchestra twanged out the latest tango. Nothing was changed but those figures of my vision. And suddenly one of them materialized—Weymouth, standing as if lost, just where the entrance lobby opened into the hall. From his face it was clear to me that he knew they were gone, and I was debating whether to join him or not when he turned and went out hastily. I am sorry now that I did not follow him.

That evening at Mena House I was about to undress when Jessie Weymouth tapped on my door, and came in.

"Have you seen Frank?"

I told her where I had seen him last.

"That woman!" she cried. "He's not come back!"

"The Radolins are gone," I assured her, "gone home. They left this morning. I was told positively."

She stared at me, and, sitting down on my bed, began to cry. She cried and cried, and I made no attempt to stop her. "Frank, of all people!" was the burden of her song.

Presently I was relieved to find that she was not only desolate and miserable, but bitter and angry. "So long as she can be angry," I thought, "she'll get over it. One is not angry under a deathblow."

At last she had cried her misery out, but not her anger or dismay. What was she to do? I tried to persuade her that Frank would turn up in time for them to start-tomorrow eve-



Weymouth was gazing down at her. The impression I received, of life arrested, of lava frozen, was in a way terrible.

ning. He was probably trying to work the thing out of his system; she must look on it as a fever, a kind of illness. She laughed wildly, scornfully, and went out.

Weymouth did not turn up, but the morning brought me a letter, inclosing a check for three hundred pounds, a note to his wife, and a sealed envelope, addressed to the head master of his public school.

The letter to me ran as follows:

"Old man, I admit that I am behaving like a cad; but it's either this or the sweet waters of oblivion; and there's less scandal this way. I have made up some story for my chief; please post it. The check is for all my substance, except some fifty pounds. Take care of it for my wife; she'll get another five hundred, about, out of the turnover of our house at R——. She will go to her father, no doubt, and forget me, I hope. Do, please, like a good fellow, see her safely on board. It's not likely that I shall ever go back to England. The future

is quite dark, but where *she* is, there I must be. *Poste Restante*, Constantinople, will find me, so far as I know at present. Good-by, and God bless you!

"Your affectionate

"F. W."

I did see Jessie Weymouth on board her ship, and a precious job it was. A week later I started for Constantinople, partly because I had promised Mrs. Weymouth, partly to see for myself. I could not reconcile myself to the vision of my friend in the grip of this passion, without a job, almost without money.

To find the Radolins was easy. They inhabited an old house on the far shore, almost opposite the Rumeli Hissar—a beautiful spot. I called on them in the early afternoon without warning, and found Hélène Radolin alone. In half-Oriental garb and a room all Turkish stuffs and shadowy lights, she looked very different from her desert self. She had regained her pale languor; yet her face had meaning in (*Continued on page 172*)

Within these Walls—

A novel, the plot of which is laid in that city which today dominates the world—New York—told with all the artistry of a master of his craft, one whose successive novels in this magazine have won for him a vast army of readers—

RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

The Story So Far:

PLAGUE had fallen fearfully upon old New York; the living were hard beset to care for the sick, to bury the dead; no man knew if he himself might not be the next one smitten; and soon panic followed the pestilence.

Pretty Patty Jessamine was one of those whom terror drove to rash decision. Among her suitors were the handsome, dashing young engineer Harry Chalender and the steadfast young lawyer David RoBards. When the disease had in succession killed an uncle, a cousin and her brother, then struck down her father and Chalender, her courage failed her and she fled to RoBards, crying: "Marry me, Mr. RoBards! And take me away before I die!"

"God knows how gladly!" RoBards responded. And rejoicing even in this fashion to have won her from Chalender, he arranged a hasty wedding and drove off with her to his birthplace, Tulip-tree Farm, up in Westchester, beyond White Plains.

There they remained while the plague ran its dreadful course; and presently they learned that both Patty's father and Chalender had won their duels with Death. Patty expressed her great joy at her father's recovery, but somehow RoBards felt that it was Chalender's return to health that pleased her the more. And when Chalender drove over to call from his home near Sing Sing, whither he had gone to recuperate, RoBards was sick with jealousy.

Chalender pretended a professional reason for this and other calls. The plague, he averred, was caused by lack of adequate water-supply in New York, and there was great agitation for a project to bring the pure water of either the Bronx, the Passaic or the Croton to the city. He was examining the availability of these streams. When he decided against the Bronx, RoBards was well pleased; but when he announced that he should bid on the contract for the construction of the Croton project, and that this would probably keep him in the vicinity for some years, the young husband's joy was dampened. Very soon now he acceded to Patty's desire to escape the loneliness of Tulip-tree Farm, and moved with her back to New York.

They went back to Tulip-tree, however, for the birth of Patty's first baby, a girl. A few months later Patty enjoyed a brief

interval of gayety at Saratoga. And the following year, after the birth of her second child, a son, she plunged into the social whirlpool with an enthusiasm that provoked gossip.

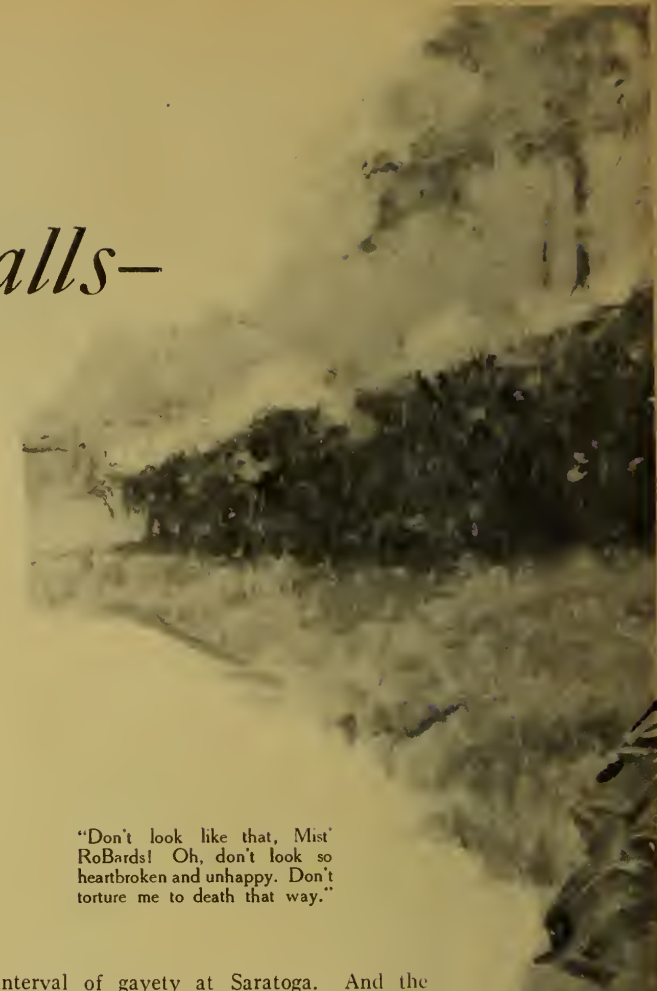
The winter of 1835 fell bitterer than any known before. The Croton water project was not yet even started; such water as the city had in wells and cisterns was frozen; and it was at this time that the RoBardses were aroused one night by the alarm-bell and a flame-reddened sky. In spite of Patty's protest, David dressed, snatched up his fireman's helmet and hurried to the station of his amateur fire-company. With Chalender and the other members of the company David did his ineffectual best to stay the flames. Once Chalender saved his life when he was by himself unable to escape from the river into which he had plunged with the hose. Later they made some headway against the conflagration by blowing up buildings in the path of the fire with gunpowder.

But in this activity some evil spirit led RoBards and his marine-officer companion to the warehouse of his father-in-law Jessamine. They persisted in sacrificing this building, with its rich contents, to the general good like the others. Patty forgave him in time; but her impoverished father was not appeased by David's long and futile endeavors in the courts to obtain compensation for the old man.

The years passed; the city was rebuilt; work on the great Croton waterway progressed. Patty's third baby came—and died. And a fourth followed its brother's course into the world and swiftly out again.

Chalender was injured in separating two fighting workmen and was carried to Tulip-tree Farm. Some time later RoBards returned joyfully home from a business trip to New York—to find Patty in the arms of the convalescent Chalender! "How wicked we are—how wicked!" David heard Patty murmur as he halted unobserved in the doorway. Then Patty turned her head and saw David. (*The story continues in detail.*)

"Don't look like that, Miss RoBards! Oh, don't look so heartbroken and unhappy. Don't torture me to death that way."





IF Chalender had only risen in self-defense or reached for a weapon or spoken a word, whether of bravado or cowardice, it would have been easy for RoBards to rush him. If his lip had merely quirked with that flippant smile of his at life, it would have been a rapture to throttle him.

But his lip was still pathetic with an arrested kiss, and in his eyes was the pain of desire. He did not know that RoBards was looking at him.

The animal instinct to destroy the man who had won his wife's caress was checked by an instinct not at all animal: the disability to attack the helpless and unresisting.

First wrath had thrust RoBards forward. But his feet grew leaden upon the floor, as a multitude of impulses and instincts flung out of his soul and crowded about his will, restraining it like a mob of peacemakers, a sheriff's posse of deputies.

He had come from thoughts of piety before the meaning of his home, and his heart was priestly with devoutness. His eyes had just left off embracing the graves of his two little children with a mighty tenderness.

The bare thoughts of their mother's infidelity and its punishment were like sacrilegious rioters in the calm church within him.

In his revolt, he could have called his eyes liars for presenting his wife to him in another man's arms, and before he could see through the haze that clouded his vision, she was standing erect and staring at him with a dignity that defied either his suspicions or his revenge. He could have killed Patty for her own recklessness with her honor, which was his now.

Chalender had not moved, did not suspect. He was wounded; his fever was high. He might not live.

Perhaps he had been in a delirium. Perhaps Patty had been merely trying to quiet him. But she had been saying, "How wicked we are!" as if cheaply absolving herself of sin by the confession.

Suppose RoBards charged her with disloyalty and she denied it. What proof had he? He was the only witness. He could not divorce her for merely kissing a wounded visitor.

Divorce?

As a lawyer RoBards had many divorce trials brought to him, and he abominated them. He had never had a nightmare so vile as the thought that he might have to choose between clamorous divorce and smothered disgrace.

He wanted to die now rather than make the choice. To kill Chalender would seem almost a lesser horror. But that also meant exposure to the public. The burial of Chalender would but throw open his own home like a broken grave. It was only a detail that Chalender had saved his life the night of the fire when RoBards could not climb back to the wharf and no one else heard or heeded him.

To massacre a wounded man, guilty so ever; to strip a woman stark before the mob, evil so ever; to brand his children, to blotch his home with scandal—pure infamy! But, on the other hand, to spare a slimy reptile, to be the cheap victim of a woman's duplicity, to leave his children to her foul ideals, to make his home a whited sepulcher—infamy again.

Then the children themselves ran in upon his swooning mind, Imogene and Keith. He felt their tendril fingers wrap about his inert hands. He heard their piping cries of welcome. He



Regarding the deep peace of his country family, RoBards was profoundly glad he had forgone

fell back from the door and was so weak, so sick, that they easily pulled him to his knees and clambered on his back and beat him, commanding "Giddap!" and "Whoa, Dobbin!"

The very attitude was a degradation. He was actually crawling, a brute beast on all fours with his young on his back. When he flung them off Keith bumped his head and began to cry, Immy to howl and boo-hoo! And they ran to their mother protesting that their papa was mean, and hurted them. They turned to Chalender for protection. And this was Chalender's first warning that RoBards had come home—home! What a dirtied word it was now—"home!" RoBards scrambled to his feet and dashed out of the intolerable place.

Only the old tulip tree had dignity now. With a priestly majesty it waved its long-sleeved arms above him and warned him that he must not let life drive him mad. His decision one way or the other did not matter much. Nothing he did or left undone mattered much.

His knees gave way and he dropped to the ground, rendered idiot by the contradiction of his impulses. He saw old negro Cuff staring at him. The farmer's wife paused at the back door to wonder. At an upper window Patty's Teen leaned out to fix on him the white stare of her black face.

Then some one came stepping toward him as timidly as a rabbit in dew-chilled grass. Some one sank down by him with a puff of billowing silk and a drift of perfume across his nostrils. And then his wife spoke in the coldest, calmest voice he had ever heard from her, as if his discovery of her had discovered her to herself and had aged her in a moment.

"Mist' RoBards!" she pleaded. "Mist' RoBards, if it will save you any trouble, I'll kill myself. I'll fling myself down the well, or let you kill me if you would like that better. Some day you were bound to catch us together—Harry and me. I'm almost glad you did at last. I've been bad enough to destroy my own soul, but don't let me break your heart or ruin your life. I'm



the swift passionate delights of revenge The hate he felt for Chalender was slowly paralyzed.

not worth your grieving for, Mist' RoBards. I've been as wicked as I could be and for a long while, and now you've found me out—and I'm glad. Even if you kill me, I'm glad."

But he was not glad. Suspicion had burned and hurt, but knowledge was a knife through the heart; it was mortal. It killed something in him. One soul of his many souls was slain. His other souls were in a panic about its deathbed, as Patty went on, her voice queerly beautiful for all the hideous things it told:

"Harry doesn't know that you saw him—us. Nobody does. He isn't in his right mind. He is weak and sick, and I made myself pretty just to make him quit laughing at me. And if he dies, it will be my fault.

"And that would be funny—for such a worthless little fool as me to cause so much trouble for two men, two such fine men. He is fine, in spite of all his wickedness, and he's doing a great work that must go on. Let me go away and disappear some-

where. I'll drown myself in your river, if I can find a place deep enough. And Harry need never know why. I don't want him to know that you saw us. I couldn't stand that. It's of you I'm thinking. I don't want him to know that you know about this terrible thing. It isn't so bad, if he doesn't know, you know. For then you'd have to kill him, I suppose.

"But please don't kill him, for then they'll try you and send you to prison or hang you and choke you to death before all the people. Oh, don't let that happen, David. You couldn't be so cruel to me as to let them kill you and hurt you and bury you in the Potter's Field on my account—don't do that to me, Davie. I've loved you. In my way, I've loved you. I'm not good enough for you, but—if any harm should come to you, I'd die. Don't look like that, Mist' RoBards! Oh, don't look so helpless and heartbroken and so unhappy. Don't torture me to death that way."

And then it was he that sobbed and not she. He could feel

"See how our girls walk abroad unattended!" he gasped. "No wonder our foreign critics are aghast at the license we allow our ladies."

her clutching at him and lifting him from the grass reeking with his tears. She drew his head into her soft arms and into her lap and set her lips against his cheek but dared not kiss him, though her tears beat on his clenched eyelids like the first big drops of a long rain.

One little mercy was vouchsafed him, and that was the sinking of the sun behind the hill; the blessed twilight came with its infinite suavity and the impalpable veils it draws across the harsh edges of things and thoughts.

It grew cold. His wife's hands chilled as they clenched his. He could feel her shiver. He could just hear her whisper through her chattering teeth: "Please come in, Mist' RoBards."

He put away her arms and got to his feet. Then his dignity took on the look of mere sulkiness. When he saw Patty unable to rise, and huddled in a heap of dismal woe, he bent and lifted her to her feet. She seemed unable to stand or walk; so his arm of its own volition or habit went round her to hold her up.

And at that she threw her arms about him and buried her face in his breast and sobbed. He looked through blurred eyes at the ambiguous sky where stars were thrilling in the rosy afterglow. In the dark house some one was lighting lamps. The lamps and the stars were tenderly beautiful, but they came only when all else was black.

From the hall door a rug of warm yellow ran across the porch and down the steps into the path. The children began to call: "Mamma! Papa! Where are you?"

The house yearned toward him with its deep bosom. Something with the arms of a spirit reached out from it and drew him in.

All that night it was as if Indians prowled about the house, savages that longed to drag forth the people within, to howl slanders and truths about them, to fasten them to stakes and dance a torture dance about them, cut off their eyelids and blind them with ruthless light. There were no Indians to fear now, save the stealthy reporters and the more merciless newspapers.

But the house baffled them; it was a strong stockade. They should not have its children yet awhile. It had won another day in its long battle against the invading strangers.

Chapter Thirteen

THAT night RoBards slept apart from his wife—in the spare room. But first they heard the children's prayers together. It was bitter to hear their sleepy voices asking forgiveness for their tiny sins and murmuring: "God bless Mamma and Papa and Mister Chalender! Amen!" Then the wet little good-night kisses scalded the cheeks of the divided parents who leaned across the cradles as across abysses and waited till sleep carried their babes away to the huge nursery of night. Then they parted without a word, without the challenge of a look.

He slept, too. All night he slept, better than ever. His strength had been shattered in a moment as if a bolt of lightning had riven him. He was a dead man until the morning brought resurrection and the problems of the daylight.

The doctor came over after breakfast. He shook his head. Chalender's wound was dangerous: the pick-blade had made a dirty gouge, and gangrene might set in. There was fever, of course, high, racking fever that fried his flesh till the very skin seemed to crackle.

RoBards had not expected to go back to town for several days. He had needed the cool remoteness of his farm. But now the solitude was like that uttermost peace into which the angels fell and made it Pandemonium. Now the place was crowded with invisible devils gibbering at him, shaking their horned heads over him in hilarious contempt, tempting him to everything desperate.



He made an excuse to Patty that he had to return to the city. He spoke to her with the coldest formality. She made no effort to detain him, but this was plainly not from indifference, for she answered like a condemned prisoner in the dock.

"All right, Mist' RoBards. I understand."

It broke his heart to see her meek. All the flare of pride was gone out of her. She was a whipped-cur thing, and he could not put out his hand to caress her.

Something in him, a god or a fiend, tried to persuade him that she was not to blame, that she had been the prey of currents stronger than herself. But whether the god or the fiend whispered him this, the other of the two spirits denied it as a contemptible folly.

He had to go into his library for a lawbook that he had brought with him on an earlier visit to his home—"visit" seemed the nice, exact word, for he was only a visitor now. Harry Chalender was the master of the house.

RoBards expected to find the usurper in a delirium. But Chalender was out of the cloud for the moment. With a singularly fresh and boyish cheer, he sang out:

"Hello, David! How's my old crony? Don't let me keep you out of your shop. Go ahead and work, and don't mind me. I'm



As if that were not enough, a steam railroad was to ruin the peace of the country. Had Mr. RoBards ridden behind one of the engines that now drew the railway cars from the City Hall all the way to Harlem? No? He had been fortunate in his abstemiousness.

"The speed of these trains is likely, I am told on good authority, to destroy the wretched passenger's eyesight, even if the cinders and the dust leave him any vision. But surely it is only another instance of our mad passion for hurry. After a time people will return to their sanity, and the stagecoaches will drive the fire-breathing monsters back to the oblivion they came from.

"Another evil of the railroad is that it will bring more and more of the wicked city element into the country. The aqueduct has practically ruined an entire region. Have you seen the hollow Chinese wall they are building for the Croton water? Ah, yes! Indeed! Most impressive, but if man's work destroys God's beautiful country where will be the profit?

"The Continental Sabbath will soon destroy the rural peace as it has already destroyed New York's good name. The chains are no longer drawn across Broadway before the church services, and any Tom, Dick or Harry may now drive his rattletrap past the sacred edifice on his way to some pagan holiday.

"I have just witnessed an example of the extent to which the new lawlessness is carrying us. Fortunately I was able to deal with it sternly."

He told how some of the aqueduct laborers had spent their Sunday off, not in pious

meditation and fasting, but in sauntering about the country. Their paganism had gone so far that when they came upon a patch of wild whortleberries growing by the roadside, they had brazenly begun to pick and eat them and gather others to take to their camp.

"Driving home from the service I chanced to see them, and I determined to put a stop at once to this violation of the laws of God and man. I ordered the county sheriff to arrest the culprits. They were seized and fined a shilling each for the sacrilege.

"Unfortunately, this was not the end of it. The depths of human depravity were disclosed in the behavior of these gross men. Only last Sabbath, instead of going to church, they hung about the village. Most unluckily, the sheriff's daughter carelessly went into the garden and picked a few currants for the midday dinner. Whereupon the laborers called on her father and demanded that he arrest his own daughter. He had to do it, too, and pay her fine of a shilling. It will be a lesson to the wicked girl, but it rather undoes the good I was able to impress on the laborers."

Dr. Chirside was aghast at such levity, such contempt for sacred things, but RoBards took no comfort in the thought that since man's quenchless thirst for horrors (*Continued on page 156*)

pretty sick, I suppose, or I'd take myself out of your way. Forgive me, wont you?"

He asked forgiveness for a possible inconvenience, but kept in his black heart the supposed secret of his treachery! Yet something compelled RoBards to laugh and say that he was to make himself at home and feel right welcome.

RoBards found his horse had gone lame and could not take him all the way to New York. He drove the limping nag only so far as White Plains, and sent Cuff back with him. He waited in front of Purdy's Store until the Red Bird coach was ready to start. He saw Dr. Chirside waiting for the same stage, and he dreaded the ordeal of the old preacher's garrulity. But there was no escape. The parson had come up to look over the churches in the Bedford Circuit and he was pretty sure to indulge in one of his long tirades against the evils of the times.

All the way down to New York, Dr. Chirside's tongue kept pace with the galloping horses. He began with the stage itself. He remembered when even carriages were almost unknown in the rural districts. Gentlemen rode horses and carried their necessities in valises swung from the saddle; ladies rode on pillions. Then light wagons came in, and carioles next, gigs, chaises and chairs. And now stages with their luxury and their speed!

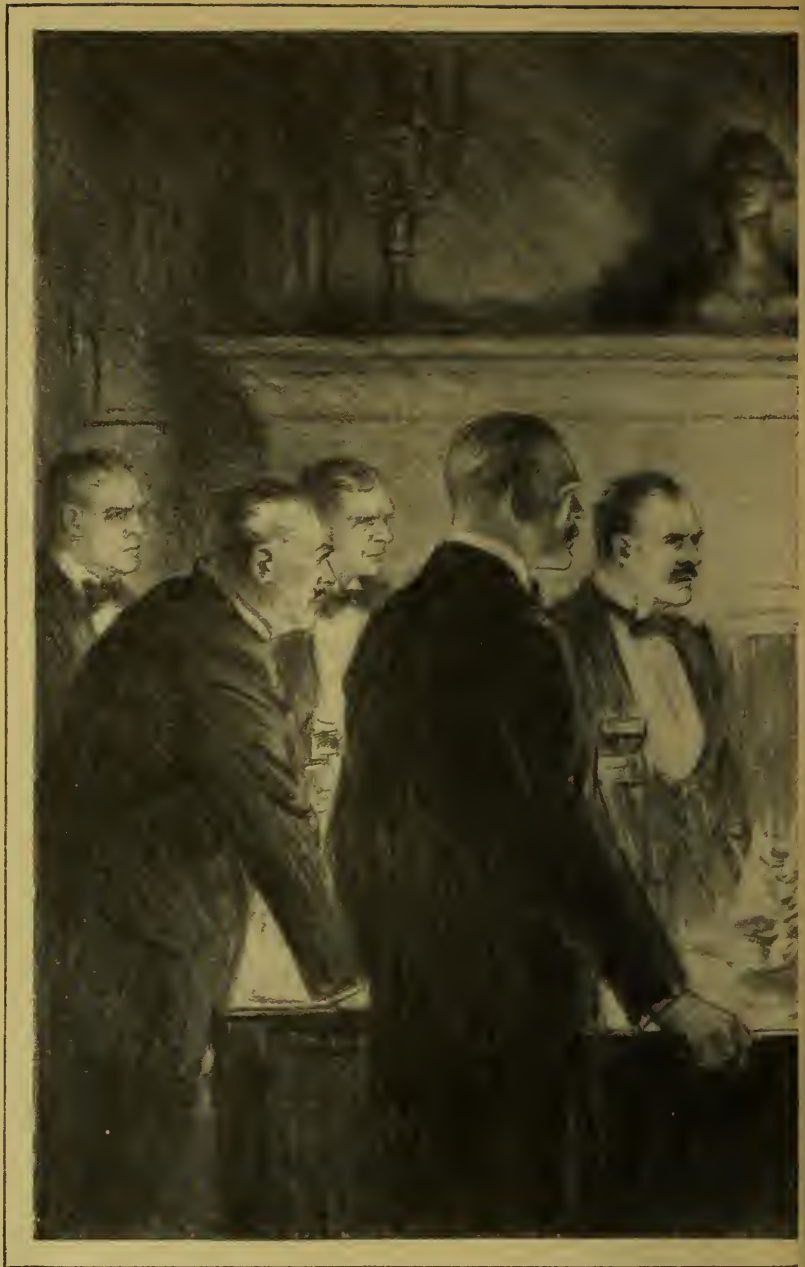
Mr. Perry has made a distinguished name for himself with his stories of amateur sport. Here is his latest, a story of the immediate season.

The Winning Play

By

LAWRENCE PERRY

Illustrated by J. J. Gould



THE sky was pitilessly hard. Beneath it lay the desiccated earth. It was the tenth month of the third year of the drought. The plague of the sun was upon the land.

Carter Stevenson let his hands drop heavily upon the pommel of his saddle. Before him the buildings of Arroyo City were vague in slowly rising clouds of yellow dust. Everywhere was silence. Stevenson half turned, glancing over the sun-baked land behind him. Three years ago the earth had been a riot of green. Today there was desolation unrelieved.

A wisp of wind, cool at the moment because of its flight through a near-by arroyo, soon became a febrile gasp, dying in the choking dust it had created. The horse plodded forward with a sigh.

If Stevenson had fancied that the town would give him something to relieve impressions gathered during his ride across the parched plain he was disappointed. The cheaply constructed bungalows on the outskirts seemed ready to burst into flames from the shimmering heat waves. Even the voices of children at play had a subdued note. Then came more substantial groups of buildings, shuttered against the glare—blank, lifeless, as though their inmates had fled.

Up the wide main street Carter Stevenson rode, turning in his saddle as he passed the bank building. He had been the prime organizer of that bank ten years before. He had led the parade in honor of the arrival of the first carload of brick for its construction. Now it was a struggling institution over which the State bank examiner was frowning with increasing severity. Let the examiner frown; Stevenson didn't blame him.

Business was bad everywhere. It was expressed in the demeanor of those on the street.

In front of the Arroyo City Club, where he had his dwelling, Stevenson dismounted from his horse and went inside.

From the long apartment which served as reading and writing

"Am I in on this, gentlemen?" Quick silence fell

and lounging room came the sound of voices. He paused, listening. Some one was telling a story, and there was laughter. He shrugged, then slouched into the room.

Perhaps a score of men were seated about the place in lounging attitudes. They constituted the Board of Trade of Arroyo City—this, the weekly meeting. Not a man of them but was upon the verge of failure, whatever his enterprise, yet a mood of cheerfulness and of optimism invested the apartment. Stevenson surveyed them gloomily.

"Where you been, Ca'ter?" Lemuel Biggers, of the Arroyo City Emporium, smiled at him through the smoke of his cigar.

"Looking after my property."

"Everything dry?"

A curse trembled in Stevenson's throat. Tom Billings, a tall, rawhide man seated near the window, laughed.

"I stopped at the Quesada Ranch yesterday for a drink," he said. "Old Mendoza wouldn't even let me squeeze the wet sand at the bottom of his well."

Stevenson gestured impatiently. "Let's get this meeting over with." As president of the Board, he took his place at the head of the table.

Proceedings resolved themselves into mere conversation. In a



as all eyes turned to the doorway. "Cat! Cat Stevenson! By George, if it isn't the Cat!"

dead town a Board of Trade has neither excuse for, nor opportunity of, functioning. But there was plenty of talk. These were men who had made and lost in this region; the optimism of the Southwest was theirs, and the grit and undying gameness thereof. It showed in their clear eyes, in the lines of their bronzed faces.

Rain was coming, sure. The Government had been promising it for two months. Anyway a big irrigation plan was on foot. And oil strikes were increasing everywhere. Why not oil around Arroyo City? Prospectors all said that this land had the proper characteristics.

Stevenson was about to rap on the table and declare the meeting adjourned when Tom Billings arose.

"Fellows," he said, "I've been sitting here listening to your talk and from Ca'ter Stevenson's face I reckon you have given him the same kind of pain you've given me. Maybe our president can tell us what's the matter with us."

"What do you mean, what's the matter with us?" asked Biggers. Billings gestured.

"Well, that's just it, what? Here are twenty men who built Arroyo City and made it something. Here we are yet, getting nowhere. What's the matter, Ca'ter? This whole country is

dying on our hands. We made it; we can't keep it. What's the trouble?"

Stevenson raised his head spiritlessly. "I don't know."

"He doesn't know. Ca'ter Stevenson doesn't know!" Billings threw back his head in mirthless laughter. "Most of us here remember when Ca'ter came to Arroyo City—what was to be Arroyo City—ten years ago. Came in like a whirlwind. Took this place and shook it together until there wasn't a completer little town in the Southwest. He put through the bank, the power company, the hotel, a baseball club." Billings gestured. "Well, if *he* doesn't know, *I* don't."

Stevenson looked about the room.

"Oh, I forgot something. Any report on the committee we appointed to put through that plan we had to make Arroyo City distributing center for the county?"

Biggers arose.

"The railroad superintendent in Oklahoma City laughed when we talked to him. He laughed until we went out."

"I see." Stevenson rapped upon the table. "Gentlemen, this meeting stands adjourned until next Friday."

Some time later Tom Billings rapped upon the door of Stevenson's room. Entering, he found the man bending over a suitcase.

"Ca'ter, I dropped in to see what ailed you at the meeting. You've always been such a live wire— Sick or something, Ca'ter?" He glanced at the suitcase. "Going somewhere?"

When Stevenson replied, his voice was savagely decisive. "You bet I'm going somewhere. I'm going to clear out."

"Ca'ter, you mean you're quitting?" Billings exclaimed.

"That's it, Tom, quitting. Cold. I'm through."

"Hell's bells, Ca'ter," Billings protested, "what'll they say downstairs? What'll they say all over the county? Why, Ca'ter, boy, the whole crowd is leaning on you. We'll come through—if you show us the way."

"If!" Stevenson placed his hand on Billings' shoulder. "Tom, get this straight; I'm through."

"Where you goin', Ca'ter?"

"**B**ACK East; don't know just where. Anywhere'll do, so long as it's out of this place. Tom, there's a little creek with clear water and a flat stone bottom back home. I'm going to jump into that and lie with the water rippling over—"

"For the Lord's sake, quit it! You make me dry as a gourd."

"But first I'll go to New York and prospect. Lots of my college classmates there. Haleton ought to be playing football against Shelburne at that time. Like to see a game of football once more." Stevenson gestured at a large photograph of the Haleton eleven of 1893 which stood on the mantel. Then he frowned. "Don't know what I'll do. Fact is, Tom, all I know is I'm a dead one. I'm just like this damned country—burned out, burnt up. Maybe I'm going home to die. I don't know. If so, at least there'll be rain enough to cover my grave with daisies."

Billings gazed curiously at the man.

"Ca'ter, that don't sound like you. You haven't gone loco—or something?"

"No. Proof I'm sane is I'm clearing out."

"What'll Lem Biggers and Jeff Morell and Bill Stacy say, Ca'ter—boys you've stood shoulder to shoulder with? Have you thought of that?"

"I've thought about everything. Cut it out, Tom. There's no use. Go on now and leave me alone. Tell the boys tomorrow that I've lit out, committed suicide—anything you want. Any letters, send them to me care of the Hotel Grantham, New York City. Write to me yourself. Good-by Tom; it's been a privilege to have known you."

Billings took the proffered hand, hesitated a minute, then turned and with a stumbling gait walked to the door, opened it and went out.

As soon as the door closed, Stevenson went to the mantelshelf and took therefrom the photograph. Stevenson's picture was there. He had been quarterback of that all-conquering outfit.

His eyes stared bravely from that picture—the puissant expression that success puts into a boy's eyes. Youth! "Cat" Stevenson, they had called him because of the flashiness of his play, because he had always landed upon his feet. Well—Stevenson shrugged. He was on his ninth life now, pretty near the end of it.

Again he glanced at the picture. What a boy he had been! If he were half now of what he had been then, would he be turning tail? Perhaps. For only a fool would hang on here, and in those bygone years he was nobody's fool.

Mechanically he walked to a window and opened it. More than twenty years of his life had he given to that vast region out there! He had made much money; he had lost much. Now he was through. He had quit.

Well, so goes life. He shut the door and began wandering about the room gathering together the few belongings that he cared to take away with him. They were not many. That evening under the vivid stars, he stood on the platform of a train and looked backward. The vagrant edges of a night wind touched his face gently. In a hollow he made out the vague shapes of buildings. And against the sky, black, stark, rose the poles of the Arroyo City Power Company.

CARTER STEVENSON arrived in New York on a Friday—the day before the annual football game between Haleton and Shelburne. He had been detained in Oklahoma City and in Texas longer than he had expected, attending to the forlorn processes of settling his various affairs. Thoughts of football had not entered his mind and his timely arrival in the metropolis was entirely coincidental.

Now he was trying to decide whether or not he should run up to Haleton and see the game.

Standing uncertainly in the busy hotel lobby there came sud-

denly the realization that in spite of the glitter and the crowds of men and women brushing by he had never, not even alone on horseback, in the heart of the desert, felt so utterly alone and desolate. A bellboy seized his bag; Stevenson followed him mechanically.

In his room he bathed and was refreshed. Shaving, he stood before his mirror for some time, hesitating. Finally he took from his pocket case a small pair of scissors and clipped his mustache close. In college he had been smooth shaven and he wished as nearly as possible to look like his old self. For in view of his slender capital, it was clear that he must hound some of his old classmates at Haleton for advice, if not for assistance. Many of them were powerful men now; some one of them would probably be moved to find—or devise—some way in which he might be of use. With a sweeping gesture he applied his razor to the remnants of his mustache.

And now the glass revealed to him the old Cat Stevenson—face bronzed and seamed, to be sure; yet not old. Again he looked at his reflected image. There was something in that face which interested him, something that seemed strange. Curiously, he went down to the lobby comparatively light of mood.

Back of the clerk's desk hung a bulletin board which contained a list of the various functions, dinners, meetings and the like which were to take place in the hotel that evening. Stevenson was surveying the board with casual interest when his eye fell upon something that caused him to start. He moved closer to the desk, as though a nearer view would clarify a blur of emotion.

"Dinner of the Haleton 1893 football team. Seven o'clock in Parlor A."

Stevenson's hand went slowly to his forehead. The Haleton eleven of 1893! Why, that was his eleven! That was the eleven which in the minds of Haleton men stood out as one of the great football teams of all time. Swiftly his hand went to his pocket and he took out his watch. It was precisely seven o'clock.

ADOLPHUS P. WILLIAMS, president of the Five Forks Railway system, who as "Bim" Williams, a great, plunging half-back, had led the Haleton '93 team to victory, believed in punctuality. Thus it was that hard upon the hour he broke up the chatting, laughing groups in the antechamber and marshaled his guests into the dining-room. He was a heavy-set man, florid of face, very crisp and businesslike. He had always been crisp, businesslike even in college—a boy who had played grimly for success in everything that had interested him.

"All right," he said, as the men took their places at the table. "Everyone here but Stevenson. I sent letters to him all over the West. No answer. Suppose he never got them. Too bad. Here's a vacant chair for him and good luck to him wherever he is." Williams swept his hand heavily as though gesturing the missing man out of the picture. "Now before we sit down we'll drink a cocktail to the Haleton eleven of '93." He paused, grinning, as a chorus of cheers, shouts and exclamations greeted the appearance of two waiters bearing trays of glasses. "Never mind where I got 'em. Sam Crampton over there is a Federal judge and I'm not giving myself away."

"Just at present," laughed Crampton, reaching for a glass, "I'm a Federal judge of good lick."

"Hooray, hooray, ray, ray, ray, Haleton." The apartment rang with the college cheer as glasses were held aloft.

"Am I in on this, gentlemen?"

Quick silence fell as all eyes turned to the doorway whence the voice came. There stood a man, lithe, bronzed, a wisp of coal black hair falling over the forehead, gleaming gray eyes and creased underlids.

"Cat! Cat Stevenson!" Judge Crampton's voice boomed above the scattering volley of exclamation. "By George, if it isn't the Cat!"

"Yea-a, Cat! Wine with you, old bean."

"Fit as ever! What team you on now, Cat?"

"How did you keep your shape, Cat!"

"Holy Moses, if it isn't the cow-puncher!"

Stevenson stood as though dazed. Looking about the room, staring at each face in turn he saw men with whom the world obviously had dealt kindly. Yet there they stood in their places hailing him, Cat Stevenson, with ardor as pronounced and enthusiasm as great as in the days when they had all been boys together. In fact not a man in the room was failing to give to Cat Stevenson the warmest assurances that he, not his clothes, or his apparent status in life, was the main thing—not a man, that is to say, with the exception of Williams. His mien was



"Today I caught what a man should be and should stand for—an unconquerable soul."

curious, speculative; true, he was smiling, but his eyes were narrowed, his forehead slightly wrinkled.

Stevenson caught the expression and the sense of contrast it gave him was startling. He paused abruptly in his course to the place reserved for him at the table and stood staring at the man. Williams' face relaxed.

"Come on, Cat. Let's get started." As Stevenson still hesitated, Williams left his place, seized the man by the arm and escorted him to his chair. Then he nodded toward a time-blackened football which reposed in a bed of flowers in the center of the table.

"Remember that football, Cat? You ought to; you passed it to me for the last touchdown the '93 team ever made."

"Yes, and the first, too." Stevenson nodded. "I remember it."

"All right, fellows,"—Williams raised his glass,—*"here's to the team."*

The toast was drunk uproariously and the diners sat down to their food, which, as was foreordained, was but sauce for the machine-gun fire of jest and badinage and bits of reminiscence which flew about the table. Nor were notes of deeper sentiment lacking, for here were men who had been boys together, united in a single impulse, fighting and bleeding together in a common cause which had developed big. Whatever their associations and interests in later years—they had been many and varied—the Haleton eleven of 1893 had stood always as a chivalrous enterprise, a golden memory. There was, indeed, the conviction set forth in much that was said, that the team of that great year had been not only the sign but the symbol of their later success.

This last would have been a difficult note to have kept out of a dinner of men, many of whom had not seen one another for twenty years and more. There was no effort, in truth, to repress it. Here were men who had made life's "Varsity" as clearly and undebatably as they had made their eleven so many

years ago. They would not have been human—at least they would not have been Americans—had they not been willing, nay, proud to tell their comrades just how creditably they had carried the ball.

All this began with the coffee and cigars when Bim Williams as toastmaster arose and after the proper expressions of fraternal greeting and other sentiment, gestured deprecatingly.

"Now, I suppose all you fellows will want to know about me since graduation, just as we all want to know about every one of us. Most of you haven't seen me since I was paymaster of the Milwaukee and West Superior road. Well—" He recited rapidly his very steps, ending with his election as president of the Five Forks System three years previously.

"Now then—" He paused, half glancing at Stevenson and then nodding toward the foot of the table. "Get up there, Stan MacDougal, and tell us how you dodged your way behind the goal-posts of the Allied Metal Corporation. Begin at the beginning, you know."

MacDougal arose and recited the salient points of his career. He sat down and Doc Hartigan then arose, stating that he had begun carving rich patients at an early age and was doing very well indeed, thank you.

As one after the other gave testimony Stevenson found himself listening with unaffected interest. On the field of play he had been master of every one of these men, lashing them to their tasks, but now— While Stevenson was sufficiently broad-minded to appreciate that his personal circumstances had undoubtedly sharpened his sensibilities, still, the fact remained that he was growing increasingly ill at ease—and that his mood, lightened for the time being at this reunion with men who had once been comrades, had relapsed into the old slump.

"And now"— Williams was glancing with hard eyes at the opposite wall—"in a few minutes we're going to let this dinner develop into a go-as-you-please, with many a song and many a story, I hope. But before we do that—"

Stevenson flushed and man's words became meaningless blurs. For evidently Williams was not going to call upon him, not at this juncture at all events.

Originally he had wanted to get up and lay all his cards on the table, to bare his soul for the first time in his life and hear his old comrades tell him that he had fought the good fight and assure him that they sympathized and understood. For, after all, the fighter who wins, but continues to fight on for ever bigger things and then loses is more glorious in his failure than many who have succeeded and played safe. But now—his eyes gleamed as they turned upward to the speaker. Evidently he had come to be one of those successful men who have no use for failures.

Williams was talking

of the morrow's game. His son was captain of the team and Williams himself had given a great deal of attention to its development. Hence his views were regarded as worth hearing.

"It isn't the Haleton team of '93," he was saying. "Yet they have the material. I never saw better material."

"What's wrong, then?" The plaintive query came from several points about the table.

"What's wrong? Damned if I know. It's beyond me. The team has spirit. You don't have to lash them. Just talk to them and they'll go out and kill themselves. I know that. I've seen it for myself. Jim Arthur, the coach, strikes me as all right. Look what he did as a player for Haleton and look at his record at Mason and Dixon before we called him back to coach his own college."

Williams paused, then brought his hands together.

"No, I'm hanged if I know what's wrong. Do you know, fellows, it makes me sick to see my boy captain of a team that's booked to lose to Shelburne for the third year in succession."

"I know what you mean, Bim," interposed Doc Hartigan. "My boy's only a sub, but it hurts just as much."

"Naturally it does. Do you know, Doc"—Williams gestured at the surgeon—"Haleton for the past three years has reminded me of the Black River District, one of the forks of the Five Forks System. It's the only one of the five that hasn't availed itself of the splendid transportation facilities we've provided for 'em. Rich region too. The Haleton team is rich in possibilities. There's a nut loose somewhere in both and dam' if I don't think it's the same thing in both of 'em"—Williams threw up his hands—"the wrong men in the wrong places."

"Why don't you take hold, Bim? Of the team, I mean," laughed Harris.

"I have. Mixed in for three weeks—forgot all about the Five Forks." Williams grinned. "Then Darton beat us 12 to 5. No, it's beyond me. Well I—"

"Look here, Bim Williams"—the interruption came from Jumbo Kicks, who was struggling to his feet—"do you realize there is one chap you haven't called upon tonight—the man who did more than anyone to make Haleton '93 a success? I refer to Cat Stevenson. The Cat, by George, ought to have something to say to us after all these years. I, for one, want to hear his spiel—"

As a chorus of approving cheers and exclamations arose, a warm feeling crept down Stevenson's back. Then his eyes turned to Williams' flushed, dubious face. The warm feeling vanished; in its place came a cold, hard one.

"Well, of course, Cat—" Williams hesitated. "You know, fellows, there is plenty of time for speeches. You see—" All about him silence hung heavy. He gestured irritably. "Far be it from me to appear— Cat, I guess it's your turn now to carry the ball."

(Continued on page 120)



Bim Williams touched the man on the shoulder. "Cat, let me apologize."

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz



"If it's love you're demanding, isn't love nine-tenths propinquity, old dear?"

Love's Other Tenth

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

Miss Kilbourne has made the girl on the job her own as a fictional type. In this story she presents a situation that comes within the experience of many such girls.

AS a matter of fact, it was a Ruth who, so far as literature shows, was the first girl who started out to earn her own living and wound up by marrying her boss.

Which was exactly what Ruth Pagely deliberately set out to do. Our Ruth was modern, thoroughly, from the sole of her Scotch-grain, one-strapped walking shoes to the topmost burnished strand of her very well-kept hair. To see her walking up Fifth Avenue in the twinkling autumn dusk—the Protective Insurance Company where she worked emptied its huge offices at four, so that she was quite likely to be on the Avenue during its leisurely, luxurious tea hour—one needed but a fleeting glance at the cut of her tobacco-brown suit, the fine freshness of her skin, the slim litheness of her walk to decide. "Rich. Exquisitely cared for. Expensive tailor. Facial packs, ice rubs, special creams. Body massage, golf, riding, private dancing lessons. All that sort of thing."

The decision would have been mostly wrong. As to the tailor it would have been correct. Ruth might make a suit do her for

three years with precious little variety, but there was never any doubt that it had been a really good suit in the beginning. The slender suppleness of her, though, had never known massage. It came from exercise truly, but not of the caddy-feeing, private-teacher kind. She walked two miles to and from the office every day, and three times a week, winter and summer, she swam vigorously for thirty minutes in the Y. W. C. A. pool (forty cents and suit furnished).

Her complexion was bought in no gray-velveted, pink-lighted beauty parlor. It was a petal-textured testimonial of sheer strength of character, of "vegetable plates" chosen within sniffing temptation of chicken *à la King* in pattie shells and breaded veal cutlets; of stewed prunes and baked apples that she had eaten, of French pastries and *marrons glacés* that she had not.

Besides, she had dark-brown eyes that slanted upward ever so slightly at the corners and a smile as warm and gay as Christmas fires.

All of which goes to show that when Ruth Pagely set out to

marry Evert Ward, both in charm and will power she was a person to be reckoned with.

Mrs. Snell, the assistant in the Protective Insurance's personnel department, was the only one to guess Ruth's purpose. Ruth scarcely knew any of the dozen girls in the stenographic department, but between her and the wise-eyed, kindly Mrs. Snell, a real friendship had grown up. It was not due to this friendship, however, that Ruth had been offered the private work of a junior officer. The choice of Ruth had come from over Mrs. Snell's head and had been purely impersonal. As the only college graduate in the general stenographic department, Ruth, of course, had a certain advantage.

To Mrs. Snell's surprise, Ruth declined the promotion.

"Tell Mr. Merwin I want to wait till I've finished a special course I'm taking in corporate finance and statistical compilation before I try any private work," she said.

"Which is not the truth?" Mrs. Snell surmised shrewdly.

Ruth smiled.

"It may not be the whole truth," she admitted, "but it's nothing but the truth."

"Well, it's your own business." Mrs. Snell shrugged plump shoulders. "But it would mean ten a week more than you're getting."

"Ten a week more," Ruth declared, "is not the star to which I've hitched my wagon."

Mrs. Snell laughed comfortably.

"I hope you haven't hitched it to *my* job," she said. "You strike me as the kind of person who usually gets what she sets out for."

It was nearly a month later that Ruth paused at Mrs. Snell's desk at closing time.

"Walking home?" she asked.

"I've got to wait for a telegram," said Mrs. Snell. "Stay a while and talk to me."

So Ruth sat on the corner of the broad flat desk, swung a slim ankle and, five minutes later, observed casually:

"I hear Miss Brown is leaving next month." Miss Brown was Evert Ward's private secretary.

Mrs. Snell nodded.

"Do you suppose Mr. Merwin would let me try her work?" Mr. Merwin was head of the personnel department.

"I imagine so. I'll speak to him about you, if you like. Finished your course yet?"

"Oh, no, not for three months more." Ruth hummed a snatch of dance music and swung her well-turned ankle in perfect time to it. Mrs. Snell watched her for a moment in silence.

Now, Evert Ward was an assistant treasurer with a present salary of some twelve or fifteen thousand a year, plus excellent prospects. He was also a bachelor in the very early thirties and not unprepossessing in appearance. Mrs. Snell smiled.

"Not developing a crush on Mr. Ward, I hope?" Personnel officers seldom indulge in this kind of badinage but Mrs. Snell felt utter confidence in Ruth.

Ruth did not blush even faintly.

"Not exactly," she said, and after a moment: "I have designs on him, though."

"Designs?"

Ruth laughed. "Purely honorable. Even, one might say, matrimonial."

"My soul! You're ambitious!"

"Oh, I may not be able to put it over," Ruth admitted frankly. "But there's no harm in trying."

"Do you think he's interested in you?" queried Mrs. Snell. "Heavens, no! He's scarcely seen me. He wouldn't know my name."

"Then why, might I ask, have you picked on him in particular?"

The conversation was carefully keyed to persiflage, but the other woman knew that Ruth was only half joking.

"He's the only young bachelor among the junior officers. I don't meet anyone outside the office who could support me in the style to which I should like to become accustomed. Mr. Ward is said to be a thoroughly decent man. And he's 'stiddy.' I intend to have a 'stiddy' husband."

Mrs. Snell moved her telephone absently.

"Sounds cold-blooded and mercenary to me," she objected.

"Well, I'm twenty-seven." Ruth shifted her pliant position



In a shockingly brief time, Ward was

with a slight shrug. "And I've seen how life worked out for a mother who wasn't cold-blooded and mercenary."

Mrs. Snell was not romantic herself. Still—

"I don't think," she insisted, "that at twenty-seven or thirty-seven you can build a successful marriage on nothing but an adequate income."

"Good heavens, no! Neither do I. It's only a starting point. But if it's love you're demanding, isn't love nine-tenths propinquity, old dear?"

"Easily."

"Well, that's all I'm going to do—give propinquity a chance."

"It will be an interesting experiment," Mrs. Snell admitted.

"Mix up your chemicals and let's see what kind of an explosion it makes. I won't stand in your way."

Ruth leaned over and squeezed the older woman's hand.



spending most of his office leisure in talking to her about golf.

"I know you won't. You aren't that kind." She swung herself lightly to the floor. "If you had been," she added candidly, "I wouldn't have told you."

Mrs. Snell chuckled and Ruth scribbled a note on the personnel officer's memo-pad.

"Just so you won't forget to speak to Mr. Merwin about me first thing in the morning," she said.

A very modern Ruth was off to glean among the sheaves of Boaz.

WHAT follows is an honest, unvarnished record of the results of propinquity, propinquity plus dark-brown eyes set a trifle askant and a smile like Christmas fires. Plus, too, of course, brains. For without Ruth's quick-glancing cleverness, she could never in a brief six months have made herself so nearly

indispensable to the assistant treasurer, Evert Ward.

In the first place, she was a rapid and accurate stenographer; in the second—and the two are quite distinct—she was an efficient secretary. Ward was in a state of mind to be especially grateful for the latter fact. Miss Brown, Ruth's predecessor, had been an apprehensive little rabbit of a woman. Ward had never seen her actually cry, but he always had the disquieting feeling that, had the emergency been just a shade more harrowing, she doubtless would have.

Ruth, with her easy poise, her gay smile, had come the morning following Miss Brown's departure, like a cool breeze after a sultry day. Ward took a half-dozen glances at the shining-haired grooming, the slim-moving ease of her, and heaved a great sigh of relief. He was in a state of sufficient gratitude to render him extremely susceptible to anyone who was comfortable to have around.

Ruth was that, without a question. For one trifle, she at once took it upon herself to keep the office well ventilated. (Miss Brown had been a chilly little person who was always surreptitiously closing windows.) Tuesday morning, the most strenuous time in the week, set in the final completing of Ward's report of investment recommendations to be submitted to the meeting of the Finance Committee at noon, had always left poor Miss Brown utterly spent. Ruth arrived a little earlier on Tuesdays and seldom went out to lunch before two o'clock, but the day never seemed to be an emotional crisis for her.

Her appearance of ease, however, was deceptive. As a matter of fact, Ruth had never worked harder than during that first month. It was at its end that she and Mrs. Snell walked up the Avenue together after four-o'clock one afternoon.

"Well, how's the matrimonial campaign shaping up?" the older woman inquired.

"Not at all," Ruth admitted. "So far, I haven't had time even to think about it."

"Mr. Merwin says that Mr. Ward is pleased with you," Mrs. Snell observed.

"Well," Ruth suggested, twinkling, "you might thank Mr. Merwin for me and tell him that so far as I can see now, I'm pleased with Mr. Ward. As an eligible husband, he improves upon acquaintance. With precious little leisure to look into his qualifications, I've discovered several excellent ones already. He isn't quick-tempered—that's very important, you know, in a man around the house—he writes awfully sweet letters to his mother, and regularly, too—he says she doesn't mind dictated letters because they're so much easier to read than his writing—and you

know everybody says that a man who is good to his mother will be good to his wife."

Ruth's voice was ultra-serious but Mrs. Snell answered the twinkle in the tip-tilted eyes.

"You little monkey! Let's stop in here and I'll buy you a hot-fudge sundae."

"Thanks." Ruth turned in. "If you'll let me make it an orangeade. You can be a crackerjack secretary on mind alone but if you're planning on going any farther, you want to preserve your face and figure."

She was fishing with her straws for a cherry in the bottom of the tall glass as she confided: "You know, I believe I have a rival in the field."

"Really? What makes you think so?"

"Oh, just little things. But you know how transparent men are. You can usually tell. Every once in a while he composes a note by hand and takes it out, himself, to mail. You know, little things like that. I don't think he's really far gone yet, though. He's too free with his Sunday evenings. She's called him up once or twice when I've answered the telephone and I know just what she looks like, from hearing her voice."

"Just what is she like, Sherlock?"

"Oh, she has a Hudson-seal wrap with a skunk collar and she's a beautiful dancer and wears blue to bring out her eyes—"

"The way you wear brown." Mrs. Snell interrupted maliciously.

"The way I wear brown." Ruth agreed candidly.

Mrs. Snell chuckled and, having no designs on her employer, scraped the last spoonful of hot fudge from her sundae dish before departing.

RUTH had been in Ward's office for six weeks before she had an opportunity to be anything but a purely commercial secretary. Then he asked her to select a birthday present for his mother.

"He hasn't any 'regular girl,'" Ruth thought gleefully, "or he'd have asked her to do it."

So she offered on the altar of sacrifice a lovely little mahogany pie-crust table she had unearthed in an antique shop on Madison Avenue and that she had been almost prayerfully hoping would not be sold before she should feel able to afford it. This was, however, a vain oblation. Ward listened dubiously to her enthusiastic description.

"I don't believe Mother'd specially like anything *old*," he objected at last. "The town's full of old things and old people already. Couldn't you find her something snappy and *new*? Something that her bridge club would know had just come from New York?"

"Of course," Ruth promised readily.

She spent a whole Saturday afternoon in the Fifth Avenue shops, finally decided upon a card table, a tricky, shiny little affair, as smart and as new as a snappy vaudeville joke.

Mrs. Ward was delighted. How on earth had Son ever thought of anything so clever, she wrote. Son's faith in Ruth's taste was established on a firm foundation. And from that day her opportunities began.

Golf came next. Ward was a golf enthusiast and Ruth, who had once laughingly quoted that she "wouldn't even know how to hold a caddie," spent the autumn Saturday afternoons taking lessons. The latest copy of an excellent sportsman's magazine began to appear casually on her desk, and one day Ward, of course, noticed it. He flipped through the pages and Ruth called his attention to an article on rewashed and repainted balls.

It takes less than that to set a man off on his hobby.

Ruth's teacher, a good-looking youngster who was paying his way through college by giving golf lessons, furnished her with sufficient information about the popular aspects of the game to make her an extremely intelligent listener. So intelligent, in fact, that in a shockingly brief time, Ward was spending most of his office leisure in talking to her about golf. Once, even, he went so far as to illustrate a difficult shot with the crook-handed umbrella she kept in the office for emergencies, furnishing thereby considerable legitimate joy to an office boy who happened to be passing outside the glass partition. When Ward won his club's fall tournament, he carried the huge silver cup down to the office and back, just to let Ruth see it.

Then there was the matter of letters, both personal and business. It was an occasional business letter that first assured Ward of Ruth's instinctive good taste. And quite unconsciously, he came to depend upon this instinct of hers, to carry his dependence out of the matter of mere business letters into the more delicate requirements of the personal. It never occurred to Ward

that he had asked her assistance because he had come to realize that she knew what he wished to say better than he knew himself.

He quoted her, too, with the same blithe unconsciousness that he was quoting.

"Have you seen any of the Shakespeare plays this time?" he inquired, slipping out of his overcoat one morning when a popular Shakespearean series was appearing in New York.

Ruth shook her head.

"I've seen all the comedies so often before," she explained, "and I don't want to see them do a tragedy. I'm keeping the taste of Forbes Robertson's *Hamlet* in my mouth."

And she smiled demurely over her machine a half-day later to hear Ward observe casually to the Protective's vice-president, before whom he was exceedingly eager to appear well: "Yes, his *Hamlet* is very good—if you've never seen Forbes Robertson do it."

And jokes! Ruth soon discovered that Ward was very fond of little jokes. He liked to scatter them among his letters, in his conversation, as a girl drops sachet among her handkerchiefs. Ruth immediately adopted the habit of saving all the especially clever clippings she ran across and showing them to him casually, as though she were merely sharing her pleasure in them with him. He might not appear to think much of them at the time, but she noticed that they always reappeared sooner or later in his own conversation like her old clothes in the wardrobes of her washer-woman's linen.

And so on. Each week, almost each day brought new opportunities for service, the kind of service that a man grows to expect and depend on from his right hand, without ever stopping to formulate the thought of how important that right hand is to him. Ward dropped into the habit of letting Ruth know of all his social engagements—it was much easier, because then he need never worry over their becoming muddled with his business dates. With Ruth in possession of both calendars, there was never a late afternoon appointment with a bond salesman bringing an important offering of city tax-anticipation notes on the same day that Ward had to be home in time to dress for a dinner out in Scarsdale.

This intimacy between the two, as clean, as sexless as though Ruth had been a clever, ambitious young man, was nevertheless a-tremble with possibilities. She came to know Ward in a way she would not have in years of ordinary social relationships; to know his fundamental ideas of life and his little masculine vanities, his pet tastes and distastes, his aversions, his susceptibilities.

On Ward's part, he was scarcely conscious of Ruth as a woman at all, only as a very charming, very comfortable, very *necessary* person. It was on this necessity that Ruth was counting, and it was as a woman, of course, that she was planning.

It was as a woman that she chose a new dress to wear the day when she decided that the preliminaries had gone far enough.

It was a very plain dress, slim, straight, leather-belted, as befitted the dignity of a private secretary in the Protective office. In color only did it differ from any dress she might have worn during her six months of private secretaryship. But its color was a rich, deep henna. It brought out the burnished lights in her hair; it deepened the darkness of her eyes; it made her very smile seem warmer and brighter. Ward did not notice the change. Ruth had not expected that he would. But this was the beginning of the time for all that sort of thing.

IT was a Friday morning; Ward expected to be out of the office part, possibly all, of the afternoon. The morning's offerings had been digested and, as usual, for the greater part declined. There were no appointments. Ward, idly glancing through the morning paper, was waiting for the time to go to lunch. He was at peace with the world, utterly unprepared for the shock of Ruth's announcement. She half turned her type-writing chair till she faced him.

"Mr. Ward," she said, "I'm going to leave you."

For a moment he only stared at her, puzzled.

"To leave the Protective," she corrected.

"Oh, we can't have that!" He was instantly on the alert, the defensive. "If it's a matter of salary, I'll see right away what they can do—"

"No, it isn't a matter of salary."

"You—are you dissatisfied with anything here?"

Ruth smiled, her warm, gay smile.

"Not at all. As a matter of fact, I'm thinking of getting married."

"Good Lord!" It was the tribute of utter consternation.

"It's not very flattering of you," she objected, "to be quite so surprised."



"Oh, I'm poor enough, but not as poor as that," he said. "Besides, you may be dining with a very rich man."

"I suppose I ought to have expected it," he admitted, "but somehow, the idea had never occurred to me. Why, I—I don't see how I can possibly get along without you."

"Oh, you'll get along all right," Ruth assured him comfortably. "I sha'n't desert you at the drop of the hat like this. I'll stay till you find somebody else—two weeks, a month, if necessary."

She was smiling with bright encouragement, but there was no answering light on Ward's face.

There seemed nothing he could say. He waited for ten minutes longer and then went out to lunch, in frank perturbation of spirit. And in that frank, evident perturbation Ruth read the inevitable success of her plan. She felt as sure of what would follow as though she could see it played out, dramalike, before her.

There would be two weeks, possibly a month, during which Ward's sense of coming loss would grow stronger and stronger. He would realize that his secretary was not a mere office accessory, as permanent as the desk or typewriter; that she was a woman, young, desired by a man.

This would be the beginning of his noticing such things as the

henna dress and the burnished lights in her hair, the litheness of her motions, the warm darkness of her eyes, and the gayety of her smile. He would begin to question her about the man she was going to marry. And then one day when the time was ripe, when he was already missing her as intensely as though she had already gone, she would admit that she was not really in love with the man she was going to marry, that she only liked and respected him, but that he understood her feelings and did not mind. She would add with flattering, appealing frankness that she wanted to be married, that she was tired of office life, that she was lonesome. And then Ward would ask her to marry *him*.

Ruth went out to luncheon with a warm glow of well-being that was part triumph, part a craftsman's pleasure in a task well done. She was no idle, bewildered victim of propinquity. She had taken this mighty force, this nine-tenths of love, and made it serve her.

She was to be alone in the office that afternoon. Ward had suggested that she take the time off—he was always considerate—but then they had both remembered a bond salesman from Minnesota who was to come in after three. Ward had wished to get a more detailed account of the sales- (Continued on page 153)

Illustrated by
Frederic R. Gruger



Film fans everywhere are guessing who the hero and heroine of Mr. Wagner's brilliant story of the movies really are, for all readers seem to agree they must be surely "somebody." If Mr. Wagner knows, and he is one writer who knows everything about the magic world of the silver screen, he has never disclosed the secret to anyone.

The Story So Far:

TESSIE BOGGS, a typical daughter of the Bowery, was working with her pretty roommate Kitty Pilky in "The Pork and Beanery," when Jan Morsowski, a handsome young pugilist whom Tessie had long admired in secret, strolled in for luncheon. So perturbed was Tessie by the encounter with Jan, however, that she quite literally spilled the beans, and her employer Dorgan reproved her violently; Jan took her part—knocked Dorgan down. Tessie and her friend were at once discharged. It so happened, however, that the great moving-picture director Jim Driver and his star Montaigne Belmont were in the restaurant at the time, in search of two Bowery-type girls for a film-play they were working on. And as the two discharged girls were marching out of the Pork and Beanery, Driver stopped them—and engaged their services for the Climax Studios.

Kitty's beauty and Tessie's wit stood them in good stead next day, for the Sultan Belmont was well pleased with the one, and the Emperor Driver satisfied with the other. And then a ghost rose out of the past to harry them. Some months previously, Kitty had abstracted a small sum of money from Dorgan's till.

A Girl of the Films

By ROB WAGNER

Because of Tessie's loyalty to her friend, the judge of the Juvenile Court had been unable to fix the blame, and no punishment had been imposed—though both girls had been put on probation. Now Driver summoned them to his office.

"Well," he informed them, "Mrs. Davis, your probation officer, has been here to see me and told me *all* about it." He looked at them knowingly. "She was inclined to make trouble—but I signed up for your good behavior, and so long as you behave, you'll be able to stay."

Tessie won the hearts of everyone by her courage in a picture where she was called upon to handle an ill-tempered lion. She was soon required to deal with a more difficult animal, however, when Driver and Belmont inveigled the girls aboard a yacht that had been chartered for a movie of marine adventure. Thanks to Tessie's quick wit they escaped that time. But Kitty became



Amid breathless silence Rex gave the signal for the advance. Those by the director's post saw a big white horse emerge carrying the diminutive figure of Vivian, holding aloft a great flag as an oriflamme to the armored hosts.

infatuated with the handsome Belmont, and believed the way to screen success lay only through the dearly purchased favor of the men in power. Presently she was installed in a luxurious apartment.

It was through her connivance that Driver made another attempt to take advantage of Tessie; and when the girl escaped a second time, the director was in a vengeful mood. One of the camera-men invited Tessie to a dance, and the girl availed herself, for the occasion, of Kitty's offer to share her wardrobe. Kitty was not at home, and Tessie's evil genius led her to choose a certain mandarin coat that the light-fingered Kitty had abstracted from the property-room. Next day Driver accused Tessie of theft and discharged her.

For a time Tessie worked in a restaurant in Newark; but the lure of the screen was strong upon her, and with barely her railroad fare she set out for the new movie Mecca—California. And there Tessie prospered amazingly, for it was discovered that she photographed unexpectedly well, and her quiet intelligence saved her many mistakes. A year of study, and she blossomed out as Vivian Vane—and a star almost from the start.

Five years passed—and the whirl of life brought Jan Morsowski forward again. For Jan had attracted the attention of a wealthy lawyer who had adopted him and sent him to Leland Stanford. And it occurred to a certain Los Angeles woman, Mrs. Westlake, to include among her guests at a garden party both the movie star Vivian Vane (*née* Tessie Boggs) and the engineer Jack Morse, who had started life as Jan Morsowski.

Though neither recognized the other, each felt a strong attraction. And later Vivian contrived a way to further their acquaintance. A play which included a football game was being filmed. The leading man, Beldon, feared to risk his precious neck in the needful rough play; and at Vivian's suggestion Jack Morse, who had been a football star at Stanford, was engaged for the part. Afterward Vivian took the young man home to dinner at her new house. That night Morse acknowledged to himself that he had fallen in love with Vivian. But what could be the meaning of the old picture of himself in the fighting costume of the Jan Morsowski days, which he had glimpsed on her desk? (*The story continues in detail:*)

DURING all those years while Vivian Vane was steadily ascending the ladder of fame, Jim Driver was either standing still or going down, and, in the last year, struggling desperately to keep from hitting the bottom.

Jim's first blow came when the old Climax was swallowed by the Noted Players Company, and he was not taken over by the new organization. But James Driver was not through by a long shot. His name still had value and could easily attract capital that was eager to spend itself in the enterprise of motion pictures. And so Jim became the producer of the Driver Feature Specials, with his own company, releasing through Eclipse.

But somehow the Driver Specials did not sell very well. They were costing a good deal to make because of the huge crowds required, and the material waste in blowing up trains, steamboats,

During a certain very dramatic shot Vivian ordered the scene cut. "Mr. Rex," she said, "I don't want to be stubborn or too emphatic, but let's just rest a minute until we settle this point."

or at least a few automobiles; and besides, the fans were now developing insatiable appetites for what is known as "heart interest," and were even passing up "The Kidnapped Express" for the pleasure of witnessing "His Mother's Shame."

On top of it all, this "high-pressure" director was no business man; and after a few ever-diminishing years, the Driver Feature Specials ran on the rocks with a "punch" that shook down all the director's hard-earned savings. Jim hit the bottom on the same day that Vivian Vane became an independent star. Thus turned the celluloid wheel of fortune many times in those years of the cinema's first phenomenal growth.

But as one of his associates put it at the time: "Jim is like the British army—it never knows when it is licked." And so, still believing himself the greatest director of the game, and that he had simply been euchred into a corner "by a lotta dubs who were jealous," he began a systematic bombardment of the various New York studios, the final and almost crushing blow coming when many of the newer men who had now come into the game and were established in authority in the huge consolidations, did not even know who he was.

At the Filmart offices in Times Square, Driver at last found an official who knew him in the old days—that is, back in the '07's and '10's—and he greeted the pioneer cordially. But when Jim launched forth to tell Joseph Zimball "jest what is wrong with the pitchers," and how they had lost their punch, and suggested an opportunity to horn in at the Filmart, his old friend grew tight across the chest. "I'm sorry, Driver, but I'm afraid we can't get together. You see, we are not going in much for your kind of pictures now—"

It was the same old turn-down, and Jim half expected it. Lying back in his chair and fussing with his hat, he let Zimball finish his patter.

"Who is that?" he said, by way of finishing an unpleasant dialogue, and pointing to a huge bromide enlargement of a young lady's head, hanging on the wall immediately before him, upon which he had been gazing during the whole interview.

"Why, you know who she is, Driver; that's Vivian Vane."

"Oh, I know that, but what's her real name?"

"That's it—she belongs to the old Vane family of Baltimore, they say. Oh, yes, she's a very high-toned little lady, Driver, and that's why she is at the top. Blood tells every time. Who did you think she was, Driver?"

"Oh, I dunno," he replied. "She looks sumthin' like a kid I usta know."

As has been noted elsewhere in this story, even though Jim Driver was shy on dramatic construction and perhaps heart interest, he was very strong on character, and there was something in that face he had been studying during his fruitless interview that made him confident Vivian Vane was not the young lady's real name. "If that isn't Tessie Boggs, I'll eat my hat," he said to himself. And so obsessed was he by his belief that he undertook a little sleuthing.

At the Pork and Beanery he inquired for the proprietor, and Dorgan came up, not much older, but somewhat mellowed than when Driver first saw him on that notable night years ago.

"No, I haven't heard of the kid since she went over to you folks at the Climax. She never came back, but perhaps Pilky will know something about her. I'll call her in."

Kitty's flight among the stars had been short but flashy. Having been a purely artificial success, depending upon the favor of the great Montaigne Belmont, now a chorus man with a road show working the Middle West, Kitty's descent was instantaneous and complete when she was caught with half the studio wardrobe packed away in her trunks.

Stalling around for a year or so at the other studios in small parts and bits, the quick-fading girl-weed began to coarsen to such a degree that she had difficulty finally in finding work as an extra. Then once after six weeks' "resting," the poor misplanted child of the slums gathered up her broken hopes (one could hardly call them ideals) and sought out the unkept garden in which she had grown up, and Dorgan had taken her back gladly, for after all, Kitty was a good-natured soul and made lots of friends for the Beanery.

"Say, Kit, your old boss Driver wants to see you in Pop Dorgan's office," said Mamie Glutz to the soiled and faded creature presiding in the kitchen of the aromatic Beanery, and instantly the girl's pale, heavy face went red for the first time in years, and a light came to her eyes that almost brought back youth.



"He's come to take me back in the movies!" she thought, and she could hardly wait to powder her nose before hurrying off to meet her savior.

"No," she said sadly, when she learned Driver's real purpose, "no, I aint seen Tessie since she left the studio. I did hear that she'd gone to Chicago, but I expect she's in Australia now. You know Tessie always wanted to travel. Chee, I sure would like to see the kid, for I treated her do it when I was gettin' mine.

"Yes, there's a look of Tess there," she went on, contemplating a photograph Driver had handed her, "but that aint Tess. The poor kid never had no map like that." In reality, Kitty received a decided shock from one of the pictures, so much was it like her old chum; but Driver had never been kind to Tessie, and so Kitty, fearing that she might make further trouble for her, carefully disguised her look of recognition.

Undiscouraged, Driver was still convinced of what he now called his hunch, and decided to play it through. Besides, Los Angeles had become the center of the motion-picture industry, and he hoped to land on his feet out there.

GOSSIP in Movieland travels fast, and now that Jack Morse had become almost a daily visitor to the Filmart Studio, arriving there punctually at five o'clock and



leaving a few minutes later with Vivian, tongues were loosed in all directions.

"I hear Vane is horning in among the four hundred," grinned Miss Susie Sumptuous to her director. "They say she's engaged to that society Johnnie; have you heard anything about it?"

"Only that Rex can't get her to work nights any more," replied the other. "But she says it's kleig eye. You know, Susie, these blondes can't stand the lights," he added with a smile.

"I notice the lights of the Ship Café don't hurt her eyes any," came the sniffy reply.

Which wasn't quite fair, because Vivian and Jack had never been to the Ship Café but once, and on that night it happened that they met Susie and her party, who immediately got their heads together to give them both a right hearty little panning.

But if her rivals didn't approve, the crew of the Filmart were very cordial to the pleasant rumor, especially the McGowans and the Todds, who, at Vivian's arrangement, met her suitor often.

Of all the days of the week, however, Sunday was the one day Vivian most looked forward to, for then she and Jack were together for hours at a time. He would arrive at her house shortly before noon, and they would start on horseback through the Santa Monica Mountains, riding until sunset, then returning to dinner, afterward sitting out under the oaks "to watch the fairies" until ten o'clock.

Happy as she was on these glorious occasions, Vivian was not

entirely satisfied with the progress of affairs, for she noted that there was a point in their frank intimacy beyond which Jack would never go, and his reserve puzzled her. Was he simply amused, or perhaps flattered to be first gentleman-in-waiting to the queen? Did he disapprove of her profession, or was he in doubt regarding the story of her early life? He had expressed such a strong belief in her being "born to good taste" that the revelation of her less than humble origin might be a terrible shock to a man with his aristocratic background. No, her secret was safe and she must keep it.

As to her own feelings, Vivian had not the slightest doubt. She was in love, and if Jack did not respond to her very transparent evidences of that fact, it was because his heart was elsewhere or he was confused with doubts.

Could it be Herbert Beldon? She, of course, knew of the studio gossip that had coupled their names so often, but as Hollywood was always framing up romances for its stars, she had never paid enough attention to the rumor to deny it.

Then one Sunday night—it being too cold to sit outdoors—they were looking over a lot of old "stills" in her den, and Vivian, leaving the room for a few minutes to give orders to the servants, returned presently to see him hurriedly put back the picture of Jan that stood on her writing table. With splendid acting she pretended not to notice it. Afterward, wondering if he really was jealous of her romantic sentiments regarding

that kid affair (as she called it to herself) she decided to remove the silver-framed reminder of it.

Unable to wait a whole week to see what effect the picture's removal would have upon Jack, she arranged a little party to come and pre-view her latest film at her house.

Naturally the invitation was eagerly accepted by the principals of the cast and the other stars whom she counted among her friends. Jack again met Marie Drummond, Vivian's greatest screen rival, and Donald Fairfax, whom he had liked from his first meeting at Mrs. Westlake's. There was something radiantly healthy and joyous about this ebullient favorite that fascinated the quieter Jack. Then there was Freddie Fenton, the world's greatest comedian, who was a host in himself, and Jack was pleased to find that the little fellow had a rare intelligence and rarer charm.

Altogether the gathering was a unique experience, and Jack was delighted to see how wholesomely and simply these supposedly spoiled children of the screen took their pleasures.

With a four-piece "atmospheric orchestra" from the studio, the merry party of twenty sat in the half-light of the big studio room and saw unrolled before them Vivian's latest triumph. It was a picture full of the sweetness and fun that had made Vivian famous, but the part that got the biggest hand was, of course, the football game, and Jack found himself quite a hero when his doubling was explained. (Fortunately Herbert Beldon had been loaned to the Prominent Players Company and was off on location in Santa Barbara.)

During the refreshments, when the party broke up into little groups, Vivian managed to maneuver Jack into her den and there impishly watched him to see if he noticed the change.

Naturally, it was the first thing he did notice, also that a vase of his favorite flowers stood where once reposed his silver-framed counterfeit.

"Vivian," he said accusingly, "what have you done with your hero's picture? You told me you had burned love's candles before it for six long years."

"Yes, Jack, but they had burned low, and I thought perhaps—"

"Light them again, Vivian. I loved your devotion to your dream."

"Yes, Jack, but—"

"For my sake—wont you?"

"Yes, of course. I'll do anything for your sake." (And she blushed that she had said it.) "But why?"

"Because I'm going to help you find him." And as she opened the drawer where she had placed the picture face down, he took it out with faintly trembling hands and stood it again upon her writing table.

"May I keep the flowers here too?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes—please do."

If Vivian had been as elementally simple at that moment as she was six or seven years back, she would have thrown her arms about Jack's neck and kissed him shamelessly, for that was her impulse. He loved her; she knew it now. Yet still he was withholding a full expression of it.

"I must go now," he said, and she noticed his agitation. "I'll not go back with the others." Holding her hand for a long time, he seemed on the point of speaking what she knew was in his heart, but with a sudden gentle pressure he was gone.

Chapter Twenty-two

VIVIAN arose the next morning with a song on her lips. She was feeling an exhilaration she had not known for years.

"Hurry, Marie; we must be at the studio and all made up at half-past eight."

"Made-up at half-past eight?"

"Yes, Marie, we begin shooting at nine." And Vivian sang:

"In winter I get up by night
And dress by yellow candle light—"

"Well, Miss Vane, why the excitement?" asked Cyril Rex as he walked into the cottage in response to a call from her and saw his star all made up and on her toes to go to work.

"I feel fine this morning and I thought I'd like to do those banqueting scenes today, if we can."

"But the camera-men are still trying out the lights on 'Katy,' and I'm afraid they won't be ready to shoot before nine-thirty."

"Well, wouldn't they like to try their experiments on the original, for once, rather than on a dummy with a blonde wig? Tell Charlie I'll be right over and I'll be very, very patient while he struggles with his old 'composition' and 'back lighting.'"

As Rex left her dressing-room quite bewildered by her early-morning enthusiasm, he heard her singing:

"I love my love in the springtime,
And I love him in the fall,
And in the golden summer—"

An office boy had entered. Vivian smilingly took the white slip of paper he handed her—and turned deathly pale. It read: "Wm. Driver—to see Miss Vane."

"Ring for Mr. McGowan," she said breathlessly.

A moment later Vivian's manager entered, grinning happily. "Well, Vivian, what it is—is it?" he asked jovially.

"Mac, look at this," she replied, feebly handing him the slip. McGowan's face clouded, but only for a moment.

"Hold tight, little girl. It's all right. He won't get in. I'll attend to him. Don't you worry a minute. If he tries to pull any recognition stuff, we'll just laugh him to death. You're no more like the girl he knew than black is like white. Now cheer up, little one, and leave Driver to your Uncle Mac." Smiling wanly and hopefully, she watched him leave for the outer office.

"WELL, Driver, how do you do? I haven't seen you in years. What are you doing on the coast?" exploded McGowan as he greeted his old-time superior.

"Oh, I came out to direct on the Filmart lot, Mac," he replied with a cocky grin.

"Sent out by the New York office?" asked McGowan with surprise.

"No, but I thought for old times' sake, Miss Vane could fix it."

"Miss Vane? Old times' sake? Why, Miss Vane doesn't know you, Driver. That's why she sent me out."

"Does she send her *manager* out to greet every stranger who asks for her?" Driver winked one eye very slowly.

"Of course not." McGowan had to hurry to out-think the wise old bird before him. "But when I saw your name, I thought I'd come out and give you the friendly up-and-down."

"Say, now, Mac, quit your kiddin'. I've come back to see Tessie Boggs."

"Tessie Boggs! Ho, ho, ho, where do you get that stuff? Do you think Vivian Vane is Tessie Boggs?"

"I sure do, Mac."

"Well, well, well. This *is* a joke. Say, you've seen Tessie Boggs since I have, and that's years ago. Driver, you're not well," and he smilingly tapped the ex-director's "bean." "You ought to tell some of Vivian Vane's swell relations what you've just told me."

"But, can't I see her?"

"I'm sorry, Driver, but Miss Vane simply can't see anybody—especially about business. These big stars are pestered to death. Times have changed, Driver, since the old Climax days. The only people who ever bothered us then were the police looking for ex-burglars that you had hired to crack safes in your grand old westerns." And McGowan laughed.

"You forget the Juvenile Officers who were after one star, Mac." Driver watched McGowan's face narrowly, but seeing no reaction to this insinuation he went on. "Well, what's the chance, Mac, of landing a job? You know that I've put over some of the greatest money-makers in the business."

"I'm sorry, Driver, but we're overrun with applicants now. There's all sorts of ability standing on the side-lines these days trying to cut in on the pictures. It's the big money calls 'em. But there isn't a chance, Driver. I tell you that frankly." And McGowan walked toward the door.

"Well, I'll nick in somewhere. You'll hear from me yet," replied the great director of yester-year.

"I hope so, Driver. I wish you all the luck in the world. Good-by."

When McGowan hurried back to his charge, he found her nervously pacing up and down the room.

"It's all right, Vivian. He pulled his bluff, but I yanked his cork, and he's gone off convinced of his mistake."

"Oh, Mac," she said. "I'm so frightened."

"Nonsense, Vivian. Forget it," he replied, and as she snuggled up into his protecting arms he patted her on the back.

"Anyway, Vivian," he spoke up reassuringly, "if it came to a showdown, we could admit it all now. You've reached the point in your career where the truth would be lots more romantic than that old publicity story. Those 'rumors' were more fashionable than they are now."

"No, no, no, Mac. We mustn't," she protested vehemently.

"Why, Vivian?"

He stood confronting her. "Jim Driver!" Vivian exclaimed.



"Yes, Tessie—I mean Miss Vane. Your old friend, Jim Driver."

rience which had so frightened her. Then Jan! and her momentary happiness. Next, her rocket-like flight into Movieland, only to come down like a stick, leaving the Climax Studio with the stigma of a common thief attached to her name. It was true she was out of the jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court and could not be apprehended for delinquency, but she could still be arrested for theft and taken back. Time did not outlaw such crimes.

That was her story, so carefully buried deep in the years. And then, after it had become but the vague memory of the unpleasant dream, and she had reached success, with her greatest happiness just around the corner, came this miserable creature out of her past threatening her beautiful house of cards!

McGowan, noticing her mental depression and having apparently failed to reassure her as to her safety, urged her "to lay off and take a rest," but work was what she wanted, especially the strenuous work of her current production.

"The Girl of the Crusades" was a highly dramatic story of the Middle Ages, wherein Vivian appeared as a young "boy" in bright armor, leading his hosts against the forces of Islam in the splendid quest of the Holy Grail. This great feature picture was now in its sixth week, with the big battle scenes to be made on Wednesday and Thursday.

"Uncle Bill has wired me to come to New York at once, Vivian," Jack had said to her on Monday, "but I'm going to risk staying over until you shoot that moat and castle stuff, for from what I saw the other day, I'm scared to death to have you mixed up with all those spears and horses, and I want to be near you."

"Please stay," was all she said, and Jack noted a frightened look in her eyes that he interpreted as a dread of accident.

Stay? All the uncles in the world couldn't have dragged him away from those pleading eyes.

On Wednesday morning the whole Filmart plant was permeated by a repressed and expectant excitement. The big castle set, built at huge expense, stood at the north end of the lot, its turrets and minarets reflected in the muddy and slimy waters of the moat which had been dug around it. (Continued on page 136)

"Oh, because—because—I couldn't. We mustn't. I—I!"

"Oh, well, don't worry, Vivian. We won't have to." And McGowan kissed her on the forehead.

"Miss Vane isn't going to work today?" exploded Cyril Rex, when Marie had brought him the news. "Well, these stars certainly do develop temperament. Only fifteen minutes ago she was turning flip-flops, and now—! Oh, well, if she can afford to lose a couple of thousand dollars. I guess we can stand it."

THE next day McGowan received a telephone call from Driver in which the pioneer director asked for a letter of recommendation, as he had an opportunity to go to San Francisco with a new company being formed up there, and so glad was McGowan to get Vivian's Nemesis out of town that he wrote a letter of extravagant praise for the great "punch" artist. Two days later he received a telegram from San Francisco which read: "Landed big. This is a real town. Thanks. Driver."

Notwithstanding this encouraging news, however, Vivian was so upset that she worked with the greatest difficulty and would have laid off and taken a trip to Catalina if she had not been scheduled for some big scenes that week requiring great crowds.

With her work occupying her mind by day, and being in Jack's company almost every evening, Vivian somehow managed to shake off many of her fears, though Jack had noted a nervous, high-strung tension about her that was expressed in a craving for excitement. He thought it due to the fact that she was in the crisis of her picture.

It was the nights, however, that Vivian dreaded, and the first one after Driver's sudden appearance she tossed about until almost dawn. During those restless hours, the whole tragedy of her youth came back to her. She recalled her miserable childhood after her mother's death, when she lived with her uncle in the back of that smelly saloon (no wonder she could never stand the taste of liquor); then the sweat and noise of the hat factory where she met Kitty; and finally, her life at the Beantry (comparatively happy with a few bright spots of color). Then came Kitty's theft, followed by the Juvenile Court expe-

Here is the story of an ex-detective's return to his old job. It is written by one whose short fiction in this magazine has for years been one of its distinctive and distinguished features—

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

The Clean-up

Illustrated by
Leslie L. Benson

LIKE many another celebrity, Wolfe Calder had begun his climb by pounding pavements in an ill-fitting blue uniform. He had used brain as well as brawn, in his police job, with the result that he had been shifted at twenty-five from patrol duty to the detective squad.

There, he exhibited no Sherlock Holmes genius. But he showed a bull-terrier alertness and a nose for prey, and an iron tenacity in hanging grimly to a trail till he reached its end. Wherefore, he was much in use, at Police Headquarters. And, from his tireless gift for getting what he went after, a newspaper man named him "Clean-up Calder." The name stuck—not like a burr, but like a medal.

Calder had no political pull. He was ridiculously honest. He was a glutton for work; and he did not have the faculty for making capital out of his exploits. Thus, he saw no future for himself in the Police Department, other than a long life of toil and of peril, with a pittance pension at its end. At twenty-seven, he left the force, to take a better-salaried job as house-detective for the huge jewelry establishment of Ziegerich and Company.

Here, he learned the art of dressing so well that nobody gave a second glance to him, of talking in a modulated voice and with something of the diction of better bred men, and of regarding each and every article of jewelry in the place as a fragment of his own reputation, to be guarded as zealously as his soul's welfare.

His three years at Ziegerich's did not contain as many adventures as had an average three months in his police days. During the long lulls between activities, his soul would have taken on

He surprised Moreton fastening about the girl's neck the famed Magnessen necklace.

flesh and his wiry brain would have clogged itself with sloth, if he had been the normal hard worker in a soft berth. But there was always something to look forward to.

For example, it was Calder who walked lazily up to the pistol-mouth wherewith an escaping swell yeggman was clearing for himself

a path from a rifled jewel-case to the establishment's front door. Deftly, and with no emotion at all, Calder disarmed and collared the desperado.

Calder it was who created momentary panic, one day, by strolling over to an exquisitely dressed woman who was bending above a tray of rings, and by yanking off her hat and veil and hair, in one comprehensive tug, revealed "her" as a super-shoplifter named Mack Began, whom he remembered from the old days.

Then, after the much-advertised Magnessen necklace was spirited from the supposedly impregnable Ziegerich safe, where it had been deposited for storage and for cleaning, during its fair owner's absence from town, Calder had taken an indefinite leave of absence and had returned six days later with the necklace and with the employee who had stolen it.

Such petty breaks as these, in the routine of wandering with seeming aimlessness from one end of the store to the other, had been Calder's sole diversions, for three long years.

Hating boredom and indolence, he had put in his spare time in making himself a really creditable expert in jewelry and in the technique of the business. This meritorious task he had lightened, during the final three months of the time, by making shy but ardent love to Lenore Aken, newest of the Ziegerich stenographers.

For a while, his love story remained to him a mystery more unfathomable than any he had tackled in all his professional work. All his powers of deduction could not tell him whether Lenore's pretty smile of morning greeting spelled encouragement or mere civility.





"Just as soon as you've said 'Yes,' I'm going to hail a taxi for the trip home Hey, there, taxi!"

Being "Clean-up Calder," by nature as well as by nickname, he set himself to the labor of solving this puzzle. And into the work he flung more of himself than had gone into all his professional cases put together.

True to his life-training, Calder, in his study of the case, proceeded to weed out the nonessentials—the men from whom, patently, nothing was to be feared. And this process of elimination thinned down the ranks of his rivals to one, whom he felt to be a really dangerous opponent in the love campaign.

This solitary survival was Moreton, chief of the repair-and-resetting department of Ziegerich's; and, incidentally, Lenore's immediate superior—the department head in whose office she worked. Moreton was a tall and stooping man in the late forties. He had a turtle droop of head and neck, and a perpetual little dry cough. Apart from those trifling oddities, he was much like the other well-clad and well-mannered upper employees of the place.

At first, he had seemed to pay scant heed to his lovely stenographer. But presently he had begun to note her existence. Calder, quietly watching, saw the fellow's new interest in her; and he saw it grow, from day to day, until it obsessed its victim.

From his criminal experiences, Calder was able to diagnose the symptoms as those of a man who, falling in love, past the midday of life, is too old for sanity to temper infatuation.

Now, up to thirty, a lover's strongest card is Youth. For the ten years or so, following that milestone, the absence of Youth may be supplied by technique, by magnetism, by such wiles as experience has taught. But, Satan help the Lothario who reaches the late forties or the fifties and who has not money to back his cause! For money, at those ages, is usually the only remaining card in the mature wooer's wabby hand.

Now, Moreton had no overplus of wealth—as wealth goes. But he had something almost as good. He had free access to

the most soul-wrecking jewels in all the Ziegerich hoard. And, while there was no shadow of doubt as to his honesty, yet, through his position's advantages, he could and did display these jewels, in all their profusion and gorgeousness, to Lenore Aken.

Calder, happening into his office, not once but several times, in dull moments, caught Moreton heaping on a desk a heterogeneous pile of precious stones, for Lenore's benefit.

The girl—her soft eyes aglow, her breath fast, her lips trembling—stared in a sort of hypnotized ecstasy at the treasures. Timidly, at Moreton's permission, she gathered them adoringly in her white little hands, caressing them and letting them seep through her slender fingers.

Now, by a word to old Ziegerich, the detective could, of course, have put an instant and drastic end to these gem-séances. Ziegerich was paying for Moreton's time, and was paying well for it. He was not paying him to philander, nor to let a comparative outsider dally with jewels whose value was infinitely greater than her salary for a lifetime was likely to be.

But, perhaps through innate squareness, perhaps by reason of his long dealings with underworld ethics, Wolfe Calder preferred to settle his own affairs, rather than to squeal. So he kept his thin-lipped mouth shut—until he surprised Moreton, one day, fastening about the dazedly charmed girl's neck the famed Magnussen necklace, which happened to be undergoing one of its periodical sojourns at Ziegerich's.

At sight of Calder, Moreton hurriedly laid down the little mirror he was preparing to lift before Lenore's wide-gazing eyes, and released the clasp from her creamy throat.

"I was just trying the effect of this new combination of the diamond-and-aquamarine group on the pendant," stammered Moreton, forcing his glance to meet Calder's. "I've been experimenting on that grouping, all week. This time I think I've got

it. But it's so much easier to get the effect when it's being worn—especially by a girl as pretty as—”

“I see,” interrupted Calder gruffly—adding as he turned to the confused Lenore: “How about a walk, uptown? It's a dandy afternoon. And you were due to leave, fifteen minutes ago. Put on your things, wont you, and come along?”

Now, there was nothing in Wolfe Calder's intonation that suggested the “Come along!” mandate he might have delivered to a prisoner. But perhaps, behind his pleasant voice, there was something of the same compelling authority. For, still confused and avoiding the eye of either man, Lenore nodded and made her way toward the corner where hung her hat and coat.

Moreton, his nervous eyebrows working, picked up the glittering necklace and carried it across to the safe. As he went, his emotion showed itself only in several barked renditions of the hacking little cough that was always with him. Calder did not favor him with so much as a look. Nor did the detective speak again until he and Lenore were side by side in the street, and a block or more on their way uptown. Even then, it was the girl who broke the strained silence.

“You're awfully glum today!” she complained nervously. “I'm not enjoying this walk, one bit. I—”

“Just the same,” he cut in, “it's good for you—the exercise and this sharp air and all. A sight better for you than going into a trance over the Magnessen necklace.”

“I—” she began, stiffly; but he bored on:

“The first thing a man or woman has got to learn, in the jewelry business, is that jewels aren't jewels. They're only counters in the business game we're playing. It's just as it is in a bank. Until a bank-clerk can get it into his head that money isn't money, but just the counters in the game he's paid to play—until he can get that through his head, he's worthless in his job—and dangerous too. Now, that isn't the first time Moreton's let you fool with the Magnessen necklace. And he's let you handle a lot of other big-value stones, too. And you're dippy about them. That's all wrong. From being dippy about a thing, to wishing it belonged to you, is just one step. From wanting it, to grabbing it, is only one step more. Keep on saying that to yourself, every time you see any of those stones. Keep on, till you've taught yourself what I said about their being counters.”

“Thank you, so much!” was the icy reply. “It's so nice of you to warn me! Now, next time Mr. Ziegerich sends for you to find missing jewelry, you'll know exactly whom to accuse.”

“No,” he denied, with stolid calm. “I wont know. Not if you mean I'd suspect *you*. You're too clean and too white and—and too much—too much *you*—to steal. But it wont do you any good, just the same, to let yourself gloat over that stuff, the way you've been doing. Do you know what would have happened to Moreton if it had been Ziegerich or either of his sons, instead of me, who happened into his office, while he was

fixing that thing around your throat? Well, he'd have gotten his. Six months ago, he'd have had too much sense to do such a thing.”

“If you are going to begin abusing poor Mr. Moreton—” she began, her voice unsteady.

“I'm not,” he made answer. “I'm not a knocker. And if I was I wouldn't abuse Moreton. I'm too sorry for him.”

“Because his lungs—”

“No. Because he's crazy in love with you, and because he hasn't a Chinaman's chance. If he had, you wouldn't be calling him ‘poor’ Mr. Moreton. And he hasn't a Chinaman's chance for another reason—because I'm going to marry you, myself. I didn't mean to tell you so, yet awhile. But when I saw that jewel-doped look on your face, back there, today, I knew it was time.”

Lenore Aken stopped dead short and stared up at him, agape. He had stated his intent as coolly as if he were citing an instance in natural law.

“Wolfe Calder!” she gasped, doubtful as to whether she were going to laugh hysterically or cry with anger. “Wolfe Calder! Are you daft—or only drunk? I—”

“I'm daft over *you*,” he made stolid reply, “just as I've always been—just as you've always known I was. And as soon as you've said ‘Yes,’ I'm going to hail a taxi, for the rest of the trip home. Because, you see, it'd look funny for me to kiss you, right out here in the street. Taxies are handy things, that way. Don't go turning your face away, like that, girl! It's no disgrace. Look up at me. I said, look up at me! . . . Hey, there, *taxi!*”

The taxi had traveled the best part of two fare-devouring miles before Calder was his wonted level-brained and iron-nerved self. Then, talking down into a mass of fluffy hair and a badly damaged little hat that nestled deep into his chest, he said:

“I was going to wait awhile, till I had things shipshape, before telling you, Baby. But, today, I saw it had to be done in a rush or maybe it'd be too late. Now that you've got a real live lover to think about, you wont go mooning over dead jewelry any more—not even the Magnessen necklace.”

“It's—it's so—so wonderful, Wolfe!” she protested. “Such a beauty!”

“So is the Statue of Liberty,” he argued. “But folks don't go foolish over her. They're content to remember how grand she is, and to let it go at that. Still, it's not for me to knock the Magnessen horse-collar. For that's the thing that's due to put me in a position to marry you. I told you about that time it got stolen, when it was at Ziegerich's. Well, my getting it back made a big hit with Judge Magnessen. He has all the money there is, you know. And he got interested in me. I let out that I was saving, to start a little jewelry business of my own—way uptown, in the new section that such a crowd of real folk are moving into since the spur road opened. And he's promised to back me and to help me get a first-rate start. Ziegerich is going to help me out, too. I'm leaving the store, next month. I was planning to wait till I got the new place running, before I asked you. But, after today—well, it wont do you any hurt to be lifted out of Moreton's office, and to know a sweetheart's better worth dreaming over than a safe-full of jewels that aren't yours and that never can be. With men like Magnessen and Ziegerich behind me, and the good money that's pouring into that new section,—and with *you*,—well, watch me!”

THUS it was that “Clean-up Calder” evolved in due time into the proprietor of the more and more popular uptown jewelry establishment of “Wolfe Calder, Inc.” The first few months were hard sledding. But Calder had made no mistake as to the possibilities of his location. He knew his business and he knew human nature. The Magnessen backing tided him over the bumpy beginnings. The Ziegerich and the Magnessen influence were further aids.

The line, “formerly with Ziegerich and Company,” on his window



Calder was amazed to note the thrill of the man-hunt pounding again in his blood.

"Oh, Wolfe!" she wailed. "I'm so glad you're here! So glad! Take the horrible thing!"

and on his business cards, served as a talisman. In the fast-enlarging vicinity, Calder became the fashion. The rest was easy.

In his very early thirties, Wolfe Calder was part and parcel of his chosen community, and was a man of substance and repute. Luck was with him. And his level head and squareness and swiftly sure instincts kept luck from departing. Happiness was with him, too, in ample measure. And that was supplied exclusively by his dainty and still-alluring wife.

At once after their marriage—during the days when the business had to be kept alive by artificial respiration—Lenore had suggested that Wolfe save on at least one salary by letting her work in the store. Indeed, she insisted on it. And the two came perilously near to a quarrel, before Calder could convince her that her work must be confined to their tiny home, and that she was to keep away from the shop.

He knew she was not of the breed—few women are—who could look on his dazzling stock in trade as mere "counters in the business game." And he resolved, at the start, to divorce sentiment from livelihood.

So, during her husband's long hours at the store, she had much time to herself, even after she had wrought over her apartment until it shone. . . .

It was one blistering hot Monday, in early July, during the detective's fourth year as "Wolfe Calder, Inc." Lenore had been fagged by a month of ceaseless heat. Wolfe had sent her that morning to the seaside for a week or two, promising to join her there on Saturday afternoon. This was the couple's first separation during their four-year wedded life. And Calder was unaccountably blue over it.

Business was so dull that he was half-minded to leave the store in charge of his assistant and run down to the shore, to his wife, for the rest of the week.

He was in this glum mood, when a portly old man bustled into the store. The visitor was Judge Magnessen. And he was a piteous mental case. In a spluttering handful of words he explained the reason of his call.

Mrs. Magnessen had once more broken the clasp of her necklace. The Judge, himself, had taken it to Ziegerich's to be repaired, and to have the stones overhauled in search for defective settings. This, on Magnessen's last visit to the city, a week earlier. Today, during a three-hour sojourn in town, he had stopped at Ziegerich's for the necklace.

Old Ziegerich himself had gone to the safe in which it had been placed some days earlier, to draw forth the repaired treasure and to return it to its owner.

He had opened the case, to show the necklace to Magnessen, before wrapping it up. The case was empty.

After Ziegerich's establishment had been ransacked in

vain, the Judge had bethought himself of the man who, once before, had found the stolen necklace and the thief who had taken it. Therefore he had posted, with all speed, to Wolfe Calder. With a childlike faith in his detective prowess, Magnessen begged him to find the priceless circlet of gems. Calder, once before, had found the stolen necklace, when the police and high-priced agency men had failed. Therefore, to the Judge's way of reasoning, he could find it again, and could do so much more certainly than could anyone else.

As Magnessen entreated, Calder was amazed and annoyed to note the thrill of the man-hunt pounding again in his blood, to discover that a score of atrophied instincts of the chase were struggling to life within him. Already, he found himself stretching out for clues, and chafing to begin the quest. He had thought himself beyond that kind of thing, long ago, he the sedate and flourishing uptown jeweler!

Then, he excused the fierce urge by reminding himself of all he owed to Magnessen; and he decided that the fever of the chase was nothing more than a laudable sense of gratitude to the man who had set him up in business. And, in the end, he awoke the Judge to ecstasies of thanks, by undertaking the job.

A sense of shame prevented him from sending word to Lenore. He knew she would make all manner of fun of him, for yielding to such a request. And he hated to be laughed at. Time enough,—if he were still on the case then,—to tell her of it when he should run down to the shore on Saturday.

In the meanwhile Mr. Wolfe Calder, jeweler, felt a sense of disreputable pleasure in relapsing for a space into "Clean-up Calder."

His first step, naturally, was to invade the Ziegerich establishment, where old man Ziegerich hailed his advent with heartfelt joy and put at his disposal all the resources of the place. The initial questions and searchings and examinings, at Ziegerich's, threw no light at all on Calder's new-old path.

Not until he voiced the most seemingly banal query of his list, did he strike something resembling a clue.

"Any employees left you, this past week?" he asked at last,

adding: "But of course that's the very first thing you'd have told me, if there had."

"Not a soul," replied Ziegerich. "It's even an off-week in the vacation schedule. All here—except, of course," he added as an afterthought, "poor Moreton."

"Moreton?" Calder fairly spat the name at him. "Moreton, hey? Tell me about his going!"

"He left us last Wednesday," said Ziegerich, in very genuine sorrow. "It's a mighty sad case. I wish I could do more for him. Tuesday his landlady telephoned down that he had had another hemorrhage. You know, his lungs have always been affected, more or less. And he took no sort of care of himself. Wednesday morning he came in here, looking more like a corpse than a live man. The doctor had just told him he had a bare six months to live, at best, and that he wouldn't have half that time unless he packed up, that very day, and hurried to Saranac. He came in to say good-by. Poor, faithful old chap! I could see he knew, as well as we did, that he'd never set foot in here again."

"H'm!" commented the detective sympathetically. "Too bad! Got his address, up at Saranac? I'd like to write to him, sometime. It might cheer him up."

FIVE minutes later, Clean-up Calder was hot-footing it to the boarding-house in which for years Moreton had lived. Thence, after a long and authoritative cross-questioning of a landlady (whom he reduced from lofty condescension to tearful spinelessness), he went to an address he had browbeaten her into giving him—and, thence, to three more places, in quick succession. After which, he took a train out of town—but not in the direction of Saranac.

At sunset, the same day, he climbed the steps of a small summer hotel, in a sleepy hill town, and went to the desk. There, he flicked the leaves of the register, for a moment.

He was not looking for a name. He was looking for a specimen of handwriting. A man may choose any of a million names, at will. But he can choose only one chirography. He may—and often does—try to disguise that chirography. But not once in a myriad times can he do so in a way to deceive anyone familiar with it.

Presently Calder left the desk and wandered aimlessly about the stuffy hotel lobby. Twice, he looked at his watch as though expecting some one who was late to an appointment there. Thence, he made his way, unnoted, to the stairs.

As he neared a room at the end of the second-floor corridor, the door of the apartment was opened. A man came out—a stoutish man with a short gray beard, and carrying a black bag.

"Excuse me, Doctor," said Calder timidly, as the man came toward him, down the hall. "But how is Mr. Baldwin, this evening? I only just heard he was here. And I'm worried about him. He and I have known each other a good many years. Is he very ill?"

"Yes," returned the doctor, recognizing the half cringing and wholly unhappy manner with which friends of the sick are forever approaching physicians. "He may pull through. Or he may not. He says he has had these hemorrhages before, and has always rallied within a few days. But—"

"How did he happen to send for you?" asked the humble questioner, still more meekly.

"He stopped here, overnight—or for a day or two—on his way to Asheville—down in North Carolina. He fell ill, and the proprietor called me in. The man is not fit for travel. But up to yesterday he kept insisting he must go on. Perhaps you can persuade him to give up the idea for the present."

"Perhaps I can," was the grim response. "Thanks, Doc!"

Brushing past the physician, Calder strode on to the sickroom, entered it, and shut and locked the door behind him.

Then he allowed himself a quick scrutiny of the place.

On the bed, his face green-white except for the cheekbones on which the disease had flung forth its scarlet "No Surrender!" signals, lay Moreton. At the sound of the key in the lock, he turned his languid eyes toward the door. Then, with a gurgle, he sat bolt upright.

"Hello, Moreton!" said Calder pleasantly. "I've dropped in for the Magnessen necklace. You've hid it under your pillow, I suppose? Yes? You would! It's a mistake to get playing with jewelry. It's apt to turn out this way. Jewels are funny things, if once you let them get under your skin."

As he talked, he approached the bed. With one outstretched hand, he prepared to fend off any resistance from the invalid. With the other, he began to grope under the tumbled pillows.

To his bewilderment, Moreton, after that first galvanic start of surprise at sight of him, made no move. But into the cadaverous face crept a grin. It was not a pretty expression. It was not normal. And, watching it spread and ripple athwart the thin lips, Calder was aware of a shivering sense of repulsion.

"Not there!" he muttered, withdrawing his fingers from their futile quest under the pillows, and striving to force back the jarring sensation bred of the other's hideous smile. "Where is it?"

For an instant, there was no reply. Dumbly, Moreton continued to gaze on his captor, his sunken eyes beginning to light up with a strange gleam whose meaning Calder could not fathom—and that dreadful grin of derision spreading and deepening amid the creases of his lower face.

"Come!" demanded Calder, again, half sick with the sight of that cryptic smile and the glint of the pale, deep-set eyes. "Where is it?"

Then, for the first time, the tight-drawn lips parted. The invalid panted, in a cracked and breathless falsetto:

"You're in the wrong pew! You blockhead fool! You can search this place till you're tired. I haven't got it. I had it. But I gave it to—to my—my girl."

He sank back, and fought for breath. Palpably, the man was in agony. Yet never once did that dreadful grin leave his lips, nor the mockingly insane light flicker out of his eyes.

"Ask her for it, you—you cheap bully!" he croaked, between raggedly labored breaths. "You bullied her into marrying you when a better man wanted her. Perhaps you can bully her into giving up the necklace. Even if you couldn't bully her into caring for you or staying true to you. Ask Lenore!"

For a moment the grin gave way to a grimace of rank terror, as Calder towered over him, rocking with blind fury, menacing the helpless figure with upflung hammerlike fists. But at once the look of fear was gone. Moreton saw the raging giant check himself and collapse into a chair by the bed. And he knew the peril of murder was past.

"You lie!" groaned Calder, over and over again, his words a cry of physical pain. "You lie!"

How long he sat crouched forward there, head in hands, he never knew. But the twilight had begun to fade when a sound made him lift his tortured face and glance toward the bed.

More than once, before, Calder had heard that same sound. There is no mistaking it; there is no imitating of it. It is the last sound to leave the human throat, driven forth perhaps by the rush of the departing soul.

That Moreton was dead,—that the shock had snuffed out his faint flame of life,—smote Calder with a sense of impotent wrath.

If only the man might have lived! If only he might have gotten well! If only Wolfe might have met him, foot to foot, in fair battle and have torn the lying life out of him with his naked hands! And now—

A tap at the door brought Calder to himself. Mechanically he stumbled across to the threshold and turned the key and the knob. Outside, stood a bellboy.

"Lady to see Mister Baldwin," observed the youth. "Says her name's Mrs. Calder. She—"

"Send her up!" ordered the man, curtly, maneuvering his own body in such fashion as to keep himself between the boy and the dim shape on the bed.

HE stepped back toward the window, and stood there waiting. His mind was still numb. But into it was crawling, like a frozen stream, this confirmation of the dead man's hideous charges. And, out of mind and heart was ebbing the last hope.

The bellboy's clumping feet echoed through the hallway. Between the intermittent thuds sounded the swish of a silken skirt, and a light, elastic tread that Calder knew so well. Followed a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Calder.

He made no effort to disguise his voice. Yet his own mother would not have recognized it. Even then, he could not concentrate his shattered thoughts.

She had come into the room. The creaking door had swung shut behind her. She was looking around, through the fast fading light. For the first time she seemed to realize that it was a bedroom into which she had been ushered. She took an instinctive step backward.

Then as her gaze roved toward the bed, Wolfe Calder lurched forward. Subconsciously, he was seeking to come between her and what lay sprawled there. So, always, had it been his instinct to stand between her and the harsher sights and facts of life.

The movement drew her eyes to (Continued on page 149)

Illustrated by William Meade Prince

Mr. Kelland, author of those splendid novels "Conflict" and "A Daughter of Discontent," has never told a more engrossing story than this of the dramatic adventures of Carmel Lee in Gibeon.



"Churchill was murdered. That man knows it. I believe he ordered the murder."

Contraband

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The Story So Far:

WHEN Carmel Lee undertook to manage a little run-down New England newspaper, the *Gibeon Free Press*, which she inherited from an uncle, shortly after her graduation from a Michigan college, she found that a "ring," of which Supervisor Delorme and wealthy Abner Fownes were leading figures, practically owned the town—though at the last election the people had rebelled and had put in office their own candidate for sheriff. Only a few days before Carmel's coming, however, Sheriff Churchill had mysteriously vanished; and Deputy Jenney and a hunchbacked tavern-keeper known as Peewee Bangs, creatures of Fownes', had warned the *Free Press*' printer Tubal not to print anything about Churchill's disappearance.

Carmel gave a job to Evan Pell, a quaint young pedant who had been unfairly dismissed from his position of school superintendent, and published his dynamite-laden letter of protest. And after receiving an anonymous warning she also printed this notice:

"The editor has been warned that she will be sent to join Sheriff Churchill if she meddles with his disappearance. The *Free Press* desires to give notice now that it will meddle until the whole truth is discovered and the criminal brought to justice. If murder has been done, the murderers must be punished."

Shortly thereafter Abner Fownes called upon Carmel and offered to cancel the chattel mortgage which he held on the *Free Press* plant and which came due in two months, if she would submit all "copy" for the paper for his visé and print only material which had his sanction. He also suggested that she discharge Pell. Carmel refused.

Soon afterward Fownes' henchman, the giant Deputy Jenney, attacked Pell in the street; and though the slighter man was

beaten he showed a courage which won the respect of everyone. And then one night Carmel saw some hundreds of bottles of whisky unloaded from an auto and hidden in the woods. This, then, was the sinister thing in the background of Gibeon's life.

Carmel removed one bottle of whisky and picked up a match-box made from a brass shotgun shell which she found lying near by. She then covered the bootlegger's hoard with boughs just as she had found it, and with her evidence hurried back to Gibeon. And presently there appeared in the *Free Press* the story of her find, accompanied by a scathing editorial which concluded: "Find the men who hid this whisky in the woods, and you will have the murderers of Sheriff Churchill."

Just before this article appeared, Abner Fownes called upon Carmel, and to her horror, proposed marriage; she indignantly declined. That evening, after the publication of Carmel's thunderbolt, her office-boy came to her with the news that men with sledge-hammers were coming to wreck the *Free Press* office.

Carmel met them with a shotgun—and used it; and when Pell and the printer Tubal fell upon the attackers from the rear, their defeat was turned to rout.

Fownes plotted again: he needed money desperately and planned a wholesale importation of liquor; he planned to protect himself by having Jenney appointed sheriff; and he planned to dispose of Carmel as he had made way with Sheriff Churchill.

Pell and Carmel learned of the scheme to have Jenney appointed sheriff and planned to get to the governor first with the name of Churchill's friend, Jared Whitefield. So when they learned that Fownes had taken the train for the capital, Carmel set out thither via a more direct route by motor. But she found



the governor absent from his office. He was giving a ball that night. Carmel, desperate, attended the ball uninvited. And the first person she encountered there was Abner Fownes!

Meanwhile Pell had intercepted a note purporting to be from a disgruntled member of the bootlegging gang, saying she could get evidence against them at the Lakeside road-house. Suspecting a trap, Pell had not shown the note to Carmel, but had gone himself in answer to the message. (*The story continues in detail:*)

CARMEL was astonished at herself; she discovered herself to be cool and self-possessed, determined rather than frightened.

Abner Fownes' face reassured her. It wore an expression such as would have been more suitable to one in Carmel's position—an interloper in danger of being detected and ejected from the house. His eyes were something more than startled or surprised; they were unbelieving. His face mirrored the sensations of a man whose plans have gone wrong unbelievably. He was angry, almost frightened, at a loss. She took command of the situation before his moment of weakness passed.

"Good evening, Mr. Fownes," she said.

"G-good evening," he answered. "What—how—" Then he smirked and drew himself up to the full realization of his stature. He resumed character. "I did not know," he said pompously, "that you were an acquaintance of the governor's."

"May it not be possible," Carmel said sweetly, "that there are a number of things you do not know?"

"Young woman, you are impertinent," he said, drawing his shoulders upward and his neck inward very much like a corpulent turtle in a state of exasperation. Carmel smiled, and he saw the derision in her eyes.

"I have warned you," he said. "My patience nears the breaking-point."

"And then?" Carmel asked.

Battle ensued, and spectators estimated that more than forty dollars' worth of haberdashery was destroyed by the fury of it.

For the first time she saw the man, the real Abner Fownes. Lines, cultivated by years of play-acting in a character part, disappeared from his face. His chins seemed to decrease in number, his cheeks to become less pudgy, his eyes less staring and fatuous. His jaw showed strong and ruthless; his eyes turned cold and deadly and intelligent. She saw in him a man capable of planning, of directing, of commanding other men—a man who would pause before no obstacle, a man whose absurd body was but a convenient disguise for a powerful, sinister personality. He was no longer ridiculous; he was dangerous, impressive.

"Miss Lee," he said, "for reasons of your own you have gone out of your way to antagonize me. I was attracted to you. I would have been your friend. I credited you with brains and ability. But you are not intelligent. You are very foolish."

There was no threat, no rancor. There was even a certain courtesy and dignity in his manner, but it frightened her more than rage and bluster could have done.

"If you do not return to Gibbon," he said, "I will forget your antagonism."

"What are you saying?"



"Your presence in Gibeon has become an annoyance. If you do not return—it will be wise."

"Not return! To Gibeon, and to the *Free Press*! You are absurd."

"In a few days," he observed calmly, "there will be no Gibeon *Free Press*."

"There will be a *Free Press* in Gibeon," she answered, "long after the bankruptcy courts have settled the affairs of Abner Fownes."

As she spoke, she knew she had been again the victim of impulse; she had betrayed knowledge which she should not have betrayed. Fownes was expressionless, but his eyes glowed like sun upon sullied ice.

"I have no more to say to you," he said, and there was a finality in his words which conveyed more than the sense of the words themselves. It was as if he had spoken a death-sentence.

A servant peered into the alcove and entered with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Mr. Fownes?" he said.

"Yes."

"A telegram, sir. The governor said he saw you come in here, sir."

"Thank you." Fownes tore open the envelope. He read the message slowly, then stood staring at it thoughtfully while Carmel held her breath. She sensed a menace in the telegram, something which threatened her and her enterprise.

He turned and peered at her, and there was something saturnine in his eyes, almost mocking.

"I imagine this concerns you," he said. "It is from Deputy Jenney. It may interest you." He read aloud: "Whitefield out for sheriff. Miss Lee left town in his automobile." He shrugged his shoulders. "I wondered how you got here," he said after a moment. Then: "How did you get in here?"

"That is the governor's affair, not yours," she said.

"True," he made answer. "Suppose we leave the matter with him."

He turned to the waiting servant. "Ask the governor to step here, please. Tell him it is important." Then to Carmel: "It will not be rather embarrassing for you to see the governor here?"

"I came to see him."

"Uninvited."

She made no answer. What could she say? What could she do? When the governor appeared and she was denounced to him as an intruder, as a woman who forced her way into a private entertainment, how could she reach his ear with her petition? Would not the fact of her being an intruder make her case hopeless? For a moment she was unnerved. She meditated flight. But then there arose in her a stubbornness, a resolution. Back of it was this thought: "He is depending on me. *He* sent me to do this. *He* looks to me to succeed." The *he* was emphasized. It did not occur to her to wonder how Evan Bartholomew Pell came to be of such importance to her in this moment, or why the fact that he was relying upon her should sustain her in this crisis. Nevertheless it was so.

She saw a tall, handsome man approach the alcove. From dimly remembered lithographs, she knew him to be the governor, and as he approached in his dignified way, she studied him. Her scrutiny told her little. The man who approached might be a great man, a statesman, a man of tremendous depth and character—or he might be nothing but an appearance. She hoped he was a man.

He entered and extended his hand to Fownes. "Glad you ran up," he said cordially. "I saw you come in, but couldn't break away. How is Gibeon?"

"Gibeon," said Abner, "is flourishing."

The governor turned his eyes from Fownes to Carmel, and they lighted an instant in tribute to her loveliness.

"Your daughter?" he asked.

"You don't know the young woman?" Fownes said.

"It is my misfortune," said the governor.

"Um! Possibly. Then, as I supposed, she is not here at your invitation?"

The governor looked from one to the other of them, and seemed distressed, embarrassed. He sensed a tenseness, a situation, and of all things, he hated to face situations.

"I don't understand," he said.

Carmel stepped closer. "Governor," she said, "I am not a guest. I came to see you today on an important matter—a matter of life and death. I went to your office, but you had gone. It was necessary to see you tonight. So I came. I am an intruder—but I will go as quickly as I can—after I have spoken with you."

Fownes shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"The young woman deserves to get ahead," he said, "if effrontery can win success. Fortunately, I know her, Governor. She owns a bankrupt, blackmailing rag in Gibeon. That is unimportant, but otherwise, I am sure your wife would not care to have her rubbing elbows with her guests. In Gibeon—" He paused to allow the innuendo to take effect. Then: "To prevent unpleasantness, or any chance of her recognition here, the best thing will be to call a servant and show her quietly to the street."

Carmel knew such rage as she had never known before. She could have struck Fownes. Hot words sprang to her lips, but she suppressed them, fought for self-control. She laid a tiny hand on the governor's arm.

"Sir," she said, "you occupy a great position in this State. Thousands of people look up to you for the qualities you must possess. Fairness must be among them. I insist that you listen to me now. —Abner Fownes, you have lied, deliberately and maliciously. You know there is no reason why I should not be here, no reason why any man or woman should object to my presence. It was a cowardly lie—told because you were afraid."

"Shall I call a servant—to prevent a scene? Your guests may overhear. It wouldn't read well in the papers," Fownes suggested.

The governor hesitated, for he was a vacillating man, timorous, a mirror reflecting stronger images than his own.

"I—possibly you had better go quietly," he said.

"I shall not go," Carmel said. "You shall hear me. I will not leave except by force—and then you will have your scene. It is too late for me to care what happens now. If you dare to eject me, I promise you a scene!"

"But—young woman—"

"My name is Miss Lee," she supplied. "If you will listen to me five minutes, I will go."

"Nonsense!" said Fownes.

"Why did she come? What is it all about? This is most unpleasant," said the governor.

"Why did I come? What is it about? It is about murder!"

"Murder! What—murder?"

"The murder of Sheriff Churchill, of Gibeon."

"But he was not murdered. He ran away, absconded."

Fownes laughed. "You have all the facts in that matter, Governor."

"I think so."

"You have no facts," Carmel clutched his sleeve. "This man, if he has given you the facts you have, has lied to you."

Sheriff Churchill is dead. He did not abscond. He was killed doing his duty, by men who feared detection."

"What are you saying? What is this, Fownes? What does she mean?"

"Politics," said Fownes, in a voice he tried to keep steady.

"It is not politics. Sheriff Churchill was lured from his home and killed. I know! By the crowd of men in Gibeon who are making themselves rich by smuggling whisky over the border! There is a wholesale traffic, Governor. I have seen it. I myself discovered a cache of hundreds of bottles in the woods. It is no petty bootlegging, but a great, wholesale traffic."

"Nonsense!" said Fownes.

"The headquarters of it is the Lakeside Hotel," pursued Carmel. "That is the point of distribution. Deputy Sheriff Jenney, whom this man has come to ask you to appoint sheriff in Mr. Churchill's place, is a crony of the proprietor. He is in on it, as I shall prove. But he is not the head of it. These men, because I printed in my paper what I discovered, came to wreck my plant. I believe they are ready to do with me as they did with Sheriff Churchill. So I have come—I have forced my way to you to beg you not to make that appointment. It gives these lawbreakers, these murderers, control of the legal machinery of the county. Governor, do you know Jared Whitefield?"

"I—do," said the governor.

"He is a good man, a capable man, an honest man, and he has agreed to accept the appointment as sheriff, and to clean out this association of lawbreakers. That is my purpose in coming here—to ask his appointment of you."

"Whitefield—Whitefield! What's this? What's this about Whitefield, Fownes?" The governor was bewildered. Whitefield's name completed his consternation. He despised conflict of any sort, and political conflict most of all. If there was trouble between Whitefield and Fownes, it would mean taking sides. . . . Whitefield! He knew what Whitefield was capable of, and Fownes—Fownes was supposed to control his county. He quite lost sight of the specific matter in hand, in his agitation over distant political aspects.

"Whitefield's out of politics. This woman's just raked up his name. He's dead. She lies."

"But—he's got a following. Not only in his county! There was talk of his running for governor once."

"There would be again if you gave him this appointment," said Fownes adroitly. "Now, Jenney deserves the place. He knows the machinery of the office—and I want him to have the job."

"Jenney's a brute and a criminal. If you appoint him, you'll outrage the decent people of the whole county—and I'll take care they know how and why you appointed him," said Carmel. Her courage was in its place again. She was not afraid, but she was desperate. "I'll tell the people how the governor of this State rewards a man for being a party to the murder of a public official. It wont sound well."

"But Churchill wasn't murdered. He—he absconded," said the governor.

"He was murdered. That man knows it." Carmel cast off all discretion. "I believe he ordered the murder. I know he is the head and brains of this liquor-smuggling conspiracy. I suspect he's plotting to put me out of the way. He's bankrupt. Do you know that, Governor? He's fighting off his creditors, keeping his head above the surface with money he gets from smuggling and selling whisky. That's Abner Fownes. That's the man who asks you to appoint his Man Friday sheriff. You dare not do it, Governor. You'll be a party to murder if you do. Oh, Governor, please, please see this thing as it is.

It's an opportunity. We can break this thing up; we can destroy this traffic going on under the surface of Gibeon, turning decent people into lawbreakers. I tell you,"—her voice lifted,— "I tell you Abner Fownes is as guilty of Sheriff Churchill's murder as if he had done it with his own hand."



Evan Pell was dead! Her impulse was to go to him, to avenge him.



"They wont kill you if you get away," she said. "Now tell me what you know—quickly!"

Fownes shrugged his shoulders and forced a laugh. "I told you it was a blackmailing sheet," he said.

"I know. But Whitefield—that's what worries me. I don't want a war on my hands."

"Governor, have you listened to me?" Carmel said fiercely. "Have you heard what I have told you—and hearing it, are you worrying about petty political squabbles? We are talking about murder."

"I—I must go back to my guests. I'll take this matter under advisement. I'll have it investigated. —Fownes, why did you get me into this mess?"

"Governor," said Fownes, "I'm going away from here with Jenney's appointment as sheriff in my pocket. Think back. It was my county put you where you are. I swung it for you. I can just as well swing it against you—and election isn't far off. My county can keep you out of the Senate. If you listen to a fool girl who is trying to blackmail me, why, that's your lookout, but you're a dead chicken in this State. Either I get Jenney, or I throw every dollar I own and every ounce of my influence against you. You're none too strong. You shilly-shally. You've listened to a pack of lies, and you know they are lies. Who is Whitefield to disturb you?"

"But if there was a murder?"

"Fiddlesticks! Do I get Jenney or not? Fish, Governor, or cut bait."

The governor looked appealingly at Carmel, turned his eyes to Abner Fownes. He was an exceedingly unhappy man.

"You—you have no evidence," he said. "You make grave charges, and on nothing but your unsupported word. I—in fairness, I do not see how I can consider them. Charges against a man of Fownes' standing!"

Carmel knew she was defeated. Her mission had been in vain. Such a man as the governor was to be reached only by underground channels, by the political alleys and blind byways so well known to him. He was spineless, a figurehead, nothing. Fownes would get his man; Jenney would become sheriff; and Gibeon would be abandoned into the arms of the liquor-smugglers. To her personally it meant more than this: it meant imminent danger. With the machinery for detecting and apprehending criminals in his hands, Fownes would find little difficulty in disposing of her. She made one more desperate effort, pleading, cajoling, arguing—but in vain.

"Shall I call the servant?" Fownes said with his cold eyes upon Carmel. "I think we have had enough of this."

"No scene—we must have no scene! Will you go quietly, Miss Lee."

"I will go," she said, "and heaven help a State with such a man at its head!"

She went out of the alcove, ascended the stairs, and found her wrap. Her automobile drew up as its number was called, and she entered.

"The telegraph-office, quickly," she said.

At the office she sent two messages, one to Evan Pell, the other to Jared Whitefield himself. They announced her failure.

"Can you—will you drive me back to Gibeon tonight?" she asked the chauffeur.

"Mr. Whitefield said I was to do whatever you wanted."

"The hotel, then, until I get my bag."

In twenty minutes she was in the car again, speeding over the dark roads toward home, heavy of heart, weighed down with foreboding. It was nearly eleven o'clock. She felt as if she could not reach Gibeon soon enough, (Continued on page 130)



"You see," Pete explained, "I was twenty-one at the time, and at twenty-one a man is liable to do most

Two aged babes in the woods were Alf and Pete; and all things considered, their points of view with regard to women—and overshoes—were justified.

Man Going East

By FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by Chase Emerson

"WELL, what are you going to do about it?" Alf asked truculently when Pete finished reading the letter. "Most likely, you got to do something. You can't just ignore it."

Pete carefully folded the paper back into its original creases and placed it in the envelope. He laid it on the battered table between him and Alf, looked at it accusingly, stared out of the open window, scratched his hairless and shining scalp, and grinned the forlorn grin of a man who faces a disagreeable duty.

"Man to man, aint it hell?" he asked, reaching for his pipe.

"Hell and repeat," Alf acquiesced. "But I'm asking, what are you going to 'do?'"

"I'm going to set here and think," Pete murmured. "Whatever I do, there's no hurry. This is a thing that takes a lot of deep thought."

"And when you get all through your deep thought," Alf said dismally, "I lose a home. I like this old shack. I'd hate to pass it up, Pete."

"You don't hate to pass it up worse'n I do," Pete retorted. "I lived here longer than you have, y'old fool. What are you bellerin' about, anyhow? You aint the one of us that has to go East."

"That's the way with women," Alf reflected bitterly. "If you



anything, but principally he's liable to get himself married."

think you can get away from women, you aint what I call a high-class thinker. Time don't make no difference to 'em. Distance don't make no difference. Nothing don't make no difference. You can't get away from 'em, the same as ham can't get away from aigs."

Pete stared gloomily at the letter where it lay among the stains of long-spilled coffee. He glanced about the living-room, filled with familiar and mostly useless objects, and sighed. It was a man's room. It reeked of the male animal. No fair hand had ever tidied it up. No woman had ever swept the floor, cleaned the sink or hung chintz curtains at the window. The definite marks of her presence ordinarily left by the female were not to be found in this abode, wherein Pete Greenleaf and Alf Potter had dwelt in amity and the smell of old pipes for lo, these many years.

"Aint it hell?" Pete asked again, seeming to find comfort in the homely question. He picked up the letter and silently regarded it. Alf, in his corner by the stove, said nothing, because, as Alf saw it, there was mighty little to be said, taking everything into consideration, and remembering what a mule Pete Greenleaf was.

A stranger might have read the communication without undue excitement, because it was a friendly word from an old friend. Pete wrinkled his ancient countenance into seven thousand small wrinkles, and pored on over the missive, grunting from time to time, and calling Alf's attention to its close resemblance to the hot place.

"Let's have it again," Alf said finally. "Begin at the jump-off and let's hear what the old crow wants."

Pete shifted his spectacles and complied.

"Dear Peter," he read, "it seems to me, and it must now seem to you, that we have both waited long enough. In the course of time, we shall both grow old, and I feel sad when I think of you as an old man, with no one near you."

Alf interrupted when Pete got this far.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked indignantly. "I'm near you, aint I?"

"She dunno about you," Pete explained. "I never said nothin' about you, Alf."

"She dunno about you, either," Alf replied. "If she could sit here and see what kind of a scarecrow you turned out to be, she wouldn't talk much."

Pete read on without further comment:

"It is a good many years since you went away, Peter, and lately I have been thinking about you more than ever, and wondering what to do, for I know something must be done. I think the only way is to be firm with you, because while you are a lovable soul, you are weak, and you need a firm hand."

"Aint that nice?" Pete paused to inquire. "I need a firm hand. I might swallow a spool of thread or something."

Alf merely grunted.

"Therefore, Peter," the thing continued, "let me tell you what I have decided. I am just as fond of you as when you left Pittsburgh, and I always thought that you should have been my husband, though Fate ordered it otherwise. You need a woman to look after you. I have everything that money can buy, and I can take care of you. As I write, it is late in June, and I am inclosing two hundred dollars in this letter, which will provide your railroad tickets and whatever else you need, so that you have no excuse for delaying. I want you to come home on or before the first day of August. Come before, if you can, but certainly not later than that. I am tired of all the old excuses and delays, and I will not listen to them again. You must come, Peter, and this time, I am more in earnest than ever before. We will be married soon after you get here, and settle down in our new home, which is prepared and waiting. You must not disappoint me. If you fail me this time, then I am through with you forever. I shall never write you again. I shall never think of you. That's all, Peter. Come before August first, or forget that you ever looked into the eyes of Laura Quinney."

"That's all," Pete said.

"That's plenty," Alf remarked. "Can you get away from them? I ask you."

As anyone can see, there was nothing in the letter to disturb a reasonable man, and Pete regarded himself as reasonable. Twenty-five years before, he had gone through the same sort of experience, and the lady was the same Laura Quinney. As Pete recalled the misty details, she had then written him many letters, and some of them were about the tone of this one. Now, after he had come to feel that the Laura Quinney incident was permanently closed, this communication dropped from a clear sky and threw the household into mild ferment.

Alf Potter had come into the picture much later, and had nothing to do with the original situation, just as he probably would have nothing to do with Pete's new problem and its solution. Alf was all right. He sometimes sucked air through his teeth, in moments of abstraction, making a peculiar hissing noise, but outside of that, he wasn't so bad. Pete rather liked having him around the place, because Alf was a comfortable sort and could be depended upon for eating tobacco. Some men are always out of eating tobacco, but not Alf.

Pete and Alf were well over a hundred years old between them, but the exact figures have been lost. Alf never rightly knew his precise age, because as he had it from friends, he had been born on a whaling vessel, and the early facts were more or less obscured, as might be expected in a daily routine where whales were far more important than infants.

For six years or more, the twain had shared the shack in Bear Valley, hidden away behind the Conejo Mountains, and ten miles distant from the Pine Knot post office, which is the last outpost of civilization as you travel into the hill country. Ten miles is a trifle unless most of it happens to climb over a mountain range. Whenever Pete and Alf started for Pine Knot, which they did on necessary occasions, they trudged through Skinner's Pass, which isn't any great shakes as a pass, considering that it is



"All right," said the man. "You may have a cold, but I've got a six-shooter."

three thousand feet up, and the worst of the Conejos is only four thousand.

The other road to Pine Knot runs up through the valley to where the Conejo range flattens out, and is seventy-five miles over dead

trails. Bear Valley is twelve miles wide at its widest point, with the Conejos on the right and the Bear Mountains on the left. The dusk comes early in the lowlands, and there is always a sharp chill, even in August. A few deserted shacks are scattered up and down the valley, but none of them is occupied, and for years before Pete Greenleaf came in, the domicile he selected had been like the others, a semi-ruin of one story, with broken windows, doors hanging from decrepit hinges, and a wavering tin smokestack over the kitchen.

Pete and Alf bore a faint resemblance to each other. They both wore faded blue overalls and shirts lacking in buttons and other refinements. Both were extensively bald and somewhat nearsighted, and both were blessed with scraggly whiskers, stained a muddy brown from many years' indulgence in fine-cut. Pete's face was red and chipped-looking, and his scalp was a light pink on top but more of a maroon on the sides, with raised veins running here and there, like the canals on Mars.

Alf leaned to interesting pallor. In his youth, the neighbors all thought of him as a delicate child, who would be likely to die the following month. He must have been larger once than he was now, because he had latterly begun to shrivel a bit. His skin looked like a pelt of buckskin that has hung in the sun a long time. He had a pale countenance, with watery blue eyes and red-rimmed lids. Like Pete, Alf was equipped with a complete outfit of wrinkles that began anywhere and ran down into his chest. Both, though elderly, were tough, in the same sense that Maine round-steak is tough.

Pete hadn't spoken seven consecutive words to a woman in the past ten years, except to answer questions. Not that Mr. Greenleaf had any particular objection to women, but it had always been his custom to let them do the talking—which after long experience, he had found a feasible scheme. As far as human knowledge goes, Alf was even more distant with the opposite sex. Long ago he had come to certain conclusions, and one of them was that there was virtually no difference between women and trouble.

Pete had always been the official hunter, while Alf had attended to the fishing. Pete could remove the old gun from its hook over the table, go out any morning and return before noon with a bagful of animal food. There was still plenty of small game in Bear Valley, and Pete Greenleaf would eat anything he could shoot, except gophers. Alf would eat a gopher under certain conditions of extreme stress, but he preferred not to, because the best of gophers are stringy by nature, and taste like a leather belt.

During the years the old-timers lived together in Bear Valley, they lugged in supplies from Pine Knot, carrying them across the Pass without murmur. Their food was always severe, simple and canned. Once a month Pete would collect a fifty-dollar money-order from Eddy Lockhardt at the Pine Knot post office and have it cashed on the spot.

Bear Valley was once a gold strike El Dorado, and there remain hundreds of abandoned placer mines, though Pete and Alf never gave a thought to the gold. What Pete wanted, when he first came prowling into the Valley, was a house free of rent. He had been accustomed to free housing in the San Berdoo country since the day he arrived in California, and he had thoroughly got over the custom of paying money for a habitation.

Some people might decline to live as Alf and Pete lived, owing to the silence and the absence of other humans. There was nothing but a fuzzy-topped mountain to look at from the windows of Pete's demesne. The trees loomed gaunt and tall against the sky and their withered branches rattled in the night and produced queer sounds. You could go up the valley forty miles and never meet a living soul, though you might find the remains of an old gold town, or a shack here and there in the wilderness. You would run across an occasional dim trail and get lost if you followed it. Nobody came into the Valley from September till June, but in the summer season the inquiring tourist was likely to show up in his natty yellow pants and his soldier puttees, and when that happened, Alf and Pete prepared to bear up stoically and answer fool questions. Visitors would always ask how it was possible to stand the desolation year after year, and didn't they miss the real life, such as one finds in cities? Pete generally answered all tourist questions, because Alf hadn't sufficient poise. There was one explorer carrying an alpenstock and wearing an Alpine hat, who poked at objects in the kitchen and asked nine hundred questions. Alf called this one a snooping fool and bade him begone, and after that, Pete talked to strangers and Alf sat behind the henhouse.

IN front of the house was what might be loosely called a garden, and some years, to Pete's intense surprise, Alf actually persuaded the garden to grow small vegetables. Sespee Creek ran a few rods from the door and assured a water supply.

Inside this abode of peace there was a general air of neglect and disrepair that would drive an orderly woman frantic. The stove had three regular legs and a tomato can for the fourth. On the wall hung Pete's ancient gun, and there were shells everywhere. The principal decoration was empty tin cans. Both men had always hated to throw them away, there being no telling when a tin can may be needed for something. Such need never appeared, but they were taking no chances.

Floor and chairs and table were littered with newspapers that had faded to a dingy brown. On the wall, above the stove, was a colored lithograph of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, which time and the stove had baked almost black. There was a photograph of John L. Sullivan behind the door, clipped from a sporting paper that died even before John L. did. A mirror swung in the breeze beside the single window—that is, it would have been a mirror if the glass had remained in it. On the floor was a piece of linoleum that had fallen off a rancher's wagon and had been discovered by Pete and brought home in pride. The clock had a full set of figures running from one to twelve, but the hour hand was broken off near the driving shaft.

The ancient flooring was broken through in places, and a stranger was compelled to walk with care. This was the living-room, where Alf and Pete sat for years, eating and smoking and discussing life and events. There were two other rooms. In

Alf's was a sagging cot, with a rusty spring and some leathery-looking coverlets. Pete's boudoir was more seemly. It contained an iron bed, which had not been made up regularly since Dewey slipped it to the Dons at Manilla Bay.

FOR six or seven years, Pete and Alf had sat back and let the world go by. Riches were theirs, because they had the fifty dollars a month. It was really Pete's fifty, but it was shared between them. It was more than they needed, actual running expenses being about twenty dollars a month in summer and half that in winter.

The first meeting between Pete and Alf occurred in the Santa Fe saloon in San Bernardino, and it was an accidental gesture of Fate. It was on one of the rare occasions when Pete came down from his valley home to see how the world wagged. Pete generally did his observing from the Santa Fe bar when in town, and this day Alf Potter drifted in from the Mojave Desert, accompanied by a thirst of some size, and a very weary mule. There was nothing more to that meeting than that the two of them chanced to line up at the bar.

"Have a drink?" Pete invited the stranger.

"Sure," Alf said.

They had it, and polite conversation began. Pete said what his name was, and Alf volunteered like information about himself.

"Where you from?" Pete asked.

"Up there," said Alf, indicating the Sierras.

"Where you going?"

"Nowheres in particular—probably back."

"Got a home?"

"I got a mule," Alf responded, "and a tent."

"You might as well come up and stop with me a spell," Pete invited.

"Got a wife?" Alf asked suspiciously.

"No," Pete said. "And it aint much of a place, neither."

"All right," Alf agreed, and that's all there was to it. Alf accompanied Pete into Bear Valley to stop a spell, and seven years later he was still present. To be sure, there had been one brief talk about his leaving, some two months after he met Pete in the Santa Fe bar. Alf ventured to suggest one day that perhaps he had better be moving on.

"Where to?" Pete demanded. "Will you tell me that? Where to?"

"Nowheres in particular," Alf replied. "I suppose I ought to be getting along. I aint never stopped anywheres."

"You're an old fool," said Pete. "You got as much sense as a gopher. Aint this shebang good enough for you?"


"It's all right," Alf replied lamely.

"Then shut up about moving along."

So the years crept on, calmly and majestically. Somebody started a war, about which they heard vague reports. They hunted and fished and quarreled enough to keep up a fair interest in life. They cooked their meals on the ancient stove, smoked their pipes and watched the sun go down behind Old Baldy. Always there was an ample supply of rum handy in case of emergency, because in winter the doctor was a long way off. At five o'clock every afternoon, Alf called Pete inside, or Pete called Alf inside. One of them procured the little brown jug,

and one of them held the two glasses, while the other one poured the daily rations. It was a simple ceremony, but an unailing one, and Pete always said, "May your liver never turn to water," to which Alf always responded: "Prosit."

Naturally they had very little to do with those peculiar creatures uncertainly described as women. Not that this condition had always been so! Alf rarely spoke of his past, and whatever it was in detail, no man knew or cared, least of all Pete. Pete himself, though hidden by a wall of mountains, secure



A thin wisp of smoke spiraled from the ancient pipe. "Somebody's jumped me!" Pete exclaimed, startled.

in his shabby shack, with Alf for a faithful friend, and the world for his oyster, was nevertheless a fugitive from matrimony. After he had known Alf two years and had begun to trust him, Pete volunteered the story, and Alf was properly sympathetic.

"You see," Pete explained one night after supper, while they sat on the stoop in the moonlight and smoked, "there wasn't any real wrong done anybody. I was somewhere around twenty-one at the time, and at twenty-one a man is liable to do most any-

thing, but principally, he's liable to rush out and get himself married. It's done every day by young squirts, who spend the next thirty years discovering that a slight mistake has been made."

"Where was you?" Alf asked, after admitting that anyone who marries of his own free will ought to be put away.

"Pittsburgh," said Pete. "Born there. The girl's name was Laura Quinney, and a dang fine girl she was. Her old man was a baker, and many a night he chased me off their front porch. I was working for a gas-fixture man, making seven dollars a week, so naturally I wanted to get married. Every young man that works up to seven dollars a week always wants to hurry out and be married. Anyhow, Laura and I talked it over and decided to hook up."

"Like many a better man before you," said Alf.

"I wasn't feeling any too well those days," continued Pete. "About a month before the wedding, I decided a trip would be good for me. Laura thought so too. I felt awful run down. So I started on a two-weeks vacation to Chicago."

"I been there," said Alf. "I wouldn't call it a nice town, but I've been there."

"I didn't stop in Chicago," Pete said. "Met some people who were going to Salt Lake City, and they told me what a grand place it was, and how a man ought to see it. I went to Salt Lake City."

"I been there too," said Alf. "They got a pipe organ."

"Finally I drifted into San Bernardino, and into the same bar where I met you. Met a man named Reynolds, and he either bought me a drink or I bought him one."

"He bought you one," said Alf. "Go ahead."

"Well, we got to be friends, and so he let me have a house he wasn't using, and I sort of lingered."

Peter spoke the truth. He had lingered for six or seven months, writing an occasional letter to Laura and stating that his health was still precarious, and that maybe they would do right to postpone the wedding until he became strong enough to make the transcontinental trip.

"I never went back to Pittsburgh," Pete explained apologetically. "Laura was mighty sensible about it. She always said I was a queer person, so she never got mad at me."

This was likewise true. Instead, Laura wrote to Pete in those ancient days, advising him to take good care of his health, and to be sure to wear overshoes, on account of his catching cold so readily, and the climate of California being notoriously bad, as she had heard from the minister.

SOMETIME during the fifteen years after Pete landed in San Bernardino, the Reynoldses sold out their extensive properties and Sam Reynolds died. Pete faced the choice of moving or paying rent. He moved, and thus it came that he straggled into Bear Valley in search of a simple home without a landlord attachment.

"What about the female?" Alf asked.

"Nothing," said Pete. "She's still in Pittsburgh. She waited for five years, and then she writes me one day and asks me what I thought about her getting married to Jerome Ramsay. He was a young fellow in the Farmers' National Bank. She told me he was a nice-seeming young man. They both belonged to the same church, and after Laura explained, I couldn't see any reason why she shouldn't marry him. I said so, and that's what she did."

One result of Laura's marriage was the money-order for fifty dollars, arriving at Pine Knot on the first of each month. Laura was a sensible soul, married or single. She realized that Pete had to have money and that he would probably neglect to earn it, so she sent him what she thought he required. It turned out that Jerome was a lot better off than anyone had expected. He was made vice-president of his bank soon after Laura married him, and as time went on, he was promoted, and in the end Laura Quinney was the wife of a bank president, with a carriage on Sundays.

One of the first things Laura did on coming into a competency was to think of Pete Greenleaf in the far-off wilds of California, irresponsible as always, and probably in need. So she put him on a pension.

At intervals she likewise sent him a pair of overshoes with felt tops and large metal clasps, because Laura never got over the notion that California is a damp and clammy clime, and that a California cold is the worst kind one can have and generally kills its owner. She pointed out this medical fact to Pete and wrote him urgent letters about the overshoes. Pete never put foot in one. He regarded them as curiosities and hung them from nails.

In time the shack looked a good deal like a small store dealing largely in overshoes.

Laura's banking husband lasted a long time and then cashed in quietly one day and went the way of all good bankers to a land where the interest on deposits is probably less than one per cent. Pete heard about the passing of Jerome, but he gave it no special thought, because bankers are dying every day, and why worry over one more or less? When Mr. Ramsay departed, he left Laura the bulk of a nice fortune, and as Laura was still within the fifties, she sat down in Pittsburgh, thought the thing over and came to definite conclusions. She took her pen in hand and wrote Pete the letter, which he regarded as an ultimatum.

IN the days that followed the coming of this letter, affairs around the valley shack moved on about the same, but there was a deep and perceptible undercurrent of unrest. Pete mooned about the premises in a dejected manner, staring at the far-off Conejos and talking to himself. Alf knew what was going on in Pete's mind, and one night at supper he spoke up.

"Pete," he said, "why don't you forget this Laura letter? You'll fret yourself sick."

"Well," Pete replied, "I said some thinking had to be done, and I'm doing it. We've led a mighty peaceful life here in this valley, Alf, but it looks now as though it's all over with us."

"You don't mean that," Alf said.

"I do. I'm going back to Pittsburgh. It's a tough thing for a man of my age to have to do, but I'm going to do it. Getting married is bad enough, but think of a man going to Pittsburgh to get married!"

"You mean you're going to do what Laura wants?" Alf asked, horror-stricken.

"Yup," said Pete sadly. "It's my duty. I never did my duty yet, in a whole lifetime, and now, daggun it, I'm going to do my duty. Laura's right. She's waited for me a long time, and in a certain way of speaking, I threw her down twenty-five years ago. Now it's up to me to go back to Pittsburgh and marry the lady."

"What about me?" Alf demanded resentfully.

"What about *you!* My Gosh! You're old enough to take care of yourself. You did it before I knew you."

"I can't live in this shack all alone," Alf replied. "How would I buy my groceries? Where would I get any rum? Suppose I got sick and died some night?"

"You're certain to get sick and die *some* night," Pete retorted. "That aint anything to worry about. Think of me going to Pittsburgh to marry a rich woman! I'll probably have to wear a white collar and cuffs and have my finger-nails cut off. Suppose they make me take a bath every Saturday with a servant watching to see I do it? I may have to go to church or have my whiskers curled, for all you know. You aint got any kick coming. I'm the one."

"But why bust us up?" Alf demanded irritably. "We're all right where we are."

"We *were* all right till that letter came. You read that letter as well as me, and you know in your heart what I ought to do, after making the woman wait twenty-five years. If I didn't pay any attention, my conscience would sting me till I died."

"You're going back and marry her?" Alf asked incredulously.

"I am. I hate to give up this place, and I hate to go East, and I hate to get married; but I got a conscience. There's no other way out of it."

"When are you going?" Alf faltered.

"Right away—soon's I can get started. Don't I have to be there August first?"

"All right," Alf said. "If it's your duty, go on and do it. Only it's tough on me."

PETE'S preparations for the momentous step were few, simple and hasty. He had no best suit, no traveling equipment, and he decided not to bother about anything till he got to Pittsburgh and consulted Laura.

"You forget that you aint the same looking lad that Laura saw last," Alf suggested. "It may be when the lady gets a peek at what you're bringing her, she may wish she hadn't wrote that letter. I can't think of any woman actually wanting to marry a shriveled marmot like you."

"I aint as handsome as I was," Pete admitted, "but Laura's probably the least mite frayed herself. Generally they get fat. Anyhow, what's looks got to do with it?"

"Looks has a heap to do with every marriage," Alf said.

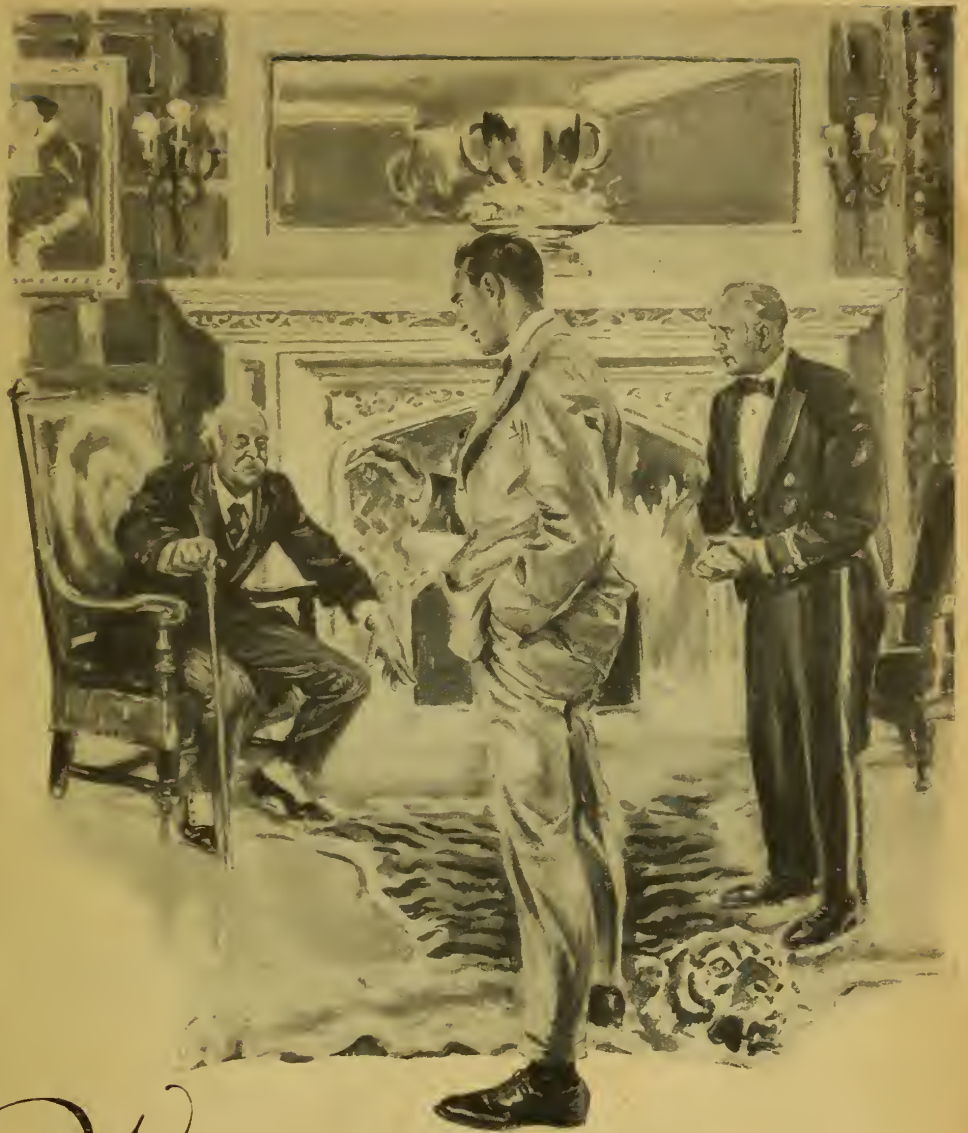
The program of departure was simple. Pete was to buy his ticket first to San Bernardino on the (Continued on page 150)

"Throw him out!" ordered the Earl. "Brain the idiot! Kick him down the stairs!"

GERALD BEAUMONT

has never written a more captivating story than this of the racing greyhounds that are yearly matched on the plains of Missouri and Oklahoma in defense of their kennels' honor.

*Illustrated by
Charles Sarka*



The Wellington Cup

HOUNDS HALL MANOR should have been in England, of course. But for reasons you shall see it was in California—a very wonderful estate, famous as the abode of the Ormsbys, the resting place of the Wellington Cup and the home of the greatest greyhounds in America.

Just why this bit of old Britain should have been transplanted by the sixteenth Ormsby, and cultivated so persistently, was a matter that none could understand save those who knew the hectic history of the family.

Anyway, Otho—the seventeenth Ormsby—came back from England, where he was supposed to have stayed, and shortly after his arrival, he put a jolly old bombshell under his father's chair. It took three days for Otho to get up his nerve, and in the meantime he did his best to put his Lordship in good humor. But the master of Hounds Hall Manor, being a judge of blooded stock, recognized certain symptoms in the behavior of his son.

"Come, come," he said testily. "You've been feeding me taffy on a stick. Out with it, you puppy! What the devil have you really been up to?"

Otho's lean legs ceased their crossing and recrossing. He got to his feet, paced three times across the living room, tossed his cigarette into the fireplace, and faced the sixteenth Earl of Ormsby.

Said he: "I'm married!"

That was just like Otho: spend three days in considering every delicate *coup de maître* known to diplomacy, and then go off like a blunderbuss the moment he was challenged.

His Lordship's leonine figure sank deeper into the purple plush of the great armchair. His Lordship's eyes met those of his son and read therein that Otho spoke the truth. The head of the house of Ormsby looked slowly around the room, calling upon the portraits of fifteen other Ormsbys to bear witness to his self-control. From massive frames, the progenitors of the family stared anxiously down. So, it seemed, did the oiled gallery of greyhounds, from the immortal Wellington himself to the present-day champion, Lady White Lips. Atop the huge mantel, the Wellington Cup mirrored in silver and gold the lithe young figure of Otho Ormsby, last of his line. The clock in the corner ticked on. The Earl wet his lips.

"Who—is—she?"

"Well," sighed Otho, "I suppose you might as well know the jolly old worst: She's a very lovely American girl that I met coming over on the boat. Her name is Jones—"

"Jones?" said his Lordship. "Jones? Good God!"

That settled it in Otho's mind. He let his father have the second barrel: "Her father is quite well known. He sells some sort of fish—"



David cried above the din: "There she goes now, sir! She's going to pass him!"

"Fish!" said his Lordship.
 "Fish! An Ormsby married to—"

"But of course—"

"You unspeakable ass!"

"Oh, well," said Otho, and lit another cigarette.

The master of Hounds Hall Manor clutched a gold-headed cane, and threw it with all his strength. Three panes were shattered in the French glass doors. David, the Earl's man, came hurrying in to find his Lordship striving to fight off apoplexy.

"Throw him out!" ordered the Earl. "Brain the idiot! Kick him down the stairs!"

"Yes sir, very good, sir," said David, and remained motionless.

Otho studied the figure in the chair.

"If you weren't my father," he remarked pleasantly, "I'd kill you. Of course, I'm not handicapped as regards David, so—"

"Exactly," said David, backing away. "The Master's a bit disturbed tonight, sir. Sorry you're going, sir!"

"Are you?" said Otho. "Well, that's comforting. Good-by, Father. If you ever want any fresh fish—"

"Damnation! Where are the maids? Somebody help me out of this chair! David, you're discharged!"

"Go and help him," instructed Otho, "and then send some one upstairs to pack my things."

"Very good, sir."

What a night! Never in the history of Hounds Hall Manor had there been such excitement. Otho went away, bag and baggage, and there was that in his manner which said plainly that this was the end of all things.

The jolly old place could go hang before he'd ever put foot in it again! Damn the dogs, and damn the cup, and damn everybody!

The master locked himself in the library, and announced that

he didn't propose ever to emerge. He was going to stay there until the port wine gave out, and he starved to death.

David, who was not only the best greyhound trainer in the world, but the most faithful of body servants, tried, one after the other, every diplomatic move that had been successful in the past.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, knocking the next morning on the closed door, "here's a card from the Golden Gate Kennels, sir. They have a very fine litter out of Larchmont Lass; bit of our own stock, sir. Shall I request the privilege of an early inspection?"

No answer.

And then a little later in the day: "Beg pardon, sir—but Lady White Lips seems to be having a fit, sir. I'm quite worried—"

"Well, shoot her! Shoot yourself!"

"Yes sir, very good, sir."

A second night passed, and on the following morning—after a general conference among the servants—David broke the catch on one of the library windows, and crawled in with a breakfast tray.

His Lordship's obstinacy succumbed to the smell of crisp bacon.



"Why the devil didn't you come in here sooner?" he complained.

"I tried to, sir."

"Don't believe it! You wanted to see me starve. Get me a bath, and some fresh linen, and some cigars, and—oh, good God, get me everything."

"Very good, sir."

"And David!"

"Yes, sir."

"Where's that puppy?"

"Which one, sir?"

"None of your impudence, dammit! Where's Otho?"

"He's gone, sir. Said to tell you he was never coming back, sir."

The Master of Hounds Hall Manor made no reply. But a little later in the day, David answered a summons and found his Lordship seated once more in the living-room surrounded by the portraits of the Ormsbys and their hounds. The Earl looked very worn and old, but his lips were set in a stubborn line, and his cheeks were flushed.

"David," said he, "who was it first thought of crossing the bulldog with the greyhound?"

"The first Earl Ormsby, sir."

"And who was it developed the greatest hound in the history of the world?"

"The second Earl Ormsby, sir. Wellington's progeny still rule the course, sir."

"And who founded the Wellington Cup?"

"The third Earl, sir."

"And who has defended it?"

"Every Ormsby down to yourself, sir; a very fine tradition. Shows the blood of the old stock, sir, and—begging your pardon—there's a coming champion out of Lady White Lips—Lad o' Wellington, sir. He lines his hare up very handsomely; he's a smart killer, sir."

"Sell him!"

David's face went white.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Sell him!" repeated his Lordship. "Sell the kennels! Take

these portraits and that damn cup, and put them all away. The tradition is ended. There are no more Ormsbys!"

The gray-haired David remained standing by the doorway, his eyes reflecting incredible horror.

"Dammit," exploded his Lordship, "don't stand there like an idiot! Do as I tell you. If there's a dog on the place, twenty-four hours from now, I'll shoot him on sight!"

"Very good, sir."

It was a blow that imperiled the Wellington Cup, and threatened to write finis to the romantic story of a famous family.

The Ormsbys were just as hot-headed as their dogs were hot-blooded. The fifteenth Earl, back in the eighties, sent his only son, William, to California to investigate a quicksilver enterprise, and when he learned that the boy had married without the benefit of parental advice or approval, he sent him a three-word benediction:

"Don't come back."

To which William replied just as tersely:

"I never shall."

Eventually the fifteenth Ormsby passed out, cursing the Fate that had given him but one heir. That marked the end of the family's activities on British soil, for William stuck stubbornly to the letter of his vow.

However, Fate decreed that certain blood instincts should be perpetuated. Just before the young wife died, the seventeenth heir to the earldom of Ormsby made his appearance in little Otho. Here was a child who was bound by no stubborn vow, an heir who could honorably return some day to home soil and perpetuate the family tradition. So the sixteenth Ormsby put an eight-foot fence around his California estate, built a mausoleum to his wife in the poppied glen where they had plighted their troth, constructed a new Hounds Hall Manor that was the marvel of the West, and sent to England for the pick of the Ormsby kennels and the Wellington Cup.

Across land and sea traveled the red-gilled faithful David, master houndsman, bringing with him Iron Duke and White Wings, two of the greatest hounds that ever cleaved the wind.

Loud protestations emanated from the coursing enthusiasts of old England. The sixteenth Ormsby, from his voluntary exile, made a characteristic reply:

"If they want the cup, let them jolly well come and get it."

They tried to—every season for twenty years—but the sons and daughters of Wellington and White Helmet ran just as well on the plains of Missouri, Oklahoma and California as they had done on the historic heaths of England, Ireland and Wales. Year after year the Wellington Cup graced the huge mantel of the Ormsby living-room, and from time to time there was added to the gallery of portraits the image of a canine champion who had faithfully fulfilled tradition.

THE last was Lady White Lips, sixty-five-pound queen of the coursing world, still in her prime but retired to the honorable rôle of motherhood. On the east wall, there was a vacant place which the Earl fully expected would be filled one day by the portrait of the seventeenth Ormsby. If the dogs ran true to form, why the deuce shouldn't their owners do the same?

You begin to see how Otho—the silly ass—had really spoiled everything. Didn't he have sixteen generations of Ormsby blood in his veins, and wasn't he the last of the old stock? Hadn't he been educated at Oxford, and given every opportunity to make an alliance in keeping with his station? Then why the devil should he come back here, and marry the daughter of a fishmonger? The damn scoundrel!

The sixteenth Ormsby took to his bed, insisting that he was a very sick man. Dr. Trevelyan of San Francisco came up to Hounds Hall Manor and stayed a month, prescribing a diet that not alone banished the illness but went a long way toward relieving his Lordship's chronic gout and rheumatism.

"Hang it," he commented, "I don't see any sense in getting well. That doctor's a fool! David, give me your arm, and I'll try walking around a bit."

Master and servant walked out into the air of early spring, and though David tried to manage it otherwise, somehow or other his Lordship's feet persisted in steering a path that took them past the long rows of kennels where once the flower of greyhound aristocracy greeted visitors. Now, not a sapling or puppy, sire or dam greeted his Lordship's eyes. David had quite apparently followed instructions.

"H'm," said the Earl, "confound it, what do you mean by taking me so far on the first day? Now, my legs are bothering me again. No, I won't go back to the house! Get me a chair."

For two hours the master of Hounds Hall Manor sat in the sunlight contemplating moodily his empty kennels. Then he permitted David to help him back to the house, where he insisted upon viewing the living-room, and thereby suffered a second shock. One peek was enough: the Wellington Cup was gone, and the great walls were bare of portraits.

"Everything's in the storeroom, sir, as you suggested," said David.

His Lordship tapped irritably on the floor with his cane. "I didn't

suggest any such thing! You could have left the things in their places, and merely locked up the room, couldn't you? Why the deuce must you always bungle everything?"

David promised that the room would be restored at once, but this did not prevent the Master from developing an attack of biliousness, and taking again to his bed. Nor would he get up as the days passed. The doctor advised it, and David implored him to take advantage of the warm weather, but Earl Ormsby refused to leave his bedroom.

It was an item in an English coursing paper that brought about a change of mind. Four of the most important stakes in England had been carried off, it appeared, by Purple Phantom, son of the great Bloom o' Heather, and the Norwych Kennels proposed to ship the dog to America. Earl Ormsby knew quite well what that meant. He read the item several times, and then flung the paper angrily out the window. Later, he ordered David to fetch it back. David complied, and then stood there awaiting further instructions.

"David," said his Lordship impressively, pointing to the offensive item, "the Norwych people are coming over after that cup!"

"Oh, are they?" said David.

"They are," said his Lordship. "David, that's a challenge to my honor, isn't it?"

"Quite so, sir—quite so!"

"Well, what the devil are we going to do about it?"

"Ah, yes sir, that's just it. What are we going to do about it?"

There was an interval of electric silence.

"Well, well," rasped the Earl, "can't you suggest anything? What's the matter with you?"

"I might be able to buy back some of the stock," ventured David.

"Of course you might," said the Earl. "Have it your own way! I don't believe you sold them at all."

"I sold the young dogs, sir."

"Well, you shouldn't have done it. Get them all back again. Confound it, I'm not dead, am I?"

"No sir. Very good, sir. I will try my best."

David's efforts at recovering the Ormsby hounds were so successful as to arouse the suspicion that the dogs could not have been very far away; but there was one exception: Lad o' Wellington, the two-year-old son of Lady White Lips, did not return to his accustomed kennel in the west yard.

"Where is he?" inquired his Lordship.

"Where's the young 'un?"

David shook his head dolefully.

"Very sorry, sir—but the gentleman who bought him is quite stubborn. He declines to name a price on the dog. Says he's going to win the Wellington Cup with him."

"Going to what?"

"Going to win the Wellington Cup, sir. He's quite determined about it."

"He is, is he? Who is the scoundrel?"

"Beg pardon, sir. Hope you won't take it too hard, sir. It's your son Otho. He says he wants the Wellington Cup for his own mantelpiece. Told him you'd changed your mind about not defending it, and he said that he had rather changed his mind, too; said that Lad o' Wellington was only a pup, but he'd run the legs off any old dog that we had, sir!"

His Lordship's jowls turned cerise and then lavender. He elevated two clenched and shaking fists. His lips worked convulsively.

"Careful, your Lordship!" David entreated. "Better watch out, sir. You're not quite well—"

"Shut up!" thundered the Earl. "I never felt better in my life! So he thinks he's going to put the Wellington Cup on the mantel of a fishdealer, eh? Two young puppies going to teach their parents something, are they? By God, I'll show them what an old dog can do:

David deliberately set one eye to the keyhole.





"I am Mrs. Ormsby. I think your Lordship would prefer to walk. Kindly get out!"

put Lady White Lips back in training! A thousand pounds she leads the pup to the first turn by three lengths. Saddle my horse, and I'll take her out myself!"

David was startled. It was three years since the Master had been in the saddle.

"Beg pardon, sir—but hadn't I better take her out? She'll go better behind a bicycle, sir."

"I don't believe you, but have it your own way. Get my horse, and I'll ride behind you. Take three or four dogs while you're about it. I'll wager the Lady's ten pounds overweight; mind her feet as you scale her down—better keep her on the soft road for the first two weeks, and reduce the food."

"Very excellent advice, sir," said David, who knew more about the handling of hounds than all the seventeen Ormsbys put together. "I'll begin giving her milk and eggs in the morning, sir, and beef's-head broth at night—very good for the blood and nervous energy, I've found. Will you be going to the race yourself, sir?"

"Of all the idiotic questions!" said his Lordship. "Do you expect me to stay home and make biscuits?"

"I beg pardon, sir. I'll have your horse ready in a jiffy."

What a picture they made: the white-haired sixteenth Ormsby, gloved and gaitered, sitting erect on a handsome filly; David just ahead on his bicycle with a trio of greyhounds jogging soberly at the rear wheel. On a leash, somewhat longer than the others, trotted Champion Lady White Lips. Shades of Wellington and White Helmet, *there was a dog!*

Let the lovers of man's four-footed brother rave about the cleverness of the collie, the intelligence of the terrier, the fidelity of the St. Bernard, the stubborn pluck of the bulldog! To each breed its believers. There is this about the type which Lady White Lips represented:

Of all the dogs, the greyhound's association with man dates back the farthest. The first hunter, when he found himself

handicapped in the chase, selected the fleet-footed hound as his ally. Dig into the clay whereon primitive man once trod, and you will find the bones of the greyhound lying side by side with those of his master. They were business partners in the kill. It was the canine swallow that skimmed the primitive plain, and dragged down the prey that sustained both dog and man.

Bred neither for show nor fancy, unsuitable as a domestic pet, and schooled through the centuries to attend strictly to business, the greyhound is today what he has always been—a four-footed destroyer possessing the most perfectly adapted mechanism in all Nature.

"Headed like a snake, necked like a drake, footed like a cat, tailed like a rat." That is the ancient English formula for the real greyhound, but it is more figurative than exact.

LADY WHITE LIPS was seven years old, all brindle save the milk-white blaze on either side of the muzzle that accounted for her name and revealed the influence of the famous White Helmet. When down to racing trim, she was sixty-five pounds of whipcord and spring steel. Her satin coat offered no resistance to the wind; the sloping shoulders and long neck permitted a forward reach in the leap; and in the arched back and beautiful streamline of her slender body, an engineer could have seen curves of compensature that no human skill could reproduce. She came of a line of hounds that could run with a race horse, jump with a deer, and kill their prey honestly and with far less bungling than the human hunter. They have been known to follow a hare off a hundred-foot cliff; to overtake and close instantly with a wolf, which is something that not all wolfhounds will do; and many of them had worn their paws down to the quick in the semi-finals of a Derby Stake, and then raced the last round on feet that were numb from cocaine and balsam fir. Of such stock was Lady White Lips, last of her line—but *one*: the fire-eyed, nervous little Lad o' Wellington. (Continued on page 112)

Youth's conflicts with age and the selfishness of vast wealth are both dramatized with great and truthful power in this new short serial by our ambassador to Italy.



The Panther

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

"Wait!" said Anne. "Under no consideration will I marry your son unless—"

Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman

The Story So Far:

GRIM old DeKay Stelling, master of men and millions, sat after dinner with his personal physician, young Farraday, on the veranda of his great house high on the cliffs above the sea, and spoke of his hopes and fears for his son David. He wished David to marry a neighboring heiress, Faith Hasbrouk, a woman of high principle and fine character.

"I should feel," he said, "that he was in a safe harbor from his chief passion."

"His chief passion?" inquired Farraday, who himself secretly aspired to a marriage with Miss Hasbrouk.

"The passion to throw himself away. . . . Some day," Stelling added, "he'll throw himself away on a woman."

And later the old man assailed his son directly. "You drift," he complained.

"I did not drift during the War," David replied. "The War was worth while. Big game—the War."

"But there is bigger game in peace," persisted his father. "A useful life, a place among big men. . . . I think your way to it is through one woman."

The battle of wills went on. David protested that he had tried to love Faith, but could not. She wanted to make him over.

Miss Hasbrouk and Farraday presently rejoined the Stellings. And then it was that the cry of a woman in distress came to

them from the angry waters below the cliff. There was no time to descend the long stairway. Aid must be immediate if at all. And David—despite his father's and Faith Hasbrouk's agonized protests, and Farraday's attempt at physical interference—dived over the parapet into the darkness.

"Thrown away!" groaned his father. But by some miracle David's attempt was successful and presently he reappeared with the dripping form of a young woman in his arms. And then the rescued girl was identified with Anne Dumont—"The Panther," as the daughter of a notorious woman fortune-hunter had been called in the neighborhood. Worse yet, David announced that he loved her, was engaged to her. This announcement was followed by an angry scene and his father's declaration of war: "No!" he roared. "I won't have it. The fools! They forget that they will have to deal with me!" (*The story continues in detail:*)

WHEN young David Stelling entered the living-room in the cottage of Mrs. Lora Langley Dumont, before whose lights among the pines he had stopped his car, he was unable to determine which caused the mother the most surprise, his own presence upon the threshold or the appearance of her daughter, into whose face all the color of youth and health had flowed back but who, beneath a camel's-hair wrap, wore the only clothes he had been able to give her—his own.

If Mrs. Dumont in the first quick glance at the opening door when she arose, dropping a magazine out of her lap, had the slightest fulfillment of any expectation that her victim would be hooked so quickly, she was actress enough to conceal both that expectation and any triumph because of it. She turned to her daughter Anne and said:

"What! What does this mean?"

"It means that your daughter was almost a very dead young girl," Anne replied. "It's all over now. David—Mr. Stelling saved me. It is really rather a thrilling story. You'll say so when you hear."

The mother, with a zest which appeared to David a little artificial and gushing, infolded her daughter in her arms and succeeded in bringing down the moist golden hair again from its insecure coil.

In this moment David had an opportunity to observe both the mother and the interior of the main room of her summer quarters. Neither quite met the prejudiced description given him by his father when the latter had warned his son of the two women who were trying to trap him.

The room, badly furnished perhaps, had been made bright and livable, as the phrase goes, by cretonne curtains and coverings. On the couch under a casement window a yellow and green sewing-basket had gathered about itself several pieces of bright soft fabric as if they were assembled to discuss the possibilities of homemade clothes.

Mrs. Dumont herself, in the midst of all this pleasant color might have been considered a little pale in essence. Her hair, that had once been golden, like her daughter's, was now a little lifeless, just as her complexion was a little lifeless. Her eternal quest had wearied her no doubt and only her vigilance had preserved the contour of her chin and the shapeliness of her white forearms.

When she turned from her daughter to greet David, there was

something a little theatrical in her outpouring of gratitude and welcome.

"It turned out rather a lark," David said quickly, not pleased with being anything of a romantic figure. "But there's nothing worse than being almost a good swimmer."

Mrs. Dumont took his large brown hand between both her own white palms and gave a good imitation of speechless admiration and of emotions too deep to be expressed in mere words.

David pulled his hand away slowly but nervously and said: "I suppose you ought to know, Mrs. Dumont, that tonight I have asked your daughter—"

His sentence was cut short by a cry from the Panther that might have come from a mother who sees its child about to plunge into an abyss.

"No, no, David!" she exclaimed. "No, no! Please, David! I asked you to wait."

"David?" inquired the mother. "You mean that you have known Mr. Stelling before!"

The girl shut her eyes and then suddenly burst forth:

"Please, Mother. Both of you, please! I know I'm very unreasonable. It's like a drowned person. All I want is a hot bath—another one. You fix a hot bath for me, Mother. Please, dear. You do it for me—this once—with your own hands!"

David stared at the Panther, whose young face had upon it so extraordinary an expression of childish pleading.

"Poor playmate!" he said quietly. "I'll leave you. I'll say good night. Tomorrow—"

"No, no!" protested Anne. "You mustn't go. You stay here with me while Mother gets everything ready! I don't want to move. I don't want to be left alone."

Mrs. Dumont made a motion in the air to indicate her failure to understand. The full realization that her desperate play to put her daughter into the life of an heir to thirty or forty millions who was reputed to be big-hearted, susceptible and irresponsible,



"You can't mean that I must choose between you?" the Panther gasped. "Exactly that," replied her mother.

had succeeded, no matter how, had now swept over her; and she did her daughter's bidding as if she were her slave.

The moment she had left the room, Anne with the quick, lithe motions which had added to the fitness of a name that two years of her mother's fortune-hunting at Palm Beach and Pinehurst and the borderland of New York society had given her, closed the door, and whirling about, faced David.

"She must not know," she said in a low voice.

"Why, it's inevitable," he replied, alarmed. "What's the matter, dear one?"

"You told them—the people in your house—that we were engaged."

"You did not deny it."

"How could I? I wanted it so!"

"And I—from the beginning."

"I should have had more courage," she said, sitting down suddenly on the edge of the couch. In his clothes, which fitted her so loosely, she was a strange, humorously picturesque, pretty and yet for some reason, suddenly pathetic figure.

"It all happened so quickly," she said. "The water! Then you! Then the lights. Your lips on mine. Your saying that we were engaged! And then the threat, the challenge of your father. I haven't quite got my breath, yet, David, dear."

HE took her in his arms again, and turning her face upward, kissed her lips.

"David," said she, suddenly holding both his hands. "There won't be another first meeting for us, dear."

"How could there be?" he said with a laugh. "We can't go on holding first meetings. But we can promise always to remember that day when I found you on the old pier—and baited your fishhooks."

"Please!" she exclaimed as if physically injured. "There won't be any little secret world of our own. I can't meet you at the pine tree that was blown down in the wind. There won't be any of the long rambles along the deserted shore where the beach birds walk with such a funny importance—and we went wading—with 'em."

She stared before her as if she were looking out now, across the open sea.

"But I don't understand at all," he protested.

She jumped up suddenly and said in a weary voice: "You don't know how old I feel; I'm twenty-two; and yet—David, it's all too horrible—I'm a fraud, dear."

"What?" He was amazed.

She went to the casement window and looked out at the thick night while he stared at her, perplexed, failing yet to understand.

"David," said she, turning toward him, "I did not want you to tell my mother. It is impossible. These days and hours with you have been the only sweet, clean days and hours I've ever had, I think. It was a new world. It was mine! It was ours! But it was built on nothing. The one thing I can't ever conceive is that the only love I ever had must turn to dirt and dust in my heart."

"Those are brave words," young Stelling said with a grin.

"Your father and those others called me the Panther. So even if you did not know, they did—they know—they know. I've always been good, dear—though I never knew why I should expect it of myself. But I'm not *real*, David; I'm just a rather worn-out young person who has always been dangled in front of hundreds of your men's noses. That's rather humiliating, isn't it?"

"Wait," said he. "I want to tell you—"

"No," she said firmly. "I'm telling you why there is nothing left of our 'little new world' as we called it—not a shred, I know. I can see plainly enough. I've been seeing plainer and plainer ever since I grew up a useless, well-dressed girl, dependent upon the only person who paid for everything I had. That was Mother. We've been going everywhere, and the only lesson I ever had was that I must pay a debt of gratitude to her by making some rich young man love me. That has been the whole fabric of life."

"Look here!" said David severely. "Don't say those things, Anne. Can't you see that it was because you knew it was a pretty poor game that you never could play it? Can't you see it was because you didn't believe in it that you weren't proposed to and married long ago? Can't you see that all that you detest is the very thing that has saved you—for me?"

She shook her head. She had reached her own conclusion.

"Perhaps, if one understood how a girl grows up day by day into plans such as were made for me, there'd be forgiveness,

David. But it is too late to think of that. I did a fatal thing! I've lived these last two weeks in that paradise of play—our play—together—all coming about by accident—good accident—no plot—no intrigue. I'm sick of intrigue! Yes, dear, I never dared to think of how it would end. And I never had the courage to say to you: 'David Stelling, beloved, I am two persons. I am Anne of the Pines, as you called me. But before that I was the Panther—the same old Panther, staying here this summer because a young man with thirty millions, a man I'd never seen, was spending the summer only a mile or two away.'

"I understand," said David. "But all you say is nothing very much. It is a good deal like my own troubles. I might have told you how empty and foolish my own game has been. I might have told you how my father has always been driving me into the same prison which has cramped his own soul and heart. But I didn't tell you. We're quits, Anne!"

He tried to draw her to him, but she stepped back.

"Well," said he with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "I knew anyway."

"Knew! You knew who I was—what I was here for—all I've told you—from the first?"

"Certainly, dear. But I'm the queer member of my family. They say I like to throw myself away. I suppose they would say—my father for instance—that if I found I could love you, even when I knew that your mother had plotted to have me love you, I would be blindly, madly throwing myself away if I did love you. Well, I do! I do because I have no end of faith that all you've said to me about the kind of life we could live together came out of your real self."

She looked at him a moment, her eyes filling slowly with tears.

"But on my side, David, I knew all that we planned could never be at all. I learned to love you so much—that—I—couldn't bear the thought of being the girl I am, dear. I was going away. And that is all that's left to do now—to go away."

"And what does your mother say to that?" asked David.

"Mother! I—tell Mother! Until tonight Mother didn't know that I had ever seen you."

From the younger Stelling's lips there came an exclamation of triumphant joy.

"Then it was *our* game, not hers, you were playing, all the time. From the first—to this moment! Well, it was that I always bet on. And I won!"

He took her into his arms, holding her tightly as if great forces were trying to wrest her from him, as if at last he had found the essence of life and the inspiration for living.

"God knows," he said, looking down at her, "I've been so much alone! And—won!"

SHE twisted her body out of his arms and walked around the table, touching the books with the tips of her fingers. When she stopped, and turning, saw that David's inquiring eyes were still fixed upon her, she uttered a little gasp and dropped her head forward. For a moment she appeared wilted and shrunken, a small and powerless and frail thing in the midst of great metallic forces.

"No, David," she said after a moment. "You see, Mother and I have our little reputations. That's one thing. And there's your father. And there's the world to which you belong, dear: it isn't mine."

Her voice gathered new firmness, a note that struck grief and alarm into Stelling's heart and brought out upon his face and in his eyes their presence. She had the convincingness of finality as she said: "But David, the worst of it is that you could never be quite sure, dear—never quite sure that after all it wasn't the thirty or forty millions. Can't you see? We might be so sure now—but later, some day, I would wonder. Some day I would say to myself: 'I wonder if David is thinking that back long ago it was not love alone that—'"

"Hush," he commanded.

"You'd better go now," she said. "It's all that I can bear."

"You mean—"

"Yes," said the Panther, breathing hard and tossing her golden hair back behind her shoulders. "Go."

"Tomorrow—" he began, frightened by her firmness, and inexplicably convinced of her power.

"No tomorrow," she replied. "Tomorrow! Why, tomorrow I'm going away. I've had a nice time with you, David Stelling. We won't forget each other. But it's the end!"

As if to mark that end, the telephone on the mahogany sewing-table purred and then rang out its shocking trill.

"It is for you," said Anne, trying to laugh as she held the



"I want to save you before it is too late," said Faith. "You mean to marry Mr. Stelling?"

device away from her mouth. "They probably want you to come home."

David took the instrument from her and growled into it. He said: "Who? Oh, Farraday? Yes—coming here? My father? In a car? That's madness. His heart—yes, I know. He got away from you? Well, you better come after him. You know what to do in case he collapses. No car there? Where's Faith? Has it gone? No? All right."

"You mean that your father is coming here!" exclaimed the Panther.

"It is quite like him," David answered. "My father—"

"Yes?"

"Well, he is rather a terrible person," said David. "He has never crossed swords in all his life with anyone and been beaten."

"But coming here—now—like this? For what?"

"He has a will—a terrible will. Sometimes even I feel it's like the hand of Fate. If he's coming here, he knows precisely what he is going to do."

For a moment a look of terror came upon Anne's face.

"I too have a will," she said quietly; and then:

"So this is to be a battle between us—between me and your father?"

"I suppose that it is his idea," David admitted.

The headlights of a motorcar, like the luminous eyes of a monster, suddenly threw a white path across the fields from a turn in the country road, and spread a carpet of white radiance among the pines outside the cottage window.

"Here he comes!" said young Stelling.

A new mood had filled the Panther now: her lips were pressed together; in her eyes were new flashes of some tense emotion. She said ironically: "The great king of Wall Street—the Irresistible! Power! Majesty!"

"A moment ago you were saying good-by to me," David said with a nervous laugh. "And now you look as if you were some lovely fighting thing of the jungle defending its cub."

"The Panther!" she exclaimed. "The lonely Panther! Yes, I am—the Panther!"

For a moment David's face disclosed his anxiety. He wondered if, after all, this golden little person of charm and tenderness had claws beneath her softness.

"What are you going to do, Anne?" he asked.

She shook her head at him. "Before it is over, David, I may have even you against me," she told him. "Your father will be against me. Miss Hasbrouk will be against me. My mother will be against me. It does seem to be long odds against me, doesn't it?"

Before David could answer, the step of his father sounded on the gravel walk outside the door. It was the characteristic, slow, scuffling gait of that giant invalid. The Panther snatched up a Paisley shawl that her mother often wore, and drew it around her own slight shoulders. Then, throwing open the door, she said: "Come in, Mr. Stelling."

THE old financier silently bowed and laboriously lifted his bulk over the step and into the lamplight of the room. He wore a heavy frieze cape that increased the appearance of titan shoulders, and because it hung below his knees emphasized his great stature; it made his proportions appear heroic. But no less heroic was the iron massiveness of this old fighter's features. He carried his head erect, and his high forehead, his steady glowing eyes under the heavy brows and the solidity about his jaw and chin now disclosed the qualities of self-contained strength that had made him a great man. In one large hand he carried his hat and a cane heavy enough to be a bludgeon, and these he kept drawn back, as if to say that his call would be brief.

"Thank you for receiving me at so late an hour," he said, "but I knew that my son was here—and—perhaps"—he looked around—"your mother."

"She is," said Anne, indicating with a motion of her small hand.

"I came to present my apologies," he said in his deep voice.

"In a moment of stress, Miss Dumont, I forgot. The welcome I gave a prospective daughter-in-law was anything but gracious, and my regret is profound."

There was silence.

"I came also to make your acquaintance," said he. "And because I am half an invalid whose doctor has forbidden him to come here, perhaps you will know that I consider it a mission of some importance."

A good observer would have seen in the blue eyes of the Panther a flash of triumph.

"The matter I have to discuss—" He turned to David and indicated almost imperceptibly that he wished to be alone with Anne.

David glanced up at her, and because she nodded, he went out into the dark, closing the door behind him.

The giant and the frail girl stood gazing into each other's eyes.

"This is something we can settle," said old Stelling. He paused and added: "Between us—or at least with your mother's cooperation."

"I do not see that either you or my mother can help," said Anne; "I have settled everything tonight and in this room."

The financier completely misunderstood. He replied: "I know. And yet I think I can show you, if I am brutal enough, that I am able to change the result. Do you mind if in my desire to be direct and brief I become a little brutal?"

"Please be quite brutal," said the Panther.

"I do not wish my son to marry you."

"Well, I quite understand it."

"You? Understand?" For a second he disclosed spontaneous surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Stelling," she said calmly, "I understand. Because if I were in your place, I would not care to have me for a daughter-in-law. Recently—quite recently—and fortunately while I am still very young, I have become a convert to your point of view. I have reasons to feel even more strongly about it than you do."

He looked at the girl almost admiringly. She was not only a good trader, he thought, but one completely at her ease. He supposed that she was adding to his own desire to be rid of her, all the points she could raise.

"Then what does it cost?" he said.

She did not answer, but she stood the shock of his question without any perceptible loss of calm.

DeKay Stelling, looking at her, muttered: "You are very beautiful, Miss Dumont, if you will permit an old man to say so."

The clock on the mantelpiece asserted itself by ticking along through the pause.

"I asked what it would cost, because it is always better to

compromise, if possible without a battle—especially between those of metal—like you and me."

She smiled.

"The alternative would be a complete search of your record and—"

Anne interrupted by saying: "I do not think it would yield much. It is rather colorless—my record. It is a record of tragic innocence and folly. It is quite different from yours, Mr. Stelling. You have no record of innocence and folly, have you?"

He glanced up quickly and growled.

"And yet," she went on, "certain flashes of worldly wisdom come to me. Because of that, I can make even more brutal and brief these negotiations of yours. You have come here with the idea that we could arrive at a figure at which I would relinquish my claim to David. I suppose the figure would be a large figure, although I never have had any experience in these matters. Even my mother had never considered being bought off, as the phrase goes. And as for me, I never did much, considering I've grown up without taking much part in my mother's plans, except to absorb the idea that some day I would marry money. I've never fallen in love with any poor man, so the idea went right on unchallenged in my head. But as for being bought off, of course I could not very well allow that. It belongs among the catalogue of things which even I do not do. So we wipe it off the slate, sir—brutally wipe it off—like this."

She made a sweep of her closed hand.

The old financier stared. "Well, then—" said he.

"Once more I must interrupt," she said to him. "I do it to relieve you of brutality. I will be the brutal one. I do not want to have any *Camille* scene when the father begs the girl not to ruin his son's life, and the girl becomes noble enough not to do it. I have played that scene already. I played it alone; I took all the actors' parts. And now we have come to the supreme test of this contest, Mr. Stelling—the contest between a great man and an unknown girl—or rather one whom they do not understand, or who are cruel enough, call the Panther."

"Supreme test!" he exclaimed, picking out the essential phrase.

"Yes," said she, "the supreme test. It will come when I tell you that I love your son, with everything there is in me."

He looked at her cynically.

"I love him because he has opened to me the finest moments of my life, but mostly I love him for the very thing for which you have a contempt."

He grunted an inquiry.

"For his ability to throw himself away," she said.

Stelling laughed unpleasantly.

"Wait!" said Anne, walking nearer to the giant figure towering above her. "You have not heard all. I will tell you the one final thing. I am going away. I told your son so. Under no consideration will I marry your son unless—"

A fit of derisive laughter burst from the banker.

"You expect to put me off my guard like that?" he said. "You expect me to believe that having won your quarry, you are going to give up? Ha! Well, you said, 'Unless— Finish!'"

"Unless," repeated the Panther, looking up into his eyes, "unless one condition arises."

OLD Stelling leaned over her suddenly, as if with his clenched fists and his bludgeon walking-stick he would beat her to the floor.

"It is enough," he boomed out in sudden rage. "I'm not the sport of little girls like you. You'll see—you'll feel. I can crush you—you and your mother. . . . David!"

He swung the front door open: "David!"

The son came in out of the mists.

"Your last chance," said the father in a voice made of adamant—as hard as nails: "You know, David, as well as the Street knows, what my decision always means. Do you mean you will marry this girl?"

"If possible," said his son.

"Then you have made yourself a poor man," roared the older Stelling. "You are a poor man—without a cent in the world, without a job, without a father—understand that—both of you?"

He did not see that Mrs. Dumont had come suddenly into the room from the kitchen.

"You are a poor man. Your university and the Medical Foundation and the City take your place in my heart and my will. And these institutions, Miss Anne Dumont, could write letters of thanks to you if they knew the truth."

David saw Anne suddenly turn her head toward the ceiling as if to send some message up to God; (*Continued on page 142*)



Even that kindly old Vermont editor Sam Hod was perplexed by "Avery," but the girl in the lonely farmhouse was not—as you will discover when you have read this delightful story.

Idols Mended

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

*Illustrated by
L. Evans Parcell*

ONCE a year, usually in May, Samuel P. Hod lays aside his editorial pencil, his file of uncollected bills and his worried look and forgets his troubles on a two-weeks' fishing trip. Sam is a grizzled warhorse of small-town journalism who owns, edits and publishes an evening newspaper up here in Vermont, the *Paris Telegraph*.

Sam goes on no rubber-boot fishing-trip—with worms. His departure is a ceremony. He drives as far as he possibly can from his town and yet remain in Vermont. At Lake Megnon, close to the Canada line, he lives for the fortnight in a small, unpainted cabin on its western shore.

Spring came early in the Green Mountains this year. When Sam reached the country above Newport he found the forests green, the roads dusty and the season far advanced. His last stop was in the time-grayed, sun-twisted hamlet of Essex Mills. From Essex Mills northward to Royalton Bottoms and the Canada line stretch acres of worthless timber, abandoned farms and gone-to-seed meadows.

About four o'clock, a mile above the Mills, he turned his roadster into a deserted woods-road on the right. Unspoiled Megnon lay through the forest, beyond the northern end of the mountain whose rocky summit had been visible the past half-hour.

Along this abandoned road Sam drove slowly. He bumped over rocks, dodged stumps, continually dropped into second-speed and once had to alight and haul a fallen birch from his path. He had driven about three miles beyond the fork when, upon rounding a turn, he saw something which almost made him ram a tree. It was a man who, the instant he realized an automobile was following him, gave one startled glance behind and sprang into the bushes.

In the momentary glimpse allowed him Sam saw that he was a well-groomed young chap—too well-groomed for the district—wearing a smart cap and a gray-checked suit. Over his left arm trailed a raincoat. In his right hand he carried a bright new traveling bag.

Reaching the place where the man had disappeared, Sam brought his car to a stop. The stranger had leaped knee-deep into the soft marsh-bog beneath the roadside willows. And in pulling out one foot he had lost an Oxford shoe.

Sam drew up his emergency brake and turned in his seat. A branch had raked off the fellow's cap; he had dropped raincoat and bag and was clutching a willow bough while the other sank deeper and deeper into the bog. Thus balanced, he held up helplessly the muddy, dripping foot while the other sank deeper and deeper into the bog.

Sam saw that he was less than thirty-five and not without a certain city-bred aspect. But he was harassed and tired—ghastly tired. Across eyes and lips lay a tight, desperate expression. The editor alighted.

"Seems to me, young man, you leaped before you looked!" he declared, his tone friendly.

The stranger nodded grimly. Reaching for cap, coat and bag, he tossed them up into the road. Extricating his right foot with difficulty, he followed. But he left that shoe behind.

"Where you headed for—Megnon?" Sam asked.

"Royalton Bottoms."

"You're way off your road. There's nothing ahead but the shores of a pond. Why'd you jump when you heard me?"

"I thought you were somebody else."

"Somebody after you?"

"Never mind." The stranger pulled up his soggy trousers and began peeling off his wet socks.

"Looks as if you'd have to walk to the Bottoms in your bare feet. Rocky going! Got more shoes in your bag?"

"No. How far is it?"

"About eighteen miles."

The other's lips tightened.

"I hoped this road was a short cut," he grumbled. "It looked so on the map. I couldn't get you to take me there, could I? I don't expect you to do it for nothing."

"There's no hotel at the Bottoms and I don't hanker to drive back here to my shack after dark. Whose place at the Bottoms you going?"

"I can't tell you. Just take me there and drop me—that's all I want. And I'll make it worth your while."

"What you aiming to do," the editor asked shrewdly, "—skid over the line in the dark?"

"I wish you'd cut out the questions."

"Yes, but the way you're acting is darned suspicious. How'd you get as far as this?"

"I drove up from New York and my car went dead a couple of miles outside Essex Mills. I couldn't get a new battery and decided to walk it."

Sam frowned. It wasn't quite fair to drive on and leave the stranger to make his way back in his bare feet, with night coming on and several miles of woods between him and any food or shelter.

"What's your name?" the editor demanded.

"Avery—J. C. Avery."

"Well, J. C. Avery, if you want to come along to my camp and stay overnight, I'll make the trip up to the Bottoms in the morning. I usually go up sometime during my vacation. There's a girl up there I go to see. My wife got her a job teaching the backwoods school when her folks died before she'd finished Normal."

"Anybody else at your camp or likely to come tonight?"

"Guess not."

"I'll go if you'll consider it strictly business and let me pay you."

"Save your money until you see where you've got to sleep. It's no Biltmore," Sam warned him.

ABOUT six o'clock they reached the shore of Megnon. The far-flung lake was like a sheet of still, blue glass under the declining sun. Occasionally a trout jumped. Not a house or sign of other human life was anywhere visible. While Sam unlocked the shack, raised the windows and set up the rusty stovepipe, the stranger carefully inspected the neighborhood.

"It's certainly abandoned over here," he commented. "A fellow could stay lost here a darned long time, couldn't he?"

"Worst place on earth. The first yokel who happened along would spread the news for twenty miles."

"It's so peaceful," the other returned. "I'd like to stay here for weeks and weeks."

The luggage was unloaded from the roadster and Sam found the stranger a pair of canvas shoes. While he built a fire and prepared supper, Avery carried the traveling bag out of eyeshot, changed into dry trousers and laced on the shoes.

The afterglow faded while they were eating. An evening star appeared, low-hung over the opposite mountain. No sound came but the vespers of a thrush deep in the heart of the wood, the pleasant crackle of the dying fire or the hum of a mosquito that came winging in at the door. Then suddenly, close at hand, an owl hooted.

"What's that?" cried Avery, jumping wildly.

"Only an owl, son. You're nervous."

Sam lighted the big brass logging lamp which hung from the ceiling rafters. Then he went out into the clearing, started his engine and backed the car under a roof of hemlocks growing at the edge of the clearing. He turned the seat-cushion over and pocketed the switch-key. Back in the cabin doorway he stood for a time watching the lake. Not a breath of air stirred. A trillion stars were out.

"Going to be a full moon up in about an hour," he observed.

Avery only nodded. Yet he seemed grateful when Sam offered him a cigar.

In the cabin the two men smoked in silence for several minutes. Finally Sam tapped off an inch of ash and observed:

"Something seems to be troubling you, son. Don't you think you ought to tell me what it is? Perhaps I could help you."

Two bunks had been constructed, ship-fashion, across the cabin's western wall. Sam had unstrapped his blankets upon them. Avery sat in the lower, bent forward, watching his cigar smoke, canvas-shod feet dangling.

"You've been a good sport not to question me up to now," he replied. "Let it go on. In the morning you'll never see or hear of me again. If you don't know anything about me, later you won't have to answer any questions."

"What makes you so damned cynical? You're too young to talk like that."

"Determined to grill me, aren't you? No chance! I play my own hand and I play it alone."

"A man doesn't make many friends with such a philosophy."

"I've never had any friends. I've no friends now. I never expect to have any. I wouldn't know how to treat them if I had."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, young fellow!" Sam exclaimed. "I'm too old to accept any such rot as that. Every man can have friends if he'll only be friendly."

"I've been sold out too many times by people I thought were friends, to trust anyone any longer. I play my own hand from now on, and I play it alone."

"Do you mean, if I wanted to be a friend to you—a real dyed-in-the-wool friend—you wouldn't let me?"

"I'd like to let you. But it's beyond my conscious control. That's the hell of it. Deep down in my subconscious mind there's a cancer of distrust and it eats and eats. I wish it would stop. I've tried desperately to make it stop. But what's the use?"

"Who made you feel this way, man or woman?" Sam ventured.

"Both."

"Son, are you doing anything crooked, running away off up here, aiming to slip over into Canada from the Bottoms?" Sam asked.

"That'd be confiding in you, and it's against my scruples," was the reply.

"You're the most heart-hungry fellow I've met in years. I saw it in my first glance at your face," Sam told him.

"You bet I'm heart-hungry. I've *wanted* to believe in human nature but human nature wouldn't let me. I'm worth a lot of money but I'm a social bankrupt. And don't think there aren't times when I'm desperate."

"I see. You're one of those people who fight the good things of life and then wonder why you never receive them." Sam grinned.

"Fight them?"

"Precisely—as you're fighting me now! I offer you my friendship, blind poke, for the sake of the misery in your face. You bluntly repel it. Yet you say you want to believe in human nature and have friends. Is that logic?"

"No. Nothing's logic. The world's at sixes and sevens and I wish sometimes I was dead."

The moon rose while they talked on in the same strain. It went higher up the sky and deeper into the water. The spring night became a beautiful dream. But that extraordinary evening passed with Sam Hod no nearer a solution of Avery's behavior and attitude than he was when they drove upon the clearing. Finally he observed:

"Friendship's like banking, young man. We are privileged to draw against exactly what we deposited—with a slight interest—that's all. But have *you* done that? Rather, haven't you expected it to be all checking and no depositing? Then you wonder why you've got no account."

"You wouldn't understand in a thousand years. Suppose we turn in," was the reply.

Sam was weary with the day's driving and the evening's argument. He decided to postpone the probe until each had a fresh brain and body in the morning. Avery stretched himself in the lower bunk, arms pillowed behind his head, feet on his bag, eyes closed. While the editor undressed thoughtfully, something very like a sob issued from that lower bunk. It was not repeated.

Ready for bed, Sam fussed for a time with his blankets.

"Going to sleep in your clothes?" he demanded.

Avery returned no answer.

Hod climbed up and lay for a long time on his right side, staring out through the open door into the star-strewn, silver-painted night.

IT was after two o'clock when the young man who "played his own hand and played it alone" rose noiselessly on one elbow and listened to the deep, resonant snoring from the bunk above. The white light of the moon fell in an irregular blotch on the rough cabin floor. By its illumination he crept, still without sound, from the bed. He pulled down his cap firmly and picked up raincoat and bag. Skillfully avoiding the furniture, he trod a catlike path to the door. In the yard he set down the bag, dropping the coat upon it, and fingering in his vest-pocket produced a tiny flashlight. Then he reentered the cabin.

On the cleared bench-table where Sam would easily find it, Avery laid a note written on an envelope which he had scribbled while the editor had been backing his roadster under the hemlocks. Then with the little blink of light he rifled Sam's pockets until he found the car's switch-key.

Still walking on the balls of his feet, he withdrew, shutting the door. He lifted the padlock-hasps delicately into place and fastened it. On the south side of the cabin he lowered the window and fastened it also—with a length of old board. Reaching the dew-covered roadster he lifted in bag and coat, turned



It was a man who gave one startled glance and sprang into the bushes.

the seat-cushion over, inserted the switch-key, blinked on the lamps and adjusted the levers for spark and gas.

The starter ground a distressing time before the cylinders fired. But the sleeper in the cabin failed to hear. A half-moment later both man and runabout disappeared back into the wood.

Avery drove as fast as he dared. The car bobbed crazily from hummock to hummock but curve after curve was put behind. It was three o'clock when he finally came out into the Bottoms road. Abruptly the driver veered northward, so abruptly the car skidded on the turn.

An abandoned farm, windows fallen in, doors gone, stared at him, hollow-eyed, as he rattled past. The wood enveloped him, closing off stars and moonlight. Out again through a long sandy cut and down a hill he sped, briars and willows whipping the car and a cloud of ghostly dust low-hanging in his rear. Along a valley bottom and up another hill, where he swore as he was compelled to crawl to the top in "second,"—on and on he drove in the hushed hours of morning.

HE grew stiff and sore from the jolting but he could not afford to lessen speed. At the top of another grade he shoved the accelerator to the floor-board as a smooth stretch of road lowered before him. Once through a roadside opening into a sickly meadow, he thought he discerned the roofs of buildings. But birches and sumach immediately screened them. He was driving thirty-eight miles an hour when he hit the curve at the bottom. If he had only known his road he might have finished that ride successfully. He did not know his road and just behind the curve an antiquated trestle spanned the dried bed of a water-course.

A huge stone, grass hidden, shivered the car just before the front wheels hit the planking. The machine veered out of balance. Too near the right-hand edge, on a bias, unfastened timbers tilted abruptly. The roadster paused for an instant, then slurred fatally. The whole structure convulsed. Planking went sliding. Nose first, the car dropped five feet and rolled down through stumps and bushes.

The wrench of the wheel as the machine went over, threw Avery over the windshield, straight in its pathway. Flung to the opposite side of the embankment, man and car slid to meet each other. Avery's legs went under the forward bumper. The machine stopped, pinning him down, tilting rakishly.

When the last stone had rattled to the bottom, Avery blinked up at the stars. The first shock of the smash passing, he tried to move and found himself fastened. His head seemed to be swelling—as though it would explode. The silhouetted landscape rocked. In his left arm and side there was no feeling.

He raised his head and looked out from the gritty mass of leaves, brush and timbers. He felt queerly impotent. Waves of nausea billowed through him. The bumper had no sharp edges but the weight crushed down on his limbs cruelly. So neatly was the car saddled over a bent birch-tree that his struggles to extricate himself rocked it dangerously. Remembering the roofs he had seen huddled under the hill, he summoned all his strength at last and shouted.

Immediately a dog started barking.

IT seemed years and years that he lay pinned beneath that wreck, his cries rending the morning quiet. He finally sensed a large black dog nosing about him and barking like pistol-shots in his ear. Then some one ordered the dog to be silent.

"What's the matter?" that some one called. "Where are you?"

"My car went off the bridge. I'm pinned under it, down here in the bushes."

Scrambling and skidding down the opposite embankment, from somewhere came a woman! She parted the bushes and cried out sympathetically when she saw him. Avery could not discern her features but knew her to be a young woman wearing a mannish ulster over night-clothing.

"Get a rail!" he cried weakly. "See if you can't send the car over sideways. But for God's sake, don't tip it over on top of me!"

"I see a way," she responded.

She climbed up and around the machine, and securing a solid footing applied a shoulder to the side of the wreck.

She rocked the car once, twice, three times; then it went over with a crash, a whipping of leaves, a shower of stones and a twisting of metal. But it cleared the man.

"Help me!" he begged. "Somehow I'm paralyzed!"

"Put your arm around my neck. I'll try to drag you up."

A torturous quarter-hour followed. Jagged stump-roots and briars scratched both of them, but somehow Avery reached the

road. Thereupon it took an agonizing half-hour to get him to the house. The dog was a nuisance.

The girl was exhausted when she finally pushed him upon a sofa in a room lighted only faintly by moonlight.

"I'll get a lamp," she told him.

The man saw her face for the first time when she returned from the kitchen with light and towels and water. It was an oil lamp and she held it just under her face.

She was soft-featured, with hair like spun-gold; it had fallen during her struggle to get him into the house. Her eyes were mellow brown, the color of woodland trout-pools in the hush of summer noon. And the man had never seen such hands—lithe slender-fingered, cool, capable. A thorn had ripped a bothersome gash under her right eye. She swabbed it carelessly from time to time with another part of the dampened towel as she washed his wounds and helped him with his slashed garments.

"Are you all alone?" he asked her finally.

She nodded. "Mr. and Mrs. Merritt have gone to Montreal. You're not hurt inside anywhere, are you? No bones feel broken, do they?"

"Only my side. I can't move arm or leg. I wonder what's the matter?"

"You need a doctor. But there's no one nearer than Royalton Bottoms and we haven't a telephone."

Suddenly the man's memory was galvanized.

"Before you do anything else, go back to the bridge and find my traveling bag!" he cried.

"What for? What's in it?"

"I can't tell you. Just do it! If anybody comes along and finds it, I'll be ruined!" His voice grew hysterical.

"How do you happen to come driving through here at this time in the morning? There wasn't anyone after you, was there? You weren't being chased?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I'll explain it all afterward. Please find the bag. I'll pay you anything!"

The girl's face showed her troubled wonder as she applied a match unsteadily to the wick of a smelly lantern.

Avery lay with his eyes closed, the shock of the accident and his queer-feeling head keeping him flaccid.

THE girl was absent a full half-hour. She entered with the lantern extinguished and her ulster torn and dusty. But she had the bag.

"What made you so long?" he demanded petulantly. He didn't mean to be petulant. It was his nerves.

"I covered the car and fixed the bridge."

"You did *what*?"

"I covered the car and fixed the bridge. No one will ever think of looking under that brush-heap in a dozen years."

"Your hands! They're bleeding," he exclaimed.

"The planks were heavy and full of splinters," she said.

"You did that—for *me*?"

"You said some one was after you, didn't you?" she replied. "Well, I just covered things and made the road and bridge look all right so they wouldn't know you were here until you were able to take care of yourself. I don't know what you've done but it's no-fair to be chased and caught when you're helpless."

"I'll pay you for that," he gulped. "I'm not ungrateful."

"I don't want pay for aiding anyone when they're helpless," she retorted, coloring. "I'm sorry you have that opinion of me."

"I always make people take money for the things they do for me."

"Then they can't amount to very much. Please don't insult me!"

Avery immediately wanted to make it an argument. He started to protest, to voice his customary contention about having no friends, never having had any friends, never wanting any friends. But as he did so, the mental effort swirled his balloonish-feeling head. The last sound he heard was the girl's alarmed cry as she sank beside him, catching his hand.

He went sky-rocketing off into the amethyst and saffron depths of fantastic unconsciousness.

A MAN—some sort of city boarder—was strangely ill in an upper room of the old Merritt place seven miles south of Royalton Bottoms. But no one outside the Merritt household knew anything about it—no one except the puzzled doctor at the Bottoms and a high-priced surgeon who came up from Boston.

The days grew into a week, the week to two, to three, and the dark nights blanketed down over the mountains and lowland with stuffy, inky blackness.



The man saw her face for the first time when she returned. "Are you all alone?" he asked.

But mornings came, too—cool, sweet, delicious, fragrant mornings—with the birds singing and saucy crows winging across the far, open spaces. Over it all and through it all was a blissful hush, the peace of utter relaxation. And toning it all and intensifying its wonder, was the individuality of a girl with golden hair and eyes the color of quiet trout-pools, sweet and sympathetic and solicitous and honest, though Avery's brain registered these things through the haze of a dream.

The film slipped away from his brain about half-past eight of a beautiful evening, with myriads of clean stars showing through the patch of opposite window and a full moon again loitering complaisantly atop the eastern mountain. There was no light in the room, yet the man saw the girl plainly by the window, leaning on the sill.

"Where am I?" he demanded suddenly as he raised himself on an elbow.

The girl turned and stared. At first she thought merely to humor a new ramification of his ailment.

"Don't you remember? You had an auto accident by the bridge." Then she gave a cry of surprise. "Look! You're moving your arm!"

"And why shouldn't I move my arm?"

"You've been paralyzed—ever since the accident," she told him.

"Accident? Accident?" Then it all came back. "My God! Where's my bag? How long have I been in this house?"

"Three weeks last Monday."

"Three weeks last Monday!" His cry ended in a choke. "Who are you? Why have you taken care of me?"

"My name's Genevieve Hastings. I took care of you because you were helpless and there was no one else to do it."

"Yes. But why? Why?"

"I just told you. You were hurt and helpless—"

"That's no reason! I'm a stranger to you. I've never done anything for you—"

"Please don't!"

"Please don't? Why not?"

"Anybody would do things—take care of anybody—who was hurt and helpless and unable to care for themselves."

"No they wouldn't! Not a bit of it! Where's my bag? Where's my money? *Three weeks ago last Monday!* Oh, my God! Have I been imposing on you, a stranger, since three weeks ago last Monday?"

"You haven't imposed on me. I've been glad to do it. You were so utterly broken and helpless—"

"Don't say that again! I don't want to be helpless. I never impose on anybody. I play my own hand and I play it alone. I never called on anybody for help—"

"You talked differently the night of the accident. You called for help so loudly you woke me up. If you're consistent, why didn't you lie there and die instead of shouting for help?"

"I suppose," he admitted in quite another voice after a minute's silence, "—my subconscious mind wouldn't let me, and bleated for aid. Dammit!"

"Then your subconscious mind is wiser than you are. Why not give it a chance?"

"Chance for what?"

"Well, say a chance to make friends for you."

"I'm not the sort that makes friends. My subconscious mind won't let me trust people. I've tried it and I know."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"You don't know what I've been through to make me feel the way I do."

"Oh yes, I know. You've told me the whole story over and over in your delirium the past three weeks."

This statement stopped him utterly. He dropped back on his elbow, then lay back strengthlessly on the huge, deep pillows.

"Did I tell you about Jack Pattin?" His voice was hollow.

"Yes, you told me about Jack Pattin. I'm very well acquainted with Mr. Jack Pattin, both him and his sister. I'd like to scratch their eyes out."

"What? You know them? Have they been here? What are they to you?"

(Continued on page 146)

The One Exception

By

ROYAL BROWN

Illustrated by
W. B. King

THE house she was born in was in Massachusetts, and in it her mother had been born too. This house she loved hardest and longest, and to it she returned oftenest when she had her way.

There was a reason. Sometimes the reason was at Groton and sometimes at Harvard, and later still he was learning to fly, at a field known as Kelly and located in Texas. He lived next door to the house in Massachusetts; and when she was six, by scurrying very swiftly, she could meet him halfway in five minutes. Beginning when she was six,—and ending when she was sixteen,—he had informed her, times innumerable, that he intended to marry her.

Since then he—hadn't!

The name she was born to was Mullens. This may not sound aristocratic, but—it is a matter of record that the Priscilla to whom John Alden proposed first in behalf of Myles Standish and then speaking for himself, as advised, bore that name. Perhaps it was the association of ideas that caused her to be named Priscilla too. And sometimes Trevor Bass, who was ever a tease, called her Prissy, and sometimes he called her Silly—and was alert to dodge quickly.

This, of course, when she was not less than six or more than sixteen. Now Trevor, grown six feet tall and not the least bit handsome, but the most irresistible man she had ever seen or ever hoped to see, gave her her full name. From Kelly Field, with the war on full blast, he had written characteristically:

He started afresh: "I'll wait. I'll work hard and make something of myself."



There's an ancient saying that youth must be served, but this day and age has developed the variant that youth will serve itself. It does in this lively new story by a favorite Red Book Magazine author.

"Dear Priscilla:

"It's a funny old world. I'm here and you're going to France. Well, bring me a helmet—or a couple of scalps. And come home either on your shield or with it, as of course you will.

"Ever yours,

"TREV."

This letter, years old, along with a picture of Trevor in uniform, was now safely in the upper

left-hand drawer of her dressing-table in her room in the house in Massachusetts which she loved. Her father was in England and her mother was in New York. Trevor's father and mother were nowhere in this wide world, and the house, now all his, was officially closed, though the caretaker McPhie and his wife lived in what was known as the Commodore's Ell, built by Trevor's great-grandfather when he returned from the War of 1812. Priscilla had not seen Trevor since he went to Texas, and

nobody seemed to know where he was or what he might be doing.

It was mid-October, with opalescent flashes running through the landscape. Priscilla, descending to breakfast, found her mail beside her plate. With quickened pulse and color she selected an envelope and opened it—*tore* it open, and read:

"Dear Priscilla:

"I've just heard that you're where you are, and I'm coming to see you tomorrow afternoon. There's a train that gets in at four-fifteen, and I'll be on it, rain or shine. Don't disappoint me. I've got something I must tell you."

There was neither date nor address, but Priscilla saw that it had been mailed in Boston. And one-half of her mind wondered that he should come by train and not in his car, and the other half, which was considering his last sentence, submitted a suggestion that made her blush.

"Silly!" said she aloud, as if she were twins.

Nevertheless it is a fact that she ate her grapefruit without



She became so high of color that Trevor surmised something and believed he surmised shrewdly.

sugar and without realizing she had—also that she gave scant attention to lunch and a great deal of attention, after lunch, to her mirror.

The train was on time, and Trevor was on it. Priscilla, being thoroughly modern, had seen no reason why she should not meet it. For chaperon there was Gumdrop, her Airedale.

"I'd hoped you'd be here," Trevor said with his enthusiastic, boyish smile. "But that doesn't make your being here any the less bully of you." He glanced around. "Bring the car?"

Priscilla shook her head. "I thought perhaps you might rather walk."

Trevor drew a deep breath. "You," said he, "are one girl in a million."

They started away from the pretty little station, Gumdrop condescending to accompany them home.

"Do you know," Trevor began, "that this is the first time I've been back here in years?"

Priscilla did, very well. But all she said was: "What have you been doing—and where have you been doing it?"

"Seeing the world," he explained promptly. "Not in the usual sense, but—well, bottom-side up—"

He broke off with characteristic abruptness. Priscilla, accustomed to these sudden outbursts and knowing they were

always merely preludes to more orderly explanations, made no comment.

"The chap I was most pals with at Kelly, had been a truck-driver," Trevor went on presently. "He went into aviation because he knew gas-engines. He told me right out he had been brought up in the slums. But, by George, that fellow had brains!"

Trevor glanced at her, as if to be reassured of her interest.

"I know!" she said. "There was a girl in France. She had been a stenographer—a 'stenog' she called herself." She hesitated. "She chewed gum, and she was always meeting some man who 'got fresh.' And she said,"—Priscilla smiled,—"'You bet I just gave him an eye!'"

Trevor's eyes were eager. "But you liked her. You found her worth while?"

"Yes. There was something—well, *real* about her. You couldn't patronize her, and you couldn't fool her. She seemed—*just herself!* Not cut to pattern."

Trevor stopped short, his face aglow. "That," he exclaimed, "is just the way I feel about Gertrude! She is *real*."

The possessive pride of a lover was in his voice. The abrupt revelation left Priscilla momentarily dizzy. The fresh breeze caught at her skirt and ruffled Gumdrop's coat. It was from the

north and very chill—though she hadn't realized it until that moment.

"Now," she said, as naturally as she could, "I know why you came!"

"I had to tell somebody," he confessed. "I wondered, after I wrote, if you would understand. But what you said proved that you do. I know"—his voice made the concession—"that not everybody will."

Priscilla had a horrible feeling that her gaze was growing glassy. "Let's walk along," she suggested quickly. And lest that seem lacking in warmth, she added: "And tell me all about her."

"I will," he promised, fervently, and then went off on a sudden tangent. "She—Gertrude—asked if I had any relations, and when I told her I hadn't, what do you suppose she said?"

"That she was thankful for that?"

"Exactly!" His brown eyes danced. "She hasn't any, either, except Tommy and Granny Campbell, and she said right out that she thought we were lucky. That is what I mean about being real. She lives with Granny Campbell—Scotch, and the quaintest, shrewdest old lady you ever saw—and Tommy. He's five. I'm going to adopt them both and transplant them here. That's a surprise I'm keeping for Gertrude—that and— But perhaps I'd better begin at the beginning. The chap I told you about started me thinking. I'd make a statement. And he'd say it wasn't so. Or he'd make one, and I'd go back at him and he'd say: 'That may be true of your class—but how many people does your class include? A tenth of one per cent!'"

TREVOR drew a deep breath. "He'd been there. He knew! I made up my mind that when the war was over I'd live with him and find out some things for myself. But they got him—in France; and—I've done it anyway."

"You mean—"

"I've been living with his kind. They're the salt of the earth, Priscilla. Anyone who thinks that the milk of human kindness has all dried up—or been canned—ought to live right with the poor, as I have, for a year."

Trevor paused and looked expectantly at her. Priscilla, avoiding his gaze, caught a glimpse of his home.

"Does—she know about that?" Priscilla gestured toward the house.

"That is one of my surprises," replied Trevor happily. "She thinks I'm just T. Bass, truck-driver, and if the truth must be told, somewhat of a step down for a young lady who has risen by her own efforts from cash-girl to assistant buyer of underwear!"

Priscilla, surprised out of her misery, glanced up at him. "Are you really driving a truck?"

Trevor grinned. "That, thanks to a knowledge of gas-engines, seemed to be my most marketable accomplishment."

"But you're going to give it up now—and live here?"

He nodded. "When we spoke of a honeymoon," he began afresh, "she said she wished she could go to Paris—that's where the big buyers go. But she said right after, she guessed she'd have to be satisfied with New York."

He smiled zestfully. "She wanted to know if we could go just once to Delmonico's, and I told her I guessed we could manage it. And of course I'm going to take her to Paris and lots of other places."

"Then that"—Priscilla nodded toward the house—"wont be a surprise."

"No. But it will be home. And Granny Campbell will be there, and Tommy. And there's lots of other surprises. You know the signs everybody puts up around here—there's one now: 'No Trespassing.' That's coming down," he said. "I'm going to put up new signs reading: 'Trespassing Allowed!'"

Priscilla was startled. "Really?"

Trevor nodded vigorously.

"Please don't think I don't approve," Priscilla put in quickly. "I think it's sweet—and it's like you, Trevor."

"Oh, it's no credit to me," he declared quickly. "I have a lot of money that I haven't earned. I couldn't spend it all on myself if I wanted to. I might refuse to touch it and make my own way—I've thought of that. But wouldn't it be better to help other people? You haven't any idea how they need it. And everybody who's made me welcome this last year is going to find a welcome here."

Priscilla had a sudden doubt and was betrayed into voicing it before she realized how it would sound. "Are you sure that—Gertrude will like it?"

She could have bitten her tongue then, for saying it, but he was magnificently sure. "She'll love it! That's one reason why I'm marrying her. She's been all through it herself, and she understands, she'll help. Supposing I should marry some girl in my own little set—would she understand? Or help?"

Priscilla did not answer. They were passing through the grilled gates that gave into her father's estate. She stooped and unleashed Gumdrop, who began to range. Then she and Trevor resumed their walk up the drive.

"You'll have tea?" she suggested. "I ordered it."

"I will," he assented. "I don't know how hungry a bear can get, but if he ever gets half as hungry as I am at this instant, he has my deepest sympathy."

Priscilla led him down the wide, deep hall to the library. This was smaller and cosier than the great living-room. Logs were blazing in the open fireplace; she went to it and held out her hands, as if such warmth could dissipate the chill that had settled upon her.

AN instant later Hosmer, the housekeeper, entered with the tea-service.

It was just then that the great knocker sounded three times and a new arrival appeared, as if confident that, his presence having been heralded, admission was to be taken for granted. He was tall and as broad and as thoroughly well set up as Trevor; and if he had not so much money, he had at least enough for two. Indeed, a jury of his peers would have pronounced Penn Cutler as eligible, as engaging in manner and surely better featured than Trevor. Even Priscilla would have admitted that, but—well, just *but!*

It was plain that he counted himself expected; and it was as plain, when he saw Trevor, that he had not expected a third. Priscilla turned quickly and greeted him, with unusual warmth. This was partly because she had quite forgotten him and the invitation she had given,—after he had angled shamelessly,—and partly because just then he was assuredly a friend indeed. She had Hosmer bring another cup and more cakes and became so unusually gay and so high of color that Trevor, who saw—as indeed anybody must—that Penn was not drawn to the Mullens library merely by the high hope of tea and cakes, surmised something and believed he surmised shrewdly.

In time the grandfather's clock in the hall, which went about its duty as it saw fit, cleared its melodious throat and announced it was six, and Trevor jumped up and declared that he must be going. Priscilla went with him to the front door, and there he, smiling down at her as one who has been made privy to a secret, delivered his final blow.

"I think," he said, "that before long I shall be wishing you great happiness too. I'm glad, Priscilla."

Priscilla stood briefly, her hand on the knob, after the door had closed behind him. Then her chin came up, and she returned to the library.

"Who is he?" Penn demanded, trying to make it sound casual and not succeeding at all.

Priscilla told him. She said nothing about Gertrude, however. And Penn was only half convinced that his fears were groundless.

"Priscilla—" he began.

"Please!" she interpolated hurriedly, and rang for Hosmer. But that proved only a stop-gap. For Penn was determined to speak, and speak he did, and was refused for the tenth—or perhaps it was the twentieth—time.

"I'll never give it up until there is somebody else," he assured her, and there was something rather fine in the way he said it. But a jealous twinge shook him, and he spoiled it all by adding fiercely: "There isn't, is there?"

"Oh, please—please go!" she begged.

PENN gave her a long, long look, mingling reproach and imperishable adoration—and departed. Whereupon Priscilla went swiftly up to her room and locked the door.

"Do you know what I wish?" she demanded of the mirror.

The mirror seemed not to know.

"I wish I was dead!" she declared.

Of course she shouldn't have said such a thing, or, if she must, she should at least have said "were." But having said it, she immediately felt better. She assured herself that she *did* want Trevor to be happy, and then fell to wondering just what kind of girl Gertrude was. Being feminine, she determined to find out. Before bedtime she had written Trevor a letter.

This he received the next evening, the instant he reached his lodgings.

(Continued on page 106)

Romance rides with the daring engineers who push railroads through Central America. This is the first of a fine series about these soldiers of fortune.

Illustrated by R. James Stuart



Many an unwashed hobo has told a more convincing tale.

Keg Henderson Learns a Song

By

C. E. SCOGGINS

THE plaza in Quetzal knew a hundred years of dignified lethargy in the manner of old Spain before its tiles rasped under the brisk hobnailed boots of Hampson & Smith's young men, bringing Progress on the American plan. Elsewhere I shall tell you of Peaceful Palmer; of the chariot-race between Jimmy Siever and Hop White, three laps around the plaza in stolen carriages while the rightful drivers thereof, shrieking curses, ran behind; of the involuntary election of Mike Alvarez; of the Hotel Caravanchel, where Los Puros Pues'n walked upon the tables; and why no railroad can be built without a corkscrew.

The railroad is finished now, spidering across cañons, burrowing through hills, curling precariously along the precipices of the Armeria River up from the coast. It was only last year that they moved on, these hobnailed young men, abandoning Quetzal to the rubber heel of commerce. But one of them stayed behind. He was watching the hole where seventeen hundred dollars had vanished; and civilization got him.

On a certain evening he sat slumped on a stone bench in the plaza, listening savagely to the band. He was a lanky and un-

lovely young man, shabby and fuzzy and bleary-eyed. I do not slander him. An hour after the moment I speak of, he inspected himself in the mirror of an adjacent bar and admitted grimly the full extent of his unlovely shabbiness and fuzziness of pale red whiskers. He had not the price of a drink, but he felt a certain morbid need of a mirror.

That—as better men than I have said—was me. I was waiting for a man; and after a certain length of time he appeared. There could be no mistake. The foreign population of Quetzal could not boast two such fat, majestic figures. I leaped up and seized him by the elbow.

"I beg your pardon," I said rapidly, before he should wrench himself free and escape from me. "You are Mr. Penny, aren't you? I—"

And then my breath escaped me. I don't know where it went; probably I swallowed it. I had not dreamed that Quetzal could be blessed with so gracious a vision as stood beside the fat and majestic Mr. Penny, nor that I could ever wish to fade and vanish before so lovely a pair of eyes.

"I am Mr. Penny," said Mr. Penny. "And you are a young man overtaken by undeserved misfortune, and if I give you a half-dollar you will make tracks for the nearest *cantina*. Eh?"

The eyes of the vision were clear and blue, and I could feel my whiskers growing. Why must she stand there looking so fresh and clean and lovely? This was business, important business, vital business.

"N-no!" I stammered. "No sir. It's about that Partida timber tract. I've tried to see you at your office—I was Mr. Barron's partner in the option." I don't know why I said Mr. Barron. It made me feel more humble and disreputable and unconvincing.

"Barron's partner?" Mr. Penny smiled. "I didn't know he had one. What did you say your name was?"

"Henderson—Ke—Gregg Henderson." Somewhat belatedly I pulled off my hat. The sweat-stain on the band had spread a full quarter-inch since the last time I had noticed it, and those clear blue eyes saw it too.

But Mr. Penny did not present me to the lady.

"I don't remember his mentioning any such name."

"He wouldn't," I said desperately. "He double-crossed me—it was his deal, but half the money was mine—I gave it to him in currency—seventeen hundred dollars."

"Moral," said Mr. Penny facetiously: "get a receipt."

But I thought he was listening, and babbled on. Many an unwashed hobo has told a more convincing tale.

"See Barron," said he impatiently, strolling on with the lady.

I followed, talking faster. He turned on me a cold and exasperated eye.

"J. Pierpont Morgan," he said, "I can run the Quetzal Lumber Company without the assistance of any fuzzy plaza miner, and I haven't asked you to take a walk with me. Shall I call a cop?"

Doubtless there are many heroic expedients that I overlooked, but I was not—at that time, anyway—a heroic person. I was merely a cub engineer acutely out of a job, plainly not born for high finance and positively without social standing in the eyes of a gracious young vision in white. I was turning with injured dignity—the only kind that remained to me—on my heel, when I caught those blue eyes on me in a last curious glance.

I discreetly deferred the turning movement until they had passed on. I wore no coat, and much sitting on stone benches does not improve trousers.

"Well, Keg, my son," I inquired earnestly of myself, "what now?"

It wanted a deal of thinking over. I retired to my bench in the shadow of some shrubbery and did as best I might with an empty pipe. There was nowhere in particular to go; and once in so often the girl must pass again.

So also the fat and majestic Mr. Penny for whom I had waited so hopefully, but he was now no more than so much bulk to obstruct the view. She was his daughter, probably. I thought despondently on the change that was overtaking Quetzal. It was no place for a man now. Already the offices of the two lumber companies exuded sleek young things whose white flannel pants put gray flannel shirts to shame.

She did pass, sometimes so near that I could see the fresh glow of her skin and a dainty ear. I drew my battered boots into the shadow, but those clear blue eyes were busy elsewhere. I was not pleased. I had wished for invisibility and attained it, but I was not pleased.

One of the sleek young men overtook them fifty feet from my bench, and I saw her greet him with a flash of delectable laughter. I knew his name; it was Hawk, a particularly unpleasant name. He was an accountant. I thought bitterly that accountants ought to be confined after dark.

His offensive air of intimacy toward her gave sudden significance to a detail. Conspicuous against her white blouse she wore a small pin, wrought delicately, of black enamel and gold, the badge of a college

fraternity. It was a man's pin; I had seen it closely enough to make out the three Greek letters it bore. Hawk's? Her smooth, delightful hands were bare of rings, but a girl does not wear such a pin without something dangerously near an understanding. I had always distrusted dark, jaunty young men.

It was then that I was moved to consult a mirror. Sam Kee, the urbane, found something very busy to do with his cigar-boxes as I hove to anchor before the bar of the Hotel California, for Sam was a kindly Celestial, regretful to refuse credit to a customer of other days. But it would have taken much of Sam Kee's liquor to palliate the spectacle I beheld in the glass. A face rimmed with a raw fuzz of reddish whiskers, hungry gray eyes that retreated under reddish brows, a sweat-stained and dilapidated Stetson, a flannel shirt that yearned for the laundry, a worn corduroy vest and no coat. There remained—shall we say?—enough buttons, no more.

So this was how I looked to clear and lovely eyes! It was to this I had come, hanging on until the fat and majestic Mr. Penny should arrive from his comfortable United States!

"So much, young Henderson," I told myself, "for the single-track mind!"

I thought of that long-awaited interview and laughed. Sam Kee saw me do it and moved uneasily to the other end of the bar. It was not particularly pleasing, even to me—that red and hairy Reflection of a Young Man Laughing.

And then I saw it stiffen and remain grotesquely fixed. Beside it, framed in the reflected doorway behind me, was Barron.

He hesitated, seeing me, and I think would have backed out; but I swung round on him.

"Embarrassed, Barron? Don't be shy. Come right in."

He came in. He had steady nerves, had Barron. I topped him by a good four inches, and I could not have looked inviting.

"Hello, Keg," he said. He even smiled. "Will you have a drink? Fellows, this is Mr. Henderson."

Behind him, looking dashed and uncomfortable, filed in three or four of the white-flanneled lads that infested Quetzal nowadays. Undoubtedly they were thinking that the prosperous Mr. Barron used strange taste in selecting his friends.

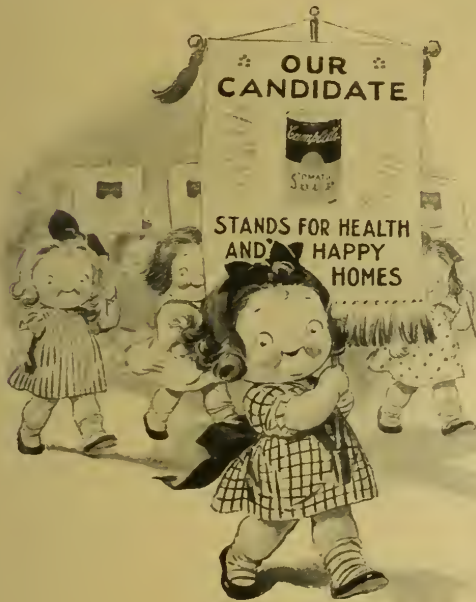
"I will not," I told him. "But



"No," I said, "but I can spoil the option he bought. Look here!" And I read aloud.

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD. HOT SOUP

We're the ladies aid in a big parade
Mid the shouting crowds and the din,
The issue, we state, is the full dinner plate
And Campbell's is sure to win!



The Women's Vote

Stand in any grocery store for a few minutes and hear the other customers give their orders for soup. "Campbell's" is the name you'll hear practically every time—any day, anywhere. Order some Campbell's yourself and enjoy a delicious hot plateful of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Campbell's famous chefs in the spotless Campbell's kitchens make this soup from their own exclusive recipe, with vine-ripened tomatoes, luscious and tempting. Golden butter is blended in the rich puree and delicate spices add their zest. "Real tomato soup," you will say, "and it will get my vote every time!"

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

I'm thinking that I'll have seventeen hundred dollars' worth of your hide. I told you to keep out of my way."

"You're crazy," said he coolly. —"Fellows, shall we go over to the Caravanchel? Mr. Henderson's had too much to drink."

He turned his neat back on me. It's not easy to assault a man, especially a smaller man, who cannily refrains from giving you any moment of excitement in which to begin. Awkwardly I took him by the collar and hauled him back.

"Barron," I said, "come through. I'm going to give you one last chance to be square with me."

"Call a *gendarme*, Sam," said he.

"Sam," I said, "if you move, I'll break your yellow neck. Gentlemen, this is a private matter. Keep out of it if you don't want to get hurt."

IT was just as cool and unexciting as that. I was between them and the door; and those white-flanneled lads were doubtlessly shocked beyond expression. Just outside the door they could see people calmly sipping drinks at the little marble-topped tables in the *portal*, blocked off by a red and hairy apparition who was—and wasn't—Mr. Barron's friend. They looked uncertainly to Barron for their cue; but Barron, adjusting the collar whose set I had so crudely spoiled, merely looked at me and said nothing.

Quiet, self-possessed, he had all the better of that stare. He could always outguess me at poker, could Barron. He put the next move squarely up to me.

"Barron," I cried, "are you going to come through?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Barron.

The thing was becoming ridiculous. I slapped him—with my open hand and without conviction. I am not a heroic person; I can never get fighting mad until I begin to fight. Knowing Barron, I expected that slap to precipitate the whirlwind; I ached for the Berserk rage to break his well-groomed body into bits. But he outguessed me again. The blow was a trifling thing, but he let it throw him off balance and sat down on the floor.

"Get up, you yellow dog," I begged him.

He looked up at me and smiled. Very well I knew that Barron was not yellow.

"Get up, or I'll kick your ribs in!"

The white-flanneled boys made a shocked and horrified movement, but Barron calmly lifted his arms to allow my boot access to the aforesaid ribs. He knew me, Barron did; he knew that my nerves were not cold enough—nor hot enough; he knew, in short, that I was not a heroic person.

I heard a scrape of chairs in the *portal* outside, a sharp murmur of voices. No doubt I had spoken more loudly than I had intended; the sippers of drinks were craning curiously at the spectacle of the prosperous Señor Barron sitting on the floor with his arms lifted queerly from his sides—like a baby begging to be taken up. I prayed that they would rush to his assistance; there would be one lively moment before they could reach me.

But nothing happened. I exhorted him fervently to stand on his hind legs in imitation, at least, of a man; he neither answered nor moved, smiling that mocking smile of his; I stood, awkward, uncertain, futile in this as in all else. I laughed. It startled him as it had startled Sam Kee; but before he could withdraw his lifted hand, I bent down and with two fingers slapped him on the wrist.

"Die, then, Percival," I said in my most ladylike voice, "you horrid thing!"

I knew Barron too, you see; I knew his vulnerable spot. That was the name he concealed from the world under the noncommittal initial *P.*—a shameful thing to betray, but you will allow that my provocation was great. I saw his mocking smile turn sour; I heard one of the white-flanneled boys titter nervously; and on this cruel triumph I marched out.

And then I felt my ears ignite and burst into flame. At a table in direct line with the door sat the fat and majestic Penny, the sleek and jaunty Hawk, both twisted about to stare; and facing me, mirth just fading from her lovely face, the girl. Mirth! They must have felt the heat that radiated from my ears and the back of my neck as I blundered past and—

THE band was playing, and the élite of Quetzal—Panama-hatted and sharp-mustached, or else lace-mantilla-ed, fan-fluttering and coy—drifted fitfully about the plaza; but to me it was a red misery and a desolation. I told myself that if she approached, I would take to my heels; but though I waited, slumped on my shadowed bench, until the musicians folded their instruments and departed, and the promenade dissolved with many a *gay adiós*, that gracious vision did not come again.

It was early yet. I got up and went tramping about the plaza. So bright a thing came never to Quetzal in the days of Hampson & Smith; and I, the most unworthy thing in all that region, had seen her. Even at my unworthy best my ears would have grown hot and my wits feeble before her eyes, for the soft and easy life of the railroad camp does not harden one for such peril. And now—futile, unkempt, penniless—

It costs nothing to walk in a deserted plaza with wistful and un-reasonable dreams.

My boot brushed something, something that rolled away with a small metallic clicking on the tiled pavement. The light picked out a tiny glitter where it came to rest. It was a pin, delicately wrought, of black enamel and gold, bearing three Greek letters on its face.

Thoughts, all of them unworthy, swarmed on me as I examined it. I would find her and return it, and so earn a flash of delectable laughter. But no: delectable laughter is not for lanky and unlovely vagabonds who play the clown in barrooms. For me there would be cool and impersonal thanks, the offer of a generous silver coin as the reward of virtue.

Why not? I had sore need of coins. Perhaps I could get more if I pawned it. Its intrinsic value was a matter of a few dollars.

At least I could learn if it was the property of the odious Hawk? But again no: its golden reverse was blank, innocent of any incriminating initial.

A last thought, defiant and most unworthy, in the end possessed me. After all, its value to the sleek and jaunty Hawk was a matter of a few dollars, its value to her no more than a gift of flowers. Suppose she had dropped a rose. Would it not be mine—or anyone's—to keep? Securely, looking carefully to the catch, I pinned the little precious thing inside my shabby vest.

The Plaza de Armas is lighted all night, but the Jardín Gómez, a dozen blocks away, is dark and kindly with tall palms and banked shrubbery and grass. Lying there you can see the starry sky between the lazily whispering fronds, a roof that does not leak unless it rains; and you can imagine for yourself, free of charge, clear blue eyes lighted with delectable laughter. You can ponder a miracle, the ineffable miracle of femininity—wondering how, in a world half full of women, you could live nearly twenty-six years and never know that it was a miracle. Oh, you can think of many things.

AT the Jardín Gómez, they do not serve breakfast. And my morning paper was late. The *Diario Quetzalense* carries no Help Wanted column and very little news, but wealthy people spend their pennies for it and leave it lying about on benches.

"Why, hello!"

Sounds cordial, doesn't it? But it wasn't cordial. It carried the infection of: "Aha, my fine fellow! Caught in the act!"

I looked up from my *Diario* to see the fat, majestic face of Mr. Penny peering over the edge of it. A fat and majestic cigar, badly chewed, was clamped in the corner of his mouth.

"Good morning, Mr. Penny." I was not very cordial myself. A man who didn't know how to treat a good cigar didn't deserve to own one.

"Umph," said he. "Found it, did you?"

His eyes were fastened, not on my face, but on my chest, where a small gold-and-enamel badge gleamed modestly against my unwashed shirt. My giant intellect was never at its best before breakfast. I buttoned my vest.

"Here!" He snapped fat majestic fingers. "Hand it over!"

"Uh—have I something of yours, Mr. Penny?"

"My daughter's. Don't stall, J. Pierpont. That pin!"

"Oh," I said feebly. "This pin." I unbuttoned my vest and regarded it sadly. "You mean—this pin?"

"Exactly. That pin."

"Can you prove," I demanded cautiously, "that it is yours? Is it marked?" Very well I remembered that blank golden reverse.

I thought he was going to explode. He swelled, grew fatly and majestically purple at the necessity of public wrangling with an unshaven vagabond. He sputtered: "Shall I call a cop?" It seemed to be the stock retort of prosperity to adversity.

I sighed. "There's one just across the street, Mr. Penny."

He had been in Quetzal long enough to learn the universal summons to menials. He clapped his hands. The *gendarme* sauntered over.

"*Que hay, Tomás?*" I greeted him casually. "How is the little Lola, and the good señora?"

For Tomás, before he took on the majesty of the law at thirty-seven cents a day, had worked fourteen hours almost every day



There is constant danger in an oily skin

A SKIN that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles.

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight feeling*. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the *right way* to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing.

After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear. Within a week or ten

days you will notice a marked improvement in the condition of your skin.

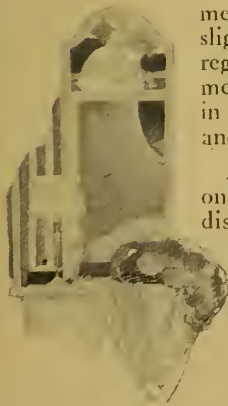
This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
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Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

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for Hampson & Smith, receiving therefor a whole peso in silver. Tomás had not forgotten those days of plenty.

"They are well, thanks, Señor Enderstone," he beamed. "And yourself, it goes well with you?"

"Not very well, Tomás. This rich Americano is annoying me."

Tomás turned a deprecatory eye on Mr. Penny, who had witnessed our greeting with grave disapproval. "What offers itself to you, señor?"

"He—he—" Mr. Penny, struggling apoplectically to capture the Spanish word for *chief*, pointed at me a dramatic and accusing finger. "Pin! Pin!" he shouted, tapping himself on the chest.

"Peen?" Tomás appealed to me.

"He wants this bench for himself," I explained sorrowfully.

"But the plaza is free, señor!" Politely but firmly Tomás seized the Penny elbow. "Find another bench."

"What the—hey!" roared the outraged victim of injustice. He wrenched himself free with such violence that they both staggered. "What do you think you're doing, you half-baked shrimp?—What does he mean? What did you tell him?"

"I told him you were annoying me, Mr. Penny. Shall I tell him you called him a half-baked shrimp?"

Mr. Penny, breathing loudly through his nostrils, glanced apprehensively at Tomás. That valiant guardian of the peace, getting a firm grip on his club, showed all the wary resolution of a man about to lay hands on a red-hot stove.

"Or shall I tell him to go?"

"No!" exploded Mr. Penny. "I mean yes! You win—I can't talk their spiggotty. But you wait, young man. I'll have you run out of town!"

"Nothing would please me better," I sighed.

He glared. "Well? What do you want for it?"

"This pin?"

"That pin!"

I considered. "Fifty dollars," I said.

"I won't pay it!"

"I didn't think you would," I admitted sadly.

My neglected interior department wailed reproachfully at me as his fat majestic back receded. Why had I not said five dollars? Three? No pawnbroker would give me as much. It would have bought many meals of food. Sooner or later I must come to it.

I would not! Not for a breakfast. I would not! Fifty dollars would take me to Copán; but less was useless. Fiercely I fastened my eyes on the newsless newspaper.

A LOUD and truculent breathing advised me of an incredible fact. Mr. Penny, alone and bearing no deadly weapon, was returning, marching straight to my bench. I held my breath to keep from shouting: "Five dollars! Three!"

"Twenty-five dollars," said Mr. Penny grimly.

"Sold," I croaked. It said itself. It was not enough for the journey to Copán, but it was the wealth of Midas.

He took out a check-book and wrote. "What's day o' the month?" he grunted. "April what?"

"May second," I told him.

"May—oh, yes. May second." He scratched and wrote again. "You keep well posted—for a hobo," he snorted.

"I've just been reading the morning paper," I explained meekly.

There was another reason, so sad a reason that I did not speak of it. The Partida option was dated January 9th and would expire May 9th, in just one week now—the option in which the name of Gregg Henderson positively did not appear.

He held out a peremptory hand. "The pin!"

"The check," I countered. I thought I saw a canny gleam in his eye. "We'll cash it first. Checks can be stopped, you know."

He snorted and followed close on my heels. It was just as well; my acquaintance with the Banco Nacional had not been intimate of late. His fat majestic form at my elbow gave me the teller's instant respect.

"*Moneda nacional* or currency?" He meant United States currency.

I heard the question, for I remembered it afterward, but it made no impression on my mind. I had been eying the check as it passed from my hand to his, admiring the fat, majestic signature of Mr. Penny and wishing that the name of Gregg Henderson were as potent. But as the teller spoke, a certain detail impinged on my infallible subconscious mind, and from nowhere there rose a sudden photographic memory. Inwardly I trembled with an awful, tantalizing inspiration; outwardly it is probable that my jaw sagged.

"Native money or currency?"

"Yes," I said brilliantly. Could it be? Or was it only a delusion, born of much footless thinking in a circle?

HE gave me the money in native currency, and I stumbled out.

"The pin," said Mr. Penny.

"Oh, yes—the pin." I gave it to him, and he slipped it into his vest pocket. "Mr. Penny," I said wildly, "have you decided about that option yet?"

"Eh—huh?" Mr. Penny backed uneasily away, for I all but leaped on him and shook him in my urgency, and I doubt not that I looked even wilder than I felt.

"The option—the Partida option," I said, remembering that it was possibly not the only option in the world; "you haven't closed with Barron yet?"

Seeing that I did not intend assaulting him, he regained his fat and majestic poise. "Oh, the Partida option—that's so. You were John D. Rockefeller's partner—or was it Pierpont Morgan's?"

"I mean it. I've got to know. If you haven't, hold off—just one day. Just today, Mr. Penny!"

"Expect to receive your partnership papers in today's mail?"

"No. Never mind that. Wait! Will you? I've got an idea that may save you a lot of money if I'm right. Will you wait?" I thought he hesitated. "Thousands of dollars," I urged feverishly.

I had impressed him, because he did not laugh at that. "I told Barron I'd see him this afternoon," he said. "What is this furious idea?"

"I can't tell you. I may be wrong. Will you wait—until four o'clock this afternoon?"

"I imagine I'll be somewhere about," he admitted. It is beneath the dignity of a General Manager to make a definite promise to an unlauded vagabond. On that I galloped off, clutching the money. A horse! A horse!

I FOUND myself stumbling as I ran, and wondered vaguely why my knees were so weak. I dashed into the stables of Rodriguez, who furnished *remudas*. "A horse—quick!" I shouted.

My knees all but failed me. "A horse," I said more quietly, "a saddle-horse, the fastest you have. I shall require him for one day. Here is the money."

Ah, the princely comfort of that phrase! The world is his to command, who can say: "Here is the money!" A wave of elation lifted me up. The solid reassurance of food intervening again between belt-buckle and backbone was mine, and the luxury of stroking a smooth chin, of feeling the hair short and crisp again at the back of my neck—I owned forty-seven pesos and a fraction, the equivalent of twenty-five magnificent dollars. The hauteur, the assured leisure of wealth enveloped me. I could buy *two* clean shirts if I liked; and the thing that I remembered—if it was there—would not vanish while the barber worked.

When he had finished, I regarded myself in his glass, stuck my thumbs in my belt and swaggered. Flannel shirt and hobnailed boots and all, a fellow looks jaunty enough if he is clean-shaven and short-haired. I went down the street with my hat in my hand so that the world might see how short my hair was.

It is fourteen kilometers to the estate of Don Clemente Partida, and the view from the trail when it begins to climb the Cerro Grande repays the observant eye. But I failed to appreciate the scenery. I pursued a vision, a photographic vision of a sheet of yellow tissue. I could see even the number of the page.

The too kindly Don Clemente received me with the wordy courtesy that I remembered. Business? But first we should have a *copita* to cool me after my ride. Would I care for a game of chess in the patio? Then we must see the improvements in his garden. I possessed my anguished soul, for Don Clemente and his kind cannot be hurried. At long length, with guile, we came to the book of yellow tissue sheets. There was the impression copy of the option in Barron's own Spanish and handwriting—the option in which the name of Gregg Henderson positively did not appear:

January 9, 1921.

In consideration of three thousand dollars American gold, here paid, I cede to the Sr. P. Barron for a term of four months from date, or be it until the 9th day of May of the current year—

It was all as I had seen it when Barron had departed without the formality of reporting to me and I had learned of his thrifty omission of my name; it was all there, even to the number of the page, even to the thing I had looked at without seeing. "And the moral of that is," I



For nightly cleansing a cream with just enough oil to cleanse thoroughly and not clog the pores

A special cream for the nightly cleansing

UNLESS you keep your skin thoroughly clean it becomes dull looking. No matter what you do during the day, dust and fine particles of dirt bore their way deep into the pores.

Everyone realizes this when she comes in from a dusty trip, but every day your pores collect much dust and dirt that ordinary washing cannot reach.

To cleanse your skin thoroughly you must use a cream with just the right amount of oil to remove every particle of dirt from the pores and work out again.

Creams with too much oil clog the pores. Creams that are too stiff stretch them. That is why it was so important to develop a cream with *just enough oil* and no more. This cream is Pond's *Cold Cream*.

This delicate cream is snowy white, very light and never has that greasy smell.

Tonight after you have washed with warm water and pure soap, smooth a little Pond's *Cold Cream* on your face and neck. Let it stay a minute. It

will work its way into the pores and out again, bringing all the dirt with it. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how necessary a thorough cleansing is, and that ordinary washing is not enough.

Smooth out the little lines before they grow deep

Pond's *Cold Cream* does more than cleanse; it keeps your skin supple and stimulates it. Use it now to smooth out any little fine lines before they have a chance to fasten themselves and grow deeper.

No one cream, however, can care for your skin completely. As a protection against exposure and a base for powder, you need a cream without any oil—Pond's *Vanishing Cream*.

Use both these creams every day. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair or clog the pores. Buy them in convenient sizes of jars or tubes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream
to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
176 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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"Pedo-Praxic"

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for Women of all ages

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STYLE—individual, yet universal—is the expression of taste and the essence of pleasure in footwear. And Style is as visible—and delightful—in Dorothy Dodd shoes as their fine materials, their flawless comfort and faultless fit. You will see it at Dorothy Dodd agencies—but even more will you appreciate the worth and winsomeness of Dorothy Dodd shoes in actual wear. A beautifully illustrated style booklet is free on request, together with the address of your nearest Agency.

DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY Makers BOSTON 20, MASS.



told myself, "never, never, my son, take anything for granted!"

I found my voice. "Don Clemente," I said, "would you like to get five thousand dollars more than Barron has offered you?"

It was a purely rhetorical question. Don Clemente smiled sadly. "I fear you do not know the Señor Barron very well," he said. "Five thousand dollars are five thousand dollars, and I am not rich. But that option is binding."

"I know the Señor Barron," I insisted, "much too well; but if you will come to Quetzal with me now,—today,—I can promise you five thousand dollars more. American gold," I urged. I, who owned the feeble remnant of forty-seven pesos!

"Has he failed to sell? Surely no, for the Pacific Timber Company wants it too."

"I cannot explain," I said, and indeed I could not. But I continued to urge him, and eventually he agreed.

IT was a few minutes short of four o'clock when we dismounted before the wide doorway of the Quetzal Lumber Company. Somehow I had expected the office force to be grouped in attitudes of suspense, Mr. Penny sitting forward in his chair watching the clock. Had I not said that I would come at four? But no one sat in Mr. Penny's chair; a bald-headed man in shirt-sleeves looked up from checking small sheets of paper to state—voluntarily—that they were not hiring any men just now.

"I don't want a job," I explained with feverish disregard for the truth. "I want to see Mr. Penny. When will he be in?"

"Don't know."

"Where can I find him?"

"Can't say. You might wait if"—plainly he stated an improbable supposition—"if your business is important."

I waited. Don Clemente waited. He was of the serene breed over whom time flows easily. "Let us sit in the patio," he proposed reasonably.

By the entryway sat a sandal-footed porter wooing sleep over a worn and dingy chess-board. There were vines, and the dainty blur of a humming bird's wings. But the peace of the place did not descend on me. Mr. Penny came not. My nerves jingled at every footfall from the street.

I ceased to breathe. That was the neat form of Barron that stood before

the desk of the bald-headed man—suave, easy. "Where's Mr. Penny?"

The bald-headed man omitted part of the ceremony. He did not assume that Barron was applying for a job. He merely grunted, "Not in," "Don't know," "Can't say," "You might wait," in their proper sequence.

"But I had an engagement at four-thirty."

"You might wait," said the bald-headed man, and went on checking papers.

Barron glanced into the patio. Possibly the thought of sitting with me—waiting—did not attract him. Besides, he had no need to worry, had Barron. He held the option—he thought!

"I'll be back," said he.

Four forty—four forty-five. I went over my argument in my mind until the words grew senseless. Four forty-eight—

In one of the rooms about the court a guitar throbbed softly, and some one began to sing. It was a woman's voice, a contralto murmuring as if she sang for no ears but her own, sang for the quiet joy of singing. It wove itself into the peace of the afternoon—the restful green of vines, blue sky above the court, sunlight aslant on weathered stones, the little happy blur of a humming bird's wings. Surely the world was a brave and goodly place in which to live. Troubles and hardships, yes; how else should the strength of men's souls be tried?

The guitar throbbed, roundly, softly, and ceased—and began again with merry staccato beat. I perceived that it was faintly humorous, this double stalking of the fat and majestic Mr. Penny; I dismissed the fear that Barron might chance upon our quarry in the street. What if he did? I had the book, the precious book of yellow tissue sheets; and in it, set down by Barron's own hand, was Barron's undoing—I thought!

I knew that cheery little melody and loved it; under my breath I hummed the baritone part. Don Clemente glanced at me and hitched his chair nearer the porter drowsing over his chess problem.

SUDDENLY I winced. That was a false chord she played—wrong, utterly wrong, spoiling the beautiful note of harmony I was about to hum for my own delight. It has a recurring strain, that song, with a "barbershop" accidental that is nothing less than bliss to sing, and she missed it!

I abandoned the baritone part of the duet, waiting to see if she would miss that chord again. She did.

I got up and wandered nervously about the court. My fingers itched; I knew exactly the fingering for that chord. At the third time I hesitated; at the fourth I stopped before the door.

"It goes out of the key there," I said.

"I know it does," she said, "but I don't know where it goes."

She was sitting with one foot curled under her on a wide, comfortable seat across the barred window. The light behind her laid a bright halo on her dark hair but left her face dim. She was not in white today, but wore a frock of crisp, pale blue, that the strong light touched with silver.

"It goes *tum-ti-dee, de-de-dum*," said I. "You know?"

"The Rose of Kildare"

BY GERALD BEAUMONT

will be a feature of the next—the December—number. It is a story unlike anything else of Beaumont's you've ever read. Don't miss it.



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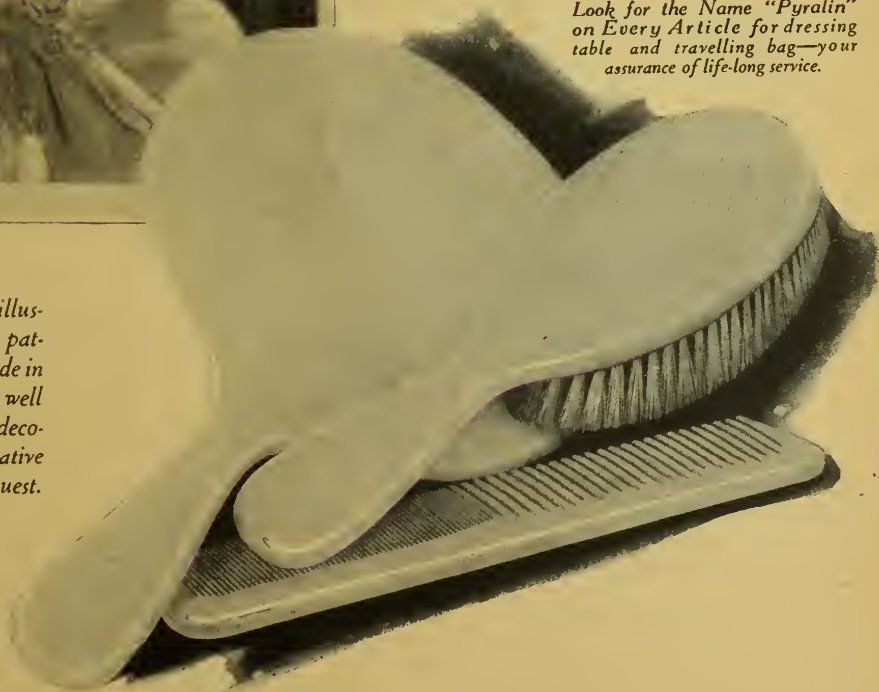
EXQUISITE! The creamy tones and delicate graining of old ivory. Beauty that remains bright and untarnished by time. It is not surprising that Ivory Pyralin is having such a vogue. And one of the delightful things about Pyralin is that all designs are standard and can be matched at leading stores everywhere, so that a set may be started with a few pieces and gradually increased from time to time.

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"No," she said, and extended the guitar to me. "Show me."

So I showed her.

"Oh, I see. I think I've tried every chord on the guitar but that. Go over it again, will you?"

She sang, lightly, the merry words, her eyes watching my fingers; and I hummed the baritone part under my breath. And then, clapping her hands, she laughed, and her clear blue eyes met mine. "Great!" she cried. "Go on!"

But I couldn't go on. She had turned so that the light was on her face. I could see the fresh purity of her skin, the vivid life in her eyes, the tender softness of her lips. My fingers were all thumbs.

"I was waiting for Mr. Penny," I muttered stupidly.

"Oh, he may not come for ages," said she. "Sit down. Do you know 'Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill?'"

She strummed a chord, looking at me inquiringly. Dazedly I realized that the inquiry concerned my presence not at all, but only my acquaintance with that old ditty of the hobnailed crew. I sat down; I sang; I watched her smooth delightful hands; and I knew that out in the court the sunlight slanted mellow and golden, that the sky was blue, and that options and money were only devices to try the souls of men.

Further, I regarded a little gold-and-enamel pin that she wore, and secretly I smiled. I had worn that badge. Under my own shabby vest I had worn it. I might presently be haled forth and cast into the outer darkness, but no one could take that knowledge from me. I sang.

There was a song I did not know, one of still waters, a canoe drifting, and sunset and evening star; and even if I had known it, I would have forgotten to sing. I forgot that out in the court sat Don Clemente, my hostage to fortune, forgot to listen for footsteps from the street. I forgot that I was Keg Henderson, the unworthy—watching her lips moving to the words, her smooth delightful hands, her eyes under tender impish brows. I was adrift on still waters, dreaming wistful and unreasonable dreams.

SHE ended, sweeping the strings with a finger-tip and letting them die away into silence.

"You were telling the truth last night, weren't you?" she said.

I nodded. I could not have spoken. But I was not ashamed to know that she had recognized me. I was glad.

"I knew you were. But poor Dad, he's so—so *bull-headed*," said the lady delicately. "In business, I mean."

I could well imagine that Mr. Penny's head was soft enough where his daughter was concerned.

She touched the pin, looking at me. "You must have needed money dreadfully."

I grinned. "He told you that I—held him up?"

"Oh, yes. He came in breathing fire and destruction, but I made him go right back and pay it."

Thus simply did she destroy my sinful pride. It was due to a woman's pity—her pity—the incredible success of my bluff. I gazed dumbly at my boots. I commanded myself to remove myself in-

stantly from her presence; but though I watched them closely, my boots did not move.

"I wanted the pin," she added practically, "and you needed the money. I don't blame you a bit."

I could not argue the case without making matters worse. I could not go away because of the undeniable difficulty of getting back if I did. I continued to sit helplessly between my ears.

"Isn't there any way," she asked, "that you can prove that you gave Mr. Barron the—seventeen hundred dollars, wasn't it?"

I was moved to make such defense as I might of my intelligence. I produced the book I was sitting on, the precious book of yellow tissue sheets. "No," I said, "but I can spoil the option he bought with it! Look here."

And I read aloud: "January 9, 1921—in consideration of three thousand dollars American gold, here paid, I cede to the Sr. P. Barron for a term of four months from date, or be it until the 9th day of May of the current year—"

I PAUSED dramatically. "The current year." Get it?"

"No," she said, gazing at me. "I suppose it's wrong—is it?"

"Well," I prompted, "what is the current year?"

"Now? Nineteen twenty-two," she said, and stopped, looking at the date. "Why—that means it expired last year!"

"Eight months before it was written." I nodded.

"But how—"

"In January of this year," I demanded, "did you, or did you not, write 1921—just from force of habit—at least once?"

"Why—yes," she said, "of course I did! I can never get used to writing a new year. You mean—this man Partida did that—on an important thing like an option?"

"Barron did it," I said, enjoying myself, "with his own little hand—while he was thinking, probably, how simple and trusting some people are! Meaning me," I added modestly.

"Then the option's no good?"

"It never was any good—and I'm the only one that knows it. If Partida knew it, he'd walk out from under the option like a shot—now that he knows what his timber is worth. And if Barron has noticed it," I reasoned, "his only hope is that Partida hasn't! Partida isn't fond of Barron nowadays."

"How did you find it out, then?"

She was looking at me with entirely proper respect and admiration. "Oh, I looked at this," I said, basking, "just as anybody might do, three months ago—and didn't notice the date at all. I knew what it was supposed to be and took it for granted, I guess. But my subconscious mind," I said, glad to discover something to which I could point with pride, "registered it, all right, because this morning, all of a sudden, it popped up—this yellow sheet—just like you see it there: one, nine, two one! Of course," I admitted, "I wasn't sure until I went to look."

"After three months!" she marveled.

I felt my ears being gently to radiate again, remembering what it was that had fished that date from the recesses of sub-



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conscious memory. It was Mr. Penny's check—dated *April* and amended to read *May*—that had started the tenuous train of association.

"Sing that song again, wont you," I begged, "about the canoe? I'd like to learn it."

THERE is much to be said for hob-nailed boots. At least they do not sneak, which is more than may be said for rubber heels. She sang; and the sudden voice of Mr. Penny spoke within the room.

"Making yourself at home, eh, Pierpont?"

Neither his tone nor his bearing encouraged me to feel so. "Now I lay me down to sleep," I said rapidly—not to Mr. Penny, you understand, but to whatever Power may protect footless young men who are discovered in cosy rooms where they have no business to be.

"James said you were looking for me. Or is it only a social call?"

I gathered up my jaw. "Mr. Penny," I said in a brisk, businesslike manner,—calculated to distract his attention from the matter of my whereabouts,—“what would it be worth to you to save ten thousand dollars?"

"Ten thousand dollars," said he with grim humor.

It made me dizzy to speak of so much money. "I can get the Partida timber rights at four dollars a thousand feet," I affirmed boldly.

"Then you can make some money—if you've got the four dollars," he snorted. "How about Barron's option? Pardon me, *your* option, I should say, of course!"

"Have you ever seen it?"

"No. But Partida admits it."

"Here it is," I said, and produced the book—holding a canny thumb over that pregnant date. But he only glanced at it. "I don't read Spanish. Anything the matter with it?"

I grinned. "Yes. Will you pay me seventeen hundred and twenty-five dollars to show you what it is? And I'll guarantee that you can buy at four dollars a thousand."

"Umph!" said he. "Why seventeen hundred? Why not two thousand while you're about it?"

"Two thousand, then—and twenty-five."

"Is it a passion with you—odd amounts?"

"The seventeen hundred," I explained, "is my investment in the option. The three hundred is for mental anguish. And the twenty-five," I said, not looking at the pin, "is for a purpose."

He grunted. "If there's something wrong with this," he said, "my own lawyers can break it for less."

MY grin went badly lame. Anybody with eyes in his head could break that option, once he suspected it. His own daughter could show him. Truly my genius lay in other directions than finance.

The girl stirred and spoke. "Dad," she cried, "play fair! It's his idea!"

"I was only joking, young un," he protested hastily. "Don't bite me. Fair enough, Henderson. Show me."

I started breathing again, and showed him, and sat back complacently, waiting

for him to burst into admiring cheers. "Great, my boy!" he should have exclaimed. "How do you do these things?"

"It's a gift," I would have admitted. "Just a gift; that's all."

But Mr. Penny emitted neither cheers nor questions. He only scratched his multiple chins with a thoughtful finger and spoke blighting words. "Um," said he. "I wonder how that would stand in a court of law."

My complacency wilted slightly around the edges. "Stand?" I echoed. "It's *there*, isn't it?"

He turned to the preceding and following documents, both dated 1922. "See?"

I saw. I became aware of a large hollow sensation where my complacency had been, a vacancy that was promptly filled with dark despair. This self-same book was my only evidence, and by it justice would be done—to Barron.

"You mean," I faltered, "that the law would recognize the—the mistake?"

"Probably."

"But he tried to cheat you!" cried the girl.

"Huh?" said Mr. Penny.

"He tried to cheat Mr. Henderson! Didn't you hear them last night in the—the café?"

"Say bar," advised her parent, "when you mean saloon. I heard Henderson's unsupported statement, if that's what you mean. The law doesn't care much for unsupported statements."

"Well," she argued, "if you took that sheet out and,—and put it in the nineteen-twenty-one book,—there's a book for every year, isn't there?—Mr. Barron's statement would be unsupported too. Wouldn't that fix it?"

"Fix it! I should think so," snorted Mr. Penny. "It might fix us all. I see we have a fine criminal mind in the family."

"I don't care," she insisted; "it's fair, because—"

THE head of James, the bald, appeared in the door. "Barron's hollerin' to see you," he informed Mr. Penny, with that charming formality of his. "Says he had a date at ha'past four. It's nearly six."

"I'll be right in," nodded Mr. Penny. "Sorry, Henderson, but I can't do a thing with this. You might be able to stop the sale with it—get an injunction, you know, and start suit—if you've got the money to fight it out."

It was worth a laugh, but I couldn't make it. "If I had the money to sue," I said, trying not to look like an unsuccessful book-agent,—with that useless book of yellow sheets under my arm,—“I'd use it to travel. Good-by," I said, and recklessly offered my hand to the girl. With some difficulty I refrained from adding: "Forever!"

She looked at me gravely. "Aren't you forgetting—the pin?"

"Oh," I said guiltily. "The pin!" I fumbled inside my vest.

"That's all right," said Mr. Penny with kindly heartiness. "No hard feelings. Keep the money. You need it worse than I do. —Hey! What's this?"

"The pin," I explained wearily.

"But what the— What do you mean, pin?"

His eyes went from the gold-and-enamel badge in his hand to the precisely similar badge on his daughter's dress; and then, glaring fiercely at me, with two fingers of his right hand he made a mystic signal in the air.

"What?" I gasped. "Are you a Zulu?"

"What I mean is," said Mr. Penny grimly, "are you?"

"I are," I admitted. "Tau Chapter." So it was her father's pin! It made a deal of difference. A girl may quite properly wear her father's pin.

"Tau Chapter?" he echoed. "Did you say Tau? I'm from Tau myself. Class of '97."

"What!" I shouted. "Are you Dink Penny?"

I gazed in awe at his fat, majestic bulk, remembering that time-honored picture of a slim, wild-haired boy in football clothes that hangs in the chapter-room at old Tau. The great Dink Penny! Oh, Father Time!

He beamed. "Why, bless your soul, boy, do they remember Dink Penny yet?"

We gazed, grinning at each other. "Dink Penny!" I marveled, and banged him on the shoulder. "Well, what do you know!"

"Oh," murmured the polite voice of Barron in the doorway. "I beg pardon. Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Penny, but—"

"Huh? Oh, hello, Barron. Want to see me?"

"I did," said Barron dryly, "if you're not too busy." There was a slight edge of sarcasm on the "too." No doubt he found the scene somewhat odd—the disreputable Henderson banging the shoulder of the respected and respectable Penny.

POSSIBLY Mr. Penny perceived the sarcasm. "All right," he said curtly. "You see me. Shoot."

"About that Partida timber—"

"Oh," said Mr. Penny, "the Partida timber: I believe you claim to have an option?"

Barron's eyebrows registered pained reproach. "I have an option," he corrected.

"Got it with you?"

Barron's eyes rested on me for a split second. "I have."

"Let's see it."

With sardonic dignity Barron produced it.

"Barron," I cried, looking at it, "you've changed the date."

"Um!" said Mr. Penny. It was carefully done, but not perfectly. Indelible pencil does not lend itself to alteration.

"It is changed," said the girl.

"That makes it unanimous," murmured Barron.

"Huh?" said Mr. Penny, looking up. "What did you say, Barron?"

"Nothing," said Barron, and held out his hand for the option; but Mr. Penny folded it and put it into his pocket.

"Barron," said he, "I'll teach you to come in here making funny cracks. Do you know the penalty for forgery in this country?"

"The date," said Barron a little too loudly, "is correct. Partida will admit it."

"Sorry to disappoint you. Partida's copy reads 1921."

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

How you can make your hair beautiful—keep it soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

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That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greasless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified,

again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly

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The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

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clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



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will turn to coal before Barron sells it. If I make him a reasonable offer, he'll see the light."

"Come on," I chortled, and seized him by the arm. It was only good old Dink Penny's arm.

"Come on where?"

I directed his attention through the door. Beside the entryway, where Barron had passed unimpressively from the patio, sat a bearded and dignified gentleman placidly playing chess with the porter. "That's Partida. Make him an offer now."

"I'll be—dinged," said Mr. Penny. "What's he doing there?"

"Playing chess—and waiting to sell you his timber."

"You're grim death on the trail of that seventeen hundred, eh?"

"Two thousand," said the girl.

"Huh?"

"Two thousand," she repeated firmly.

"It was your own offer, Dad."

"Portia & Company," he chuckled.

"What happened to the twenty-five?"

"Keep it," I offered largely. "That was for the pin."

"By the way," he inquired suddenly, "which one's yours?"

"Mine's marked," I said, trying to look innocent. Very well I knew that the one he held was blank.

"But what the—thunder," said he, "did you sell me yours for? Get 'em mixed?"

"It was the one you asked for," I reminded him. "Besides, I couldn't sell you your own pin, could I?" I added virtuously.

There was another reason, so bright a reason that I did not speak of it. When a girl wears a man's pin—

"Funny," he observed, addressing his daughter, "that you didn't see the marking when you put it on."

She strummed a chord on the guitar, a dimple struggling at the corner of her mouth. Her eyes lifted briefly to mine and turned smiling on her father. "I did," she said. . . .

We went out, Mr. Penny and I, to tear Don Clemente from his chess-game. I was fluent. I was fairly bursting with words—or something; I could have convinced anyone of anything.

Dusk was falling. It was dusk down in Copán, where the old outfit drudged—Peaceful and Shirtless Walker and Jimmy and the rest. The gangs were shuffling heavily into camp. There was the clank of picks and shovels being stacked, the jingle of trace-chains on tired mules, the smell of sweat and burnt powder and dust. Before the cook-shack the Chinaman's steel triangle was ringing, sounding supper—three fried meats and one fried vegetable. A blank, listless hour of loafing, and then heavy sleep, for the rising-gong would ring an hour before dawn.

But in the court of Mr. Penny's house there was the gentle creaking of a hammock, the soft throb of a guitar, and a girl's voice singing. It was the song that I had meant to learn.

Another delightful story of Keg Henderson and of wild days in Central America, written in Mr. Scoggins' best vein, will appear in an early issue. You will find it well worth watching for.

"I wont argue it. Give it here."

Mr. Penny patted his pocket. "Evidence," said he.

Their eyes held for a moment, and for the first time since I had known Barron I saw his assurance fail. He could face me, the trustful and unheroic Henderson, but not the fat and majestic Penny with the formidable prestige of the Quetzal Lumber Company behind him.

"A frame-up, eh? Congratulations, Keg," he drawled spitefully. "You seem to be on the inside—looking out."

HIS eyes flicked significantly toward the girl. Awkward as ever, I made an uncertain movement; but Mr. Penny interposed his bulk. I was astonished to see him apparently offering to shake hands. Doubtless Barron was surprised too, but suave habit tricked him into putting forth his own. Daintily, with two fat fingers, Mr. Penny slapped him on the wrist.

"Naughty, naughty, Percival," he gurgled, and chuckled to see Barron's ironic smile turn sour. He executed an elephantine version of a girlish skip. "Outside for you, Percival," he caroled. "Do you hear me? Outside!"

He roared out the last word in his own

masculine and sufficiently forceful voice, and assisted obedience by turning Barron about with no gentle hand. Barron had only to put his legs in motion to effect a complete if not graceful exit—which, doubtless anticipating further assistance, he did.

"It worked," said Mr. Penny gleefully.

"But is it really forgery?" I cried.

"Oh, that!" said he. "I don't know. That's what I hire lawyers for. But did you see dear Percival put out his little hand to be slapped?"

It trickled into my powerful mind that the Partida option was a minor matter to him until it became personal, but it was no minor matter to me. "Suppose he sues you?" I insisted.

"I've got a right to kick a man out of my own house if he comes in here and makes a monkey of himself!"

I refrained from remarking that it was not Barron who had most successfully performed that feat. "I mean, this option business: what'll happen if he takes it to court?"

"Why," he said genially, "if necessary, I'll keep it in court until Percy grows whiskers down to here. I'll send up to Partida tomorrow and tell him his wood

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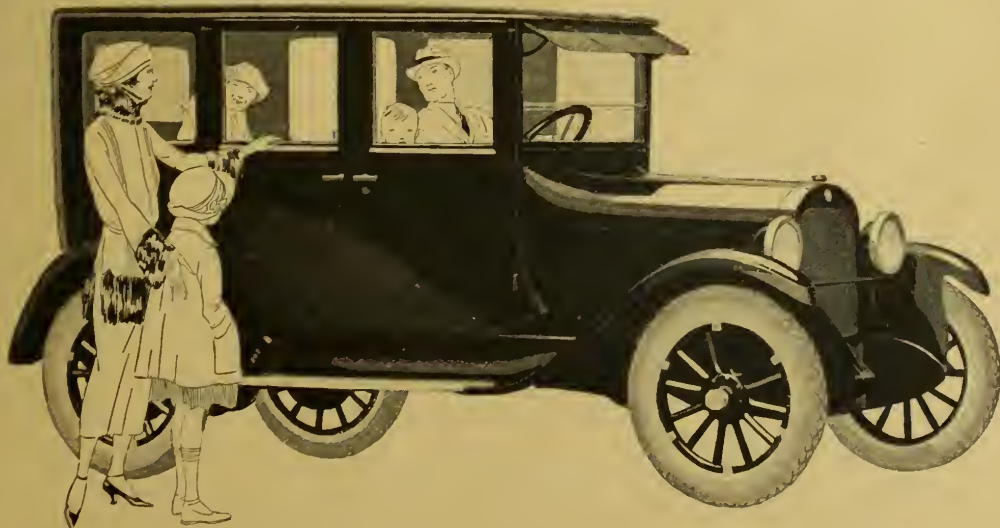
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THE ONE EXCEPTION

(Continued from page 90)

"It's got a monogram on it," announced Mrs. McSorley, as if this might escape his attention—though it surely hadn't hers. And she added, delicately: "It's a bit crumpled. I put it on the shelf, and the wind blew it down, and the little devil got it. He's always under foot and into everything."

"The little devil," it may be remarked, was a chronic condition in the McSorley household. Mrs. McSorley had eight, whose respective heights were as an easy rising flight of stairs.

TREVOR read the letter under Mrs. McSorley's interested eye.

"Sure I hope it aint bad news?" she suggested ingratiatingly.

"Oh, no!" Trevor smiled. "Got a pen and ink?"

Triumphant, she produced them for him. Thanking her, he retired to the room which brought Mrs. McSorley three dollars a week, like, as she phrased it, "a gift from the Blessed Virgin herself."

"It's sweet of you to want to make friends with her, but I'm afraid it can't be arranged just now," he wrote Priscilla. "I told Gertrude I have no family—and so I'd have to explain you. Besides, Priscilla, you look like ready money—"

There was much more of explanation and apology, but this was the meat of it. Priscilla, seated at a desk looking out across a beautiful sweep of lawn and gayly colored foliage which gave her a glimpse of Trevor's home, gradually evolved a reply.

"You can tell her I'm a distant cousin who just happened to be in Boston for the day. And I'll wear my oldest things, and I'll look like one-lap-ahead-of-the-installment-man. You can trust me for that, Trevor. I'll be on the train that gets into the North Station at six forty-three tomorrow night. That will give me time to call and get the theater-train back. Please meet me."

This, as she very well knew, gave Trevor no chance to parley further. Indeed, receiving it after six, he could not have met her at all but for the fact that a taxicab driver, living downstairs, happened to be at home eating his dinner.

Therefore Trevor was in time, though a little breathless.

"You needn't say you're glad to see me," Priscilla greeted him. "I know you're not. But you might say that I look my part."

She wore a little worn serge and no furs, and she might have been anything but an heiress born to a golden spoon.

"Shall we take a taxi?" he asked. "She lives in South Boston—"

"Let's take the cars. And please don't look so worried, Trevor. I'm sure I'm going to like her, and make her like me. You just wait and see."

Trevor brightened. "I do want you to see her," he admitted, signaling a car to stop. And there might have been a little bitter-sweet in that for her, had he not added: "I want everybody to!"

The street at which they left the car was a cañon cleft between apartment-houses of yellow brick. The space between the sidewalks was a noisy playground for children of assorted ages and sizes.

Trevor led her up a flight of steps and into a dark hallway. There he pressed a button, giving what was unmistakably a signal, for the door-catch clicked at once. They started up the stairs; a door opened, and a girl looked down over the banisters.

"Is that you, Trevor?" she called.

"You bet," he retorted, and reaching her, kissed her, though she would have evaded when she saw he was not alone.

"This is my cousin, Miss Mullens," Trevor went on gayly.

"Very glad to know you," said Gertrude, but there was wariness rather than warmth in the greeting.

The hall of the apartment was dark, but at the rear end light streamed from the kitchen. A voice with a strong Scotch burr spoke out sharply:

"Now, ye stay where ye are, young mon, and don't be bothering Mr. Bass."

"Oh, let him come," called Trevor.

"No," Gertrude intervened, sharply. "I don't want him to."

She took them into the parlor and turned up the lamp. The furniture was of red plush; it suggested not the poverty Priscilla had prepared herself for, but the installment house—and poor taste. There was a piano against one wall, with an elaborately shaded lamp beside it.

"Wont you be seated?" Gertrude asked. She was very much on her dignity.

Priscilla obeyed, with a quick bright smile for her hostess. She had come with all intention of playing the game, as Trevor might have phrased it. She was determined to be neither critical nor narrow, and she told herself that Gertrude was certainly wonderfully pretty. And, aside from a too ornate little-finger ring and a rather meteoric pendant, she was tastefully dressed in what was, obviously, her working frock.

IN spite of Priscilla's best efforts, the conversation dragged after the weather and Priscilla's alleged first visit to Boston had been disposed of. There was something about Gertrude's manner that chilled Priscilla. It was plain that Trevor felt it too. He wriggled uneasily, his eyes on Gertrude, who determinedly refused to meet them.

"Wont you play for us?" he asked.

"No," she said quickly. And then, as if even she felt the stark ungraciousness of the monosyllable, she added: "I've got a headache."

Priscilla rose instantly. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I shouldn't have descended upon you this way without warning. But Trevor said so much about you—and I wanted to know you and be friends."

As she spoke, she offered her hand as, once again, she was offering her friend-

She found again the glow and sparkle of perfect health

Sparkling eyes—vivid coloring—that charm of personality which fairly radiates from a superbly healthy body—

Why do so many women who could possess these natural powers let them slip by?

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A business girl writes that the extra work of a busy summer had exhausted her. "I was run down and badly constipated" she says, "and had one boil after another."

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ship. Gertrude accepted the first without cordiality, but her reply rejected the other even while it spuriously accepted it.

"I hope," she said, "that we will be friends."

They went back to the stairs. Priscilla started down, determined to give the lovers their moment. As she reached the entryway, she heard the upper door shut sharply. She waited, expectantly, but seconds passed and Trevor did not appear. She went out and stood in the doorway.

"You might at least have given me warning," Gertrude was declaring, her voice furious. "I had only this old rag on—"

"But you looked sweet!" Trevor assured her, bewildered but striving to placate. "And she wasn't dressed up herself."

"I don't care," she flung back. An inner voice suggested danger, but she rejected the warning. The headache she had spoken of was not wholly a fabrication; she knew very well that a certain Jimmy Murphy was coming back tomorrow. She foresaw that there might be explanations to Trevor, and characteristically, she welcomed a chance to create a grievance against him, in advance.

Trevor was hesitating. "I must go—I can't keep her waiting—"

"I suppose not!"—scornfully. Then as he still lingered: "Why don't you go? I'm not keeping you, am I? Go down to your—*your cousin!* Do you expect me to believe that she *is* your cousin?" she demanded.

This was a shot in the dark, but it floored Trevor. She was quick to realize this. "Is she your cousin?" she demanded.

Trevor, congenitally truthful, remained silent.

"I thought not!" she said.

It became plain to him there was no arguing with her while she was in this mood. And he was unhappily conscious of Priscilla waiting below.

"I'll come tomorrow night," he said. "And I'll explain everything—"

"If I'm here," she retorted. "I have cousins myself—lots of them."

TREVOR found himself alone. He opened the door and descended the stairs. Priscilla looked up at him, and dark though it was, she caught and interpreted his expression.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," he apologized.

"I don't mind," she assured him quickly. Then as they went down the stone steps to the sidewalk, she looked up. "It's my fault, Trevor. She is—awful quick, and I think she suspected something. Naturally she doesn't understand—"

"She suspects you aren't my cousin," confessed Trevor miserably.

Priscilla was silent for a moment. Then, "If I were you," she said very earnestly, "I'd tell her everything. I know you wanted to surprise her. But it will be a surprise now. And it will be fairer to her. If she suspects you, it—it hurts her. A woman is like that."

Trevor's face, revealed by the light of a street-lamp they were passing, cleared a little. "Perhaps you are right."

He hesitated, and then, hope of reassurance urging him on, he added: "I suppose women get—get jealous and say things they don't really mean—"

In a flash, what had happened was revealed to her. "Of course they do, even the very, very best of them," she said; and Trevor was immensely content. His spirits rose steadily, and when they parted, at the train, he was as optimistic as ever.

"You'll write me, wont you?" said Priscilla. And he promised.

NEVERTHELESS he didn't. A week passed and yet another week, and there came no word. Then one morning Hosmer said casually:

"Mr. Bass is home. Mrs. McPhie was telling me."

"Home?" Priscilla was astonished. "But the shutters are still up—"

"He's in his old room in the Commodore's Ell," explained Hosmer. "He's only to be here a day or two. He's getting some things together."

She moved across the sunny morning-room and brought a finger-bowl to Priscilla, who, her pretty brows puckered, was trying to comprehend.

"Mrs. McPhie says," Hosmer went on, "that he's planning a long trip."

"His honeymoon," Priscilla thought. This was instantly set aside, however, by Hosmer's next words. "The house is not to be opened, after all, and he doesn't know when he will be back."

Hosmer paused and searched for the proper words to express what was in her mind. "He seems much put out about something, Mrs. McPhie says."

Priscilla had the key at last. "They have quarreled!" she thought. She was human, and her heart leaped. But the next instant it was roundly set down in its place. "I'm sorry," she assured herself, "terribly sorry."

Breakfast finished,—or rather much abridged, to Hosmer's evident displeasure,—Priscilla snatched up a leather jacket, struggled into it and started directly across the broad stretch of withered lawn toward Trevor's. November had stripped the trees; Nature had gone into winter quarters; yet there was that soft Indian-summer beauty about the morning which was ever a delight to her. But she did not notice. She felt she must see Trevor, at once. The instinct to protect was aroused and urged her on. "It must have hurt him—horribly!" she was thinking.

He came into view suddenly. He was standing, hands thrust in the pockets of his knickerbockers, on the terrace behind his house.

"Oh—hello," he said, but there was no life in his voice, no light in his eyes.

"I just heard you were here," she ventured, hardly knowing what to say now that she had come.

Trevor did not speak at once. His eyes went away from her; then abruptly they came back to her.

"Well," he said, "I told her."

Priscilla did not speak, but the sympathy welling within her shone in her eyes.

"It surprised her, all right," he went on, after an instant, with deepening bitterness. "And she thought it was all very

wonderful and was full of plans—until I told her mine!"

He laughed shortly, then shrugged his shoulders. "Well—it's finished. There's no use mulling over it."

"Trevor dear!" Priscilla's concern let slip the guard over her tongue, but he was too immersed in misery to notice. "Are you sure you are fair to her?"

"Fair!" He struggled with his voice. "Priscilla, I told her I wanted to have Granny Campbell and Tommy live with us, and what do you suppose she said? She said she didn't want people—the sort of people we would see—to know she had such relatives. Then I tried to tell her the sort of people I wanted to have come—like the McSorleys—" He broke off short and gestured hopelessly. "What's the use of talking about it?" he said. And then he went on talking: "I tried to tell her my ideas—having people come who had nothing, instead of people who had everything; and she—well, she was furious and told me she had had enough of that sort of people. She—she said it was all because I was ashamed to introduce her to the people I knew."

PRISCILLA was thinking rapidly. It was plain to her that the sudden vision of wealth and all it connoted to Gertrude, followed by the revelation that Trevor's plans would conflict with hers, had snapped Gertrude's control. Still, it was possible that she was already sorry and willing to concede anything if he would only return and meet her halfway.

Priscilla tried to put this into words. "But if she loves you—"

Trevor looked at her. "Loves me! The last thing she said—" He stopped short and swallowed. Then he added wretchedly: "The worst of it is I can't get her out of my mind. The best thing to do is to clear out."

"Trevor!" The note in Priscilla's voice caused him to turn. "But how about the McSorleys—and Tommy and Granny Campbell? And all the people you were going to have here? And the 'Trespassing Allowed' signs? Is it *fair* to go away? Can't you see that all the beautiful things you planned—"

Trevor gazed at her. "Do you think it really was worth while?" he asked finally. The wistfulness in his voice revealed the depth of the hurt he had received, more than all his bitterness. "She said it was crazy, that people would laugh and make fun of it—"

"People make fun of almost everything," said Priscilla. "That isn't the test. And to try to do things for others and make them happier isn't any crazier than—than Christianity is. You told me once that you felt you hadn't it in you to be a big business man. But can't you see that you have something else? An inclination—perhaps a genius—for liking people and wanting to do things for them? Why don't you make that your profession?"

"Profession?" The idea was new to him.

"It is a profession, and it's being recognized as such—social service. You could study; there is a school in Boston. My father says that social readjustment is going to be the biggest thing we will see in our lifetimes."

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PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

"You don't mean, just having people here and doing things for them—"

"That would be only a part. Go into it big, Trevor. Study the fundamentals. Then apply your knowledge. You've got money coming to you from many sources. How is it made, under what conditions? Are they right? Oh, can't you see the opportunity?"

Silence for a second. Then, "I'll try," said Trevor. She saw his lips tighten and his jaw set and was more than a little thrilled. "And—thank you, Priscilla!"

SO, though he was seldom there except for the week-ends, Trevor opened his house, after all. The house-parties he straightway proceeded to entertain were the weirdest ever assembled within its dignified walls. There were the McSorleys and Tommy and Grandmother Campbell and lots of other people whom Trevor had met and was meeting, and of whom Mrs. MacPhie said she had never seen the like before. From the manner she spoke (to Hosmer over the teacups) it was apparent she devoutly wished that she'd never see the like again. But they kept on coming, nevertheless.

Priscilla was staying on,—her mother had joined her father in London, but they were both coming home to spend Christmas in the Massachusetts house,—and she saw a great deal of Trevor when he was at home over week-ends. These days, he was full of the plan she had inspired; he talked of it continually when they were together. If it never occurred to him then that she was showing the interest and quick sympathy he had once assured her no girl of his set could, it was because he was, after all, thoroughly masculine.

Never once did he mention Gertrude's name. At times Priscilla wondered. It seemed to her inevitable that sooner or later Gertrude would make some advance, either because she was self-seeking, and would not so easily relinquish her chance for riches, or because she really loved Trevor as much as she could, and would reconcile herself to his ideas rather than lose him altogether. So Priscilla never met Trevor without steeling herself against a joyous announcement that all was well again.

This year Christmas came on a Friday. On the Saturday before, Priscilla, glancing through the morning paper, came upon the headline: "HERO WEDS HEIRESS CHRISTMAS DAY."

This was accompanied by a picture of the heiress, which Priscilla immediately recognized. She plunged into the accompanying account, and learned that Miss Gertrude Linnean, whose uncle—name not given—had recently died in Australia, leaving her a fortune, was to be led to the altar on Christmas Day by a certain Corporal James L. Murphy, recently returned from the Rhine. The festive event—thus ran the reporter's blithe phrases—was to be the happy consummation of a romance that ran back to schooldays, the bride-to-be having plighted her troth to the gallant young soldier before he departed.

Priscilla recalled the name of the bridegroom-elect; plainly he had come home just in time to succeed Trevor and

resume his romance. She wondered a little about the fortune, but her real thoughts, during a troubled morning, were with Trevor. She hoped he hadn't come upon this suddenly, without warning. She knew he was coming out on the noon train, and that he would probably walk from the station. As the hour approached, she impulsively set forth to meet him.

The day was brilliant; there had been a light fall of snow and it sparkled like a miser's vision of diamonds and crunched pleasantly under foot. She was a little late, and she heard the train arrive and depart before she came into view of the station. A minute later Trevor came into sight and greeted her with a joyous wave. At her first glimpse of his face, she felt quite sure he hadn't heard as yet.

They walked along together, Trevor taking great breaths of the clean, vital air. Priscilla, turning a problem over in her mind, was unusually silent. Trevor glanced at her. She was apparently unconscious of his scrutiny, though the little disks of color in her cheeks deepened.

"Trevor!" she began abruptly. He gave her an expectant glance, and she paused, then pressed on: "Have—have you seen the papers?"

His eyes became shadowed. "You mean about Gertrude?" And as Priscilla nodded, he added: "I saw it, coming out on the train."

So he had! Finished with it, he had proceeded to test himself, as a man tests a tooth that has ached! The nerve—to complete the metaphor—was dead. He was not surprised. He was almost convinced that he would never love again. In him, he decided, as so many millions have before him, something had died.

"I'd like," he said now to Priscilla, "to appear at the wedding and announce that I was her mother's brother and not dead at all. I'll bet she never tells her husband where she really got the money."

Priscilla glanced up. "What do you mean?"

"I've never told you—I couldn't before," he said. "But she threatened to sue me for breach of promise. I settled it out of court, in order, as her lawyer so pleasantly put it, to escape 'unpleasant notoriety!'"

Priscilla, horrified, gazed up at him. "Don't try to say anything," he begged quickly. "There is nothing to say now. It's over and done with—and I'm glad."

They walked along until they came to his entrance. "Are you coming to tea?" she asked, pausing there.

"You bet!" he assured her. "At five, I suppose?"

THE winter evening was setting in when he started forth. One vivid planet hung low over a shadowy clump of evergreens at the turn in the road. A warm light streamed forth from the windows of Priscilla's home; it drew him pleasantly, and he strode along gayly and gladly—*how* gayly and gladly he was far from suspecting.

The great knocker on the front door was not for such as he; he turned the knob, and Priscilla and Penn Cutler stood revealed! Priscilla blushed, amazingly.

"Good-by," said Penn Cutler, and de-

Does this smoker know what he's talking about?

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A smoker from Zanesville, Ohio, who prefers to conceal his identity under the initials "A. K. K.," insists that the after-breakfast pipe is far and away the best pipe of the day.

"Of course," writes A. K. K., "it depends somewhat on the breakfast. I couldn't get much joy out of a pipe after getting up from burnt oatmeal, bad coffee, and soggy toast. But after one of the breakfasts my wife can turn out, that's different!"

"Then when I step out on the porch and light up the old pipe, I very nearly approach the pinnacle of my day. As I figure it, one puff after breakfast is worth a dozen puffs after dinner.

"Somehow the tobacco has a flavor early in the morning that it never quite approaches later in the day.

"It may be that a cool pipe draws better. I don't know. It may be the tobacco or the pipe, or just me. I only know that I like the first pipe of the day the best."

At this point it seems only fair to admit that A. K. K. is an Edgeworth smoker. Has been for the last ten years and expects to be for the rest of his life.

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parted swiftly, as if he were in a great hurry.

To Trevor he had not even said how-do-you-do. But then, Trevor hadn't said it to him, either.

Priscilla closed the door and looked at Trevor. Her eyes shone very brightly, and her dusky hair was a little ruffled.

"Come into the library," she said.

There, in the fuel light, with such grace as he could command, considering certain inexplicable emotions,—inexplicable, inasmuch as something in him had died,—he said:

"I want to wish you—great happiness, Priscilla."

Priscilla looked anything but happy. The color in her face increased tenfold, and she began, very hurriedly: "He's going away—for a long time. He—he wanted me to go too—but I—I couldn't."

"You couldn't?" Trevor looked bewildered, and added without tact: "But you—I saw—"

Priscilla became desperate. "It—it made him happy. At least, he said it would. He said it would be—heaven for a minute."

She looked up at him, her lips a little parted, her eyes imploring. Trevor felt himself trembling absurdly.

"I think," he heard himself say, "that it *would* be heaven!"

From the way he looked at her, it almost seemed as if *he* had had a sudden

vision—and high hopes—of heaven. It was a breath-taking thought. She dropped her eyes.

Trevor struggled on. "I—why, I've been blind, Priscilla. You're the real thing, but I didn't know—I didn't realize—I couldn't bear—"

He stopped abruptly, and started afresh: "I'll wait. I'll work hard and make something of myself. And perhaps some day I can make you—"

The grandfather's clock behind Priscilla cleared its melodious throat, with customary deliberation. It was ripe with years and as full of vagaries as any other centenarian. It had not been striking correctly for several days.

"One," it announced in its beautiful baritone.

Priscilla wavered and then silently swept up the thick dark lashes. In the gray eyes were sweetness and strength, loyalty and—

"Priscilla!" gasped Trevor.

"T—w—o!"

The thick lashes dropped, in their eloquent silence, and Trevor caught his breath. "Why, Priscilla," he began, incredulous before the miracle.

"Three," said the grandfather's clock, with an air of finality that, perhaps, might be misconstrued as "Go!"

Anyway Trevor went—straight to heaven. But in a way that proved nothing had died in him, after all!

THE WELLINGTON CUP

(Continued from page 77)

The weeks passed, and Lady White Lips gradually approached top form. Her magnificent surface muscles became more pliant, her silken loins more slender, her golden eyes more fervent. The road work was replaced by half-mile sprints along the level stretch of the estate, with the Earl at one end, David at the other—and each calling and releasing the dog in turn. Day after day her weight was studied, until the time came when she was taken into the private coursing grounds to work out with kennel companions against live hares. His Lordship grew very exultant as he watched.

"By George, that's the old stock for you! Don't talk rubbish about a pup! Watch her take command now! Cleverly, by Jove, cleverly! You see she scores just as quickly as the bloody rabbit can make his turns. Rather a stout hare, isn't it, David!"

"Very stout, sir—it's a longish course!"

"Better send out the relief dogs—"

"Not yet, sir. There goes the Lady now—she's shaken off the others, and she's got Puss where she wants him. She'll turn him against the sun now and score the pick-up. There you are, sir—a very handsome kill!"

"Bravo!" cried his Lordship.

They set spurs to their horses and galloped to the scene of action. David released the panting hounds, and very carefully sponged out the mouth of Lady White Lips.

"Fancy the cheek of those Norwych people," said the Master, "trying to beat a dog like that!"

"Very silly, sir," David agreed. "Purple Phantom is quite common stock. It's the pup that worries me a bit, sir."

"Rubbish!"

"Beg pardon, sir—but Lad o' Wellington is a chip of the old block, sir. I'd like to forget that, your Lordship, but I can't. The young 'un's a direct descendant of the old dog, himself, sir—"

"He's a puppy!"

"Very true, sir—and his mother's now seven years old, sir. She can't last forever, your Lordship. The Wellington Cup is a test of bottom as well as foot, sir!"

"I say," protested his Lordship, "are you trying to make me ill again? The puppy won't get past the first round, and that settles it. Lad o' Wellington's sire had a strain of off-blood in him!"

"I wouldn't say that, sir!" David pleaded. "Wellington himself had bulldog blood, sir."

"Silly experiment," retorted his Lordship. "Four generations destroyed it all."

"Beg pardon," David broke out, "that was only in appearance, sir. The bulldog was a very healthy and permanent introduction, your Lordship. It enlarged the heart quite a bit, and improved the pluck. I wouldn't recommend too much adherence to the line, sir—for fear of in-breeding. Now, Lad o' Wellington—"

"Shut up!" said his Lordship. "You'll be telling me next that Otho is going to improve the breeding of the Ormsbys!"

"Oh, I wouldn't be so bold as that, sir, though I've heard that young Mrs. Ormsby—"



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"Dammit, hold your tongue!"

"Very good, sir."

"And see here—while we're on the subject—if that stupid cook tries to serve me *fish* again for breakfast—"

"But it was trout, your Lordship—Loch Leven trout, sir—"

"I don't care a hang what it was. I don't want to even *see* any sort of fish. You tell that cook I'll throw it at her head."

"Very good, sir."

Indeed, those were troublous days at Hounds Hall Manor! His Lordship fussed and fidgeted all over the place, poking his silly old nose into everything, and even trying to tell David how much brandy should be put in the Lady's milk, and how it was better to start the rub-down first at the shoulders rather than the hips. Fortunately, David pretended to follow instructions, but did as he jolly well thought best. The servants were English: otherwise they never would have stood for all the rows.

But finally the autumn came, and everything settled down a bit. Lady White Lips was pronounced tip-top, and there were three other dogs quite qualified to accompany her as co-defenders of the cup. David bought the tickets, packed his Lordship's belongings, arranged space in the express car, attended admirably to a thousand and one things—even to dodging successfully the hairbrushes that were thrown at his head.

"I'm sure you're forgetting something," said his Lordship. "You always do. Have you got the thermos bottle, and the sponges, and all the blankets, and the liniment, and the brandy?"

"They're all packed, sir."

"And the bromide powders?"

"Beg pardon, sir—I'll get them right away."

"There you go!" cried his Lordship. "I knew it! You'll have my dog train-sick and nothing to give her. I never saw such a man!"

But even this trying period passed, and the hour came when the servants assembled on the front porch to wave Godspeed to the sixteenth Earl as he left home to defend the Wellington Cup and the honor of the Ormsbys.

THE historic Jefferson Coursing Ground stretched away on one of the broad plains of Missouri. Thither came the lovers of the greyhound—mostly men and women of Irish, Scotch and English extraction in whom there lurked the instincts of the old country. They brought with them the kings and queens of the greyhound world—dogs that had won the Eastern and Western derbies—the puppy futurities—even the classic stakes of old England. There were brindles, and blues, and blacks, and whites, and reds—gallant little creatures with the heart of a lion, and the body of a wasp. Some of them were cool and collected, accepting mechanically the handling of their trainers; others were palsied from nervousness and excitement.

Tents sprang up on either side of the grandstand and betting inclosure. Men in sweaters with towels hanging from rear pockets hurried about, unpacking satchels and grips, spreading straw and bedding in the tents, storing up sup-

plies of water, arguing over the arrangement of paddock and kennels, and striving to guard their four-footed charges from too much noise and excitement. By train and motorcar, more delegations arrived; bookmakers translated the flood of gossip into an opening schedule of odds; one after another famous sportsmen showed up to fill the roster of officials, and finally the drawings were held by which the canine nominees were paired off for the opening day's sport.

Into this setting came the sixteenth and seventeenth Ormsbys, each accompanied by those of his choice, and each shutting mind and eyes to the presence of the other. His Lordship traveled to and from his hotel in a chartered machine, and watched the coursing from a position close to the slips, cloaking himself with characteristic reserve and paying little attention to aught save the dogs. As usual it required two days to clear out all the "rubbish," and reduce the challengers to hounds of unquestioned merit. Dogs that lacked speed and bottom might fluke their way into the semi-finals of other events, but not an all-age classic like the Wellington Cup. One after another, the weakness of dogdom developed as the strain of repeated races began to tell. The rattle-brained pups dropped out first, then the dogs that paid too much attention to their competitors, those that were jealous and tricky and those that extended themselves too much and were outworked by hounds that had learned how to moderate their pace. There were good dogs, too, that were outlucked. But among the score of gallant hounds that lasted through the grind of the third day, were Lady White Lips; Purple Phantom, the Norwych challenger; and the seventeenth Ormsby's Lad o' Wellington.

The son of Lady White Lips was running like a puff of gray smoke. His name was on the lips of everyone. True, he had been favored by short courses, and the luck of the game, but there was no mistaking the fact that he had not yet extended himself. The night drawings were held, and again luck favored the younger dog. On the other hand, Lady White Lips was drawn against the Norwych champion. In the hotel lobbies, men stood around, waving rolls of greenbacks, and calling:

"The Lady against Purple Phantom. Who wants the Lady at even money? Well, who'll take the Phantom at a hundred to ninety?"

Never in the Lady's history had she been on the short end of the wagering. The sixteenth Ormsby summoned a commissioner, and by sheer flood of White Lips' coin forced the odds back into favor of his dog.

"Silly fools," said his Lordship, "trying to beat the old blood, are they? I'll show them what ho!"

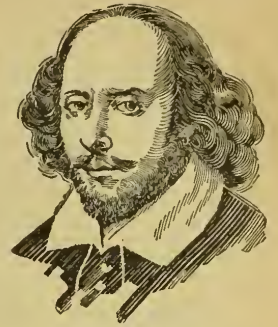
But David, with the solicitude of a mother, spent the night ministering to the tired Lady White Lips. He was very much worried.

The day for the championship finals dawned crisp and clear—ideal weather for coursing. David was at the park early, but his Lordship partook of a late breakfast before summoning a taxi.



Harriet Beecher Stowe

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Then Destiny played one of those little pranks which alter the best-laid plans of men and mice. Halfway along the road that led to Jefferson Plains, the Earl's car slowed up with an unpleasant banging from the engine. The driver alighted and lifted the hood.

"Well, what the devil's wrong now?" demanded his Lordship. "Don't tell me we're going to miss the first race!"

"You'll miss it so far's I'm concerned," said the driver. "I've burned out a bearing. Keep your shirt on, and I'll get somebody to give you a lift."

A maroon touring car came flashing up from behind, and the taxi artist flagged it. At the wheel sat a young woman immersed in furs that set off to advantage blue eyes and a wealth of hair that was almost the shade of topaz. She listened to the chauffeur's explanation and nodded brightly to the sixteenth Ormsby.

"Get right in," she urged. "I'm anxious to see the first race myself."

His Lordship raised his hat, alighted, murmured, "Awfully kind of you, I'm sure," and prepared to enter the new conveyance. In the rear seat was one of the most ferocious-looking dogs the Earl had ever seen.

"Better sit with me in front," suggested the fair driver. "Bobsy's a dear, but he never can get used to strangers. He's part wolf and part malamute."

"Ah, yes—splendid dog, I'm sure."

His Lordship eased into the front seat. The car leaped forward.

"You'd never take Bobsy to be fourteen years old, would you?" asked his owner.

"My word, no!" said his Lordship.

"Fact," assured the girl. "Eleven years ago, father drove him at the head of the team that won the Alaska Sweepstakes in a terrible storm. With the money, Dad located his mine, and then he established the North Pacific Salmon Company. We owe everything to Bobsy."

"Marvelous!" murmured his Lordship, who was rather disconcerted. These American girls are so familiar. But, by George, this one *was* a beauty! And she seemed to expect him to carry on some sort of conversation. He condescended to unbend.

"I'm rather a dog fancier, myself," he confided. "I have the honor of owning Lady White Lips, you know."

THE maroon car swerved ever so slightly, and then straightened itself. Its driver looked up sweetly.

"Then you're Earl Ormsby, of course? I am very charmed. I've met your son."

His Lordship stiffened. "You have my sympathy," he said. "Otho is an idiotic puppy. I have nothing at all to do with him!"

"Oh, *haven't* you?" said the girl.

A gloved hand reached for the emergency brake, and the maroon car drew off to one side of the road. Still a good quarter-mile distant, was the entrance to the grounds. Bobsy's owner leaned across and opened the door on his Lordship's side. The Earl was mildly puzzled. He looked into blue eyes that fairly scorched him.

"I am Mrs. Ormsby. If Otho is really an idiotic young puppy, it must be the parental influence," said a clear

voice. "I think your Lordship would prefer to walk."

"Eh?" stammered his Lordship. "Eh? Why dammit—"

"Kindly *get out!*" said Mrs. Ormsby.

The Earl obeyed. He had no alternative. The door slammed, and the maroon car vanished in a whirl of dust. Very purple of face and shaken of soul, the sixteenth Ormsby plodded through the dust until he came finally to the tent-flanked battlefield and the inclosure where David knelt by the recumbent Lady White Lips, last defender of the Wellington Cup.

CRITICS agree that the history of coursing reveals no more dramatic climax than the one which developed that autumn afternoon on the purple-shadowed plain of old Missouri. First there was the gruelling struggle between the Oklahoma champion, Wildfire the Second, and the gallant little Love's Token, a course that was so desperately contested, that when Judge Layton finally hung out the white flag for Wildfire, old man Humphrey, who owned the loser, tried to drag the Judge from his horse, and was led away sobbing. Then Purple Phantom won from Earl Ormsby's White Charger in hollow style, only to be eliminated in turn by Lady White Lips, though the latter got ten feet the worst of the slip. Lad o' Wellington put the imported Tam o' Shanter out of the running, and finally there remained only a mother and son to settle the feud of the Ormsbys and decide possession of the Wellington Cup.

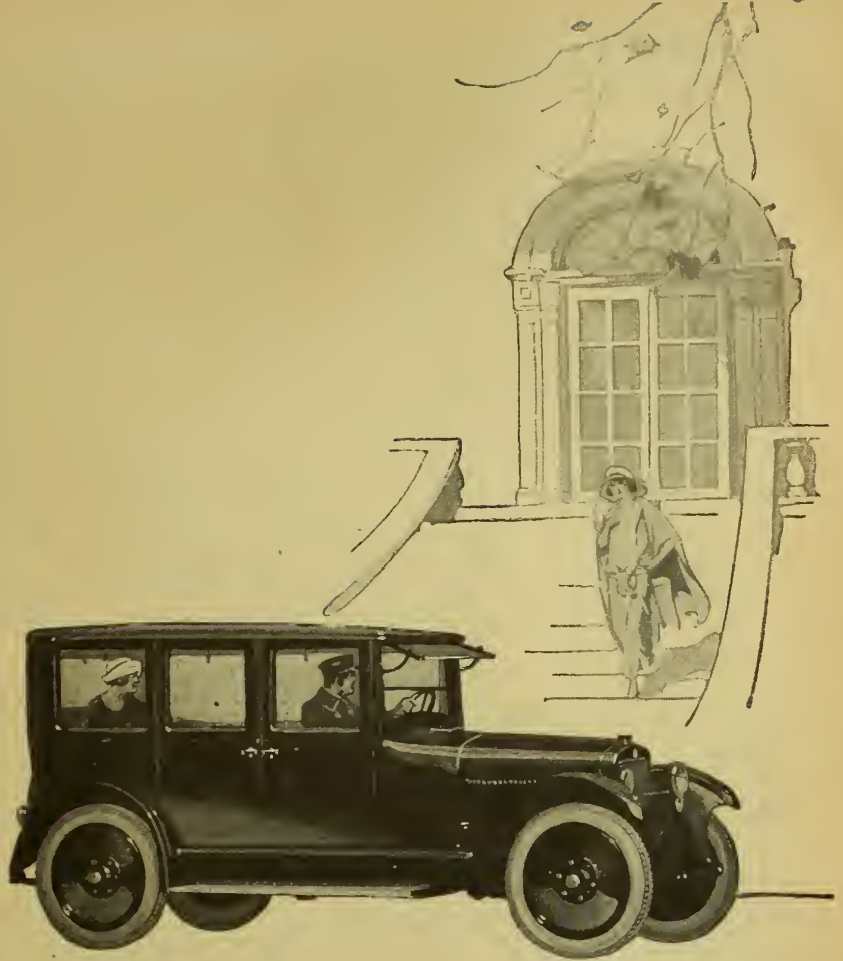
The crowded betting inclosure rang to the cries of the commissioners. For five minutes it was: "Even money, and take your choice, boys! The Lad or the Lady, any amount!"

Then the rumor spread that White Lips was in distress as the result of her last race. Her handlers were fighting for time in which to recuperate. Lad o' Wellington was led out and paraded before the stands, his tawny, magnificent young body tugging at the leash, his sensitive ears reacting to the applause of the crowd. David appeared leading White Lips. She was as calm and queenly as ever, but lines of exhaustion showed to the trained eye. The betting took a sharp break.

"Who wants the Lady at seven to ten? Who'll bet seven hundred to a thousand? Well, who'll take her at five hundred to a thousand?"

At that figure there was a sudden rush of takers. Perhaps it was sentiment that prompted that last minute support; perhaps it was the memory of all those golden victories in the past; or maybe it was the sight of that proud and stubborn old gentleman—her owner—standing erect and defiant at the paddock rail. Age against youth—experience against impetuosity—a matchless mother against a royal son.

They went into the slips, and a hush blanketed the crowd. Toby McClain, gray-haired slipper, harnessed the pair, passed one arm under their loins and pulled them back, until—quivering flanks touching—eyes turned for the first glimpse of the hare—they poised between the old man's knees. Everyone could



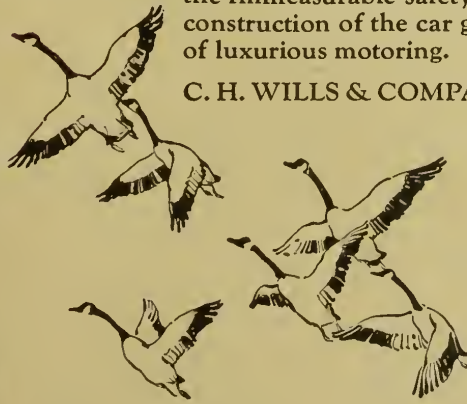
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see then the striking resemblance between the two: they were built of the same bone and tissue, carved from the same block, throbbing with the rush of the same blood. David passed a trembling hand across his face. The Earl bit his lips.

Out from the protection of a runway, and not four feet from mother and son, shot a gray shadow, leaping, swerving—dodging—spurred into a straight-away course by the "Hi! Hi! Whee!" of the crowd. The gray shadow, color of the course itself, resolved into a jack of surprising speed and strength. Its swift flight for the open plain caught the veteran slipper unprepared. He had not meant to give the hard-worked dogs an extra handicap, but he stumbled slightly as he ran forward, striving to gauge the distance, and when the patent leash flew off, it was a heart-breaking run to the hare.

SIDE by side—a bobbing brindle team—the Ormsby hounds measured each other. To the sixteenth Ormsby it seemed that in that straight swift flight the scarlet collar which identified Lad o' Wellington at one point took the lead. The young dog had the advantage of being on the inside. He could shut off the Lady's view of the hare—and it is by sight that the greyhound follows the hare. Undoubtedly the Lad had the early foot; but David, standing at his master's elbow, cried above the din:

"There she goes now, sir! She's going to pass him!"

A roar from the crowd—a burst of speed beautifully timed—and White Lips led by a length. The hare turned—not toward the queen of the coursing world who had compelled it, but toward the younger dog. Lad o' Wellington took up his advantage smartly, shifted his hare twice, and then White Lips flashed up from behind and again raced on even terms with her son. Once more that elusive shadow doubled back on the side of youth, and the Lad's supporters shouted gleefully. In the long minutes that followed, luck favored Lad o' Wellington, and kept the scoring on even terms.

Again and again White Lips took command only to lose it, and the babel of the betting ring and grandstand was a confusion of:

"White Lips on the hare, boy! Now she's out of it. It's all the Lad! No, it isn't! She passes him again! Take a look at 'em. You'll never see a race like that again!"

Four minutes—five—and still the struggle went on, curving in wide circles and then straightening off toward the open country. The duel became a heartbreaking, muscle-cracking thing—grim as Death itself—an amazingly protracted course.

A man with a badge waved one hand at the slips. Forth shot a blue and white rescue dog, straight as an arrow. Behind him came a second, and a third. They skimmed the field like swallows, converging on the tired twain in the distance and bent on ending the deadly match.

Then the crowd got its biggest thrill, and a lump rose in the throat of the sixteenth Ormsby.

"Gad!" he said thickly—"Gad!"

For that trio of relief hounds, fresh from the tents, proved no match for the exhausted Lady and her tired son. White Lips shouldered off the first dog that tried to interfere; Lad o' Wellington knocked down a second; together they blanketed the third; and side by side they fought it out in a struggle such as no coursing ground had ever seen. It was a drama of blood from down the generations, and the sacrificial climax thrilled the crowd, and stunned the sixteenth Ormsby.

Who shall say that Lady White Lips, heroine of a hundred fields, did not realize that it was now her life against that of her son? The fleeting wild thing that ever eluded the pair was the hand of death beckoning them on. By her side, unable to quit, floundered the impetuous, youthful product of her flesh. Lady White Lips summoned her failing strength—called on her overtaxed heart—and dashed forward in a curving spurt that none could equal. The crowd roared.

Two turns—quicker than eye could follow—a lunge—a flurry of fur—and a greyhound with a white collar rolling over and over on the purple heath! Then inactivity at last—with Lad o' Wellington—his eyes popping from his head, swollen black tongue protruding from his mouth—wabbling in a circle around his prostrate mother. From the Judge's saddle a white handkerchief fluttered—signalling to the waiting stands that the Wellington Cup would remain on the mantel of Hounds Hall Manor.

It was David that got to the scene first. Running, stumbling, falling, somehow he covered the quarter-mile and fell at the side of the Lady. *She was dead!*

He scrambled upright, and made for Lad o' Wellington. Otho Ormsby and two kennel men were bending over the gasping dog. David brushed them roughly aside.

"Let me have him, sir!" he cried. "Quick, let me have him!"

He grabbed the dog, and held him by the hind legs, head down, until the film that was forming across the throat, cracked and came away. With the swift surety of a surgeon, he plunged a hypodermic needle back of the shoulder, checking the wild pounding of the puppy heart. Back and forth—forward and back—he forced the puppy in a walk that fought off the impending collapse. An ever-increasing crowd gathered to watch, but David saw them not. There on the death-field of the mother the Earl's man battled for the life of the last of the line—battled and won!

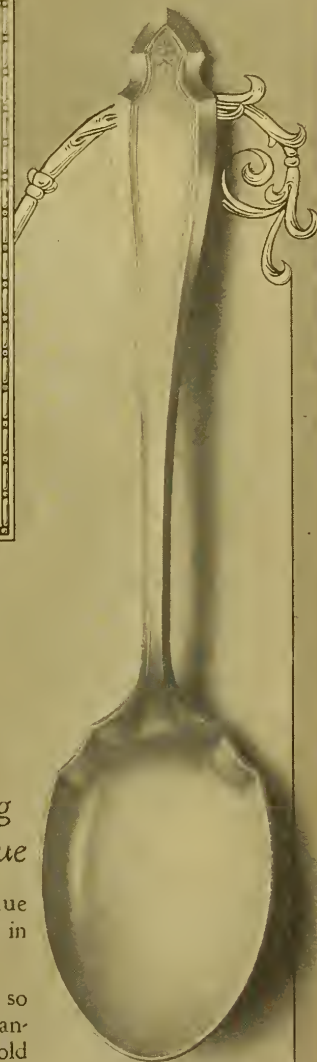
A WINTER morning at Hounds Hall Manor, with the sixteenth Ormsby sitting in the living-room, surrounded by the portraits of his ancestors and their hounds. On the mantel stood the historic Wellington Cup, but to the lonely figure in the big armchair, the gold and silver trophy had lost its luster. Otho was exiled; White Lips was gone: only a few years now—and the present master of Hounds Hall Manor would himself be waved from the course. The Earl stared out the window, and saw

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Judson, the lodge-keeper, harnessing a team to go up into the hills after the customary Christmas tree.

David entered with the morning mail,—a sober-faced, gray-haired David. There was but one letter—a square envelope with a pale-blue border. The Earl opened it—frowned, turned purple, then white, then red—and threw an embossed card into the wastebasket.

David withdrew, closed the door, hesitated and then committed a crime of which he had never before been guilty. He deliberately set one eye to the keyhole, for in his pocket there was also a square envelope with a blue border.

Five minutes passed, and a crick developed in David's back. Another five minutes—David's lips parted in a triumphant grin. On the other side of the door, the sixteenth Ormsby picked up his cane and dealt the brass gong a fearful whack.

The Earl's man waited a moment and then opened the door. A blue-bordered envelope had been rescued from the wastebasket. An embossed card stood tilted against the Wellington Cup.

"David," said his Lordship, "I'm a silly old fool!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Don't contradict me. I tell you I'm a silly old fool—"

"Very good, sir."

His Lordship's eyes traveled to the card on the mantel.

"David," said he, "there is an eighteenth Ormsby, and do you know what his parents have called him?"

"I can't imagine, sir."

"They've named him FitzWilliam—son of William—think of that, David! A grandson named after the old dog himself!"

"A very good thing I would say, sir. Quite proper, your Lordship. I'm certain he will do credit to the stock, sir—bit of the old blood that will never die out, sir!"

"H'm," said his Lordship. "Well, what the devil shall we do about it?"

"Ah, yes, sir, that's just it!"
"Well, confound it, don't stand there like a ninny. Can't you think of anything?"

David sought inspiration from the card on the mantel. It was not unlike certain announcements that came occasionally from the owners of aristocratic kennels. David's eyes twinkled. He put two fingers to his lips, and, leaning over, whispered:

"If I might be so bold, your Lordship, couldn't you send your compliments, sir—and—er—request the privilege of an early inspection?"

His Lordship's jowls shook like jelly.

"Capital, by Jove, capital! David, do you know that you're a tremendously fine fellow?"

"God bless you, sir."

"I don't think he will," said his Lordship, "but it is of no importance. Why not telegraph, eh?"

"Very good, sir."

"And David—"

"Yes, sir."

"Ask that silly cook if she can't give me something else for breakfast besides bacon and eggs."

David considered a moment. "I might take the rod, sir—and try my luck in the lake this afternoon."

"Have it your own way," said his Lordship. "Of course you won't catch anything—but if you do, I like them well crumbed and served with butter."

"Very good, sir."

"And David."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't think you'd better telegraph. You always make such a mess of everything, and the mother of FitzWilliam is very spunky, you know. Gad, she ordered me out of her car, mind you! Fancy that for spirit, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir; Mrs. Ormsby is very charming—quite toppy, sir."

"Exactly," said his Lordship. "One must be careful. Fetch me the telephone, and I'll speak to her Ladyship, myself!"

THE WINNING PLAY

(Continued from page 46)

Stevenson arose slowly, staring straight at the man, and said:

"Bim Williams, you go to hell." He faced sharply about, stepped quickly from his place and shaking off several detaining hands hurried out of the room.

IN the smoker of one of the many football specials bound for Halemton the next morning sat Cat Stevenson. How beautiful this autumn land outside the car window! There came a contrasting picture of the seared country from which he had fled. And this picture brought to mind a letter bearing the postmark of Arroyo City, which had arrived at the hotel that morning.

He took it from his pocket. The letterhead was that of the Arroyo City Board of Trade.

"Carter Stevenson," it read, "come back. You belong here. No one believes you are a quitter. Come back.

We need you. Carter, it's raining like hell out here. The whole city's drunk on rain water—mixed properly, of course. Come back, Carter! Everything is set for you. The band's rehearsing for your reception."

Stevenson glanced over the twenty signatures appended to the letter. A wintery smile passed across his eyes. Raining! Well, he hoped it would rain long enough and hard enough to wash that country off the map.

He was leaning forward to fill his pipe when a hand landed heavily upon his shoulder.

"By Jove, Cat Stevenson!" It was Jumbo Hicks. "Glad to see you, old boy. What the devil did you buck out for, that way, last night? Almost busted up the dinner. Sore because Bim didn't call on you for a speech? Don't blame you. Gave Bim a jolt he needed. He's that way. Thought perhaps because you

looked a bit seedy, you were down and out and wouldn't want to talk. Ha! Ha! Don't talk to me about clothes. On a bet, Cat, I'd put you down right now for a cattleman come East to show New York what a spender looks like, or else a millionaire oil man."

Stevenson, yielding momentarily to a trend of morbid sentiment, was about to correct the other's impression when something like a thrill passed through him. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and drew down his legs.

"Well—" He grinned. "We don't have to advertise our wealth."

"No." Hicks lighted a cigar. "Just the same if you're looking for an opportunity to put some of your spare money at work and haven't forgotten there is such a thing as a safe and sound six-per-cent investment, I'll put you in touch with some people in the East. I suppose, though, you're like all the rest out there. If they can't get twenty-five per cent on their money inside of six months they think they've been cheated. By the way, what do you think of our chances today?"

"You heard what Bim Williams said last night. He's been closer to things than I have."

"Too close. Cat—" Jumbo Hicks' voice lowered. "That has been the whole trouble with Haleton, I think. Too much Williams."

"That so?"

"Yes, it is. He's been messing around, running the eleven from Wall Street for the past three years, just because he has a kid on the team. Never bothered much with the game before that. The coach is under his thumb. And—"

"I see. Then you don't expect much of the game?"

"Oh, we always can hope. But frankly, I'm not betting. Where you going to sit?"

Stevenson put the envelope he had been holding back in his pocket and drew forth a ticket.

"Don't know how good this is. I didn't have one, so I picked this up at the Haleton Club this morning."

"Oh, you don't want that," shrugged Hicks. "Come and sit on the sidelines. You're entitled to be there. Sit with me. I have a pass and we'll get you one at the athletic offices. You want to be where you can hear 'em grunt, Cat."

"Well,"—Stevenson smiled,—"that's a pretty good idea, at that."

FROM college wall and tower the banners of Haleton waved stately greeting to her football cohorts and to the rival clans of Shelburne as they debouched from the train.

Hicks took Stevenson by the arm, turning away from the stadium and bending his steps toward a building used as a dressing-room. The team was inside with the head coach, but several of the assistants and a group of football alumni were standing upon the veranda, talking, and gazing upon the thousands who were making their way into the arena.

Bim Williams came to the door as Hicks and Stevenson arrived. Hicks hailed the man cordially and was as cordially recognized. Stevenson glanced at Williams and their eyes met.

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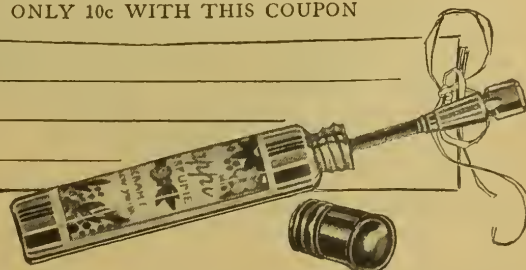
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"Hello, Cat," Williams said.
"Hello, Bim." Stevenson could not tell whether the incident of the previous evening had embittered the man or not. His manner revealed nothing. Stevenson didn't care now, anyway. He turned smilingly to Hicks, who had been talking to the graduate athletic treasurer and was now coming toward him, a sideline pass dangling from his hand.

"Here's your ticket, Cat," he said. "All set, now. Shall we go in? Or do you want to hang around?"

"Let's go on the field." Stevenson laughed. "If I hung around here much more I'd put on a uniform myself."

"Certainly look fit enough to do it." Hicks threw his arm over the man's shoulder. "Well, come on, let's go in."

Making their way through a tunnel Stevenson stopped short as he emerged at the inside end. His hand grasped his companion's arm viselike. On all sides of him, as though springing suddenly into appearance by magic, were towering tiers of concrete, already three-quarters filled with spectators, while below lay the grid-iron, a flawless green oblong, glowing in the thin November sunlight.

"Jumbo,"—Stevenson's voice caught,— "once I came suddenly upon the Grand Cañon from out the desert. I thought then that never again could life give me anything like that. I was wrong. It's come again. Gee, do you get it?"

HICKS, who had kept abreast of stadiums and sixty-thousand crowds and all the other manifestations of modern football, smiled sympathetically.

"That's pretty good, coming from a Westerner. Here, this is the way you go down."

They were holding a place for Hicks not far from midfield and into it he and Stevenson squeezed while from all sides came plaintive requests that the two have a heart, hire a whole stand for themselves and do other amiable things. Hicks laughed jovially and replied in kind, but Stevenson did not even hear the badinage.

He could see himself alone in midfield, bending down over the ball, his team in wedge formation standing some ten or fifteen yards back, ready to advance as he gave the signal. Gee! He dug his heel savagely into the turf. Why must the great moments in a man's life be lived on the very threshold of his career?

The next instant he found himself upon his feet. The Haleton team was sweeping onto the field like a herd of buffalo, and the great amphitheater was rocking with the column of acclaim.

"Hi!" The sight of that team had lifted Stevenson to his feet and set his heart pounding. He had not thought it would hit him like this, if only because in the process of steeling himself against a victory for Shelburne he had taken into consideration the fact that this Haleton outfit was, in some measure, Bim Williams' product, captained by his son—probably a chip of the old block. It wouldn't do either of them a bit of harm to be taken down by Shelburne.

But—well, blood was thicker than water, and Haleton blood was in his veins.

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"Hi—" He turned to Jumbo Hicks with blazing eyes. "Jumbo! Who said Shelburne could beat that bunch of tiger-cats?"

"We always *look* good, Cat," was the solemn reply. "Wait and see. It may be all right. I hope so."

Stevenson glared at his friend. "All right! Damn it! Of course it's going to be all right. Get into the game, man; put your psychology across to the gridiron. What kind of spirit have you? Psychology, Jumbo! The will to—" Stevenson paused, his eyes staring. The field had vanished; he was in a hot, low-ceilinged room in Arroyo City and the twanging voice of Tom Billings was filling his ears. Spirit! Fight! The will to carry on, to crash through! Stevenson shivered. Something went through his veins like elixir.

"Jupiter! I'd like to go out there and play!"

"Wish you could, Cat—" Bim Williams, who had come up behind Stevenson, put his hand upon the man's shoulder. "I've been trying for three years to get some of the uplift spirit into the team."

"You have!" Stevenson swung around upon him, laughing bitterly. "What uplift spirit did you ever put into a team, Bim?"

Williams' face hardened.

"That isn't for me to say."

"Not to me, anyway. You were all bulldog. That's all right. But a team needs more than that." Stevenson brought his hands together. "Lots of things need more than that."

Williams stared at the wire-strung man, flushing. But he was a big man, and a part of his bigness lay in catching viewpoints other than his own.

"Maybe you're right, Cat. And maybe not. Anyway, I can't do that jazz stuff to a team. Neither can Jim Arthur, the coach. He doesn't believe in it." He hesitated, studying Stevenson. "If I'd thought, I'd have had you talk to the crowd in the dressing-room."

Stevenson's reply was quick.

"No you wouldn't—because you think I'm a failure. Anyway, what I do know about the team? I—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the avalanche of sound which greeted the appearance of the Shelburne team and substitutes. Williams turned away to meet his son, who was coming in from the field, the head coach's arm about his shoulder.

Stevenson resumed his seat on the bench, his eyes fixed upon the gridiron, his lips moving in muttered sentences, the import of which perhaps he himself did not know. For the very sight of Shelburne players had always aroused in him a sort of cold fury and this was now his mood.

IT proved to be the sort of game which Haleton alumni had come to expect of their eleven—dogged, undying resistance to a smooth-working, skillfully devised scheme of offense. Stevenson, watching with eyes hard as glass, saw Haleton driven back time after time and yet finally taking the ball either in the last ditch or in less hazardous territory.

As to Haleton's own attack, it rubbed

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Stevenson's overwrought sensibilities raw. He couldn't say that it lacked spirit. The various plays, indeed, were launched with enough ardor and vim—but somewhere a screw was loose. Something in the way of high *élan*, some sanction that comes alone of success, was missing—something that is over and above physical proficiency.

"What is it? What the devil is it, Cat?" Hicks' voice contained a note of agony. "That forward pass took 'em to Shelburne's thirty-yard line first down. Now third down, nothing—not an inch." He stared with gloomy eyes as the drop-kicker failed to put the ball over the posts from the forty-two-yard mark. "What do you make of it, Cat?"

Stevenson jumped as the man's hand touched his shoulders.

"Eh!" He glanced at Hicks. "Go to the devil, Jumbo. Let me alone." He leaned forward, returning his unblinking gaze to the gridiron.

THE first quarter drew to a close with the ball on Haleton's fifteen-yard line, in Haleton's possession, the result of a punt which the Haleton quarterback, fooled by a quick kick close to the line, had let go over his head.

"Twenty yards lost on an exchange of punts," groaned Hicks.

Stevenson gave no sign that he had heard. The teams were changing goals and on the second play Shelburne blocked a Haleton punt and recovered the ball over the Haleton goal.

"The old story, Cat." Hicks scowled at the Shelburne side of the field, which was gyrating with animated color and shrilling its joy.

Stevenson shrugged.

Stung to desperation the Haleton team put into play in the remainder of the quarter everything in the way of offense that it had been taught. The moves were well conceived and marked by mechanical precision. But Shelburne's defense was flawless. It was so flawless that it struck Stevenson as embodying a certain amount of indifference, as though the players had learned in their very germ all the plays that were launched against them. Unfamiliar as Stevenson was with the forward pass, he could see from the disposition and methods of the backfield and the ends that the elements in its favor were materially reduced.

As for Shelburne's attack, it was none too varied. As a matter of fact, Stevenson caught in it the same impression of indifference. Or was it indifference? No. No, it wasn't indifference. It was—by George, it was overconfidence. Shelburne had come on the field with the conviction that whatever happened she would win. So she was playing safe, playing by the card—unwilling to take chances, she was merely playing for breaks which she knew would come, which, in fact, had already come.

Stevenson had left his seat and was now lying prone upon the turf, his eyes fastened upon the teams; it was an old habit of his when analyzing the play. His gray, sharpshooter eyes took in every detail of stance, every phase of charge and counter-charge, every shift of line or backfield.

For a moment when the whistle blew and the teams turned to leave the field he still lay on the ground. As Hicks leaned down and touched him upon the shoulder Stevenson sprang to his feet. He stood a moment, shivering. Then he darted forward in the wake of the retreating team.

"Where you going, Cat?"

"Let me alone." Stevenson jerked from Hicks' restraining grasp and caught up with Bim Williams, the coach, and Williams' son.

"Bim,"—Stevenson's voice choked,— "Bim, do you want to lick those red devils?"

"Eh—" The three men studied the speaker curiously.

"Bim—introduce me." His voice was jerky. He gestured at the captain and at the coach. "I'm Cat Stevenson, quarter of the '93 eleven. Do you want to lick Shelburne? All right; I'll show you how. Let me into that dressing-room. I want to talk to them."

"We don't allow grads to make speeches between halves any more, Mr. Stevenson." The coach's voice was impatient. "I do the talking."

"Talking! Sure! You do the talking! I don't want to talk. I want to show them how to win. Bim Williams, you know me. Did you ever hear me shoot off my face without something back of it?"

As Williams stared at him, he went on: "We get twenty minutes between halves now, don't we? That's all I want. Let me have that team. You come along, too—or else go out and make your bets that we win—at odds. Bim Williams, give me that team, for fifteen minutes."

As the coach started to speak, Williams' son, the captain of the eleven, who had been staring at the speaker, raised his hand.

"Wait a minute, Jim—Father. What do you want with the team, Mr. Stevenson?"

"Show you how to win, damn it. You're quarterback. You look like your father used to look, boy. I knew how to run your dad. I made him a half-back. I'll make you—" He paused. "Kid, the captain is king here. Let me have the team, will you?"

There was a moment's pause. The captain glanced at his father; then he nodded.

"The team is yours, Mr. Stevenson."

INTO the dressing-room with its odors of sweat and drugs and dead steam strode Stevenson at the head of the group. The team were seated around the room on benches, leaning forward, staring at the floor. The trainer was passing among them, addressing gently spoken questions to one after the other, applying a sponge here and there, examining taped limbs, touching open wounds with some antiseptic fluid.

The captain stopped in the middle of the floor.

"Fellows," he said, "Mr. Stevenson, the '93 quarterback, has the deck."

"All right." Stevenson's voice rang through the apartment. "Haleton Varsity, line up." They did.

"Men of Haleton,"—Stevenson's voice was low, but tense, vibrant,— "do you



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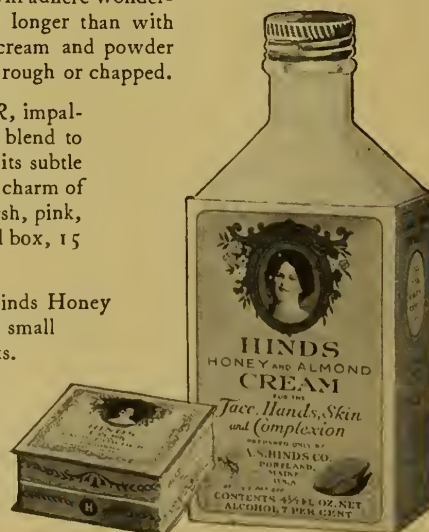
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know who is beating you? A proud, overconfident team—a team that has no business on the field with you. They're mellow, ready to be pounded to a pulp by an eleven of men that know they're men and are ready to enforce that knowledge. What has Shelburne shown? Nothing but football you know like a book. What have you shown? Nothing they don't know like a book. All right. Who wins on that basis? The team with the unbeatable spirit—the team that gets white hot at misfortune and tears the heart out of Fate with its bare hands."

He walked along the line of the players, looking each man in the eye.

"Boys, I'm not talking wind. I'm talking from experience. Out West where I come from the sun had burned the country out. It burned me out. I ran, after I had fought as you've been fighting in the first half. Remember that—as you've been fighting in the first half. What I mean is you were fighting a losing fight, instead of a winning one. Today when I got into the old football atmosphere and stood there on the sidelines watching you play I caught what I ought to have caught out in Arroyo City—I caught what a man should be and what a man should stand for—an unconquerable soul. Out West we were burned out by the sun; so we kept our heads up and kept working—hoping for a turn. Hoping! The hell with that! If I couldn't raise cattle I could have done something else. If there was oil out there—as we hoped—it was up to us to go out and find it. If the railroad wouldn't see our promotion schemes, make 'em see it. The sun—nor Shelburne's football team—nor anything else can beat men who won't be beaten. There's the point. Don't you catch it? The thing that was the matter with me out West is the thing that was the matter with you in the first half of this game today. Your bodies were unbeatable, your souls were on the fence. It's all in the mind, boys. Victory is your immortal right. I'm not kidding you. It's God's own truth. Shelburne is mellow, overconfident. I know it. I see it. Shelburne will go to pieces like punk before the majesty of your undying will to win. Your will!

"All right. Now I'm going to give you an extra ace to play. You're all students. You all have brains. Listen now. As soon as you reach Shelburne's thirty-yard line in the next half, you're going to give them the old 14-22-34, a signal that is a part of Haleson tradition—for a play that never failed."

THEN hastily, with jerky sentences, he told off the play, which involves a back into the line, turning as he is about to be tackled and passing the ball to a tackle running around behind the line and wide into the clear. Three times he called it off, and each player involved repeated it.

"All right. Fine! Now walk through the play."

In dead silence, and with fine precision, the team effected the maneuver.

"That's it. Now fellows, gather around me." His voice rose. "Haleson, what do you see in that play if it works when you're down on Shelburne's thirty-

yard line, or nearer? What do you see? Rip it out now."

"A touchdown!" The chorus was shrill in its intensity.

"A touchdown if you get down to the thirty-yard line or nearer. Are you going to get there? Hi! Did any Shelburne team ever breathe that could keep you bob-cats off its thirty-yard line?"

"No!" The negative exploded like a cannon shot.

"No. You're right. You're Haleton! Damn it, remember that you're the custodians of a sacred heritage. Hold your heads high. Hit hard. Don't— Never mind. Now walk through that play again." They did it. "Again!" They did it again.

"All right." Stevenson turned to Bim Williams. "I'm through with them. They're winners right now. Got a Varsity sweater around here?"

"Here's mine!" The captain of the eleven picked up a sweater and tossed it to the man.

"Thanks." Stevenson threw off his coat and slipped the knitted garment over his head. "Come on, Bim, let's get out of here and leave the team alone with the captain. He'll do, that boy of yours. He'll do the rest. Come on."

AS the Haleton team ran out upon the field a few minutes later, a lithe, black-haired man with a Haleton Varsity sweater seized a megaphone from one of the cheer leaders and turned to the stand, the huge cone at his lips.

"Haleton—" The voice came like a whiplash. "Haleton! We win this half. Get it? We win. Get that in your minds. Haleton wins! Nothing else. Haleton wins! Wins! Wins! Put it over. Think it. Believe it!"

While his voice rattled into the stands there was a curious silence. Then suddenly there came forth a sound that was half snarl, half roar.

"That's it!" Stevenson held up his arm. "That's it. All through this half shout 'Haleton!' Nothing else. Keep it going every second. Haleton! Haleton!"

"Haleton! Haleton! Haleton!" Ten, twenty, thirty times the name cannonaded out upon the field.

And now the players were lined up. Stevenson, again upon the ground, saw the Haleton players stamping the ground, running in little circles, punching—not slapping—one another upon the backs.

The ball was kicked off. Haleton had it on her own ten-yard line. The team, every man, went into a drive on tackle with an abandon whose unexpected savagery was not to be resisted. Four yards into the line went the fullback, and then, keeping his feet, he wormed out two more yards.

Stevenson, half crawling, half walking, sneaked down the sideline until he was abreast of the play. The referee saw him, stopped the play and ordered him back to the bench.

Another line buck; three yards this time and first down. Then another line buck and a wide end run behind indomitable interference. Two yards short of another first down. But here Haleton was stopped flat. Her punter

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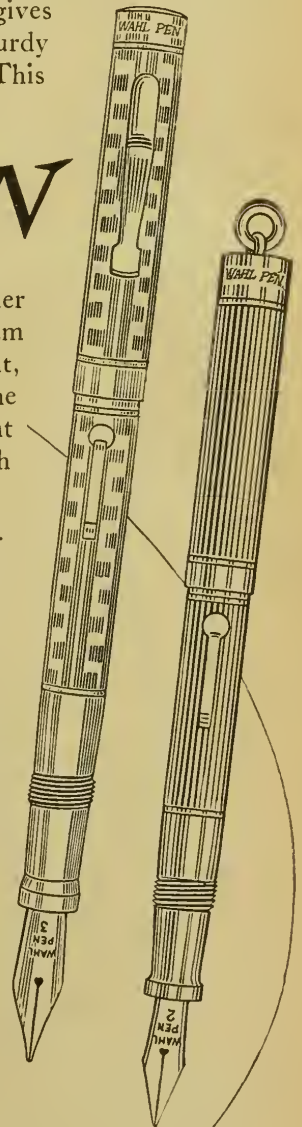
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dropped back and sent the champion punt of the day, a booming spiral which lofted and lifted until it had traversed sixty yards. One HALETON end, the HALETON center and a tackle were under it as it fell toward the outstretched arms of the Shelburne quarterback.

The ball bored through the player's hands, it struck his chest point downward; it bounded into the air. The next instant he had been butted out of the play and a HALETON man was following the ball as it bounded across the goal line.

“Touchdown!” Stevenson was turning to the stands when out from among the figures gyrating on the sidelines launched a figure which once had been the cold, dignified body of Adolphus Williams, president of the Five Forks Railway System.

“Cat! Cat! Cat!” For a minute the two men swung about in staggering circles while on all sides the air was filled with flying blankets, headguards, towels, flung by gyrating subs and coaches. “HALETON made that break, Cat. Did you see the men go down the field like tigers?”

“Did I!” Stevenson leaned forward. “There’s a goal to kick. Good! They put it over. There’s more yet to do, though.”

“And we’ll do it! Cat, my boy needed this. He was getting haunted by the defeats he has had in college. You know, I—I’d begun to fear it would lick him—afterward.”

“Don’t you worry about that boy of yours, Bim.”

“No, thanks to you. You pulled him out of the rut, Cat. You pulled the team together. By George, you pulled the whole field together. Have you ever heard any such yelling as—”

“Shut up, Bim.”

STEVENSON’S eyes were upon the field. HALETON’S men were lining up like hungry wolves. Shelburne had elected to receive the ball, and the man who caught it came back fifteen yards before he was tackled. But significant gains through the line or around the ends, or by the overhead route, were denied Shelburne.

“Looks like a tie, though. We’re not gaining, either.”

Williams glanced at Stevenson as he spoke. He had not left the man’s side, had even clung to his arm a lot of the time.

“Tie, nothing.” Cat Stevenson’s voice was twangy. “This game is going to be—”

His voice was lost in a vast uproar—the boom of a tempest with shrieking overtones. For the HALETON right half had leaped up and intercepted a Shelburne forward pass and was now under full headway. For a minute it looked like a touchdown, but a Shelburne end, a track sprinter, came up from behind and laid the runner low on Shelburne’s twenty-yard line.

“Now!” Stevenson jerked from Williams’ hysterical arms and crouched forward. “Now.”

The HALETON eleven was lining up amid a dead silence. The HALETON drop-kicker fell back to the thirty-two-yard line,



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kicking turf from his cleats and then bending down to remove a clump of grass.

"A drop kick! What the devil!" Bim Williams' voice was a groan. "Too small a margin. Touchdown, Cat. That's what they should play for. Kick on fourth down."

"Wait." Stevenson's face was drawn. "That's your own boy out there at quarter. He wont kick."

From the Shelburne side of the arena was coming that monotonous chant, "Block that kick!"

Then as the Haleton quarterback sprang into position a silence fell. Clear, sharp, every syllable so bell-like that it was heard throughout the vast amphitheater, came the boy's voice.

"Fourteen—twenty-two—thirty-four!"

As one man, Haleton, to whom those mystic numbers had always meant something that was time-honored, sacred, leaned forward, barely breathing.

"Cat! Will they get it?"

Again came the signal, slow, impressive:

"Fourteen—twenty-two—thirty-four."

Then sharply, the numeral which called for the passing of the ball.

"Aaaw!" Bim Williams' face was hidden against Stevenson's shoulder. But Cat didn't know it. He saw the left half-back drive into the line, saw him turn as he was about to be tackled. He saw Winton, the left tackle, sweeping around from behind, saw the Haleton interferers taking their assignments as they had been told. He saw—

From the multitude rose a fluttering cry; then suddenly it rose as a great wind rises. For that left tackle, his big legs moving like pistons, was around the end and clear.

Five yards. Ten yards. Fifteen and twenty yards. But—ah! Look. The Shelburne quarterback has come up from behind. He launches himself into a flying tackle. But the man with the ball has also left his feet. Then as Haleton abandoned herself to hysteria, the two men drove over the goal line and lay still.

THE students and grads of Haleton had paused in their snake-dancing and hat-throwing and cheering and were massed in front of the Shelburne cheering section. Most of those who had sat in the stands were now upon their feet watching the spectacle below, as though loath to depart from a drama of the field which had held them enthralled for more than two hours.

"Cat! I say, Cat!"

Bim Williams touched the man upon the shoulder. Both had been standing as though dazed from the time the whistle had blown, ending the game.

"Yes." Stevenson turned. The eyes of the two men met.

"Cat, let me apologize."

"No need of that, Bim."

"There is, but I'm not going to waste the time. I've got something more important to say. Cat, I've been looking for your sort. You're the man."

"Man for what?"

"You're the man who is going out into that Black River Valley district for the Five Forks Railway System. You're go-



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Stevenson's eyes were half closed. He was looking at Williams; but Williams, eying the man eagerly, felt Stevenson was not visualizing him. He was right. What Stevenson saw was a man standing at a table, a man with lean, indurated body, bronzed face, deep with lines—a man talking big and looking with undaunted eyes into a black future.

Stevenson grew rigid, wide-eyed. "Bim, do you honestly mean what you've said? You're not thrown off your balance by this game?"

"Thrown nothing. I know what I'm talking about. When do you want to go?"

"Bim—" Stevenson struggled to choke back his emotion. "Bim—I—I—well, first I want to thank you. Coming from you, I wouldn't have had anything better, or bigger, nor anything that

could do me more good. But—but—I'm not going, Bim."

"Eh?"
"Bim, listen. Out in the Southwest I have made three fortunes since I left college. A week ago I quit there like a yellow dog. Why? Because I had lost my nerve. Because I was down and out. There are big things out there. I knew it. But I couldn't face them. Nerve gone. I ran out; left my pals and quit."

He paused to get his breath.
"But I'm going back. I'm going back tomorrow morning. I'm going to carry the ball down there, Bim. I'm going to make a touchdown. My punch is back. It only needed a football game to do it. I'm there again, forty ways. Why should I work for you? I can work for myself. And I'm going to. Bim, old boy—" Stevenson reached out and put his hand on the man's shoulder.

"I'm glad to have had this sort of an ending with you. And I want to tell you that a year from now—yes, I give myself only a year—I'm coming East. And, Bim, the dinner of the '93 Halleton team will be on me."

CONTRABAND

(Continued from page 67)

and repeatedly begged her driver for more speed.

The east was glowing dully with approaching dawn when she alighted from the car at the hotel in Gibeon and hurried up the scantily illuminated stairs to her room. She was weary, not in body alone, but with that sharper, more gnawing weariness of the spirit. She had failed, and the heaviness of failure sat upon her. But because she was young and healthy, because she had not yet reached an age and experience at which troubles of the mind can stay the recuperative urge of the body, she slept.

Chapter Twenty

IT was nine o'clock when she awakened, and with a feeling of guilt, she dressed hurriedly, snatched a cup of coffee and hastened to the office. There she immediately telephoned Jared Whitefield, only to be told that he was not at home. She dreaded to meet Evan Pell, to confess her inadequacy. There was another reason, deeper than this, instinctive, why she hesitated to meet him. It was a sort of embarrassment, an excited desire to see him, fighting with reluctance. She did not analyze it. But she was spared the ordeal. Evan Pell was not in his place.

There was petty business to attend to, and an hour passed. Such hours may pass even when one is in the midst of such affairs as surrounded Carmel.

"Where is Mr. Pell?" she asked Simmy, who came in to lay a galley-proof on her desk.

"Haint been in this mornin'," Simmy told her. "Say, George Bogardus has been in twicet to see you."

Carmel smiled. She knew why George

had called. It was the Handsomest Man contest. Some there were, of course, who laughed, who saw the absurdity of the contest, but more remained to take it with utmost sincerity, and of these George Bogardus, undertaker de luxe, was perhaps the most sincere. George neglected his business to pursue votes. But then, so did Lancelot Bangs!

Each spent his substance in riotous garments, and at the busy hour in the post office neither neglected to take up his station before the door, full in the public eye, to enable the populace to scrutinize and to admire. It was a campaign such as no political election ever had brought to Gibeon.

Yesterday, Carmel learned from Tubal, it had come to personal conflict. As the pair of candidates occupied their stations, each on his side of the post-office door, Bogardus had spoken in a manner highly derogatory of a new hat displayed by his rival for the first time.

Battle ensued, and spectators estimated that no less than forty dollars' worth of haberdashery was destroyed by the fury of it. The gladiators were torn apart—but not until Gibeon had enjoyed the spectacle to the full. But the spark was lighted. Rivalry had grown to jealousy; now jealousy had become hatred. In the hearts of each of these Beau Brummels burned a fire of malice. Each was now determined, in some manner, to eliminate his rival.

PRESENTLY George Bogardus peered through the office door, and seeing Carmel, entered, bringing with him a sartorial effulgence overpowering. He rested his malacca cane against the rail, pulled down his lavender waistcoat, straightened his tie, lifted his hat and bowed from the waist.

"Miss Lee," he said, "aw—I say, now—d'you mind if I have a bit of a word with you. Eh? What?"

"Certainly, Mr. Bogardus. What can I do for you?"

"It's private. I—aw—fawncy you wouldn't wish to be overheard. Not by a darn sight you wouldn't."

"Come in, then, and sit here. No one will overhear us."

HE passed the gate and took the indicated chair, leaning an elbow on Carmel's desk and pointing the tip of his long nose at her most convenient ear.

"Nothin' was said in the rules of this here contest," said he, "aw—about the character of the—aw—contestants."

"No."

"But suthin' must 'a' been intended. You wouldn't want no criminal, nor no wife-beater, nor no—aw—person addicted to intoxicants to enter, now, would you. What?"

"Naturally not."

"If a contestant was sich, what would happen?"

"It would be necessary to eliminate him."

"Cheerio! What price the elimination!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Bogardus?"

"I mean," said he, "there's a feller goin' to be eliminated doggone quick. An' mebbey go to jail to boot!"

"This is rather a serious thing to say."

"Meant serious. Nobody kin claw me and git away with it. Nobody kin set up to be better dressed 'n I be, by Jove—aw—and git away with it. I been watchin', I have, and what I suspected I found out. And I'll swear to it. Eh? What say? Now what, Lancelot, old dear?"

"You are talking about Mr. Bangs!"

"Lancelot Bangs—that's him."

"What has he done?"

"Him! What ho! Oh, I say! Blime me if the bloody blighter haint a bootlegger!" Here George became a trifle confused in his British, but what does Gibeon know of distinctions between Whitechapel and the Hotel Cecil?

Carmel was alert at once. This touched the business in hand. "A bootlegger! You mean he is selling whisky?"

"Is and has been. Haint bothered much with photographs for a long spell back. Makes his livin' that way. It's how he can afford them handsome cravats from the city."

"You're sure?"

"Take my oath to it in court. I've heard and saw. I've tasted out of a bottle."

Here was something tangible at last, a hand on a minor tentacle of the affair, but if clung to and followed diligently, it must lead to the octopus-head.

"Where does he get it?" Carmel asked. Bogardus shook his head. "That's all I know. He gits it and sells it. Makes him a criminal, don't it? Eh? What?"

"It would seem so."

"Disqualifies him, don't it?"

"If I can verify what you have told me."

"Calc'late I kin fetch you proof," said George.

"Very well. Do that, and he shall be disqualified."



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George arose, bowed, took his cane and moved with stateliness to the door. There he paused, turned and smirked.

"Cheerio!" he said.

HERE was something tangible, a commencement, a man who had seen and heard and would take his oath! It had not come in an admirable way, but it had come—had come as a direct result of the things she had printed in the paper. The end of a thread which would pass through many snarls before she could arrive at the spool, but it would arrive.

Bogardus would bring her proof—but she would not wait for Bogardus: impulse sat in the driver's seat again. She was on her feet.

"I'll be back in an hour," she called to Tubal, and stepped out upon the street.

Her heart beat a trifle more quickly as she climbed the stairs to Lancelot Bangs' photographic parlors—and as she climbed, she remembered that other visit, that mysterious conversation in the back room, overheard by her but not comprehended. She comprehended it now.

As she opened the door, a bell rang somewhere in the mysterious depths of those rooms where Lancelot carried on the rites of photography, and the young man appeared, a wet print in his fingers.

"Ah, Miss Lee," he said, and preened himself. It is difficult to preen oneself with a black alpaca apron which reaches from chest to knees, but Lancelot was conscious his shoes and necktie were visible. It gave him assurance.

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Bangs," she said.

"Certainly—certainly. Time's your'n. Haint many visitors like you comes here. Haint never had the pleasure of makin' your portrait."

"I didn't come," said Carmel with that disconcerting directness of which she was mistress, "to talk about photographs. I came to talk about whisky."

Lancelot reared back upon his heels, and his Adam's apple took a mighty heave upward.

"Whisky?"

"Exactly. I am going to print in the *Free Press* the story of how you sell whisky in your back room. I shall tell whom you have sold whisky to, how much you have sold, give the dates." Carmel was pretending to more knowledge than she possessed, which, of course, is the first rule in the game.

"I—you—'taint so. I never sold a drop. Mebby I give a friend a drink—jest sociable-like. But I haint sold."

"Don't lie to me, Mr. Bangs. I know." She allowed her voice to become less cold. "I don't want to be hard on you, but it looks as if I would have to. There's just one way you can save yourself from going to jail." She dropped that and let it lie while he looked it over.

"Jail!" he said feebly.

"Exactly. If you will make a clean breast of the whole thing to me, tell me where you get the liquor, who smuggles it in, all about it, I will give you forty-eight hours to get away. I'm not after you, Mr. Bangs—but I may have to take you—if you aren't reasonable."

"I tell you I never—"

Carmel stood up and turned to the door. "I'm sorry," she said. "I've given you your chance. . . . Good-by."

He clutched her arm. "Hey—wait! Where you going?"

"To lay my information before the authorities."

"They said the authorities was fixed."

Carmel laughed. "That's better," she said. "Who said the authorities were fixed?"

"I—I didn't say that—I didn't—" He sank on a red-plush sofa and covered his face.

"Now, Mr. Bangs, just tell what you know. You don't want to go to jail. In forty-eight hours you can be a long way from here—and nobody will bother about you, if they get hold of somebody more important. . . . It's your last chance. Will you talk or not?" Her hand was on the doorknob again.

"I—I—"

"Yes?"

"They'll kill me."

"As they did Sheriff Churchill," she said.

BANGS stared at her goggle-eyed. "Did they do that?" he asked in sudden terror. "They didn't do that. I didn't know nothin' about it. I thought he run off. I—"

"They wont kill you if you get away," she said. "Now tell me what you know—quickly!" she snapped out the last word of command as a school teacher might speak to a refractory child.

"I—I been sellin'. Not much. Jest a few cases—once in a while—when I could git it."

"How much?"

"I—I don't know exactly. Sometimes I'd git a dozen cases, sometimes less."

"Made quite a nice living for you?"

"I didn't git it all. I jest got my commission. I had to pay back most of the profit."

"How did you get the whisky?"

"A feller would come and tell me the was a shipment comin'. Then I'd git in my car and go out to git what was assigned to me."

"Who would tell you?"

"Sometimes one man, sometimes another."

"Who?" Her voice was inexorable.

"Peewee—mostly."

"Peewee Bangs—your cousin, is he?"

"That's him."

"So he would tell you, and you would go to get it? Where?"

"Out to his place."

"The Lakeside Hotel?"

"Yes."

"Other folks went there to get whisky too?"

"I calc'late so. There'd be a lot of cases. I'd run my car into the shed, and go in, and when I'd come back, she'd be packed."

"What others went there?"

"Different ones—folks buyin' private. Peewee, he'd telephone folks he knowed was buyin', and they'd drive out and leave their cars a-standin'. When they'd come ag'in, there'd be the whisky. They wouldn't never see who put it there."

"Who did you sell to?"

"I don't want to tell."

"You've got to tell," Carmel insisted. He moaned, and then, surrendering utterly, gave her a list of his customers. "Whom did you pay money to?" she asked.

"Peewee."

"Anybody else?"

"Jest him."

"Whom else did you see at the Lakeside Hotel when you went to get whisky—who else was selling besides Peewee?"

"I never saw anybody."

"Did you ever see Deputy Jenney there?"

Lancelot's face turned more ashen. "I never see him. I dunno nothin' about him."

"You've heard he was in it?"

"Jest whispers—but nothin' I can say."

"When was the last time you got whisky?"

He gave her the date, which coincided with her finding of the cache in the woods.

"When do you expect to go again?"

He hesitated. "I—a feller come today. Said I could run out tonight. Said the was a special-sized shipment comin'."

"Is that all you know?"

"Every last thing."

"Very well, then. Come with me."

"Where? You promised—"

"I'll keep my promise. Just to my office. Please hurry."

He followed her with docility, sat by while she put his confession into type, signed it, and accompanied her to a notary, where he took his oath to the truth of the statements therein contained.

"Now," said Carmel. "I guess you'd better be moving along toward the distance."

Lancelot, in abject terror, started for the door, but Carmel arrested him. "Wait," she said, and from its hiding-place in her desk she took the match-box made from a brass shell which she had found beside the whisky-cache. She held it before Lancelot's eyes.

"Whose is this?" she asked.

"B'longs to Deputy Jenney," he said.

"Ol' Slim Toomey made it fer him out of a shell."

Chapter Twenty-one

"HASN'T Mr. Pell come in yet?" Carmel called to Tubal.

"Haint seen hide nor hair of him since last night."

"Did he say anything about staying away?"

"Not a word."

She thought it queer, but, so occupied was her mind with the disclosures of Lancelot Bangs, and with the events of last night, that the fact of Evan Pell's unexplained absence did not present itself to her as a thing demanding immediate investigation. She was wondering what to do with the evidence in hand. She had reached Jenney but the trail did not lead past him. So far it was a blind alley, blocked by the bulk of the newly appointed sheriff. In some manner she must go around or through him to reach Abner Fownes.

But Abner Fownes was not a man to permit himself to be reached. The



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The new Introductory Set

Judge for yourself what it can mean to the complexion

ARE you really confident that your complexion is all that you would like to have it? Are you entirely satisfied that your skin is clear and radiant?

You can be. Begin today the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Judge for yourself what this unusual beauty cream can do to improve your complexion.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream—more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up" the skin—revitalize the sluggish tissues. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain the charm of a fresh, clear, radiant complexion. It will be such a satisfaction.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find a silver dime. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing samples of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Ingram's Rouge and other Ingram Toilet-Aids—also an eiderdown powder pad.

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Whether you plan to study music as a profession or as a fine art, the right training and instruction is essential. If you wish the advice and assistance of one who has made a careful investigation of the music schools of America, write to the School Department enclosing stamped return envelope.
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE 33 West 42nd Street New York City

ELIZABETH ARDEN

Wrinkles used to be pitted as a sign of age. Now they are condemned as unnecessary neglect.

Every woman can keep her skin youthfully lovely by using:

Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream
—pat it on the face after cleansing to remove wrinkles and make the skin wonderfully smooth and soft. \$2

Send for Elizabeth Arden's booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

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Posed by Constance Talmadge, attractive star of the Constance Talmadge Film Company producing First National motion pictures. Miss Talmadge is one of many charming women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Ingram's Rouge

Ingram's Rouge is a safe, trustworthy preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color—the coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. It is prepared in a solid cake, alluringly perfumed. Now supplied in a thin, handsome, purse-size metal vanity-box, with mirror and eider-down pad. Furnished in four perfect shades—Light, Medium Rose, Medium Natural and Dark—to sell at 50c.



county was his own now, held in the hollow of his hand.

Could she, then, go to the sheriff's office to lay before Jenney information which would result in his imprisonment, and in Abner Fownes' destruction? Suppose she went, as she must go, to the prosecuting attorney? Suppose warrants were issued? What then? Jenney's office must make the service and the arrests. It was more thinkable that the sun would start suddenly to travel from west to east than that such warrants should become efficacious.

She called Jared Whitefield on the telephone again, but Jared, she was informed, had gone away from town. He left suddenly after midnight, and had stated no destination. Carmel felt terribly alone. Her sensation was of one suddenly deserted by all the world. She felt young, inadequate, frightened. If only Evan Pell were there!

IT was an uneasy, unhappy day, crowded with apprehensions and questionings. Noon came, and then supper-time. It was not her usual custom to return to the office after supper, but tonight she did return—to wait for Evan, though she did not admit it.

To occupy her mind, she took out the books of her concern and opened them to study progress. The circulation book came first, and she opened it at the last entried page. As she spread it before her, an envelope lay under her eyes, and upon its face, in Evan Pell's handwriting, was her name—"Miss Carmel Lee!"

It was the first time she had ever seen her name in his handwriting, and she gazed at it with a strange, stifled feeling in her breast. A letter to her from Evan Pell, left where she must find it!

She compelled her fingers to tear the flap. Her eyes saw Evan's neat, flawless handwriting, but her mind seemed suddenly numb, unable to make sense of the symbols set down upon the paper. Finally she forced herself to read.

"My Dear:" the letter began, and she read over and over those two intimate words. "My Dear: If you find this letter—if I have not returned to take it from the place in which I have hidden it for you, I am quite sure I shall not see you again. In view of this possibility, I am presuming to say good-by."

Even now, she saw, something of his pedantic precision must creep in. It would not have crept in, she felt sure, had he not been under some strong emotion, had he not felt the necessity for concealing his emotion.

"I have told you before," the letter continued, "that I love you. I have not told you how I have come willingly, eagerly to love you. You, and you alone—the fact of your existence, your loveliness—have made what I fancy are notable changes in me. I even go so far as to imagine I might, with time and persistence, become the sort of man who would be entitled to your friendship, if nothing more. But if this letter reaches your eyes, that is, I fear, no longer possible. I think I have done as I should, although I have practiced deception. When you remember I did this because I loved you, I trust you will find it in your heart to forgive me.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Today there came a note to you which I intercepted. It purported to come from some disgruntled man, telling you how you could obtain evidence against these liquor-smugglers by going to the Lakeside Hotel. I rather fancied it was not genuine, and was meant rather to induce your presence than to betray confederates. On the other hand, it might be authentic. I, therefore, urged you to make the journey upon which you have just been engaged, and because it seemed right to do so, I am going tonight to test the authenticity of the letter."

She saw, she understood!

"If it prove to be a lure, such as was used to the undoing of Sheriff Churchill, there is some chance I shall not return. Naturally, I shall observe every caution. But if precautions fail and I do not return, you will find in a box in my room such evidence and information as I have collected. It does not reach the man we wish to reach, but it moves toward him. I hope you will be able to make use of it."

He could write so stiltedly of making use of his work when he was, open-eyed, going out to walk into the trap prepared for her!

"Therefore," the letter concluded, "good-by. My going will mean little to you; it means little to me, except the parting from you. If you find time to think of me at all, I hope you will think of me as continuing always to love you wherever it may be I have journeyed. Good-by."

At the end he had signed his name.

SHE sat for a moment as though turned to stone. Her cheeks were white, and she was cold, cold as death. No sound came from her compressed lips. Dead! Evan Pell was dead!

Then something not of her own consciousness, something deep within the machinery of her soul, moved and controlled her. She acted, but not as one acts of his own volition, rather as one acts in a mesmeric trance. Her impulse was to go to him—to find him, to weep over him, to avenge him!

She snatched the receiver from its hook and telephoned Jared Whitefield again. He would help. He would know what to do. But Jared Whitefield still had not returned. She must act alone.

Calmly, like an automaton, she put on her hat, extinguished the lights, locked the door and walked up the street. The direction she took was toward the Lakeside Hotel. She reached the fringe of the village which bordered upon the black woods, but did not pause. Steadily, urged on by some inexorable force, she continued down that gloomy avenue, between woodland banks of inky blackness. She neither hesitated nor paused nor looked behind her.

Had she looked behind, it might have been she would have seen the shadowy figures of two men who followed, followed stealthily, keeping always a stated distance, drawing no nearer, flitting at the edge of the blackness.

Don't miss the dramatic climax which occurs in the forthcoming installment of Mr. Kelland's great story—in the next, the December, issue of *The Red Book Magazine*.



And All She Needed Was a Pretty Dress!

NO one would have ever dreamed of calling her pretty. She had neither the stately dignity of a tall person, nor the demure charm of a short person. She had neither golden hair nor black hair. She was just plain.

She was the kind of girl that had to have clothes to make her attractive. She needed smart, modish, well-made clothes to give her a slender, graceful figure. She needed clothes made in just-right colors—the colors that would give glints of gold to her brown hair, that would reflect a warm depth in her gray eyes. But pretty clothes were so terribly expensive!

And that is why no one noticed her at the Hawley party. She looked more plain than ever in her limp, last-year's frock. She had none of the charm that Fay had in her vivid Persian blue frock—none of the impressive charm of Ellen in her gown of goldenrod yellow, trimmed with just a bit of orchid. And yet—all she needed was the right kind of dress to make her just as attractive as the others.

Today—only a few months after the Hawley party—she has all the pretty frocks she wants. Each one is designed for her own personality, created to do justice to her own particular appearance. She knows how to make the kind of clothes that make her appear pretty; she knows how to have three dresses for what one used to cost. The School of Modern Dress has done for her what it has done for hundreds of others—it has enabled her to have more clothes, more charm, and more happiness.

Learn to Make Beautiful Clothes at Home

Any girl or woman can now learn to make smart, becoming, distinctive clothes right at home. New, simplified methods make it possible. You don't have to know anything whatever about sewing to start. You don't have to have very much spare time to devote to it. Everything has been reduced to a series of simple interesting steps that anyone can follow with ease.

The NEW-WAY Course has been prepared by experts especially for the girl or woman who wants to learn the newest, most up-to-date and approved methods of clothes-making in the shortest possible time. The teachers make every effort to have you master the step-by-step lessons quickly, without waste of your time. Before you realize it, you will

be making exquisite underthings, beautiful blouses, attractive gowns—and they will cost you only what the materials alone cost.

Full Equipment Furnished, Also Free Materials with Which to Make Six Garments

Women everywhere are today making their own beautiful clothes through the remarkable NEW-WAY methods. Are you going to continue the old way—when this fascinating new way is offered you?

As a student of the School of Modern Dress you will receive a handsome Oriental Sewing Basket containing full sewing equipment, materials with which to make the six garments required during the course, and also if you act promptly, a valuable dress-and-skirt form. Write at once for full information regarding these wonderful gifts, and the NEW-WAY methods that make every woman her own fashionable modiste.

In addition to all the other features of individual service, students receive monthly fashion bulletins featuring 100 of the month's newest and most attractive styles.

Send at Once for This Valuable Book

Don't miss your copy of this handsomely illustrated, interesting book. It tells you everything you want to know about the wonderful features of the NEW-WAY Course.

Have you ever longed to be able to make your own pretty hats—at a big saving? This free book also tells you about the new easy way to make your own hats at home—at about one-third what they would cost you ready-made. It shows you how the making of hats has now been made as easy as the making of dresses and blouses. Send for your copy of this valuable free book at once, before you forget. It does not obligate you in any way.



The School of Modern Dress, Inc., Dept. 6311, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me a copy of your free book "The Home Dressmaker and Milliner." I understand that it tells all about the NEW-WAY methods of making clothes at home, and about the many valuable gifts offered to students who enroll at once. Sending for this free book does not obligate me in any way. I am particularly interested in

Dressmaking. Millinery.

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A-12



No Gray Streaks to Spoil Your Coiffure

Graying, faded hair just can't be smartly dressed and it adds ten years to your age. But don't be discouraged—you can restore it this safe, sure, easy way. Prove it by accepting our free trial offer and making your own test.

The beautiful, even color of the lock you treat will convince you how easy it is to keep your hair from ever turning gray. No danger of streaking or discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off.

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Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black black or dark brown medium brown very light brown, drab or auburn

Name

Address

Please print your name and address plainly.

A GIRL OF

(Continued from

By nine o'clock the camera-men on high stands were tuning up their machines. Cyril Rex was giving final instructions to the dare-devils who were to do the rough close-up fighting and the falls into the moat. Temporarily every other company on the lot suspended operations so that the directors could assist in handling the mob.

The appearance of Vivian in bright armor, riding a white horse and carrying the Crusaders' flag, was the signal for an outburst of applause even from the "Saracens," for Vivian Vane had a popularity among extra-men enjoyed by very few stars. They had seen her nerve in many instances and had noted her interest in their comfort.

Sitting there surveying the pageant, Vivian could not help but compare the system and management of the present-day productions with the old rough-and-ready methods of the Climax. In those far-off days Driver never knew until he got his crowd together just what he was going to shoot, nor when to stop. He just went out and got so much footage of "battle stuff" and then cut it in where he thought it would fit.

HERE, however, every detail had been thought out in advance and complete military maps made of every contemplated movement, so that at this moment the forces were disposed in their proper places awaiting only the signal to advance, with assistant directors watching every unit to see that they got off on time and in proper formation. Cyril Rex, like a commanding general for both sides, stood on a high stand, megaphone at hand, with telephone operators behind him, ready to communicate with all parts of the field. Over in the corner of the lot a fire company stood ready, and down on Stage II a temporary hospital had been set up. Vivian realized the danger that lay ahead; yet she had steadfastly refused to be doubled in her part.

At last, amid almost breathless silence, Rex gave the signal for the advance. Suddenly, a big military band concealed from view behind a wall, burst forth into the stirring measures of the Marseillaise, and then slowly through a cloud of dust, (stirred up by men on the side for the purpose of camouflaging the distant sky line), those by the director's post saw a big white horse emerge, carrying the diminutive figure of Vivian, her silver armor dully (for camera reasons) reflecting the sun, her helmet-plume waving, and holding aloft a great flag as an oriflamme to the armored hosts behind her.

For over three hours, with many retakes and intermittent rests, the battle was fought, until the Crusaders managed to get their ladders across the moat and up the side of the castle's walls. Standing waist-deep in the mud and water of the moat, Vivian called her orders and encouraged the "dare-devils," who for "ten dollars a fall," were climbing to the top of the wall and then allowing them-

THE FILMS

page 57)

selves to be pushed or poked off into the black muck below. That Vivian was not struck by the falling ladders, spears, and shields—to say nothing of the men who came plunging down around her—was little short of a miracle; yet she was spared the slightest injury and managed to keep her banner floating throughout the tumult.

At last came the final scene, shot at two-thirty, with not even a pause for luncheon.

The Crusaders had now managed to gain a foothold on the castle walls and were able to let down the drawbridge. In a moment, Vivian, covered with mud from head to foot, had been helped aboard her horse and started forward to lead her knights to the final attack within the castle walls.

It was a scene of magnificent chaos, with missiles flying from the walls above, and an occasional dare-devil (earning another welcome ten!) being pitched headlong or sprawling into the mud, hand-to-hand conflicts at the gate, and the mounted knights pressing up from behind.

Suddenly the little figure on the white horse turned and called upon her army to follow her across the bridge to victory. At the same moment the military band crashed forth in a stirring battle march, the fighters let out blood-curdling yells, and the spectators were awed. It was the supreme moment!

And then—"Look! Look!" cried the crowd. For Vivian's horse, colliding with the defenders, was seen to rear up on his hind legs, and before anyone realized what was happening, fell backward into the moat, carrying his rider with him—and underneath!

A great awed silence—punctuated by the distant yells of those who had not witnessed the accident! And then confusion and excitement, with Rex shouting unheard instructions from his conning tower. Several of the fighting knights, burdened with their heavy armor, laboriously jumped in. Medical internes, disguised in costume, rushed from the nearest observation posts, and from the crowd of spectators dashed a fellow unencumbered by even a coat and hat. Though farthest away, he reached the spot first and instantly disappeared beneath the muddy and troubled waters.

For what seemed ages to the onlookers only the feet of the plunging horse rose above the surface, but as a rough-riding dare-devil managed to get the horse's head out of the water and raise him up, the head and shoulders of the "spectator" appeared, and as he staggered out, it was seen that he was holding the armored girl in his arms.

Assisted by willing hands Vivian was carried—while her rescuer was helped—to the hospital on Stage II, where cots were by now nearly all occupied by the casualties of the day. Curiously enough, the first emergency work was not for



For You, Also Prettier Teeth—Whiter, Cleaner, Safer

Look about you and you'll see glistening teeth on every side today.

Teeth which once were dingy now have luster. And women smile to show them.

The reason is this: A new way has been found to fight film on teeth, and millions now employ it. It is also at your command—a free test. So don't envy such teeth, but get them.

That cloudy film

There forms on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film absorbs stains. Then, if left, it forms the basis of dingy coats, including tartar. That's why teeth don't shine.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles, which few escape, are now traced to that film.

Now we combat it

Old methods of brushing are not sufficiently effective. So nearly everybody suffers from it more or less.

But dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able

authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern knowledge. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent is based on modern dental research. It corrects some great mistakes made in former dentifrices.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which cause tooth decay.

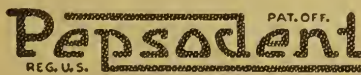
Thus Pepsodent gives a manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

Watch them whiten

Pepsodent will bring to any home a new dental era. Millions of people have learned this, and now enjoy its benefits.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

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the doctors, but for the property man, and Hank Todd was instantly on the spot attending Vivian's metallic disarmament—no easy task and one in which feminine modesty had to give way to necessity. But driving the men away, Hank, helped by an "arm and hammer" nurse, soon had Vivian under warm covers.

"She's O. K., Doc," he announced proudly. "She opened her eyes as soon as her visor was lifted and said: 'I'm all right. I held my breath.'"

But seeing the strange faces of the attendants hovering over her, Vivian closed her eyes in horror; nor did she open them again while she was being washed (and bathed beneath the blanket) by the efficient Marie and the nurses, though she kept assuring them she was all right.

When finally she found herself lying comfortably on a cot in her cottage, warmed by hot-water bags and attended by Marie, she slowly opened her eyes and peered up into the mud-smearred face of Jack Morse, who had, in his anxiety for her welfare, refused all attention for himself.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "was it you?" And ignoring his soiled condition she threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh," she said, tightening her hold. "did you see his eyes? He was beside me in the water. Don't let him look at me."

"It's all right, Vivian dear; nobody is looking at you. You are nervous," he answered, holding her close.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you didn't go. I'm so glad you are here. Those awful eyes! They have been watching me for days. Everywhere I went I saw them!"

"You're upset, dear; don't worry." Jack lowered her weary head to the pillow.

Beckoning him from above her head, Marie called Jack to one side. "M'sieur Jack, Mam'selle has complained before today of an extra-man who, she says, has been following and watching her."

"What did she mean?" asked the boy with a puzzled frown clouding his brow.

"He's a large man in armor, with a black beard," she whispered.

"What is the casting director's name, Marie?" he asked breathlessly.

"Gersted, sir."

"Thank you, Marie. I'll be back in a little while."

Chapter Twenty-three

THERE is this to be said about Driver: he never went off half-cocked. Did he run right out to the Filmart lot the day he arrived in Los Angeles? He did not. On the contrary he located himself comfortably in an actor's boarding-house in Hollywood and then set out for a week or so to "get an eyeful" of Movieland, and he was surprised to note the difference between the old rough-and-tumble studios of his Climax days and the great modern plants that had grown up in the capital of Film-land. Instead of the ramshackle "dumps" that had at first disfigured the scenery in both the East and West, he found six or eight big producing companies in southern California that had erected magnificent buildings of splendid

Why I Never Lost Billy's Love



FOLKS always wondered about Billy and me. And envied me, too! Because into my life there never came that tragic moment when a child suddenly seems to grow away from his mother. For I learned the secret that ends forever the fears that creep into a mother's heart if she finds her child untruthful, disobedient, willful, selfish, disrespectful, ill-tempered or jealous. I first learned the secret

from the Parents Association. This organization of 50,000 parents has adopted a truly scientific method which shows you how in your own home to correct these and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to serious consequences. It removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and co-operation along lines easy for any parent instantly to apply.

This system, put into an Illustrated Course for busy parents, is producing remarkable results for thousands of parents all over the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to 18 years. Don't take the terrible risk of ever losing your child's love. Parents Association will gladly send you the Free Booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," describing the new system and the work of the Association. If you send a letter or a postcard today the Booklet will be sent you without obligation, at once. PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept. 2611 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

THE A. E. LITTLE SHOE

—has this message for you,—
slenderized ankles and pretty feet two.

See page 132

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Becomes a lawyer. Legally trained men win big positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. **LAWYERS earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually**

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develop your personality and power and bring you health, happiness, friends—sets at work for you this wonderful power and removes all obstacles from your pathway to success. The first two lessons are convincing—they are sent free to demonstrate our sincerity.

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architecture and substantial structure—show places on the itinerary of every sightseer. Here was one, built in imitation of Mt. Vernon, suggesting the gentle ease and comfort of that famous homestead on the Potomac. Not far away there loomed up the long classic façade of a Greek Parthenon dedicated as a Temple of the Cinema; farther up the street was a charming row of old-English cottages, the studio offices of the greatest comedian. The Filmart, having adopted the native architecture, looked less like a moving-picture studio than any of the others—its red-tiled roofs and high adobe walls suggesting an old mission with its cloisters and arcades.

BUT if stability and dignity had come to the physical plants, Driver learned that the intricate organization was no less notable. No longer were directors petty czars who could fill up the ranks with their friends—especially their lady friends.

Yet if Jim Driver was suspicious, "Persistence" was his middle name. "They won't let me see her, eh? Well, there is more than one way to skin a skunk," he said to himself in chaste metaphor, the morning he left McGowan. And he immediately set out for his lodging-house, whose proprietor had the shooting schedule for all the studios.


Then in order to divert suspicion he telephoned McGowan for his letter of recommendation and had a friend who was going to San Francisco send the telegram that told of his arrival and success in that "live town."

Knowing the ropes as well as he did, it was not difficult to be taken in on Monday along with some three hundred others, and as soon as he got his ticket he beat it right for the men's wardrobe, where he receipted for his costume. He wished to conceal his identity as soon as possible.

Thus it came about that when Vivian, as the Girl of the Crusades, stormed the citadel of the Saracen chief, one of her sturdiest knights was the man who held her destiny in his hands. Indeed, so loyal was the big crusader that he managed to stay by her side throughout the day, and when, in that tragic moment of the battle, the young girl was pitched with her horse into the turbid waters of the moat, it was Driver who was first to follow. (Driver was no coward; neither did he wish anything to happen to his meal-ticket.) And when at last the "spectator" splashed in and fished the weighted girl from beneath the plunging horse and brought her to the surface, Driver's eyes were the first she looked into. Whether it was fright or recognition he could not tell, but despite the mud he saw a look of pain come into her face at that instant.

FOR the next four days, while innumerable small shots and semi-close-ups were being made, Driver had a chance to nose about in comparative ease, making personal observations and listening to the studio gossip.

Among other things, he learned of "the reported engagement" of Vivian to Mr. John B. Morse, nephew of "Bill" Morse, of the New York Stock Exchange.



THIS Diamond
is valued at \$250,000
and yet an imitation
costs but a few dollars

The Famous Victoria Diamond

A child would as readily accept one as the other. But a diamond expert would laugh at you if you offered him the substitute, even as a gift.

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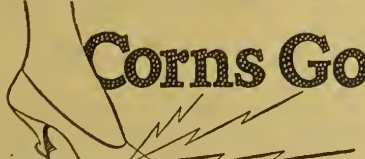


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"Well," thought Driver, "little Tessie is aiming high. A nephew of Bill Morse—well, that's goin' some. But she's got the coin, so why shouldn't she grab off a swell? I'll bet she'd give a lot not to let her little Johnnie know what I know. It seems to me that I've heard somewhere that knowledge is power."

ANOTHER bit of gossip that reached him had to do with the star's leading man. Herbert Conningsby Beldon, he learned, came from a "high-up" family in the East—and had landed in pictures because he looked and acted like "one of them Sparrow Collar gents." He, too, was attentive to Miss Vane, but the gossips insisted he was just using her to help his own rise to stardom. "Perhaps," thought Driver, "I can help the boy."

Jim's personal observations, however, were not particularly encouraging. Though there were certain things about Vivian's face that were unmistakably like Tessie's, yet in others a marked dissimilarity was apparent. Her complexion and hair were vastly different—and vastly better. And her carriage had the grace and dignity of a princess' rather than the swagger of a Bowery girl's.

And his doubts increased when he heard her talk. Hedged about as she was with the principals and other high functionaries, he had been compelled to make his observations from afar, but on Wednesday he was fortunately selected with four others to work in a tent set in which Vivian and the Saracen chief were having a scene.

During a certain very dramatic shot in which tension was achieved through close-up expressions, Vivian ordered the scene cut.

"Mr. Rex," she said, "let's just rest a minute until we settle this point." And asking Marie to remove her hot metallic casque, which revealed her long blonde hair, Vivian went on:

"Now, Mr. Rex, I don't wish to be stubborn or too emphatic, but it seems to me that Herbert's purposes" (Beldon was playing the part of the Saracen chief) "are motivated more by religious fanaticism than by sensual desire—at least, that is my interpretation. Otherwise, the whole psychology of the plot would have to be changed."

That was all Driver heard, but it was enough to convince him of his blunder. "No, no, this is not Tessie Boggs," he decided. "That poor little dub could never have talked like this. Jim, I'm afraid you're a damn fool."

This story might have ended rather tamely at this point had it not been for Jim Driver's "middle name." Disarmed, but still persistent, he was out for one more good look before checking in his costume that evening and giving up his search, when the chance came.

Vivian had been working in the hot sun on a lot location and had gone over on Stage III (which, for a wonder, was quiet this day) for a little rest in an improvised dressing-room, while Rex shot some inconsequential scenes down near the moat.

Hiding behind some "flats" that stood up screen-wise in a corner, Driver observed Marie remove Vivian's casque again, and the young girl lay languidly

on a couch while her maid fussed about making her comfortable.

"Nobody can see me here, Marie," said Vivian with a smile.

"Oui, mam'selle," replied the maid, knowing what was meant, and reaching into the drawer of the make-up table, she handed her mistress two pieces of chewing gum. "Oh, you Americans are so droll," she said. "Always it is the gum!" and she laughed maternally.

Driver, following at a distance, had watched Vivian go to her refuge, and after she and the maid were safely hidden, he had snooped around through the back and, finding a crack between two of the "flats," had peeked in.

Studying the girl's face at leisurely close range, he began to feel more than ever convinced he had blundered. But when she tore the wrapper from the gum, his eyes widened. He remembered now that he had never seen Tessie's face in repose, she had *always* been chewing gum, and as the recumbent girl began to move her jaws in the familiar rhythm, a fugitive little expression developed around the mouth and chin that sent a warm glow all through Jim's body. "Now I have it," he said to himself. "Nobody but Tessie ever had that little cross twist to her chin."

"Say, what the hell d'you mean nosin' round here?" The voice behind the snooping Saracen was that of Hank Todd, property man of the Vane Company, and personal protector of the famous star. "Say, don't you know that stuff don't go on this lot? What's your ticket?" Glancing at the name, "Jos. Sprague," the queen's champion handed the card back, saying: "Now, get the hell outa here and don't never come on this lot again."

As Driver disappeared into the jungle of sets back of the glass stage, Vivian came trembling from behing the flats.

"Hank, who is that man? He's been watching me all this week. I heard you speaking to him, and when I peeked out I saw those same terrible eyes. Go and find out who he is."

But when Todd flew off to execute his queen's command, his prey had disappeared into the human omelet of crusaders, cowboys, Saracens and "soup-and-fishermen" that swarmed over the lot in all directions.

Chapter Twenty-four

AFTER two small and short scenes on the dark stage, Vivian told Cyril Rex she was too tired to work any more that day, and, accompanied by her maid, labored limply to her cottage.

"Marie," she said as she threw herself on the divan, "make me a cup of tea before I dress. I'm too tired to move."

"Oui, mam'selle. You lie there still like the mouse. I'll have it *toute de suite*."

The maid had scarcely left the room, however, when the outer door opened and Vivian looked up into the smiling face of a hooded Moor.

"What—haven't you made a mistake?" she asked, shaking with fear, for she saw again those sinister eyes.

But no reply came from the figure.

Instead, with a sardonic smile still showing through his black beard, he slowly turned around, and then with a few rapid gestures toward his face to remove his beard, he threw back the hood, and whirling about again, stood confronting her.

"Jim Driver!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Tessie—I mean Miss Vane. Your old friend, Jim Driver."

"But why," she gasped, "did you come this way?"

"Because, little one, if I had come any other way you would deny knowing me—and perhaps get away with it, for I wasn't sure of you myself. So I thought I'd try the good old police hokum of surprise. And you see it worked."

"Well—what do you want?"

"I want a job directing you."

"Directing me!"

"Yes, kiddo—you. Now, listen here. You don't want to get too up-stage with me, Tessie. I'm a charter member of the Knew-you-when Club and I know how you're trying to chloroform your past and all that. An' I aint here to spill on you, if you'll be halfway square.

"Remember this, Tessie: it was me who started you in the pitchers—don't forget that. I give you your first chance, and now that you've landed, I think it's up to you to show some gratitude."

"For the yacht ride?" she fought back.

"Aw, forget that stuff, Tessie. I didn't pull nothin' rough on you. I give you your start and—I think you should wanta give me a hand now that I'm down on my luck. If I could just direct you in one or two pitchers, I'd be made, and then I could go out and draw down the big money. What say?"

"Jim, you simply couldn't do it. Directing isn't what it used to be, and besides, the management wouldn't stand for it."

"Well, I'll tell you, Tess" (she could have killed him for his cheap familiarity), "I'm willin' to play square. If you will let me work as an assistant to Rex for one pitcher, then I'll learn all there is and on the next—"

"Suppose I should refuse?"

"But you wont, kiddo, when you think it over." And he looked at her meaningly. "I'm sure Mr. Morse would be better pleased if you didn't."

"If you mean the Juvenile Court thing, Jim, I've been advised that it was outlawed when I became of age."

"But there's another charge standin' against you, that'd land you behind the bars. The warrant is still out for you. I guess you've forgotten that, but the police haven't."

"But I didn't steal that coat!" she exclaimed as she rose to her feet.

"Didn't you? Well, you'd have a fine time proving it with the evidence against you, and your witnesses—if you have any—scattered everywhere."

"All right, Jim, I'll see what I can do. I'll let you know tomorrow."

As he left the room, she sank down on the couch and stared blankly at the door before her.

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(Continued from page 82)

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he jumped toward her and caught her in the hollow of his arm as his father backed toward the door.

"Anne," said the son.

"I'm all right, David!" she exclaimed. "I love you, dear. He met my one condition, David. He took away the millions, dear! If you want me, I'll go with you now—anywhere, forever!"

The great financier stood gazing at them for a second, drawing into his great lungs a breath that seemed endless. The sound of another motor bumping over the rustic bridge below the pines came in through the open door, but old Stelling did not move his eyes. Once he raised his hand, clutching at some imaginary thing in the air. And at last with a great sigh his head fell forward and with his cape swung out behind, he stumbled out into the night.

"WELL, I heard," came the voice of Mrs. Dumont. It was cold, bitter, full of significance. "You have made a fool of yourself, Anne."

"Mother! Please!" exclaimed the Panther as Mrs. Dumont advanced upon them with all the manner of one who intends physical violence.

"Ask Mr. Stelling to go."

"Go? David to go?" said Anne.

"I do not think there is any need of a scene," her mother replied. "Mr. Stelling must know that he is responsible for an outrageous insult to the Dumonts."

"Come, Mother!" said Anne wearily. "Let us put aside all this falsity for good and all. We only get what we deserve, Mother dear."

"What you deserve, you mean. I should think you might have managed better. All that you have done has been to deceive your own mother, all the time you were meeting this man. I call it a disgrace. And a gentleman—well, a gentleman never maintains clandestine relations with a young girl. I—"

"Mother! Please!"

Mrs. Dumont walked back and forth, a little as a caged animal walks. David, watching her, might have been thinking that she must have been a spirited beauty when she was young.

"Well, this closes another chapter in the lives of the Dumonts," the older woman said in a voice less hectic. "I suppose it will be said—heaven knows what will be said."

There was a long pause.

"If I could only have dealt with the whole matter," she said with clenched hands, "as I expected to deal with it. You tried your own willful way!"

"This time the affair is all mine, Mother," the girl replied firmly.

"I think that is so," David said with a laugh. "Unless I come in—somewhere."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Dumont. "It is too much when you assert yourself! As far as I can see, you are thoroughly out of it—you are out of your own family! Your father's opinion of you—well, it is not far different from my own!"

"Mother! Did you understand? Of course, you understand," Anne said, seizing her mother's white wrists. "You mustn't talk like that. I'm going to marry David."

"Marry him?" Mrs. Dumont laughed with excellent imitation of the rippling gaiety of her best salon mirth.

"Yes, Mother."

"Now! You mean—"

"Yes, Mother."

"Well, I forbid it. Marry him? Why, you'd marry nothing. I'm convinced of that. I know DeKay Stelling. He'd fight to the end. He'd hound us. And even if you were going to marry for love alone—which is quite all right—there is no use in marrying a silly, irresponsible—"

"Mother!"

"Yes, daughter." Her voice was icy.

"Mother, this is the last time I shall ask you to say no more. You must not talk like this. I've taken my life into my own hands. I've done exactly as I meant to do. I suppose you ought to realize that I—"

The mother stopped her pacing and stared at the Panther. She asked: "You are not serious, Anne? You're not going to play the fool? You're not going to marry without your mother's assent?"

There was a long silence.

"Yes, Mother."

"To turn against me?" said the agonized voice.

"No, not against you."

"That is what it will mean," said Mrs. Dumont. "You will have to choose between me and this outcast heir."

"I think your mother is right on that last point," said David, touching Anne upon her arm as if to attract her attention. "Perhaps we would have rather a muddled career for a little while. My father meant all he said."

Anne smiled quickly at him through the tears that had welled up into her eyes.

"Your mother has given you everything," said Mrs. Dumont.

"You can't mean that I must choose?" the Panther gasped.

"Exactly that," replied the older woman. Her eyes had grown cold, her lips contorted, but now suddenly she threw her arms wide apart and panted: "Come to your mother, little Anne."

The Panther hesitated, breathing fast and as if with difficulty.

"If I marry David?" she said.

"I shall never see you again." The opened arms suddenly closed, folded forbiddingly. All the warmth had gone from her voice.

TO the girl there was revealed perhaps the whole picture of her mother, of herself, of their lives, of the purposes of their lives. The vitality suddenly left her figure; her shoulders drooped. She was like one who has traveled hundreds of weary miles.

"I choose you—David—if—you want me," she said in a tired voice.

"My God! After all I've done!" exclaimed Mrs. Dumont. "You'd leave your poor mother—to shift for herself."

"I think you can shift for yourself, Mother," said the Panther quietly. "But there is no reason, Mother dear, why you should turn your back on—us."

David had waited until then, listening to Anne as if he were in a dream. He was not in a dream. And anyone who had ever known him well would have known the significance of his speaking then, in a voice, not quite like his own, but rather with a slow dragging of his words and an exaggerated air of calm.

"Perhaps I'd better say something," he interrupted. "It's too late now for your mother to decide to change her mind. I think she was right, Anne. You must choose between us."

The Panther looked up and found his gaze steady; on his lips was a firmness she had never seen before. She said: "Do you know what you're saying, David?"

"Yes, I know," he replied. "I've made up my mind. It must be that—nothing else."

Mrs. Dumont, from many points of view, made at this moment the mistake of her life. She said with a disagreeable and artificial laugh: "There you are, Anne—he says himself it is a choice between his rather depleted fortunes and the success that your mother can make of you if you'll only let her!"

The Panther drew in one long breath as she looked at this mother of hers with wide, clear-seeing vision; then she turned toward Stelling.

"Tomorrow," she said in a trembling voice. "Not now, David. You must be sure, dear. But tomorrow if you come for me, I will go with you."

MRS. DUMONT put the palms of her hands upon her eyes. She was used to crises; she was accustomed to defeats, but perhaps for a moment she wished to shut out from her sight the world of confusion upon which she had looked so many years. Then with a shrug of her shoulders, she went out of the room, stirring into the air a faint odor of perfume. Externally she still retained the figure of some grace and dignity as if her body was in itself another lie.

David watched her go, but Anne's blue eyes were turned toward him as if her mother's existence had been wiped off the slate of her life by some wet thumb of Destiny.

"If you want me tomorrow—come for me, David—I will tell you something else then," said the Panther. "No, dear, please don't put your arms around me now."

"Anne!"

"No, dear. Good night—good night." She ran quickly to the door at the end of the room. As it opened, young Stelling could see that the sleeping apartment beyond was her own. The door closed softly. He was left standing by the table, alone. For a moment he waited, listening to the clock on the mantel ticking away. When he turned to go out into the damp chill that had penetrated even the warm, cloistered pines, he drew a deep breath as if a prisoner had found his release.



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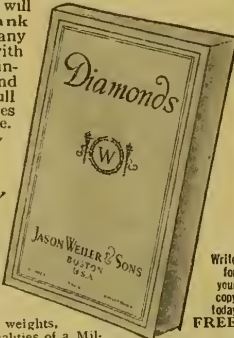
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"The big game!" he exclaimed, and was lost in the darkness.

THE living-room in the picturesque little cottage remained empty for several minutes. Its eyes blinked out into night, as those of a personality that remains wakeful and restless and cannot sleep because there is a premonition that the day's adventure is not yet done. Then suddenly there peered into the room from without a white and anxious face.

Faith Hasbrouk had urged Farraday to go home with the elder Stelling when the latter had come forth without a word and with the face of a sphinx carved in red granite. She may have read the story of a tragedy. In any case she had waited. Perhaps she had waited for David, sitting in her own car on the road beneath the pine-covered knoll. She had seen young Stelling only after he had come out of the grove; when the clouds had parted again, the moon now arisen disclosed him at some distance, getting into his car. She had been tempted to call to him, but his motor was already shooting forward.

Faith, having glanced into the living-room, knocked on the door gently. She knocked again, and at this second knock, the Panther, now clad in a Japanese brocade dressing-gown, came out of her room and ran swiftly to the door.

"It is you!" she exclaimed at the sight of Faith's pale, serious face.

"I am Miss Hasbrouk," said Faith.

"I know. Will you come in?"

The older girl took from her shoulders the wrap which covered her evening gown. She was taller than Anne; her skin was much whiter, and this whiteness was intensified by the nervous strain of that night. She was made of material less colorful and warm and vital than the Panther, but by some persons her mold could be considered much finer.

"I come here at some cost to myself," said Faith. "I come to plead with you. It is not for myself—I hope that you will believe that."

"Perhaps his father—" Anne said.

"No. His father does not know that I have come," replied Faith. "I came because I wanted to prevent a great wrong."

"To David?" asked Anne almost tenderly.

Faith thought a moment. She said: "No, not to David, Miss Dumont—to you."

"To me!" exclaimed the Panther.

"Yes, to you—to your spirit—a damage to that which you ought to hold most precious of all things."

"A wrong done to me?" repeated Anne, astonished.

Miss Hasbrouk sat down in a chair and indicated to the young girl that she should sit on the couch. She took the warm, trembling hand of the Panther between both her own cool palms.

"Can you believe that I came to speak without thought of myself?" she asked.

"You love him," replied Anne.

"Yes, I love him."

"So do I," said the Panther in a low voice.

"And yet I came to speak to you without thought of myself. I came with thought of you."

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There was a look of tenderness in her eyes as she spoke, and Anne's expression at once indicated gratitude and belief.

"I wanted to speak as much as any human being can speak a message from God," said Faith. "I want to save you before it is too late. I know—" She stopped suddenly. "You mean to marry Mr. Stelling?" she said as if some sudden doubt had arisen.

Anne shook her head. "I do not know. I promised that I would if—"

Faith wet her finely shaped lips—trying perhaps to gain new control of herself.

"It would be wicked for you to do this thing," she said, regaining that cool, even quiet voice that was one of her greatest charms. "I could not let you do this without a word from me. Do you understand? Do you understand what it would mean to David's life—to his father's life?"

Anne's eyes, fixed upon Faith, suddenly filled with tears.

"I prayed to God to know what to do," she said.

Miss Hasbrouk gave a cry of joy.

"You know then the truth—no matter how much it may hurt?"

"I think—I do."

"And you will save yourself from a lifetime—an eternity of—conscience."

Anne jumped up from the couch with a cry of protest.

"Do you mean that you are appealing to me to save my soul?"

"Yes," said Faith.

The Panther looked up at the ceiling and uttered a short bitter laugh. Faith, alarmed, watched her standing there, clasping and unclasping the slender fingers of those girlish hands in which, it appeared, the fate of so many persons was now held.

WHEN Anne spoke again, her voice had no suggestion other than that of sadness.

"I see what you mean," she said. "I've seen it so long, Miss Hasbrouk! It is my duty perhaps to make marriage with David quite impossible. That is what I can do?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think I know how. When I do it, you must be there."

"I?"

"Yes. I love David. You may think it indelicate of me to say this. You may think I am a person of artifices. But even then—supposing you were right about me: I love him. You will never know how much!"

"I do know—now."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Panther. "You believe that? Well, it is because I love him that when I do the thing I plan to do, you must be there—to give me strength."

"When?"

"Tomorrow morning. Just after breakfast. I will go to the Stelling's house, Miss Hasbrouk. You must be there."

"What are you going to do?"

"You shall see. I have a way. It will be trying, but it will be final."

Faith Hasbrouk, unable to think of words, seized again the hand of the Panther.

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"God's will!" she murmured at last. "Good night."

At the door Anne touched her arm and said: "It seemed so funny for you to ask me to save my own soul. Do you know that it never entered my mind about my own soul? Perhaps that was my trouble. I was only thinking of saving David."

"And even now you do not want to tell me what method you will take?"

Anne shook her head.

IDOLS MENDED

(Continued from page 87)

"No, they haven't been here. They're nothing to me; I never saw either of them in my life."

"Then what about scratching their eyes out?"

"Because they were so contemptibly mean to you."

He regarded her blankly.

"Say," he demanded huskily, "just what's your game, anyhow? People never interest themselves in other people unless they have a motive."

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes, though the man did not know.

"I have no 'game,'" she answered faintly. "Only to help you get well. If I ever found myself as helpless I'd be grateful for others to do as much for me. Call it that I'm paying my debt in advance."

"Even strangers?"

"Does being strangers make a difference? We're all human beings in the world together, aren't we?"

HE shook his head. "I don't believe it," he said. "Listen! I started to work when I was only a boy—at fourteen. At twenty-four I had the capital to begin business for myself. But I took a partner. He swindled me. I took another partner. He swindled me too. Then they taunted me and called me a softie. Jack Pattin came along. He acted sympathetic and talked that friendship stuff. I concluded to take another chance. It was the timber business. An uncle died and left me some money. We pooled our interests and bought an option on a big pulp tract up in Quebec. We gave a man named Blanchard forty thousand dollars for that option. Then we started out to raise another sixty to get clear title."

The girl was leaning forward sympathetically, her elbows on her knees.

"Yes," she prompted.

"When print paper went so high, Jack accidentally found a mill company that wanted to buy that tract. They'd give a hundred and fifty thousand for it. But he thought he saw a bigger way to make money for his own pocket. He secretly borrowed money and bought a second option, to take effect if the option bought with my money failed."

"I understand."

"Then he smashed up our partnership, took his money out and left me to carry on alone. He never dreamed I'd raise the cash to carry through that first

"It will astound you," she answered: "Good night."

A brisk breeze had sprung up; the pines outlined in the moonlight outside were swaying and sighing in the wind.

"She showed me how to save myself!" said the Panther softly, and laughed.

This dramatic novel by the distinguished Mr. Child reaches, in the next installment, a denouement of exceptional power. You will find it in the next, the December, issue.

option without him. I was engaged to marry his sister. One night I confided in her that I'd done it. She went straight to her brother. We quarreled and she stuck up for him; she said blood was thicker than water. I set out to make good in spite of the two of them. And when Jack learned I stood a chance to win, he tried dirty work."

"What did he do?" She asked it because, like a wise nurse, she saw it relieved him to pour out his troubles.

"Blanchard's old and eccentric. He wanted his money in cash. Jack knew it. He knew I'd have to carry it in cash. He hired a couple of roughnecks to way-lay me. I got wind of it and tried to outwit him in a motorcar. I'd have done it, too, if my own car hadn't gone dead—or I hadn't smashed that borrowed roadster by plunging over the trestle. But it's all too late now. Blanchard's option expired on the tenth. What day is it now?"

"The twenty-fifth."

"Fifteen days too late. And I've lost my forty thousand dollars. Jack Pattin did it—after all the others. And you say I should trust people—that we're all human beings together! That's good! Trust people! Rot!"

"And so all the folks in the world are the caliber of this Jack Pattin and his sister?" She did not tell him she had heard this narrative over and over—that he had babbled it scores of times in his delirium.

"I'm not saying that. I'm saying that all I've ever had anything to do with have sold me out—when the price grew big."

The girl considered for a moment and then asked gravely:

"And what was it you did for this Pattin fellow that made him your friend in the first place?"

"Why—er—nothing special. What do you mean? We just came together in a business deal and I trusted him."

"Well, what was it you did for your other business partners who came before Pattin? What was the thing that made them your friends—tried and true friends—binding them to you with affection because of service?"

"What on earth are you talking about? I never did anything."

"But there must have been some mutual service, some intimate relationship, somewhere! Else why should you consider them your friends?"

"I told you. We just came together in business and I trusted them and they sold me out."

"Is that your idea of friendship—your basis for a trust in human nature?"

"But what else could there be?"

"Haven't you ever done anything to help other people just for the sake of doing it—without thought of reciprocity or financial return—making real friends who'd stand by you in turn when the pinch came?"

"Nobody ever wanted me to help them," he said bitterly.

"That's nonsense! Everybody wants help. The world's hungry for sympathy and disinterested service. No wonder you're bankrupt for friends. Tell me—I've nursed you through your illness, haven't I? Then haven't I made you my friend so that some day, if I should meet with hard luck, I'd have the right to go to you for aid?"

"I'll pay you money and square my debt."

"But really, I'm not going to take money. Money hasn't entered my head. I figured I was helping some one who needed me, and cementing another friendship. Would you double-cross me, or sell me out as you call it, after what I've tried to do?"

"No," he confessed sullenly but honestly.

"Then can't you see my point? Or don't you want to see it?"

He turned from her.

"I guess I've just crashed," he confessed. "And I need some one like you—terribly—to straighten me out. I never dreamed there was anybody in the world like you. Yes, I did! I mean I couldn't bring myself to believe it. I'm all twisted up!"

"You say that because you're just getting untwisted. All you need is to stop trusting promiscuous persons blindly. Set about making a few real friends. For in the last analysis, tried and true friends are only those indebted to you for more than they can ever repay and spend their lives trying to show it."

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He lay for two days more, fighting with himself. Then he succeeded in moving about, rather feebly at first, with the aid of a cane.

One evening in the week following they had climbed a little hill together and seated themselves there in the afterglow. There were apple-blossoms in the girl's hands.

"Genevieve," he said softly, after a long silence, "can't you see what you've done? Can't you see?"

"What have I done?" Her eyes were gazing far away across the little valley. "Made me—love—you!" He declared, simply.

"Made you?" she said, very quietly. "Your heart has wanted to love all along. But your head wouldn't let you. Not me especially. Everybody. And people whose heads get in the way of their hearts usually find themselves in an awful, awful fix!"



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"You've done it! I love you!" He repeated it softly. "I'm not wholly straightened out yet. But you began the job and you've got to finish it!"

"You fight people so. Even when they stand ready and willing to do things for you, you fight them. Can you break yourself, completely, of that?"

He gripped one of her cool, capable hands, and the apple-blossoms tumbled down.

"I won't let you go! I can't lose you now. I can't! *I can't!*" His voice broke and it was a moment before he could trust himself to continue. "I'm poor now; I'm cleaned out. My forty thousand is gone that I paid for my option. I'll have to give back the sixty thousand that's in my bag. But my earning capacity—no one can take that from me so long as I have the faith to go on. I need you terribly to help me there—"

"And yet for three weeks you fought my friendship and said you'd settle your bill with money!"

He was seated slightly below her, and one of her cool hands stole out, toying with his hair. She laughed sadly.

"Let's go back to the house," she suggested.

He helped her gather up the apple-blossoms.

As they reached the romantic old trestle-bridge the girl turned and faced him. In another minute they would be in sight of the house where the Merritt family were slapping mosquitoes in the shadow of the dilapidated veranda. The moon was coming up again. The air was heavy with the incense of the new summer. The girl lifted limpid eyes to his.

"I always try to finish what I start," she whispered. "Somehow I like you terribly."

He dropped his cane and she dropped her apple-blossoms. His arms went about her—held her close. And the past few years of his hard cynicism melted away like a dream that is dreamed. He was just a heartbroken boy who had found at last the right person whom he could trust implicitly.

"You're mending my idols," he told her. "I can worship them again."

SHE searched his face for a moment, then said:

"You're not poor, dear. Because you see, when I went to the bridge that night for your bag, I found a lot of business letters which had dropped from your pocket. When you became delirious I had to read them to find out who you were and where you were from. Among them were the Blanchard letters, showing you should take up that option by the tenth. And realizing what you stood to lose, I carried both letters and money over to a good man named Sam Hod who I knew was fishing on Megnon that week. He went up to Quebec next day and closed the deal for you. And you can repay him by buying him a new roadster. For you've had clear title to that Blanchard tract a matter of three whole weeks."

On the bridge that midnight a dozen sprigs of apple-blossoms lay in the dust forgotten under a mellow moon.



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THE CLEAN-UP

(Continued from page 62)

him. A last glimmer of dusk, outside, fell athwart his face as it emerged from the shadows.

Lenore cried aloud. And, even through his dizzy numbness, he was aware of a note of gladness in her cry.

"Oh, Wolfe!" she wailed. "Wolfe, darling! I'm so glad you're here! So glad! Here! Take the horrible thing!"

She thrust into his hand a parcel, carelessly tied up in tissue paper.

"Here!" she exclaimed again. "Take it! I was in such a hurry I didn't even wait to put it in its box. I hadn't any time. I stuck it in my waist, and borrowed some paper at the station to wrap it in. It's—oh, I forgot, you don't know! It's the Magnessen necklace. Honestly it is! It's been a perfect nightmare to me, all afternoon. I—I never want to see another bit of jewelry as long as I live. Oh, Wolfe, where have you been all day? I looked everywhere for you! And how did you ever get here? They said it was Mr. Moreton's room. 'Baldwin,' I mean. That is the name he told me in his letter."

THE incoherent speech was babbled in a vain race to get it delivered in full before the tears should come. Yet something in it swept the numbness from Calder's soul, and brought back consciousness, with a rush that was agonizing. Fighting for self-control, he managed to whisper, brokenly:

"Tell me!"

"It happened, this noon," she said, choking back the sobs of reaction. "I was just going in to lunch. And a messenger boy came. He'd been sent all the way from here. He had a box for me. And a letter. They were from Mr. Moreton. The box had the— the necklace in it. It was a Ziegerich box, too. The letter was ever so much worse than anything I ever imagined. Here,"—fumbling in the waist of her dress and extracting a white oblong. "Read it. And try not to be too angry, dear! Oh," she broke off, "I forgot. It's too dark to see. Turn on the light and read it, Wolfe. You *must* read it!"

But he only held her the tighter. And once more he whispered: "Tell me!"

"You can read it later, then," she answered. "Here, take it. It said,—don't be angry, dear,—please, please don't!—it wasn't my fault,—it said he had always loved me. Why, he'd only seen me once, since I was married. And that was last week when I went down to Ziegerich's, for you, about the duplicate for the Venetian vase. He stopped me in the aisle and asked me how I was standing the heat; and I told him I was going away and where I was going. That must be how he knew the address."

She paused, as if realizing how incoherent was her talk; then, taking fresh hold on her mentality, she went on:

"He said in the letter he'd always loved me. That he had been planning to join me at the shore today. He said he remembered how mad I was about the



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Magnessen necklace. (Wolfe, I loathe it!) He said he had bought it—he must be richer than we knew—because he had believed my craze for it would make me—make me—well, you'll read it, yourself! Then, he said he was taken terribly ill, here; and that the doctor wasn't sure he'd get well, and he wanted me to have it, anyhow; and to know he—he loved me—to the death—the beast! And he said he hated you and that he yearned to live long enough to 'make you pay.' I came up to town, right away. You weren't at the store. Todd didn't know where you were or when you'd get back. So—I was all mixed up what to do! I came right here—to throw the miserable necklace in his face and tell him

how I despised him. I was so cut up and angry, I wanted him to know I wouldn't keep the thing he sent me; and I wanted— Wolfe, what's that on the bed over there?" she broke off, nervously straining her eyes through the blackness. "It looks almost like somebody lying there. It—"

"It's nothing," the man assured her, a throb of insane happiness tearing at his heart, as he glanced toward the half invisible bed and realized to the full the venom of the man who had sought to "make him pay," even in the hour of his own death. "It's nothing. . . . Come, darling! We've been in the blackness long enough, you and I. Let's go. Don't look back!"

MAN GOING EAST

(Continued from page 72)

Short Line, and at San Berdoo, he intended to change trains and take the long-distance Pullman to Pittsburgh. The day before he started East, it was raining hard in the Sierras. Alf had given up all hope and had agreed to tramp across Skinner's Pass with his pal, as far as Pine Knot, and there say a sad farewell. When they were ready to start from the old shack, Alf made a final suggestion.

"You better wear a pair of them overshoes," he said to Pete. "It's raining, and you got a cold already."

"I will not," Pete answered. "She's been sending me them fool things for years. Never wore 'em, and never will."

THE trip through Skinner's Pass into Pine Knot was uneventful. They stopped overnight at the hotel, and next morning Alf accompanied Pete to the Short Line station. Both were gloomy and silent.

A fair-sized crowd was leaving Pine Knot. The morning was damp and misty, and the two old-timers shook hands sadly a moment or so before the accommodation train started. Pete admitted that he felt far from well. His cold had grown a bit worse, due to the soaking he had undergone coming through the Pass.

Alf watched his partner climb dolefully into a day-coach, and then started back to the hotel, but before the train started, Alf's gloomy face brightened into a grin. One of the day-coach passengers came out on the rear step and Alf paused, greeted the stranger and gossiped with him about the weather and sundry topics. Then the train started for San Berdoo, and Alf stood on the cinders and watched it out of sight, with the trace of a grin still lingering.

In the day-coach Pete discovered that his physical state was apparently getting worse. He was hot and flushed, and the chills chased each other up and down his veteran spine. He experienced momentary regret that he had not worn the overshoes coming across the Pass. The car was crowded and stuffy. Pete attempted to open a window, failed, glanced gloomily at the other passengers, and sank back into his seat, pulling his battered hat over his face and preparing to doze the miles into San Bernardino.

When he awakened, the train had come to a stop, and he could hear people walking up and down beside the car, and talking in excited whispers. Pete blinked, sat up and observed that the coach, which had been completely full of passengers, was now deserted, with the exception of himself and a total stranger, who sat four seats away, staring fixedly at Pete. Mr. Greenleaf rose up.

"Sit down," commanded the stranger harshly.

Pete looked at him in genuine astonishment.

"Sit down! What for?"

"Sit down in your seat and stay there," repeated the man, in the same harsh voice. At the same time he ostentatiously removed a large weapon from his pocket and pointed it toward Pete.

Mr. Greenleaf sat down hastily.

"What's wrong?" he asked more politely. "Where are all the other passengers?"

"They're gone. We've telegraphed to San Berdoo about you, Mister, and you'll be taken in charge by the authorities. Meantime, I volunteered to stay here and guard you, and that's what I'm going to do. The less trouble you make, the better."

"What's the matter with me?" Pete asked. "What have I done?"

"You aint done nothing, but there's plenty wrong with you. You've got the smallpox."

"Smallpox!" said Pete. "You're a liar. I've got a cold."

"Look in the window," advised the guardian. "I know smallpox. You're all busted out."

PETE attempted to peer at himself in the window-glass, but it made a poor mirror. It was true that his countenance did present a rather alarming aspect. Whether it was the fresh cold or the grippe, his face was inflamed and spotty. He knew that he had a fever.

"I've got a cold," he said shortly.

"All right," said the man with the gun. "You may have a cold, but I've got a six-shooter, and the passengers on this train appointed me to sit here and keep you still till we get to San Berdoo. Then the health officer gets you."

"It's what I deserve for starting East." Pete said bitterly. "I might have had enough sense to know something would happen."

Presently the outside committee finished its telegraphing, and the train started again, with Pete glaring defiantly at the man, and feeling very miserable and sick. Now and then a frightened passenger thrust his head cautiously into the coach and gazed upon the two motionless figures, and disappeared to assure the others that the infected one was still in charge.

When the train arrived in San Bernardino, Pete's temperature was high. He had a distinctly guilty and varioloid look, and his flushed appearance might have fooled even a brighter genius than the arrogant young assistant health officer who hurried to meet the train. Indignant passengers pointed Pete out. The man with the gun resigned office, and the assistant health official looked keenly at Pete, who covered in his red plush seat. "Of course it's the smallpox," he said. "Take him away."

"I've got the grippe," Pete quavered. "You've got the smallpox," stated the young health officer. "Take him away."

WITHOUT further formality, active and husky guards bundled Pete out of the car and into a waiting wagon. They drove him in haste to the hospital for contagious diseases, sometimes and crudely described as the pesthouse, and at no time did anyone pay attention to Pete's bitter denunciations and protests.

The hospital was a barren place and unoccupied on the side reserved for white patients, but the opposite department contained half a dozen negroes and Mexicans in various stages of recuperation. The guards locked the door. Pete spent the night sitting down and standing up, and preparing to tear San Bernardino up by the roots for injustice done an innocent citizen.

After what appeared to be a lapse of seven years, morning arrived, and with it the regular health physician of San Berdoo, a dignified and portly official of suave manners. He examined Pete.

"You haven't got the smallpox," he said in surprise.

"I know it," Pete snorted. "That's what I told 'em."

"You've got a bad cold and a little fever. Sorry this happened, but accidents will occur. We owe you an apology."

"You're going to owe me a lot more than an apology," Pete stated. "I'm going to sue everybody in San Berdoo from the mayor down. Now let me out of this. I've got to catch a train for Pittsburgh, and I'm in a hurry, but later on I'll tend to you for this outrage."

"Very sorry," said the officer politely, "but we can't do that."

"Can't do what?"

"Let you go."

"Why not?" Pete asked in a loud tone. Then in a still louder tone: "Why not?" "Because you have unfortunately been exposed to the smallpox by your over-night stay in our hospital. Now we will have to hold you in quarantine for thirty days. I regret it exceedingly, but such is the law."

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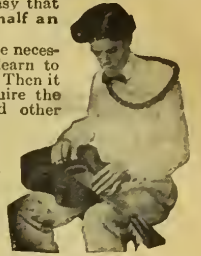
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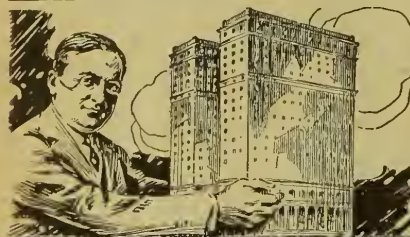
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Pete's lower jaw dropped, and he sat down suddenly. Thirty days! It was July seventh. He called the health officer names that are rarely heard anywhere. He prayed that fatalities of a horrible character would descend upon the entire health department of San Bernardino. The officer was full of apologies. He stated that it was a sad incident and that no one could regret it more than he did, but the law was plain. Then he took his little black bag and his departure, and a red-necked person of no great education slammed the door on Pete and locked it with an air of complete finality.

FOR the next thirty days Mr. Greenleaf languished in durance vile, as the slang saying goes. They chucked him into a special cell and paid him marked attention, bringing him edible delicacies and chewing tobacco, and treating him with great respect. Everything that official San Berdoo could do to make Pete's stay comfortable was done. He had cream in his coffee. They brought him magazines, and the health department sent him an ouija board and some puzzles to be done with a pencil.

He was released on the seventh of August.

In detention, he had thought of sending Laura a telegram, for they would let him do that, and would even pay the charges. He thought of explaining that through a sheer accident he was now in the detention hospital, but actually en route to Pittsburgh. He then reflected that Laura would accept no such excuse, or any other; she had plainly said so.

As for communicating with Alf Potter, Pete was certain that no human being could locate Alf by this time. Alf was probably far out on the Mojave Desert, and Pete would never see him again.

Pete served out his sentence stoically, was released in due time, and hunted a barroom. There was none to be found, owing to certain changes made recently. "Well," he said resignedly, "I may as well get some tobacco and go home."

On the way back to Bear Valley, Pete thought dimly of the old shack and how empty it would seem without Alf. He wondered where Alf had gone. Whatever thoughts he gave to Laura and the frustrated wedding were casual and brief, because he had started to do his duty and fortune had intervened. Now that it was too late to reach Pittsburgh, he felt considerably better about the outcome, for after all, he was no marrying man.

When he got as far as Pine Knot, it seemed a desolate hole. He stopped into the grocer's, bought a basket of assorted food and started gloomily on the long, lonely hike across Skinner's Pass.

It was dusk when he approached the house in the valley, but Pete paused to stare. The shack lay just as he and Alf had left it on that fatal morning a month before, except that now a thin wisp of smoke spiraled up from the ancient pipe. "Somebody's jumped me!" Pete exclaimed, startled. "If they have, I'm going to throw 'em out or get killed doing it."

He picked up his basket, glared once more and started grimly down the hill. It was Alf who opened the door as Pete crossed the brook.

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THE TULLOSS SCHOOL, 1133 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

"Har, you, old-timer," he yelled cheerily. "Welcome back home!"

Pete glowered. Completely filled with inner and concealed joy, he presented a spectacle of elderly and whiskered rage.

"What you doin' here?" he demanded.

"Waiting for you," Alf said. "Come on in. I got supper about ready. Beans tonight."

"How come you to be here?" Pete insisted. "I thought you was up in the Mojave."

"Why, no," Alf replied in surprise. "I sort of thought you'd come back. Aint you glad to git back?"

"Y-e-s," I ete said slowly, "but this is doggone queer, finding you."

They went inside together. Pete unloaded his groceries on the rickety table, as he had always unloaded them, and stepped back into the old life without further jar. Presently they were eating.

"Aint you surprised I didn't go to Pittsburgh and marry Laura?" Pete asked after a long period of silent thought and mastication.

"Some," admitted Alf; "but you aint really a marrying man, Pete."

"Do you know where I've been all this while?" Pete demanded.

"Not exactly," said his partner. "Have some more beans."

"I been in jail," said Pete. "Them rats down in San Berdoo chucked me in and held me for a month, thereby spoiling my schedule."

"Let's hear about it," Alf suggested, and while the moon rose over Bear Valley

and slanted in through the kitchen window, Pete narrated the details of the atrocity. When he was finished, his comrade grinned.

"Certainly was a raw deal," he admitted; "but you did try to get to Pittsburgh, didn't you? Now that it's all over, aint you the least mite glad it happened this way?"

"I am," Pete affirmed. "I am indeed. Eut it was durned funny why the man on the train thought I had the smallpox. They were all scared pink."

"Yes," said Alf, pouring more coffee, "I cal'ated they would be."

Pete put down his glass and stared at his partner in astonishment.

"You thought they would be?"

"Sure," Alf answered. "It was me told the man you had it."

There was silence in the shack. Pete glared at his companion.

"So that's it," he said finally.

"You done your duty, and your conscience can't trouble you," Alf continued. "I just had a quick thought 'fore the train pulled out. That man looked like he wanted to be told something interesting, so I told him. Turns out it wasn't a bad idea, the way it worked. You just said you was glad you don't have to marry the woman."

"I am," Pete admitted. For a time they smoked in silence.

"What about our fifty a month from now on?" Pete asked thoughtfully.

"My Gawd!" Alf exclaimed. "I never thought o' that!"



“\$60 more a month!”

"Last night I came home with great news—a \$60 increase in salary! I took the money out of my pocket and asked Mary to count it. You should have seen her face light up when she found the extra \$60. I think she was even happier than I was, for it was the third increase in a year.

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LOVE'S OTHER TENTH

(Continued from page 51)

man's political situation before recommending a large bond purchase at the Finance meeting Tuesday. He had offered the Westerner Ruth's assistance in making out the report, and so there was nothing but for her to stay.

It was a rather dull afternoon. Through the glass partition Ruth could see that the next office was vacant. She finished a little routine work she had on her desk and was reading a magazine when the office doorman brought in a card. The name was Miss Crownsbee, and the doorman explained:

"She wanted to see Mr. Ward, and when I said he was out she said then could she see his secretary."

THE girl who followed him into the office a few seconds later was very pretty and very young. At the first sound of her voice, Ruth recognized it. This was the girl who had telephoned Ward occasionally.

"The man at the door said Mr. Ward probably wasn't coming back this afternoon and I thought maybe you'd know where I could reach him by telephone. I was having lunch with Father right here in the building, so I just thought I'd come up—"

She was nervously, eagerly ill at ease.

"No," Ruth smiled regretfully. "I haven't a ghost of an idea where he is."

Disappointment stalked across the visitor's expression in plain sight. The

child had no more arts of concealment than an open-faced watch.

"He may be in some time during the afternoon, but I've no idea when," Ruth answered the stricken look. "Would you like to wait on the chance?"

"Oh, may I? Wouldn't I be in your way?"

"Not a bit. I sha'n't have a thing to do till after three and I'm bored to tears."

The girl sat down in Ward's swivel chair and loosened her wrap, and Ruth noticed with a little smile that it really was Hudson seal, though its collar was squirrel instead of skunk. And the girl's eyes were really blue, a guileless, childish blue. While their owner talked, the blue eyes roamed the office shyly. Always they came to rest on Ward's vacant desk.

"Good heavens," Ruth suddenly read the eager look, "she's in love with the man! Madly, crazily in love with him. She's thrilled to be here in his office. Oh, she ought not to look like that—she might as well hang a sign around her neck!"

Neither ought she to talk "like that." It was just a step from her "I suppose you and Mr. Ward keep pretty busy in this little office," to, "I've often wondered what an assistant treasurer does while he's in his office, anyway—what, for instance, does Mr. Ward do?"

Ruth smilingly told her a little of the

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daily routine. It was strangely, pathetically funny to see the other girl catching eagerly at the prosaic details, making a precious treasure of them like a child stringing bright glass beads for rubies and diamonds.

She would chatter for a few moments on some more general subject, but never for long. She always came back to Ward again.

"I suppose,"—she had crept around this subject a half-dozen times, retreating from it each time like a timid bird from a crumb,—"I suppose that Mr. Ward is terribly popular."

"Oh, yes," said Ruth, "all the men here like him very much."

"Of course,"—fumbling in her gold mesh bag for a footing-frilled handkerchief,—"a young, attractive bachelor is always run after a lot, too." A nervous, self-conscious little laugh. "I suppose it keeps you busy just answering the telephone for girls calling him up and everything like that." This was the merest conversational pleasantries—the nervous little laugh just begged you to believe.

"Oh, no," said Ruth, "he has very few personal calls here. He's a very busy man, you know."

"Yes, of course!" Eager relief. "Of course the busier a man is the less thought he has for—*for philandering.*"

"I imagine so," Ruth agreed.

THE telephone rang shrilly and Ruth turned her back on the girl to answer it. There was some little conversation; then the speaker decided it would be best to come in to see Ward personally. The calendar pad on which Ward noted his day's appointments stood on his desk and Ruth swung around to consult it. It was a quick, unexpected motion and it caught the visitor unaware. She had drawn the pad toward her and was looking with rapt eyes at the scribbled first page.

At Ruth's turn, the girl blushed scarlet and pushed away the calendar. Ruth knew that it was not prying curiosity that had prompted the other's action; knew with quick instinct that the girl had wanted to see Ward's writing there in the intimacy of his own office, to touch the casual desk fixture with her hands because he had touched it with his.

Ruth was conspicuously businesslike as she consulted the little pad; she did not look at the other girl at all, for she could feel herself reddening uncomfortably. Of the two, it was, in fact, the easy, self-poised Ruth who was even the more embarrassed. She felt shamed in the presence of such unconscious, brazen emotion.

The girl left almost at once, in a panic of self-consciousness, saying, "Thank you," and "You're welcome," in nervous answer to the same remark.

Left alone in the office again, Ruth went back to her magazine, but not to her mood of elation. That was blurred at first by feeling sorry for the girl who had gone. As a rival, of course, the silly, romantic child was not to be feared, not in the face of the need for herself that Ruth had builded in Ward. Miss Crownsbee would be disappointed and

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See page 132

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hurt, of course, but Ruth was too wise not to know that she would get over it, probably in pretty short order.

It was not exactly, either, that Ruth regretted not having the thrilled infatuation herself. She could never have pulled the deal off at all, she frankly admitted, if she had had. No emotionally overwrought woman could so wisely, so clear-headedly have made propriety serve her will. No, it was not that Ruth really regretted anything. It was only that this brief looking into the very face of romantic love had suddenly made her see her own triumph as nothing to be excited over.

BY half-past three, when Creighton arrived, Ruth was reading a golf article coolly, content but not excited, rather as a gardener might glance through seed catalogues in November, knowing comfortably that his year's harvest was safely garnered.

The Western salesman's visits to New York came usually a month or six weeks apart, and between them, in the large number of bond salesmen who passed in and out of the glass-walled office each month, Ruth had time to forget exactly what he was like. So each of the half-dozen times she had seen Creighton, his genial homeliness had had its pleasant impression to make afresh.

Today, the two chatted for a few minutes before Creighton began his dictation. After he did begin, he dictated slowly, and at four was deep in the intricacies of the Farmer-Labor party. He paused guiltily as the stream of departing employees began to pass the glass wall.

"I forgot all about your office closing at four," he exclaimed. "There's a public stenographer somewhere around that I can get, isn't there?"

"Dozens of them," Ruth assured him, "but I've nothing special to do for a while and I don't mind staying till you finish."

"Honestly? You're sure it wouldn't put you out—I can get a public stenographer quite all right, you know."

"I'd just as soon stay as not—honestly," Ruth assured him.

"Well, if you're sure—" The relief in his voice was so apparent that Ruth wondered for the first time what the income of a bond salesman was. Surely, though, a salesman's company would bear the occasional expense of a public stenographer.

Having begun to consider Creighton's probable income, the part of her mind which his slow dictating left idle, continued to ramble along the subject. It was probably an uncertain income, she decided, depending more or less on commissions. He looked well-groomed—still, that would be necessary for a salesman. She wondered if he was married, if he had a family to take care of. Probably. He looked nearly thirty and no man as attractive as Creighton was likely to have escaped to nearly thirty.

Yes, Ruth decided, in spite of his homeliness—and certainly he was no Adonis—there was something undeniably attractive about Creighton. She caught herself wishing Ward were more like him. Trying to make Creighton fall in love

with one, now, would have its possibilities. It would be anything but a dull business deal.

This was a dangerous train of thought—dangerous but fascinating. A score of times during the next hour, Ruth called her mind sharply back to the business in hand.

"Don't be a fool, now—this is an important time in your life—don't waste even a thought on anything that may be upsetting. Never mind if you do like this man's eyes and the way he wrinkles his nose when he smiles. This is no time to be thinking of such things! You're in a big game; keep your eye on the ball, old dear!"

So spoke twenty-seven, old and canny.

"I don't care!" This was twenty-seven, too—as reckless, as defiant, as young as Eve. "I don't care—I'm glad I have on my henna dress!"

IT was late when the dictating was at last finished. Creighton stood up, tall and lean, and smiled his likable smile down at Ruth.

"I wonder—" His voice was hesitant. "It's almost six—I wonder if it would be cheeky to ask you to have dinner with me."

"I wonder—" The henna dress turned its jaunty back full on the shrieks of protest of old canny twenty-seven years. "I wonder if I haven't been half hoping that you would."

"Not honestly! Have you—honestly?" Creighton's thin, interesting face was suddenly as full of candid delight as a boy's. "Do you know, I've been trying for the last hour to get up my nerve to ask you."

Then they both laughed, gay, irresponsible laughter that somehow established the ease of an old acquaintance at the same time that it was aquiver with all the breathless, piquant possibilities of a new one.

As they walked along the curb market, strangely quiet and deserted in the early winter darkness:

"I simply poked along, dictating," Creighton confessed, "trying to make it last late enough to give me the excuse to ask you to dinner. I nearly had heart failure for fear you'd rise and depart at four."

"And I thought it was because you were poor and were worried about having to have a public stenographer."

"Oh, I'm poor enough, but the firm'd have paid for the stenographer. That is, I'm poor if your boss turns down these bonds. If he takes them, I'm rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

They were turning in at the door of the one smart restaurant in the district that was open after six. Ruth paused.

"If you're poor," she said, "we ought not to go here."

He steered her firmly past the flunky at the door.

"I'm not as poor as that," he said. "Besides, as I say, you may be dining with a very rich man."

Ruth's gay smile answered his.

"Well, my father is a free-lance artist," she said sympathetically. "I've been brought up to enjoy an expensive dinner on a gamble."

And later, over the salad:

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"Do you know," Creighton said, "I've thought about this ever since I was here last month—wondering if I'd ever have the nerve and the opportunity at the same time to—to try to get acquainted with you."

"Then you aren't just the 'lonesome traveling man' filling in a dull evening?"

"Good Lord, no! I've got a married sister over in Brooklyn that I've got to telephone to right now, by the way, and explain that I won't be there for dinner. She's a peach. I'd—I'd like to have you meet her some time."

"I'd love to."
"You'd like Kit, and she'd be crazy about you. Besides, Kit's so blame respectable she could put a sort of blanket guarantee on the whole family. You see, you don't know a thing about me."

"No," said Ruth dreamily, "not a thing. I don't know whether you play golf or not. Or what temperature you like your office. Or the point of your jokes before you get there. Or what you say in your letters to your mother. Or how much you pay for your suits. Or what you'll be doing at four and at six tomorrow."

The hesitant note came back into Creighton's voice.

"I know what I'd like to be doing," he confessed.

"What?"
"Anything with you. It's Saturday afternoon; couldn't you—wouldn't,"—oh, there was something heart-catching about him when he was eager and humble like that,—“wouldn't you do something with me?"

"Aren't you rushing me pretty hard? Both tonight and tomorrow?" But

Ruth was only temporizing, and she knew it.

"I've got to!"—pleadingly. "I'm going back Monday, and I won't see you again for a month."

"A month is a long time." Ruth's voice was tenderly mocking.

"It looks long—to me."

She lifted her eyes to meet the eager, honest gravity in his. Warm color swept up under the clearness of her skin, and she dropped her eyes again. Then in one audacious sentence she tossed away forever the harvest of the six wise months.

"I'm going to be free Sunday, too," she said.

HE did not attempt to kiss her good night when he at last left her at her own steep, brownstone steps that evening. But he had wanted to. Ruth knew that he had wanted to; she had known it while he stood, looking down at her, holding her tan-gloved hand so tight.

She slipped back out of the house to sit for a moment alone on the narrow top stone step. The wind that blew bleakly in over the North River and whirled snowy bits of paper at the corner Creighton had just turned, did not chill her, wrapped in the reckless warm youth of twenty-seven. Propinquity nine-tenths of love—she lifted the gloved hand Creighton had held and pressed it to her lips. The thrill of his touch swept over her again, a memory glad, exciting, yet wistful, too, with the yearning beauty of a distant bugle blowing taps.

"You dear!" she whispered softly. "You dear! I wonder what your first name is."

WITHIN THESE WALLS—

(Continued from page 41)

could be slaked with such trivial atrocities, his own tragedy was only one example more.

He felt an almost irresistible impulse to seize the clergyman by the sleeve and cry:

"What would you say if I told you of what has been going on in my own home? My wife is a member of your congregation; she has been brought up with every warning against immodesty of thought or action; and yet—and yet—"

He could not frame the story even in thought. He could not tell it. Yet if he did not tell, the cancerous secret would gnaw his heart away like a rat caged within.

AS the stage swung down into the city, lurching through mudholes that occasionally compelled it to take to the sidewalk and scatter the pedestrians like chickens, Dr. Chirnside pointed out a girl strolling along with a greyhound leashed with a blue silk ribbon.

"See how our girls walk abroad unattended!" he gasped. "That young female has at least a dog to protect her, but it is appalling how careless parents are. No wonder our foreign critics are aghast at the license we allow our ladies."

"The dress of our women, too, is ab-

solutely disgusting. When I was young there was an outcry against a new fashion of shortening the skirts in the rear so that the heels were visible. People frankly cried "Shame!" at the sight of them. Nowadays ankles are openly exposed. Look at that pretty creature stepping across the gutter. She is actually lifting her petticoats out of the mud. No wonder those men all crane their necks to ogle! And her satin shoes are hardly more than cobwebs.

"One or two sermons have already been preached against it and I think I shall refer to it myself next Sabbath. Pardon me!"

There was a respite while he took out his pocketbook and made a note of this urgent matter. RoBards remembered his own memorandum that a man may smile and be a rake as well. He could hardly keep from plucking at the parson's sleeve and confessing:

"When you are in your pulpit, cry out also that one of the town's pets, the popular Harry Chalender, has ruined the good name of my wife and our children and stained the old RoBards mansion with the wreckage of the seventh Thou-shalt-not!"

But Dr. Chirnside was putting up his pencil and putting forth his lean cold



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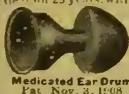
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hand for a farewell clasp. The stage was nearing City Hall Park and he must get out his fare and get down at his parsonage.

And a little farther below was the Astor House, which RoBards must call home henceforth.

Chapter Fourteen

THE sumptuousness of the Astor House only emphasized RoBards' exile. Dr. Chirnside had referred for his "thirteenthly" to the barbaric luxury of the new hotel, and to the evil influence of such hostelrys on home life. It had a bathtub on every floor! What Oriental luxury would come next? The modern woman, unlike her mother, was too shiftless to care for her own household or even to oversee her servants: she preferred to live in a hotel and have more time and convenience for her idle mischiefs.

But RoBards mused dismally that his home had gone to wrack and ruin first, and that the hotel was his only refuge.

In his office he would sit and brood across his pine table with its green baize cover, and stare at the pine boxes that held his books and the files of his cases tied with red tape. He would dip his quill into the inkstand of gray stone and make idle scratches on the paper before him. When he looked at them afterward they made him wonder if he were going mad. These crazy designs would serve as evidence for his commitment to any asylum.

On the margins of his briefs he would wake to find that he had been making crude contours of Patty's scoop hat, her big eyes, or the nape of her neck. He would blot her out in a fury of rage, and attack his work.

The case of Jessamine vs. the City of New York was still hanging fire. Many of the claims of people who were forced to sell their lands for the aqueduct were still unsettled though their lands were covered with stone and trenched with ditches.

Yet now RoBards felt that the city had its justice. He had fought for the country, and the country had betrayed him. Vile wickedness had found shelter and prosperity in the gentler seclusions.

It was a mockery that he should be counsel for old Jessamine. What did he owe the dotard except hatred for bringing into the world so pretty a perjurer? The father had made Tulip-tree Farm almost untenable by his whimpering stupidity, and the daughter had driven him into exile by her ruthless frivolity.

From his law office and his hotel RoBards would flee to a club. He had joined the fashionable Union Club just formed, but the members always asked him about his wife, and he had to speak of her with affection and respect.

The affection was still in his heart, but the respect—he marveled at his ability to adore one whom he despised, to hang his whole life on the broken reed of a little woman's wavering fancy.

He frequented the theater, but he found discomfort there, since almost all the stories dealt with tragic or comic flirtations. He liked to go to the Bow-

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ery Theater, but it was always burning down. Mary Taylor, "Our Mary" as they called her, puzzled him because she had a reputation for private morality and yet she was a convincing actress of spicy rôles. Patty was not an actress at all—she was positively imbecile in the drawing-room plays she had taken part in; yet her private life proved that her home was but a stage to her. Behind the private life of people there was so often another private life. And he had never been admitted behind the scenes of his own domestic theater. Patty was a convincing actress of innocence.

MOODS of retaliation were frequent. There were opportunities enough. It amazed him now that he was alone in the city to see how many chances were offered him to make some other husband a fool. A check upon any recklessness in RoBards' lonely humors, however, was the feeling that if he also sinned, he would be robbed of his precious indignation against Patty. He was no prig, no prude. He had lived. But just now the one food of his soul was the sense of being cruelly wronged. It was gall, but it sustained him somehow.

In the eyes of the law a husband's infidelity was almost negligible, but RoBards felt that if he were to break his vows he would acquit Patty of blame for being false to hers. There were families enough in town, according to gossip-mongers and the gossip papers, where husband and wife were mutually and commonly disloyal. But he could think of nothing more hideous than such households.

He was Saint Anthony in a lonely cavern, but only one devil tried his soul, and that was the bewitching spirit of his pretty wife. Patty drifted through his dreams like a wind-driven moth. She perked and beckoned and opened her arms like a moth's wings. And it seemed impossible that he should long resist her.

ONE morning he read in the *Herald*, (whose editor, Mr. Bennett, had recently had a knockdown fight with General Webb of the *Courier*) a statement that Mr. Henry Chalender had recovered from his wound and was once more active in the completion of his section of the aqueduct. The *Herald* added that this news would give relief and pleasure to the numberless admirers of the popular idol.

This paragraph filled RoBards with mixed emotions. During his long indecision, his Hamlet-like soliloquies and postponements, nature had healed the wound in Chalender's flesh, and though RoBards would not admit it, had nearly healed the wound in his own soul.

There was a relief of tension at least. The world was going on. Chalender was well and busy—perhaps he was renewing his amour with Patty. Perhaps she, deserted and lonely, would yield again. That would be a double damnation. Anyone might sin and recover, but to slip back again was to be lost forever.

Yet who was to uphold her in the hour of weakness? Who was to drive the wolf away from the ewe?

Insidiously the temptations RoBards had denounced as complacency, servility,

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wanton desire, took on now the aspect of duty. It was his duty to go home and take up wedlock again, to save the little silly beauty he had married from becoming a monster of iniquity.

Now that his home was freed of the intruder, homesickness came over him like a fever. He yearned for the hills of Westchester, those earthen billows foaming with trees, and carrying on their crests houses like ships anchored on waves that never moved.

His long sojourn in New York began to attract open comment, particularly as the heat was so vicious that it looked strange for anyone to remain who could get out. There was nobody in town but nobodies.

What excuse had he to linger? He had to rise and go back. He had not slain Chalender. This abstinence in itself had amounted to an acquittal. If he were not going to punish Chalender, why should he punish himself? If his aim were to escape gossip, why encourage it?

RoBards went home. Patty was in the yard playing a game with the children. They seemed to have grown amazingly since he left. They ran to him screaming welcome. It was bliss to feel their warm hands clutching him.

He could see that Patty was afraid to move either toward him or away. She had never written him, but he had felt that this was a meekness rather than neglect. She waited now, struggling between a cry of joy and a fit of tears.

He pretended that it was for the children's sake that he called out:

"Hello, Patty!"

"Hello, David!" she murmured. Suddenly her eyes were gleaming with tears.

Chapter Fifteen

THE old Jessamines stared at him, but summed up their curiosity and their resentment in a "Well! So you're back?"

"Yes," he said, the answer sufficient to the question.

He was embarrassed to find that a cousin of his wife's was visiting the farm and the spare room was filled. He had to go back with Patty. But they were like two enemies in the same cell.

Sometimes he would wake suddenly in the night from a hell of self-contempt. He would both sweat and shiver with remorse for the shame of having let Chalender live.

In his half-insanity it seemed a belated duty to go out and assassinate the villain. To shoot him down openly would be too noble a punishment—like shooting a spy. To garrote him, string him up squirming from a tree-limb, would be best. Major André had wept pleading to be shot, but they had hanged him—not far from

KEG HENDERSON

There's a hobnailed, two-fisted chap for you. When you've read the story about him in the present issue you'll be eager for the next. Watch for it: "Three Links and a Dinger."

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—" "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—"She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make



my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

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Tulip-tree Farm. And only recently people had dug up his grave and found the tiny roots of a tree all grown about his curly hair.

Chalender had sneaked into RoBards' home and Patty had played the Benedict Arnold to surrender the citadel to the enemy. He deserved to be put out of the way like a poisoned dog, a sheep-killer, a lamb-worrier.

Sitting up in his bed with night all about him, RoBards would enact some grisly murder, often while Patty slept at his side unheeding the furies that lashed her husband and mocked him.

IN the restored innocence of sleep, Patty's face was like a little girl's with its embroidery of her curls, one shoulder curved up, a round white arm flung back above her head, her bosom slowly lifting and falling with her soft breath. Sometimes as he gazed at her his heart welled with pity for her; at other times he was frantic to commit murder because of her.

But the big tree at the window would try to quiet him. Like an old nurse, it would go "Hush, hush!" The house would seem to sigh, to creak as if its old bones complained. And it too would counsel him, "No! no!"

The ferocity of such debates would wear him out more than a prolonged contest in court, and he would sink back and draw sleep over him as a black blanket of respite from thought.

At other times when Patty was gracious and full of laughter, when she was in a mood to be a child with her children and play with them, there would be a heavenliness in life that made RoBards cry aloud within himself: "Thank God I kept the secret."

By and by there was a child again at Patty's little breast—the fifth in number, the third alive. She had resigned herself to motherhood now. She nursed the babe and took all the care of it without complaint. She met RoBards at night when he came up from town, with stories of the wonderful things the new son had achieved or the older children had said.


It pleased him quaintly to find his wild, restless Patty becoming a subdued and comfortable matron telling unimportant anecdotes importantly. She kept her grace and her beauty, and she could never grow slattern; but she was maternal now to her marrow.

REGARDING the deep peace of his country family, RoBards was profoundly glad that he had forgone the swift passionate delights of revenge. If he had slain Chalender or published the scandal in the courts, Patty would not have been his now. That child whom she had named after himself, David Junior, would have been doomed to an unhonored name. This house would have been pointed to as a monument of scandal. It would be neglected, empty, haunted.

The neighbors never dreamed of the hidden shame. They said: "Nothin' ever happens up your way. You're one lucky man."

His house was looked upon as a place of honor. It was unsullied. It must be

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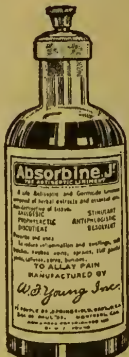
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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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See page 132

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Send only \$2.00 deposit as a guarantee of good faith and we will send you your choice of the \$25.00 cluster diamond ring, or the \$50.00 beautiful solitaire diamond ring, or the \$12.00 wedding ring, or the \$25.00 wrist watch. Pay the balance in ten equal monthly payments. For the \$100.00 solitaire blue white diamond, send \$20.00 deposit. For the \$175.00 diamond, send \$15.00 deposit. Men's rings with same diamonds will be supplied at same price. Hundreds of similar bargains are described in our new catalog.

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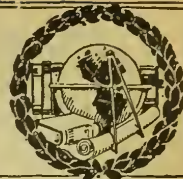
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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



MISCELLANEOUS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10



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A. G. ZELLER, Pres.

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Select the Best School

For your boy or girl. We shall be glad to help you choose the right school in the right environment. State age, grade, type of school, location preferred and rate. Experienced counselors. NO CHARGE. Address, Director School Service, The North American, Philadelphia

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Standard residential course only. Graduates placed in productive localities requesting their services. Year round athletics; free golf, tennis, polo, fishing. WRITE TODAY FOR CATALOG!

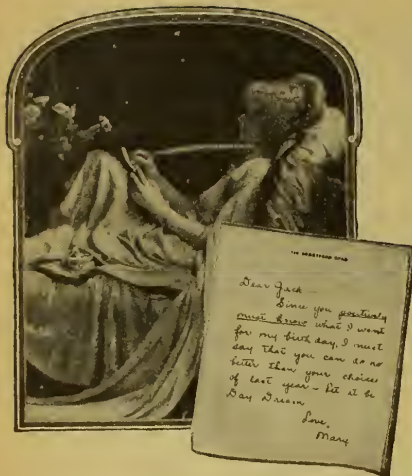
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Whether for birthday, holiday or anniversary, the problem of gift selection will be happily solved the instant you say "Day Dream" at any of the better shops where toilet goods are sold.

Day Dream Boudoir Creations (the hauntingly fragrant Perfume, exquisite Face Powder, Cold Cream, Poudre Creme, Compacts and other essentials to the perfect toilette) are obtainable either in dainty individual packages or in beautiful gift combinations—truly a tribute to the discriminating taste of those to whom they are sent.

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Established 1855

Send 25c in stamps or coin for Day Dream Acquaintance Box containing Perfume, Cold Cream, Poudre Creme, Face Powder and Soap in miniature. Address Stearns, Perfumer, 6533 East Jefferson Ave., Detroit.

Keep Your Youth

If you feel well you look well
SLENDER LINES and a springing step make you feel and look years younger. Today, to BE ATTRACTIVE you must have the glow of health, a sparkle in your eyes, clear skin—and wholesome cleanliness.

There is some reason if you are not well, or if you do not weigh what you should. This can be corrected—and in Nature's way, without medicine.

Individual Instruction
But your exercise, breathing and diet must be properly advised; they must be suited to your particular needs.

Write me your height, weight, age and I will tell you how I have helped over 100,000 women to regain their health and their beautiful, graceful figure.

If you write at once, I will send you an illustrated booklet FREE, telling you how to stand, walk, and breathe.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 149 1819 Broadway New York

kept of good repute. There was a certain kind of hypocrisy that was wholesome and decent and necessary to good citizenship.

Chapter Sixteen

TIME was spreading its rust and its vines over everything, eating away the edge of his passions and fastening the hinges of RoBards' will so that it could not turn.

The hate he felt for Chalender was slowly paralyzed. Having forborne the killing of him lest the public be apprised of what he had killed him for, it followed, that Chalender must be treated politely before the public for the same reason. Thus justice and etiquette were both suborned lest people wonder and ask why.

Being unable to avoid Chalender, he had to greet him casually, to pass the time of day, even to smile at Chalender's flippancies. Under such custom the grudge itself decayed or retreated at least to the place where old heartbreaks and horrors make their lair.

There was much talk of Chalender's splendid engineering work. His section of the aqueduct prospered exceedingly. He had a way with his men; and though there was an occasional outburst, he kept them happier and busier than they were in most of the other sections.

He had a joke or a picturesque sarcasm for everyone, and the men were aware that his lightness was not a disguise for cowardice. They remembered that when two of them had fought with picks, he had jumped into the ditch between them. He could now walk up to drunken brutes of far superior bulk and brawn and take away their weapons, and often their tempers. He composed quarrels with a laugh or leaped in with a quick slash of his fist on the nearest nose.

People said to RoBards: "Fine lad, Harry Chalender—great friend of yours, isn't he? Plucky devil, too."

That was hard to deny without an ugly explanation. It would have been peculiarly crass to sneer or snarl at a man in favor for courage.

SO the tradition prospered that Chalender and RoBards were cronies. It was a splendid mask for the ancient resentment. And by and by the disguise becoming the habitual wear, the feelings adapted themselves to their clothes.

RoBards had to shake himself now and then to remind himself that he was growing not only tolerant of Chalender, but fond of him.

This was not entirely satisfactory to Patty. She had a woman's terrified love of conflict in her behalf. A woman who sees a man slain because of her suffers beyond doubt, but there is a glory in her martyrdom. Patty's intrigue had ended in a disgusting armistice, a smirking truce. It was comfortable to have a husband and a home, but it was ignominious.

The aqueduct was all the while growing, a vast cubical stone serpent increasing bone by bone and scale by scale.

It lacked a head as yet; and RoBards the lawyer, like a tiny Siegfried, continued

DeMiracle

Every Woman's Depilatory

Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth. You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner. DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00
At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

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Wanted—Men
to interview retail stores in their locality. Steady interesting work. Spare time or full time. No experience or capital necessary. Month earning \$50.00 to \$100.00 weekly on commission. Not sufficient space to say more about proposition here. Write today for full particulars. It will pay you. Desk 233. FULTON MERCANTILE CORPORATION, WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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—the nose and throat

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MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
give quick relief



How am I to know if the Picture is good?

YOU have asked yourself that question a hundred times and the only answer was to pay your money and see it. Sometimes you were satisfied. Often times you regretted the waste of time and money. It might have been spent to better advantage.

“THE SHADOW STAGE,” the famous review department of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, is the national guide to motion pictures—fearless, authoritative, tolerant. Follow it and save your quarters and your hours. It is saving millions of hours and millions of dollars for readers every year. Its group of expert reviewers consider a picture from these standpoints:

- Is it good entertainment?*
- Is it worth while?*
- Is it clean?*
- Should you take the children?*

Photoplay Magazine
*is the National Guide
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Gray Hair comes like a thief in the dark, stealing youthful looks while a woman is yet young in body and in spirit. It is unfair to yourself to have this handicap in life—it is unnecessary.

Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

A prominent society woman said: "I discovered Inecto Rapid when we were in Europe last Summer and my husband says—I have taken twenty years from my appearance."

Inecto Rapid was originally brought to this country by returning tourists from Europe, where 97% of the finest hairdressers use it exclusively. The ultra-fashionable shops in this country, like the Plaza, Commodore, Biltmore, Waldorf-Astoria, also use Inecto Rapid exclusively. From coast to coast beauty parlors, including Burnham and Marinello Shops, unreservedly endorse Inecto Rapid.

The Hairdresser, the accepted authority on Hair Coloring, has given to Inecto Rapid an unequalled stamp of superiority.

Well informed women not only praise Inecto Rapid but consider it as essential to their toilette as face powder and creams. Until the discovery of Inecto Rapid, when a woman's hair became gray, streaked or faded she either accepted the inevitable sign of age, or applied some so-called restorative which produced an inharmonious effect or destroyed the hair's natural texture and beauty. Inecto Rapid, on the other hand, is specifically guaranteed to color gray, faded or streaked hair in any desired color in 15 minutes and to preserve all the original beauty and texture.

Its results cannot be detected from natural even under a microscope. Inecto Rapid is harmless to the hair or its growth. It never rubs off and is unaffected by perspiration, sunshine, salt water, shampooing, Turkish or Russian Baths. It does not prevent permanent waving or any other hair treatment.

Inecto Rapid has created the art of hair tinting. It is controllable to the minutest variation of a shade from radiant blonde to raven black.

This great European preparation is different and accomplishes marvellously pleasing results because of the scientific and ethical principles upon which it is founded. Inecto Rapid is the discovery of Dr. Emile de Pasteur Institute, Paris.



Thousands of women successfully apply it in the privacy of their own homes. Every woman who is not completely satisfied with the color and texture of her hair owes it to herself to know all the facts about Inecto Rapid.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send us your name on the coupon and we will mail you full interesting details and our "Beauty Analysis Chart," enabling you to find the most becoming color for your hair.

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Gentlemen:
Please send me gratis full details of Inecto Rapid and the "Beauty Analysis Chart."—Form E-1

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to assail the dragon everywhere, seeking a mortal spot.

By the beginning of 1841 thirty-two miles were finished, including Harry Chalender's section. He was called next to aid the work of completing the Croton Dam. A new lake now smothered four hundred acres of hills and vales with a smooth sheet of water.

Then the laborers on the upper line struck for higher wages and marched down the aqueduct, driving away or gathering into their own ranks all the workmen they met. They overawed the rural police, but when the mayor of New York called out the militia, the laborers were forced back to their jobs.

THE building of the dam was a work of titanic nicety. The rock bottom of gneiss was so far down that an artificial foundation had to be laid under a part of the wall while a long tunnel and a gateway must be cut through living rock. While a protection wall was building from a rock abutment, there came a vast rain on the fifth of January, and it fell upon the deep snow for two days and nights. The overfall had been raised to withstand a rise of six feet, but the flood came surging up a foot an hour until it lifted a sea fifteen feet above the apron of the dam.

Foreseeing the devastation to come, young Albert Brayton played the Paul Revere and ran with the alarm until he was checked by a gulf where Tompkins Bridge had stood awhile before, and then he got a horn and played the Angel Gabriel and blew a mighty blast to warn the sleeping folk on the other shore that their Judgment Day had come.

The dam's earthen embankment dissolved and took the heavy stonework with it. Just before dawn the uproar of the torrent wakened the farmers miles away as the catapult of water hurtled down the river, sweeping with it barns, stables, homes, grist-mills, cattle, people and every bridge across the Croton's whole length till it flung them upon the Hudson's icy waste.

HARRY CHALENDER played the hero as usual. After one laborer on the dam had missed his outstretched hand and was drowned, he ran along the black waters, and darting in here and there, brought forth whatever his hand found, whether girl or babe, lowing calf or squeaking pig. He brought one swirling bull in by the tail and was like to have been gored to death for his courtesy. But with his wonted nimbleness he stepped aside, and the bull, charging past him, plunged into another arm of the stream and went sailing down with all fours in air.

There was much blazon of Chalender in the newspapers, and a paragraph describing how meek he was about the strength and courage of his own hands and how proud of the fact that his work at Sing-Sing stood the battering rams of the deluge without a quiver.

Patty's comment on this was a domestic sniff: "I suppose he got his feet so wet he'll catch a terrible cold. Well, I hope he doesn't come here to be nursed. If he should, I'll send him packing mighty quick, I'll tell you."

Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or snuffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. He has it in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

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All your friends dance. Why don't you? Surprise them with the latest steps. You can easily learn by yourself without embarrassment. It's not necessary to know the first thing about dancing.

Just slip these wonderful records on your phonograph—and do as they say. That's all there is to it.

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Convince yourself at my expense how remarkably easy my unusual method is. For a short time I will send my first lesson, including ten-inch record, free and prepaid. Try it out for 5 days and decide whether you wish to learn dancing the modern way. You may then enroll or return the record. I have set aside only a few hundred for this special offer. You must write at once.

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The Originator of Dance Instruction by Mail
Nationally Known as an outstanding figure in teaching dancing at home, having taught over 60,000 men and women of high social standing.
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How I Took 10 Years Off My Face with a remarkable beauty clay

What do you think of the declaration by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL that "the healthy woman who looks her age is either stupid or lazy?"

One woman read that statement, and her first feeling was one of resentment. But it caused her to think, and to act, with benefits which left her deeply grateful. Rarely does a woman write such a letter as that which follows over her signature.

By Mrs. MURIEL DALTON, 1006 Michigan Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

I HAVE been on the point of writing you many times, and at last have decided it is only right I should tell what you have done for me.

Magazines these days offer sure ways of becoming beautiful, on almost every page. I must admit until recently I took the things published about your beauty clay with a grain of salt. I don't suppose I would have tried it yet except for a statement of the Ladies' Home Journal. It said: "The healthy woman who looks her age is either stupid or lazy." I was angry as I read it. Since a girl, I had had a dull and sallow complexion, and lines in my face that told my age as plainly as if the figures were written there. But I didn't care to be called stupid on top of it. I had read up on the subject to the skin and was well informed on its care. No one who knew the things I had tried to improve my complexion could call me lazy.

But what my trusted magazine had said made me wonder if my efforts had really been intelligent. Also, if it might not be a little laziness that had prevented trying your clay. I had never done so, though it only required mailing my name and address. So I did hunt up one of your advertisements. I remembered the remarkable story—

how women in a far-off English province made their skins so beautiful by weekly use of a native clay. How an American girl discovered it, used it with marvelous results, and how her father brought the clay to America. There was the same generous offer by which I could try a full supply of the clay without risking a dollar, and I sent the coupon.

When our postman brought the clay you cannot blame me if I was still a bit skeptical. The directions seemed so simple to expect the results I had read about. I had done wonderful things for my figure by rightful exercise and diet. I had an enviable head of hair because of the care given it. But these things had taken time and patience. Here was something to be accomplished in forty minutes! It seemed too good to be true. However, it did do everything and more than claimed. I received a genuine shock when I wiped away the clay and looked in the mirror.

I had taken ten years off my face in forty minutes! There was no doubt about it. It wasn't alone the new color in my cheeks—I have had other preparations bring a temporary flush of color. But those tell-tale lines around my eyes and from my nose to the corners of my mouth had

gone. As for the pores of my skin, they simply were not to be seen. I felt ten years younger; I certainly looked it.

My next thought was "How long will it last?" But I went out that night, and was conscious throughout the evening that I was looking my best. I received compliments, and I continued to get them next day, and the next. Every word about the lasting improvement proved true. For quite a while I used the clay three and four times a week, then twice a week and sometimes only once. But I never went a week without one application. I haven't seen the sign of a blackhead or any other impurities that used to be on my face in regular clusters. Nor is my skin sallow as it used to be, not even if I go the day without powdering.

A lot of women will wonder why I grant permission to print this letter. But I would be ungrateful if I did not. This clay has done what specialists, charging big fees, failed to do—give me a skin clear and soft as a baby's. I have told every one of my acquaintance about this perfectly wonderful beauty clay. I can't help thinking how many there must be who like myself have been on the very point of trying it, but have set it down as just another domestic preparation and let their doubts keep them from a perfectly gorgeous complexion. If everyone knew what I have learned about Ryerson's Forty - Minute Beauty Clay you would soon have to stop your offer to send five-dollar jars for trial without charging for the time and care of putting them up, because there couldn't possibly be enough to go around.

(Mrs.) Muriel Dalton,
1006 Michigan Ave.,
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Free Distribution of \$5.00 Jars Extended

To the public: My first offer of full-sized jars without profit exhausted my small stock of imported clay. But we have just received more, imported direct from the British Isles.

Therefore, I resume for a time the offer of a full \$5 jar without any laboratory charge. You may have one jar only for the bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to \$1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even this small sum of \$1.87 is not really a payment—regard it as a deposit, which we will return at once if you are not satisfied this miracle clay is all claimed.

Send no money, please, but pay when postman delivers. Just \$1.87 plus postage. Or, if handier to receive jar prepaid, enclose \$2; same guarantee holds good.

Wm. Ryerson
Head Chemist.
THE CENTURY CHEMISTS
Dept. 171
Century Building,
Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular \$5.00 jar of Forty-Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

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Address

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645 AD Hexagon diamond Ring. \$55.00

644 AD—Engraved. Diamond \$37.50



649 AD—Premier Cluster. 7 dia., \$73.50

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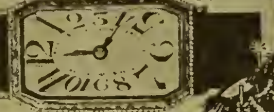
651 AD—Platinum Dia. Ring. \$118.50



653 AD—W. G. Cluster. Dia., \$59.50

647 AD—Belcher Dia. Ring \$80.00

654 AD—Blue-white Dia. Rg., \$110.00



652 AD—14 kt. Wh. Gold 15 jwl., Wrist Watch \$33.65

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Comment was difficult for RoBards, to whom the mention of Chalender's mere name was the twisting of a rusty nail in his heart, but his heart leaped with a wonderful meditation.

There had been progress not only in the building of the aqueduct but in the laying of a solid causeway under the feet of his family. A sudden storm had swept Patty's emotions over the dam of restraint and wrecked their lives for a while, but now the damage was so well repaired that she could speak with light contempt of the man who had carried her heart away; she could say that she would shut in his face the door to the home he had all but destroyed. Plainly the house was now her home, too, and Chalender vagrant outside.

This thought freed RoBards' heart with a flood of overbrimming tenderness for Patty. He watched her when she tossed the newspaper to the floor and caught her more exciting baby from its cradle to her breast. She laughed and nuzzled the child and crushed him to her heart and made up barbaric new words to call him. Calling him "Davie Junior" and "Little Davikins" was in itself a way of making love to her husband by proxy of their child.

The sunlight that made a shimmering aureole about her flashed in her eyes shining with the tears of rapture. RoBards understood one thing at last about her: she needed some one to caress and to defend.

He had always read her wrong. He had offered to be her champion and to shelter her under his strong arms. But Chalender had won her by being hungry for her and by stretching his arms upward to drag her down to him.

RoBards felt that he had never really won Patty because he had always been trying to be lofty and noble. She had rushed to him always when he was dejected or helpless with anger; but he had always lost her as soon as he recovered his self-control.

He wished that he might learn to play the weakling before her to keep her busy about him. But he could not act so uncongenial a rôle at home or abroad.

Chapter Seventeen

AFTER years of waiting and wrangling, labor conflicts and lawsuits, political battles, technical wars, and unrelenting financial difficulties and desperate expedients, through years of universal bankruptcy, the homely name of the Croton River acquired an almost Messianic significance in the popular heart.

There was already a nymph "Crotona" added to the city's mythology. The thirsty citizens prayed her to hasten to their rescue from the peril of another fire, another plague, the eternal nuisance of going for water or going without.

And while the city panted like a hart for its Croton water brooks, the engineers redoubled their efforts. They decided not to wait for the High Bridge and improvised a temporary passage across and under the Harlem River. The hope was revived that water would come into the city on Independence Day.



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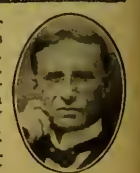
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Dr. Burton

Good Bye Gray Hair!

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blonde, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation (see diagram).

Read Here How Hair Loses Its Color

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown, or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair.

The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in

color. It indicates an absence of color. The hair has simply blanched.

How New Discovery Restores Natural Color

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, quickly restores the true, original color to gray hair—to hair that has blanched. It is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is pleasant and simple to use—none of the muss and trouble of ordinary color restorers.

It makes no difference whether your hair was black, brown, blonde or auburn—Tru-Tone works equally well, making your hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is—Tru-Tone will restore it, and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.



Actual Letters From Users

"I received your Tru-Tone and think it is wonderful. My hair was almost all gray and now it is almost its natural color again. I wish to thank you—I shall certainly recommend Tru-Tone to my friends."

Mrs. O. D. Moddy,
414 So. 5th Street,
Columbia, Missouri.

"I find my hair has grown thicker with the use of Tru-Tone and while there are still a few gray hairs left, the color is a beautiful light brown—just as it was years ago. I am delighted."

Miss Lillian Schoellhorn,
2903 Allen Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color.



The hair shaft (A) springs from a tube-like depression in the scalp called a follicle (F). The bulb (B) rests on a tiny tip of tissue called the papilla (D). The color of the hair is due to a pigment given off at the tip of this papilla. When sickness, worry or shock interferes with this pigment supply the hair hatches. To restore it to its natural color the pigment supply must be restored through a natural process. In the diagram, B is the root, C the oil gland, D the root sheath and E the fat cells. Study the diagram and you will see for yourself why gray hair is simply hair without color.

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid—almost colorless. It contains tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone, therefore, not only restores the natural color to your hair, but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time. You can use it with absolute confidence, knowing that it cannot possibly discolor the hair or harm it in any way. Our guarantee of absolute satisfaction is backed by a deposit of \$10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia.

If you will fill in the coupon and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-size

bottle of Tru-Tone in plain sealed package—no marking to indicate the contents. Don't send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair. Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color.

ONLY \$1.45
Send No Money

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only \$1.45 (plus postage), in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for \$3.00. If, after a fair test of Tru-Tone, you are not delighted with results, if Tru-Tone does not restore your hair to its original color, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T-2711, 269 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND NO MONEY

Domino House, Dept. T-2711
269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only \$1.45 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

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Swarms of masons were building the two reservoirs. They stood at last waiting like vast empty bowls held up to heaven for a new Deluge. The flood was to be received at the Yorkville Reservoir, carried on by iron pipes to Murray's Hill, and distributed thence by pipes about the city, with a special dispensation to the old well and tank erected in 1829 at Thirteenth Street to feed the hydrants that replaced the foul old public cisterns.

Everywhere the streets and the houses were torn to pieces; pipes were laid in all directions and fountains built. The plumber was the hero of the hour. The test of fashion was a faucet in the kitchen.

On a hot day in June the Water Commissioners and the engineers, including Harry Chalender, began a strange pilgrimage through the thirty-three miles of tunnel, making a last anxious inspection. It took them three days to make the patrol.

The vents along the way for the escape of water from deep cuttings and leakages were closed once for all, and on the twenty-second of June, the Croton River began its march upon New York. At five o'clock in the morning the head of the stream was admitted, and on the primal tide, some eighteen inches deep, a boat was launched, and *The Croton Maid* weighed anchor to descend upon New York with the "navigable river" from the north.

HARRY CHALENDER made one of the four passengers on that "singular voyage" through the pipe at the rate of a little better than a mile an hour. The *Maid* came up for air at the Harlem River the next day, a Thursday, soon after the first ripple of the water laved the borders of Manhattan Island.

The Commissioners formally notified the Mayor and Common Council that the Croton River had arrived and would proceed after a brief rest to Yorkville Reservoir.

On Monday afternoon the Governor of the State, the Lieutenant Governor, the Mayor and other distinguished guests drew up in solemn array and greeted the "extinguishing visitor," while the artillery fired a salute of thirty-eight guns.

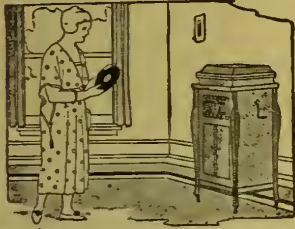
When *The Croton Maid* sailed into the reservoir she was made grandly welcome and then presented to the Fire Department, with appropriate remarks on the "important results pecuniary and moral which may be expected to flow from the abundance of the water with which our citizens are hereafter to be supplied."

For the city felt that this immortal benison must be commemorated fittingly. When the New River had entered London the Lord Mayor had addressed it in his full splendor. When the waters of Lake Erie had come through the canal to New York they had been married to those of the ocean with grandiose ceremonial.

So now the Board of Aldermen appointed a committee, and the committee called upon General George P. Morris to write an original ode and the Sacred

Losing 103 lbs. to Music!

Wallace Makes New Record
Reducing Mrs. Derby in
Less than 4 Months



The Sworn Statement of Three Quincy Citizens

We, the undersigned, have known Mrs. Harry Derby for years. Her amazing reduction by Wallace records came under our almost daily observation. We hereby testify to the entire truth of statements that follow.

*W. Lieberman
J. D. Bunch
J. F. Newman*

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN

QUINCY, ILLS.—In a happy little community of homes which fringe Vine street, I discovered Quincy's happiest woman. All because she accepted an invitation to try a novel way of getting rid of a mountainous burden of flesh. Only last January, she was fat beyond hope. By May, her weight was normal!



To readers who are overweight—a few pounds, or many—I shall offer Mrs. Derby's amazing experience, just as it was related to me:

"When the postman brought the phonograph record with a free reducing lesson, I never dreamed Mr. Wallace could make me weigh what I should. The best I had hoped for was a little relief—for I could scarcely get around, I was so heavy.

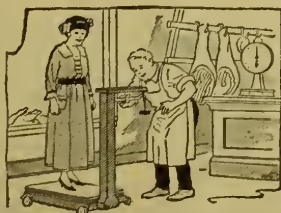
"The first few days of the course showed nothing, except I guess I felt better. After a time I began to lose. One day at market I stepped on the scales, and saw I had lost twenty pounds. Needless to say, I kept on with the records. Each week showed a little more reduction, until before long the neighbors all noticed the difference. I kept on losing right along, and I finally was down to the size my last picture shows."

Now, one might think 103 lbs. reduction in only four months required the most strenuous efforts. But Mrs. Derby did nothing extraordinary; she followed the regular instruction that Wallace gives anybody. It was no harder to reduce her than those but ten, twelve,

or twenty pounds overweight—it merely required more time.

To get thin to music is really a "lark" compared to any other method of reducing. In fact, Mr. Harry Derby told me his household was frankly skeptical of real results when his wife started the Wallace course, just because it all looked and sounded too good to be true. There is nothing to "take," you don't have to starve; just a few movements with a thrill to each—that seem all too short because they are set to music. I guess it's the sheer fun of *doing it* that starts so many men and women on the melody method of reducing. But it's the sudden, certain *results*—the fat that's played away to the tune of a pound a day—that keeps them enthusiastically at it, and telling others about it.

Mr. Newman, Quincy photographer (notice his signature to statement above), took two photos of Mrs. Harry Derby which are reproduced here. This is an indisputable evidence of Mrs. Derby's improvement—just as the camera saw it. I only wish you could see the lady herself! Not a sign of flabbiness, nor a wrinkle to show where the excess flesh had been. I am almost willing to believe her assertion: "I can now do anything a 15-year-old girl can do!"



reduction through use of these remarkable records is fairly common. But Mrs. Derby's



BEFORE

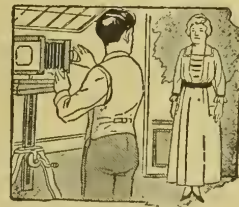


AFTER

ASTONISHING CHANGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY ONLY FOUR MONTHS' USE OF THE FAMOUS WALLACE REDUCING RECORDS

achievement—103 pounds in a few days less than four months—sets a new record.

Are you overweight? And if you are, why remain so? *A normal figure is possible to anyone who has a phonograph, and will give Wallace's music method of reducing a chance.* The above should be sufficient proof of this, but Wallace still offers free proof in your own case.



Your simple request on the handy form below brings the full first lesson free of any charge whatever. A regular-sized, and double-face phonograph record, and photographic chart with complete instructions. Pay nothing; promise nothing, except to *try it*. Results will cause you to send for the rest of his course in a hurry!

Don't ponder another day as to whether Wallace can reduce *you*. Tear out this coupon, and let him prove he *can*.

WALLACE,

630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago:

Please send record for the first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial.

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St. and No.....

P.O.....State.....

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg

I have met scores who restored normal weight and measurements by Wallace's novel, and so enjoyable method. My sister reduced by it, so did a brother; and two aunts of mine swear by it. Forty or fifty lbs.

Music Society to sing it. The Society's "vocal performers were rising two hundred, male and female." The bells of the churches were bidden to ring; the artillery to shoot salutes. All the distinguished personages on the continent were invited to attend and witness the most resplendent procession ever devised.

The date was set for the fourteenth of October and the citizens devoted themselves to the preparation of banners, uniforms and maneuvers, and the polishing of fire-engines, swords, shoes and phrases.

Hardly an account of the aqueduct or the festival omitted Chalender's name, and RoBards grew so accustomed to it that he all but forgot the horror it had once involved.

He was himself infected by the glory of the hour. It was like seeing one of the Pyramids dedicated, or the Sphinx christened.

Time often makes us grateful for our defeats and turns our victories to chagrin. Though RoBards had hampered the work and denounced its trespass on the rights of the landholders, he felt glad now that he and they had been defeated. Chalender was gracious in his triumph and felt all the more genial since the victory had been enhanced by the high mettle of the opponents.

So everybody was happy and proud, and the aqueduct itself took on something of the sanctity of a long, long temple, a source of health and security and of unbounded future growth.

RoBards spoke of this to Patty and said that the names of the men who had fought this long battle through would be immortal.

"Who are they?" she said with a disconcerting abruptness.

And to save him he could not think of them, though he knew the names of many picturesque criminals, and of persons whose only importance was some fashionable prestige. He had to refer to the memoir of the Commissioners and to read aloud the passage: "Samuel Stevens, Esq., was the presiding officer of the Board of Commissioners in 1829, whose name and services will be recorded with those of Stephen Allen, and Douglas and Jervis, for the enduring gratitude of the distant generations."

Patty nodded: "Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged to them for making New York safe to live in. We can go back now, can't we?"

"Isn't it beautiful up here?" he sighed, without much enthusiasm.

"Yes, but the nights are bitter cold

and the days are getting raw, and the leaves are nearly all gone. I've been here for years, and the children have had all the diseases there are and got over them. They're out of danger. Let's go back, David."

WHEN she called him by his first name it was like taking his heart in her soft fingers. He had no will to resist. Besides, the house had lost its integrity. It had betrayed him. It had permitted evil to prosper, and he had sacrificed his dignity and his revenge to conceal its shame.

Nothing worse could happen in the big city than in the stealthy country. So he sighed again:

"All right! Let's go back!"

She sprang from her chair and kissed him and he took a poltroon delight in the syrup of her lips. She became amazingly a girl again and assailed with a frenzy the tasks of packing up for the removal to town, the closing of the country home and the reopening of the house in St. John's Park.

She urged that she and Teen and Cuff should drive in to town and open the house, air it out, get the new water-pipes put in and—while they were at it, why not install gas? It was dangerous but so convenient! All you did was turn a key and set a match, and there you were! And what about one of the new hot-air furnaces to replace the odious stoves and fireplaces?

She laid plans for such fairy improvements with a spendthrift enthusiasm and proposed that her husband should stay comfortably at home in the country with the two older children while she made the house ready.

She was passionately domestic for the first time and when she offered, as a final inducement to take her father and mother to town with her, RoBards could not deny her the toil or himself the repose. He wanted a few days of communion with the ideal he was resigning. He wanted to compose his soul anew for the new city life, the country good-by.

THE children, Immy and Keith, made a great to-do about her knees, clinging to her and begging her not to go. And the babe-in-arms, the miniature David, howled in trio, vaguely understanding that something ominous was afoot. Patty was the center of the battle. She held the infant under one arm while with her free hand she tried to clasp both Immy and Keith. Her voice was soft among the clamors, and she promised them everything if they would only be good for a few days while she made the home ready in the great city.

She looked up at her husband and he could see the weird pride in her eyes. She, the frail, the pretty, the soulful, had been as an apple-branch that bore these buds to flower and fruit from within herself somehow. And they hated to let go as perhaps the apple is reluctant to be tossed into space by the wind.

RoBards had noted this cohesion in trees that were hard to fell and split. Some woods would almost welcome the teeth of the saw and the keen wedge of

the ax; they divided at a tap. But other trees fought the saw, twisted it and flung it off and made a strange noise of distress. And when the ax fell upon them they turned it aside, caught it in withes of fiber and tore it from the helve.

Families were like that; some broke apart at the first shock; others clung together as if they were all interlaced, soul and sinew. He hoped that his household would be of this infrangibility.

Patty diverted the children from their grief by loading them with tasks and warnings; the first was to take good care of Papa; the rest were to take care of themselves amid the infinite risks that make a jungle about children.

She murmured to her husband: "Watch out for those Lasher children. That boy Jud has grown to a big hulking brute. He hangs about the place—wants to steal something, I suppose. Drive him off if you see him. And don't let the children play with the Lashers. They come by in the road, and they're—not nice at all."

SHE made the children promise to abstain from friendship with the Lashers and from numberless other adventures; and at last she broke from them and hurried to the carryall. Cuff and Teen had gone ahead in the wagon with the luggage. RoBards helped Patty and the baby to the front seat and took his place beside her. Her father and mother were already bestowed in the back of the carriage. RoBards drove away, calling to the children that he would soon be home.

He and Patty had little to say of either their secret prides or shames; old age had its eyes upon their shoulder-blades, and was perhaps subtly understanding from the black wisdom of experience that this young couple was gathering also much cargo that could never be thrown overboard and must always be hidden away in the deepest hold.

The length of the journey to New York was wonderfully shortened now. RoBards put Patty and her parents and the servants on the stage, and she had only to ride as far as Harlem, where she would take the New York and Harlem Railroad train. It had a steam engine and a double track clear to City Hall, and some day it was going to be extended to White Plains, and eventually perhaps to Chatham.

When he had seen the stagecoach whirl off with Patty and had seen her handkerchief waft its last farewell through the dust, RoBards drove home.

Or was it home now? Home seemed to be a something cloudlike trailing after his wife. Home was the immediate neighborhood of his love.

His heart ached with anxiety for her. What if she should not arrive safely? The number of stagecoach accidents was astounding; drunken drivers, runaway horses, capsizings, collisions, kept up an endless succession of deaths and cripples.

Thinking of Patty as perhaps doomed already, he thought of her with overwhelming tenderness. The very road homeward was denuded of the aureole she lent it. It stretched dour and stark

"The Mainspring"

HUGH McNAIR KAHLER, who wrote "Babel," "The East Wind," and many other noted works, will contribute to the next, the December, issue of the THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE one of the most impressive stories we have ever printed. Be sure to read "The Mainspring."



In the same test-tubes that insure the Nation's safety, Peace finds myriad blessings!

IN 1802 Eleuthere Irénée du Pont de Nemours, at the invitation and with the assistance of Thomas Jefferson, built on the Brandywine River the first du Pont plant . . . the first powder mill to be erected in America. Jefferson had seen the vital necessity to the country's safety of insuring its supply of explosives, and so du Pont became powder-maker to the United States Government.

For the 120 years following, from 1802 to 1922, the du Pont Company has been a manufacturer of explosives . . . today, explosives are but one of the family of du Pont products.

And the reason is . . . The Chemical Engineer!

* * *

THE Chemical Engineer is a strange mingling of abilities—a coupling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert. He is a chemist who knows manufacturing as well as his science, and who can take the chemist's discoveries on the experimental scale and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. His province is the *practical* transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. And he has brought into the world's manufacturing plants a new knowledge, a new set of abilities, that has revolutionized industry in the past generation.

The du Pont Company was one of the pioneers in developing the Chemical Engineer. Since its founding by E. I. du Pont de Nemours, who was himself a chemist, it has been building on the foundations of chemistry, for the manufacture of explosives called for increasingly higher forms of chemical knowledge. And in the early years of this century, the du Pont Company had come to have one of the finest research staffs in the country, and in addition a staff of *Chemical Engineers*, men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry.

This staff was essential, for since 1802 the du Pont Company's larger service has been to be *ready* to supply the Government with whatever explosives it might need for the country's defense. And for the same reason, the company had acquired sources of supply for the large quantities of the raw materials that it might one day need—acids, nitrates, coal-tar products and other materials that were absolutely essential to the production of explosives.

In war, immense quantities of such materials are desperately needed—in peace, very little—yet the supply of materials has to be kept open, for who knows when they may be *instantly* needed?

But how? The Chemical Engineer found the answer. And in the answer lies the key to the du Pont Company's family of products. For the products that du Pont makes are *not* unrelated products. Each of them has its root in one or another of the materials used in making explosives.

It may be another use of the same materials as in the manufacture of dyes. It may be a variation in process, as in the case of Pyralin and Fabrikoid. It may be a product like paints, varnishes, enamels, etc., in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer is needed, and the colors produced in dyes, may be used. It may be a product like ether, or a long list of chemicals that other industries use, which the du Pont Company produces in manufacturing its other products.

* * *

THUS, the seemingly unrelated products that carry the du Pont Oval are not strangers, but brothers in the same family. They are not merely the diversions of peace, but the peace uses of materials that the country's emergencies may require the du Pont Company to have at hand in overflowing abundance.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.



FABRIKOID

Scruff-proof, stain-proof and waterproof. For upholstering furniture and automobiles, binding books, making luggage and other uses.



PAINTS AND VARNISHES

For every household and industrial use. Enamels, stains, fillers, automobile finishes, etc.



LITHOPONE

Lithopone and dry colors. Used by paint, rubber, linoleum, paper, ink and other manufacturers.



EXPLOSIVES

For every requirement of civilization: mining, quarrying, land-clearing, tree-planting, irrigation, construction; shotgun and rifle powders.



PYRALIN

For toilet articles, automobile windows, novelties of many kinds. Transparent, or in any color combination.



CHEMICAL PRODUCTS

Ether and other pharmaceuticals, pyroxylin lacquers and enamels. Solutions for coating leather. Bronze powders.



ACIDS & HEAVY CHEMICALS

For varied uses by practically every industry.



DYESTUFFS

An ever-expanding line of dyestuffs for all purposes.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc., Wilmington, Del.

TRADE  MARK

in the harsh outlines of autumn. The trees were stripped of leaves, the lanes of their soft borders. Everything was naked and harsh. The wind was ugly, cynical; it tormented the flocks of fallen leaves, sent them into panics of flight with hoarse little cries and scurries.

This was no place for a rose like Patty.

HE rode past the home of the Lashers. It was always autumn there. However the wild flowers of spring held picnics in the lanes and the weeds put on their Sunday calico, this house and this fence always sagged and creaked, the shutters hung and flapped in the breeze, and the family slumped, eternally exhausted from the sheer neglect of industry.

None of the men was to be seen today, though the mother of the family was, as always, hung over the washtub, bobbing up and down like a Judy on a string. She alone toiled, while the good-

for-naught men dawdled and leered. They were as vicious as the filthy dogs that ran from the yard now and hurled themselves yelping at RoBards' horses, trying to nip them while dodging the heels. RoBards drove them off with whip and yell and the horses bolted.

As he approached his own house at length, still fuming with anger at the Lashers and their dogs, he saw his boy running toward him along the road shrieking: "Papa—Papa—Papa!"

When he came up alongside the carry-all, Keith was gulping for breath, in such pain of fear and suffocation that he had to lean against the wheel a moment before he could speak.

But his trembling hands pointed and his eyes were wild with fear as he gasped:

"Papa! Bad man! Immy!"

"What—where—when?"

"Just now—me and Immy play in the tarn—big man comes—says to Immy: 'Hello, little girl!' She don't say anything. He comes up closteter. He

reaches out. She cries—runs—he runs—grabs Immy. I run and pound him with my fists and he wont let go. He kicked me into the tarn—yes he did so! Then he runs away with Immy."

"Who was it, do you know?"

"Jud Lasher."

RoBards gave his horse a swift long slash with the whip, and the carryall went into the yard on two wheels. He flung the lines on the horses' backs and, leaping across the wheel, ran madly past the house and up the shaggy hillside toward the place that he and Patty called "the Mystic Tarn."

The boy followed, stumbling, holding his hand to his side where the little heart thumped. His young eyes were aghast with the awe of a terror beyond his ken.

The forthcoming chapters of this remarkable novel by "America's Balzac" are of even deeper interest. Watch for them in the next, the December, issue.

STROKE OF LIGHTNING

(Continued from page 35)

it—a definite spirit lacking when I first saw her.

I expected to find her on the defensive. It was not so—she spoke quite freely.

"I love him; but it is madness. I have tried to send him away; he will not go. You see, my religion means much to me. I cannot go away with him. Take him back to England with you; I can't bear to see him ruin his life like this for me."

I confess to looking at her with the wonder whether it was religion or the lack of money.

"Yes," she said, "I see. You don't understand; you think I am afraid of poverty with him. It is not that—I am afraid of losing my soul, and his."

The way she said that was extraordinarily impressive; and I confess to feeling ashamed. I told her I would do what I could. Did she see him?

"Yes; he comes. I have to let him. I can't bear the look on his face when I say no."

I got his address from her. He had a garret in a little Greek hotel just above Galata—a ramshackle place, which he had chosen evidently for its cheapness. He did not seem surprised to see me.

I never knew a man so quickly altered. His face was shrunken and lined, with a bitter, burnt-up look, which deepened the set and color of his eyes till they looked almost black. A long bout of disease will produce just that effect.

"If she didn't love me," he said, "I could bear it. But she does, and I cannot. And yet I must. So long as I can see her, I shall stand it; and she'll come—she'll come at last."

I repeated her words; I spoke of his wife, of home; but nothing, no memory, no allusion, no appeal touched him.

I stayed over a month; I saw him nearly every day; I did not move him by one jot. At the end of that month I should never have known him for the Frank Weymouth who had started out with us from Mena House on New Year's Day. Changed? My God, he was!

I had managed to get him a teaching job through a man I knew at the embassy. Even if he wouldn't come away, he must still make a living; and a poor enough job it was—a bare subsistence. Looking at my friend, I began to have a feeling of impatience, even anger, with that woman. And yet, from several talks with her, I knew that her refusal to indulge herself and him was truly religious. She really did see her lost soul and his, whirling entwined through the *Inferno*, as the lost souls of Paolo and Francesca whirl in the picture by Watts. Call it superstition if you like; her feeling was entirely sincere, and from many people's point of view, laudable.

As for Radolin, he took it all precisely as if there were nothing to take; I'm afraid I hated him for it. He was as debonair as ever—a little harder about the mouth and eyes, and that was all.

THE morning before I went home, I made my way once more up the evil-smelling stairs to my friend's garret. He was standing at the window, looking down over the bridge—that tragic bridge of Galata where so many unfortunates used to trade, perhaps still trade, the sight of their misfortunes. We stood there side by side.

"Old boy," I said, "do you ever look at yourself in the glass? No one would know you. This can't go on."

No smile can be so bitter as a smile that used to be sunny.

"You're wrong," he answered; "so long as I can see her, I shall last out."

At my wit's end, I murmured:

"You surely don't want a woman to feel she's lost her soul, and is making you lose yours? She's perfectly sincere in that."

"I know. I've given up asking her. So long as I can see her, that's all that matters."

I left him with a long, grim handshake. In face of such mania I really had nothing more to say.

That afternoon I took a boat and went over to say good-by to the Radolins. I went out of morbid politeness. It was March—the first real day of spring, balmy and warm. The Judas trees of the Rumeli Hissar were budding; the sun was laying on the water the tints of opal; and all the strange city of mosques and minarets, of Western commerce and Oriental beggary, was wonderfully living under the first spring sun.

I brought my boat up to the Radolins' landing-stage, and got out. I mounted the steps, greened over by the wash of the water, and entered their little garden courtyard. I had never come this way before, and stood for a moment looking through the mimosas and bougainvilleas for a door that would satisfy formality. There was a grille to the left, but to reach it I would have to pass in front of the wide ground-floor window, where I had sometimes stood looking out over the water to the Rumeli Hissar.

As a fact, what I saw in the room stopped me from trying to pass. I stole down the steps again into my boat, and out to the opal-tinted waters. What I had seen was very simple. Hélène Radolin was sitting perfectly still in a low chair sideways to the window, her hands on her lap, and her eyes fixed on the tiled floor, where a streak of sunlight fell. In the curve of her grand piano, with his elbows resting on it, Weymouth was leaning back, equally still, gazing down at her.

That was all. But the impression I received, of life arrested, of lava frozen, was in a way terrible. It had taken the heart out of me.

I have nothing more to tell you of this business. The war came down on us all soon after. Rumor had been contradictory, and I know nothing—as they say—of my own knowledge, since.

But it seemed to me worth while to set down this record of a "stroke of lightning," in days when people laugh at such absurdities.

*Beauty brings
success*



Make your dreams come true

EVERY girl has blissful dreams of success and popularity—of the flowers and books and candy and dates which proclaim her a social success. She sees herself admired, the center of attention. What heart-ache and disappointment if these dreams should not come true!

Many a girl misses this popularity because of some defect she herself doesn't realize. A dull, coarse, lifeless skin lessens attractiveness—blotches and blackheads positively repel.

Remedy these disfigurements, transform your unattractive complexion into one of radiant freshness and see what a good time you have at your next party.

It is the charm which always attracts, which all women envy and men admire.

This isn't hard to do

The smooth, fresh, blooming complexion which makes an otherwise plain girl pretty isn't a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

You can't neglect your skin and expect to keep it blooming and alluring. The powder and rouge you use to conceal defects deceive nobody.

The remedy for a coarse skin, for one disfigured with blackheads or ugly blotches, is daily cleansing with a lather blended from palm and olive oils.

Such a cleanser is so mild and soothing that it softens the skin and keeps it smooth. But it removes the accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration which are responsible for most bad complexions.



Palm and Olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Get a cake of Palmolive today

It is the modern combination of the same beautifying cosmetic oils Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt. It is just as valuable today as a beautifying cleanser.

Massage its smooth, creamy lather softly into the network of tiny pores which compose the surface of your skin. It will remove the clogging deposits which enlarge these pores, cause blackheads and invite blotches.

After this thorough cleansing is the time to apply cold cream if you need it. You can safely use powder and that becoming touch of rouge on a clean skin.

Don't neglect throat and shoulders

Care of your skin must extend beyond the face if you want to be admired for complexion beauty. Use Palmolive for your daily bath and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

It will keep your neck and shoulders smooth, and your arms and hands soft and white. These are attractions as conspicuous as a blooming, blemishless face.

This beauty treatment costs little

Judge Palmolive by quality and you will expect to pay at least 25 cents a cake. But the popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night naturally reduces cost. Quantity production is always economical. Thus this finest facial soap is offered at 10 cents a cake—a price all can afford. You can economically use Palmolive for every toilet purpose, for it costs no more than ordinary soap.

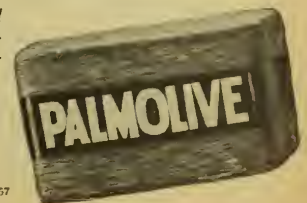
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c





Special Model

Speedometers - Clocks - Watches and Extremes of Temperature

HHEAT expands metal. Cold contracts it. This is what happens to a Waltham Automobile Clock and Speedometer in winter time.

When the car is running, the heat from the motor permeates the clock. And we've seen cars parked in zero weather taking the coldest bath of arctic air imaginable.

Do the works of that wonder-working Waltham Clock expand with the heat until the time slows down as if it had an emergency brake clamped on it?

Do the works of that little time-keeper contract with the icy cold until the hands race over the hours as if they played tag with each other?

Not a bit of it. Smoothly, unvaryingly, dependably, that Waltham Clock ticks on, smiling from its face the correct time as if there was only one temperature in all the world. Waltham has mastered what extremes of temperature do to metal.

And the Waltham Speedometer gives you the correct mileage and speed of your car over snow-rutted roads as it does upon the smoothest boulevards in summer time.

And the same mastery over extremes of temperature is built into every Waltham Watch. You may carry your Waltham from Maine to Florida, from zero to tropical weather, and it gives you that which you bought it for — *the time*.

The world's leading motor cars are equipped with Waltham Clocks and Speedometers. And people who invest in "all the year round" time, wear Waltham Watches.

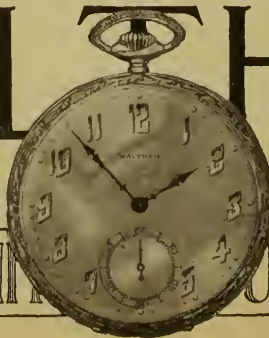
*The Waltham Speedometer is the only air-friction Speedometer in the world.
(Invented by Nikola Tesla.) Developed and perfected by Waltham.*

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WALTHAM

Waltham Colonial "A" Riverside
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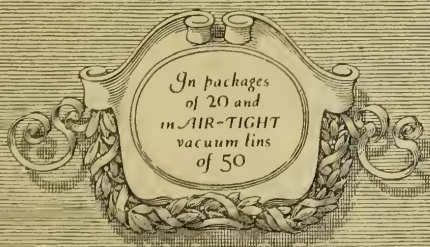


Raised Gold Figured Dial
Carved Case
Price \$225.00

THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH



Let Fatima smokers tell you





How happy are the flowers which lend
 their fragrance for my masterpiece, Parfum Djer-Kiss.
 —Kerkoff, Paris

For Beauty's Boudoir

Parfum Djer-Kiss. Just a drop here and there lends a fragrance which breathes, indeed, the romantic charm of France. How charmingly French they are— all these Djer-Kiss spécialités— each fragrant with this Parfum Djer-Kiss. To be charmed with one is to be charmed with all; to employ all is to possess, in the toilette, a harmony most fashionable.

EXTRACT • FACE POWDERS • VEGETALE • TALC • TOILET WATER
 SACHET • SOAP • COLD CREAM • ROUGE • LIPSTICK • VANISHING CREAM

Djer-Kiss

Made in France

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 A. H. S. Co.

*These spécialités—Rouge, Lipstick,
 Compacts and Creams—temporarily blended here with pure
 Djer-Kiss Parfum imported from France.*

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 dainty "Week-end Specialty Box" containing
 serviceable samples of Djer-Kiss Extract, Face
 Powder, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, and
 dainty satin Sachet. Address Alfred H. Smith
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