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"Glory, I beg pardon fer callin' you darlin' in front of the outfit," he said, humbly. "I was shore out of my haid. But they all know about me."

"Curly, I—I ought to shudder at sight of you," she said, very low. "But I—I don't."

"There! That'll be about all for you," interrupted Jim, and he shoved the shy and stricken cowboy out of the room, to follow on his heels.

"What'd she mean, Jim?" Curly asked, huskily.

"I don't know, but I imagine it's a lot—from Gloriana Traft."

Curly stalked downstairs and out into the open, like a man who did not see where he stepped. He remained absent until sunset. At supper, which was a silent meal, in deference to the sleeping girls upstairs, he ate but little, and that with a preoccupied air. Later he sought out Jim.

"Boss, I been thinkin' a heap about Molly's yarn," he said, ponderingly. "An' it's shore a queer one. The idea of Jed Stone bein' lost! . . . Heah's what I make of it—if you swear on your knees you'll never squeal on me."

"I promise, pard," returned Jim, feelingly.

"Wal, you remember how crazy Glory was to heah about desperadoes. Now she took Jed fer one, an' I'll bet he was cute enough not to disappoint her. Jed must have hatched up some deal with Molly, to fool Glory, to scare her, to find out if she had any real stuff in her. Thet an' thet only can account fer Jed's queer doin's an' Molly's queer story."

"But, Curly, do you think that was motive enough?" asked Jim, incredulously.

"No, I reckon it wasn't," admitted the cowboy. "They had to have a deeper one. Now, Jed knew Molly when she was a baby, always was fond of her. Molly is shore Arizona, Jim. So is Jed. But you can't savvy thet because you're an Easterner. An' to boil it down I reckon Jed scared Glory an' starved her an' drove her near to death jest fer Molly's sake. An' in the end Glory took the brim off their cup by meanin' to give herself up to save Molly's honor. Glory was plumb fooled, an' clean honest an' as big as life. It was great, Jim. An' if I hadn't been in love with her before, I shore would be now."

"If that's true Molly is an awful little liar," said Jim, dubiously.

"Wal, yes an' no. It depends on how you see it. Molly worships Glory, an' she couldn't have meant anythin' but good. An' good it shore was an' is. Thet gurl is changed."

"Ahuh. I begin to savvy, maybe. I believe I did notice some little difference, which I put down to her joy at being safe again with us."

NEXT day Molly showed up downstairs in changed garb, merry and shy by turns; and she surely was beleaguered by the cowboys. Eventually Jim contrived to get her away from Bud, and to walk out to look over Yellowjacket. She was enraptured.

"Molly, the end of the Hash Knife makes a vast difference," Jim was saying, as he halted with her on the log bridge across the amber stream. "We can actually live down here, eventually. But not till next year, and then you must have frequent visits to Flag. . . . You haven't forgotten your promise to marry me this fall, have you?"

"Oh, did I promise, Jim?" she asked, in shy pretense of surprise.

"You sure did."

"Wal, then, say late November."

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 64

"But that's winter!"

"November? Oh, no, thet's the last of fall."

"Gosh, how long to wait! . . . But I love you so and you're such a wonderful girl—I guess I can wait."

"Maybe—the middle of November," she whispered, whereupon Jim, with a glad shout, snatched her into his arms, to the imminent peril of their falling off the log that bridged the brook.

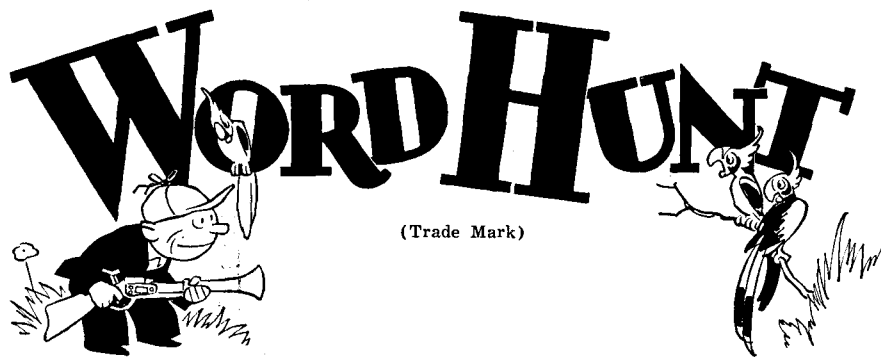
NEXT morning late a lovely and languid Gloriana trailed shakily down the winding stairs into the living-room. Dark shadows enhanced the depth and hue of her eyes. Bud took advantage

of Gloriana's pledge of the day before and held her to it, after which he held her hand. At length Curly lunged out of the room, as if he meant to destroy himself, and then almost immediately he lunged back again. Jim understood his pangs, and when Curly gravitated to him, as always happened when he was cast down, Jim whispered:

"Pard, it doesn't mean anything!"

"Wal, I'll shore find out pronto," replied Curly, in heroic mood. "Never do t. let her get hold of herself again."

Presently the other cowboys went out on the porch to take up tasks, or to amuse Lonestar, who had a chair out—
(Continued on page 68)



(Trade Mark)

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded.

In the English language there are

ELEVEN

words (each having just four letters)
that begin with the letters

—NO—

One of them is NODE

(Where the plane of one orbit intersects that of another)

You supply the others

2.	N	O			A piece or knot of short hair or fiber.
3.	N	O			Not any; no one.
4.	N	O			A corner or recess. Secluded or sheltered place.
5.	N	O			Midday
6.	N	O			A rule or standard. Pattern; model.
7.	N	O			The olfactory organ. Also, the stem of a ship. Also, to pry or search.
8.	N	O			A character used in music. Also, a tune. Also, a short letter; a memorandum. A paper promising payment.
9.	N	O			A word used as name of person, thing or place.
10.	N	O			Reason; supreme intellect. God regarded as the World Reason.
11.	N	O			A new star, shining for a brief period, and then sinking into obscurity.

The answers to this Word Hunt
will appear in next week's Collier's

Here are the answers to the Word
Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Fruit

2. Frump

3. Frush

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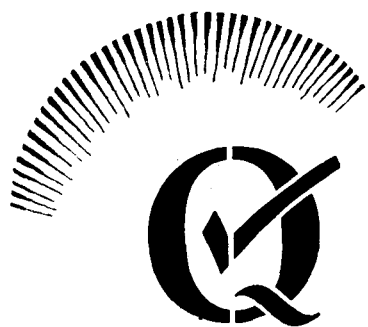
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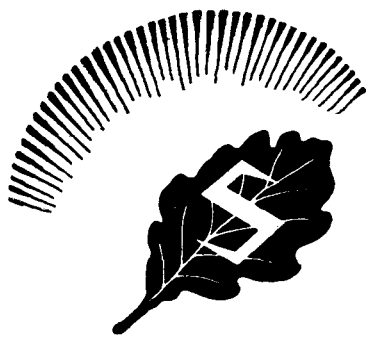
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—SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY

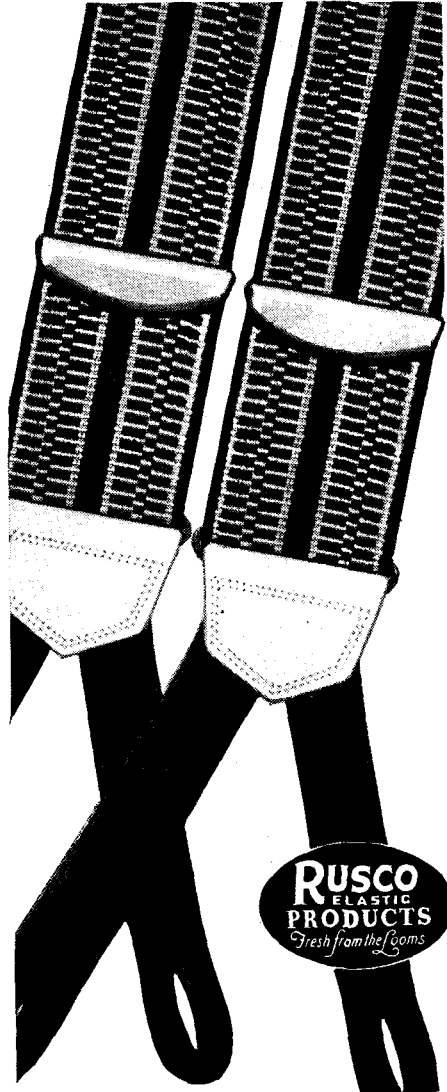
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Pickwick
GARTERS
and SUSPENDERS



The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 66

side. This left Jim and Molly at the table. Gloriana sat on the edge of Bud's bed, which consisted of blankets over spruce boughs, laid on the floor. Curly, who had before wandered around like a lost dog, now watched his friend and his sweetheart with flashing blue eyes. "Glory, you're the beautifullest gurl," Bud was saying.

"Silly, you've seen prettier ones," she replied, but she was pleased, and she stroked his hair with her free hand. "Nope. They don't walk on Gawd's green earth," returned her champion.

"Bud, I'm to be here all summer," she said, with a smile of enchantment. "Oh, it's so heavenly here. I didn't know. . . Will you be all right soon—so you can ride with me—teach me how to handle a horse? I'm so stupid—so weak. Why, that pinto bucked me off!"

"She did? Son-of-a-gun! I'll beat her good fer thet."

"No, you won't. I love her."

"Love a pinto! . . . Is thet all?"

"Bud, I love every horse—everything—everybody in Arizona."

"Aw, thet's wuss."

Jim, entranced at this byplay, suddenly felt a tug. "Look at Curly," whispered Molly.

Curly seemed to have become transformed back to the old cool easy cowboy, an unknown quantity, potent with some secret of imperturbable assurance. Yet Jim divined his was the grandeur of despair.

"Glory," drawled Curly, as he sat down on the bed opposite her, and possessed himself of Bud's other restless hand, "we've been like brothers fer six years. . . Bud an' I. . . An' I reckon this last fight I evened up an old debt. When Bud went down thet rustler would have killed him but fer me."

"Pard, what's ailin' you—thet you never told me before?" demanded Bud.

"No call fer it, Bud."

GLORIANA looked from one to the other of the two men, fascinated, and vaguely troubled.

"Dog-gone! I had a hunch you did. Shore as hell thet's why you missed the chance at Croak Malloy."

"I reckon." Then Curly looked up at the girl. "I jest wanted you both to know, in case I don't stay on heah."

"Stay on—heah?" faltered Gloriana, in her surprise actually imitating him. Then her eyes dilated with divining thoughts.

"Now what I want to know—seein' Bud an' I are the same as brothers—which of us is to call you sister?"

"Curly!" she entreated.

"Aw, pard," burst out Bud.

"This son-of-a-gun ain't bad hurt," went on Curly. "I've seen him with more and worse gunshot wounds. He's ohly workin' on your sympathy. Wal, thet's all right. But it makes me declare myself right heah an' now."

"Please, Curly—oh, don't."

"You know I love you, Glory," he continued, coolly and slowly. "Only it's more since I told you first. An' I asked you to marry me an' let me be the one to help you tackle this tough Arizona. . . Wal, thet was Christmas time, aboot. You promised to write your answer. But you never did. An' I reckon now I'm wantin' to heah it."

"But, Curly, how unreasonable! Wait, I beg of you. I—I'm upset by this adventure. I don't know myself."

"Wal, you know whether you love me or not. So answer pronto, lady."

She drooped her lustrous head a moment, then raised it, fearlessly, as one driven to the wall.

"Curly, you're not greatly different from Jed Stone," she said.

"I reckon thet's a compliment."

"I'm not sure yet how or what I feel toward you, Curly, except that I know I'm not worthy. But since you insist—I—I say yes." And with a wistful smile she held out her free hand to him. Curly clasped it in both of his and carried it to his breast, his face pale, his eyes intense.

"Whoopee!" yelled Bud, in stentorian tones. "I knowed I could fetch him. All the time I knowed it—the handsome jealous geezer!"

NEXT day Uncle Jim Traft drove down into Yellowjacket.

No suggestion of the hard old cattleman! He was merry and keen, full of energy to see and hear, and somehow mysteriously buoyant. At Jim's hurried report of the lost cattle he replied: "Pooh-pooh! Only an incident in a rancher's life!" But he gazed sorrowfully down at the graves of those cowboys who had died for the Diamond.

Curly related the story of the fight at the trapper's cabin. Molly led him aside to tell her version of their adventure with Croak Malloy and Jed Stone. And Bud exhibited the headpiece of carved aspen, which he vowed he would place on Croak Malloy's grave.

"Wal, wal, we have our ups an' downs," replied the old rancher, when all was said. "An' I say you got off easy. . . My news is good news. Blodgett's riders rounded up your stampeded stock. All the range knows Malloy is dead an' the Hash Knife no more. Spread like wildfire. Yellowjacket will prosper now, an' my! what a gorgeous place. An', Jim, you won't be lonesome, either, when you settle down with the little wife. Allen Blodgett is takin' charge of his father's range, an' he'll live there. Jack Way's wife's father will start him ranchin'. Miller is goin' to move down. An' in no time this valley will be hummin'. An' I near forgot. The doctor come back from West Fork, reportin' Slinger Dunn out of danger."

That of all news was the best for Jim who found his joy and gratitude in Molly's brimming eyes.

"Rustlin' will go on," continued Uncle Jim, "but no more at the old Hash Knife rate. It'll be two-bit stealin' an' thet we don't mind."

After supper, when the old rancher had Jim, Gloriana, Molly and Curly alone, he pulled a soiled paper from his pocket. His air was strikingly momentous.

"I'm askin' you never to tell what I read you now. Promise?"

Surprised at his earnestness, at his fine softened face, strangely pale, they solemnly pledged themselves, whereupon Uncle Jim adjusted his eyeglasses and began to read slowly:

Tobe's Well.

Dear Jim:

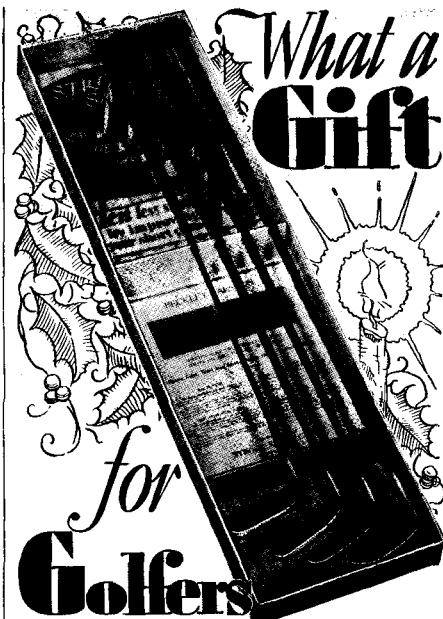
I changed my mind about the money your rider fetched down. I appropriate it an' am leavin' this letter instead. You owe me thet, to make a new start in life.

Thet niece of yours, Gloriana, offered to make a sacrifice, same as I did twenty years ago to save my pard. For the sweetheart we both loved an' which he never got after all. It sort of faced me back on the old forgotten trail. Jim, it's never too late.

Tell her, if she ever has a boy, to call him

Jed.

THE END



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The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 9

worth while from any point of view?"

"It is not only worth while, from my point of view," David confided, "but it has become a necessity."

"I fail to follow you," the lawyer confessed.

"If I don't go for them, they're coming for me. It seems that they don't allow seceders, and they have already sent ordering me back to my place. As soon as they have found out that I am a rich man, and am not coming, there will be trouble."

"WHY not take Scotland Yard into your confidence concerning them?" Mr. Atkinson urged. "I have always understood that the band of criminals with whom you were temporarily associated was one of the most dangerous in London. The police would move for you against them with the utmost pleasure. You ought to be able to give them valuable information, and place yourself in safety at the same time."

David shook his head.

"I'm afraid that you are very much a layman in such matters, Mr. Atkinson," he regretted. "There's just one thing the venomous person who was my late chief is proud of, and that is that no man has ever squealed and lived for twenty-four hours."

"Squealed?" the lawyer murmured questioningly.

"Given the show away—turned king's evidence," David expounded. "I'm not afraid of threats, but I took the oath like the others, and I really don't think that I could bring myself to break it. I swore that, whilst I lived, I would never give away to the police or anyone else the various lurking places of the gang, the names of any of them, or the headquarters of their leader."

Mr. Atkinson mopped his forehead. He was genuinely distressed.

"The treachery to me," David continued, "was not on the part of the gang but on the part of two members of it only. Those I am proposing to deal with privately. So far as regards the rest, they have carried out what they imagined to be their part of the bargain. They sent a taxicab to meet me at the prison this morning. They had a feast prepared for me, and my share of the result of the burglary has been carefully put on one side, and is waiting for me. They've carried the affair through soundly, from their outlook."

MR. ATKINSON was very nearly angry. He spoke with resolution and vigor.

"The sooner you abandon these quixotic ideas the better, Mr. Newberry," he said. "You can't treat thieves like honest men. The chief commissioner at Scotland Yard is a friend of mine. I propose that we visit him at once."

"Nothing doing," was the terse reply. "You have some vague idea, Mr. Atkinson, of what my life has been, but let me tell you this: I have never lived without adventure, even though it has cost me dear, and I have never broken my word to man, woman, child or thief, although that has cost me dear sometimes, too. I am taking this little job on outside the police; that is why I wanted to see you at once."

The lawyer was nonplused. Perhaps he recognized impregnability; at any rate, he acknowledged temporary defeat.

"The time will probably come before long," his distinguished client concluded, "when I may be prepared to assume my title, to occupy my houses, and to visit my estate. Until then I require you to keep my whereabouts an absolute secret

both from my relatives, and all inquirers, whoever they may be. I will sign a power of attorney, if necessary, and you will continue to manage my affairs as before."

Mr. Atkinson was touched and eager. The hard, legal tone of some of the letters in which he had conveyed messages from the late Earl of Newberry to his prodigal son had caused him many a groan in the light of subsequent events.

"Do I understand you, My Lord—I beg your pardon, Mr. Newberry—correctly?" he said. "It is your wish that we continue to administer your affairs, and act as your agents for the present?"

"That is my wish," David assented. "In the meantime, I am in need of money. There will be no difficulty about that, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest. We are really almost ashamed to disclose the fact that the balances at your various banks amount to nearly a hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds. This, too, after we have invested quite freely of late."

"At which bank have I the largest balance?"

"You have sixty-nine thousand pounds at Barclays'. I have here all the cheque books. Barclays' is the top one. It will be necessary—I regret very much to trouble you—but it will be necessary for you to accompany me there to demonstrate your signature."

"I will do that at once," David decided, rising to his feet. "My campaign will probably cost money."

The two men left the room together—the lawyer with an unexpectedly light heart. His client's mad scheme was depressing, but he had looked for worse things.

IN SOME odd and varying manner every person in the hideous corner room on the first floor of the Lion and the Lamb public house seemed to possess something in common with its appalling ugliness.

Tottie Green, renowned in criminal circles from Limehouse to Seven Dials, a mountainous heap of flesh, sat in his specially constructed easy-chair, coatless, his unbuttoned waistcoat freely sprinkled with tobacco ash, beads of perspiration from the heat of the room he loved standing out upon his coarse, low forehead. Cannon Ball Lem, in a suit of checks of music-hall size, the front of his hair plastered in two little curls over his forehead, and wearing bright yellow boots, represented the old-fashioned race of prize fighters as completely as the room itself had passed out of date with the ornate public houses of the last decade. The girl stretched upon the crimson-plush-upholstered sofa at first sight seemed to possess only the attractions of the barmaid type. She was richly but unbecomingly dressed, with flowing limbs, masses of golden hair, hazel eyes, a large pouting mouth, and over-beringed hands.

The room itself was Tottie Green's headquarters and abode. It represented to him everything he had desired in life. The furniture was all of one pattern, and had been proudly chosen in the Tottenham Court Road by the proprietor of the Lion and Lamb Hotel when he had furnished his corner public house in the purlieu of Bermondsey. There were two scratched mirrors with gilded frames upon the walls, whose only other adornments were advertisements of whisky and other alcoholic beverages.

"I guess our young gent ain't com-

(Continued on page 70)



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(Continued from page 69)

ing," Cannon Ball Lem observed, without removing the cigar from the corner of his mouth. "Think I'll drop down and have a game of billiards with Harry."

"You stay where you are," his patron and chief growled. "He'll come fast enough. They generally do when Tottie Green sends for them."

The girl raised herself a little on the sofa and removed the cigarette from her lips. There was something lioness-like in the grace of her attitude as she leaned with her elbow on the back of the couch, her cheek in the palm of her hand.

"What's all this talk about?" she demanded. "Why don't he come for his money?"

"He don't seem to need it," her guardian confided. "He ain't touched a bob from us, and there he is driving about in a fine motor car and staying at a West End hotel."

She laughed. "If he's got any money to spare I shall have to look after him," she remarked. "What's doing these days? I want some more jewelry."

"WE'VE three of the lads out Hampstead way tonight," Tottie Green told her. "Might be a fat little job, but small. There's another affair I've marked down for some time, but our lads are getting too well known. That's one reason why I want to keep Dave."

"If you wanted to keep him, what did you start with selling him for?" she asked lazily.

"The lads did that," her guardian replied, puffing asthmatically. "Reuben was in the show, and if they'd nabbed him it might have meant the swinging room."

"My God, the boys were right!" Cannon Ball Lem, who had been looking out of the window, declared. "Here he is, in a motor car, with a chauffeur in livery, getting out as bold as brass. Isn't he the toff, too! I ain't sure that I want him back, guv'nor," he added, turning to his chief. "I fancy him and me'd fall out."

"You'd probably get what you're asking for if you did," the girl mocked. "You've gone a bit to seed, you know, Lem."

There was a knock at the door. David Newberry entered, closing it behind him. For a moment he stood still. The girl was watching him, her hand resting lightly upon her hip, her hair aflame against the common, incandescent light. She smiled a welcome to him.

"Well, Mr. Bad Penny," she said, "come to see the old folk at home, eh?"

He acknowledged her greeting courteously but without enthusiasm, and, advancing farther into the room, laid his hat and stick upon the table, and drew off his gloves. He nodded curtly to Tottie Green, and ignored Cannon Ball Lem altogether.

They watched him, a little stupefied. He had had time to visit his tailor, and he was wearing clothes of a cut and style outside the range of their experience. He was a great deal more assured in his manner, too, than anyone should have been in the presence of the great Chief of the Underworld. Pa Green ruled his band through fear, and the composure of this young visitor in his presence was distressing. He scowled across at him.

"So you've come at last," he remarked harshly. "Taken your time about it, haven't you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, my first intention was not to come at all," David replied. "Then I decided it would be rather interesting to know what you wanted from me. Besides," he added, after a moment's pause, "I have something to say to you on my own account."

Tottie Green drew one or two deep breaths. The sound itself was unpleasant, and the display of his teeth was worse. He drank from a tumbler by his side, and lit a cigar. For some reason or other, it seemed to occur to him that amicable methods might be better with his visitor.

"Do you want a drink or smoke, young man?" he asked, pointing to the table on which was set out a liberal supply of decanters and cigar boxes.

"Not with you," was the calm reply. The autocrat of the Lambs stared across the room. His eyes for the moment were bulbous. He had the air of one who could scarcely believe what he heard.

"Young fellow," he confided, "there's more than one has gone to his grave for holding out against me. I don't allow insubordination. You join my Lambs, and when you join you're mine until I give you your quittance, or until you buy it from me."

"Give it to me then," David demanded. "I've had enough of your Lambs."

"I don't choose to give it to you," was the angry reply. "Be sensible, Dave lad. I need you for my work. You ain't so well known as some of the others, and you can do the gentleman stunts. That's what we're short of. You can work with Belle there sometimes if you don't want the rough stuff, although they tell me you're a scrapper all right."

"That's more than your lads are," David answered bitterly. "They left me alone to fight two policemen whilst they got away with the swag. If that's their idea of running a job, it isn't mine. I've finished. Do you understand that? I wouldn't go out with your pack of cowards again for anything in the world."

The old man was breathing heavily. Speech at that moment would have been unwise. Belle called across the room to this very bold visitor:

"What about me, Dave? Wouldn't you take me along, and let me show you a few stunts? There are more ways of making money than breaking into safes."

"Thank you," David answered, "I don't want to hear of any of your stunts. I've finished with the lot of you. That is one of the two things I came here to say."

"And what might be the other?" Lem asked, sidling up a little closer to where David was lounging against the table.

"GET out of my way," the latter enjoined. "I'm going to say it to the old man there, and I want to say it face to face. You've had a pretty good inning, Tottie Green. You've sat in here, filling your stomach, and swilling, and getting hold of young men to do your dirty work, a trifle too long. It's time it came to an end. You played a foul trick on me, and I'm going to get it back on you. I'm going to break you and your gang. As to those two cowards who ran away, and left me to face the music down at Frankley Grange, they're going to be sorry they were ever born before I've finished with them."

There was a brief and strange silence. "You've got it straight from me now," David went on coldly. "I came here to give you warning. I'm just being honest about the matter. Open war. That's what it's going to be. I'm a Lamb in revolt."

"Hold on a minute, Lem," his chief croaked. "Wait till I give the word."

David, who, warned by certain twitchings of the other's body, was standing tense and prepared, shrugged his shoulders.

"You can turn your bully loose on me if you want to," he said, "but I don't see the use. My chauffeur down below knows I've come here, and he won't go

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away without me. There was a policeman at the door as I came in. I should think a row up here in the Holy of Holies wouldn't do you any good."

Cannon Ball Lem was eying his master wistfully.

"Five minutes, Dad," he begged. "Let me have five minutes with him."

"Can you fight, David Newberry?" the girl drawled.

"I shouldn't have come to a place like this without being able to take care of myself," was the evasive answer.

There was regret in her eyes as she lounged across the floor, moving as though without definite intent between the two men.

"I should have loved a scrap," she confessed, "but you're right, David. The police are better away from this place. Chuck it, Lem," she enjoined in a voice of authority. "A scrap between you two wouldn't do anyone any good. As for you, David," she concluded, with a challenging look into his set, determined face, "you're a brave man in your own way, I suppose, but you're a fool all the same, to come here, and talk like this. You'll get what you're asking for all right if you don't take care. They'll have you one of these dark nights."

DAVID NEWBERRY prepared to take his leave.

"Let them, if they can," he rejoined. "I've learned a few of their tricks myself, you know."

"Your hundred and seventy-five pounds is here," Tottie Green growled.

"Keep it," was the scornful reply. "It will do to pay the hospital bill of some of your Lambs when I begin to talk to them."

In some unexplained manner, each one of them knew that the immediate danger of a fracas was over. Belle, with her hand upon her hip, crossed over to the plush-draped mantelpiece. She took a cigarette from a box, and lit it.

"Can't I have it for chocolates?" she asked. "It's not enough for diamonds or I should have liked a ring. Good-by, David Newberry."

She flung a mocking smile across the room, and, with an ironic bow, he took his leave. As they listened to his retreating footsteps, she laughed again.

"He won't be much trouble," she declared scornfully. "If you really want him, I can get him all right."

Cannon Ball Lem stood at the window and scowled down into the street. The girl, with a cigarette between her lips, joined him. They watched David's unhurried departure.

"A chauffeur—in livery!" the former exclaimed, turning aside to spit into the chief's spittoon.

"Don't do that," the girl ordered, in a tone of repugnance. "Makes me sick." Lem growled.

"Swanking about in his own motor car, and wearing toff's clothes!"

"If you ask me," the girl observed, "I think that he is a toff. He behaves as though he had been used to that sort of thing all his life."

"Where did Ned Rattigan bring in word that he was staying?" Tottie Green demanded.

"One of these swanky hotels," Lem replied. "The Milan Court, up west. What I should like to know, guv'nor," he went on earnestly, "is where did he get the money from? He hadn't got the price of a pint of beer when he joined up."

"Maybe he's on a confidence lay," Tottie Green suggested.

The girl shook her head.

"David isn't clever enough for that," she declared. "It would need some nerve, too, just out of prison. You can take my word for it, I'm right. Joined us because he was down on his luck, a toff. Why, you can tell from the way he talks, and wears his clothes. If any of

you buys a new suit, even Reuben, you look like gawks for the first few days."

"Gentleman David, eh?" Tottie Green murmured. "Maybe you're right, girl. What I should like to know is, where does the money come from? It seems to me that some of it ought to belong to us."

"You should have left him to me to deal with," the girl remarked, throwing herself upon the couch. "Some of it probably would have done then. The last person who ought to have been here is Lem. That made him mad to start with. . . . Who's this?"

They listened to the flying footsteps mounting the stairs, and wondered. They heard them without anxiety, for, in what was coming, there was nothing akin to the slow, ponderous footfall of authority.

"Someone in a hurry," the girl drawled.

The door was swiftly but silently opened and closed. The young man Reuben entered—a lean, cadaverous-looking young man, with smoothly brushed, glossy black hair, somberly but carefully dressed.

"Has he been?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"Has who been?" Tottie Green inquired.

"Dave—blast him!"

"Yes, he's been," the other acknowledged, his watery, bulbous eyes fixed curiously upon the newcomer, searching his expression as though seeking to read his thoughts.

"Dave's been. What about it, Reuben? What's wrong?"

The young man sank into a chair. He was coughing a little now, and there were drops of sweat breaking through the unhealthy pallor of his forehead.

"Tagged out like a duke," Lem grumbled. "Came in a motor car, if you please, with a chauffeur, in livery. Turned up his nose at his hundred and seventy-five pounds. Wants to give us the go-by. I reckon the boss will see to that."

A spasm of anger enabled the visitor to recover himself.

"Tagged out like a duke, eh?" he repeated. "Wouldn't have his share of the Frankley cash. Not likely! He's done better than that."

"Come into money or something?" the girl inquired lazily.

"Come into fiddlesticks," was the fierce reply. "Gawd, if I'd got here half an hour earlier! He's done us—that's what's happened—he's done us in the eye. Done you, Daddy Green! Done me! Done Lem here! Came like a duke, eh? Motor car, clothes, and all! Well, you'll never see him again."

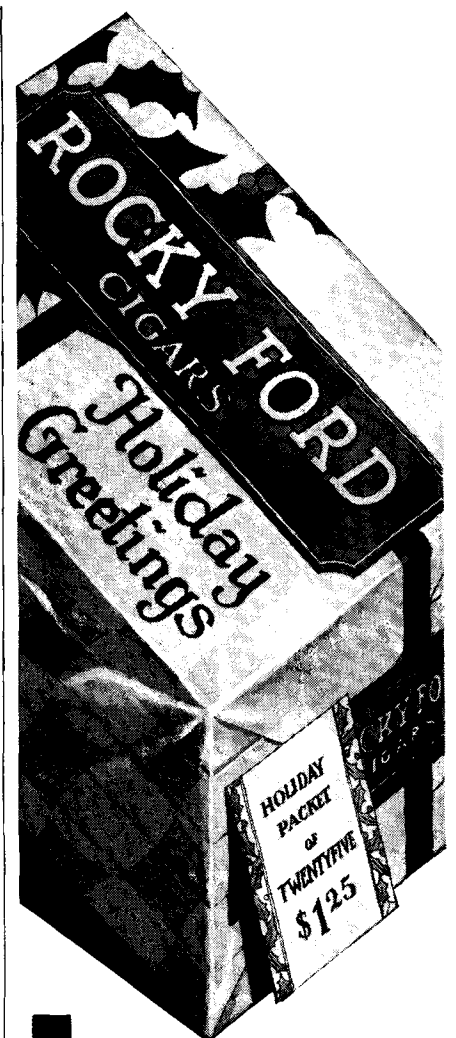
THERE was a hushed atmosphere in the tawdry, smoke-hung room. Reuben's disjointed sentences were pregnant with some vital emotion, which became instantly communicated to his auditors. Even the girl leaned forward. No one spoke. They could sense the words framing on his lips.

"I'll tell you. He's got the Frankley Blue Diamond, the Virgin's Tear."

No one spoke. Tottie Green's huge stomach began to rise and fall. The color mounted to his forehead. He looked like a man whose blood pressure needed serious attention. Cannon Ball Lem stood with his mouth open crookedly, unbelieving, his senses resisting those few, commonplace words. The girl swung herself off the couch, and sat leaning forward, her chin upon her two clenched hands, a glorious but terrible light in her eyes. It was she who spoke.

"You're mad, Reuben," she declared. He wiped his forehead. With the mingled agony and evil joy of his disclosure, he had become the coolest of the quartet.

(Continued on page 72)



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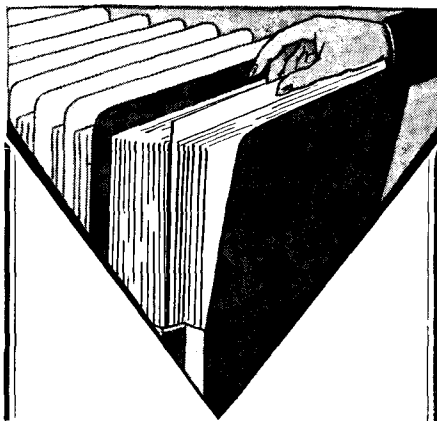
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(Continued from page 71)

"Am I mad?" he rejoined. "I have been ever since that night not to have suspected. You were mad, too, Lem, to bustle me off and leave him behind. We got him fixed wrong that way, and he took his chance."

"Speak plain, you fool," Lem demanded.

"What do you mean by saying he's got the Virgin's Tear?" Belle insisted.

"It's perfectly plain," Reuben continued. "That old lady in the bedroom was cunning, but not cunning enough for Gentleman Dave. She gave us the keys of the safe because she was tied up, and had to, but the Virgin's Tear was never there. That's why he stayed behind and got left. He'd tumbled to it. We were the mugs. The Virgin's Tear was where it always had been kept—in a small casket, at the back of the dressing table. He'd tumbled to it somehow. That's why he fought so hard. That's why he was so far behind us."

TOTTIE GREEN was still speechless.

His cunning brain was at work. He was thinking, and thinking very hard. The natural savagery of the girl was shining out of her face. She, too, was trying to piece together the story, and her first impulse was to reject it.

"You're talking like the villain of a dime novelette, Reuben," she sneered. "How can you tell what took place in the room after the girl came down? How do you know he found the diamond, much more had nerve enough to pinch it? And supposing he did, supposing he was cleverer than you two blundering fools, what did he do with it? He was caught within twenty yards of the room. Do you suppose he swallowed it?"

Reuben was himself again, and the Reuben of everyday life was a very self-composed, cynical and precise young person.

"During that twenty or thirty yards," he pointed out, "there may have presented itself through the window, or in the corridor or room through which he passed, a possible hiding place."

"Quit this, and get on to facts," Tottie Green growled. "You must have more reasons than this. Tell us why you're sure he's got the Blue Diamond. Let's have the facts, lad."

"You shall have them all right," was the quick reply. "I'll tell you why it's a cert. For one thing Moss and Nathan, the fake jewelers, have an order in hand at the present moment from Lady Frankley to make up for her an imitation of the Virgin's Tear, and they had to work on specifications. She hadn't the stone even to show them."

"No proof," Tottie Green grunted. "Go on."

"Very well then, listen to this," Reuben continued. "Last week, the insurance company settled up with her ladyship. They paid her ninety-two thousand pounds, and fifty thousand pounds of that was for the Virgin's Tear."

"You're talking through your hat, Reuben," Lem declared.

"I'm not talking through my hat, as you'll realize if you'll allow me to finish. The jewels were insured with the Mutual, and the young woman who typed out the final agreement, and typed the body of the cheque, was Mollie Padmore."

Tottie Green wiped the sweat from his forehead, and groaned.

"The Virgin's Tear," Reuben went on, his voice becoming lower, his eyes shining like black points of light, "was amongst the stolen jewels that night, and the insurance company has paid for it. Did Lem here get it, or even see it? No. Did I? No. It's your Gentleman David who did us in. He hid it, or threw it out of the window somewhere between her ladyship's room and the door which we had to lock, where he was trapped. He got word somehow to a pal, and he's touched. Rolled up in his motor car, did he? Dressed like a duke!"

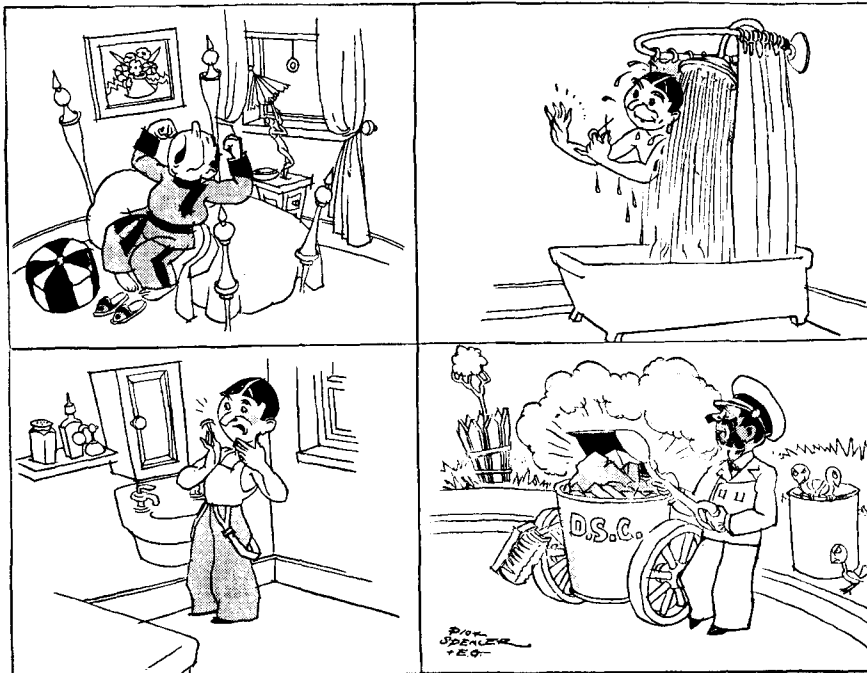
"Been threatening us," Lem put in. "He's been down here threatening us. Called us cowards, because we left him behind. Says he's breaking away from us. Blast him!"

"Breaking away from us, eh?" Reuben repeated. "I should think the boss might have something to say about that."

"The devil!" Lem muttered to himself in agony. "If they'd only let me give him what he deserved, he'd have been lying here now, and us waiting for him to come to, to give him some more."

THERE was another silence—an ominous, menacing silence. The roar of traffic in the streets below found its way in broken patches through the fast-closed windows, but in the room itself one heard nothing but the heavy breathing of the grotesque and evil figure upon the chair. He it was who first moved. He turned wheezily on one side, took up a block of memorandum paper, searched for and found with difficulty the stubby end of a pencil in his capacious waistcoat pocket. With painful effort he wrote. They all watched him. They knew what it meant when Daddy Green wrote with that particular pencil on that particular block of paper.

(To be continued next week)



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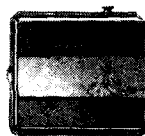
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Merrily We Roll Along

Continued from page 19



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your hands into fists, bring your elbows forward and around, and pretend you're going to punch yourself most unmercifully right in the tummy. You needn't even hit the spot ever so lightly but you'll find that the movement makes you pull in the abdomen sharply and do what Miss Arden calls "tuck in" behind.

We're all familiar with the mat exercises that form part of every system of conditioning, but we don't take them as often as we should. The one where we lie on our backs, rise to a sitting posture, touch our toes and lie down content after we've repeated it ten times. The one where we paste ourselves flat to the mat and proceed to roll up and kick the floor over our heads. The "bicycle exercise," in which we pedal away from our stance on the floor, legs raised and revolving. "The scissors," which consists in lying on the side and kicking out as far as we can, legs going in opposite directions. All these are good for reducing the roll, the abdomen, the hips and the buttocks.

Rolling in Luxury

So far, we've taken for granted that you planned to do it all yourself. But maybe you're one of those limousine ladies who simply won't. Maybe you suffer from bridge exhaustion and simply can't—at least not so strenuously. Which brings us to the subject of rollers. Did you know that the Romans and the ancient Chinese—clever old things—used rollers? Theirs, of course, were little hand affairs, and slaves doubtless supplied the motive power. But today our high chief slave is electricity, and how we make him toil in the interests of beauty! In Miss Arden's New York salon she has a huge multiple roller that can do everything but talk. It works on whatever part of you needs reduction. You can stand or sit—study a part, read a book or go to sleep while the ounces and the inches are fading out. While this is doubtless the queen of all possible rollers—unless you want to cross the ocean on the Ile de France or the Bremen and try theirs—nobody needs to be told that there are much simpler and less expensive developments of the same idea that can be installed at home. Those of us who have houses with the kind of basements taken for granted in the current furnace advertising—places so tidy that we're shown coming down in our evening dresses to display them to our friends—have the ideal location for a whole gymnasium full of such appliances.

There's one that combines the rollers for Madame with the weight-pulling apparatus and the punching bag for Monsieur; with the weights differently adjusted, the young man of the family can use them while his parents recondition themselves with the other tricks. Rowing machines, electric horses, belts that can be adjusted to fit any part of the anatomy and fulfill on any demand of fashion—these things have been produced with scientific skill and at attractive prices.

If we haven't room for the more elaborate space-taking types, there's a new little wonder, the bracket of which can be mounted on the bathroom door. Attached to the nearest light socket, it can be timed to give a long slow stroke or a short quick stroke of the belt, the former being prescribed for the abdominal muscles and the roll. Any lady usually given to expensive eating could save the price of such a reducing partner in a few weeks and would be much

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The question is often asked: "How much is a sensible amount a week for the average woman to lose in reducing?"

Miss Arden is no extremist. She says, "A pound and a half or two pounds." Diet is something that shouldn't be seriously meddled with except on the advice of a physician. But one day a week devoted to fasting or fruit-eating can't hurt anybody, and it will help along the good work done in other ways.

I said there were going to be three rescue parties for our roll-beleaguered heroine, and so far I've given you two—Miss Arden's, and the big contingent of those who offer home exercisers of various sorts and prices. The third party splits up into numberless units, but the best known name in this division is that of Patou. Not Patou as dress-maker, who with Chanel made all the trouble about waistlines, but Patou in his more merciful character of corset maker, to his own mannequins first, and later to America.

Not all of us will have to wear corsets with the new clothes, for there are still young girls who are waistlined by nature and older women who have kept themselves slim in the middle by diet or exercise. For most of us, however, a corset will be necessary, at least in the preliminary stages. Patou's own mannequins, slender as they considered themselves, all had to wear corsets. And for them he caused to be evolved such a clever bit of molding persuasiveness that those who see it will hope it's for them. But it isn't a corset for what is known to the trade as "the heavy figure." That, too, can be created, in almost limitless variety—not a back-lace old-time affair, even in its sternest manifestations—merely a girdle cut two or three inches above the waist and cunningly curved to present the outward aspect of not being there. That it has been made, distributed, sold and worn in such numbers in so short a time is the greatest possible testimony of the skill of the American corset maker and the keenness of the American public in taking up a new idea.

"I went away for a holiday on the fifteenth of August," said the busy young person responsible for copying the Patou corset as presented here, "and there wasn't a word about waistlines."

"I came back on September fourth—and our old corset simply didn't exist! From the fourth to the tenth, I was working practically every minute, day and night. I've never moved so fast before in my life."

New Models

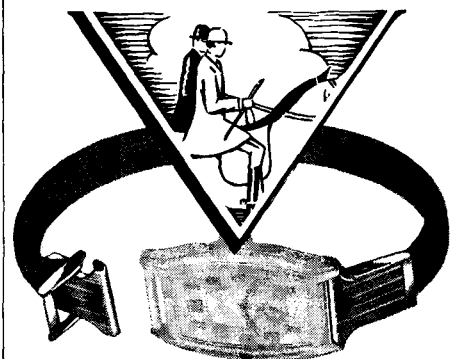
When we asked her whether she made more one-piece models or girdles planned to be worn with a separate brassière, she said that both had their partisans and it was impossible to give percentages. Patou favors the two-piece arrangement, but the American market still calls for the unbroken line of the one-piece, though the new models have to be full in the bust and molded at the waist if they aren't to look like last year's. The most popular girdles hook, at least part way; you can't step into them and let it go at that, on account of the curve.

From all of which you see that the present situation isn't desperate; it's merely exciting. It doesn't call for a revolver to the temple; merely for the alarm clock at the bedside to get up for exercise—and courage to give last season's perfectly good corset to the cook, who probably won't wear it.

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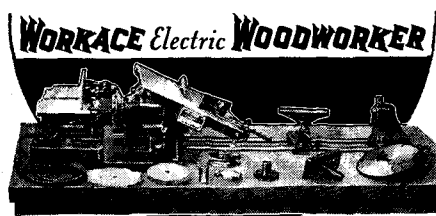
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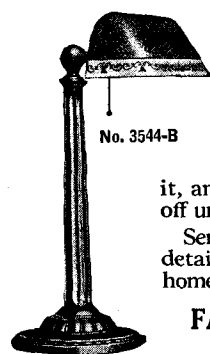
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No Romance

Continued from page 13

unlatch the door. But in this nonchalance Eddie Simpson found a subtler tribute than in any blank amaze. The man's manner testified that there was nothing remarkable in receiving French orders from him. Even Wesley Flack accepted the incident as an affair of course.

"I cert'nly wish," he confided, "that I could talk Spanish like you can. It might—" he hesitated—"it might make a lot of difference."

"That was French," said Eddie, his tone implying that he had chosen at careless random among alien tongues. Flack clicked his tongue wistfully. The cab sped along the curving sea wall.

"I guess," said Flack presently, an abashed timidity in his voice, "I guess you'd laugh if you knew what a kick I'm getting out of this. I feel like somebody in a book, sort of."

Eddie Simpson smiled compassionately in the darkness. It was pathetic to consider Wesley Flack as an adventurer. And yet. . . .

"It won't be much like home, anyhow," said Flack. "I can see that much already."

THIS was true. The streets through which the cab conveyed them, the starlighted open country to which they presently emerged, were indisputably glamorous with strangeness. It was a long drive before they came to the pale loom of the casino against the Cuban stars, the symbolic fountain where white-marble nymphs danced on the rim of a great marble bowl that poured electric moonlight upward on them. Under a proud portico servile doormen waited in purple livery, and crimson velvet spread a royal carpet over white marble steps.

"That'll be five bucks, see?"

The forewarning truculence of the driver's tone, his disconcerting fluency of English, slightly tarnished the glamour of marble and red velvet. As submissively as if he had been in Binchester, Eddie Simpson's hand moved toward his pocket, but Flack raised a forbidding arm.

"This is on me, Ed," he asserted, paying. "Everything's on me."

Eddie Simpson made only a mumbling protest. Flack's voice, somehow, implied that the privilege of seeing life in Eddie's company was cheaply purchased at the price of mere expenses, and, regarding Flack in the soft illumination of the portico, Eddie told himself that this was just.

A wide, stately chamber received them. Obsequiously a head-waiter bowed to Eddie, bending from his hips. They followed him to a table beside the central space left clear for dancing, a table from which a "Reserved" card was pointedly removed. The head-waiter's fingers closed on the bill thrust into them by Wesley Flack, but it was toward Eddie Simpson that, again, he bowed from the hip. Flack chuckled.

"I knew I'd get service," he said, "if I trailed along with you, Ed. You order, will you, and say, go as far as you like. The sky's the limit. Shoot the works."

Discretion counseled Eddie Simpson to negotiate in English with the head-waiter. The head-waiter, somehow, did not look as if he would be delightedly astonished if addressed in mail-order French. Also discreetly, the choice of wines and victuals was left, with bored nonchalance, to the head-waiter's professional talent. There was leisure, now, for survey of the other guests. This, even to Wesley Flack, proved disappointing.

"Mostly Americans," he said, dejectedly. He lifted an arm in acknowledgment of eager hand-wavings and noddings from a table across the dancing-space, and his countenance brightened a little.

"High-hatted me all the way down," he told Eddie. "J. B. Dorflinger and the madam and daughter, from Dubuque. Act kind of glad to see me now"—he grinned—"I guess you must look better to 'em than I did."

It was, altogether, a disheartening dinner. No one of the people who arrived during its deliberate service was more glamorous than the Dorflingers. Wesley Flack, gulping champagne, voiced Eddie Simpson's feelings.

"Gyped again," he said. "Nothing here you couldn't see any night right in the Red Mill back home."

Eddie Simpson's concurrence was interrupted by the arrival of J. B. Dorflinger, who spoke to Wesley Flack with the heartiness of ancient friendship and, shaking hands with Wesley's other old friend, Ed Simpson of Binchester, invited both over to his own table.

Eddie Simpson groped for a formula of evasion, but Flack, on whom the thawing amiability of Mr. Dorflinger had worked a visible uplift of spirit, rose with alacrity, and Eddie was obliged to follow his example.

As he crossed the dance floor his wits opened a canny avenue for escape, not only from the Dorflinger party, but from Wesley Flack. He provided himself, as he approached the table, with a faint but noticeable limp. Thus, when Miss Dorflinger, having graciously unbent toward Wesley Flack, and still more graciously smiled upon his friend, made casual allusion to the excellence of the music and the roominess of the floor, the way was clear for Eddie Simpson to say, regretfully, that his ankle still restrained him from the dance, and for Wesley Flack, eagerly, to proffer invitation which Miss Dorflinger could not well decline.

Eddie, having risen to let her pass, remained standing as Flack fox-trotted her away. He bowed formally to Mr. and Mrs. Dorflinger and withdrew before the lady's protest had found other than ocular expression.

IT WAS neatly done, and it afforded Eddie a pleasant consciousness of extreme finesse. For the present he was rid of Wesley Flack, free to face alone his first experience, outside of literature, with the romance and adventure of roulette.

There was plenty of room at the tables. He chose a place and slid a twenty-dollar bill across to the croupier.

"Dollar checks?"

Eddie nodded. His fingers trembled a little as they fumbled with the stack of counters. He would have liked to play splendidly on single numbers, after the fashion of the people in the books, but the canniness which had enabled him to become, at thirty-four, sole owner of Ye Togge Shoppe had ridden stubbornly with him to Cuba. He put two chips on the first eighteen, one on the last dozen, thus sure, except for the intervening six numbers and the two zeros, of breaking even or winning a dollar.

He saw and understood the lift of the croupier's eyebrow. Plainly the man had not expected him to turn out a piker. He increased his bet, four chips on the eighteen, three on the dozen. Luck, thus unboldly wooed, was gentle with him.

There were fifty chips before him



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when some obscure impulse lifted his glance to the doorway. There, framed in the arch like a queen's portrait, Eddie Simpson saw her.

She was tall and, with no unhappy hint of thinness, slender. Her long face had the cool, calm beauty of austere marble and over this beauty and through it there emanated from her, like a subtle radiance, pride—pride that was static, inherent, the pride of race and of position and of unchallengeable authority.

As if in quest of something they did not hope to find, her eyes moved slowly over the assemblage; her lips betrayed a suggestion of patrician discontent.

SOMETHING in Eddie Simpson read that questing look with the sureness of speech. To those eyes, as to his own, the scene was disappointing; there was no one here, the eyes regretted, but a crew of commonplace Americans. Impulse sent Eddie Simpson's fingers to his waistcoat pocket. Before, in its calm survey of the room, that seeking gaze had reached him, he was prepared to meet it magnificently through the monocle.

His heart bumped and fluttered crazily. There was no possible misunderstanding of that faint, involuntary start of pleased surprise, the sudden widening of dark, recognizing eyes. Eddie detached his gaze, lowered it to the table, but he knew more certainly than by eyesight that she came toward him, that it was no one else who withdrew and occupied the empty chair at the end of the table, just beside him.

He saw the long, narrow hand that proffered to the croupier a yellow bill. Holding his breath, as the man demanded of her whether she desired dollar or half-dollar checks, he waited, knowing what it would be like, for her voice.

"Cinquante."

The word quivered along Eddie Simpson's spine. He must always have known that French, spoken by Parisian aristocracy, would sound precisely thus—round, resonant, liquid. He regretted, now, that he had chosen dollar chips. It was, he saw, a proof and prerogative of true gentility, to be, if one pleased, a piker.

Nevertheless it was no longer possible to play the eighteen and the dozen. Eddie Simpson made a random guess at the lady's age, aware of a shamed sense of effrontery, almost of baseness. Less, certainly, than thirty-six, and, no less certainly, more than thirty. Say, splitting the difference, thirty-three.

HE PLAYED the number boldly with five of his chips. He caught in his breath again when above his yellow counters the long, ringless fingers placed five pale blue ones.

"Twenty," announced the hard-boiled voice. "Black, even." Intimately mingled the pale blue counters were swept in with the yellow ones. Doggedly Eddie Simpson reaffirmed his faith in thirty-three, and again the long hand repeated his gesture.

"And the double-o!" There was to Eddie's ear a baseborn gusto in the chant. He smiled faintly and renewed his bet. Again the woman followed him, and again the wheel played false. Eddie Simpson set his teeth. On this line, if it took all summer—

It was necessary, presently, to buy more checks. The lady had already done so.

"Cinquante," said Eddie. He achieved an effect of throatiness that was almost an echo of the woman's utterance. For a split moment the dark gaze dwelt upon him, and he knew, with a throb of triumph, that there was interest in it, interest and approval.

(Continued on page 76)



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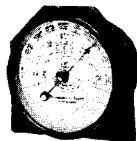
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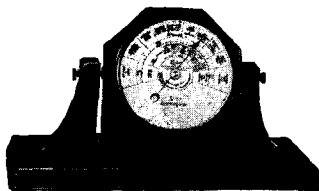


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(Continued from page 75)

"One good thing about fifty-cent checks," said the croupier cheerfully, "they cert'nly last longer."

Grinning he pushed two neat cylinders across the cloth. Barely in time Eddie Simpson arrested a plebeian retort. He stared, instead, with cold, monocled incomprehension and resumed his dogged play on thirty-three.

For himself, he almost enjoyed losing. Luck, he felt, had done quite enough for Eddie Simpson, as matters stood. The money didn't matter. It was a trivial price to pay for the privilege of demonstrating, with each spin of the ball, that he played purely for the fun of the thing, that losing amused him.

AT FIRST the woman beside him seemed to share this attitude. The occasional sidelong glance he ventured to turn toward her showed him only the faint smile of mild amusement. Her white shawl had been pushed back, and ivory shoulders shrugged carelessly at each loss. But presently Eddie Simpson became aware of a difference. The smile had vanished; there was an unmistakable tension in the movements of the long hand that reached out to put five blue counters on number thirty-three. From the tail of his eye, as she opened the thin, black silk bag to produce another bill, Eddie Simpson saw clearly that it was her last one.

His nerves went tight and his throat narrowed.

He noticed that her hands were significantly ringless, and there came into his mind a memory of the book he had been reading in his recent bed of pain: the scene in which the exiled Countess Olga pledged her last jewels for a final, splendid main against the loaded dice of destiny.

He had ten or twelve chips left before him. On sudden impulse he pushed them all out to the number. His lowered glance could see the long fingers hesitate an instant with their last stack, and then, splendidly, place the whole cylinder above his.

The marble rolled smoothly around the wooden bowl; the wheel clicked soberly. Eddie Simpson fumbled in his pocket with fingers that trembled. He had put a twenty-dollar bill there, the last time he bought checks, and he brought it forth, crumpled in the palm of his hand. His elbow, as if by accidental awkwardness, brushed the black bag to the floor. He stooped swiftly to retrieve it. Under cover of the table he unlatched the clasp, crowded the note into it.

He lifted his head to meet the direct gaze of the dark, wide eyes, and knew instantly that they had seen. There was in them a sudden glow, a brightness, Eddie Simpson thought, of unhopd-for, last-moment reprieve. His heart swelled under it. And then, swiftly, he saw the look change, cool, harden, saw the gladness yield to suspicion and affronted pride.

He heard the ball click against the stops. Panic woke in him. He did not think; he acted, purely on subconscious impulse, as the Grand Duke Vladimir had acted, under identical urgency, in the book.

Like the Grand Duke, Eddie Simpson straightened, placed the black bag on the green cloth, bowed profoundly, bending at the hip.

"Madame," his whisper entreated, "permettez!"

He wheeled, departed, before she could answer. Behind him, as he reached the doorway, he heard the croupier's indifferent chant.

"And the single-o repeats."

"Well, I can see you've been having good luck, all right!"

Wesley Flack, still in the company of the Dorflingers, greeted him gayly. The

word boomed in Eddie Simpson's ears. Luck! He felt a sudden pity for Flack, thinking of luck as something that inspired a man to put a few cheap counters on a winning number!

"Not so bad," he admitted.

"Come on back and show us how," said Flack. "We were just coming in to look for you."

Eddie Simpson's nerves jerked. Talk about luck! If he had stayed in there five minutes longer, till Wesley Flack and the Dorflingers found him—!

"I've had all I want for one night," he said. "Head aches a bit. Thought I'd go back and turn in. No need for you to come, though, Wes. See you later."

Presently, as the taxicab bore him through the taunting beauty of a soft, balmy night, he understood. He had been right to run away. They must never meet again.

Into his anguished spirit came a clear memory of that last look of hers, the reluctant dawning in that dark, high gaze of a quality in which, as he turned away, Eddie Simpson had seen himself mirrored, for an instant, as the gallant, knightly gentleman adventurer of his wistful fancies.

If he lost her now, he would always have that to remember. If he lost her when she had found him out—he could almost see the faint lift of the definite brows, the widening of the eyes, the amused, disdaining pity of the smile.

No. Infinitely better to lose her now, with that perfect parting to remember.

If only she had fallen short of absolute perfection! If only there had been a single, mitigating flaw on which to build dreams, idle dreams, of course, but not comically absurd, dreams in which she might be waiting in one of those new stucco houses out in Binchester Heights Manor Park Gardens Estates, for Eddie Simpson to come home!

He seemed to see the grotesque vision through her eyes. He groaned into his pillow.

THE door of the shared bathroom opened quietly and Wesley Flack's head thrust itself in upon Eddie's misery.

"Awake, Ed? How's the old bean?"

"All right." Eddie was curt.

"Irene thought it was prob'ly just a kind of hang-over from being seasick," said Flack. His tone quickened. "Say, we got a date to drive out in the morning and give Morro Castle the once-over. Irene said to be sure and bring you along."

"Irene?" said Eddie. "Irene who?"

"Miss Dorflinger." Flack's voice was slightly self-conscious. "Funny thing that I ever got the notion that Irene was high-hat. If there's one thing I hate it's a stuck-up dame." His tone changed. "Say, did you notice a woman in a white shawl, when you were bucking the wheel in there, Ed? Talk about high-hat! Wow!"

Eddie Simpson held his breath. He would never see her again, but even through the profane agency of a Wesley Flack it was permitted him to hear of her.

"What about her?" he said. "I guess I know whom you mean. Tall and dark and—"

"And snooty. That's the one."

Eddie Simpson's hands clenched below the sheet.

"Froze me stiff," said Flack, "just because I spoke to her. Looked right through me, you know, like I was a dirty windshield, and stood up and wrapped that white shawl around her and cashed in her chips, as if Irene and I weren't fit to sit beside her."

Eddie Simpson managed to keep his voice steady.

"How'd you happen to speak to her, Wes?"

"I didn't see why not. I was with Irene, so anybody could see I wasn't trying to be fresh, and the way the luck was running for her anybody might have said something about it. Honest, Ed, she had the wheel eating right off her hand. Playing thirty-three on the nose, for the limit, and it came up for her three times hand-running! Came five or six times more in twenty spins. Say, when she cashed in she had a roll of hundreds that'd choke a cow!"

Eddie Simpson lifted his arm so that it hid his face. His spirit glowed in him. She would never see him again, never know who he was, but he had saved her!

"Well, see you in the morning," said Flack. "Irene'll expect us around ten, and—"

Eddie Simpson's mind moved fast. She would be looking for him, now; her kind of woman would see it as a point of honor to seek him out, to repay that loan, perhaps to insist on sharing with him the luck it had brought her.

She'd be sure to find him. She'd know that he'd be staying at one of two or three hotels. Wherever he went he would run the risk of meeting her. There was no safety for him in Havana.

"I'm sorry, Wes. Forgot to tell you. Had a cable from the office. Got to start home in the morning. Take the ferry to Key West and go up by train."

Flack was generous with sympathy and regret, but Eddie detected a note, too, of relief. He understood it. Wesley Flack wasn't altogether sorry that when he and his Irene went out, tomorrow morning, to see Morro Castle, Eddie Simpson wouldn't be going with them.

As the door closed, Eddie gave himself over utterly to misery.

He thought of Ye Togge Shoppe, of Binchester, with a sudden bitter sense of homesickness. Whatever might be said against Binchester one thing was certain. A man was safe, there, absolutely safe, from this heart-breaking skin game called romance!

"YOU'LL like him," asserted Mrs. Sam Slazenger. "He's a prince!"

It was an unhappy choice of word. Madame Fleurette's lips tightened and, as she turned from locking the door of the smart little dress-shop, her shoulder drooped. Mrs. Slazenger, already squeezed behind the wheel of her Four-dora sedanette, exhaled a sigh of audible impatience:

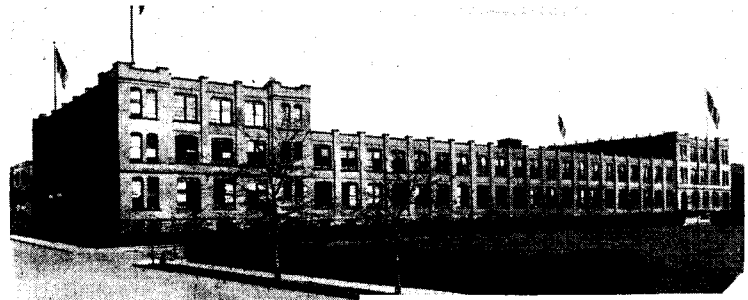
"Now, Florence, for Heaven's sake! What's the use of looking like a movie queen? If you're never going to quit mooning about your Russian grand duke, it's a pity you didn't let him pick you up, instead of beating it right home as if—"

"You don't understand," said Madame Fleurette, softly. "It was the only thing to do. If I'd seen him again I'd have had to let him see what an absurd mistake he was making. I had to beat it or—or he'd have found out. I don't want any more—romance. It—it hurts!"

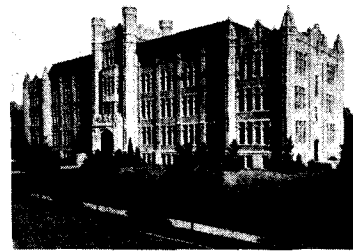
For a few moments Elsie Slazenger was sympathetically silent. Then, reassuringly, she said:

"Well, cheer up, then, you won't get hurt tonight, anyway. There's nothing romantic about playing five hundred with me and Sam and Eddie Simpson! Not a chance, Florence—not a chance!"

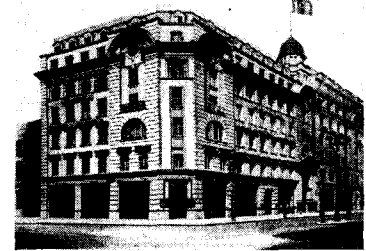
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Bigger Guns or Better Homes?

Continued from page 11

civilization? For, whether these armaments are used in war or not, they are a menace to civilization.

It was bold leadership when Ramsay MacDonald, the British Premier, left his country and came to America, to talk over the question of equality of sea power. We must be making progress. When we take into consideration the past, its policies, the position which Great Britain has entertained with reference to sea power, it is no less than epochal, the coming of Mr. MacDonald. There was evidence of sincerity upon every hand. The reaction in both countries was assuring. So given are the diplomatic world and leaders still to think of everything in the terms of war, the first inference was that an alliance had been made. I venture to believe that time will disclose not only that there was no intimation of an alliance but the things done and the policy discussed make alliances, or are calculated to make alliances, unnecessary.

The Test of the New Faith

In the joint statement issued by the President and the Premier we find these words: "Upon the assumption that war between us is banished and that conflicts between our military and naval forces cannot take place," and so forth; and further: "that distrust and suspicion, arising from doubts and fears which may have been justified before the pact, must now cease to influence national policy." The great question now is: Can we carry this message, not in words but in deeds, to the people? Have we the courage and the foresight, the devotion to the cause of peace, to translate these words into the armaments policy and thus reduce our fighting navies, our war system, to accord with the new faith?

If we are proceeding upon the assumption that war is banished and with the feeling that distrust and suspicion and fears are no longer to control, how is it possible to justify the maintenance of navies, the largest the world has ever seen, which are made and maintained, not for peace but for war? If we cannot bring our acts into harmony with our professions, the Peace Pact henceforth will be treated with contempt by rulers and leaders and utterly distrusted by the people. Peace pacts between nations, with a world armed to the teeth, will mean little to anyone. It would be a fearful thing should the people come utterly to lose faith and if the rulers and leaders should come in their hearts to disbelieve in the worth of treaties.

The Peace Pact would never have become a reality had it not been for the powerful and persistent support of public opinion, not only in this country, but throughout the world. And it will never be of any practical effect, never result in the reduction of the world's armaments, unless the same powerful and persistent influence continues to exert itself. If there is any cause in the world dependent for its success upon an aroused and sustained public opinion, it is the cause of the reduction of armaments. The leaders have gone out before their peoples like the saints of old and announced to an overburdened, overtaxed, overmortgaged, anxious, maimed, but hopeful following, the coming of a new day and the dawn of a new faith. The test of that faith is the relief of the peoples of the respective nations from the burden which they are now carrying. It would be no less than a world-wide disaster that disappointment should be the portion of those who have patiently waited for relief.

MODERN BUSINESS is becoming vitally interested in guiding the education of its employees. One evidence of this fact is the care with which business and industrial leaders today are investigating correspondence schools and other educational agencies before they recommend them to their men. They are following a wise course. It is important that the employer should be fully acquainted not only with the scope and quality of the instruction offered by a school, but with its physical equipment and financial standing—its ability to meet its obligations.

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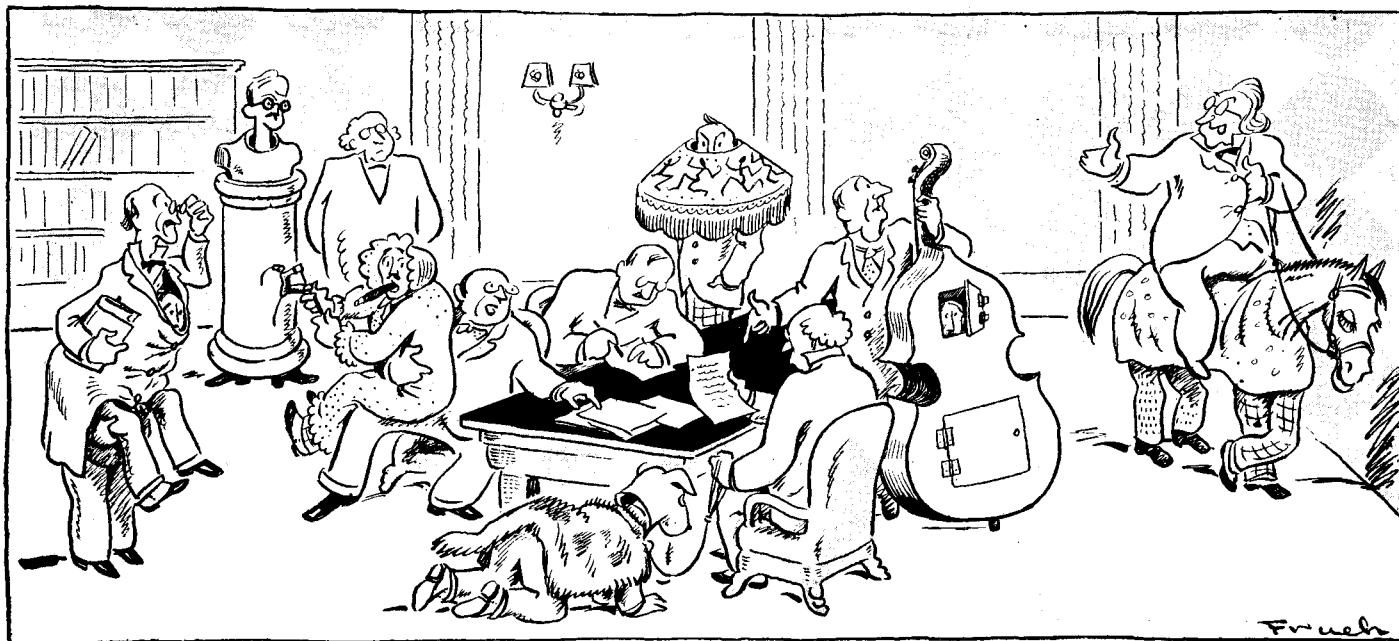
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



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Brighten that Corner

NOTHING that has happened in a long time has pleased Washington more than the showing up of Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut. The senator smuggled a lobbyist in the guise of his secretary into the executive sessions where the tariff bill was being made. Even the lowest Tammany politician would hardly stoop to that.

The manufacturers' lobbyists have always been in the confidence of members of the House and Senate when tariff bills were being constructed but generally they have hung about anterooms or frequented the offices of the senators or representatives who represented the commodities in which they were interested. It remained for the immaculate senator from Connecticut to sneak one of them into the committee-room itself, pretending that he was an employee of the Senate.

Even the gorge of Senator Smoot, hardened as he is to the greed that is exhibited at tariff lawmaking, rose when he learned of the deceit practiced upon himself and the rest of the committee by the holier-than-thou Mr. Bingham.

The Senate committee which investigated Mr. Bingham's relations with the lobby was a rough one. It was picked by Senator Norris, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and it was not chosen to gloat over the little scandals of Capitol Hill. It had on it such savage investigators as Walsh of Montana, and Caraway, Borah with his rigid ideas of the ethics of public life, and Blaine, who is a furious insurgent. Even Robinson of Indiana, who was chosen as the sole representative of the regular Republi-

cans, turned out to be full of insinuations of wickedness.

And there was not one of those men who did not derive a certain satisfaction from the exposure of Mr. Bingham. Every one of them had been patronized by the senator from Connecticut, who always talks to his colleagues on the floor as if not much could be expected of a lot of men who, unfortunately, had not enjoyed his advantages of birth, breeding, education and travel.

For years Mr. Bingham has smiled condescendingly upon the Senate. He has talked to it as if his word was the last word upon every subject. He has read Spanish to it to show that he has a command of languages that it has not.

Surprised and Hurt

What happened was that the Senate turned on him in the person of the lobby investigating committee. Most of the senators who were not members of this committee regretted that they did not have a chance to shoot a question at the senator from Connecticut that would penetrate his crust. The press gallery chortled. There has been no such popular showing-up in a generation.

The sad part of it all is that even yet the impeccable senator is puzzled to know what he did which has brought upon him the almost unanimous condemnation of the country. He is so sure of his own superiority that he cannot see anything wrong in temporarily making a lobbyist for the manufacturers of his state, clerk of the Committee on Insular Affairs of which he is chairman,

so as to give him an official status at tariff committee meetings. The salary of the clerk was paid over to the former employee who was removed to give place temporarily to the lobbyist.

With all his superior education Mr. Bingham can't see why the finger of scorn should be pointed at him. If a senator is to serve the manufacturing interests why not do a thorough job of it?

If he had been a roughneck politician, frankly cynical, it would not have been so astounding. But he is not. He is an intellectual, a former professor in a great university, a friend of Theodore Roosevelt, a very superior person all around and one who is determined that everyone shall realize his superiority.

But the indignation of the Senate is not more significant than the country-wide condemnation of Senator Bingham's tactics. The national temper is changing and no longer will we tolerate offenses winked at a short time ago. We have left behind us the era of the Falls, Sinclairs, Daughertys and the Forbeses who flourished in the years when we seemed a little bit tired of idealism and high effort. Senator Bingham is a throw-back to the naïve old days of closed doors, hotel rooms, whispers back of the hand; when the pill was mixed and the public swallowed hard.

Open dealing is today's method and such men as Owen D. Young, General Dawes, Dwight W. Morrow, Thomas W. Lamont are its practitioners. We need men like them in the Senate and in public office everywhere—men who still believe that public office is a public trust and that secrecy is unhealthy.