

Beautiful Widow

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

In the shadow of the gallows with Captain Morgan—a romance of a day when swords and love flamed

CAPTAIN MORGAN undoubtedly considered it deplorable that he was to be hanged on the morrow. It was not an unexpected ending to his career, to be sure. He had harried the coasts of the Spanish colonies for a long time now, carrying fire and sword and a zestful treachery through divers rich settlements and solemn compacts of nonaggression. But still, he undoubtedly considered it deplorable that he was at long last to be hanged.

He did not show it, though. He did not even show annoyance at the sound of hammering in the fortress courtyard, where workmen labored on his scaffold. And he had not once cursed the *Donna* Claudia Gonzales de Yznaga, whose delicately written, delicately tinted missives had lured him on shore to be whacked on the head by the governor's soldiers. He sat at ease astride the solitary chair his prison boasted. His head cocked on one side, he looked almost quizzically at the trio who stood before the safely locked, heavily barred door.

Poundings; the heavy, harsh poundings of sledge hammers upon spikes. The scaffold, according to Spanish custom, would be strong enough to hold a hundred men like Captain Morgan. He was merely of middle size, and he was clean-shaven—which was rare among the men of his time—and with hair and eyes as dark as any Spaniard. At the moment, his fine linen shirt was ripped half from his back. His fine laced cloak was gone. Even his breeches were torn from the struggle attending his capture a bare hour since. Yet—with the news of his capture kept secret until rescue would be impossible even to the crew of the *Belle Marie*—yet he looked half-amusedly at the governor of the Port of Cartagena, who stood with a turnkey and the *commandante* of the King's forces before the door.

"Excellency," said Captain Morgan politely, in the lisping Spanish of an aristocrat, "I must ask pardon that I do not offer you a chair. But indeed there is none save this one on which my wrenched leg forces me to rest."

The governor ignored his courtesy. He peered with beady eyes about the interior of the cell. Huge stones made up its walls, each one far too huge to be handled by a single man, even if he managed to scrape away the more than iron-hard Spanish cement which bound them. The cell window was too small to let a man's body pass, and was crisscrossed with bars besides. And the whole front of the cell was a grille of inch-thick bars, welded together. The door was simply untamperable. The cell was proof against escape.

Out in the courtyard the hammering went on. The governor completed his inspection. His beady eyes fixed themselves upon Captain Morgan.

"Be you wizard, as some have said, or merely pirate," he observed in a dry, official voice, "I do not think you will escape this time, *Capitan!*"

Captain Morgan arose and bowed.

"At last a pleasant word!" he observed, "though with a most unpleasant significance. True, Excellency, 'tis a strong cage you've put me in, with no room for tricks nor time for bribery.

Therefore, I do but request that you send a surgeon to tend my wrenched leg. A pardonable vanity requires that I walk to my doom without faltering, even before the poor wretches of the fortress here."

The governor smiled. It was a dry, shrewd, suspicious smile.

"I am not to be tricked as you have tricked other officers of His Majesty."

Captain Morgan shrugged politely.

"Then," he said mildly, "I say no more than that 'tis possible I shall die of thirst ere I am hanged in the morning."

The governor spoke to the turnkey.

"A flagon of wine. And bring pens, ink, and parchment. Let the wine be that which is given to the common prisoners."

Captain Morgan's head tilted a bit more to one side.



"'Twill be strange if an imperious gesture or two doth not win clear egress in your carriage"

"Bad wine, eh? 'Tis petty of you, Excellency!"

The governor smiled a thin smile. He waved his hand.

"I will talk with the prisoner, *Señor Commandante*," he said in a voice as dry as the rustling of parchment. "These pirates love their rum before hanging, and I credit not the tales of wizardry. Do you make sure that no word of his capture escapes the fortress until he is safely hanged."

With magnificent ceremony the *commandante* departed. He had not spoken a word. The clanking of his footsteps down the corridor grew faint. The governor suddenly smiled thinly.

"Now, Master Morgan, it may be we can strike a bargain. She is a likely wench. Not so?"

Captain Morgan blinked. Then he said: "Come now, Excellency! What would I say to that?"

"I refer," said the governor in a dry voice, "to the *Donna Claudia Gonzales de Yznaga*. The lady, *Capitan*, you came ashore to interview."

CAPTAIN MORGAN stared, and then laughed softly.

"Ah!" he said good-humoredly. "Now I comprehend. I've her husband aboard the *Belle Marie*. We plucked him out of a coaster that carried naught else but a bit of good wine."

"It was my wine," said the governor dryly.

"And we've held him for ransom. He was dressed like a popinjay and when

my men made as if to drop him overside he squealed like a stuck pig and pledged vast sums for ransom. A scrofulous, whimpering, blackguardly old crow he is, too."

"He is my cousin," said the governor more dryly still.

"Eh?" Captain Morgan stared, and laughed. "Well, then, Excellency, 'tis only fair to tell you that when my men hear I've been hanged, they'll cut the throats of every prisoner on board the *Belle Marie*. In hanging me, you doom your cousin."

"I am his heir," said the governor, most dryly of all.

Slow, stolid footsteps. The turnkey returning. He brought a flagon of wine, a bottle of ink, and fine goose-quill pens and parchment. He glanced stolidly at the governor, who motioned impatiently. The turnkey knelt and pushed all the separate articles through a small space in the bars, purposely left so that a prisoner could be fed like any other wild beast.

Captain Morgan limped from his chair, picked up the wine and put it to his lips. He made a wry face and spat.

"Damme, 'tis foul stuff!"

The governor waved imperiously for the turnkey to be gone. As his footsteps receded, the governor said tonelessly:

"You may bargain for wine or rum, *Capitan*. You have pens, ink and parchment. It would please me for you to make a writing, with your signature."

Captain Morgan sat down again, ostentatiously favoring the leg on which

he had limped. He made a wry face.

"The wine is foul," he admitted. "One would do much for a draught of something fit for a thirsty throat. What would this document be, Excellency?"

"A statement," said the governor with the thinnest of smiles, "that the *Donna Claudia* hath been your light o' love for long. That she hath sent to you of the coming and going of the King's ships. And that she bade you have the *Belle Marie* capture the ship on which her husband sailed, that she might be rid of him."

CAPTAIN MORGAN shook his head. "Nay! 'Twould make men laugh! The wife of that elderly scoundrel will be such a pock-marked beldame that—"

"The *Donna Claudia*," said the governor in a voice like dry silk rustling, "is not yet twenty. She is esteemed beautiful. She was married to my cousin less than a year ago, an' did she marry any other than myself she would take him a fortune besides herself. . . . I assume, *Capitan*, that my cousin will have his throat slit when news of your hanging reaches your crew. . . . And there was a young man whom she besought her parents to marry her to, ere they chose my cousin for the honor."

Captain Morgan rubbed meditatively at his chin. It was near indeed to sunset, and now the light began swiftly to fade. What light was in the corridor dimmed greatly. Even the faint glow about the cell window faded somewhat. But a reddish glow played about the window

edges. Torches, for the workmen who built the scaffold on which Captain Morgan was to hang.

"Now," said Captain Morgan, and laughed a little, "I can guess why you wish such a document. To press a suit upon your own account, because with my other correspondence it would hang her. Eh? Now, if she be a likely wench I can sympathize, but wenches are costly. What is the price for this gentle perjury?"

"Rum," said the governor dryly. "Enough of rum to drown the terrors which will come upon you as death draws near. Enough so that you will be besotted with rum when men come to hang you. It is pay enough for you."

The darkness, with a tropic suddenness, momentarily increased. Nearly the only light anywhere was the red torch-glow upon the window's edges. Captain Morgan stirred in the darkness.

"I'll think on't, Excellency," he said humorously. "The wine you ha' given me is truly thin and sour! But if I am to write, I'll need at least a rushlight to see by."

"I will send a light," said the governor's dry voice. "And note well, *Capitan*! None but the *Donna Claudia* knows of your capture, beyond the fortress walls. I'll have no efforts by your crew to save you. And the *Donna Claudia* hath begged leave to speak to you in your cell ere you are hanged. I have sent to her to come. She will come—to my private quarters. I desire the document within two hours, to prove to her that any complaint she may make will not be heeded. And if you write it not, *Capitan*, I will have it forged and you, being hanged, will never deny it!"

There was the tiny, womanish clatter of his high heels upon the stone. The governor of Cartagena moved off into the darkness.

INSTANTLY, Captain Morgan was all action. He swarmed to the window, inspecting the stones by the firelight without, the joints, the poured-leadpointing which held the bars immovably in place. He went along the walls, the grille, the floor, feeling feverishly. Then he swarmed back to where he could gaze out the cell window once more. The firelight smote upon his face, keen and questing. His eyes were darker than brown in the ruddy light. They seemed black. They saw the dark gray walls, the stone-paved courtyard, the flaring torches and the fires. They saw, too, the gaunt shape of the scaffold with the projecting arm from which the noose—and Captain Morgan—would dangle in the morning.

But beyond these things he saw the gate through which he had doubtlessly been brought unconscious, and the doorway he must have entered while on the way to his present cell.

He slipped down to the floor again and paced restlessly up and down, and up and down. There was no trace of a limp in his gait now. Mutterings came from between his lips. "Wizard . . ." A turn back and forth. "Damme, there's not a Don but is frightened of all he doth not understand." Another restless turn. A sudden pause, to listen. "The workmen . . . Another hour mayhap—" Then the cushioned thud of two hands struck lightly together in the darkness. "*By the devil! 'Twill do!*"

Then a sudden cessation of his movements. He seated himself noiselessly. Far away there were heavy footsteps. The first faint, flickering glow of a distant candle. It grew stronger. The turnkey came stolidly into view. He carried a lighted taper in one hand and a horn-glazed lanthorn in the other. He shielded his face from the flame to peer, and saw Captain Morgan's dark eyes glittering at him on the other side of the



The brown figure leaped forward as the governor tugged at his sword, his mouth dropping open

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Orangeade

Beautiful Widow

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bars. "Light," said the turnkey stolidly, "to write by."

He pushed it through the orifice which had permitted the wine and parchment to pass. Captain Morgan waited until he had picked up the lantern again. He said curtly: "Fellow, I have no tobacco. His Excellency assured me that there would be tobacco to smoke as I wrote what he desired."

The turnkey regarded him indifferently.

"And," said Captain Morgan sternly, "His Excellency hath called me wizard. Of that you will have proof presently! Meanwhile, bring me tobacco!"

Slowly, far back in the turnkey's mind, there came a dull and stolid amusement. After a long time his face creased into a much-seamed grin. He cackled:

"Si, Señor magico! Si!"

He thrust a *cigarro* through the bars and cackled again. Captain Morgan limped over and picked it up. He lighted it at the taper. The *cigarro* was of a rankness, an incredible strength which would only be relished by the captive *Indios*.

THE turnkey passed on, still cackling, and Captain Morgan smoked until the flickering glow of the lantern had died. Then he took the monstrous weed from his mouth. And then he became extremely, strangely busy.

He broke off a good bit more than half of the *cigarro*, crumpled it to shreds, and sifted them into the flagon of thin and sour wine. Then he squeezed and stirred the revolting mess with his left hand. From time to time he dipped a finger of his right hand in and looked at it. The wine darkened. Presently it was black. It stained the finger dipped into it.

Captain Morgan ceased his manipulation. He drew out a long lock of his hair—which grew gracefully to his shoulders—and held it above the candle flame, squinting sidewise to watch. There was a reek of burnt hair and he held a severed lock in his fingers.

He stripped himself stark-naked, there in the cell, and rubbed himself all over with the unbelievable mess of wine and soaked tobacco, leaving only his face and neck untouched. Then he sat wholly naked in his cell, shivering and ever and again swearing under his breath, and labored in a most finicky fashion with the severed lock of hair and wax from the taper.

He became dry and once more got into his torn clothing, his nostrils wrinkling at the tobacco-and-sour-wine reek of his body. He paced back and forth in his cage. There was no trace of a limp. Always he listened restlessly, hungrily.

THE slow, heavy footsteps of the turnkey. Captain Morgan swore. Then he heard the raucous squeal of the fortress gates opening. He heard bellows for an officer. And then he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and he swarmed up to his window and the red light shone upon his face twisted in a grimace of satisfaction.

A carriage had entered. A lady stepped forth, her face hidden. She went through the somber, forbidding door into the fastnesses of the fortress.

Captain Morgan dropped back.

"Now by the devil!" he swore in a whisper, "five minutes or ten an' I'll ha' me out of this filthy den!"

The slow, deliberate footsteps of the turnkey drew nearer. Captain Morgan hastily picked up the remaining fragment of the unspeakable *cigarro*. He was puffing upon it when the glare of the turnkey's lantern appeared.

Captain Morgan turned glittering eyes upon the fellow.

"Wait!" he commanded. "I prepare the document for the *Señor Commandante*. Do you wait and bear it to him."

The document had been desired by the governor. And Captain Morgan dipped a goose quill and wrote. He made it a lengthy business.

"His Excellency," he said dryly, "hath called me wizard. Take that to the *commandante*, fool, and learn what a wizard I am!"

The turnkey went slip-slopping off into the darkness.

Behind him, the taper in Captain Morgan's cell went out abruptly. The smell of foul tobacco and sour wine strengthened. A little later the spark which was the lighted end of the *cigarro* came out through the bars and, with a jerk, went arcing through the air to fall four yards down the corridor. A little later still there was a curious, muffled "thump!" and a muttered curse after it. Then silence once more.

That silence held. Then sudden shoutings. The pounding of many feet. Torchlight. By the shadows, it was not one torch but many. The sounds, the confusion, became a hubbub which rushed ever closer and suddenly was swarming soldiers—a full two dozen of them—and the magnificently panoplied *commandante* of the King's forces.

The torches waved and smoked and flared. They showed the crisscrossed bars of the cell. Someone thrust a torch close, and a scream of terror broke out. And the torchlight showed a figure within the cell which was not the aristocratic, the scornful, the elegant if tattered, Captain Morgan. Staring in wide-eyed, utterly lunatic terror was another figure entirely.

This was a brown-skinned man, at least three-quarters Indian, with a great rasped cut across his forehead from which blood trickled across his face and

into an absurd mustachio. He was nearly naked and past bewilderment through terror. He babbled prayers and terrified invocations to all the saints in mounting, incoherent hysteria. His speech was barbarous and uncouth; barely intelligible to the stately *commandante*. But enough was lucid to show that this man did not know how he had come to be in this place. He could understand his whereabouts only by assuming that he was dead and in hell, and that the armed figures with their torches were devils come to drag him to eternal torments.

THE soldiers and the turnkey and the stately *commandante* stared at him in stupefaction. This was not Captain Morgan. This man was brown, where Captain Morgan had been white. This man was nearly naked, where Captain Morgan had been clothed. This man was mustachioed, where Captain Morgan had been clean-shaven. This man gibbered and screamed in horror where Captain Morgan has been composed.

Captain Morgan was gone. There were his clothes, neatly hung upon the solitary chair the cell contained. There was the butt of the *cigarro* the turnkey had given him, half a dozen yards down the corridor. There was, in the hands of the *commandante*, a parchment scroll on which Captain Morgan had written, with many flourishes, a florid, ironic apology for his inability to remain and be hanged in the morning, but saying that since it was a pity that so fine a gibbet should be wasted, he left someone in his place who could doubtless be hanged to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The *commandante* crossed himself. He gave orders. The door creaked back. The brown-skinned man within the cell opened his mouth to scream and no sound at all came out of it. He fought with feeble, paralytic gestures when soldiers laid hands upon him.

They searched the cell. Nothing. The



"Oh, Mom, look what I found!"

JOSEPH EASLEY

flagon of wine was empty and wiped out with straw. Nothing save the discarded garments Captain Morgan had left behind him—having doubtless clothed himself in those of this *peon* as a disguise. It was the only item in the whole escape which did not savor of black magic.

The *commandante*, in a shaken voice, framed the orders based upon that one comforting fact. Four soldiers to remain in the cell. Six others to go here, to go there, to search and to alarm. Two to take this strange prisoner to the governor, interrupting His Excellency at all costs to report Captain Morgan's escape and present this man for questioning. He, the *commandante*, would go and double all guards, illuminate every square inch of the outer walls, and take every human precaution. . . .

Tumult traveled swiftly through the fortress. Drums beat and soldiers ran here and there. Two of them dragged a clawing, gibbering figure to the antechamber of the governor's private apartments and battered upon the inner door and then—because of the urgency of their orders—forced their way within to present their prisoner and their incredible news.

The governor turned upon them, raging. He had been much occupied. There was a lady in the room, her face a deathly white and with her gown torn as if in an improbable, just interrupted struggle. At the entry of the soldiers she cried out, choking, for them to aid her *para el amor de Dios*. . . .

But the soldiers babbled to the governor, almost as afraid as the incoherent, glassy-eyed figure between them. Yet as the governor, in his turn, mouthed his fury and his rage, the limp brown figure moved very suddenly and swiftly.

This room was grand and stately indeed, despite the indecorum of the scene the soldiers had interrupted. There was a massive carved *armoire* against a wall hard by the door. It hung beneath a somber but magnificent tapestry which depended from the ceiling. Upon the *armoire* stood two great silver candlesticks in which burned an even dozen of candles apiece.

The brown figure, wailing, staggered back against that *armoire*. But then its lean brown arms reached out—and candles spilled crazily. The figure leaped like a catamount. The twin candlesticks struck almost together, and the soldiers dropped like poleaxed oxen.

And then the brown figure wrenched at a falling man's side and leaped forward as the governor tugged at his sword, his mouth dropping open. But he never cried out. The brown man spitted him neatly through the throat.

THERE was then a strange silence. The girl in the torn gown, her face chalk-white, stared at the horrible apparition which had slain three men before her eyes and now eyed her meditatively, its sword point resting on the floor.

"*Donna Claudia*," said the brown figure, incongruously in the accents of an aristocrat, "from appearances I think you would be glad to leave the fortress. An' you'll permit me, I will escort you."

The girl—and she was very beautiful—spoke through stiffened lips. Her hands shook.

"I know you not, *Señor*," she said desperately, "but—but I would accept aid of the devil to escape from here now!"

The brown figure bowed profoundly.

"Very nearly the devil, *Donna Claudia*. Despite the reek of tobacco and wine about me—which accounts for my complexion—I am Captain Morgan, and we had a business matter to settle. I'll put on the governor's clothes and pull his hat down over my eyes. 'Twill be strange if an imperious gesture or two doth not win clear egress from the fortress in your carriage. Then we'll ha' our business conversation."

He bent over the prone figure of the governor and began to unfasten its cloak.

And later—perhaps a quarter of an hour, perhaps a half—he plucked away a mustache made of a burned-off curl and wax from a prison candle. He flung it out the coach window. The horses clip-clopped upon the cobbled stone of one of the principal streets of Cartagena.

"And so, to business," said Captain Morgan briskly. "We are well out of that affair. Your letters, I take it, were not merely lures to bring me into the governor's hands?"

"*Dios, no!*" said the girl unsteadily. "You—hold my husband prisoner. I—agreed to pay the ransom you demanded. An hundred thousand pieces of eight."

Captain Morgan said:

"'Tis all agreed. But indeed I know not why you want back so old, so scrofulous, so devilish unpleasant an old crow of a husband. You are not yet twenty-one, and he's not less than sixty. But since you wish it so and will pay the price, why—by this time tomorrow you should be clasped in his arms again."

THE girl said nothing, but he felt her shudder in the seat beside him.

"I—I wished," said the girl drearily, "only to ask your word of honor that my—husband truly lives. There was—one who said that you take few prisoners, but might accept ransom for a man already dead. I—thought I would know if I saw your face."

Captain Morgan said shrewdly:

"Hm . . . The one who said that is a young man whom you once tearfully begged your parents to give you to, in marriage."

The girl cried despairingly:

"How did you know?"

Captain Morgan laughed.

"*Señor—Señor—*" Then she said in a strained voice. "Is—my husband yet alive? If he be alive I will pay his ransom. I—I will do it. It is—my duty. But—is he alive? Upon your honor?"

Captain Morgan reached forward and tapped the coachman upon the shoulder. He gruffly ordered the man to stop.

"*Donna Claudia*," he said dryly, "the gentleman was a scrofulous, whining, pestilential bore. Yet I endured him because he should ha' been worth a pretty ransom. And because he was a gentleman I invited him to my cabin to drink and dice with me. And, *Donna Claudia*, he cheated at dice. So I pistoled him."

He opened the carriage door and stepped out. He made a very pretty bow with his hand on his sword.

"'Tis the devil," he observed, "to be a gentleman. It hath cost me a pretty penny."

Half an hour later, Captain Morgan stepped out of the darkness where his boat's crew had already waited four hours for him. He took his place in the stern sheets. Without a word, the oars dipped and the boat sped silently out into the black night of the harbor. But the bos'n of the *Belle Marie* sniffed once, and twice, and sniffed again. Well out from shore he said sourly:

"Captain Morgan, 'tis a strange stink upon the new clothes you wear."

"Aye," said Captain Morgan tranquilly. "Bad wine and worse tobacco, Hal. . . . But we ha' a prisoner on the *Belle Marie*. *Don Alcanzar Gonzales*. You remember him? The scrofulous old crow who whines and threatens and cheats at dice?"

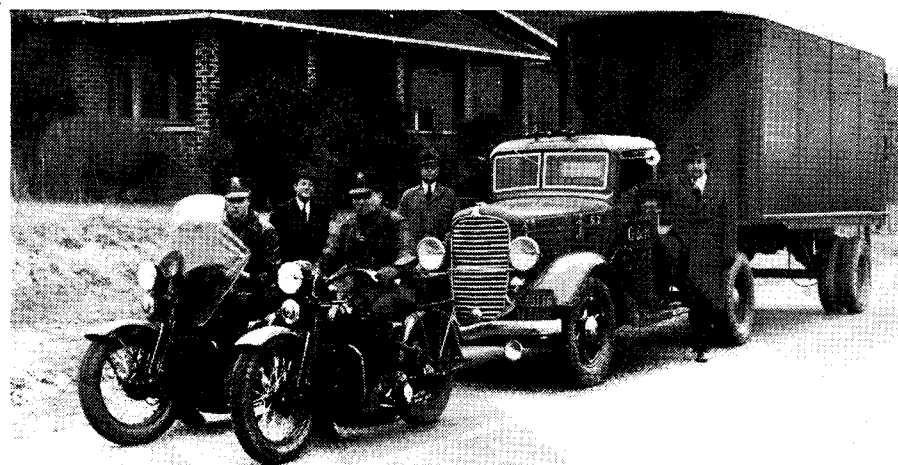
"Aye," growled the bos'n. "I remember."

"Remind me," said Captain Morgan, "to hang him i' the morning."

The bos'n grunted disapprovingly.

"'Tis bad business. He's rich. His ransom would—"

"Aye. But I do it not for business." Captain Morgan yawned. "I do it out of charity. See to't 'tis not forgotten."



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Under Your Own Power

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"Cars, me eye," she replied, grimly pumping ahead and keeping her eyes peeled for danger. "I'm afraid of bicycles."

But it was all very pleasant after the rain stopped and the first pain wore off. There was a nice house halfway out to Lake Buel, where you could get hot dogs and sandwiches and coffee and cake, the latter being particularly magnificent and coming at the rate of five cents for a handsome piece. It was in this section, too, that the good scenery began—a fast mountain stream, mossy banks and thou, if you happened either to bring her along or met her as a fellow cyclist.

The girls did most of the fancy dressing, with the most popular and—take a man's word for it—unattractive costume being the culotte divided in the middle like pants and yet not pants, being also a combination of skirt and pajamas. Some of the younger girls wore shorts, but unless the legs are handsome, perhaps the culotte is as well. Others did what they could with skirts, showing a trace of knee if the garment was too tight.

The guys looked pretty bad. There were a few in knickers, which were sensible, but the others had long trousers and had forgotten, of course, to get clips to hold the pants legs. After being threatened with ruin by being thrown over the handle bars, they either wrapped string around their trousers or tucked them into their socks. . . . You know, pulling the socks up around the bottom of the pants. Horrible.

At first blush the thing sounds like a promotion gag; but in truth the furor about cycling has arisen naturally and the special clothes for it and the tie-up between stores, railroads and manufacturers are merely a matter of cashing in on a natural phenomenon. It may all have started in Bermuda, where the tourists have been terrifying the natives for years. The Bermudians either cycle, ride slowly behind a nag or walk. The tourists have considered this excellent, only finding out later that the English bikes weigh a ton and have brakes on the handle bars which will precipitate you on your nose upon attempting to stop abruptly.

Back to the Land

Young Peckham, finding himself broke when a freshman at the University of Southern California, conceived the idea of renting bicycles at Palm Springs, the resort in the desert near Los Angeles which is frequented by screen stars and others of large incomes. The attempt was so successful that bicycle-renting stands began popping up on every corner of Hollywood Boulevard. Peckham continued the thing when he returned to his home in Cleveland and now operates three hundred bicycles in that town. While he is in New York, the business is being carried on by his mother.

So the city folk were lugging themselves over the landscape. The tough-looking birds who had brought their own wheels and obviously knew the sport from way back were belling it along with their heads down, seeing neither tree, mossy bank nor other cyclists. They were out to cover miles and not even the hills stopped them. A lady with a torn stocking and a skinned leg came along. "I was coasting down a hill, saw a car coming up and lost my nerve," she explained. "So I ran across the road in front of the car."

"What happened?"

"Nothing much to me, but the woman

driving the car fainted and they had to revive her."

The fact seems to be that cycling, temporarily at least, is back. There were cycling trains in the old days and an official of the Long Island railroad has been telling us of the excursions they used to run about thirty-five years ago, with bicycles hanging from hooks in the baggage car and the coaches filled with New Yorkers anxious to get into fresh air. The principal problem is going to be to get roads where the cyclists can traipse along without danger. They have a little spot roped off in Central Park, New York, where you can go three blocks one way and then return, but that doesn't constitute sport on the major scale. In Chicago there are bicycle-renting stands on every empty lot—"bikes rented—25 cents an hour"—and there is no question that the thing has caught on.

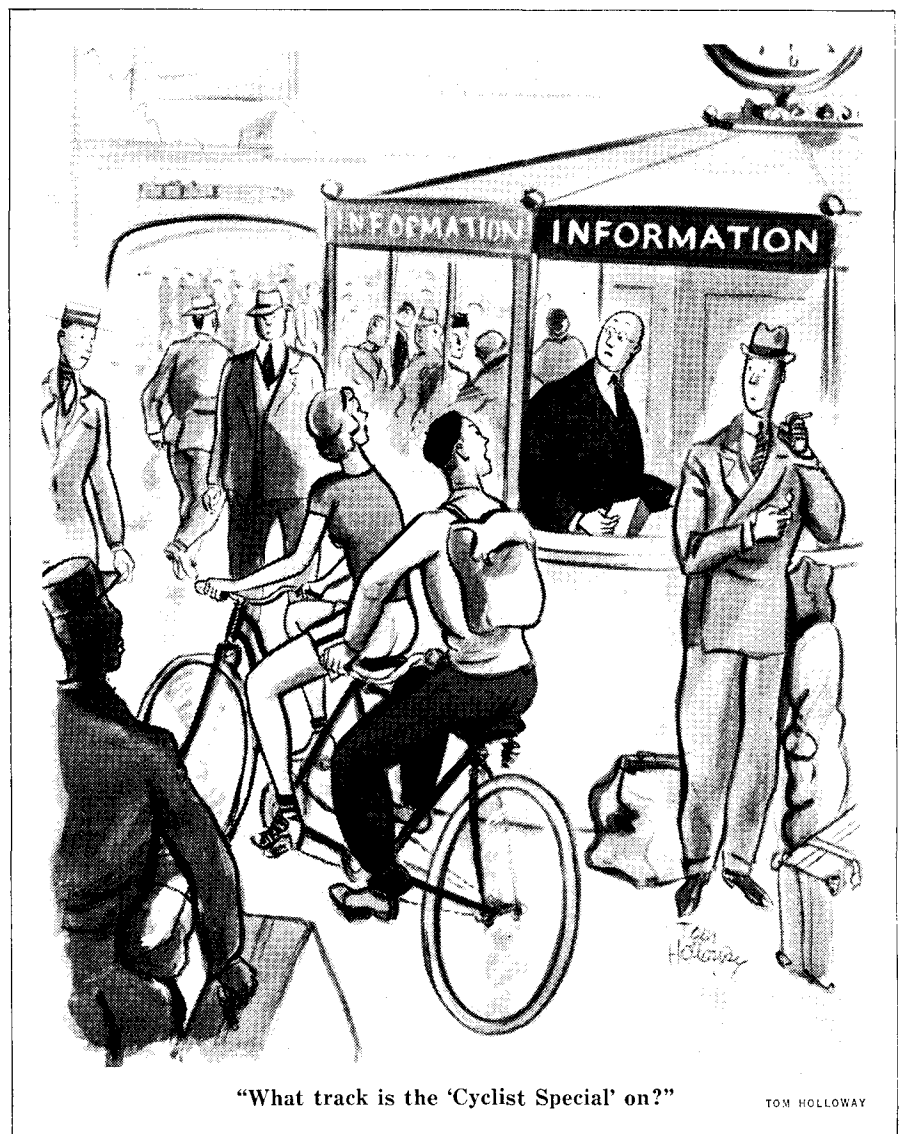
Rules of the Road

There have been "hike-bike" trains run by the Boston and Maine and the Missouri Pacific and agitation is increasing for the protection of motorists. The best situation now exists in Washington, D. C., where there are special roads for cyclists, and a similar plan is being worked out for Detroit. Perhaps the best possible development is the use of the shoulders of motor roads for cyclists and hikers. With hard-surfacing of such strips on either side of motor highways, the bike pumpers can be reasonably sure of avoiding suicide.

Realizing the advantages of cycling as a pastime for all, I have worked out a few paragraphs of advice:

1. Liniment is very good.
2. Slap all little boys who ride "no hands" and seek to embarrass you.
3. Take a rest.
4. Have your tires well pumped up.
5. Adjust the seat properly to the length of your legs.
6. Don't worry about your costume.
7. Take a rest.
8. Remember your age.
9. All lady cyclists who wear silk stockings are fools.
10. Unescorted lady cyclists should not speak to strangers unless they are handsome.
11. Walk, don't ride, up the nearest hill.
12. Sit down.
13. Rub legs well after using.
14. No matter what sort of bike seat they invented, on the first trip it would seem all the same.
15. The first half mile will almost kill you.
16. The last half mile will certainly do it.
17. Lie down and send for somebody.
18. Nobody wants to listen to your stories.
19. The ache will go away.
20. Eventually.

As you may surmise, this is all a bit exaggerated for, in truth, cycling is great sport. It's true that you feel it when you dash out after not being on a bike for twenty years, but after the first effect wears off, there is nothing to beat it. The secret would be restraint and a sensible desire not to make mileage but to get to a good spot and enjoy the day. If you do that you're apt to have the time of your life.



"What track is the 'Cyclist Special' on?"

TOM HOLLOWAY

Wrong Number

Continued from page 20

coloring. "You're a golden girl," he said; and for the first time in her life Kay was conscious of her heart beating.

They had dinner together. That was another fact. And the things he said to her were facts. Or were they only the words of a poet hungry for life after a long period of work and want and loneliness? "I think we've found what most people spend their lives looking for. . . . This is the beginning of a miracle, Kay." And when she said with a shaky laugh: "Oh, no! It couldn't happen like this. Not now. Not to me!" he said: "But you know what I mean. You know I'm already in love with you. And you, Kay? Tell me honestly, my dear, my—darling."

Then she told him, as briefly and bluntly as she could, disdaining gentleness, that she was going to marry Richard Carleton. He was silent when she had finished, so silent that she cried almost angrily: "Don't you hear what I'm saying?"

He nodded his head. "I hear. I understand. But somehow it doesn't make sense."

Kay said: "It does to me." And then: "Please, I'd like to go home."

He did not speak again till they got out of the cab in front of her apartment house. Then, standing there on the sidewalk, he took her hands and said: "It still doesn't make sense. I can't believe it happened for nothing. I'm going to call you in the morning. You're in the book, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm in the book," Kay said. "But don't call me. I don't want you to. Besides, I won't be here tomorrow," she improvised desperately.

"You're going away with Carleton?"

"Yes," she lied.

"Then this is goodbye?"

"Hail and farewell," Kay said, and turned and hurried into the brightness of the apartment-house entrance.

So those were the facts. And now—?

THE telephone rang in the living-room. Kay gave her image in the mirror one startled look, then rose and walked toward that shrilling, fateful sound. It couldn't be Richard. He was not to call till noon. Then could it be—could it possibly be—?

Her brain said no. The voice of her brain said: "Don't be a fool. He won't call. You told him not to. It's over; it's finished; it was all a dream anyway. Don't be a fool!" But deep in the wilderness of her body another voice cried: "It's he!" And suddenly she was praying silently, fiercely: "Oh, God, let it be Bruce who's calling me; let it be his voice on the phone. Oh, dear God, please—"

She reached the telephone table and picked up the receiver. Her hand was shaking. Her voice sounded strange as she said "Hello."

There was no answer. She said again, breathlessly: "Hello! Hello!" Then a man's voice—a thick, gruff, maddeningly stupid voice said: "Hello. Is this the drugstore?"

For a moment, Kay could not move or speak. Then she cried furiously: "You have the wrong number!" and banged down the phone.

She sat down in a chair by the telephone stand and cried. She sat upright, her hands gripping the arms of the chair, and cried as she had not cried since the day of her mother's death. But after a while the tears ceased and her mind began to function again. There was a new issue to be faced, a new decision to be made—or rather, an old decision that must now be considered anew.

Simply, it was this. *She had wanted Bruce Stafford to call her.*

It was beyond reason, beyond logic, beyond mental comprehension, but it was also profoundly and flamingly true. It would be, she knew, a physical impossibility to say "Yes" to Richard now.

Then why wait for him to call her? Why postpone the inevitable? With a sense of fatalistic calm, she reached for the telephone and called Richard.

Five minutes later she was in the kitchen, mechanically preparing her breakfast of orange juice, toast and coffee. She would never be Mrs. Richard Carleton now. She had broken with Richard completely, finally. How much else of the former pattern of her life had been destroyed during that brief telephone conversation she did not stop to think. She knew only that she must go on with the business of living, with eating and sleeping and working and—

THE doorbell rang. She put down her coffee cup and went to answer it. There was no prayer on her lips now, no hope in her heart.

So it was utterly incomprehensible, utterly fantastic and incredible, when she opened the door, to see Bruce Stafford standing there.

"It doesn't make sense," Kay Lathrop said faintly.

He laughed and stepped into the hall. "You lied to me last night, didn't you?"

"Lied to you?"

"You said that you were going away on a trip with Carleton."

"Oh!" Kay said; then slowly: "Yes, I lied to you. But it doesn't matter. I'm not going away with him. I'm not going to marry him. I called him just now and told him so."

"Kay!"

She turned and walked blindly into the living-room. He followed her. Suddenly she turned and faced him. "It's all your fault," she cried, wildly. "If you'd called me as you said you would, it wouldn't have happened. I wouldn't have had to break with Richard, and probably wreck my life, and—"

"But I— You told me *not* to call you."

"I know I did. But I thought you'd do it anyway. And—I mean—if you had called I could have coped with you. I could have managed you over the telephone; I could have sent you off to Hollywood and forgotten you. Yes, I could have stood hearing your voice, but I—can't—stand—seeing—you!"

He took a great stride forward, caught her in his arms and held her close.

"Darling," he said. "It just goes to show how inspired I was this morning. Because I *did* telephone you."

"You—what? You telephoned—me?"

"Yes, and you answered. It was when I heard your voice that I had my inspiration. I knew—I had a feeling—that if I told you who I was you *would* send me off to Hollywood and forget me. And, after all, what I really wanted to know was whether you were at home."

"But Bruce! I don't understand—"

"I disguised my voice. I said: 'Hello, is this the drugstore?' And you said: 'You have the wrong number,' and slammed down the phone. You sounded furious."

"Furious!" exclaimed Kay. "I was raging. I—" She stopped and looked indignantly up at him. "Do you think that was a nice trick to play on a girl? Do you?"

"Well, it worked," said Bruce.

Then they both began to laugh, and after a while he kissed her, and after that they sat down on Kay's couch, in great peace and contentment, to get acquainted.

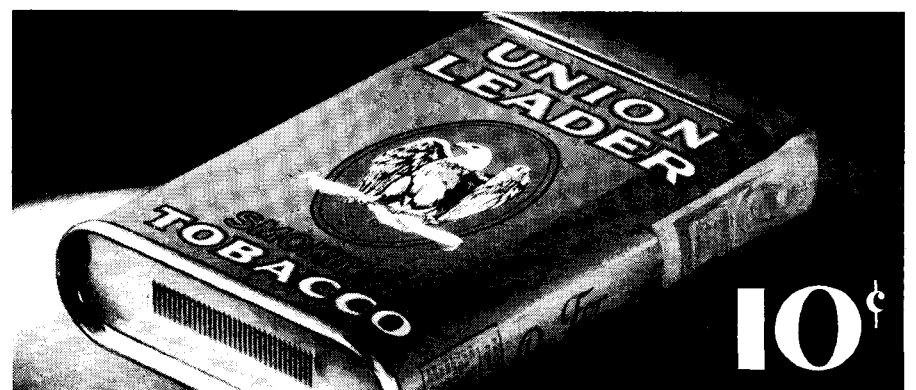


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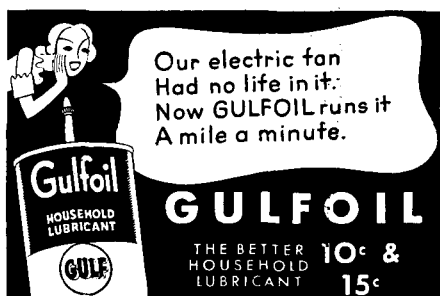
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couldn't help them; all he wanted was to be away from there, never to see them again. To get back to his laboratory and work until he dropped. Back to his laboratory where no one could reach him, neither Celia nor any other torments. "I must give a hand," he thought. And his hatred and jealousy fought within him. Jealousy! Admitting that he was desperately, furiously jealous was, somehow, a great help; it released him.

"Well, I'll try to settle this Gallo matter," he thought, "and that will be all—"

He looked up at Celia. It was the first time he had looked straight at her since he came in. He had to look at her straight to decide whether he hated her as much as he did Daklin. He thought he would find that she looked cheap, that she was no good, that she belonged now and later to the tabloids. And he couldn't find that. He could see nothing in her face but what he had always seen, strength and youth and loveliness. He saw her in the wards, capable and fine; in the operating-room, quicker and more intuitive than any nurse he had ever known; he heard her voice that night of her graduation: "I want to see things, to do things, to find out for myself. . . . I want the beauty of life. . . ." It seemed that she was saying that to him now, he could actually hear her saying it. "I can't, Celia," he was saying inside himself. "I can't do anything more."

But he had to help. He had to do the decent thing.

He said aloud, "Mrs. Gallo thinks she killed someone. She told me so when I came in. What she will do, I think, is to go to her priest." He was sure of that; he knew Italians; he had worked among them long enough. He said, "Is Gallo—has he been released?"

Daklin nodded. "Yes, this evening. LeMarr, like a little gentleman, insists he stabbed himself. So the police have nothing on Gallo."

Starr said to Betty, "See if he has a telephone, Betty." He paid no further attention to Celia, putting her out of his life, having, one would think, no further use for Celia Landis.

"Pietro is his first name," Celia said, her gaze fixed on nothing. So that was how it was? That was how Starr wanted it?

BETTY found the number, she reached Gallo. His wife, he said dully, was not there. Starr said, "Let me have it," and he talked to the pianist.

Daklin opened his eyes and watched Celia. You could not tell what he was thinking. You never could. Celia did not look in his direction. In that moment it came to Daklin that he had lost her; there would be no trip to Paris. Or would there? He listened to Starr; he watched Starr's grim face. "Yes," Daklin's arrogant smile said, "there will be." And still he had lost her. Women! Unable to accept the scheme of things as they found it, setting themselves to satisfy the conventional human ambitions—wealth, luxury, love, and always looking backward, wanting something else as well. What did she want of Starr? It was not in Daklin's nature to tolerate the idea of the possibility of there being another mode of success worth while. What Starr could offer her was not the world Celia's beauty had given her the power to conquer. What she was looking for was life on a silver platter. Starr would not give her that if he could. Yes, Celia would go to Paris. Daklin relaxed.

He said, "Celia, may I have a glass of water, please?"

Celia brought the water, she raised his head dexterously and he drank. His hand

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 17

pressed her arm—his woman! Celia put his head back on the pillow and their eyes met; his were mocking again and confident. He did not seem to care whether she knew what she was doing or where she was going or what. Daklin knew. No necessity to argue now, even in silence; he was not to be got rid of, and for a man who could put work above and before a woman. . . . He listened to Starr, a slight smile on his lips.

Starr was telling Gallo what to say to his wife when he saw her. Daklin grinned. Starr was doing a good job of washing Mr. Gallo's soiled linen. You wouldn't think he had it in him. "And your priest?" Starr was asking now. "How can I reach him?"

HE HUNG up and called another number. "Father Kelly? This is Dr. Starr speaking. Dr. Anthony Starr. There has been a slight accident to—a patient of mine, and I wanted to tell you that it is not serious. . . ." He listened a minute. "Then she is there with you? . . . No, no one has been killed. . . . She must be having hallucinations. . . ." He laughed, with a grim humor. "Yes, I think it would be best if she went home to her husband. Thank you, Father."

Daklin said, "Nice work, Starr. The country's saved."

Starr said, "Feel up to going home now, Daklin?" And, as Daklin put his long legs over the edge of the bed, "Good. Is your car here?"

"No, thank the Lord."

"Then I'll drop you off in a taxi." He adjusted a sling for the other man, got him into his shirt, arranged collar and tie, flung his topcoat over his shoulders, concealing the sling. "How's that?" he asked, when he had finished.

"Well," said Daklin eying the finished product in the mirror, "if ever I saw a picture of a man being taken home after a rough party, I'd say it was that. If you'll put that silk hat sort of crooked on the back of my head—"

Starr did so. "Thanks," said Daklin dryly.

As they went out the door, he wavered slightly, not from any thespian urge, but because his legs felt weak as water. Starr's hand steadied him. Starr's detachment was not feigned. The thing important now was to get Daklin home without undue attention from anyone, away from there.

Betty went ahead and opened the corridor door, rang the lift bell. "The elevator boy is as dumb as they come," she said. "He won't know the difference."

Celia had stood a minute, silent. Now she appeared in the corridor. They were going out together. It seemed to her impossible, that combination, Starr and Daklin going off together. She said, "I hope you will be all right, Mr. Daklin." He raised his good hand to his hat. "I shall."

The elevator appeared, opened and waited. "Good night," said the men, "and thanks for the party."

It couldn't be possible that they were going like that. That Starr would not have one kind word to say. She waited, watching that inscrutable face. He had come there as a doctor but she gave him small credit for that. What had roused this feeling in her, this wild sense of joy and gratitude was that he had not stopped there. The ethics of his profession had made it inevitable that he treat Daklin's arm, but only as Anthony Starr, the man, had he made common cause with them in a crisis. Common cause with the man whom he had no reason to like and with a girl whom he had come to despise.

"There is no one like him, no one," Celia thought. "There never will be."

In that second she contrasted the two men. Daklin was much the handsomer, yet even in the physical comparison Starr had the advantage. He looked as if he amounted to a great deal, as if he understood men and things as the other could not. Starr had the quiet strength which flows on like a great river, while Daklin's was a fire fed ceaselessly by his nerves and by his capacity for tasting life. That was the difference between them—Daklin savored life, was an epicure of it, while Starr lived it and gave life to others. Daklin the destroyer and Starr the healer and giver. Celia knew then that she loved him, that all she had been doing since the beginning was fighting that love, denying it to herself. And he was denying her now. Justly was he loathing her. She watched those two men who had entered her life—you could not imagine either of them failing of a purpose he had set his heart upon and yet there was never a man who insisted less upon himself than did Starr.

And he was going. Out of her life. Celia said, "Dr. Starr!" He gave her not a glance. She said, "Tony!"

Starr, turning his head, said, "Yes?" "Shall I—shall we be seeing you again?"

The lift boy waited, bored and half-asleep, paying them no attention whatever. Daklin was smiling queerly. Starr glanced back at her and his eyes, usually so blue, looked as if someone had dropped gray ice into them.

"Why, I don't imagine so," he said pleasantly. "Good night."

Betty said nothing. She was that rarest of women, one who can say nothing. She followed Celia back into their rooms, she locked the door and put out the lights in the living-room.

When she went into their bedroom she said quietly, "Don't cry, Celia. What good does crying do? You are exhausted and no wonder. I'm going to make you a cup of cocoa."

"I'd like some brandy."

"Well, you won't get it." She went into the kitchenette. She came back with cocoa and a white tablet. "A sedative," she said. "I found some put away. My mother used to take them sometimes." She watched Celia take the tablet melted in a little water. "Now the cocoa."

"I really can't."

"Go on." So Celia drank the cocoa. Betty was brushing her hair. "Where does Dr. Starr work? The Chalmers Institute?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Just wondered. I think I shall fall sick sometime soon. Bill had better watch his step."

"He's a good doctor," remarked Celia tonelessly. "The best I've ever known."

BETTY was slow about preparing for bed. When at last Celia was asleep she moved over and looked down at her. It wasn't so much Celia's looks she was thinking of, for in Betty's circle beauty was a drug on the market. But this girl had character, this Celia. She was as straight as they come. Betty was thinking of Daklin and she swore softly to herself and felt better at once. Betty had kept out of the muck and she knew it wasn't easy. A girl alone—

After a while she slipped softly out of the room, closed the door gently behind her and felt her way to the desk. She switched on a lamp, twisted the top off her fountain pen, screwed it on the other end and sat, gazing at the gold tip, thinking. Presently she began to write. She

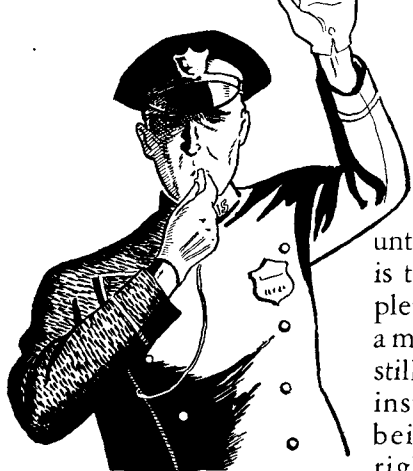
(Continued on page 42)

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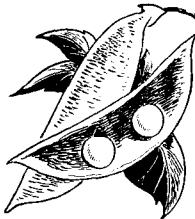


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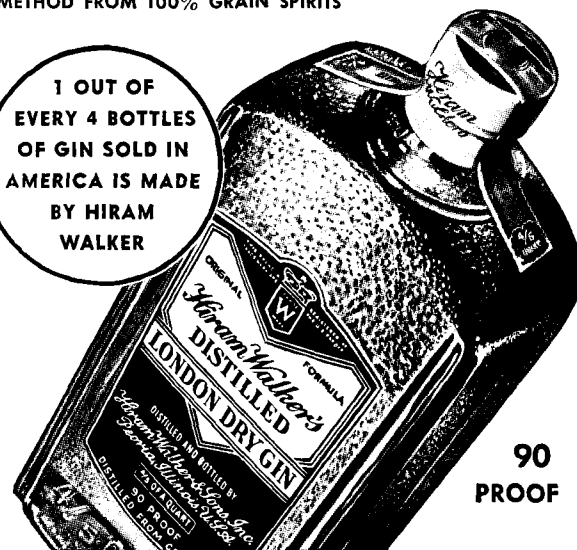
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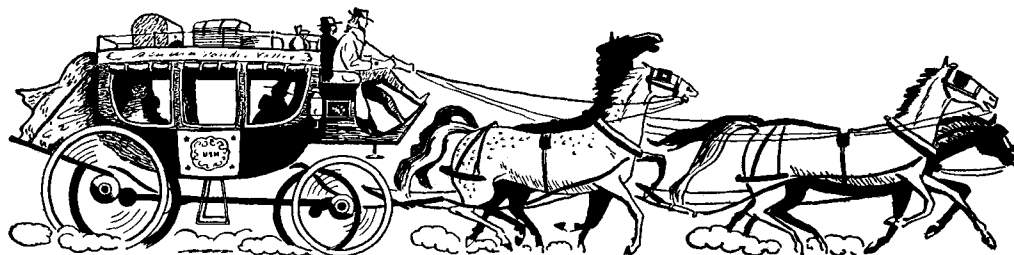
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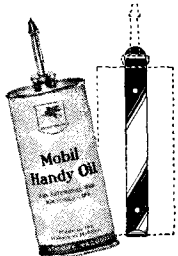
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The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 40

tore up a few samples and finally had a note ready. Surreptitiously she opened the hall door, slid down to the mail chute and dropped her letter within. She saw it flash down the glass panel with a whirl like wings.

"Meddler," she told herself. But she felt better. She had done the best she could. She knew with certainty that Celia loved Starr.

Firmly she closed the door behind her, stole like a thief into the bedroom and into bed. For what was left of the night she slept soundly.

And that was more than could be said of the Daklins. Starr had dropped Carleton Daklin at the door, had said briefly to the other's thanks, "Have Kallock look after it tomorrow," and waited while Daklin wearily rang the bell of his pale-green house with the yellow door and the window boxes. When it opened, Starr went on.

"BRING a whisky and soda to the morning-room," Daklin said to the man whose training could not quite conceal his surprise at his employer's appearance. "Has Mrs. Daklin come in?"

"Not yet, sir. I believe she is at a charity ball." He removed his employer's coat, but by now his training had come to his aid and his eyes scarcely flickered at the sight of the stained, torn shirt and the sling.

"Taxi smash," said Daklin, though it was not his custom to make explanations to servants. Nor to anyone. He lay on the couch and sipped his drink and was still lying there when Janet Daklin came in.

"Carlie!" She leaned against the door, looking white. "What has happened?"

"Small accident. Nothing to fuss about." He looked at her with as cool admiration as he could ever force when he looked directly at her. She was so still. She must be very tired, he thought, for he could not flatter himself that any accident to him would bring that look to her face. Very seldom was she to be seen so quiet, this lady of intense energy, this woman who lived for speed and more speed, whose only rest had been those short weeks after the airplane accident which had in the end brought Celia Landis to their door.

"I am sorry," she said at last, staring at the sling. "Is it broken?"

"No. Just a scratch."

"Has Kallock seen it?"

"No. A friend of Celia Landis'. A doctor. I was with her when it happened."

"I see." She hadn't moved, that marvelous golden woman, and her violet eyes stared out into the room. She had been smoking. She removed her cigarette from the holder now and snuffed it out. She sank into a chair and let her wrap fall from her white shoulders. She sat looking at him, curiously intent, as she had sat so often in that exquisite room into which he had adoringly brought her as a bride. A room to be happy in, to remember in. She ran her finger around the rim of a bowl of white violets. But she did not see the violets.

"You are seeing a great deal of Miss Landis, Carlie." A statement, not a question.

"Yes."

"Should you care to marry her, Carlie?"

"What would you think?"

"She's a nice girl. I like her. And beautiful." She rose and rang a bell. "I think I shall have a split of champagne," she said when the man appeared. "Thank you, Lewis." She had her champagne very cold. One's mind said, "One must

not think, nor remember, nor hope." Champagne said, "Leave that all to me."

She said: "It was our agreement ten years ago that if either of us wanted to—" She sipped the champagne. "Reno is not so far away," she said.

"Not far but obvious." He tried with one hand to refill his glass. She rose and made the drink for him. He noticed that her eyes were shadowed and he would have said that her mouth wanted to cry. But the Janets of this world do not cry. They were just talking together. And only about a permanent separation, they who had been apart so long.

"I don't want a divorce," he said at last. "Unless you do."

"Why should I?" Her curious little laugh, that laugh which had always pleased his ears. "It is for her, Carlie. Too nice a girl for this sort of thing." She looked at his arm. "And the tabloids—" she murmured vaguely.

His face was granite. "I don't want," he said, "to marry, ever again."

"And what about her?"

"Isn't that her affair?"

"You have changed a lot, in these years, haven't you, Carlie?"

"Haven't we all?" His eyes rested on the white face, so piquant in profile, the violet eyes, the velvet mouth and soft white throat. She was wearing her pearls, the string he had given her on their wedding day.

"She is so young," she said. "Perhaps youth hasn't changed. And should be given its chance."

"I agree. It should be given the chance to escape marriage." That was bad. "But she asked for it," he told himself grimly.

SHE looked back at him without expression. She rose and went to the window and pulled back the curtain, though what she expected to see there you could not tell. "Still raining," she said and shivered a little. She pulled the curtains together again, shutting out the years which stared in at her with mocking faces. She clasped her hands high above her head and then down across her eyes. Then she trailed to the door, picking up her wrap as she went.

"Tired," she said. "I think I'll go to bed now." Without turning to look, still with her back to him, she said casually, "You don't suppose, do you, Carlie, that you are becoming one of those middle-aged men who take refuge behind marriage? I think not. But it would look that way, or don't you think so?"

"You mean if I were free I should have to make an honest woman of anyone I—"

She was smiling at him faintly, her head turned toward him from the door. He had the uncomfortable feeling that she knew things about him that he himself had no idea of at all.

"Well, what?"

"I think you haven't changed very much, my dear. Still the gentlest man who ever cut a throat."

"The quotation is off but I get you. You're wrong, Janet. I take my fun where I find it, that's all."

Again her curious little laugh. "But still a gentleman, Carlie. The Daklin curse." She was away down the hall. He heard the click of the elevator. The closed door at the foot of the hall.

Presently he rose and awkwardly, with his one hand, rang for the elevator and went up in it. Passing her door, he knocked and, to her light voice, opened it a crack.

"It wasn't," he said, "Celia Landis who was responsible for that Italian

vendetta the other night." She made a gesture with her hand as if to say, "Of course not. I never dreamed it was." He said, "It was one of our own crowd. A fine lady. Jane Leeds."

"Yes. Young Jane. She'll get herself hanged one day. Good night, Carlie. Better ring for Lewis to help you undress."

"Strange doings," thought Lewis, helping Mr. Daklin and his one good arm. "Anything more, sir?" he said aloud.

"Nothing more, Lewis. Keep out of taxis. They're bad business."

"Yes, sir." He did not for a moment believe it had been a taxi. "I hope you will be quite well in the morning."

"I doubt it." Indeed, he wondered if he would ever feel quite well again. He lay looking up at the ceiling.

ALONG the hall Janet Daklin, too, lay looking at her own particular ceiling. It was a night for waking and silence. Her relationship and Carlie's had been settled years ago. That was all over. He had gone into his own world and she into hers. Her world. What had it given her? And what was left? She had thought she could get along without Carlie, had thought so that night when she saw him take her black-haired Southern cousin into his arms. That had been, so young she was, the first shattering realization she had had that Carlie and she did not live within their own enchanted universe.

Until then she had looked upon herself as a superior being living within a charmed circle. Then she had told herself that Carlie wanted something more than she had. She had not blamed him. She thought little of herself, really. So she had traded solid happiness with him—traded because she could not assume the role of neglected wife—for what? For nothing. She stared at the ceiling, blank and empty, the symbol of her life. She thought of that, but it is hard to hold nothingness in your brain. So something else must come to fill that hole. And as she lay there her vision cleared, her immediate course lay clear. A vision emerged.

She saw Celia Landis as a girl she herself might have been had she had more character, less money, stronger nerves. She could, Janet Daklin thought, she, an aimless, useless person, make things better, oh, much better for Celia Landis. She had not been able to bear the look on Carlie's face that day when he had challenged Pat Braddock in the hall. It had seemed to her then that she must at all cost remove that lovely girl from her sight. Let Daklin have his romances if he must but not under her very eyes. . . .

She twisted restlessly under the silk sheets. Presently she rose and threw a negligee about her shoulders. She went over and sat down in a chair by a window. The window boxes were full of hyacinths and she breathed in, this lady who long years ago had turned her back on what she thought was fatuous idealism, the immemorial perfume of growing things.

"I could do that," she thought, and did not mind it so very much. "Yes, that is the only thing to do. . . ."

She had been most unfair to Celia Landis. To that young, young thing. Now she would be most fair. She would, she thought, with her curious little smile shining in the dimness, carry things to the extreme in being fair. . . .

Her fairness stretched before her like a shining road up a mountain.

(To be continued next week)

HINT TO WIVES WITH TENDER NOSES



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Miner Prophet

Continued from page 15

the machinists' union claims machinists whether they work in railroad shops, navy yards or auto plants; and when the electrical workers' union claims electricians in the building industry, power plants and radio plants. Under a craft set-up, from ten to thirty craft unions would have members in a single plant, carpenters, painters, machinists, blacksmiths, sheet metal workers and electricians each fighting and defeating the other. When the A. F. of L. attempted to organize the steel industry in 1918, for instance, it divided the workers into twenty-four different national craft organizations.

Men in mass production industries, according to Lewis, do not want to be forced into a craft pattern unsuited to their needs, and will remain unorganized rather than accept it. Craft organization, Lewis contends, does not give due regard to the needs of the unskilled worker, and the constant fight among craft unions over questions of jurisdiction not only weakens the labor movement itself, but provides employers with a sound excuse for antagonism.

Organized labor, in his opinion, cannot and must not depend on old, outworn methods. He insists that its program must appeal to the whole people as a definite and natural part of the industrial experiment that seeks to subordinate selfish interest to the public interest. Any code of collective practice, to be successful, must carry on its face the self-evident appearance of being a part of the more rational organization of the forces of industry, and not a scheme for the benefit of separate groups.

These views, or something very much like them, seem to express the thought of the President. If he forces employers to bargain collectively with their workers, he has said that labor should not retain the right to bedevil industry with a babel of conflicting demands. Nor is he willing that the labor movement should have concern only with the skilled. During the life of the NRA, General Hugh Johnson and others, speaking with White House authority, specifically indicated a belief that the weakness of organized labor in the United States was largely attributable to an insistence on craft unionism solely instead of a broader policy that recognized the need of industrial organization in the mass production industries.

A Powerful Pair

Holding these ideas, as he does undoubtedly, and the Lewis, Hillman, Dubinsky and other industrial unionists valiant in his support, how can there be any question as to what the President will do in the event of re-election? What more natural, as a result of both conviction and gratitude, than that he should throw all the weight of his influence behind Lewis and his associates in their battle for control of the labor movement, and the substitution of bolder, more aggressive policies for those alleged to be cautious and conventional?

A powerful pair—this John Lewis, whose father was a Welsh coal miner, and Sidney Hillman, who spent the first twenty years of his life in his native Lithuania. The first, broad-shouldered, barrel-chested and shaggy-maned, charging with the fierce directness of a bull; the other no less indomitable and tenacious, but more suave and adroit.

Born in Iowa in 1880, and with only a public school education before going down into the mines, John Lewis has added to his meager educational equip-

ment by study and contacts until today he can hold his own in any group of employers or economists, and has few superiors on the platform. During his sixteen years as president of the United Mine Workers, he has seen the organization totter to its fall many times, and always he has pulled it up again by sheer force of will and organizing skill. A man of winning geniality when it suits him, John Lewis is liked by captains of industry almost as much as he is feared.

Reaching the United States in 1907, a lad of twenty, Sidney Hillman worked in the garment factories of Chicago, and at the end of three years had so impressed his fellows that he captained the great strike that resulted in a collective bargaining agreement. For three years he represented the workers, putting firm and enduring foundations under the experiment, and then he organized the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, a bold secession from the United Garment Workers, the A. F. of L. craft union. Under his leadership the new industrial union won the 44-hour week in New York, and as victory followed victory, grew in membership until the United was no more than a shell.

A Labor Party?

While a less colorful personality, William Green also has his force. Born in Ohio in 1873, he left public school for the coal mines, but soon rose to a position of prominence and power in the United Mine Workers, and it was from the office of secretary and treasurer of that organization that he went to the presidency of the American Federation of Labor in 1924, succeeding Samuel Gompers. Strangely enough, considering the situation in which he finds himself, Bill Green has always been a Democrat while John Lewis has always been a Republican. It was as a Democrat that Green served two terms in the Ohio State Senate, and in 1912, 1920 and 1924 he attended party conventions as a delegate.

Lewis and Hillman, however, are the undisputed and authoritative heads of their organizations, while Green must consider the wishes and enunciate the policies of an executive council of fifteen, all strong, masterful men and princes of the labor movement in their own right.

A Labor party after the British model has long been the dream of many union leaders. Assuming that Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected, and assuming also that he will continue the policies that have won the favor of organized labor, where is there guarantee that he will maintain his present control of the party? A President, during his second term, is not the decisive factor in party affairs by any means. Or what if 1940 finds conservatives in full command, standing with the Republicans in opposition to "radicalism"?

May it not be wise, ask many leaders, for labor to have its own party? And what more sensible than to be ready for such a contingency? An out-and-out Labor party in 1940, recruiting additional strength from the La Guardias, the La-Follettes, the Wheelers and the Costigans and their followings. Perhaps an agrarian wing, although most labor leaders insist that farmers are only sympathetic when broke, reverting instantly to an employer psychology when prosperous.

This may or may not be the idea behind the organization of Labor's Non-Partisan League.

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NEXT NIGHT

FOLKS, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING LIKE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM FOR A SMOOTH, SOOTHING "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT STAYS WITH YOU!

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

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GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

investing public. His suicide had passed as authentic. . . .

At the Bern station Harley got out in leisurely fashion and watched the porter getting his bag through the window.

He felt a pair of arms flung around his neck in a whirl of excitement and perfume. A gay voice cried in his ear: "Ah, Gustave, darling, there you are! I was afraid you weren't coming. I didn't get the telephone message you promised, but I came to the train anyway. I even have an automobile that I borrowed from our stage manager at the Casino."

"Fine," he managed to say, as he got clear of the slim young figure and confronted the emergency. "What do we do now?"

"Anything you like," she said.

"I think I'd like a drink," he said, trying to gain time.

She led the way to the station café. He looked at her inquiringly as he told the waiter to hustle for his brandy and soda.

"I don't need anything," she said exuberantly.

HARLEY liked her oval face, clear skin and warm gipsy coloring. She was simply dressed and had moved as gracefully as a cat—or a dancer. She took him for Termann. Good!

"Talk to me," he said. "I am still tired from the train."

"Well," she said, "I've arranged just the thing for a tired man. The hotel manager at the Bellevue is very nice. He told me about a beautiful spot a half hour from here. It's high over the Aare and only twenty yards off the road. We can drive all the way. There's a ledge where we can have lunch, screened from the road, and have the world spread out at our feet."

"I think I should like to have the world spread out at my feet," he said, "that sounds like something I wanted once."

"Come," she said, leaning forward happily. "I've ordered a hamper of lunch to be ready when we leave your bag at the hotel. We can go right off and sit in the sunshine and you can take a nap after eating. I'll watch over you. I told the hotel to put in a bottle of the Hallgartner 1917 that you drank the night we met."

"I still like it," he said, and noted that his double's taste in Rhine wines was like his own.

"And do you still like me?" she asked.

"What other reason could you imagine for my being here?" he replied gently.

"I'm glad," she said. "It was so sad to meet you only as I was leaving Paris. But we can go on here, until I leave for Nice."

"Let's make the most of it," he said.

It was evident he would have to invent an excuse to slip away as soon as possible, but he did not want to do it in a way that would leave her as a dangerous question mark.

It was only a few blocks to the Bellevue Hotel. The hotel manager greeted them effusively. The charming young person from the Casino had evidently made a friend of him. M. Termann was escorted to a room while she waited and chatted with the manager.

Upstairs, Harley contemplated the situation. It was evident her acquaintanceship with Termann, although affectionate, was only recent. It would be easy to leave her. . . .

They crossed the blue clear Aare where it wound through Bern, and they drove through the villas of Kirchenfeld. She made a face at a museum as they passed. "Armor and church antiques," she said.

Double Trouble

Continued from page 9

The road followed the Aare, slanting steadily up the steep walls of the valley, and arrived finally on a shelf of rock high in the air, jutting out enough through the trees to give them a view up and down the valley.

"Isn't this a cure for fatigue?" she asked.

He said it was. He liked the view up the valley toward the great peaks. To him they seemed immutable and calm.

"I'm afraid of peaks like that," she said.

She preferred the view down the valley. It opened out in pasture areas, crossed by strips of forest that looked like harvest processions threading a zigzag way. He said it was as precise as an etching—and as neat.

They agreed at any rate that the Alps were conveniently arranged to enable any spectator to see what he chose to see. Also that they stimulated the appetite.

They lunched. He praised the Hallgartner and talked of other wines. She said her father was a wine merchant in Budapest. She told him of her childhood as if she had never told it to Termann before, and of her ambition to be a famous dancer.

He grew confident and more interested in her.

"Tell me everything that has happened to you since we were last together," he said.

She talked of the show at the Casino . . . of the way her dancing was received.

"I have a new gipsy dance that you haven't seen," she said.

She got up and showed him, and ended in a whirl that dropped her close beside him with her head against his shoulder. Her eyes were shining. He put his arm around her. She patted his hand.

"You know," she said after a pause, "you've never told me much about yourself."

"I never like to talk about myself,"

said Harley, automatically using the answer with which he had so often put off questioners. "Let me tell you about the funny Englishwoman with a cock-eye who glared at me—or at the man next me—on the train from Paris."

He was describing the Englishwoman, her distracted look, her evident suspicion of everyone who did not speak English, when Magda dropped his hand and looked up suddenly. She stared at him from the front, then from each side. She said nothing but she looked frightened.

"What's the trouble, my dear?" he said reassuringly.

"I don't know what to think," she said, "or even if I ought to speak of it at all."

She took a deep breath. "I've just made up my mind that you aren't Gustave Termann at all, but John Harley," she told him.

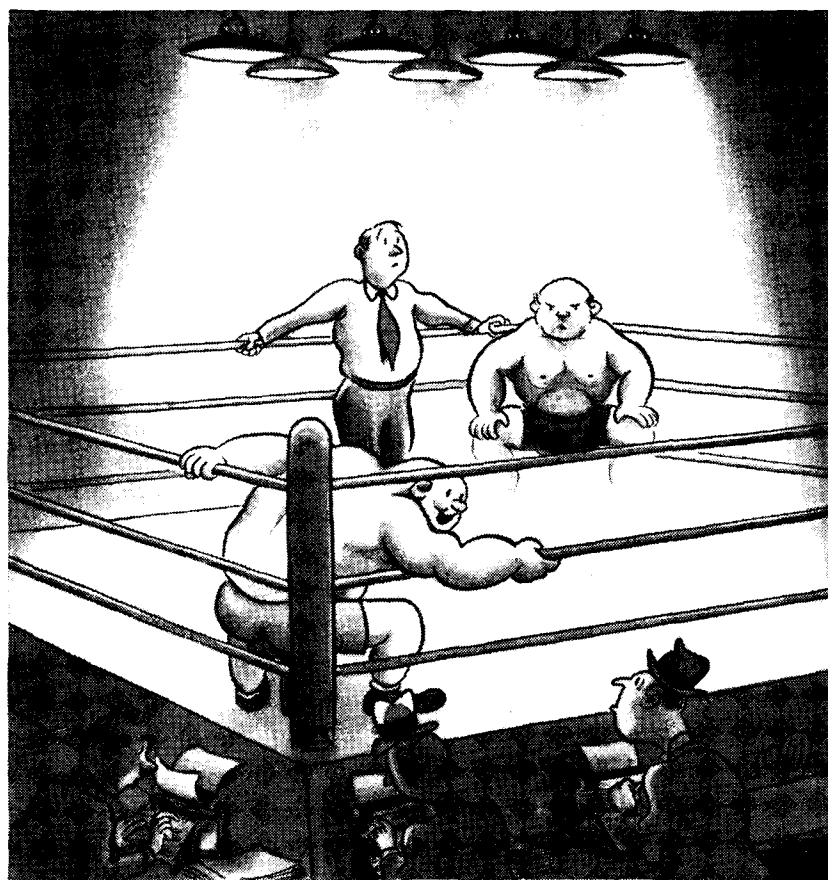
HE HEARD every word. He could not believe she had said it. But there it was. He tried to smile ironically as he asked at last, "Why?"

"You couldn't know," she said, "and I don't think even Gustave realizes, how completely I fell in love with him in a week. You are very like him—so much that you might fool anyone but a woman in love."

"You fooled me, too, until I came close to you. But when I put my head on your shoulder, you were different. A woman can't miss it if she is in love. Your hands have a different kind of warmth. And Gustave has a little lump on his wrist, too small for anyone else to notice. I asked him about it and he told me it was a thorn that stuck in him years ago. I couldn't find the lump on your wrist when I rubbed my hand on it."

"But why does all this make you think I am Harley?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "Gustave told me he was working as your double. I knew it was a great secret. That was why I didn't think I could mention it even to



"Wait till you hear the new grunt I picked up at the zoo!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

you. But I couldn't go on making believe you were the man I was in love with, as soon as I knew you weren't. I think I ought to know what is expected of me. Gustave told me nothing except that you were about to return. He said he would telephone me."

"He had no opportunity," said Harley. "I put him in my place suddenly in Paris."

"He didn't tell me about you," he continued coldly. "And I certainly didn't think he had told anyone of his doubling. I pay him ten thousand dollars a year to keep it to himself."

"Oh," she said anxiously, "he said he never told anyone else. He trusted me only because he likes me so much. He said it was the greatest confidence he had to give. He made me swear by my dead mother to keep it."

She bowed her head and crossed herself devoutly in her mother's memory. As she raised her head she shrank from the look in Harley's eyes.

"Please," she said. "He wasn't disloyal. He was proud to be so much like you. I have been so discreet that I didn't want to talk about it even to you at first. I hope I haven't cost him his job."

"No," said Harley grimly. "He can continue if you will help out by making me appear as Termann for a while."

"Oh," she said in relief, "that would be wonderful. It's better than anything on the stage. Tell me what part I am to play."

"What do you know about my movements?" Harley asked. "Have you read the morning newspaper?"

"No," she said, "I was in too much of a hurry to meet the train. All I know is that Gustave told me you were due in Paris yesterday. I thought you were there right now. But I know now it is Gustave you left in your place."

Harley was walking up and down. She watched him anxiously. "The difficulty," he said, "is to be sure you will remain silent if I tell you more."

She glowed. "Of course, you can trust me always," she said.

"Perhaps," he said, looking at the sky, "we had better go back to the hotel to talk it over. I heard a rumble of thunder and I think I see a storm coming around the corner of the valley."

As he studied the corner of the valley, she stopped alongside to see. He put his arm around her to steady her, and swept her over the edge.

It was a sheer drop of several hundred feet onto a jagged rock slide. Her shriek swiftly diminished as she fell. He saw her body land and lie motionless.

He turned abruptly and picked up her pocketbook, and went back to the car. He examined her passport. It gave him her name for the first time. It was Magda Covaky, Hungarian, born in Budapest; occupation, dancer; age, 22.

HE DROVE back to the hotel to give the alarm. The hotel manager said he would guide the police to the spot, to spare Mr. Termann's shattered nerves after such a tragedy.

Harley explained to the police that they had lunched and that he had walked to the edge of the cliff to look at the weather. She had called to him not to go any closer because it made her dizzy. He laughed at her. He was filled with remorse for that laughter. For she had suddenly run down to pull him back and had slipped at the edge. In his attempt to clutch her as she toppled screaming over the edge, he had almost fallen himself. It was nerve-racking even to recall it.

The hotel manager was remorseful also. It was he who had recommended the fatal spot. The police were sympathetic amid the general distress. The girl's dressing-room companions at the Casino said the dead dancer had talked over the impending happy week with the

man who was coming from Paris. The stage manager, who had loaned her the car, had also heard some of the story from her.

Under the circumstances the inquest was a formality.

Harley said he knew little of her past, as might be expected in an affair of such short duration. He asked the police to get in touch with her family and to offer to send the body home. He gave the police a thousand Swiss francs to defray the expenses and to "make such use of as you see fit."

"Monsieur is generous," said the chief, pocketing the money. "Your passport will be returned and clearance in this unfortunate accident will be ready for you in three days. It takes that long to put our report through the necessary routine."

They bowed at each other and parted.

Harley felt he had played his part well, but he felt no satisfaction in it.

DURING the three-day wait, Harley attempted to rearrange his life as Termann. He found it a small, mean world for a man accustomed to dominate a billion-dollar financial empire. He who had started life with four thousand dollars found it difficult to restart with forty-five thousand dollars and all his accumulated skill, when he came to definite plans. As he contemplated what he might do, he found all his plans were too large.

He began to see that he would have as much difficulty recognizing a small opportunity as another man would have in recognizing a large one. He was only Termann now, but with Harley's imagination. He even had to give up Harley's habit of mixing brandy highballs with champagne. As Termann, he used soda with his brandy.

He wandered restlessly about the city. Everywhere he confronted the great stir of the Alps. He reflected that it was the only great thing left to him. By this time his suicide by proxy had receded into accomplished fact. His body had been sent back to England and cremated after a quiet funeral.

He noted in the newspapers that the offices he maintained in various financial centers had been ransacked for the non-existent diary which his suicide postscript said he had mislaid.

He read increasingly vituperative accounts of his methods and of his private life. It was reported that he was really a vicious fellow who spent the night before his suicide drinking brandy and champagne—and whose dead body reeked of alcohol. Even his associates excused themselves now by saying they had no idea they were dealing with a madman.

It was an agony to Harley to watch them dismantle the system on which he had spent his life. When his associates observed piously that the Harley scandal showed the danger of entrusting one man with such immense financial resources, he almost wished he had chosen prison instead of suicide, so that he could make plain to the world what hand they had in it. A dead man cannot explain.

All he could do now was to sit impotently in front of a drink and a newspaper at a café table and recognize that he had imprisoned himself in another man's identity.

EVEN Termann's photograph confronted Harley as his own on the inside pages of the local newspapers when they reported the accidental death of the Casino dancer. The Casino management had supplied her photograph, aware of the publicity value of romance coupled with tragedy; and the Bernese newspapers had reproduced the photograph of her friend, M. Gustave Termann of the Bellevue Hotel, from his passport

(Continued on page 46)

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... Because Gordon's has that Important
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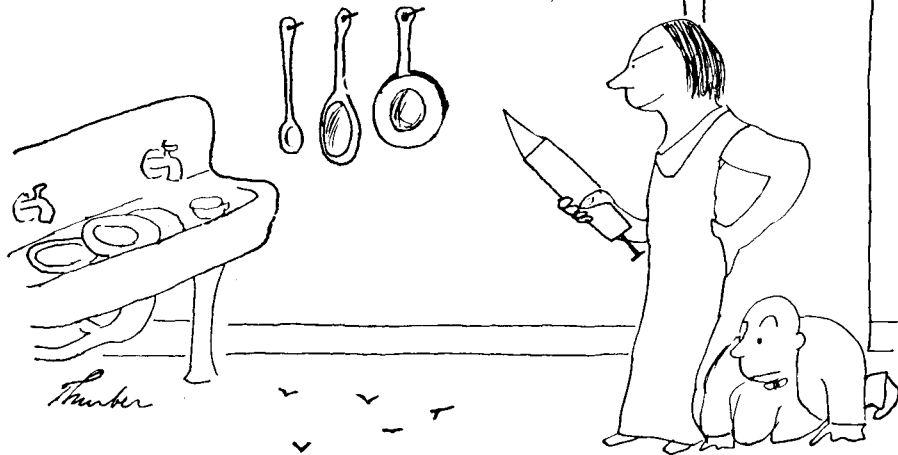
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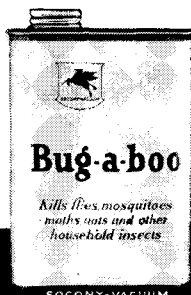
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250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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temporarily in the hands of the police. The two photographs were printed side by side. Like many other men who would have preferred obscurity for events in which they took no pride, Harley cursed the newspapers.

He was relieved at last by a telephone call from the chief of police notifying him that all the papers covering the girl's death had been completed and the case closed. He could call for his passport at his convenience. He lost no time. At police headquarters he was politely received by the chief himself, who returned the passport. At the hotel he packed his bag and descended to pay his bill.

AS THE porter set down Harley's bag to await the settlement, a stranger in the lobby looked at Harley sharply and went outside. At the head of the taxicab line he approached a chauffeur who was dozing in the afternoon sunshine.

"I want to play a joke on a friend who is about to drive to the railroad station," the stranger said to the chauffeur. "Let me take your cab and surprise him when he gets out."

"But, monsieur," said the chauffeur, "I cannot give up my cab. Who knows if I will ever get it back?"

"Nonsense," said the stranger. "That car in the parking space is mine. It's worth ten of your taxicabs. Come." He led the grumbling chauffeur to a big touring car and thrust a key into the lock. "Get in," he ordered, "and observe that you are in command. Keep it until I return your taxicab. I must have my little joke."

The peremptory order, accompanied by a smile and fifty Swiss francs, completed the transaction. The stranger tossed his hat into the car and took the chauffeur's, which he jammed down over his eyes. He was installed in the taxicab seat just as Harley came out and the doorman whistled up the cab at the head of the waiting line.

"To the railroad station," said Harley, without noticing the man in the chauffeur's seat.

Halfway to the station the stranger turned the taxicab down a side alley and stopped. Harley looked up as he came around to the side door and leaned into the cab. He thrust a folded newspaper into Harley's hand. "Is that your picture?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harley, astonished by his fierce tone.

"You are Gustave Termann?" he said.

"Yes," said Harley, "who are you to question me?"

"Once you were Georgi Braun," he went on. Harley stared at him in startled silence.

"I knew it," he shouted. He drew his hand from his pocket in a flash and hit Harley over the head with a wrench. Harley sank unconscious to the floor of the cab.

The stranger closed the taxicab door and drove beyond the outskirts of Bern until he came to a wooded stretch, where he stopped after looking about. He took a towing rope out of the tool box and, with the unconscious Harley over his shoulder like a soldier carrying a wounded comrade, he went about a hundred yards into the woods. There he bound Harley securely, gagged him and left him.

Within an hour of absence the stranger was back at the Bellevue Hotel. He wakened the taxicab chauffeur, who had resumed his doze in the car. "Get up, sleepy-head," he said, "my joke was successful and now I am going home." He gave the taxicab chauffeur another five francs to refresh himself and drove away with the chauffeur's blessing.

At the wooded stretch, the stranger stopped to pick up Harley, who was still unconscious. He felt his pulse anxiously. He laid the body on the floor in front of

the rear seat of the automobile and covered it with lap rugs.

Through the growing dusk and all night he drove across Switzerland with the bound and gagged Harley as an unconscious passenger. Now and then he verified Harley's pulse. He also bought a flask of brandy.

Shortly before dawn, in the period of tremulous uncertainty when physical courage seems to ooze away from men and only moral fortitude prevails, the automobile slid through a last sleeping village, past its small graveyard at the outskirts, and turned into a lane. The purring motor died, the surrounding silence hung undisturbed.

He laid the inert body on the grass, then he removed the gag and poured some brandy into Harley's mouth. Harley shuddered and opened his eyes.

"I was afraid I killed you when I hit you," said the stranger, "and I wanted to tell you, before you die, what happened after you ran away. My daughter Maria died bearing your child. She believed to the end that you would come back. So did your father, who was my best friend until he too died, broken with shame. Your own father cursed you to a death that would be unwept by anyone."

"Oh, my head," groaned Harley, as the pain stabbed him. The stranger put more brandy in his mouth. "You had better lick your lips on that, Georgi," he said, "it is the last you will ever taste."

"What is this about?" Harley muttered. "I don't know..."

"You'll know everything before I leave you," said the other. "For five years, since Maria died, I have looked into faces everywhere hoping to meet you. The newspapers printed your photograph and your address for me. The name of Termann didn't fool me, Georgi—remember, I have known you since childhood. And I saw that you were playing your old tricks, mixed up with a girl as usual."

There was deadly menace in the tone of his voice, and Harley braced himself to meet it. "But I don't know you," he said. "I never saw you in my life."

"Oh, yes, you know me," said the stranger, "and I want you to see me clearly once more before you die." The stranger turned the flashlight on himself, a tall, sinewy old man with long, thin nose, high forehead and heavy chin.

"And I know you, Georgi," he said, turning the flashlight back, "and my daughter knew you, to her shame and sorrow. And it brought her to her death, for which now at long last you will pay, and here in my hand is the price."

The dagger gleamed as he held it forward close to Harley's throat.

"STOP," shouted Harley, "you're wrong. I am not Georgi Braun or Gustave Termann; I only took his name. My real name is Harley, John Harley; perhaps you've heard of me."

The stranger's lips drew back in a snarling smile. "Harley is dead," he said, "dead in his sins, by his own hand in Paris. I read it in the newspapers."

In a torrent of words Harley poured out the truth, how he had killed Termann instead of himself and taken his name and papers. "If you don't believe me," he cried, "unbutton my shirt and see the money in the belt around my waist. You can take half of it if you want to. I tell you, I'm John Harley."

The old man looked at him contemptuously. "You were always clever with words, Georgi. That was how you fooled Maria, but you can't fool me."

"Oh, God," cried Harley, "you are wrong. You are wrong, I tell you. I never saw you or your daughter in my life. You make a terrible mistake."

"Not my mistake, this time, Georgi," yelled the old man madly, "not my mistake but yours, your last mistake."

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 19

Peace murmured: "Doesn't look good." Overmile let one hand fall toward his hip, fingers casually unlatching the holster flap. He murmured, "There's always a smell to things."

They came to the street's entrance, the group of graders standing across it with a sullen silence. Farther up the camp other men were ducking out of their tents. Peace reined in. He reached for his pipe and took his time filling it, his glance meanwhile evenly running that line of presented faces. Nick Moylan, a tough one himself, always had the reputation for hiring the toughest shovel hands he could find. They made a scowling barrier in front of him, reflecting a mass anger caused by something he didn't know about. He let his match glow against the pipe's tobacco. He whipped out the light, observing that the quick motion of his arm seemed to send a tremor along the group. They were jumpy, they were suspicious.

He said: "Evening, boys. Where's Moylan?"

He thought he wasn't to have an answer. Somebody finally spoke up from the rear of the group: "Other end of camp." And then that man pushed his way forward, short and quick-muscled and with immense eyebrows attached like awnings to a round, vermilion face. He had a careful look at Peace. His voice was deliberate: "What you doin' here, Bucko?"

"Hello, Ring. Just passing through." But Peace knew something then. Duke Ring would be the bully boy of this camp or of any camp. Whatever the trouble, Ring was in it. He was, Peace remembered, a rough-and-tumble fighter and thoroughly merciless. Nobody else had anything to say. Peace urged his horse on; the group split to let him through. He rode along the street, pipe stuck askew between his lips. Overmile said, "I don't get this," but he said it in a guarded way, for other graders stood at their tent fronts, close by. The air had turned quickly cool and the wood smoke of a cook shack somewhere about drifted pungently with a little wind. Considerable noise rose from a large tent at the exact end of the street. Peace rode that way. They all dismounted.

PEACE led the way into the tent. It was this camp's saloon, with a bar made of rough pine boards, with half a dozen knock-down gambling tables at the far end in full operation. The place was built for perhaps thirty men and at this moment it was altogether full. Peace saw Nick Moylan drinking at one end of the bar; there was a gap between Moylan and the next nearest man. Moylan's ruddy cheeks, netted with little veins, swung about. He saw Peace but seemed too drunk to be interested. "Frank," he grumbled, "come have a drink."

"We're pretty hungry," suggested Peace. "Your cook shack still open?"

"I'll see," said Moylan. "Come along." He led the three men to the cook shack, indicating a long table placed under a tent. He called: "Markie, here's three men to feed," and stood uncertainly in his tracks. Markie, in the cook shack, was all at once swearing in a temperamental way. Moylan listened to it a moment. He said: "That's all right, boys. You'll get fed. If he'd started throwin' pots around you'd been out of luck."

The partners sat down, Moylan circling the shadows with his head canted over. Peace said: "Who was killed?"

"My foreman, Jack Ladue. Night before last."

"Know who did it?" Peace asked him.

Moylan stopped his pacing, scanning the roundabout darkness carefully. It wasn't like this rough, bruising Irishman to be afraid of shadows. He said finally: "I guess not. It was a brawl in one of the tents. Ladue was a bully foreman. He kept this crowd humble. He had to. It's a hard bunch. They ain't worked since."

He quit talking. The cook came into the tent to lay two pans of food on the table. He dropped tin plates and cups before them with a bad grace, made another trip for the coffeepot, and retreated.

"You better get out of here," grunted Moylan. "I'm leavin' tonight."

"What'll I tell Reed?"

"What you please. I'm through."

"Nick," said Peace, "what are you afraid of?"

MOYLAN bent closer, his talk soft in Peace's ear. "I know Irishmen and I know how they fight. This is different. There's money been put into this camp for causin' trouble. You tell Reed he's buckin' somethin' besides weather and bad water."

He wheeled away, bound back for the saloon.

"Moylan's scared," said Overmile.

"Then Ladue's shootin' was part of something else, and Moylan thinks he may be next. Something here we're missing."

"This Duke Ring," murmured Overmile, "was a bouncer for Lou Queed's joint in Julesburg. I just remembered it a minute ago. He killed a man in a fist fight there. Got him down and kicked him to pieces."

Peace made a wagging motion with his hand. They rose and strolled toward the tent saloon. Something had changed the minds of the graders these last few minutes, for Peace noticed they were moving upon the saloon in a deliberately idle way. The squat and chesty shape of Duke Ring, Peace observed, led them on. Under the pale glow of the moon all those faces emerged from the shadows with a sallow and flat and wicked expression. There was a strangeness here, an invisible savagery plucking at Peace like a little gust of wind. Turning his eyes along the ragged semicircle he observed more men emerge from a near-by tent and come up. One of them was Al Brett.

Brett joined the semicircle. He was grinning at Peace. His tone held the inflections of some secret joke. "Long way from Benton, Bucko. We thought maybe you'd be comin' out this way."

Peace said, "That's right, Al," and understood the game thoroughly then. Ring had quit talking, leaving the authority here to Brett. It was Brett's private show, and Brett had his orders from Campeaux. They wanted their chance at him; they had it now. But something else interested him at the moment. The back edge of this crowd was breaking off and men were drifting away into the hidden areas behind the tents. Presently he had a complete knowledge of the camp. Brett was still planted solidly in the dust, a man at either elbow. Duke Ring stood fast, with one other Irishman beside him. And that was the substance of it. Those other graders now retreating from the scene were lukewarm to a fight. Peace let out a long breath; he felt better from knowing how the situation stood.

"When you go back," drawled Brett, "you can tell Sam Reed he won't get any gradin' done here."

"Maybe. Maybe not."

Overmile shifted the weight of his



Keep Up with the World By Freling Foster

Several white, Christian countries still deny to women some of the most common privileges of mankind. An outstanding example is Armenia where, throughout an area of 60,000 square miles, women are not allowed to speak to any man except their husbands. In all their dealings with other men, such as storekeepers, they are required to use a sign language.

Many drugs, irrespective of how and where they are kept, lose their strength and efficacy within a few months. Others, however, such as Epsom salts, soda and niter, keep indefinitely in their original condition; while some, such as laudanum, actually become stronger with age.—By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.

Colored lightning is not uncommon. Owing to rain, gases, smoke and other particles in the atmosphere between the observer and the lightning, flashes frequently occur in one solid color. During one storm single flashes were recorded in such distinct colors as red, yellow, green, violet, orange and blue as well as white.

In 1888, when people still thought that yellow fever germs flew or drifted about in the air, an epidemic of this disease took place in Jacksonville, Florida. In the belief that the microbes could be killed by concussion, cannons were fired for several days in the principal streets—to the delight and profit of the glaziers.—By M. B. Johnson, Jacksonville, Florida.

Rarely does an entire family marry another entire family at the same time. But such a case was recorded recently in the Kwangtung Province of China when a widower and his three sons married, in a single ceremony, a widow and her three daughters.

Under a federal act of 1917 a foreigner may not be granted entry into the United States if the immigration authorities believe that he has an inferiority complex, a term that is almost without definition because it is used to designate widely different types of behavior and both real and imaginary feelings.—By Mrs. P. A. Smits, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Each summer in Japan numerous villages compete with one another in the making and flying of giant kites, some of which are 3,000 square feet in area, weigh half a ton, cost nearly \$1,000 and require 200 men to hold them steady while they are in the air. Sometimes even this number cannot hold one of them in a stiff wind and those who courageously hang on too long are carried up by it and fall to their deaths.

One of the most fantastic sights in the world is the Glowworm Grotto in New Zealand, whose roof is covered with millions of these tiny creatures. Not only do they give off a bright blue light, but they let down beautiful, luminous, sticky threads—looking like strands of tiny jewels—with which they attract and catch the insects upon which they live.—By John P. Gates, Jackson, Mississippi.

The unique custom of excusing orchestral players from attending rehearsals if they sent other musicians to take their places existed in London up to about fifty years ago, when it met a sudden death under a withering fire of vituperation by a famous foreign conductor. He had called four rehearsals for an important concert and they had been attended by four different groups of substitutes.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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