



Illustrated by
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The general laughed aloud then, but without mirth. He who had been faithful all his life was about to die as a traitor at the end

A Loyal Man

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

GENERAL DEDYUKHIN KOSTROMA was very tired, too tired even to be greatly astonished. There were pouches under his bleak eyes, lines of weariness round his mouth. He was old and white-haired, and death was very close to him. He knew.

He had heard before of this league of exiles who dwelt in Paris and rendered justice, as opportunity came, to those who had betrayed the Tsar.

He had hardly even been surprised when the laughing, blue-eyed stranger had approached him on the lonely Montmartre street and forced an automatic against his side through the thickness of a heavy overcoat. He had gone with the man, of course, aware that, in spite of his disguise, his lack of beard and mustache, his generally aged appearance, no man who had known him could fail to recognize him. There was the stiffness of the old Imperial Army in his back, the saber cut still over his left brow.

He had been taken in a taxi to a gaunt stone house on the outskirts of Paris, ushered within to meet there members of this league of exiles. They had explained to him briefly, clearly, that they were the avengers of the old régime, and that sooner or later all traitors came to Paris and into their hands. They would dispose of him, but they would not humiliate him or shame him.

They had a way of arranging such matters, to each man a way that fitted him. He had been a soldier, a great soldier, and he would understand, later. It was useless to try to escape.

He did understand. The league was composed mostly of members of the old aristocracy, and they were gentlemen. He stood now in the center of the richly furnished room they had given him, leaning heavily on his ebony cane and surveying the garments arranged on the bed out of weary and life-tired eyes. They were all there, including even underclothes of silk, the full regalia of a general of the Imperial Army.

He hardly stirred when the door opened and a slender middle-aged man came in, clicking his heels and bowing. He was attired as an officer of staff—Cossack, the general saw. He explained carefully that he had been sent to valet the general. The general bowed. Would he care for vodka, wine, or a little brandy? They had some wonderful twenty-year-old cognac. . . . Ah, yes, a small brandy.

The valet disappeared and returned

with a silver tray on which were glasses and a slender-necked bottle. The general laid aside his cane, straightened and sipped the amber liquid. The valet assured him that his bath was ready.

HE WAS changed at last. He felt vastly better, a little more interested in life. This league of exiles had even supplied him with his decorations, with the jeweled orders he had received at the steps of the throne. It was as if the years fell away, as if he were back in the headquarters at Lemberg, on the eve of the great attack. Ah, the Tsar had lived then and Holy Russia had been well and strong. The valet murmured smooth words in his ear, and he nodded assent and strode from the room. Outside the door another man, in the uniform of a famous regiment, clicked his heels and saluted. Men were stationed all down the dim hallway: men in uniform, saluting. It was certainly like the headquarters at Lemberg, just as if the general walked to dinner with his brilliant staff behind him.

The dining-room was brilliantly lighted and sparkling with silver and cut glass. The general recognized some of the plate, fragments from the messes of famous regiments. Officers stood stiffly waiting his seating, and he strode calmly to the table head, dropped to his chair. There was a scraping of boot heels, a tinkling of medals, and the rest sat also. The dinner was served.

The general conversed politely with the men near him. There was soft laughter, the tinkling of glasses. There was no mention of the reason for all this mummary. Everyone understood. It had been explained to the general when he first arrived. He was not greatly worried or bothered about the end. Life had not been too kind to him recently, and all men had misunderstood his actions. He looked quietly up and down the table. Some of the exiles he recognized.

There was Cheramis, whose father was a count and who had been colonel . . . now what was the regiment? . . .

And that tall, pale man . . . surely Berexoff, who had been on the staff at Lemberg. One or two others he thought he knew but could not be sure. His eyesight was not so good as it had been. They nearly all wore different uniforms. The Little Father save him, was this the remains of the Imperial Army, all who were loyal and alive?

An officer at (Continued on page 39)

Vamp, Vamp, Vamp!

Below: Catherine of Russia, an obscure German princess, made up her mind at 15 that some day she was going to be top-heavy with jewels, as the ruler of Russia. She married Grand Duke Peter, nephew of the Empress, and in time achieved her ambition by efficient and persistent vamping—and kept it, the same way

Gloria Swanson—
Paramount

Salome was just a refined little country lass trying to get a head. She did. She was the daughter of Herodias and is not to be confused with the other Salomes who lived the other side of the railroad tracks and didn't travel with the country club set



Margaret Livingston—Fox

At the left: An orange a day certainly did wonders for Mrs. Gwyn's little girl. She sold them in the alley outside the Drury Lane Theatre in London and when the stage manager needed a red-headed, airy lass he reached out and grabbed Nellie. And when Charles II needed a new girl friend he grabbed Nellie, too

Carmel Myers—Metro-Goldwyn (Louise)



Dorothy Gish—Paramount

At the left: There seems to be some dispute as to whether King Solomon actually fell in love with the alluring Balkis, Queen of Sheba. Certainly she visited him, and if he didn't, are we to believe, after all these years, that his much-vaunted brain was nothing more or less than a spare part?

At the right: The other gentlemen of the day may have fallen for her but Ben Hur was Iras-proof. Try as she might—and decidedly did—she couldn't vamp the lad out of winning the derby. Which, after gazing on the glory that was Iras, was no mean feat. After all, there are many derbies but few girls like Iras



Betty Blythe—Fox