



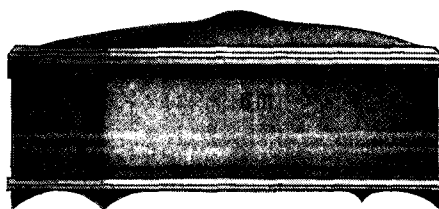
She turned and faced him with perfect composure. "So you're married?"

A Lady Enters

A romance which may surprise you by ending with a honeymoon. We hazard the guess that it will not appear in the heroine's memoirs

By Cleo Lucas

ILLUSTRATED BY HANS FLATO



NEW YORK had waited two years for London to tire of *A Lady Enters* and it had waited five years for Sybil Relfe to tire of London. The time had come at last. A few hours from now Sybil Relfe would walk across the boards to prove that she was entitled to wear the crown that the critics had bestowed upon her: that of First Lady of the Theater.

There was little that the newspapers could say about Sybil that they had not said before. All the adjectives that can be applied to a beautiful woman had been used time and time again. Glamorous, lovely, charming, delightful, brilliant, radiant, graceful, polished, a finished actress. They had said all these things about her. Now all they could say was that she was more radiant. More beautiful. More everything since she had been away. So they said it and carried hundreds of photographs of her to prove it.

None of them went into her personal life except to say that she had been the toast of England. Only one gossip columnist thought it important enough to "wonder if a certain well-known society man whose heart, it will be remembered, took a flip-flop not so many years ago is sufficiently recovered to be in his customary box tonight as the curtain is rung up on *A Lady Enters*."

Sybil read it as she lay on her chaise longue in her luxurious apartment on Park Avenue and wondered too. Her soft, white hands, about which the critics loved to write, slowly folded and unfolded a corner of the paper as she wondered. Her great, brown eyes, that tonight would sparkle and laugh or become sad and weep at her will, now stared unexpressively at the ceiling as she let her thoughts drift back to those three stormy, unbelievable years that she had been the wife of Kristian Marsh.

Their parting had been as anomalous as had been their life together. A

strange sensation of happiness and unhappiness. A strange desire of wanting each other and yet not wanting each other. She recalled their last moments together in her cabin just before she had sailed for England. Kristian standing there beside her, straight and tall and handsome, holding her hand so tightly that her rings left red stripes on her fingers. Looking down at her with a hurt, sad look in his eyes and yet with a little hint of relief in them too, telling her "goodby" forever.

SYBIL had understood both looks. The hurt, sad one was because he loved her and the relieved one was because there would be no more quarrels or scenes. Kristian hated fights. How many times he had said, "I don't enjoy this. You know I'm not an actor. I don't appreciate scenes."

And scenes there had been, she reflected. Scenes into which she had bitten her teeth and enacted with a perfection that she had never attained in the theater before or since. Some of

them, especially the scenes in the drawing-room of Kristian's family home, were as good as any sophisticated comedy that Coward had ever written. Better, Sybil decided now as she thought back on them.

The final scene over the blue cigarette box had been just too perfect. Of course, they had argued before over the same thing but never with such feeling. She couldn't have stayed anyway, after the things Kristian had said to her that night, but she had often thought that her exit was the most dramatic and the best-timed one she had ever made.

She visualized it again in her mind. Kristian, sitting in his favorite chair, not saying anything while she stormed about the room in the manner of Hedda Gabbler.

"But I tell you I can't stand it," she screamed, "these awful evenings of bridge and dinners and your mother's boring friends."

Silence. That was what drove her to distraction. His silence. How could

anyone enact a scene alone? Well, when everything else failed there was always one thing that roused him into action. Sybil had tried it many times and always with success.

Continuing her tirade of invective, she moved toward the table beside his chair and whisked the cigarette box from it. She walked across the room and set it beside the blue lamp that stood on a long table near the wall. Then she waited. Waited until he should put out his hand for a cigarette and find that there was none within his reach.

IT WAS such a little thing to provoke anger, she thought, as she watched his gaze fly across the room to the long table. After all, she did other things that should have broken down his resistance much more quickly than the mere absence of a cigarette box should have done.

The effect was instantaneous. He was on his feet. Down came his hand on the back of the chair.

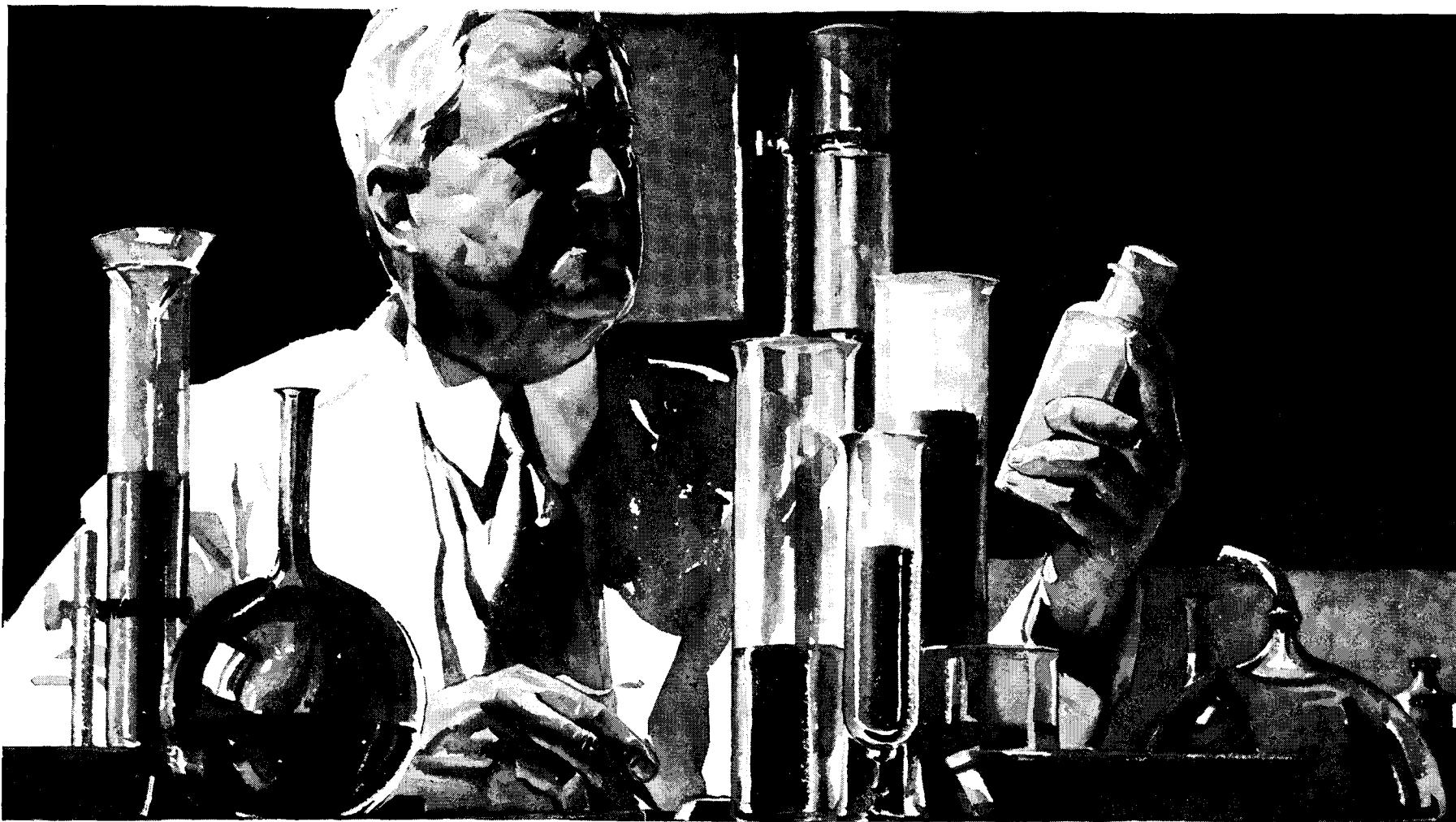
"You've done this once too often, Sybil." His voice was high-pitched. Angry. "I've told you over and over again that I want that box left on that table and I—"

Sybil, tense with expectancy. Picking up her cue joyfully but with the air of being offended.

"Don't shout at me, please, Kristian." "I will shout at you!" And he did shout.

Sybil walking over toward the fireplace so that the glow of the fire could fall on her glittering dress of sequins. Kristian following, raving at her now about how inconsiderate she was, how selfish and vain and egotistical. And then the names. She had been terribly shocked when he had called her those awful names but it had given her a great chance to prove her ability, to re-establish confidence in her acting.

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"Now and then you get a man who is a materialist, in the sense of a beast. He's a bad man"

The Crime of the Communist

THREE men came out from under the low-browed Tudor arch in the mellow façade of Mandeville College, into the strong evening sunlight of a summer day which seemed as if it would never end; and in that sunlight they saw something well fitted to be the shock of their lives.

Even before they had realized anything in the way of a catastrophe, they were conscious of a contrast. They themselves, in a curious, quiet way, were quite harmonious with their surroundings. Though the Tudor arches that ran like a cloister round the college gardens had been built four hundred years ago, though they themselves were in modern clothes, something in the spirit of the place made them all as one.

The first of the three, a tall, bald, bearded maypole of a man, was a familiar figure in the Quad in cap and gown; the gown slipped off one of his sloping shoulders. The second was very square-shouldered, short and compact, with a rather jolly grin, commonly clad in a jacket, with his gown over his arm. The third was even shorter and much shabbier, in black clerical clothes. But they all seemed suitable to Mandeville College and the indescribable atmosphere of the two ancient and unique universities of England. They fitted into it and they faded into it; which is there regarded as most fitting.

The two men seated on garden chairs by a little table were a sort of brilliant blot on this gray-green landscape. They were clad mostly in black and yet they glittered from head to heel, from their burnished top-hats to their perfectly polished shoes. It was dimly felt as an outrage that anybody should be so well-dressed in the well-bred freedom of Mandeville College. The only excuse

A mystery story, in which more, far more, than a corpse is found. The law's master-mind is the famous Father Brown, the world's most studious detective

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

was that they were foreigners. One was an American: a millionaire named Hake, dressed in the spotlessly and sparkingly gentlemanly manner known only to the rich of New York. The other, who added to all these things the outrage of an astrakhan overcoat (to say nothing of a pair of florid whiskers), was a German count of great wealth; the shortest part of his name was Von Zimmern.

THE mystery of this story, however, is not the mystery of why they were there. They were there for the reason that commonly explains the meeting of incongruous things: they proposed to give the college some money. They had come in support of a plan supported by several financiers and magnates of many countries, for founding a new Chair of Economics at Mandeville College. They had inspected the college with that tireless, conscientious sight-seeing of which no sons of Eve are capable except the American and the German. And now they were resting from their labors and looking solemnly at the college gardens. So far so good.

The three other men, who had already met them, passed with a vague salutation; but one of them stopped; the smallest of the three, in the black clerical clothes.

"I say," he said, with rather the air of a frightened rabbit, "I don't like the look of those men."

"Good God! Who could?" ejaculated the tall man, who happened to be the Master of Mandeville. "At least we have some rich men who don't go about dressed up like tailors' dummies."

"Yes," hissed the little cleric, "that's what I mean. Like tailors' dummies."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the short man in gray sharply.

"I mean they're like horrible wax-works," said the cleric in a faint voice. "I mean they don't move. Why don't they move?"

Suddenly starting out of his dim retirement, he darted across the garden and touched the German baron on the elbow. The German baron fell over, chair and all, and the trousered legs that stuck up in the air were as stiff as the legs of the chair.

Mr. Gideon P. Hake continued to gaze

at the college gardens with glassy eyes; but the parallel of a waxwork confirmed the impression that they were like eyes made of glass. Somehow the rich sunlight and the colored garden increased the creepy impression of a stiffly dressed doll; a marionette on an Italian stage. The small man in black, who was a priest named Brown, tentatively touched the millionaire on the shoulder; and the millionaire fell sideways, but horribly all of a piece, like something carved in wood.

"Rigor mortis," said Father Brown, "and so soon. But it does vary a good deal."

THE reason the first three men had joined the other two men so late (not to say too late) will best be understood by noting what had happened just inside the building, behind the Tudor archway, but a short time before they came out. They had all dined together in Hall, at the High Table; but the two foreign philanthropists, slaves of duty in the matter of seeing everything, had solemnly gone back to the chapel, of which one cloister and a staircase remained unexamined, promising to rejoin the rest in the garden to examine as earnestly the college cigars. The rest, in a more reverent and right-minded spirit, had adjourned as usual to the long, narrow, oak table round which the after-dinner wine had circulated, for all anybody knew, ever since the college had been founded in the Middle Ages by Sir John Mandeville, for the encouragement of telling stories.

The Master, with the big, fair beard and the bald brow, took the head of the table, and the squat, square man in the square jacket sat on his left; for he was the bursar or business man of the college. Next to him, on that side of the