

The Lion and the Lamb

By
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Oppenheim

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of the room, sav-
agely, spitefully,
leaving a torn bit
of crepe de chine
visible

The Story Thus Far:

DAVID NEWBERRY is cast out by his father, stern old Lord Newberry. Faced with starvation, he joins a gang of desperate criminals, operating in London under the leadership of Tottie Green, a master crook. Almost immediately, he is forced to try to steal Lady Frankley's famous diamond, the "Virgin's Tear;" and, due to the cowardly treachery of his two accomplices—Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem—he is caught and sent to prison.

On his release, he resolves to wipe out the gang. His father is dead. He is now Lord Newberry—and wealthy. Buying a gymnasium, he organizes a small army of jujitsu experts, with whom he plans to make war on the crooks. Then comes a bitter struggle, during which there is much bloodshed.

David survives, however, and Tottie vows to "get" him. At a gang meeting—held at the gang's headquarters in The Lion and the Lamb, a public house—Belle, a beautiful girl (who is secretly in love with David), volunteers to attend to the young man and find the "Virgin's Tear," which, because it has never been found since David's arrest, Tottie suspects him of having hidden. David, however, knows nothing about the diamond. He believes, though, that it is secreted in Lady Frankley's home; so when Sophy, Lady Andersley's lovely daughter, asks him to act as her escort to a dance, to be given soon by Lady Frankley, he gladly promises to do so.

Detective Inspector Milsom, of Scotland Yard, calls on David. David refuses to help him crush the gang. The telephone rings. Belle tells David she is coming to see him—at once. To prevent the girl's arrest, David has his strong-arm men remove the Inspector and lock him up. . . . Belle arrives. She is well-armed. She says she is leaving the gang—that she wants to save David. Then she tells the young man something that delights him. The gangsters have planned a raid on some street stalls in Widows' Row, at five minutes to eleven, Saturday night. They will be unarmed.

Now, at last, David has his enemies at his mercy!

VIII

THERE was a knock at the door. Dowson made his discreet entrance.

"A sergeant and constable of police are outside, my lord," he announced. "They wish to inquire whether Detective Inspector Milsom has been here?"

David reflected for a moment.

"It would perhaps be unwise to tell them that Detective Inspector Milsom is locked in the cellar," he mused. "Better say that the detective was here, but left half an hour ago."

"Very good, my lord."

Dowson left the room. The two moved towards the window, and listened intently. Soon they heard the front door close, and the retreating footsteps of the sergeant and the constable.

"You had better get away, Belle," David advised, taking her arm. "I shall have to let Milsom go. He can please himself what he does about it."

She leaned towards him.

"I am ashamed," she whispered. "When you told me that you had a detective locked up in the cellar, I doubted you. Forgive me, please."

"I forgive you all right, but I was telling you the truth," he assured her ruefully. "As soon as you've gone I've got to face him. He won't be very agreeable for a few minutes."

"CAN'T I wait somewhere upstairs and hear about it?" she begged. "I'm at the Milan Hotel, but I don't want to go back there yet."

"Got a taxi?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Jump into it and get away," he insisted. "This is serious, Belle. We're hemmed in here. Your people are watching me, besides the police, and Milsom's as likely as not to have the house searched directly he's released. I'll get rid of Milsom, and ring you up later at the Milan."

Unseen by her, he had touched the bell. Dowson stood with the door open. She threw a swift glance of reproach at David, and her good night was almost perfunctory.

"This lady has a taxicab waiting, Dowson," David said. "See her into it, please."

The man obeyed. He stood out in the gently falling rain, held open the door, noticed the figures lurking round the railing, and whispered the address to the driver. As soon as the vehicle had safely turned the corner, David started for the back stairs.

"And now for Milsom," he groaned.

Milsom's attitude at the time, and even afterwards when he knew the man better, was a great surprise to David. Opening the door cautiously, the latter found his prisoner leaning comfortably back in a chair reading the evening paper with the help of a single electric

Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore



light. At David's entrance, he divested himself of his spectacles, folded up his newspaper carefully, and arose.

"I gather," he remarked, "that the lady has departed."

"She has gone or I shouldn't be here," David replied. "Not worth while apologizing, I suppose?"

"Oh, I shouldn't say that," Milsom observed, as he followed his host out into the more civilized regions. "It's always worth while doing the gracious thing—part of the game, I suppose. I am bound to remind you, though, that you have placed yourself in a very serious position if I choose to take advantage of it. You interfered with the progress of the law."

"Sounds bad," David admitted. "Have a drink before you go?"

"If I refuse, it is not out of ill-will," Milsom confided, buttoning up his overcoat. "It is simply because I have had two cocktails, which is rather beyond my limit. A word with you, though, Lord Newberry."

David signed to Dowson, who appeared into the background.

"There was never a man yet in this world," the detective said earnestly, "who did any good by interfering with police business. It's our job to break up this gang of criminals, not yours, but with your help we could wipe them off the face of the earth. Without our help, you're going to get it in the neck. We shall watch over you as well as we can for our own sakes, but remember you're warned."

"Well, you're a sportsman anyway," David acknowledged, holding out his hand.

"Next time we meet," Milsom remarked dryly, "you may find more need of me. Good night, sir."

WITH an expression as black and lowering as the clouds from which the fine rain was tumbling, Belle stood at the open window of her little sitting-room high up in the Milan, gazing eastwards. Near at hand the raindrops were like small diamonds falling against a shaft of velvety blackness. Farther away was nothing but an irregular arc of lights. Even the shape of the nearby buildings was blurred in the gloom. She leaned out of the casement and shivered. Her first evening of liberty. A wave of acute depression swept over her. She closed the window with a shudder. Almost, she missed the roar of the traffic, the hooting of motor horns, the unsavory atmosphere of Bermondsey. . . .

A messenger boy knocked at the door and entered with a milliner's box. She dismissed him impatiently. There were already half a dozen stacked on a chair in the corner—all of them bearing the names of well-known firms in the West End. For some reason or other, the coming of this last one seemed charged with subtle offense. The sullen gloom of her face flashed out into anger. She kicked the box towards a corner of the room; savagely, spitefully, kicked again through the hole

in its side, leaving a torn bit of crêpe de chine visible through the white tissue paper. She stood with her fists clenched, her face convulsed. There was almost a touch of lunacy in her voiceless fury. . . .

The telephone bell rang. She stared at the instrument for a moment as though barely understanding what was happening. Then a curious change took place in her whole expression. Her wonderful eyes flashed with a sudden passionate hope. Her firm large hand shook as she took off the receiver.

"A gentleman here to see you, madam," the hall porter's voice announced.

"Send him up," she directed.

She replaced the receiver, dashed to the mirror and straightened her hair, turned the box with its damaged side to the wall, flew to her bedchamber, and brought back a bowl of roses which she placed upon the table. "A gentleman to see you, madam." There was a new music in speech, even ordinary, stereotyped speech such as this. She did not pause to reflect that she had never even asked the gentleman's name. There was no one else who knew her whereabouts except eastwards, and from there no one could come.

She tried to pick up a newspaper and seem casual. Hopeless! She dashed it

to the ground. What did it matter? Pretense was absurd. She wanted David. She wanted to see him as she had never wanted anything before in life. And he was coming. How good of him! What an escape he would have! Why hadn't he promised to come at once? The thought that she might have been out, that she might have been in some other part of the hotel and the messenger unable to find her brought a cold shiver to her pulses. Then came the ring at the bell. She steadied herself.

"Come in!"

One of the lift men threw open the door. She stood quite still. The shock was too great even for disappointment. Behind him, alone with her now, was a small, unassuming-looking man with sandy hair and freckles—a man who carried a bowler hat in his hand and wore a thick overcoat of unbecoming length—a man whom at first sight she hated for not being the man for whom she had prayed.

"WHO are you?" she managed to ask. "What do you want with me?"

"Miss Belle Morgan," he said, with a slight bow. "My name is Milsom. I have taken the liberty of calling upon you quite unofficially, hoping that you might feel inclined to answer one or two questions."

"What do you mean by 'unofficially'?" she countered. "Who are you? I don't receive people here of whom I know nothing."

He laid a card upon the edge of the table.

"I am Detective Inspector Milsom of Scotland Yard, madam," he announced. "I was at 17a John Street, locked in an annex to the cellar, when you came to visit Lord Newberry."

"Did he give you my address?"

"He did not, madam," was the prompt acknowledgment. "In fact, he was so anxious that we should not meet that, with the help of his servants, he adopted very primitive methods indeed, and placed me in confinement. I could have told him at the time that it was scarcely worth while, but he probably would not have believed me."

"What do you mean by 'scarcely worth while'?" she demanded. "And how dared you come here without sending up your name? I do not wish to see you. I have nothing whatever to say to you."

"I am hoping, madam," he ventured, "that you may change your mind. I did not send up my name, because you did not ask for it. As for finding you, that was very easy. Lord Newberry is at the present moment standing in a very peculiar position with regard to the police. He refuses to give information for which we have a right to ask, and the consequence is we are obliged to have him watched. The same thing applies to his visitors. Your taxicab was followed here, and the address telephoned to me, also the name under which you have registered. I knew quite well that this would happen. That is why I endured my imprisonment so philosophically."

"I DON'T wish to see you," she decided. "I have nothing to say to you, and I should like you to go away."

"That seems rather a hopeless start to our conversation," he acknowledged pleasantly, "but I shall beg you, madam, to listen to me for a moment or two. I know a good deal of Lord Newberry's past history; so probably do you. I know a good deal, too, of his present scheme—crusade, or whatever he calls it; so probably do you. It is going to lead him into terrible trouble; a fact which you probably know as well as I do. I am therefore all the more anxious to deal professionally with this



"He'll be there all right," Belle asserted, her eyes searching the fire, "unless I stop him." He flashed round upon her, his eyes like steel beads. "What do you mean," he demanded, "unless I stop him?"

band of criminals against whom he has so strong a feeling."

"I don't see what you're trying to get at," she remarked, with a touch of her old insolence. "Nothing that you have said is of the slightest interest to me. From the little I know of Lord Newberry, I should think that he, too, is quite capable of running his own affairs."

"He has shown quite clearly that he is not," was the blunt rejoinder. "I would not say that this society of criminals with whom he was associated are afraid of him, but, at any rate, they've made up their minds that he must be got rid of. There was an attempt made upon his life the other evening. From certain information which I have collected, I think that it is only the first of many until the end comes."

"Do you mind telling me exactly what you are here for?" she suggested. "All this kind of talk bores me."

"One reason for my coming was that I imagined you might have some slight interest in Lord Newberry."

"None at all," she declared. "I don't care what becomes of him."

"Then why did you go to see him?" Milsom inquired.

"Who gave you the right to come to my sitting-room and ask me personal questions?" she retorted.

"Indirectly, madam," he pointed out, "the law gives me the right. I will admit, however, that my visit on this occasion might be taken as a liberty. I hasten to tell you, therefore, that I came, that I have asked you to listen to me and help me if you will, very largely because, by so doing, I am relieved from the necessity of causing you a certain amount of inconvenience."

"I have done nothing against the law," she snapped.

"It is reported to me," Milsom rejoined quietly, "that you are probably the associate of lawbreakers. That, in itself, constitutes a legal offense."

SHE threw herself into a chair and eyed him sullenly.

"You get a lot of rotten information," she said.

"Possibly," he agreed.

"I've had enough of this," she yawned. "I don't know what you came for, and I don't know that after all I'm very curious. I should be more interested in your departure."

"I came," he confided, "because, rightly or wrongly, as I told you before, I imagined that you had some interest in Lord Newberry. I wanted to induce you to save his life."

"At the present moment," she declared almost truthfully, "I don't care whether he lives or dies."

"Then my principal argument in seeking your help is destroyed," he admitted. "May I inquire, before I go, when you are thinking of rejoining your friends?"

She laughed scornfully.

"Your new methods are all very well and quite interesting," she conceded, "but don't overdo the ingenuousness. I have never talked to a detective before, but I am not absolutely a greenhorn. Your idea is, I suppose, that I shall call a taxicab, give my address in a low tone of voice and lead you by gentle stages to the headquarters of the people whom you are so anxious to track down. Go and find them by yourself, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is. You have been asking me silly questions quite long enough. If I do know anything about the gang, I'm not going to tell it to you."

"Not even to save a friend's life?" he ventured once more.

"I told you before that I don't care whether he lives or dies," was the brusque reply.

Milsom took up his hat.

"By the bye, there's another thousand-pound reward offered for the Swan Alley murderer or murderers this afternoon," he remarked.

"About as much good as a sick headache," she scoffed.

BELLE stood quite still, gazing at the back of the waiter who had made noiseless entrance and was arranging some glasses upon the sideboard of her tiny salon. There was something curiously familiar about the slant of his shoulders, the shape of his head, with its crop of black, thick-growing hair, the slightly protruding ears. She moved a step forward.

"Reuben!" she exclaimed.

He glanced cautiously towards the door, to assure himself that it was closed, and then turned around with a grin.

"We're the lads, eh?" he boasted.

"Old Tottie swears he could get anyone out of the swinging-room if he wanted to, and I'm not sure he ain't right. This was easy, though."

"Listen, Reuben," she begged, "tell me how you got in. I'm beginning to get nervous about things. I know I'm watched here. David is watched in John Street by the stiffs and our own people. They've been a long time getting on our track, but I'm inclined to think that they're finding it now. Tell exactly how you got in."

"Easy," was the well-satisfied reply. "You don't need to fuss yourself about that. I came to the service entrance this afternoon with a load of vegetables. Tim fixed that for me. Then I've got a pal who's a waiter here, and I went round to his quarters. He lent me his spare kit and the tray, and here I am. The hotel may be full of stiffs, but there's no one tumbled to me."

"It sounds all right," she admitted, "but they're here, I can tell you. Look at that card on the table."

He picked it up and read aloud:

"Detective Inspector Milsom
Scotland Yard"

"That looks a bit tough," he remarked, momentarily staggered. "When was he here?"

"He followed me from Dave Newberry's."

"What did he want?"

"Came to see if he could pick up anything, I suppose. He asked me no end of questions about Dave. We've got 'em all guessing mighty hard. It's dangerous, I tell you. What about the Lion and the Lamb?"

"There's nothing there," Reuben assured her. "We have a dozen of the lads combing both sides of the pavement for two hours every afternoon and evening. I was with them myself for some time yesterday, and I can tell a stiff by the smell of him. I never made a mistake in my life. I tell you there was no one there. The old man's all right up to now, but he's as nervous as a big jellyfish. That's why he's sent me up. He don't want you to telephone—not from here at any rate."

"As though I should be such a fool!"

"He don't want you to come back either. We all do, but I don't reckon he cares about that."

"If I had my own way I should never come near the filthy place again."

"I DON'T know as I blame you for that," he conceded thoughtfully. "I can't make out why the old man goes on living in such a pigsty. He's got enough of the dough now for Park Lane. I tell you this, Belle," he continued, his features twitching with earnestness, "I'm not a nervous chap—never been afraid of anything in my life—I tell you this though. Things are going to close up with us. We've been too damned lucky. The boys all have plenty of money, and they can't keep their mouths shut like they used to. It's this last job that will do us in if we're not careful—the Swan Alley job. Dick had to get his, of course. He was a squealer, but we might have given it to him out of doors and let the other chap alone. A bad egg, that, but the gov'nor wouldn't hear of anything different. I wish to Gawd he'd left me out of it."

"How's Lem?" she asked.

"Moved into the Nursing Home yesterday, and a damned good job too," Reuben replied. "He'd be all right if he'd keep off the drink. The doc was going for him this morning. I wonder whether these Chicago gangsters can afford to keep a real physician on the staff," he chuckled. "Five hundred quid a year Uncle Tottie pays him regular, and fees. I reckon he'll be busy Sunday unless we wipe those other chaps out quick."

"I should think you ought to be able to do what you want with them," she said scornfully. "It isn't a very sporting business. Twice as many of you chaps, and every one of you with your guns and stickers."

"There's nothing sporting about gangster fighting," was the cool reply. "No one ever pretended there was that I know of. All that you have to do is to get the best of the other chap. You've seen his lordship, eh?"

"Yes, I've seen him."

"You've told him what the boss said?"

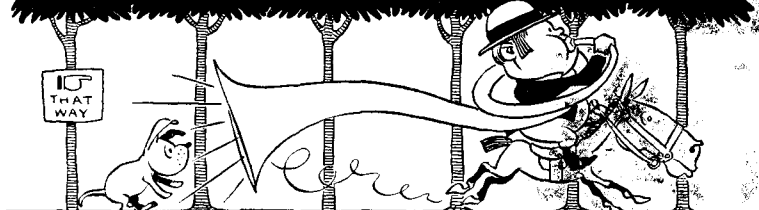
She nodded.

"Yes, I've worked the plant with him. Rotten business, but I've done it. Quite a small affair, I told him—just a dozen of you, unarmed except for sticks, with Fishy Tim and you running the show."

"And you're sure he'll be there himself?"

(Continued on page 55)

WORD HUNT



In the English language there are just ten words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters F-R-A. One of them is FRANC. You supply the others.

1	F	R	A	N	C	A French coin.
2	F	R	A			Fragile; weak. Also, a basket of rushes, as for figs or raisins.
3	F	R	A			Trickery; deceit.
4	F	R	A			A form. Also, to proceed; contrive; manage.
5	F	R	A			The refuse left by insect larvae.
6	F	R	A			Candid. Also, exempt from charge for postage.
7	F	R	A			(Ireland) The bilberry.
8	F	R	A			(Scottish) To flatter; cajole. Flattery; cajolery; a cajoler.
9	F	R	A			(Scottish Heraldry) Same as FRASIER.
10	F	R	A			(Scottish Heraldry) Same as FRASIER. A cinquefoil; a design likened to a flower having five leaves.

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

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

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|------------|------------|------------|
| 1. Strange | 3. Stratic | 6. Strayed |
| 2. Stratal | 4. Stratum | 7. Strayer |
| | 5. Stratus | |

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