

Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff

"Do you allow us to go up or do you not?" Sam was saying

Shock Tactics

We wish it distinctly understood that we do not approve of a lady calling her husband an insect—unless he is one. Now go on with the story: a comedy of life and love in brightest London

By Roland Pertwee

WHEN Tim Bowling returned from Cannes he was met by a regular stunner. His sister Nell administered it, and he loved Nell like a brother.

"Sam is divorcing me," she said.

"You're divorcing him, you mean?"

"I mean what I said, Nitwit. Neither more nor less. I like your new flat, Tim. Pall Mall is so convenient. Any cock-tails about?"

Tim looked in the canteen. It had nothing on Mother Hubbard.

"Not a sausage," he said, and rang for help.

The servant who took the order said:

"The manager is sorry that your name isn't on the board in the hall yet, Mr. Bowling, but the sign-writer has sprained his thumb until next Thursday."

"I'm facing a worse calamity than that," said Tim, "so make those cock-tails dry and plentiful." Then to his sister: "But he hasn't any grounds—or has he?"

"None. I've run around a bit with a few trusties but I've always been home well ahead of the milk."

"It's a knock-out!" said Tim. "And Sam of all fellers! I mean, everybody knows his dossier. Why, practically from the minute you married him..."

"Yes, but for the time being he's reformed—he's playing safe."

Tim seemed dazed.

"Yes, but it isn't done—divorcin' one's wife. Decent fellers park a hotel bill with the lawyer blokes and leave the judges to tot up the items."

"Sam's different. Doesn't want to pay alimony. I often think that he must have crawled from under a stone when the chap with the insecticide was looking the other way. It's a pickle, isn't it? No one wants a divorce more than I do, but what have I done to be shot at?"

"There's nothing for it," said Tim. "I must zoom round and take a swing at him."

"What's the use? The only way of

getting at Sam is to make him look a fool."

Tim looked disheartened.

"But that's more a wife's job than a brother's, surely."

"I mean in public," said Nell. "He's the most conceited creature alive."

"You say he has no evidence?"

"Not a scrap—not yet. But I am beginning to lose patience. At any moment I may do something quite insane, if only to get rid of these awful people that follow me about."

Tim colored angrily.

"You don't mean..."

"Of course I do. One of 'em is downstairs now—a creature named Underwin—and, oh, my dear, the microscope never disclosed anything worse."

TIM rejected the idea of taking a swing at Mr. Underwin and asked how Nell had got hold of his name.

"I put on a boy friend to sleuth him. Seems he's quite a big shot in the detective agency world. He runs about three of them. He's got plenty of money and infests a large house at Golders Green. Eddie says there's a bust of the brute in the front drawing-room. Imagine it!"

"The whole affair stinks to heaven," Tim declared. "And you say that this bit of refuse follows you around all the time?"

"He or one of his brethren. It's his tour of duty today."

"Must be breakin' his heart at you," Tim said with a sardonic laugh, "spendin' an afternoon with your brother."

"He may not know you are my brother. I've never been here before—this is a new flat, and your name isn't on the board."

"Holy Crow!" exclaimed Tim, making use of an expression reserved for those rare occasions when his mind gave birth to an idea.

MR. CHARLES UNDERWIN did not follow Nell into the hallway of the flats, but had contrived to be lighting a cigar outside the open front door when she trebled: "Number fourteen, please," to the porter, who was also in charge of the elevator.

Its ascent was the cue for Mr. Underwin to enter the hall and make a brief study of the mahogany name board which embellished it. In gold characters against number fourteen was the name "The Hon. Furnace Chester." It was a name which seemed to exhale the fiery breath of correspondence.

With his vast experience of those affairs which prelude divorce, Mr. Underwin decided that here, in the embraces of Furnace Chester, his goal would be reached.

Had further confirmation been needed it was supplied by the atmosphere and the character of the flats themselves. Luxury flats for bachelors. Apartments for young men of title and of leisure. Nor was this all, for among the names on the board were no fewer than three with whom, *sub rosa*, and in the way of business, Mr. Underwin had been associated.

The clash of gates above drove Mr.

Underwin to retreat into Pall Mall, where he interested himself at the windows of an adjacent gun shop.

It was not Mr. Underwin's policy to oil up to servants in search of information, since he had found that they were apt sometimes to display a distressing loyalty to their employers. Had he broken this rule and spoken to the porter on the subject of the Hon. Furnace Chester, he would have saved himself both contumely and disaster. But he did not. Instead he waited for something to come along and was so employed when a girl's voice resounded in his ear.

"Good Lord, Uncle Charlie. How absolutely ghastly!"

Mr. Underwin turned with a frown to behold his niece Dawn looking him over with that air of faint contempt which he seemed always to inspire in her. He said:

"Look here, my dear, I'm busy and have no time to talk to you now. So run along."

"But I thought you worked in the City. You always said so."

"Kindly do as I tell you, Dawn. And don't let me have to speak again."

"Very up-stage, aren't we? Got a date with someone?"

MR. UNDERWIN drew himself up to his full height of five foot one. It had the effect of throwing his stomach into exaggerated prominence.

"You should know me well enough, Dawn, to realize the injustice of that suggestion. I have said I am busy. Let us leave it at that."

Dawn shrugged her shoulders.

"I think it's up to a girl to know how her guardian spends his time. Matter of fact, I'm rather glad to have bumped into you. There's something I wanted to talk about."

Mr. Underwin looked toward the entrance to the flats and twiddled his fingers irritably.

"Not now. The moment is most inopportune."

"Yes, now. You see, I was on my way to consult a lawyer."

"About what?"

"That company of yours you want me to put my money into. Adjustments, Ltd."

"But why see a lawyer? I can tell you all you need to know about the company." There was an anxious note in his voice ill calculated to inspire confidence in a prospective investor.

"Before I go into it I want to know what we adjust."

Mr. Underwin endured the unpleasant sensations of a man who has been put on the spot. Had Dawn been an ordinary calculating female with no other interest in life but jewelry and dividends, he would not have hesitated to tell her the truth. But she was not. She was a clean-run, downright modern girl, who would give him a kick in the pants as soon as look at him. Consequently he was driven to evasion.

"Justice is what we adjust—just that—the adjustment of justice."

Dawn shook her head.

"That doesn't sound sensible to me. It sounds more like a test for drunkenness. You'll have to put up a better sales talk than that if you hope to count me in."

THE position was getting desperate. At any moment his quarry might emerge from the flats and it would give away the whole business to Dawn if he started off in pursuit of them.

"Listen, my dear, let us talk this matter over later and at length. Seeing lawyers is a waste of money."

"Then name a time. How about tonight?"

Mr. Underwin stroked his chin, for he was in a dilemma.

"Er—yes. Although it is possible I may not be home tonight. A certain business deal..."

Dawn looked at him and nodded.

"So it was a date!" And she walked off without saying goodbye.

There was little time to lament the unfortunate nature of their meeting, for other matters required Mr. Underwin's urgent attention. From the hallway came the sound of the elevator descending, followed by a man's voice saying: "Ring up Mason's Yard, Porter, like a good egg, and ask 'em to send round the old buzz-box."

"Your car, sir, yes."

Followed the sound of the door of a telephone booth closing.

"I was a chump not to have sent for it while I was packing."

Then came a voice which Mr. Underwin recognized with joy as Nell's; she said, "It's been too awful lately. I'm terribly glad I'm going away with you."

"It's the only thing to do, old lady, and the right thing."

Sotto voce Nell remarked: "Not so much of the old lady. Sounds like a silver wedding." And aloud, "I suppose it's all right for me to go down in an open car?"

"I'll keep you warm," said Tim, fervently. Then, in a whisper, "Look! Sun's out and the silly blighter's shadow is strung right across the doorway. Is he really as bad as that?"

"Worse. He looks for all the world like a Dunmow flitch." Once more she lifted her voice: "Where are you going to take me, boy?"

Tim gave the question due pause, as he had done during the rehearsal upstairs.

"I thought we'd drool along and garner your night props, then simmer gently down the Great North Road as far as the Brewer's Web. There's quite a decent band there and we can take a splash in the pool tomorrow to keep the bodies white."

Mr. Underwin's attentive ear caught a tone of anxiety in Nell's reply: "The Brewer's Web? But isn't that rather public?"

Tim's reply was all that might have been expected from a man with a name like Furnace Chester. It betrayed that reckless mood which even the noblest women cannot resist.

"Who cares, old thing? If Sam wants to know where you are he can find out. My motto is 'Cut the painter and the devil take the hindmost.'"

That was the moment that a mechanic delivered the car at the doors of the mansion.

Mr. Underwin did not wait for his quarry to come out. He had learned all that he needed. It only remained to ring up his client Sam and make a rendezvous at the Brewer's Web for seven o'clock the following morning, whereby the lovers might be confounded.

There is a post office at the foot of

St. James' Street and it was here that Mr. Underwin put through the call.

A voice that he recognized as Sam's replied:

"Yes—yes, Underwin. Take your nose out of my ear, Pinkie!"

A feminine laugh trembled over the line.

"Shut up, you idiot. Yes, what is it, Underwin?"

Mr. Underwin explained. His news was received with a whistle of surprise.

"Yes. I shall certainly be there. At 7 A. M. Very creditable work of yours."

"I always try to give my clients satisfaction," replied Mr. Underwin and hung up.

THE Brewer's Web is one of those road houses which recently have sprung up in the environs of London, designed to dispel from the minds of their patrons any idea that they are in the country. From an early hour in the afternoon until late at night a jazz band plays without remission. The numerous dining-rooms, wherein are assembled some of the smallest hats on the smallest heads in the Empire, are crowded to suffocation like an Underground Railway compartment during the rush hours.

Here, at six-thirty that evening, Tim and his sister duly arrived, together with suitcases and a parcel of grease paints. A half-crown bestowed on the park attendant was fruitful of Tim's being allowed to leave his two-seater where it could be removed without having to shift every other car in the affected zone.

At the bureau they were allotted a couple of rooms—"adjoiners," as Tim called them—with a communicating door. They registered as brother and sister in the name of Bowling.

Tim had been against using his own name, but his objections were worn down by Nell's assurance that it was a sound and cunning move. She pointed out that the septic Mr. Underwin might, perhaps, have discovered his identity from the porter and that, even if he hadn't, it was unlikely that he would have bothered to acquaint himself with what her maiden name had been before she made the fatal error of swapping it for Sam's.

Having distributed their belongings

and satisfied themselves that it was an easy climb into the garden from Tim's bedroom window, they descended to the bar and, perching themselves on scarlet stools, drank success to their virtuous schemes in a procession of cocktails appropriately termed White Ladies.

They were thus occupied when Mr. Underwin, peering through the glass panels of the door, beheld them. As a business man he had delayed registering his arrival until he was satisfied that his quarry was on the spot. With the pleasant knowledge that all was well, he hastened to do so. His professional eye was quick to observe the entry "Mr. and Miss Bowling" in the visitors' book and a casual question or two left no doubt as to their identity.

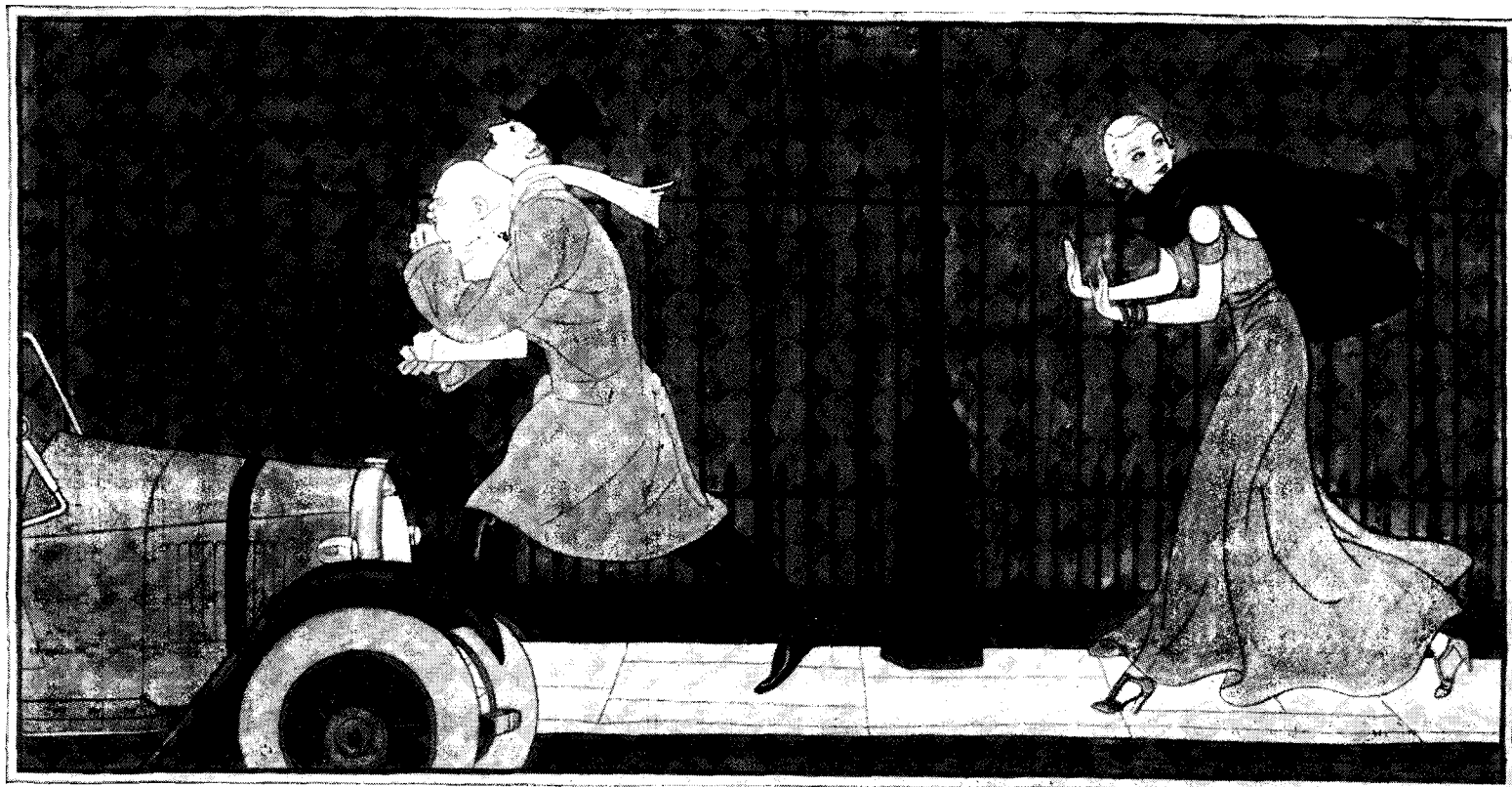
Every true huntsman is conscious of a glow of achievement as he approaches the kill and Mr. Underwin was enjoying this sensation to the full as he accompanied a bell boy to the room allotted to him. Like any other man he felt a natural impulse to communicate his joy to all and sundry. In consequence he patted the bell boy on the head in lieu of sixpence.

He wondered if he ought to put through a call to Dawn and tell her that business would keep him away until the morning. But her words in Pall Mall discouraged him from doing so. It was better, perhaps, to let her wait at home in the belief that he would turn up later on, than to foster an impression that he was having a date.

His mind made up, Mr. Underwin fell to pondering upon the ten thousand pounds which Dawn owned, and how best they might be diverted to his own uses.

MR. UNDERWIN'S picture of Dawn patiently awaiting his arrival at Golders Green was a figment of the imagination. No such Victorian passivity beguiled her. With the knowledge that upon the morrow she would be twenty-one, and mistress of her own fortune and destiny, Dawn was speeding West-Endwards with some lively companions on whoopee bent. A program of the evening's entertainment, covering practically every night club between the British Museum and Millbank, had been prepared beforehand and was adhered to.

(Continued on page 55)



The hundred yards to the corner where his car was waiting proved to be the longest Tim could remember



R. H. Collins

Before he knew what was happening they had him penned between them

Bull Strength

ELEPHANT! There is a strangely romantic sound to the word "elephant." It conjures up visions of all the old maharajahs of India, riding down ancient streets in all their glory—jeweled trappings flapping in the tropic sunlight, and natives prostrating themselves before their ancestral rulers.

Well, there's still a lot of romance in an elephant. I know, because I have just brought two back alive from the jungles of Ceylon. It's over ten thousand miles from Ceylon to New York, which may make it more romantic for you—but after all, it's business with me.

Yet there was an element of romance in these two elephants, because, you see, they were male elephants. It isn't generally known, but there are very few bull elephants in America. As a rule circuses and zoos will have nothing to do with them. A bull elephant is apt to go "must" at any time, get rough and wreck everything about him. So you're pretty safe in betting ten to one that in the next circus parade you see all of those big pachyderms will be nice, gentle females.

Before I left America on this last trip I had an order for two fine, husky male elephants. This was a pretty big order; I don't mean in numbers, I mean big in dollars and cents, because it meant a whole elephant drive to get my two males. And it was big in the element of work, because an elephant drive is no child's play, as you'll soon find out. But my order called specifically for two male elephants, and even though I had to capture over twenty to fill it—I filled it. Filling orders is my business.

Ali, my Number-One Boy, wasn't any too pleased when I showed him the order in Singapore. But while the catching of a clouded leopard floored him, this merely made him wipe imaginary perspiration from his brown forehead.

"*Kerja sukar!*" he said, and looked as if he already had been working for weeks.

"Certainly it's work," I told him. "That's what we live for, Ali."

The Mecca of Elephant Men

Ali looked a little bewildered at the idea of anyone living for work. Not that I could ever accuse Ali of being lazy; he's been very useful to me for many years, and pitches into a job as hard as I do. His was merely the Malayan attitude toward work, and after a time a Westerner thinks nothing of it. But before I had those two male elephants I had wiped my forehead actually, and wiped it many times, as Ali wiped his in gesture.

Hundreds of men (including the entire Ratwatti family) worked several months to capture a single pair of elephants. And if you think that is extraordinary, try to visualize a trap covering eight acres of wilderness. As your first lesson in elephant catching, we invite you to follow Mr. Buck through the Ceylon jungles

By Frank Buck

I had orders for a great many animals this trip, so fortunately I could time my elephant drive. I decided on Ceylon rather than India, Siam or Burma because of the Festival of the Tooth. This Festival of the Tooth is held each year at Kandy, and is a survival of the most ancient rites of the Buddhists. A supposed tooth of Buddha himself is paraded amid much pomp. There is a string of elephants that make our American circuses look like five-and-ten-cent editions. And gathered there at Kandy are all the big elephant men of Ceylon.

So I planned my arrival at Colombo when the moon was right for the annual Festival of the Tooth. From there I journeyed the two hundred miles into the hills and the land of the ancient Kandy kings. This section of Ceylon is as wild as any country anywhere in the world. It is the center of hundreds of square miles of solid jungle, practically untracked by white men, and as primitive as when Nature made it.

As I've said, I knew all the elephant men of Ceylon would be at Kandy, and it didn't take me long to single out Ratwatti, an old acquaintance of mine. The Ratwatti family dates back to the Kandy kings themselves, and is one of the oldest and most respected in the section.

After the customary Eastern preliminaries were over, I approached Ratwatti on the idea of an elephant drive. This is not as easy as it sounds. You can't go into the jungle and take elephants the way you can other game. In Ceylon, and all through the Far East, the elephant is one of the most valued possessions of the country. I don't mean in a sacred way—I mean from a pure business standpoint. The elephants that are caught and shipped to our American and European zoos and circuses make up a very small percentage of captured elephants.

The Beast of All Burdens

By far the majority of these animals are taken by native princes, rajahs and other Asiatic rulers for court functions and ceremonies. Many are required by the government, the planters, and the teakwood business. They are very useful in hauling heavy teak logs from the forests to the rivers, where the logs are floated sometimes as far as a thousand miles to the sawmills, where elephants again handle them. Elephants are used on plantations, for government road work, and even by the military. A good work-elephant is worth about two thousand dollars almost anywhere in Asia.

So you can easily see why the wild
(Continued on page 47)