

"Well," Hyer said wearily, "perhaps you were right."

A quiet implacable fury began to rise in Marcia, but because the fear was still there and because she knew that protest would only strengthen Hyer's suspicions, she merely nodded when Rich looked at her quickly and smiled.

"Tell 'em the whole thing, the way you've told it to us," Hyer added.

"What if they don't believe him?" Marcia protested. "What if they want to say that Rich is lying? He has only his word—no witnesses, no proof."

Hyer put out his cigarette. "It might have helped if you'd actually found him tied up, yes. It wouldn't have helped much, though. Well," he went on before this innuendo could bring a burst of resentment from Marcia, "do you want to start for Mexico, Lanning?"

"No, thanks."

"You want to give yourself up then?"

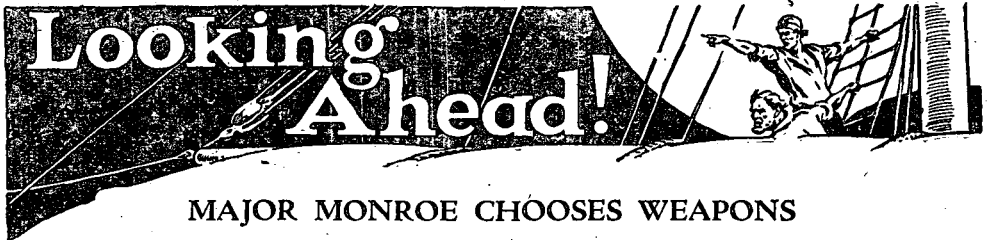
"Do you think I'd better?" He glanced at Dawson and his eyes were worried.

Hyer rose. He said, "I'll call Inspector Turner. He's the one you'll want to talk to."

Vaguely, through her preoccupation, Marcia heard him call a number on the telephone in the hall. Her fury had passed. She was accustomed to being thrown back on her devices. Her only mistake had been in trusting him too naively. It was a mistake she rarely made. Coolly, objectively, she measured this new problem and set herself to planning the next move. Of one thing she was certain. From now on she would play a lone hand.

She smiled swiftly at Dawson. Then, her face settling again into lines of fatigue and disappointment, she looked toward the door beyond where Hyer was talking, and her calm blue eyes were touched with hostility. Hyer had made the deadliest kind of enemy. . . .

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK



MAJOR MONROE CHOOSES WEAPONS

Aggressor nations still listen to his voice. But there was a day, before he became president, when he might have been afraid to fight a duel—and not because of personal cowardice either. Another fine novelet of what-may-have-been, by

THEODORE ROSCOE

UPSET IN UTOPIA

Don't look now, but that wasn't no lady—that was a spy. San Utopia, which should be devoted to good clean roulette, is crawling with 'em. But—ssh!—the guy with her is a Br-t-sh S-cr-t Ag-t; he'll fix it. Beginning a new novel of wacky people and fast-action intrigue by

D. L. AMES

TRAITOR'S ARROW

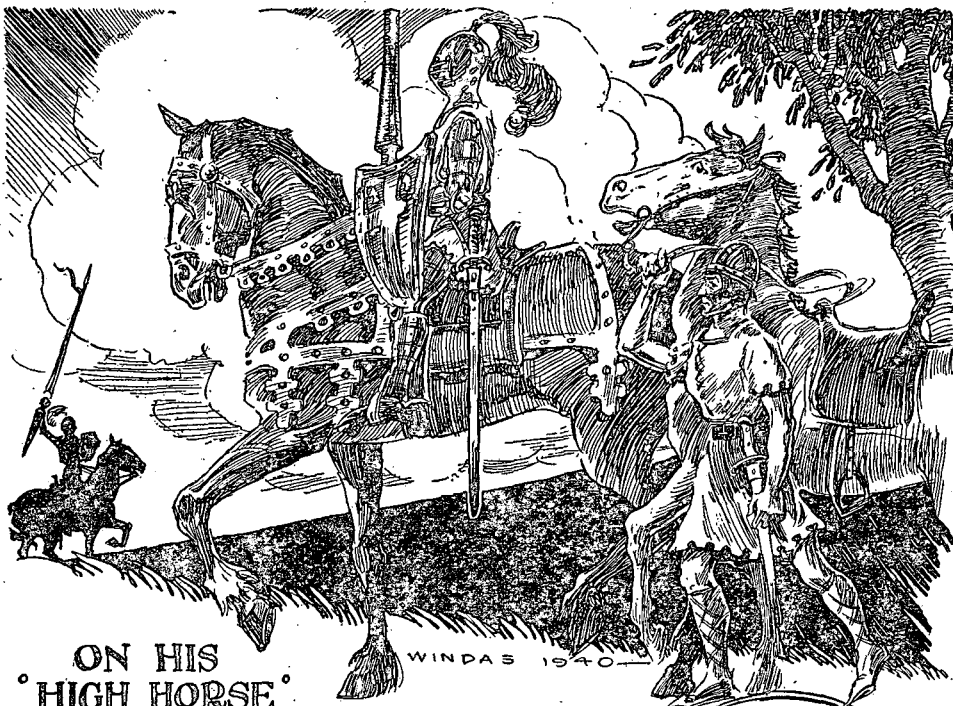
Today the Highlanders take up their arms; they march to battle for Scotia, and their leader has quaffed the heady brew of the gods. Another fine novelet in the Odin's cup series, by

PHILIP KETCHUM

COMING IN NEXT WEEK'S ARGOSY—AUGUST 10

LEGENDS OF THE LEGIONARIES

ORIGINS OF THE CUSTOMS AND SAYINGS OF THE FIGHTING-MEN : by W.A. WINDAS



ON HIS "HIGH HORSE"

This expression, today, means to be angry. It originated in the Middle Ages, when a knight generally used two horses; one a medium-sized riding hack, the other a powerful charger. To avoid tiring the latter he would ride the smaller horse en route. If he met an enemy, he would at once change mounts. Thus "to get on your high (large) horse" meant getting ready for a fight.



FIRST UNIFORMS

First to uniform his army was Cesare Borgia, the man accused (unjustly) of so many poisonings. His army had the word "Cesare" embroidered on their surcoats.



COAL

Discovery of coal is not so recent as supposed. Armourers of ancient Greece used coal (not charcoal) in their forges as early as 300 B.C.



FIRST MIDSHIPMEN

The first Midshipmen of the British Navy were the "King's Letter Boys," created after the founding of the Admiralty Board. They were mostly sons of gentlemen, and were called Midshipmen because they occupied quarters built amidships.