

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR MARTIN FAWLEY, an American adventurer who has accepted a secret commission from General Berati, Italy's strong man, witnesses an attack on his chief by a beautiful woman. Fawley follows her, learns that she is the Princess Elida di Rezco di Vasena—related to Berati by marriage! She tells Fawley that General Berati is about to commit a "hideous blunder," implores his silence—which he reluctantly keeps. Shortly after, the girl is exiled from Italy for one year, while Fawley is ordered to the Maritime Alps to report on the French fortifications.

At Monte Carlo he meets Adolph Krust, whom he knows to be a wealthy German working against General von Salzenburg and the Fascist Heinrich Behrling for control of the Fatherland. With Krust are two beautiful girls, posing as his nieces. Fawley, visited in his rooms by one of them, Greta, learns that the girls in reality are student spies. Greta, trading on her beauty, endeavors to enlist Fawley in Krust's ranks. While they talk Krust bursts in. He tells Fawley that he has just spoken by phone with Berati; that he, Fawley, is to receive orders to proceed to Berlin on the morrow. "You shall work with me—Berati must know the truth!" Fawley replies that he will discharge the mission—alone. . . .

The next morning he receives a note from the Princess Elida. Pleasurably surprised, he goes aboard her yacht—to find himself a prisoner. At sea, he is released from his cabin by a man who introduces himself as the Prince Maurice von Thal. "We wish to know," says the prince, "if you are going to Germany with Krust and his two decoys. The report that goes back to Berati must be favorable to General von Salzenburg!" Fawley, angered, warns von Thal that he will not tolerate any interference.

A little later a storm strikes the ship and the German leaves Fawley and Elida, to take the bridge. Suddenly the girl cries out in terror. Fawley whirls. The yacht is headed directly for the seawall! At the moment they strike Elida throws herself into his arms and kisses him passionately. . . .

Several weeks later Fawley, having miraculously got away with his life, is visited by Adolph Krust at his Berlin hotel. Krust is strangely excited. "Work with me," he implores. "There are doors which only I can open. Berati must have the truth about Germany or the world will be plunged into war!"

At that moment there comes a loud knocking on the door. . . .

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WHAT followed on Fawley's invitation to enter seemed to his astonished eyes more like the advance guard of a circus than anything. The door was thrown open with a flourish. The manager of the hotel, in a tightly fitting frock coat and gray trousers of formal design, entered hurriedly. He took not the slightest notice of Fawley but swung round and ranged himself by the side of the threshold.

He was joined a few seconds later by the assistant manager, dressed in precisely the same fashion, who also made precipitate entrance and stood on the other side facing his chief. There followed an officer dressed in some sort of uniform and after him a younger man, who appeared to hold the post of A. D. C., in more somber but still semi-military accouterments. Last of all came a man in civilian clothes—stern, with a shock of brown hair streaked with gray, hard features, granite-like mouth, keen, steely eyes. He held up his hand as he entered in a gesture

which might have been intended for the Fascist salute or might have been an invocation to silence. He spoke German correctly, but with a strong Prussian accent.

"My name is Behrling—Heinrich Behrling," he announced. "It is my wish to speak a few words with the agent of my friend, General Berati of Rome. I have the pleasure—yes?"

Fawley bowed, but shook his head.

"I cannot claim the distinction of being the recognized agent of that great man," he declared. "I am an American visiting Germany as a tourist."

The newcomer advanced farther into the room and shook hands with some solemnity. Fawley turned towards where his previous visitor had been seated, then gave a little start. The hideous and unsavory cigar propped up against an ash tray was still alight. The armchair, however, had been pushed back and the black Homburg hat which had rested upon the floor was gone. There was in the place where Adolf Krust had sat the most atrocious odor of foul tobacco but nowhere in the room was there any sign of him nor any indication of his sudden departure except the wide-opened door leading into the bathroom!

"You search for something?" the visitor asked.

"Before you came, sir," Fawley confided, "I had a caller. He must have taken his leave in a hurry."

Heinrich Behrling laughed coldly.

"There are many," he declared, "who leave in a hurry when I arrive!"

HEINRICH BEHRLING, the man whom the most widely read paper in Berlin had called only that morning "the underground ruler of Germany," showed no hesitation in taking the vacated easy-chair and he watched the disappearance of the still burning cigar out of the window with an air of satisfaction. In response to a wave of the hand his escort retired. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"It gives me no pleasure to be so attended," he declared, "but what would you have? The Communists have sworn that before the end of the week I shall be a dead man. I prefer to live."

"It is the natural choice," Fawley murmured with a smile.

"You are Major Fawley, the American who has entered the service of Italy?" Behrling demanded. "You speak German—yes?"

"Yes to both questions," was the prompt reply. "My name is Fawley, I have accepted a temporary post under the Italian government and I speak German."

"What brought you to Berlin?"

"Everyone comes to Berlin nowadays."

"You came on Berati's orders, of course."

Fawley's fingers tapped lightly upon his desk and he remained for a moment silent.

"I look upon your visit as a great honor, sir," he said. "I only regret that when I left Italy I became dumb."



"I wish there were more like you on my staff," Behrling muttered with a throaty exclamation. "Can I deal with you? That is the question."

"On behalf of whom?"

"On behalf of my country. You have seen my army in the making. You have visited Cologne and Frankfurt, among other towns. You know what is coming to Germany as well as I can tell you. I ask whether I can deal with you on behalf of my country."

"Is this not a little premature, Herr Behrling?" Fawley asked quietly. "The elections are yet to come."

"So you have been listening to the fat man," was the scornful reply. "The

man who smokes that filthy stuff and left the room like a streak of lightning at my coming! He would have you think that the dummy who has taken my place in the Reichstag can be dealt with. He is a fool. If I raised my hand in opposition the whole of your brilliant scheme would crash tomorrow, and where would you be then? Where would Italy be? I ask you that."

FAWLEY was silent. This man was not as he had expected. He was at the same time more verbose, yet more impressive.

"If I chose to listen to my counselors," Behrling went on, "I will tell you



what would happen. Italy would be stripped, disgraced, convicted of a great crime and—worse still—guilty of being found out. That is what will happen to any nation that dares to ignore the only party that is strong enough to rule Germany, the only party that can put into the field an army of patriots.”

Fawley shook his head regretfully. “Alas,” he explained, “I am only a messenger. I have no weight in the councils of Italy.”

“You can repeat my words.”

“I will do so.”

“When?”

“When I return to Italy.”

Behrling's expression was fervent.

“I will explain,” she promised. “You are angry with me but indeed nothing that happened was my fault. Please sit down”

“Why do you wait till then?” he demanded. “You are here to see how the land lies. You have to make your report. Von Salzenburg's men are veterans of the war. They would carry arms in no man's cause. Soon they will be carrying them to the grave. The young spirit of Germany is with me. Italy will miss her great chance. She will pass down into the rank of second-

class nations if she does not recognize this.”

“Every word of what you have said I promise shall be repeated.”

“But why not in your dispatches?” Behrling argued, striking the table with his fist. “Why not tonight? Why not let a special messenger fly to Rome? An airplane is at your disposal.”

“I never send dispatches,” Fawley confided, tapping a cigarette upon the table and lighting it.

His visitor stared at him in blank surprise.

“What do you mean? Of course you must send dispatches.”

“I have never sent one in my life,” Fawley assured him. “I have very seldom committed a line of anything relating to my profession to paper. When a thing is important enough for me to pass it on to my chiefs I take the knowledge in my brain and go to them.”

BEHRLING rose to his feet and walked restlessly up and down the room. His strong features were working nervously. He threw away his cigarette. It was obvious that he had been living for months under a great strain. He beat the air with his fists—a gesture which seemed to Fawley curiously familiar. Suddenly he swung round.

“The fat man—Adolf Krust—he has been here this afternoon?”

Fawley nodded.

“Yes, he has been here. He was in Monte Carlo when I was there. He went on to see Berati. It is scarcely my business to tell you so,” Fawley observed; “still, I see no reason why I should keep another man's secret. He only got as far as San Remo. Berati refused to see him.”

“When do you return to Rome?”

“In ten days.”

“The world itself may be changed in that time,” Behrling declared impatiently. “If you were to study the welfare of your adopted country I tell you this—you would return to Rome tomorrow. You would use every argument to convince Berati that Italy stands upon the threshold of a colossal mistake.”

“Mistake?” Fawley repeated.

“Give me a few hours of your time,” Behrling demanded with flashing eyes, “and I will show you how great a mistake. If ever a thing was dead at heart, snapped at the roots, it is the monarchal spirit of Germany. Youth alone can rebuild and inspire Germany. These men who do the goose-step through the streets of Berlin, who have adopted the moldy, ignoble relic of the most self-intoxicated monarchical régime which ever plunged its country into ruin, they lack everything. They lack inspiration; they lack courage; more than anything they lack youth. You have seen my men march, Major Fawley. You know that their average age is under twenty-four. There is the youth and fire of the country. There is the living force. They have no soul fatigue.”

“There are rumors,” Fawley ventured to remind him, “of negotiations between the monarchists and your young men. I have heard it said that if this great cataclysm should take place there would be a coming together of every military party in Germany.”

“You may have heard this,” Behrling admitted with a queer smile, “but you would not be sitting where you are now if you had not the wit to know that it is a falsehood. My men will fight for their country and their principles and me, but not a shot would they fire to drag back from their happy obscurity one half an hour of the accursed Hohenzollern rule.”

“Then what do you predict will be the government in this country?” Fawley asked.

“No sane man doubts what it will be,”

Behrling answered. “The people have spoken. I am on my way. I shall be dictator within two months. In twelve months Germany will be once more a great power, the greatest power amongst the European nations.”

Fawley lit another cigarette and pushed the box towards his visitor, who, however, shook his head.

“In these days,” the latter confided, “I may not smoke and I may not drink. It is the Pentecostal fast of my life. Every nerve of my body is strained. The time for relaxation will come afterwards. Major Fawley, I invite you to attend a meeting of my council tonight.”

Fawley declined respectfully.

“If I accepted your offer,” he acknowledged, “I should be doing so under false pretenses. I was fortunate enough to intercept a private dispatch addressed to Berati's chief last time I was in Rome. From it I am convinced that however long she may hesitate Italy has made up her mind to support the monarchist party. The treaty is already drawn up.”

Behrling's arms went out with a gesture towards the sky. One forgot the banality of the gilt and white ceiling above his head.

“What are treaties,” he cried, “when the stars are falling and new worlds are being born? I will risk everything. You and I both know why Berati's master leans towards the monarchist party. It is because he has sworn that there shall be only one dictator in Europe. That is sheer vanity. In time his patriotism will conquer and he will see the truth. . . . I meet you at midnight at an address which will be given you this afternoon with no explanation. You will be there?”

“If you invite me with the full knowledge of the situation,” Fawley replied. “That is understood.”

THE maître d'hôtel at the newest Berlin restaurant, which had the reputation of almost fantastic exclusiveness, was typically Teutonic. His fair hair had been shaved close to his skull; his fierce little yellow mustache was upturned in military fashion; his protuberant stomach interfered in no manner with his consequential, almost dignified, bearing. He scarcely troubled to reply to Fawley's inquiry for a table.

“Every table is taken,” he announced, “for tonight and every night this week.”

“For the other evenings during the week,” Fawley replied, “I have no interest. Please to give the matter your attention. You had better glance at this card.”

The maître d'hôtel turned ponderously around. Fawley's rather lazy voice, easily recognizable as American notwithstanding his excellent accent, was in a way impressive. A great deal more so, however, was the card which he had presented. The man's manner underwent a complete change. He indulged in a swift, ceremonious bow.

“Your table is reserved, Herr Oberst,” he said. “Please to follow me.”

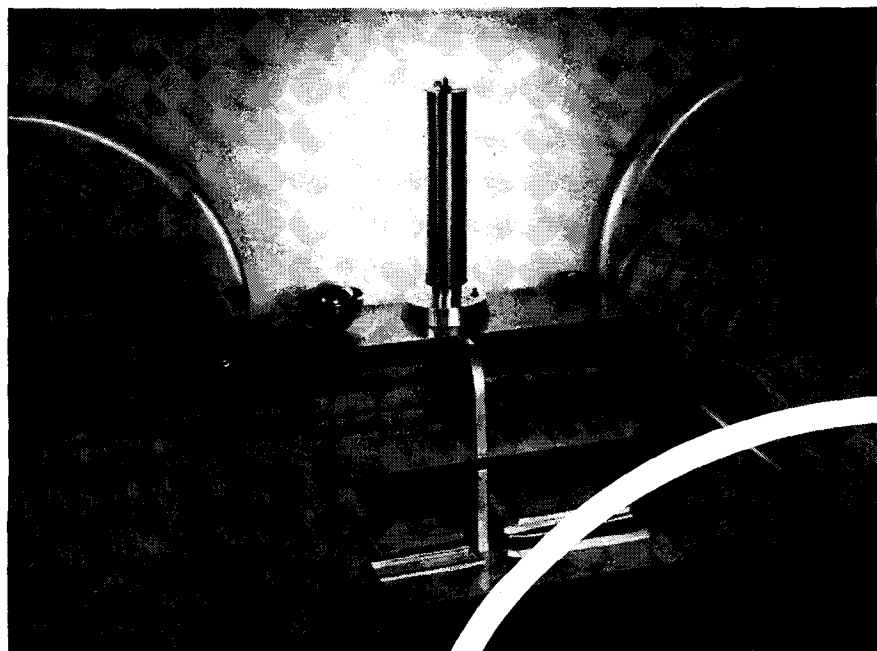
He led the way into a small but evidently very high-class restaurant. The walls were paneled in black oak, which, so far from giving the place a somber appearance, increased the brilliancy of the effect produced by the masses of scarlet flowers with which every table was decorated, the spotless linen, the profusion of gleaming glass and silver. He led the way to a small table in a recess—a table laid for three, one place of which was already occupied. Fawley stopped short. Elida was seated there—looking like a Greuze picture with her chestnut-brown hair and soft hazel eyes. She was obviously very nervous.

“I am afraid that there must be some
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Turn on the Moon

By Marie Beynon Ray

Lighting is as important in decoration as chairs and draperies—and much more versatile. It can come from the floor, from a table, from a mirror; it can pinch-hit for the moon or the sun. Here are new ways of throwing light on the subject

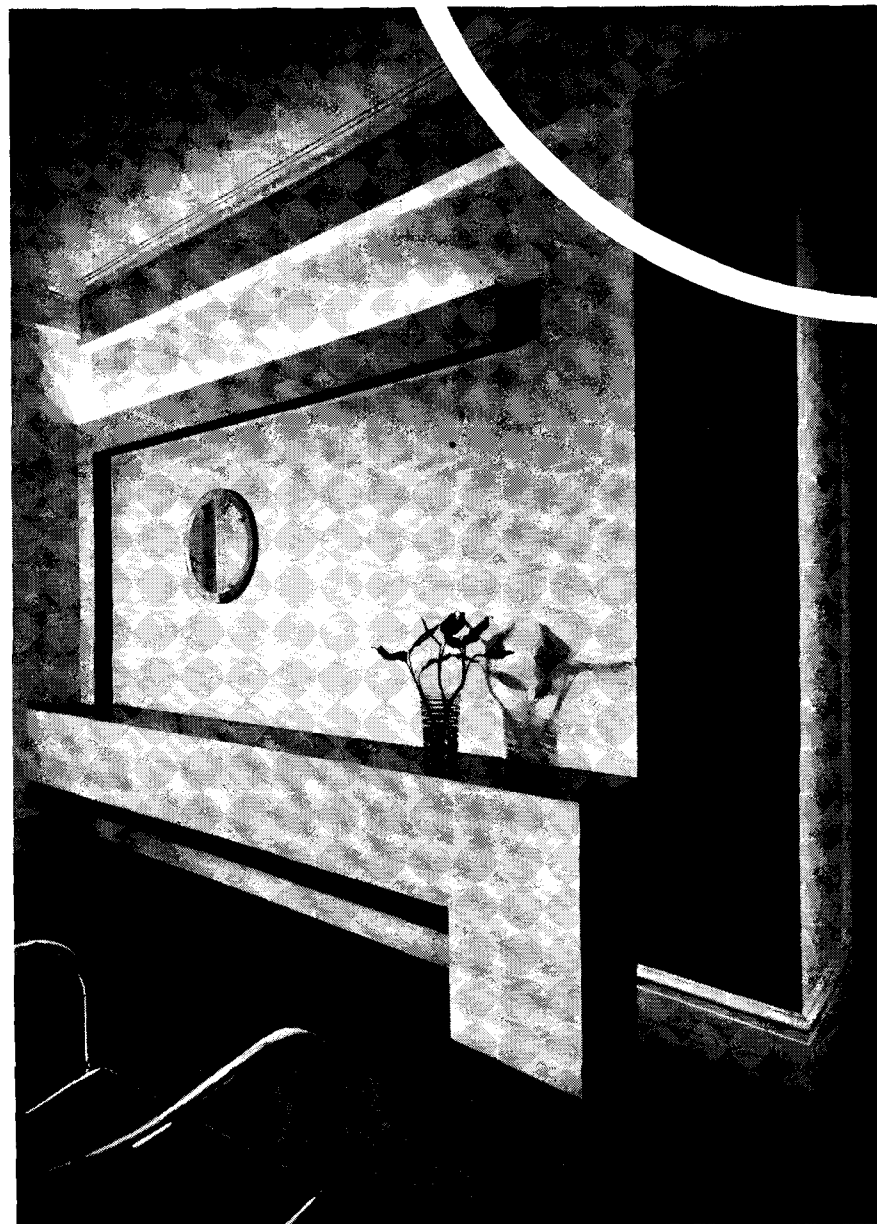


VAN ANDA

Above: A metal shaft for a bedside lamp in a room designed by Wolfgang Hoffman

Right: Reading light and soft illumination for the room from lights in an alcove

Below: Indirect lighting in a hall, the light thrown from a cove to a white ceiling



DECORATION BY
PAUL LESTER WIENER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
F. S. LINCOLN

MIDNIGHT. A party, returning from a dance, enters the living-room of a country house on Long Island—a room flooded with moonlight.

"But there is no moon!" someone exclaims. "Where do you get moonlight on a moonless night?"

"We have our own private moon," our host explains, "as well as our own private sun for rainy days. Look!" He touches a switch. The moon goes out. "Now!" Another switch and the sun comes on, filling the room with radiance—from outside.

"Oh, give us the moon!" beg the ladies, thinking of their evening make-up—and the slim, silver fingers of moonlight slip once more through the room.

"I'm probably the only man in the world who's ever been able to give a lady the moon when she asked for it," laughs the host.

"But look—the garden!" a girl cries, running to the window. "The garden is drenched in moonlight! See those pines, those masses of white flowers, all sprayed with light. How heavenly!"

Through an enormous window, occupying a third of the wall space of the large, circular room the light from the garden pours in—but its source remains invisible. Soft, diffused, yet bright enough to light the room adequately, it creeps in from nowhere—just one of

those little miracles of modern science which are sprung on us every day, using up our supply of wonder.

"I got the idea from a friend of mine in Paris," says our host. "One whole side of his house, facing a court, is glass—a solid, two-story, prismatic glass wall. In the court are a number of flood lights operated from within the house, which illuminate the various rooms with various degrees of intensity. Very effective!"

That's the sort of thing we're constantly bumping up against today—glass houses, artificial moons, midnight suns. Modern science produces miracles at about the rate rabbits reproduce, and these miracles, scientists declare, are "still in their infancy." The daddies of science haven't started on what they expect to do with light, yet even now they can paint and compose and model with it. It's not only the useful advances, such as catching thieves with a beam of light, but the entrancing new ways light is being handled by the decorators, which work us up to fever pitch.

"Can't we have some of this modern lighting ourselves?" we want to know, and how and what kind and how much—things like that.

We must get rid of our preconceived ideas of light—that it must come from a lamp, be located in the ceiling, or even that it must be confined in bulbs. Expect anything. Light may come from the floor—it *does* in the living-room of the Marshall Field apartment in River House, New York—from the capitals of columns, from the furniture, from behind a mirror, from above a false ceiling, from a statue, from behind curtains, from beams, cornices, pilasters—like a magician's rabbit, which can be produced from anywhere.

We start with only two concepts—first, that light is fluid; second, that it is architectural. The lighting of a room is an architect's problem before he puts rule to paper, not an electrician's after the building is completed.

You Can Do Anything

Talk to men like Lescaze, who built what modern architects call "the only modern skyscraper in existence," the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society Building; men like Donald Deskey, one of the designers of interiors in Radio City Music Hall, Frankl and others—and this is what you'll hear.

"Architectural, you said lighting should be," I reminded Deskey as he was pointing this out to me. "Just what does that include?"

"Well, cove lighting is architectural. It's also indirect, being thrown up before it's reflected down, the most expensive but the best kind of lighting, easiest on the eyes. Strip lighting is

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