

Welcome Home

By ALICE
DUER
MILLER

The Story Thus Far:

TOM BENTHAM, a young newspaper man, who has not entered his home for four years following his father's orders, returns from South America where he had been sent by his newspaper. His father and mother are both dead and the house belongs to him. He uses his old latchkey, walks up to his old room and finds a beautiful young lady in his bed.

She tells him the house has been sold, and orders him out. He goes but next day he hunts up his father's lawyer, Robinson, who tells him the house has not been sold. Together they hunt through it and find no one but the housekeeper. Half convinced Tom starts to the Adirondacks for a vacation after refusing to report a sensational divorce and perjury case for his paper, the Carson case.

Robinson sees him off, but on reading about the Carson case, Tom sees a picture of the girl whom he found in his house, Barbara Deane. He gets off the train, rushes back home and finds the girl.

She tells him that her sister has won a divorce because Barbara perjured herself. Now Ira Carson, the husband, is trying to bring a perjury case against Barbara, and Robinson, the sister's lawyer, has hidden her in Bentham's house. Bentham falls in love with Barbara but claims to be in love with Edna, fictitious.

Bentham pledges himself to recover the letter Ira has proving Barbara's guilt. He offers to report the case for his paper, calls on Carson, secures Barbara's picture and a copy of the letter.

A BROWNSTONE front with all the green shades down and no sign of life about it, except a curtain fluttering in the basement windows and a galvanized garbage barrel, neatly covered, standing in the area—who would have imagined it to be the perfect setting for romance better than a palace on the Bosphorus, an apartment on the Grand Canal, a villa at Capri or a castle in the Pyrenees.

It was—from Bentham's point of view at least—perfection. That agonizing uncertainty about the next meeting which curses the early stages of most love affairs was now entirely absent. As he walked down the street and mounted the steps, feeling for his latchkey, he had no need to ask himself whether she would be at home. He knew she would be—more securely than many a wife. There was not even any danger of interruption—there was no one who could come to the house, for Robinson, the day after seeing Bentham off, had gone down to the eastern end of Long Island for the week-end, in the course of which he intended to arrange with his elderly relative that she should take with her on her motor trip to Canada a lovely fugitive from justice.

Tom's only problems were, first, to be sufficiently true to Edna, and he wished now that he had made her something different from a dancer, something that necessitated long absences from town—the equivalent of a commercial traveler or a naval officer. And, second, not to take advantage of the situation to bore Miss Deane with his constant presence.

BUT here too he was fortunate, for, since he was her only contact with the outside world, it was inevitable that she should be glad to see him—as, in a lonely countryside, she would be glad to see the postman.

The second morning after that night of conversation both of them slept late, but Barbara was downstairs first.

"Well," said Barbara, "what do you think of Robinson's getting himself smashed up at such a minute as this?"

She tiptoed past the third floor, most considerably, and went down to the library to eat a leisurely breakfast. But when Delia came to take away her tray she inquired rather sharply if Mr. Bentham had had his breakfast and gone. Delia replied that as far as she knew there had not been a sound out of him.

After this Miss Deane glanced over the morning paper, and read the theatrical announcements with close attention. She deplored the custom of advertising female dancers under fanciful names—how could you tell who they were? After this she grew more impatient and less thoughtful, and finally, reflecting that it was absurd for a man who earned his living to sleep till eleven o'clock, she went upstairs, and this time, as she passed through the third floor

Of all the difficulties Tom never thought of the one that Barbara actually put in the way of his rescuing her

"No rhapsodies, if you please."

Mrs. Huggins came in with his breakfast, and he rose and took the tray from her, inquiring solicitously about her health as he did so.

Mrs. Huggins was well, but changes in the weather always affected a portion of her anatomy which she described as her "hinch-bone." It took a long time for explanations and sympathy, and then once more Tom returned to his theme.

"It's a curious thing about being in love," he resumed. "The fact is that other women do not become less interesting to you, as is usually stated. One can often judge them fairly and even flatteringly. The truth is that they cease to have any reality for you."

"I think that's very rude," said Miss Deane, "to say that I have no reality to you."

"It isn't rude," replied Tom, calmly pouring out his coffee. "I have no doubt the men who love you feel the same way. For instance, that inheri-

tor of great wealth, whose name I won't mention. I have no doubt as he sits on the deck of his yacht—"

"What are you talking about?" said Barbara sternly.

"Or that other nice young fellow who does something in the financial department of one of our greatest motor companies—"

"How do you know all these things?" "To them I have no doubt you are the only woman who has any reality, where-as to me—"

"I shan't gratify you by teasing to find out your source of information."

"To me only Edna is real."

"Have you got a photograph of her?"

"Of course I have."

"Let me see it."

AN IDEA came to him—he liked to be truthful when he could. He put his hand to his pocketbook and drew from it a small photograph.

"Isn't she pretty?" he said, giving it to her without looking at it himself.

She gave a tremendous and to Tom a most satisfactory sort of gasp. "How in the world," she exclaimed, "did you get hold of this?"

He rose and came and looked over her shoulder. "Oh, I see my mistake," he said. "Well, I got that, Miss Deane, from a gentleman who does not, I regret to say, think very highly of you."

"That unhappily does not identify him."

"I got it from your brother-in-law."

corridor, her heels rang sharply on the bare wood. The result was satisfactory. In a minute she heard the sound of a bath being drawn.

Bentham—to

view now the other

side of the picture—started wide-awake at the first tap of her feet. How could he sleep when such joy was awaiting him? He sprang out of bed . . . hurry, hurry: precious seconds were passing. His hands shook so that he could hardly tie his tie. . . . Goodness, she was probably downstairs in the library at this very moment. Now there was only his shoes . . . and a clean pocket handkerchief. . . . Now he was opening his door . . . now he was entering the library—and oh, supreme joy, there she was, sitting in the corner of the sofa, reading. She looked up at him a little vaguely, as if he were the last person she expected to see and yet as if on second thoughts she remembered him perfectly.

"Just awake?" she said.

There seemed to him something divinely friendly and intimate about this simple speech, nor was he in a position to detect anything disingenuous about it.

"I was a little short of sleep," he answered.

"How was Edna?"

"Edna," he returned, "Edna . . ." He stopped.

Illustrated by
JULES
GOTLIEB

Her face grew tense. "From Ira? Oh, has Ira got hold of you?"

"I should have put it the other way. The paper sent me to interview him yesterday afternoon."

Her brow lowered. "I see. That's where you found out all those things about me."

"The things I found out about you! . . . Oh, dear, it's very disillusionizing. . . . I had thought you such a nice girl. A little fanciful perhaps . . . a little prone to invention. . . ."



"I want to marry him, and I will. What else is left for me? He has ruined my name. Besides I love him"

He laughed from mere light-heartedness. "She's as gentle, as gentle—"

"When men say a woman is gentle they mean that she grovels to them. Why do men insist on being groveled to?"

"It's an art, groveling is, and one I'm sorry to say that you, Miss Deane, do not possess."

"Pooh, how do you know?"

I could grovel beautifully, but I don't care to. Tell me something. Would Edna be jealous?"

"I don't think I understand. Of what?"

"Don't be rude. Of me."

He shook his head, as if he wondered at such petty methods.

"Well, if she isn't jealous of you, she doesn't love you. I wonder if that isn't something I could do for you in return for all your kindness to me—to make Edna jealous. I promise you I will as soon as I get out of this mess."

"I shan't trouble you," he returned coldly.

"No trouble, simply a pleasure. . . . But go on and tell me about Ira."

As a listener she was an artist, following every word with a deep, stimulating attention, and then, for fear he might miss her approval, she put it into words. "You do tell things so nicely," she murmured. "It's as interesting as fairy stories are when you're small. . . ."

"I hope it will come out as well." He gave her the copy of her own letter.

She ran through it, and looked up at him, making a funny whistling face. "Phew," she said, "it couldn't be much worse. They certainly could send me up—if there is any justice in the courts."

He nodded, and then, after letting the horror of her situation sink in, he outlined his own carefully thought out plan. She must prepare a duplicate of the letter—a duplicate with all the incriminating sentences left out. He had worked out how this could be done with the fewest possible number of changes.

HE HAD always enjoyed doing puzzles, and this was a difficult one. Then, when, on Monday, he went back to go over the interview with Carson, he would insist on seeing the original letter and would simply make the substitution.

She stared off into space, as was her habit in moments of deep thought. He imagined that she was going over the plan

in detail, but when she spoke he found he had been wrong.

"Have you thought," she said, "that what you are suggesting is wrong—is, indeed, probably criminal?"

"Well, you know what evil communications are always supposed to do."

She gave a quick shake of her head. "Oh, no," she said; "I can't let you do this."

Of all the difficulties, he had never thought of this one.

"IT'S the perfect solution," he said calmly. "Get that letter, and you can step fearlessly out into the world."

"No," she returned. "You see, I know more about crime than you do. I used to think just the way you do—that it was nobody's business but my own. Now I see that I involved lots of people—Mr. Robinson and Delia and even you . . . all obliged to take risks because I did something against the law—evil that good might come. Well, good did come, but evil has come too. I can't let you do it."

"You'd be doing me a favor," he returned. "You must know that every man's idea of a good time is committing a crime for a high purpose. That's romance; it satisfies all instincts of the heart: the good and the bad alike. Don't deprive me of that pleasure."

But her little jaw was set. "I've quite made up my mind," she said.

"The only question is do you still use the same notepaper?"

"Mr. Bentham, you are going to drop this idea, as I ask you to do."

"Did you ask me anything?"

"You heard me perfectly."

"No, I heard some rather unattractively phrased orders. . . ."

"Oh, you criticize my way of speaking?"

"Frankly, yes." He became emphatic. "You are very ungrateful. You ought to see I am renouncing a means of safety entirely out of consideration for you. You are young; you have certain obligations. . . ."

"Do you refer to Edna or yourself?"

Her brows contracted. "I am no obligation in your life."

"You are my guest."

He cut the argument short by announcing the necessity of his departure. Newspapers were fairly liberal in the matter of hours, but still—

She asked, in that same intoxicating

tone of proprietorship, "Are you coming home to dinner?"

He could hardly induce his head to shake, but he did.

"Mercy! Do you dine with her every night?"

"Every night, except—" His resolution broke down. "What day is this? Saturday? Oh, well, then, no, I am never permitted to dine with her on Saturdays. You see, it's so hard on her—two performances. . . . And then Sunday," he went on, becoming more reckless and greedy—"on Sunday she always goes to the country to see her mother." (Continued on page 30)

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security



PROTECTION

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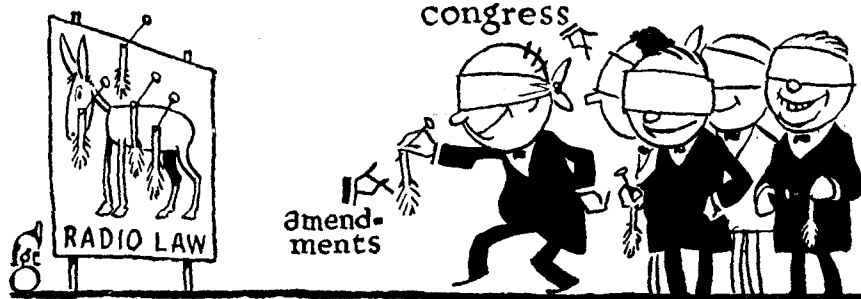
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PICKED OUT OF THE AIR



Common Sense Needed

By JACK BINNS

According to predictions there's going to be an epidemic of amendments to the radio law during the present Congress. Most of these discussed will merely add confusion to chaos if enacted. There is, however, one which could be adopted with profit. It should repeal that section of the present law which makes it compulsory to give states wave-length assignments irrespective of population. In place of the repealed section there should be another empowering the Radio Commission to regulate stations as a national entity, and to assign wave-length according to geographical distribution of the population and their service requirements.

The New Air Brake

ONE of the most forward steps in broadcasting has apparently been achieved at the new experimental station for radio transmission established at Whippany, N. J., by the Bell Laboratories. A complete transmitter rated at fifty kilowatts has been developed capable of one hundred per cent modulation without loss of quality.

Up to the present most of the broadcast transmitters have been very much like some of the six, seven, eight and ten tube receivers that almost do as much work as a good five-tube receiver can. In other words the broadcasters have been pumping power into the air over far greater distances than their programs can ever be heard. The direct result of this is a large amount of heterodyne squeals and groans, as well as static noises brought into radio receivers by the wandering carrier waves. This situation, of course, was due to the state of our general knowledge at the time of installation and represents an unavoidable condition.

If the experimental work now proceeding at 3XN, Whippany, should materialize, it will be possible in the near future to lay down a fairly definite service region for every broadcaster with the knowledge that its carrier wave will not cause too great an area of disturbance. It will mean that a maximum number of broadcasters can operate throughout the continent.

Another great improvement has been achieved in the suppression of har-

monics by means of the careful shielding of various circuits. This has been so marked that the radiation of the second harmonic has been reduced to one tenth of a watt—or, one five hundred thousandth of the power radiated by the fundamental wave of this fifty-kilowatt station. This too means less interference in the future.

The Fluttering Tube

"I HAVE one of those battery eliminators that have a voltage regulator in them," writes William Jones of Cleveland. "It is a tube that gives a violet glow when it is working, if you know what I mean. Now my speaker gives out nothing but a terrible flutter. Only snatches of the program can be heard. I think it is the glow tube causing the trouble. It seems to vary in brightness at the same time as the flutter."

Your conclusion is correct, Bill. There is only one remedy and that is a new regulator tube. As a temporary means of alleviation until you get a new tube, you can get results by turning the eliminator on a few seconds before you turn your radio set on. This will give the tube the extra voltage it needs.

Stunting the Program

A NEW YORK station recently attempted to entertain whatever listeners it had by playing stunts with phonograph records.

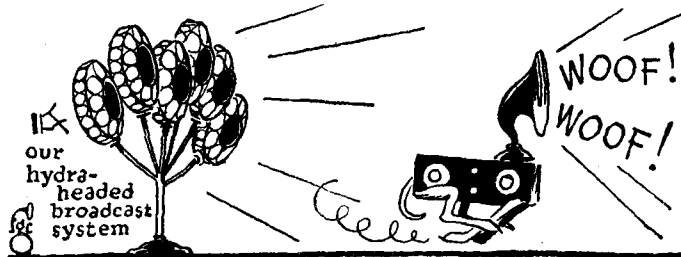
A magnificent example of catering to the "public necessity and convenience."

Chance for Inventors

AT a trade convention in Chicago last month there was a great hullabaloo about the broadcasting congestion. The broadcasters urged more selective sets and the manufacturers urged fewer stations.

But radio receivers attaining "razor-like" selectivity will distort programs because they will shave off the audible frequencies that ride through the ether on the back of the carrier wave.

If anyone can devise a means of sharpening up the selectivity of a radio set at the short wave end without adding complications and without increasing the selectivity at the long wave end, he will have added something substantial to radio development.



Welcome Home

Continued from page 28

"They all have mothers, don't they?" said Miss Deane contemptuously.

"It is a human weakness," said Tom. She laughed. "Do you know," she said, "that you seem to me different from most men."

"This is indeed gross flattery."

"Flattery?"

"Isn't it from you—to say a man is different from his hated species?"

"Most men that I have known," she went on, "either try to bully me or else make a point of yielding to me. Now you don't attempt to coerce me, and yet you give me the impression that nothing I say makes really the least difference to you."

He concealed his triumph with difficulty and said in a paternal sort of way: "And that, I suppose, has the interest of novelty to you."

"Then you will be at home to dinner," she answered, though the sequence might not have been clear to a mere logician.

He stared at the ceiling. "Let me see—yes, I believe I can. . . ."

"Do me no favors," she retorted, answering his tone more than his words.

"Perhaps, after all, I'd better not," he said, but she swept that aside.

"Nonsense," she said. "Of course you're coming back. Do you think it's any fun to dine alone every night for weeks and weeks?"

HE WAS very late at the paper—so late that Smith had actually read the first part of the interview and expressed himself as particularly pleased with the phrase "a sporting parson" but objected a little to the general tone, as being colored by a certain venom. . . . "as if," Smith said, "you didn't like the man."

"I don't," replied Tom; "he seemed to me to be a crook."

"Only about women," said Smith, as if no one but a pedant would think that made any difference.

Tom spent the rest of the day working at his interview. . . . but how can a man work when every instant brings him nearer and nearer to a prospect of dazzling delight?

When, a little before eight, he entered his own house again he was carrying a bunch of hothouse grapes and a glass jar of fresh caviar.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I began to think you had forgotten."

He laughed.

"May I ask why you think that funny?"

"I hope you like caviar," he replied politely.

"You mean you did nearly forget?"

"Well, if I had, I should not be likely to admit it, would I?"

She urged him to be quick in dressing. But how can a man be quick when his hands shake and he drops his studs and his links, which have always slipped easily into the buttonholes before, suddenly swell to twice their normal size and spring out on the floor? His hands never used to shake. He thought of a girl he had once known who assured him she had never shed a tear until she met him (only this turned out to be a lie, he found out afterward). He thought that if Miss Deane accused him of taking a long time to dress he might reply, "My hands never shook until I met you. . . ." And then the fun would begin. . . . But when he came downstairs, and she actually did say, "My, but you take a long time to dress!" he answered, "I wonder if I could train Delia Huggins to put my studs in for me."

Dinner from Tom's point of view was perfect. After all, he thought, you had to hand it to these hard women—hard, as he himself had said; venomous, according to Carson; violent and bad-tempered by her own confession, and criminal if you listened to the district attorney—when they wanted to be nice to you they had something to offer. The contrast was intoxicating. Indeed, to an unkind observer, although nothing

alcoholic had touched their lips, they might have appeared to be suffering from that early stage of intoxication when not only what you say yourself but also what the other person says seems almost intolerably witty. A friendly critic might have thought them merely silly, for they laughed, not to say giggled, almost without cessation.

To Tom the perfection of the evening lay not in her wit or even in her friendliness but in the fact that the next day was Sunday, that time opened before him, that when they parted about eleven o'clock he knew that the next meeting would be not merely a hasty breakfast but a long, lovely day together.

Sunday in town in midsummer. Tom woke to the chimes of church bells. Everyone out in the country, swimming and playing golf, as he would normally be doing. . . . He had made an elaborate plan: to do absolutely nothing; just to be together all day long; to eat breakfast and lunch and dinner together exactly as if they were married, except that he would know that this would be their one day—his one day—out of all his life. But it must be a perfect day. He tried to recall a quotation from Browning about: "I shall have had my day." But, of course, the quotation he ought to have recalled was from an even wiser poet and had reference to the "uncertain glory of an April day." They had not been together half an hour, had hardly finished breakfast, when they quarreled.

He went out to buy the morning papers, and when he came back she had a question ready for him. "Have you ever thought what you would do," she said, "if Edna should happen to drop in?"

"Oh, she never would," said Tom casually, though he noticed that her tone was sharp.

"Why not? She knows where you live, I suppose."

He was put to it for an answer, and desiring above everything to give her the same sense of security that he himself enjoyed, he said, "Edna wouldn't dream of coming to a bachelor's house alone: she is awfully careful about that sort of thing."

"You mean I am not?"

"I don't at all."

"Of course you do—you say in a tone simply swooning with admiration that Edna would not venture into a bachelor's house for even a few minutes' visit, whereas I am staying here indefinitely. . . . If that is not typical of masculine chivalry! You urge a lady in distress to accept your hospitality and then when she does you point out to her that she isn't a lady for doing it."

"That's absurd."

"It's not absurd at all—it's just what you said." She laughed in a most irritating, triumphant sort of way.

"I did not say—"

"You did—you did, and I should respect you more if you stuck to it instead of backing down at once."

"LOOK here," he said, "what are you trying to do—pick a quarrel?"

"I?" She laid her hand on her breast, laughing at him. "I haven't said anything insulting. It was you who began this attack on me."

"Attack? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Well, this parallel between my conduct and Edna's. . . . I see that what you really want to say is that it wouldn't be safe for Edna—that Edna is the kind of woman who drives men so out of their minds with love. . . ." She went on and on, baiting him, twisting everything he said into something insulting or comic, laughing at him, accusing him most unjustly, it seemed to him, of thinking himself so attractive that no woman dared to be left alone with him—all taken in a tone of Olympian amusement, as if she could hardly expect him to see how ridiculous he was. . . .

It was not only painful: it was horri-