

The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

STARVING in London, and unable to obtain aid from savage old Lord Newberry, his father, David Newberry is forced to join a band of criminals. Almost immediately—while trying to steal the "Virgin's Tear," a priceless diamond belonging to Lady Frankley—he is caught and sent to prison.

On his release, he finds himself Lord Newberry, due to his father's death. Hating the gang, two of whose members—Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem—betrayed him to the police, he resolves to destroy it. Then follows a sanguinary war between David's little army—a band of jiu-jitsu experts—and the criminals.

The "Virgin's Tear" had disappeared. Tottie Green, leader of the gang, believes David knows where it is. Belle, a beautiful girl crook, volunteers to extract the secret from the young lord. She goes to his home, where she lets him know that she loves him. From her David learns all the details of the gangsters' latest plot: to raid some stalls on Widows' Row Saturday night.

David repulses the girl's advances, but decides to act on her tip. He makes his will (naming Sophy, Lady Andersley's lovely daughter, with whom he is in love, as his principal beneficiary), and lays plans to attack his enemies when they appear in Widows' Row.

Then follows an extraordinary scene, in a hotel grillroom, where David and Sophy have gone to dine and dance. Reuben and Belle are there. Reuben is in love with the beautiful girl. He knows Belle does not care for him—loves David instead. And Belle is equally aware that she can never win David.

Presently David asks Belle to dance with him. Reuben is wild with jealousy. When the couple return to the table, Belle faints, and David suspects Reuben of putting poison in her glass of Evian water. He notifies the management, and, in the confusion, Reuben slips away.

A few moments later the hotel manager comes to David. "The doctor," he whispers, "has examined the water, my lord. He would like to speak to you in the lounge—at once."

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"TIME we moved on somewhere anyway," Sophy observed, gathering together her belongings. They mounted the stairs, and Sophy disappeared into the cloakroom. The manager presented the physician of the hotel.

"Do you know what became of the young man who gave the lady that tablet?" the latter asked David bluntly.

"No idea at the moment," David admitted. "I'm hoping I'll lay my hands on him later on."

"I can't imagine where he got them made up," the doctor confided, "but they contain a rather rare drug. I shouldn't call them exactly poison to a healthy person, but I doubt whether the lady will be conscious again for twenty-four hours, and she'll need special treatment until then. I've sent a nurse in to look after her."

"Very good of you," David approved.

"I really am not quite sure whether I ought not to report this case to the police," the physician continued. "Can you think of any reason why anyone should want to remove the young lady from the world, as it were, for twenty-four hours or so?"

David reflected, frowning.

"I could think of one reason."

"Well, it seems to me then that that is what has been attempted. It depends upon her constitution, of course. So far as I can see, she is very strong, and, if so, there will be no evil after-effects."

"Nothing you could do to bring her

round a little earlier, I suppose?" David suggested.

"There are several things I could do," the physician assented. "Is there any particular object in it?"

"There might be. Something is due to happen tomorrow night between eleven and twelve, which she knows about."

"Criminal?"

"That way inclined."

The doctor considered the matter.

"The young lady seems to be all alone," he remarked.

"That's why I'm so glad you've sent a nurse in. I don't think there'll be any trouble about the fees, but, in any case, I would pay them willingly. Newberry, my name is—the Earl of Newberry."

The physician looked at him curiously.

"Very good of you," he acknowledged. "I think I could promise you then that, say by nine o'clock tomorrow evening, the young lady will be, comparatively speaking, herself again. The drug that young man used, however, is a prohibited one. If you can get hold of him, I should hand him over to the police."

"If I can get hold of him," David replied dryly, his eyes fixed upon Sophy, who was issuing from the opposite door, "it won't be the police who will have to worry."

Sophy was unusually quiet during the homeward drive. David drew her hand through his arm.

"Out with it, child," he insisted.

"I'm jealous of the beautiful lady," she confessed. "Why did you dance with her?"

"Devilment," he confided. "I told you that she was a sort of gangster. She's the protégée of the chief. They stick to one another like wax, those fellows. Her father was head man once with them. He's doing penal servitude for life, and since he went to prison the rest of them have looked after the girl. They sent her up here to vamp me."

"HAS she clicked?" Sophy inquired blandly.

"She has not," he declared. "Honestly though, I feel that a little diplomacy on my part would have been wise. Unfortunately, I never learned how to run that sort of thing."

"You're not in love with her then?"

"I am not—most decidedly and emphatically not," David pronounced. "I hate that overwhelming perfume she uses, and I hate that covert insolence all the time underlying her manner. She is in her wrong place over here. She ought to be a sultana in some Eastern country. . . . All the same, I think I made rather an ass of myself. Probably, the mildest form of flirtation would have contented her, and I am perfectly certain that she had something at the back of her mind which I

Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore



splashed window, and he saw the tears dimming to a greater sweetness her blue eyes.

Once more he felt the soft caress of her lips as they sought his. . . .

He had half risen—a little breathless. Her face—her delicate girl's face, a sweet meeting place of smiles and tears—was pressed to his. The eyebrows were uplifted, the corners of her mouth twitched.

"Well, David?"

"Sweetheart," he promised, "I'll go as lightly as I can. I have the others to think of, but I'll go carefully. We'll get through all right, and if I do—will you—?"

She kissed him once more before she sprang out.

"It's taken an awful time, dear, to make you ask me that," she said, waving her hand. "Of course I will."

She was gone, like a streak of silver flashing across the glittering pavement. His heart throbbed as he leaned forward to watch her vanish down the steps. The bitterness of the last years seemed to have disappeared. Yet for a moment he fancied that there was something portentous in the sound of the sudden raindrops pattering through the leaves of the lime trees.

IN THE early morning, from the west to the east, the brim of his hat turned down, his coat collar turned up, Reuben made stealthy flight. Arrived in his rooms, strangely situated in the purlieus of Cannon Street, he changed his clothes, bathed and washed in a neat little bathroom, drank coffee in the station refreshment-room, and took a taxicab to Bermondsey. For some reason or other, he was all watchfulness.

He dismissed his taxicab at London Bridge, entering the station, and leaving it by a different exit in a different vehicle. It was ten o'clock before he finally reached the back quarters of the



Lion and the Lamb public house, and let himself in with a key attached to his watch chain. . . .

He mounted the stairs cautiously, entered the public house drawing-room by an unseen door, and stood looking about him with an air of complete disgust. The apartment had apparently not been touched since the night before. The Venetian blinds were still drawn, the windows tightly closed. The odor of smoke and drink was almost nauseating. The only sound was the heavy, stertorous breathing of Tottie Green, still reclining in his chair.

WITH catlike noiselessness, the young man crossed the floor, pulled back the curtains, and raised the Venetian blind. The disgust upon his face increased as he turned round to view the room. A half-smoked cigar had burned itself out, and charred a great hole in the table cloth by the sleeping man's side. The broken glasses lay upon the floor. An empty bottle rolled on its side. Tottie Green, fully dressed, save that as usual he wore no collar or coat, was lying back, his head on one side, his mouth open, snoring hideously. Cigar ash and stains of liquor disfigured his clothes. The slippers had fallen away from his feet, disclosing thick, crumpled, woolen socks. His face, save for one purplish streak, was of a ghastly yellowish pallor. On the table by his side was a soiled pack of playing cards. Reuben stepped stealthily over, and shook the sleeping figure. The awakening in itself was an unpleasant sight. "What's wrong, Reube?" his chief muttered.

"Everything," was the disgusted reply. "You've been asleep here all last night, and nearly burnt to death. You haven't been in to do the room. You haven't even taken your clothes off. Pretty way for a man to live, who's nearly a millionaire. You won't last another month like this."

Tottie Green sat up in his chair.

"You may have noticed that, unless it's one of our own crowd, people don't often get better who go to 15a Mortimer Place. Don't be in a hurry"

"It isn't your business anyway," he said. "You're one of my gang, young Reube, and don't you forget it. Why don't you see that the people do their duty, if you find so much fault? You call yourself Chief of the Staff, don't you?"

Reuben moved the advertisement for somebody's whisky from the wall, and rang a concealed bell behind. In a moment or two there was a knock at the door. He unlocked it, and a man entered with a green baize apron tied round him, carrying an array of brooms and a carpet sweeper.

"Open the window at the top," Reuben directed curtly. "Clear this room up. Where's Nurse Angus?"

"Been here an hour," was the surly response. "Couldn't get in. The old man locked the door, and we ain't got the key of his private way."

"Send her up," Reuben ordered. A woman, in unexpectedly correct nurse's uniform, presently mounted the stairs, and entered the room.

"Take him away, and make him decent," Reuben begged, pointing to Tottie Green. "I want him back as soon as you've done with him. You mark my

words, Tottie," he warned him, as the old man rose grumbling to his feet. "another month or two of this, and you'll leave the room another way—on your back, boxed. A pig couldn't live in such filth."

"What the hell business is it of yours?" his chief growled, as he clutched at his attendant. "It's what you've been used to that counts. I've slept here many a night after a game of cards and a drink or two."

"YOU'LL hear, when you're sober enough, what business it is of mine," was the snarling rejoinder. "I'm going out into the street till you're ready. I shall be sick if I stay here."

Reuben left the big public house by a side door, for the business of the day had not yet commenced. He strolled into a tobacconist's establishment opposite, looked into a few shop windows, bought a newspaper at a small stall, exchanging a casual and apparently purposeless word with the woman who sold it to him. Afterwards he visited another tobacconist's, purchased a packet of cigarettes, and lingered on the threshold for some time to light one. His eyes

were constantly active, watching everything.

Presently he disappeared up a side street, vanished up an entry, entered a yard, descended some steps slatted on both sides for the rolling down of barrels, opened with a latchkey a door leading into a huge cellar, mounted more steps, then some stairs, and finally pushed open the door of his chief's chosen abode. The room was swept and cleared of as much of its filth as possible, but the reeking smell remained. Tottie Green had just savagely closed the top of the window with his stick. He was wearing different clothes, but he was still a repulsive-looking object.

"What'll you drink, Reube?" he asked hospitably.

"Nothing at all," was the quick reply. "No more will you, till you've listened to me."

"Shut your mouth, you pup," the older man snarled. "Don't you give me any of your lip. I'm boss of the gang yet, and don't you forget it. Get me a bottle of champagne out of that cupboard."

There was a ring of the old authority in the tone, a gesture of command in the

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Red-Hot Blues

He could live, and marry the girl he loved—or die, and keep a clear conscience. And his only school was the underworld, his teacher a racketeer!

By Jay Gelzer

AS SOON as he entered the hotel suite they shared together, Danny knew that Buzz was home ahead of him.

Every light was turned on full in Buzz's lavish way, and the widely scattered sheets of an evening paper were strewn heedlessly upon the velvet-carpeted floor.

"Oh, Buzz—" hailed Danny, and, as always, felt the surge of sheer adoration rise within him at the mere pronouncing of a beloved name.

Buzz came from the bedroom at his call, in his shirtsleeves, drying his hands upon a towel.

"Get it, kid?" he inquired, smiling at Danny with his deep blue eyes.

Danny threw a thick roll of soiled bills upon a table.

"Curly says he won't stand another raise," he reported carelessly, with all his attention for Buzz and none of it for Curly's edict.

Gee, but Buzz was easy to look at in that blue shirt, with his blue eyes, curly hair, and massive chest!

"Won't, eh?" repeated Buzz softly, and Danny, seeing the slightly accelerated rise and fall of that splendid chest, voiced a vague discontent:

"Gee, Buzz, you'd oughta been a fighter!"

"No dough in that," said Buzz lightly.

"There's plenty jack after you get t' be champion, Buzz!"

"And how's a guy get t' be champion?" countered Buzz good-humoredly. "By havin' his block knocked plenty before he's champion! This way I get mine, and other guys do the scrappin' . . ."

This way . . . somberly Danny gazed down a narrow avenue occupied by dim figures and brightened by the frequent spurt of gunfire.

"Champions don't hafta stop bullets, Buzz," he reminded.

"No bullet's goin'ta stop me, kid. I'm one of the wise guys!"

Listening, Danny thought of the first time he had heard Buzz say that, and then, not unnaturally, of their first meeting on a night when he had crept into a temporarily deserted taxicab and gone

fast asleep, wakening to the strangling pressure of hands about his throat.

Only a passing street light disclosing his youth and his harmlessness had saved his life. Buzz had turned him loose with a bewildered: "A kid, and I thought—say, watcha doin' in this cab, kid?"

Upon his stammered acknowledgment that he was a runaway, Buzz had brought him to this same suite. Had ordered him a steaming-hot meal. Had foregone further questioning until he had finished and an attentive waiter had carried away the empty dishes. Then—

"Well, kid, suppose you give us the works!"

Obediently he had begun, and when he had finished, in so far as he knew the queer strings controlling that thwarted, unsatisfactory thing which was his life, it was all there.

A frame house on a shabby street with himself playing in the mud of that same street. A warm kitchen fragrant with the frequent baking of cookies for a small boy. A woman who was kind. . . .

Then, for a reason his bewildered childish brain had been unable to grasp, the scene had shifted, and there was the immense brick house with its procession of gingham-clad girls and overalled boys he had known as The Home.

Brick walls, iron-barred windows, a paved courtyard in which to play, everything done to the ringing of bells . . . he hadn't liked it, and when opportunity presented, he had run away.

"Naw," Buzz had said soberly when

he had finished. "You *wouldn't* like it, kid. I didn't like it either, and I been farther on that road than you been: state orphanage, reform school, penitentiary—say, how old are yuh, kid?"

Hearing, he had been mildly incredulous.

"You don't look it, but we'll see what a few good steaks'll do. Anyhow, yuh don't hafta go back. I'm keepin' yuh, kid . . . I'm keepin' yuh because you got gray eyes!"

So he had stayed with Buzz, a long time it was now, all of six years, to be exact. . . .

Always keep the door locked . . . never talk to strangers and don't talk too much anyhow . . . never walk down dark streets . . . thoughtfully Danny remembered how, little by little, he had learned the fundamental principles governing his new allegiance.

ALL day maybe, on a couch with a pile of illustrated magazines, and not minding it because toward evening a key would turn in the lock and Buzz would be coming in, laughing, gay.

"Hullo, kid—been lonesome? I bought you a pup today for company. Cute little devil with whiskers like a preacher! Let yuh keep it here?—sure they'll let yuh keep it here, *why not?*"

They would go out to dinner then, usually downstairs in the hotel dining-room, where there was music, and flowers, and bright lights, and where women glanced sideways at Buzz in the way they had of looking and seeming not to look.

*Illustrated by
C. C. Beall*

"This boy has lost his only friend, and I've brought him to you, Mother," explained the dark-haired girl eagerly. "It seemed so dreadful to be in trouble and not have you!"



Little by little, as the months went by, Danny had begun to understand something of the far-reaching activities of that tremendous organization of which, at thirty-two, Buzz was the not undisputed head.

Occasionally he carried messages. More occasionally something he dimly recognized as an ultimatum. Not infrequently he collected cash tribute, usually paid with alacrity but sometimes paid grudgingly as in the case of Curly Jackson, whom he had just visited, and he noticed that he rarely collected more than two or three times from the complainants. After that deep silence would reign concerning that particular source of revenue with perhaps, long afterward, information bobbing up casually:

"Pete Gallardi? Oh, he got bumped off a while back!"

Or: "Crazy Jake? He's outa business. Somebody took him for a ride."