

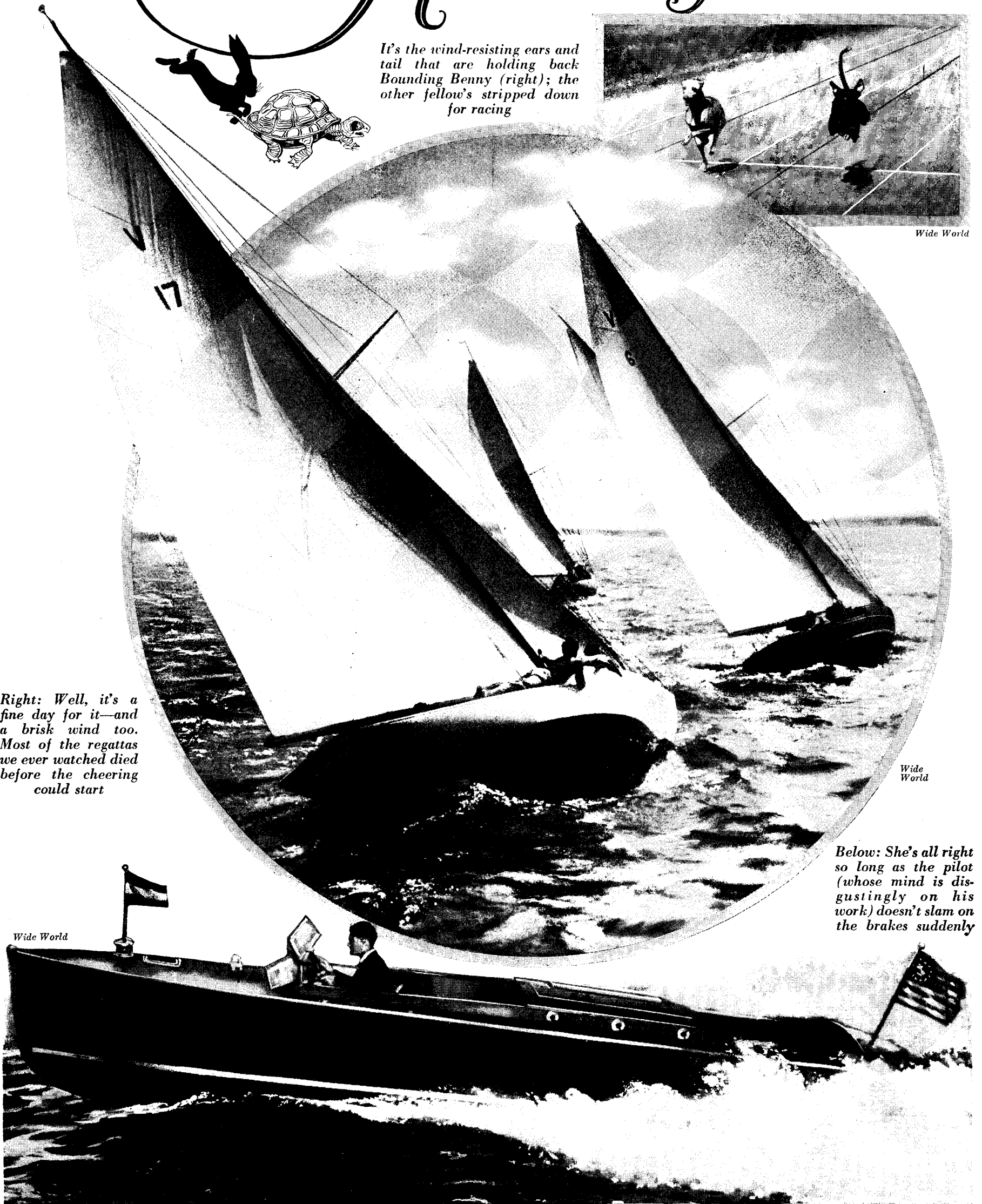
# Here they Come—

*It's the wind-resisting ears and tail that are holding back Bounding Benny (right); the other fellow's stripped down for racing*



Wide World

*Right: Well, it's a fine day for it—and a brisk wind too. Most of the regattas we ever watched died before the cheering could start*



Wide World

*Below: She's all right so long as the pilot (whose mind is disgustingly on his work) doesn't slam on the brakes suddenly*

Wide World



# there they Go!

19

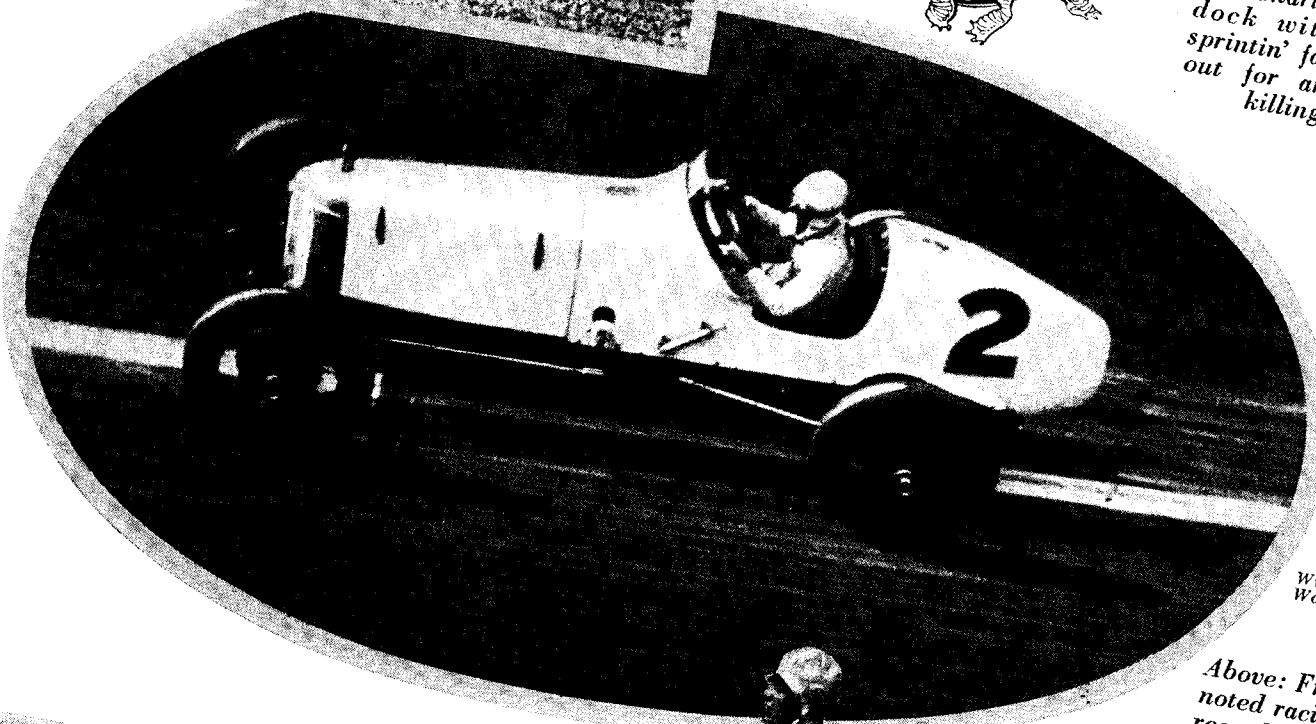
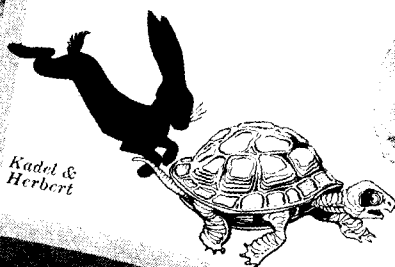
Which of these pictures will please you most depends upon which kind of hurrying thrills you



Kadel & Herbert

Above: Just another one off for Paris or somewhere—you know how crowded the sky is these days!

Left: Here's hoping the jockey on yours is not, as Ring Lardner put it, just going along for the ride



Wide World

Above: Frank Lockhart, noted racing driver and record buster, in a hurry to get somewhere. So's he can come back again in just a bit less time



U. & U.



Wide World

Above: The greatest of them all—Charley Paddock with his sprintin' face on, out for another killing

International



# Free, White and Female

**The Story Thus Far:** MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when the daughter of the family announces that she is going off to the big city to live her own life.

The Blades, enemies of long standing, live near the Bundys. The Bundys go into real estate in order to add to the family fortune and the Blades determine to ruin their game.

In the meantime Martha is seeing life in New York. She sees a great deal of Mortimer Blade and Richard Lane, who mysteriously resembles Mortimer.

She gets mixed up in the murder of a movie magnate when she goes with Mortimer to the man's apartment. Her father covers the episode wonderingly.

Then Martha starts living a life of fear. Richard Lane, who loves her, realizes that Mortimer is bent on doing harm to Martha. Mortimer and Richard are brothers. Their mother and father are separated and Richard was living with his mother in France.

Martha discovers a plot against Richard on the part of Mortimer and his father. She warns Richard.

THE passage of weeks saw the Colburn mystery relegated to the backwaters of New York's consciousness; it was discussed sometimes to an accompaniment of raised eyebrows and innuendo; once in a while, on a dull day for news, it was brought again into the open for an hour: even yet the police were on the eve of making an arrest, but the arrest never came. Gradually Martha Bundy's panic gave place to a feeling which can only be described as one of dubious security. Then, for a day, Jerry Breen's problems submerged her own.

Jerry came in one morning—the hour was between two and three—to throw herself into a chair and sit motionless, stony-faced, staring at the floor. Martha, awakened by the light, raised herself on her elbow and peered at her roommate.

"Sick?" she asked.

"No," said Jerry, "just busted."

"Has anything happened?"

Jerry shrugged her shoulders. "I'm going to be married," she said.

"Married! What are you talking about?"

"I'm going," repeated Jerry, "to be married."

"But Banks Prouty—is he getting a divorce?"

"It's not Banks," said Jerry.

"But I thought—"

"You thought," said Jerry, "I was crazy about Banks. I've been in love with him for years, if that's what you mean."

"And he with you," said Martha.

"I read in a book," Jerry said with something like a return to her old manner, "that love and marriage have nothing to do with each other. At first I didn't believe it."

"But who, then? And, for goodness' sake, why?"

"You wouldn't know him," Jerry pondered the subject briefly. "He's close to fifty. I like him. I don't know but I admire him. . . . He's a regular person and a straight-shooter. He's wanted me to marry him for months."

"Well," said Martha, "you don't have to."

"It looks," said Jerry, "as if I did." She paused again. "He'll do things for me. Yes, you get the idea vaguely—he's got it. Lots of it. He'll do anything I want him to do—and not just for me alone."

"For whom, then?"

"My family," said Jerry.

"Surely," Martha said fiercely, "you wouldn't ruin your life just for your family!"

JERRY regarded her gravely. "I've got to come to some decision about my life," she said. "I can't go on this way. There has to come an end some time. . . . And Banks Prouty isn't an end—no matter how much I love him. I've got to decide what's best for myself and—them."

"For yourself," said Martha.

"And them," said Jerry, "they're so—so blasted helpless!"

"It's not your responsibility. No family, nobody, has a right to ask you to spoil your life for them."

"He promises," said Jerry, "to send

my brother to a good school and to make Mother an allowance. . . . I've never been able to do much for them—just send them a little money once in a while."

"Why should you?"

"I don't know," Jerry said wearily.

"But now I can do something for them—and so there's nothing else to do. It's one of those things."

"But—you don't love him, and he's an old man. You'd better think it over. What if you marry this man and then someone comes along who is the right age, and everything, and you want him? That'll be terrible. . . . And what about Banks?"

THE best there is in it for me is seeing him a couple of times a week—and who can tell for how long? Oh, I suppose I might break up his family if I set my mind to it, but that isn't my line. . . . And what would I do with some boy? After a girl plays around with men the way I always have, she can't endure cake eaters. I'd look pretty tied up to some juvenile, wouldn't I. No, I've promised, and I'll stick to it."

"What about Banks?"

"That's over. I tell you I gave my word. My love doesn't belong to me any more. Before I promised I had the right to do with it as I wanted, but not now. It wouldn't be on the level. . . . And—this man I'm going to marry—he has always been on the level with me."

"And you're doing this—throwing away your chance of happiness and ruining your life—just for your family!"

"Oh, not altogether. I'll be safe myself. I get that out of it. And he's a good sort. . . . But—but I'll be so—so lonesome."

"Lonesome?"

"He's taking me away. . . . For days I haven't been able to see a train without caving in."

"You have no right to do it! You've no right to sacrifice yourself."

"There's a chance a good school will make a man of my brother. . . . And Mother—will be on Easy Street. I won't have to worry about them any more. . . . It'll be all right. I'll get used to being away off there—and it won't be so bad. Not so bad as if he wasn't the sort of a man you can respect."

"Well," Martha said, "all I've got to say is that you're an idiot."

"No; I'm doing what's best. I know. I've thought enough about it. . . . And a family's a family. You can't get away from that."

"I can," said Martha.

"Your family," said Jerry, "don't need you."

"And I," said Martha, "don't need them."

"So," said Jerry, "you don't know a darn thing about it. Go to sleep."

The subject was not mentioned by



"If I do not pay you money you will tell some story to the police?"