

"Not a bad guy when you got to know him," said Gilda.

"Yeah—but why do I get a break from you? I thought I was poison."

"You're a hard guy to stop liking," she said quietly, and turned to Dorothy. "And you're a little slow, honey. You better learn to take better care of your man if you expect to keep him. All men are stupid—and the nicer they are the dumber they act."

"So I've noticed," said Dorothy.

"Remember it," said Gilda. She ran a finger through the diamonds spread upon the Queen Anne desk. "And to think I had just earned another of the pretty things. Oh, well—"

"They're all yours, beautiful," said Smooth. "Pick 'em up. And I hear that southern France is a swell place to spend the winter. There's swimming and gambling, and—well, there's even a tittle floating around if a gal is smart enough to marry the right guy. How's about it—wanna go?"

Gilda turned and scooped the stones into her purse. She snapped it closed,

crossed to Smooth and kissed him lightly on the lips. She walked to the door, turned and stared at Dorothy.

"You're getting a grand guy, damn you!" she said. "Lord, how I envy you!" She smiled at Smooth. "Spend your honeymoon in Cannes—I promise to make it interesting."

When she had gone, Dorothy looked at Smooth and her eyes were soft and very wise. She smiled when he put an arm around her and asked for understanding.

"Don't let's tell McNeary," he said. "He might not agree."

"I won't tell him—anything," she answered.

Nor did she remind Smooth that he had fired only two shots at Bet-a-Grand Rudd. The first had come from her gun—the one she had taken from Gilda. And her shot had been inches nearer to the gambler's heart.

She kissed him and waved a warning hand to McNeary, who stood smiling at them from the doorway. The Chief clasped his hands above his head and shook them. He might have been human, too.

THE END

The World's Richest Man

IT is often a matter of conjecture just what individual can be named as the world's richest man and the person usually nominated for the honor is one of three famous American multi-millionaires, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew J. Mellon or Henry Ford.

However, upon studying world statistics, none of these three is eligible for the title, which according to English figures, rightfully belongs to the Hindu potentate, Sir Osman Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, India. This ruler, who has the power of life and death over his 15,000,000 subjects, has a fortune of more than five hundred million dollars in gold alone, aside from his great store of silver and precious stones, accumulated through the centuries by the Mogul emperors. In fact, he is so wealthy that it is claimed he has no definite idea of the exact extent of his fortune.

His gifts at the marriage of his two sons recently in Nice, France, showed clearly the great wealth of the Nizam. He gave to his prospective daughters-in-law, who are the daughter and niece of the Caliph of Istanbul, presents in jewels and cash of \$1,200,000, besides bestowing a princely income on the venerable Caliph himself.

—Gerald Fitzgerald.

The Fighter That Kills

By H. H. MATTESON



She watched a fight to the death

Kadeena the killer knew no scruples, and nothing could stop him—then the mad Aleutian gods cast a strange spell

A DARK young fellow climbs up the ladder of the cannery dock. He stands looking around anxious. I and Go Bang Gibbons, staring through the window, we seen it was Moxt Pil Loring, a terrible square young Aleut half-breed. We go out. Moxt stands pointing dramatic, one hand out over Bering Sea, the other west to where a long plume of dirty gray smoke lay along the sky.

"Hain't the Coast Guard ship in?" he asks distressed.

"No," says Go Bang. "It hauled out

last night for duty. It's likely three hundred mile from here by now. Why?"

Moxt Pil drops one hand, but keeps pointing to that streak of smoke. "Kiska Mountain busts loose again last night," he says. "They was a terrible shake this morning before daybreak. The whole cliff on the north end tore loose, fell, filled the channel. The fish trap location of Unger Kee, the Aleut Klootchman, beyond, that was worth forty thousand dollars a year, hain't worth a cent now. The swimming fish has had to change their course. Now