



"Take my advice," Cheshire said. "Send your wife and her sister back to New York for a few months"

The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

INVITED by Sabine, Princess Pelucchi, young and beautiful Italian wife of his friend Henry D. Prestley, wealthy American banker, to an important reception for Ambassador Patani, a distant relative of Sabine's who is in England on an undisclosed mission, Admiral Guy Cheshire is an observant guest.

He and General Lord Robert Mallinson, secret heads of the British Intelligence sections for the navy and the army respectively, talk warily about the increase in foreign espionage activity in England, and they agree that Antonio Machinka, a caterer hovering in the background, should be watched. A former admirer of Sabine's, Cheshire half suspects her of being involved in a spy ring.

The following night, Admiral Cheshire learns that his trusted aid, Captain Geoffrey Rawson, is a traitor and that Lieutenant Ronald Hincks is aware of his activities. Rawson commits suicide. Cheshire tells Hincks the only way he can redeem himself and not be shot as a spy is to answer all questions and hold himself ready for any orders. The admiral learns that Henry Copeland, to whom Hincks has been transmitting, at Rawson's orders, copies of naval plans, is really a man named Florestan, but cannot get Hincks to reveal the name of the person to whom Rawson had been giving duplicates of the plans.

Cheshire, however, suspects rightly that it is Sabine. Confronting her that evening at Machinka's restaurant, the admiral warns her that he will expose her as a spy unless she will agree to continue passing information along exactly

as before. But he will supply falsified material, and the foreign power interested in these plans will assume England to be unprepared for the war that is threatening. Sabine appeals in vain to Cheshire's old love for her, and finally agrees to his demand.

But the lovely Countess Elida, younger sister of Sabine, calls on Cheshire and persuades him to let her take her sister's place in the dangerous intrigue. She is unmarried, wants to help Ronnie Hincks, loves her sister, and is unafraid.

Stock Exchange prices begin sagging. Sinister rumors are afloat. The Prime Minister hurriedly calls a series of informal conferences, and Malcolm Dunkerley, joint secretary for foreign affairs, who has just returned from the continent, makes his report. "You really believe they want war?" the Premier persists, and Dunkerley answers grimly, "I am afraid they do."

III

JELlicoe's reply to such demands as these would have been a naval demonstration at Malta," one of the younger of the ministers put in.

"In Jellicoe's days," Fakenham remarked dryly, "the country against whom he would have been demonstrating did not possess a matter of a thousand war planes."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Dunkerley summed up the affair.

"This is the first positively belligerent move encountered by either Orson-Meade or myself. The curious feature, otherwise, in these attempted conversations, has been the reluctance of each of the countries we have approached to put forward any definite proposals. It seems to me that up till now they have been playing for time."

"No doubt about that," Fakenham agreed. "I can tell you why, if you like. Before they committed themselves finally they wanted to find out exactly how far we had got on with our rearmament scheme."

There was a further brief silence.

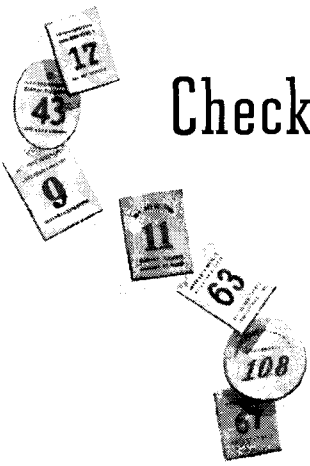
"I should imagine," the Prime Minister decided at last, speaking firmly and resolutely, "that our potential enemies have not wished to commit themselves until they were sure that we were really in a hole. I have not a word to say about the espionage business. That lies entirely in the hands of the general here and Admiral Cheshire, but I do think, having studied carefully the reports of Malcolm Dunkerley and Orson-Meade, that both countries with whom they have been attempting to hold these conversa-

tions have come to the conclusion that our rearmament preparations are in a parlous state. I propose that Malcolm Dunkerley and Orson-Meade return at once to their respective posts and insist upon a continuance of the conversations. If any further delay is attempted we shall know that they mean war. We are working on that presumption already."

"Personally, I do not think there is much doubt about it," Fakenham agreed. "I know that the general public always believes that a newspaper wants war. We don't. I can assure you of that. All the same, I think it is coming."

"If so, it must be faced calmly," the Premier continued. "Malcolm Dunkerley and Orson-Meade must return to their posts tomorrow. If they are confronted with the same difficulties, they must break off negotiations and return. In that case we will have another brief meeting amongst ourselves and a cabinet council the day after."

"There is just one thing more I should like to mention," General Mallinson said as the meeting showed signs of



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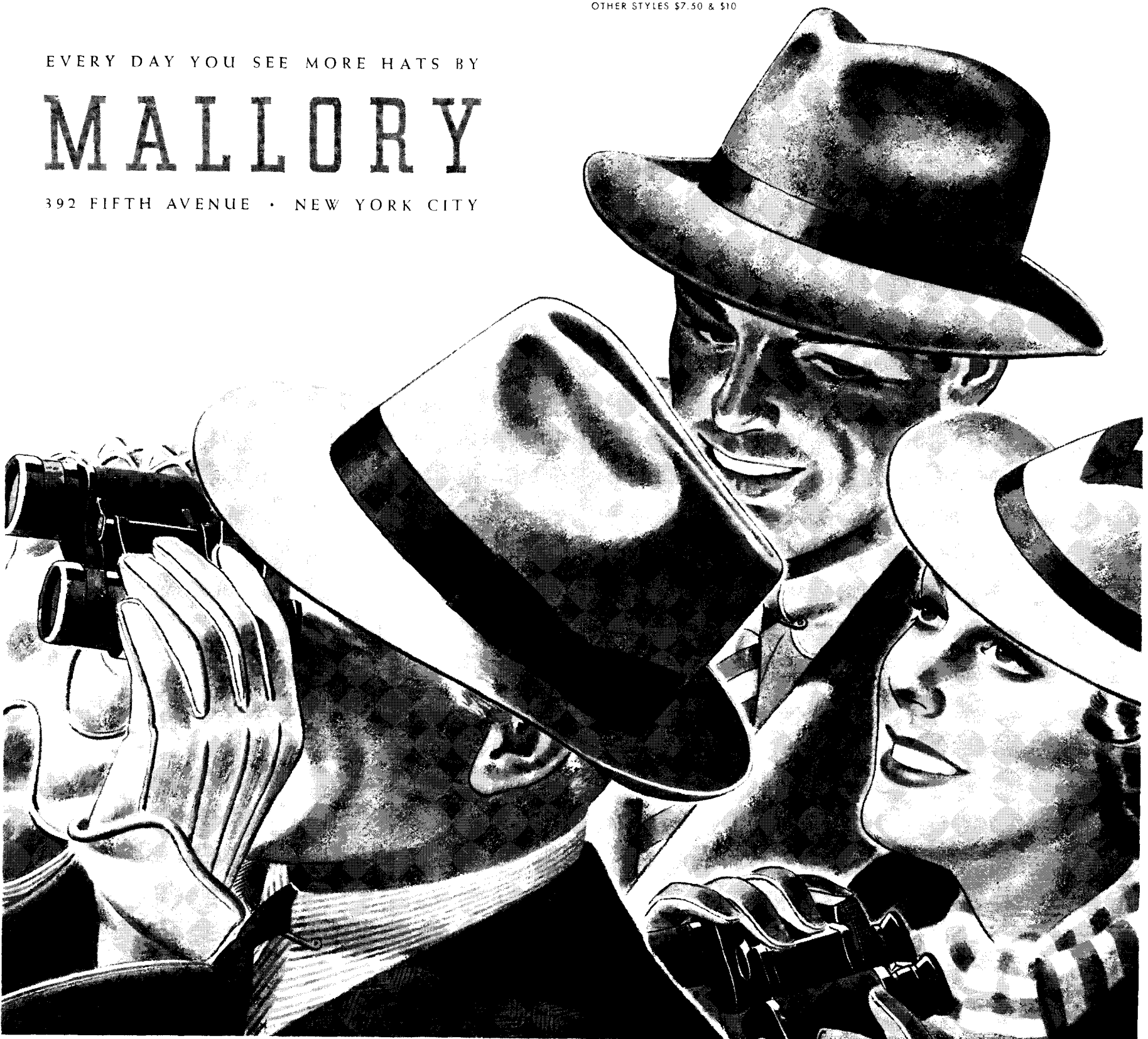
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breaking up. "It is on Admiral Cheshire's behalf as well as my own. We should like to be allowed to make a formal statement as to this matter of espionage before anything in the shape of mobilization is determined upon. We might have some interesting facts to lay before you."

"You shall have the opportunity that you ask for," the Premier agreed. "Your departments are run, as is only right, in complete secrecy. That secrecy, however, in the face of imminent war, must come to an end. If there is anything you have to say that might influence the situation, we shall expect you both to say it in this room immediately you are called upon."

"Cheshire, I know, will be prepared," the general said. "So shall I."

The Prime Minister rang the bell.

"The meeting is dissolved," he announced, rising a little abruptly to his feet.

PRESTLEY rose from his easy chair and strolled over to the card table as Fakenham, Mallinson and Herbert Melville entered the room almost together half an hour later that afternoon.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "What a welcome sight! Come along and cut, you loiterers. Anyone been down in the city?"

"Not a soul," Mallinson replied. "Be reasonable, my dear fellow. Why should we imperil our diminutive pensions and feeble savings by furtive visits to our stockbrokers in these days of panic?"

"It's a bad day down there, I can tell you that," Fakenham observed, spreading out a pack of cards.

"I don't care a hoot about your stocks and shares," Prestley assured them. "It's the franc I was anxious about."

"Seven points down since yesterday," Melville declared. "I saw it on the tape downstairs."

Mallinson yawned.

"No more shop," he begged. "Your deal, Fakenham. Melville and I are together."

The first hand was played in silence. Prestley marked down the score and leaned back in his chair.

"If I were dictator or monarch or Prime Minister of this bright little island where I am at present much enjoying life," he said, "I should have the newspaper posters censored."

"Gets a perfectly sane idea, sometimes, this transatlantic gent," Mallinson murmured.

"Glad you agree. I left my abode this afternoon a happy man."

"Congratulations," Melville grunted. "Considering you had about two thousand people eating you out of hearth and home and doing their best to drink your cellar dry last week, you seem to be bearing up pretty well."

"I was all right until I saw those damn posters," Prestley confided as he sorted his cards. "There's one just outside. 'Reported hitch in foreign conversations. Gloomy tone in city.' Is Britain really going to be bullied into war, does anyone know?"

"No one, unless he is actually in the cabinet, knows a thing of what is going on," Mallinson declared blandly. "All that we know of politics is confided to us by the headlines in the Times and the hysterics of the Express. I gather from these that the dictators are slowly making mincemeat of our plenipotentiaries and ambassadors."

Prestley glanced toward the closed door.

"I read the Times occasionally," he said, "also less often the Express, but I form my ideas as to whether things are going well or badly chiefly from Cheshire's expression. I saw him in the distance somewhere near Bury Street last evening on his way, I suppose, from the admiralty to one of his usual haunts in

Piccadilly, and to me he looked as though the blow had already fallen."

The door had been quietly opened. It was now closed. Cheshire stood there on the threshold scowling.

"Who is libeling me?" he demanded.

Prestley sorted his cards.

"On the contrary," he objected. "I was just saying that you should be regarded as the human barometer. I saw you last night looking like a thundercloud. I knew then that you had had bad news down at that gloomy show of yours and that probably the enemy fleets were already in the Thames!"

"My expression at that moment," Cheshire explained, "meant nothing except that I was still feeling the effects of that fine champagne that was flowing in your palace last week."

"That's the one weak spot in the British navy," Prestley sighed. "They never could stand their liquor."

"No more backchat," Prestley insisted. "War is declared. I go four no trumps."

A dreary negative on his left.

"Grand slam," from his partner.

"Pass me," murmured the general.

"And me," echoed Prestley.

"Double," from Melville.

There was no redouble. Melville led the ace of clubs. Prestley's partner exposed his hand. Prestley laid his on the table.

"Any other lead, my friend," he said, "and you had chosen your bedfellow for the night."

Cheshire rose to his feet with a sigh. "I shall go to the library and find a book," he declared. "I might have been dealing the cards myself. Two absolute Yarboroughs except for the ace of clubs against two mighty no trumps and they lose thousands! The game progresses."

NEVERTHELESS, in due time the inevitable happened. The rubber came to an end. Almost simultaneously Brooks, the only waiter who was allowed to enter the small cardroom, made his appearance with a note upon a salver. He presented it to Mallinson, who glanced it through and passed it across the table to Cheshire who had just returned. The latter nodded.

"Serves you right for keeping me out so long," he remarked to the other three. "Mallinson and I have to go."

"Downing Street?" Prestley asked.

Cheshire nodded. His remark was scarcely reverent.

"The old man's got the jitters," he confided. "The general and I are off to save the Empire."

The Prime Minister's reception of his two visitors was friendly but a little depressing. He motioned them to chairs.

"Sorry to trouble you again so soon," he said, "but I have been thinking over your request to me, General Mallinson."

"Yes, sir."

"It seems to me that if we waited until the time came for mobilization, we might miss the bus. We three are alone together now. I should like to have a few words with you on this secret service question. The increase in the number of foreign spies working here seems to me rather significant."

"No doubt about that, sir," Cheshire acknowledged, accepting and lighting a cigarette from the box his host had passed him. "At a rough estimate I should say that there were twice as many major spies at work here as ever before. Money is being thrown about everywhere. Half the time the trouble is to avoid arresting some of these fellows before we have found out as much as we want to about what they are after."

The Premier nodded.

"Well, I'm glad you realize what you are up against," he remarked. "Remember, I consider that you, Admiral

Cheshire, you, General Mallinson, and the commissioner of police at Scotland Yard, are the three people responsible for dealing with this inroad. We discussed this afternoon, as you doubtless remember, the much stiffer attitude during the last week or so of our friends or rather, I should say, our enemies in Europe."

"Certainly, sir," Mallinson admitted.

"IT IS obvious," the Prime Minister continued, "that a great many enemy spies have succeeded in getting through reports that have disclosed a considerable part at any rate of the situation."

"To a certain extent, sir, that may be true," Cheshire replied. "Our reaction to that is simple. A portion, by far the most important portion, of the reports sent out almost daily from London and all over England we could stop if we liked."

"You could stop?" the Premier repeated incredulously. "Then why the mischief don't you?"

"Because," Cheshire explained, "at the present moment our counterespionage is at least as good as any work that is being done on the other side. A great many reports are being sent to foreign countries, through sources they consider above suspicion, based upon information that is not altogether correct."

The Prime Minister stroked his chin.

"Aren't you taking a great responsibility in letting these reports go through?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," Cheshire admitted, "but on the other hand we believe that it pays. I need not say that both the general and I are proud of our organizations. Foreign espionage over here is very far-reaching and comprises an enormous number of correspondents, but our counterespionage is, on the whole, a great deal better."

"What you mean, then, I suppose," the Premier remarked, "is that you are deliberately permitting two enemy countries to build up an idea as to the progress of our rearmament schemes that is, to say the least of it, pessimistic."

"Quite true, sir," Cheshire acquiesced. "You are putting into plain words what I was only hinting at."

"I knew that something of the sort was a recognized principle, of course," the Premier went on thoughtfully, "but just now don't you see the danger of the position? We are at work tooth and nail to prevent war. The reports you are allowing to go through might be reports that are likely to encourage it."

"On the other hand," the general pointed out, "the advantage of having an enemy country completely deceived as regards our position, say with regard to the caliber of our guns or the number of divisions we could put into the field at once or the capacity of our planes, might easily win the war for us."

THE Premier was thoughtful for a few moments.

"It is a dangerous game you two are playing," he remarked. "You are really encouraging enemy countries to have a whack at us."

"Our idea," Cheshire pointed out, "is to carry on right to the last moment and then let the truth leak out about one or two little matters. Simultaneously, there is a chance that the enemy may come into possession of papers purporting to disclose an exceedingly well-thought-out offensive, with which they might have to deal. It would be calculated to give them a shock. Personally, I think we should always be able to engineer a climb-down on their part."

"Something up your sleeve there," the Prime Minister observed with a smile.

"My *pièce de résistance*."

The Prime Minister changed the subject a little abruptly.

"What about this naval captain of

yours—Rawson—who shot himself the other day?"

Cheshire was suddenly grave.

"You realize, of course, sir," he said, "that his letter was a fake. It is a terrible thing to have to confess of anyone in the service, but I have had the idea for some time that he was engaged in traitorous work. The time came when I was able to prove it. No information that he has passed on will do us any harm. On the other hand, the enemy believe, or will believe in a day or two, that they have the secret of the hidden deck on our new fast cruisers."

The Premier was again thoughtful.

"What you have told me, gentlemen," he said at last, "is in a way reassuring. It may account to some extent for this change of attitude on the Continent. I cannot say, however, that I am completely convinced as to its wisdom. I shall have to consult a few of my colleagues. Keep a tight hand on your operations for the next few days. I agree, of course," he concluded, rising, "to the principle of supplying false information. On the other hand, in this instance it is a distinct incentive to the one thing we want to avoid—war."

"Do you think you will ever be able to avoid it, sir?" Cheshire asked quietly.

"It must be avoided for another two months at any rate," the Prime Minister declared.

THE two men, as was their custom, left separately—Cheshire on foot, walking the few hundred yards to the admiralty, Mallinson returning in a taxicab to his almost secret block of offices in a little-frequented part of the War Office. They met again at the hour for *apéritifs* at the club. Cheshire, who had been unable to forget the slight break in the Premier's voice as he had uttered his last brief sentence, referred to it almost at once.

"The chief was right, in a way, this afternoon," he pointed out. "We are not pulling quite the same rope. His job is to prevent war. That is not exactly our line. Ours is to see that if the war comes we win it."

The general sipped his glass of sherry.

"That robotlike man with still, set features and glasses and half-opened mouth is perfectly right," he admitted. "You and I are treading all the time on gunpowder, you know, Cheshire. Can't you imagine them gloating in some far-away council chamber over the false plans of that cruiser of yours and chuckling when they think that those five thousand tons of aluminum are quite enough to make a whole fleet of fighting planes worthless. It's a dirty business sometimes, Cheshire."

"You don't think I like it, do you?" was the almost savage rejoinder. "What about your Gibraltar plans?"

Mallinson nodded.

"That has been the finest achievement of our whole organization," he declared.

"Yes, but don't forget," Cheshire reminded him, "you had to kill three partially innocent people before you brought that off. Not only that, but if enemies were to launch an attack upon the place, based upon what they believed to be the existing conditions, it would cost them a thousand or two of lives."

"That," the general replied more equally, "would be *la guerre*."

Footsteps were heard approaching and the conversation between the two men faded away. Prestley lifted the curtain and entered the room.

"You haven't come back expecting another rubber at this hour of the evening, have you?" Cheshire asked.

Prestley shook his head. He drew the curtain again behind him and joined his two friends.

"No, I don't want to play any more bridge," he confided. "I came back hoping I might find you here, Cheshire."



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"Here I am, a little crushed, but still cheerful," the latter observed. "At your service, my friend. I'm ready to lend you a spot of money if that's what you are looking for, or to stand you a drink. What about a glass of this sherry?"

Prestley nodded in an abstracted sort of fashion. The admiral filled a glass from the decanter that was standing on a silver salver between the two men. The former sipped its contents with the air of one whose thoughts were far away.

"Tell us some good news," Cheshire begged. "Mallinson and I are feeling rather depressed. We have been round to Downing Street and had something of a wiggling from the old man."

"If I had been on the same terms with the old man, as you call him, as you two are, I should probably have been a visitor in Downing Street myself this afternoon. Somehow or other, he is always a little stiff with me."

"No one in the world would believe it," Mallinson remarked, "but I have come to the conclusion that our Prime Minister is a shy man."

"Maybe," Prestley agreed. "Anyway, there is something I would like to say, but I don't want to say it to the press. You two fellows would be as good confidants as anyone else and, mind you, what I am going to disclose comes in just the course of a friendly little chat."

Cheshire and Mallinson were very silent. They both listened intently.

"What I mean," Prestley continued, "is that I am not making a confidential communication to you. I am telling you a fact that you can make use of exactly as you like. All I say is—keep away from any direct intercourse with the press. Get me?"

They nodded acquiescence. Prestley went on.

"WELL, this is what I want you to know," he said. "You are aware that Count Patani came to England on some sort of a special mission and that he never went near the Foreign Office and only left a card at Downing Street. As a matter of fact, his visit over here was not official in the least. He did not come with the idea of discussions of any sort with the British Foreign Office. He came to see me."

"The devil he did!" Cheshire interjected.

"To justify myself," Prestley went on, "and you know I am very careful in such matters, directly he announced that he was visiting London on a special mission to me, which must be considered entirely confidential. I shut him straight up. I told him that as a member of a friendly nation living in England, I could not agree to a confidential interview with anyone whose country was on strained relations with the Court of St. James's. I offered to hear what he had to say and to give it my consideration, but I declined to treat his visit, or any offer he might make, as confidential."

"This man ought to have been a diplomat," Cheshire murmured.

"Patani was a considerable time hesitating after that," Prestley continued. "In the end he accepted the situation. His mission was to ask me for assistance in helping to arrange an immediate loan of a very large sum of money to his country in case she should find herself in urgent need."

"In urgent need of it," the general repeated, "means war, of course."

"We are international bankers, of course," Prestley continued, "and we can command capital in practically every city of the world. But I told Patani what I told the representative of a smaller power less than a year ago—my firm, so long as I am at its head, will never help in the raising of large sums of money for purposes of offensive warfare."

"And what did Count Patani say to that?" Cheshire asked quietly.

"He fenced with the question. He hinted at the enormous armament preparations in this country. It was necessary," he declared, "for his own country to protect itself. There was the whole of Abyssinia untouched, dripping millions into the hands of industry, sufficient security for any loan in the world. He was very eloquent. I listened to a great deal he had to say that is not your concern or mine."

"And the result?" the general asked.

"He leaves tonight at eight o'clock by the private plane that brought him," Prestley confided. "I have refused even

Paris a few weeks ago. We decided that the most effectual methods of checking warfare are to discredit it and to support its operations in no way whatsoever."

"So Patani goes home," Cheshire murmured, emptying his glass. "You have made history, Prestley. They talk about our work for the Empire. You have done something for all civilization."

"I agree most fervently," Mallinson concurred.

THE little meeting was at an end. The general was disposed to linger but something in his friend's attitude conveyed a suggestion to him. He took his leave. Cheshire and Prestley were alone.



"Can you tell me where the call came from?" she said

to consider the question of a loan until certain political matters are settled and peace assured."

"You are a great man," Mallinson pronounced.

"I AM nothing of the sort," was the firm disclaimer. "I was brought up with these ideas and, believe me, nine tenths of my countrypeople share them. We hate war like nothing on earth, and there is not a member of my own firm who would not be behind me in every word I said to Patani. The banking industry as a whole, let me tell you, has given the wider aspects of this matter the most thorough consideration. Twelve of us held a conference in

The moment had arrived that the former had been dreading.

"Prestley," he began, "I am going to ask you a question that you may answer or not as you will."

"Sounds mysterious. Go ahead."

"Did Sabine know of Patani's mission to you?"

Prestley gazed fixedly at his questioner. He seemed to lose much of the warm humanity that had transfigured his somewhat stiff being. He drew himself up. His expression was more set.

"I do not think," he said, "that it is within your province to ask me that question."

Cheshire flushed slightly but he showed no signs of resentment.

"Probably not, Henry," he admitted, "yet it is a question you must pardon, even if you don't choose to reply. Sabine is known to be an intense and enthusiastic daughter of her country. The Patanis are a younger branch of her own illustrious family. There were reasons why the question suggested itself to me."

"Perhaps you could explain them."

"I would rather not," was the gentle yet firm reply.

"Very well, then. There is a counter-question on this same subject that I must put to you."

"Let it alone altogether," Cheshire begged.

"I should be glad if that were possible," Prestley replied with a slight softening in his tone and expression. "Listen to me, Guy. You are, I suppose, my wife's oldest friend in this country."

"It is my privilege."

"You have known her sister since she was a baby."

"That is quite true."

"You are also, if I may be permitted to say so, a close and intimate friend of my own."

"It is an honor to consider myself so. There is no man living whom I respect more."

"Then we can surely talk now not only as men of kindred blood but as friends and allies. Tell me, have you any reason to believe that my wife's devotion to the country of her birth—"

"Do not ask me any such question," Cheshire interrupted with sudden vigor.

"Don't do it, Prestley. Don't you see the position in which you are placing me? You have a claim upon me, so has Sabine, because of our previous friendship, but my country stands first with me as yours would with you. You are driving me into a corner. I will not answer your question, but you shall get this much out of it. Take my advice—send your wife and her sister back to New York for a few months."

"That is your advice?"

"Yes."

"You are keeping the real truth hidden from me. What about that fellow Rawson? He was a great friend of Sabine's. He was in and out of the house all the time."

Cheshire raised his eyebrows.

"How is Rawson concerned?" he asked coolly. "He committed suicide because he had hold of the wrong job."

"No more than that to tell me?"

"No more."

"Yet you want me to send Sabine and Elida out of the country?"

"I have offered you some advice."

Cheshire was immovable. Prestley, a strong man himself, knew it. He turned on his heel. His companion moved swiftly between him and the drawn curtain. He gripped Prestley's arm as he was passing.

"All that I have said, Henry," he told him fervently, "I have said in friendship."

Prestley turned back and his voice was raised scarcely above a whisper.

"I am not leaving you in anger, Guy," he said. "I am leaving you because I need to be alone for a time."

THE telephone bell, faintly audible from the cloak closet, rang just as Horace Florestan, seated at the head of the table in the dining room of his semi-detached West Kensington residence, was preparing to carve the sirloin of beef—the usual Sunday night supper. The girl who was waiting at the sideboard turned toward the door. Her master stopped her.

"I will answer it," he announced, laying down the knife and fork. "You will excuse me for a few minutes, Deborah?" he added, glancing down the table toward his wife.

Mrs. Florestan, a plainly dressed

woman with large, indifferently concealed limbs built on flowing lines, with beautiful, strangely colored eyes and full, voluptuous lips, shrugged her shoulders.

"Be as quick as you can, please," she begged. "We are late as it is and the children are hungry."

The head of the household nodded and left the room, walking with light footsteps, which seemed somehow in keeping with his lean, tightly knit body. They heard him cross the hall and disappear into the cloak closet where the telephone instrument was placed. Afterward, there was silence. Mrs. Florestan rose slowly from her chair and sank into that of her husband. The two children—Mary, aged fourteen, and Tom, aged twelve—looked at her hopefully.

"Go on, Mother," the boy said encouragingly. "You can carve just as well as Dad. I'm hungry."

Mrs. Florestan carved, completing her task with a sort of languid precision that seemed one of her characteristics. She resumed her place, carrying her own plate.

"I wonder who it is wants Dad?" the girl asked.

"Silly hour to ring up, anyway," her brother declared.

Mrs. Florestan appeared to consider the matter for a moment.

"It cannot be the City, unless it was one of the Continental branches wanting him," she observed. "It may be one of those tiresome people at the club. I wish he had never gone on the committee."

The maid removed the cork from half a bottle of claret that had been opened for the midday meal. She served Mrs. Florestan and the two children with water from a glass jug. No one spoke for a few minutes. They were healthy children and they were hungry. It was the boy who broke the silence.

"Whoever it is," he grumbled, "he must have had something to say. Funny, keeping Dad all this time. Shall I go and hurry him up?"

Mrs. Florestan shook her head. She turned to the maid.

"Rosa," she said, "would you mind just reminding your master that we are waiting for him?"

The girl hurried to the door. She tried the handle, stooped down for a moment, tried it again and looked back at her mistress.

"The door is locked, Madam," she announced.

A QUEER light shone for a moment in Mrs. Florestan's eyes, the light of fear or premonition.

"Impossible," she declared. "Why, the key was on this side when we came in."

Rosa shook her head. Mrs. Florestan rose to her feet and with considerable speed made her way to the door. She turned the handle in vain. The boy joined her and began shaking the door.

"What on earth is the meaning of this?" Mrs. Florestan asked a little helplessly.

"Dad locked us in while he had his talk," Mary observed. "Perhaps he's talking to a lady friend."

"Your father does not do such things," her mother said.

She moved to the window. "Tom," she enjoined, "will you climb out this way—here is the latchkey of the front door. Find out what your father is doing."

The spirit of adventure entered into the boy's veins. He pushed up the window, stepped out, opened the front door without any trouble and made his way down the narrow darkened passage. He flung open the door of the cloak closet. The place was empty. He stood away and called up the stairs.

"Dad!"

No answer. He turned the key and threw open the door of the dining room. "I can't find him!" he exclaimed. "There's no one at the telephone, and the key was on this side of the door all the time."

"What about his hat and coat?" Mrs. Florestan asked quickly.

"They're both here."

Mary ran lightly upstairs. She called down in a moment:

"Dad isn't up here."

Their mother lifted the telephone receiver from its place. "Exchange," she said, "my husband was called to the telephone a few minutes ago. Can you tell me where the call came from?"

There was a brief silence, then the answer came through:

"A call box at Charing Cross."

"You do not know who it was?"

"Of course not," the operator replied. "Anyone might ring up from a call box."

Mrs. Florestan hung up the receiver. The boy, who had been to the front door again, came tearing back.

"I say," he cried, "the garage doors are open, the gates, too, and the car is gone!"

Mrs. Florestan shrugged her shoulders. Her attitude was simply one of mild surprise mingled with boredom.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "we had better finish supper."

THE two children chattered wildly through the remainder of the meal; even the maid now and then put in a word. Mrs. Florestan remained silent. She made no comment upon any of the suggestions. When the meal was finished she went to the telephone, closed the door and asked for the police station. She stated her case to the sergeant who answered. There was a brief silence while he made a report. Then he came back.

"The inspector says that he will come round, if you wish it."

"I do wish it."

In a quarter of an hour's time there was a double knock at the front door and Inspector Douglas made his appearance. The children had been sent back to school in a taxicab. The maid remained in the room. The inspector was told exactly what had happened. Even he was a trifle puzzled.

"Your husband hasn't any relatives who are likely to have been taken ill?" he inquired.

"To the best of my knowledge," Mrs. Florestan answered, "my husband hasn't a relative or an intimate friend in the world."

"Will you give me the number of the car, please?"

Mrs. Florestan was able to furnish the information.

"You have no knowledge of your husband being in any difficulties or trouble?" the inspector asked a little diffidently.

Mrs. Florestan shook her head. "My husband is employed by a firm of shipping merchants in the city," she said. "He earns a good salary. We have never been in debt. He has neither friends nor enemies. He is on the committee of the golf club and usually plays on Saturday afternoon and Sunday."

"He didn't say anything about expecting a call, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. Why do you ask that?"

The inspector stroked his chin. "I was just wondering why he locked the door on his way to the telephone," he remarked.

Mrs. Florestan might possibly have hazarded a reply to that question. She made no effort to do so, however. The inspector, with cheerful promises of speedy news, took his leave.

(To be continued next week)

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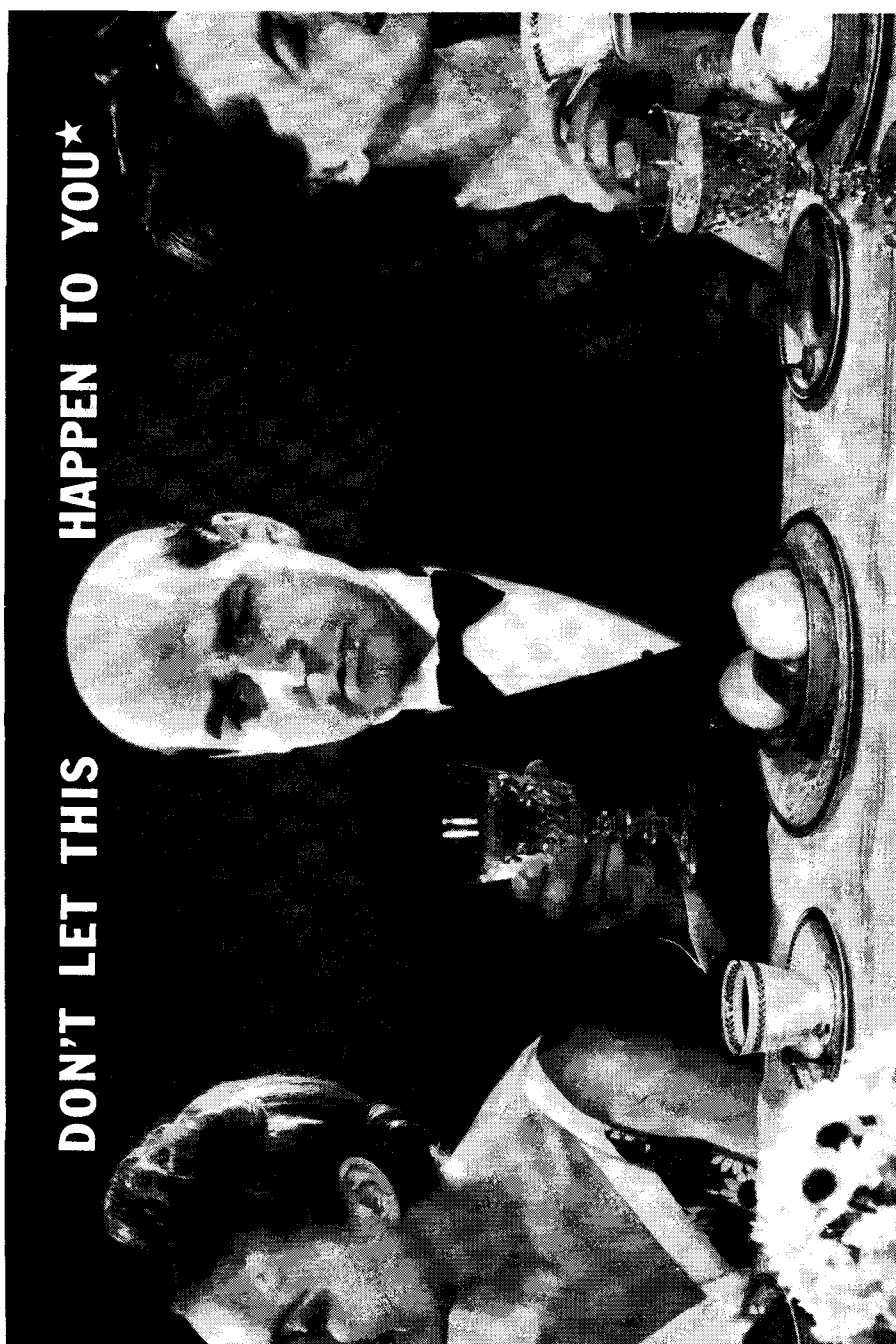
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**REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
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Man from the Sea

Continued from page 21

sat down among the weeds of the railroad embankment. Lighting a cigarette, he unfolded the papers again.

The first one had a big banner-line across Page 1:

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY VANISHES OFF YACHT

The news stories themselves were very much alike. He read the one in the Times quite carefully:

"Under mysterious circumstances, James F. Markle, Jr., heir to the Markle oil millions and virtual owner of the petroleum corporations bearing his name, disappeared off his palatial yacht thirty to forty miles offshore sometime before dawn this morning."

Jimmy scowled and threw away his cigarette. "—thirty to forty miles offshore sometime before dawn!" For the first time, he was getting really angry.

"His cousin, Gilson L. Brough, president and general manager of the Markle Petroleum Corporations, said he believed that Markle either leaped or fell to his death while the yacht, which was bearing a gay pleasure party, was cruising many miles off the estuary, in the open sea.

"He added, in an official statement, that Markle had been drinking heavily in recent months, and had appeared despondent."

Jimmy took a deep and thoughtful breath. So *that* was Gilson's line. Squinting, Jimmy grinned.

"Good old Gil," he murmured. "He always was the shrewd one of the family."

JIMMY had a very clear remembrance of that ten minutes on the afterdeck. He himself leaning on the rail, wearily telling Gil once more to go to hell; Gil's wheedling, patient voice, beginning all over again the weary argument, trying to get Jimmy to sign the papers he had brought along, all prepared. It would only take a second, and—

And then his own sudden, sobering suspicion of what had been going on, all these months.

Jimmy had set his glass down and said, very quietly:

"Why, Gil—you've been swindling."

With the swift whirl of nightmare, Gil's bony, careful face suddenly very near, contorted with a horrible—but still careful—expression. The lights exploding with the shock of Gil's fist against his chin—the swift crotch hold that lifted and threw him up and backward even as he weakly struck back—the queerly slow, revolving fall down toward black water lit by the passing portholes. . . .

Jimmy lit another cigarette, sitting there among the weeds of the railroad embankment.

"Among the guests aboard the yacht at the time of the apparent tragedy was Markle's fiancée, Miss Monica Vale, brilliant social figure and daughter of H. H. Vale, general counsel for the Markle Corporations. Miss Vale, weeping and in a state of near-collapse, was assisted down the gangplank by Brough when the yacht docked this morning with its shocked and saddened guests. . . ."

Ah, yes. Monica.

Jimmy lifted one corner of his mouth in a way that, if he had only known it, was exactly reminiscent of his father, the late James (Horseshoe) Markle,

who had outslugged the toughest foremen in half a dozen wild and muddy oil fields and outsmarted their bosses in Wall Street to found a new fortune.

Farther down in the story, there was a paragraph that said:

"In another official statement, issued later in the day on behalf of the boards of directors of the Markle Petroleum Corporations, Brough declared that the supposed death of young Markle would have little or no effect upon the far-flung affairs of the corporations, or upon the standing of their stocks in the market. The statement read, in part:

"While, as principal stockholder, he was titular chairman of the various boards, Mr. Markle, in point of fact, had no active participation whatever in the management of our corporate affairs. Therefore, while his loss is deeply mourned personally by his associates, it should not and will not have any appreciable effect upon the affairs or market standings of these corporations. . . ."

THAT gave Jimmy good cause to think about himself a bit, in the general showdown.

It was true. It had always been so much pleasanter just to play and not worry and to let old sober-sided Gil do the work. Gil seemed made for that sort of thing and, for himself, there were so many swell things to do in this world—big-game fishing and fox-hunting and yachting and sitting around a couple of bottles with a few of the good guys the world was full of. He knew that his father had died disappointed in him, although the old man had never said very much during those last years while he was training Gil, his nephew, for the job.

Jimmy folded the papers up thoughtfully, put them under his arm and a hundred yards up the track stopped and stuffed them into a culvert. Then he went on back to the houseboat settlement.

Coming down the floating plank walk where the water squirted up between the cracks under his feet, he heard Judy and her grandfather talking in the kitchen. But their voices stopped when he stepped on the porch, and the old man opened the door.

"Well, Sonny, you look better," he said. "Come in."

Judy was darned socks, and she looked up with a faint and rather enigmatic smile and the two men sat down. They talked for a while. It turned out that the old man's name was Halloran, Tim Halloran. Judy's name was Halloran, too. He said he'd got off work early today, that's why he was home at this hour. He had the job of day watchman on the oil barges, a mile down the beach, at the refinery. He only snorted when Jimmy tried to thank him for saving his life last night. Jimmy told them in great detail about falling off the coal barge, while he was washing his working clothes. Old Tim sat there nodding and smoking his corncob. Judy never looked up.

"Well," Tim said finally, "you better have some supper with us before you go, Mr.—"

"Johnson," Jimmy said.

"Mmmm. Mr. Johnson," Tim said courteously.

"I haven't any place to go," Jimmy said. "My tow of barges has gone on up the coast. Anyway, I've been thinking about getting a shore job. D'you suppose I could rent one of these little places around here for a while?"

Tim looked surprised and cleared his throat. Judy didn't look up, but her

hands were very still, holding a sock and a darning needle.

"Why," Tim said at last, "Hogan's houseboat is for rent."

"Good," Jimmy said. Hogan's houseboat would be a fine place to stay while his cousin Gil was showing a little more of his hand. "Have you the afternoon papers here?" he asked casually. "I thought I might see a job advertised," he explained.

Tim got up and went over to the ice-box. He bent and peered earnestly inside. Judy murmured:

"Hardly anyone has the papers delivered down here. We're very much out of the world . . . Mr. Johnson."

"Oh," Jimmy said with relief. "Well, I'll see about a job tomorrow."

Tim came back to the table with a couple of bottles of beer.

"Just what kind of a job were you thinking about, Mr. Johnson?" he asked.

"Oh, anything. And my name is Jimmy."

"Well, Oz Swenson, he's the night watchman on the barges, he's quitting to go North next week," Tim said. "The foreman's a good friend of mine and you look honest. Have a beer, Jimmy?"

And that's how James Markle came to be night watchman on a string of his own oil barges.

HE LIVED in Hogan's houseboat, and it was a time of peace.

At first, he was conscious that the people of the settlement were watching him curiously and furtively. But that stopped suddenly—he could almost have told the day it stopped—and it puzzled him a little. After that, men sitting in shirt sleeves on their back steps at suppertime would say "Hello" to him as he passed, and one noon an old lady came to his door with a smoking apple pie.

But once he was settled and doing for himself, Judy seemed to lose interest in him. Once in a while she would go for a walk with him in the afternoon, looking for dusty wild flowers along the railroad embankment. But not very often. Usually, she told him she was too busy, and it seemed to be true enough. She was forever doing something—mending or cleaning house or sewing. For one whole week she was canning fruit and making jelly, with a clean towel pinned like a coif about her head. Jimmy leaned in the kitchen doorway and watched her until she told him to go away.

On their walks, he learned that she was just past eighteen, and that she and Tim had decided that she was to start in at the university uptown in the autumn. She explained it was only an hour and a quarter each way by streetcar, and that would give her time to give Tim his breakfast and get him off to work. go across town to her classes and still get back with two hours in which to do the housework and get supper. She was going to study journalism.

He also learned something else about her, one late afternoon. They were standing on the embankment, looking down at the settlement. Jimmy tried to take her hand, but she slipped it out of his and put it in her coat pocket.

"You mustn't do that. Please," she said.

"Why not? I mean it."

She glanced at him with a queer expression, but moved a step away.

"I—I'm engaged to a man," she said.

"Oh," Jimmy said. He hadn't bargained for quite this empty feeling.

"Sorry, Judy."

She didn't say anything and she didn't look at him any more.

"What's his name?" Jimmy asked.

"J—John. John Peterson."

"Oh."

They started on down the path toward the settlement.

"Pretty good fellow, I suppose," Jimmy said.

She nodded.

"Like to meet him sometime," Jimmy said. "But I—I suppose he comes around in the evening, when I'm at work."

"He—he's at sea," Judy said. "He works on one of the tankers that come into the refinery. It's in California, now."

"Oh," Jimmy said. "Well, congratulations."

She nodded again and hurried on.

But even after that she went out with him on one of his nights off. They took a streetcar up through the factory district to a neighborhood movie. He bought her some flowers from a sidewalk barrow and after the show they stopped in a drugstore and had some ice cream at the soda fountain. That evening he spent nearly two dollars, including tax and streetcar fare. The last time he had taken Monica out for an evening, he had had a hundred dollars in his wallet and had come back with some loose change in his pocket. On the way home, Judy told him more about John Peterson. She said he was tall and had

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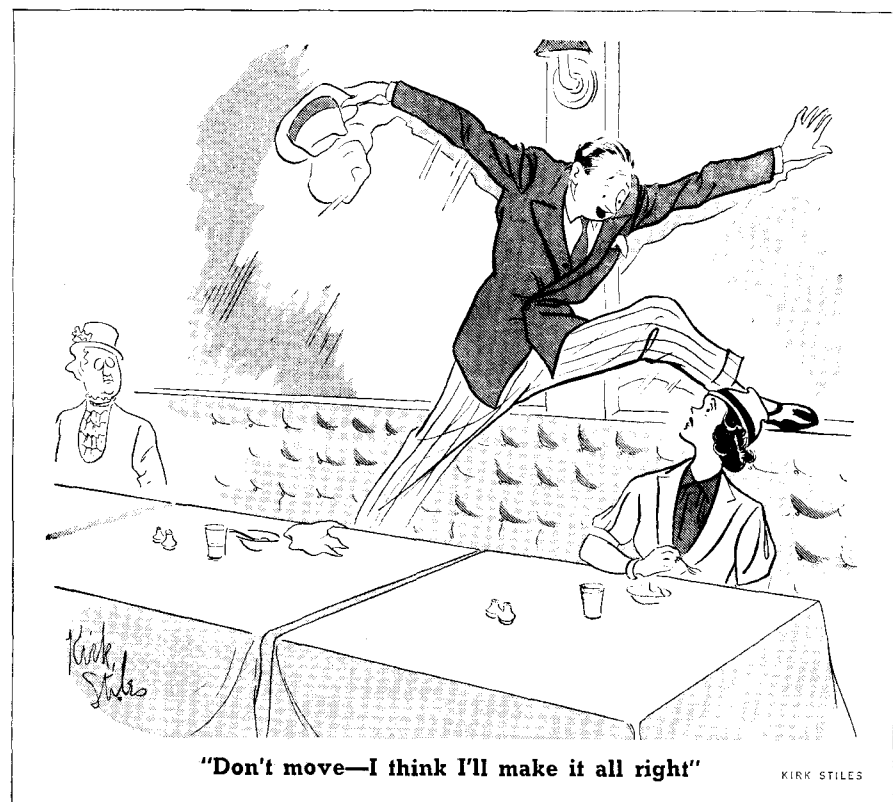
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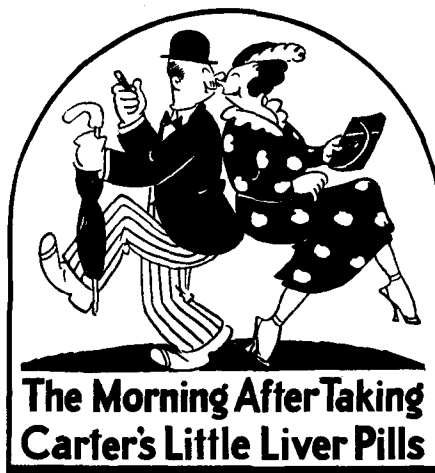
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curly hair and was going to stand his examination for third mate's ticket in November. . . .

One evening when he cocked his feet up on the window sill of the watchman's shanty to read his afternoon paper in the fading light of sunset, Jimmy saw his name again. A very small headline, on an inside page, and the story was only an item. It said that Gilson L. Brough, as next of kin as well as president and general manager of the Markle Petroleum Corporations, had petitioned in superior court to be appointed guardian for the estate of his cousin James F. Markle, Jr., who had disappeared from his yacht at sea two months ago and whose body had never been recovered. The hearing was set for Monday. Jimmy sighed. His time was up.

Folding up the paper and putting it under his lunch bucket, he walked up the pier and through the empty refinery yard. Across the street, in Ludovic's Pool Parlor, he went into a phone booth and called the home of the assistant to the chairman of the board.

"Joe," he said, "this is Markle. You recognize my voice, don't you? Now quit twittering. Shut up and listen. Carefully. I want you to find out where—Shut up, I said, and listen. Of course I'm alive. Yes, and all right, too. Now get this: find out right away where Mr. Brough is now and where he's going to be this evening, and . . .

"Oh, he is, is he? Are you sure about that? Well, well—what time is he leaving? . . . Oh. After dinner at the Elsons'. Mmm, that gives me another two hours, anyway. Okay. Now, Joe, you call a taxi right away and meet me at Ludovic's Pool Parlor, across the street from the Tidewater refinery. Stop at the office on the way—you have the keys, haven't you?—and bring with you the pay-roll sheets of all our tankers for the past two years, see? There's a fellow on board one of them I want to do something for. Have you got that straight? All right. Now just calm down. I'll tell you where I've been when I see you."

TWO hours later, the second mate, keeping gangway watch on the Markle yacht at anchor in the stream, heard the *putt-putt* of a small gas boat coming out of the windy darkness of the estuary. There was a slight bump against the landing stage, and he looked down to see a young fellow in old clothes kneeling to make his painter fast.

"Hey! What d'you want here?" the mate bawled.

The young fellow finished tying his knot, arose and came leaping up the steps.

"Evening, Wilson," he said.

Under the glare of the gangway light cluster, the mate hung onto the rail with both hands, staring at him with his mouth open.

"Heard Mr. Brough was taking a party out tonight," Jimmy said. "Are they aboard yet?"

The mate made an effort and shook his head.

"Well, I'll be in the salon," Jimmy said. "Don't tell anybody I'm aboard, understand?"

"Y-yes," the mate said.

Jimmy was sitting in a discreetly shaded corner of the salon when he heard the motor tender coming out from shore. Listening to the sounds from the gangway as he lit a cigarette, he judged it was, as he had expected, a very small party. Footsteps came along the deck and the salon door opened. Gil and Monica came in, and Monica's father, smoking a cigar, stood in the doorway watching them for a moment before he strolled away forward.

Jimmy got up and walked into the light. "Hello," he said.

On the way up the estuary, Jimmy

had rather planned on paying back to Gil that sock on the jaw. But you can't hit a man who is cowering back against a wall, breathing with unpleasant sounds. And anyway, the sight of Gil's face, with the very flesh sagging on its bones, paid off the score.

Except for Gil's breathing, there wasn't a sound in the salon.

Then Gil spoke. "Where have you been?" He spoke in a slow, careful voice, like that of someone who had run a long way but was trying to make himself speak calmly.

"Oh, I've been learning the oil business," Jimmy said cheerfully. "Wait a minute, Gil. Better stay where you are. Guys don't jump off their yachts twice in succession, and anyway, in my new job I get to carry a nice big gun. Not that I'd need it, this time."

Gil sat down suddenly.

"Never mind, Gil," Jimmy said. "There's nothing to worry about. I just came to tell you that I'll be in the office tomorrow morning, to take charge."

Monica said:

"Well, Jimmy, aren't you going to pay any attention to me?" Her face was white and rigid as a plaster mask, but her voice still had exactly the correct note of mockery.

"Oh, hello, Monica," he said. "You look lovely this evening. But you'll excuse me, won't you? I've got a date—ashore."

IT WAS getting late when he walked into Judy's kitchen. She was sitting by the stove, darning socks.

"Judy," he said, "why have you been pretending you didn't know my real name?"

One of Tim's socks fell out of her hand.

"W-what do you mean?" she said in a funny little voice.

"You know perfectly well what I mean, Judy. Now tell me why."

She began twisting a corner of her apron with fingers suddenly awkward. Finally she said:

"Well, at first we weren't sure. After all, you *don't* look much like that awful picture that was printed in the paper. . . . And then, you seemed to be in some kind of trouble and—and Tim said the least we could do was to g-give you a chance. We didn't understand, but anyone would help a stranger in trouble."

"Oh. So people always help strangers in trouble, eh?"

"Down here we do, Mr. Markle," she said.

"How about all these other people here in the settlement? Have they known, too, all along?"

She hesitated. "Well, some of them, at first, seemed to think you were the—the man in the papers. But—but Tim told me to tell the women that you certainly were not—that you were a young fellow we had known for years. A cousin of mine. Tim said to make it good and strong. How did you find out?"

"What?"

"How did you find out that I knew who you are?"

"Very easily, Judy," he said gently.

"I've gone over the pay-roll sheets of all our tankers for the past two years. There never has been a man named John Peterson on any of them."

AFTER a long time, Jimmy asked: "Was it only some silly idea about my having a little money, or was it because I've spent my life being no damned good? Look at me, Judy."

"Please go away," she said.

"Is that why—knowing all the time who I am—is that why you've been engaged to a gent who doesn't even exist? Look at me, Judy."

"But she does."

"What?"

"The girl you're engaged to. She exists."

"Oh. Monica. I hadn't thought of that," Jimmy said. "Well, I've just seen her. I'll explain later, but that's all off."

She didn't say anything.

"Look at me, Judy," he said.

She didn't.

He tried a new tack: "Where's Tim? Maybe he can make you be reasonable."

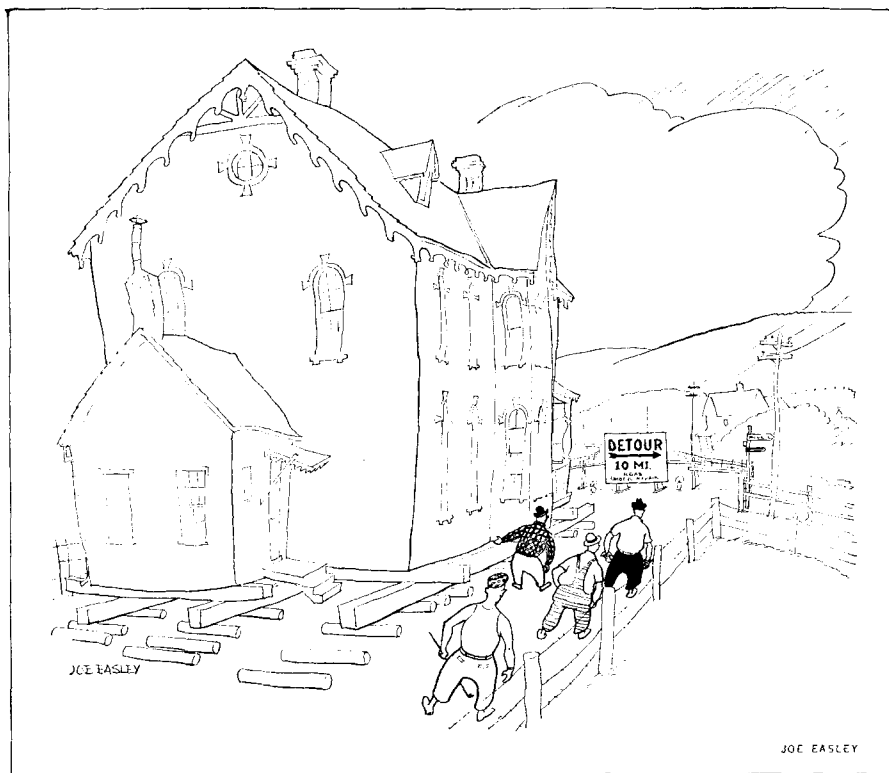
"I *am* reasonable. Perfectly," she said. "He's gone to his lodge meeting."

"You should be so moral, Judy," he said. "Here all this time, you've been engaged to one fictitious character, John Peterson, and you've been stepping out to movies with another fictitious character, James Johnson. I'm surprised at you. Look at me, Judy."

That didn't work, either. He said:

"Well, anyway, with John Peterson out of the way at last, James Johnson is telling you to get your hat and coat, because you're going to a show with him. Hurry, now—but it's only fair to warn you that you're mixing yourself up in another triangle, because James Johnson is crazy about you and so is a gent you've never been properly introduced to: James Markle. . . . Judy, please look at me."

This time, she did.



Seeds of Discord

Continued from page 18

Instead, he stepped on the gas. And was doin' eighty when he passed me."

"I didn't see you," Ingram said, grinning also. "It does sound as if it were out of the hat, now. I can't blame you for not going back to look for the other car."

"I knew it was all just a gag to get out of a fine," the officer said. "If it hadn't been, you wouldn't have started drivin' like . . . drivin' fast again, because you'd know I'd be between you and this car you spoke about." He wrote quickly and handed Ingram the ticket. "Eighty's too fast, Mr. Ingram," he said, and started toward his motorcycle.

Dr. Ballard said: "Er . . . ah . . . I suppose you're just here for a day, Charles? Where next? India? Saskatchewan?"

"Saskatchewan should be a good place for a honeymoon, sir," Charley said.

Dr. Ballard said, "Saskatchewan?" and fingered the seeds in the package. "If you ever go there, you might look up a man named Henderson or Sanderson. He has unusual specimens of pentstemon, and I'd like . . . eh? Honeymoon?" He stared at Ingram, and then at his daughter. He wished Martin had already spoken. This was ridiculous. Didn't Neila see that Charles brought trouble, excitement, even the police? "I never jest before breakfast," he said grimly. "I'll join you as soon as I've disposed of these seeds."

He could think best when he was at work.

Ingram took both Neila's hands, when they were alone on the path, and her heart began doing double knocks against the wall of her chest. She said nervously, "He'll notch the seeds. They're hard as rocks. Then they've got to be soaked to assist germination. They . . . they . . ."

She knew that Charles was smiling; and then he wasn't smiling. He said, "Neila, sweetheart," and her eyes closed as he kissed her.

When she opened them, she said slowly, "Father won't say 'no'. He loves me too much. He thinks I'll turn into a weed, anywhere but here. We mustn't hurt him. If . . . if only you might have driven up slowly, without all the excitement . . ."

"Seed catalogue in one pocket and a trowel in the other? The funny part of it is that the story was true—"

Neila put her hand over his mouth; her eyes were crinkled with amusement. "You do tell such gorgeous ones," she said. "Come on . . . let's have breakfast. Waffles and honey?"

IT WAS dim in the hallway after the brightness of the garden; quickly Ingram pulled her close again. Neila's voice was unsteady with happiness when she called, "Fong! One more for breakfast, please." The pair heard, from the kitchen, the querulous complaining of the old Chinese cook, and the angry slapping down of a pan. Then Neila added, "Mr. Ingram's back, Fong."

There was a long moment of silence, followed by a cackling laugh.

The Chinese was already removing the usual plates on the table in the dining room's sunny corner, and replacing them with Dr. Ballard's blue Camilla spode, when Ingram and Neila walked through the door. The old man carefully put a cup on a saucer; he rubbed his hands, grinning.

"Hola! You catch kick-out from China?"

Ingram and the old Chinese shook hands. "Only China-boys get kicked out so far," Charles said. "Why don't

you go back and enlist with the Japanese? A week of your rotten cooking for the other side, and China'd win the war."

Fong said bitterly. "I put lotsa poison Jap'nee soup. You bet." Then his eyes lit, and Neila hastily dropped Ingram's hand. "Hi-yah! You catch him, missy!"

"Not you've caught me," Neila giggled to Charles. "I've caught you. I don't see what you do to . . . to people."

"Charm," Charley said.

Fong waggled a finger at Neila. "Moh betteh you catch him than otheh one. What Cal'wood call pahsley? Long name. Hunh! He crazy." He grinned beatifically. "I guess mebbe-so Mist' Inglem back now, we have lotsa fun. You bet."

Ingram said, "You talk too much. I want my breakfast."

Fong padded away chuckling. "If anyone else," Neila said, "spoke to him that way, he'd leave. Or sulk. Of course he's been miserable about what's happening in China."

"He's a swell person," Charles said.

WHEN Dr. Ballard came into the room he had to steel himself, and remember what had happened in the garden, because what he saw was so pleasant to observe. The soft blue plates, the hand-woven cloth that Grandmother Ballard had brought around the Horn, the plain heavy silver, a bowl with rosy terra-cotta primula and the first parma violets; the sunlight on walnut, porcelain, silver. The two young people, coffee in their cups, cigarettes fuming upward like whorly cobwebs in a breeze. Yes, it was delightful to see, until a man of sense recollected that next week Charles might be flying across the continent, snatching lunch in Chicago, to be in New York for dinner.

One must, naturally, be shrewd about it all. So Dr. Ballard said, "It is nice to have you here again, if only for a day, Charles." He unfolded his napkin. "Tell me: did you have any trouble obtaining the seed?"

Ingram said, "Very little, sir. I went to the man you mentioned, in Tokyo. He said something about the necessity of securing fresh seed—"

"Quite right," Dr. Ballard nodded.

"And sent me up into the interior. I enjoyed going. The place was a good-sized town called Kuruzaka, a hot-spring town, with a volcano and steep hills. Attractive. Azaleas were in bloom, and wild wistaria. And wild mosquitoes. There were a few camellias in bloom. They were striped like peppermint candy."

"Camellia japonica," Dr. Ballard said. "Variegated. Sturdy. I'm disinfecting the seed now." The old Chinese brought the botanist's orange juice, refilled Ingram's cup. "I'll take them out in a few minutes," Ballard continued.

"The man at Kuruzaka," Ingram went on, "handled about everything under the sun. Porcelains and antiques, you know. Old silks. Gems. He was a shrewd old boy. Asked me, with the help of a Japanese-English dictionary, how I expected to smuggle the seeds in; I'm afraid he put more store in the fact that he thought I was a rather important person than in any ingenuity of mine. Anyhow, he was impressed, and had the seeds for me. I had to wait overnight for them. Not that this was unpleasant." Ingram glanced blandly at Neila. "He took me around. A sixty-course dinner, with raw fish, venison, and geisha. Mine was very cute."

Neila said, "Stop boasting about your sordid past."

"One of them," Charley told her, "told me that camellias were unlucky. I learned the reason. It drops its flower all at once, instead of petal by petal, and the girl said that's like a man having his head cut off."

"All done with a dictionary and a phrase book," admired Neila.

"Not at all," Charles said. The truth was that he'd been told the story by some man in Tokyo. "The language of flowers." He added, "But they're honestly supposed to bring ill fortune. Even the dealer warned me against mentioning camellias, although that was so I'd not call attention to the seed to be smuggled."

"Geisha," said Dr. Ballard. "Hmm." He saw an opportunity. "I expect, Charles, that you've seen many handsome foreign women, eh?"

"Yes, sir. And I've come home just the same."

"Home," the botanist said, seeing the way the pair's eyes clung together, "is not the place to come when satiated with excitement. It's an adventure in itself. It must be peaceful. No police ruining flower borders."

Neila said hastily, "Ballard on domestic relations." She rang for Fong, who appeared too quickly with buttered toast.

"It's cold as ice," protested Dr. Ballard.

"That's because he's been standing at the door, listening," Ingram said. "Hoping to hear more misadventures, and give me the devil about them."

THE cook blinked but made no jeering reply. This was unusual. Chinese cooks, long with one family, were privileged and caustic members of the household.

"I want fresh toast," Dr. Ballard said. "First, I've got to take those seeds out of solution. I'll have a headache, waiting so long for food." He could not ignore those glances that were such complete admissions, and he wished Martin were here now. The presence of the other man might bring Neila to her senses. "One more for dinner, Fong. Mr. Calderwood. Don't forget."

"If," Neila said, in answer to Ingram's raised eyebrows, "you can have your geisha, don't begrudge a homebody her fun. Mart's sweet."

"Sweet?" said Dr. Ballard. "He's a splendid young man." The two were actually handclapped. "He'd not come tearing around into gardens with the police after him. It was inexcusable, Charles."

Ingram said quietly, wondering what interpretation Fong, in the kitchen again, would put on it, and also why the cook had been silent a moment before, "The curious thing, sir, is that the story was true. I was perfunctorily passed through customs. On my way to a cab, a man came up to me. He said, 'Ingram? Let's have 'em.' I supposed he was some sort of plain-clothes officer; but since he didn't look like one, I took a chance, shook my head, and . . . well, ran. I had a funny feeling that the man had a gun. But there were people around, and a policeman. I jumped into a cab. The driver stepped on it. Since I'd ordered a new car before I left, I was driven to the garage where it was stored and waiting. I felt that I was being followed. The garage has an entrance on one street, and an exit on another. I went out as I'd come in . . . and kept going. That car I told the officer about must've caught up with me when I was on the highway and felt safe."

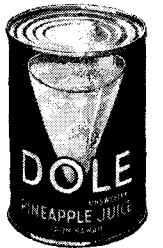
"For heaven's sake," Dr. Ballard pro-

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tested, for all he'd been listening, "are you still fabricating, Charles? My dear boy, I'm not interested. The seed was delivered, I've thanked you for your trouble. I'd even explain what results I expect, excepting for the fact that all you know about botany is to call Neila's experiments 'the growing of onions.' She may be on the edge of a real discovery. . . it's best for all concerned. The happenings of the morning convinced me."

Neila said hastily, "The seed mustn't stay in too long, Father." It had been dear of Charles to have raced to see her; but it was purposeless for him to insist that the wild story had any semblance of truth.

Dr. Ballard nodded and went out.

Neila said to Charley, "He'll cut notches in the seed-coverings to hasten germination. And have a real headache when he returns. Don't say anything more now. He'd have given in, even if he disapproves of cocktail parties and gowns and Europe and excitement, if it hadn't been for this morning."

"If I'd known what would happen, I'd have walked from the city. You don't believe my yarn either, do you?"

Neila said, "I love you. You know that. I mustn't hurt him." She faced Charles; beyond him, through the windows, was the pale shining cloud of the cherry in blossom, and the bright blue sky. "It takes *things* to convince Father," Neila said. "Words, even promises, won't do it."

Ingram could see that. Ballard's life was science, fact.

Neither of them heard Dr. Ballard when he returned; not until he pulled a chair slowly from the table, and sat down, and Fong, tray in hand, was saying, "Moh betteh you take lotsa as'p'n," did they know they were not alone.

"My head," moaned Dr. Ballard. He looked actually sick.

The cook said hastily, "I go catch lotsa work," and shuffled out without pouring Dr. Ballard's coffee.

NEILA was beside her father, and Ingram had never seen anything so lovely as her complete solicitude. "Aspirin, coffee," she ordered. "And then rest." Her heart sang a little; her father's apparent worrying over her happiness must mean that he was not adamant.

"Aspirin! Coffee!" Dr. Ballard put a hand to his head. "Charles," he said, in a strangled voice, "I don't know what to do."

"Forget it all, sir. I'm sorry I caused so much excitement. Neila's right. You need rest. I'll go back to the city—"

Dr. Ballard wailed, "Don't leave me, Charles. That would be the last straw."

"What is wrong?" Neila insisted.

Dr. Ballard's mouth opened. There was the sound of machines, as before, but nearer, and then the crunching of gravel on the driveway. The slamming of doors. "You'll soon know," Dr. Ballard said, shivering. "Stand by me, Charles. We'll deny everything."

"What must we deny?" Neila asked.

Dr. Ballard was trembling. "The customs people will have followed him. Such a thing as this cannot pass unnoticed. Everything will be learned. I'll be the laughingstock of the country. My associates will call me a senile old fool." He tried to pull himself together. "Charles," he implored, "if you ever lied, do it now!"

"Gladly, sir. But what'm I to lie about? The seeds? I'll swear I never had them, naturally. I don't see how the customs officials could trace me here—"

"It may be worse than that," whispered the botanist, listening to approaching footsteps in the hall.

Neila pleaded, "Father! Darling. What are you talking about?"

The hall door was opened. Fong

padding in, with men behind him, six, seven, eight men in a compact body.

Three of the men appeared as if under restraint, in custody. One of these was the man who had tried to ride Ingram off the road. Dr. Ballard's fright, Charley knew, was tangled up with fear concerning the importation of the contraband seeds, but just why the botanist had become terrified so suddenly didn't make sense. Nor what was said. Nor why all this, now, was taking place.

"Gentlemen," Ingram said, "what's it all about?"

ONE of the men, in blue serge, took a shield from his pocket. "We've come for the seeds, Mr. Ingram," he said.

Dr. Ballard's teeth began to chatter. Neila slipped her arm through his.

"Camellia seeds," the inspector said.

Neila said promptly, "Camellias don't grow from seeds. Only from cuttings." She held her head high, and even managed to smile.

"Miss Ballard," explained Charley,

Dr. Ballard groaned so loudly that Neila tightened the hand that was on his arm. Then, every sense alert, she listened to the inspector. The customs officials, she heard, had been watching for King, since a tip had been received that he intended to smuggle jewels into the United States. Matched pearls. Not a necklace from a collection, nor even one privately purchased, but gems with an ominous history. The pearls had been gathered over a long period of years, and the gathering of them, by many, had become a sort of ugly legend.

The pearls, the inspector said, were originally those carried, in pairs, by pearl divers. Charms. Carried in a bottle: two pearls in a tiny vial, stoppered, by Borneo divers, with a dead man's finger. Rather gruesome, yes, but fact.

Neila could see how the pearls had been secured as the inspector continued talking; she saw the divers, in far South Sea atolls, or at trading posts, in port,

could be cleared. The importation of the seeds, somehow, was known to the authorities. Inside those seeds, Neila felt, were the smuggled pearls. That was why the men were here.

Very evenly, she said, "If you don't mind, I'll see that my father lies down. He is really ill."

"I'd prefer, Miss Ballard, that you remain here."

"Oh," said Neila.

She warmed a trifle at Charles' appreciative glance, and knew that he, also, had guessed what the situation was, and guessed also that she intended going to the slat house, where the seeds, and pearls perhaps, would be, and . . . oh, throw them all as far as she could. Not that it would help much. They'd be searched for, found. She thought of Cleopatra.

Fong, near the kitchen door, suggested mildly, "I go fix waffle foh cop?"

"Stay here," the inspector said.

"You, Mr. Ingram," the inspector said, "were an innocent tool. The dealer from whom you bought your camellia seeds was mixed up in the pearl smuggling. King told him that you'd be passed through customs without any search. The large seeds made ideal containers for the pearls, and King could get them from you after landing. I take it that he was on the way to this house when the officer stopped him."

CHARLES also wanted to keep Dr. Ballard in the clear. He had nothing to bargain with . . . except the pearls. Complete curiosity, plus desire to play for time, made him ask the very thing in Neila's mind: "I'm puzzled as to why you mention camellia seeds. Your agents in the Orient didn't tell you about them."

Dr. Ballard said, "Deny everything, Charles."

The inspector said, "Normally, we'd have traced King here, where you are, Mr. Ingram, and the fact about the seeds would have then been established. As it was, the traffic officer told us he'd stopped King because he was driving a car such as you said had tried to stop you. Your name was mentioned—"

"What's that got to do with camellia seed?"

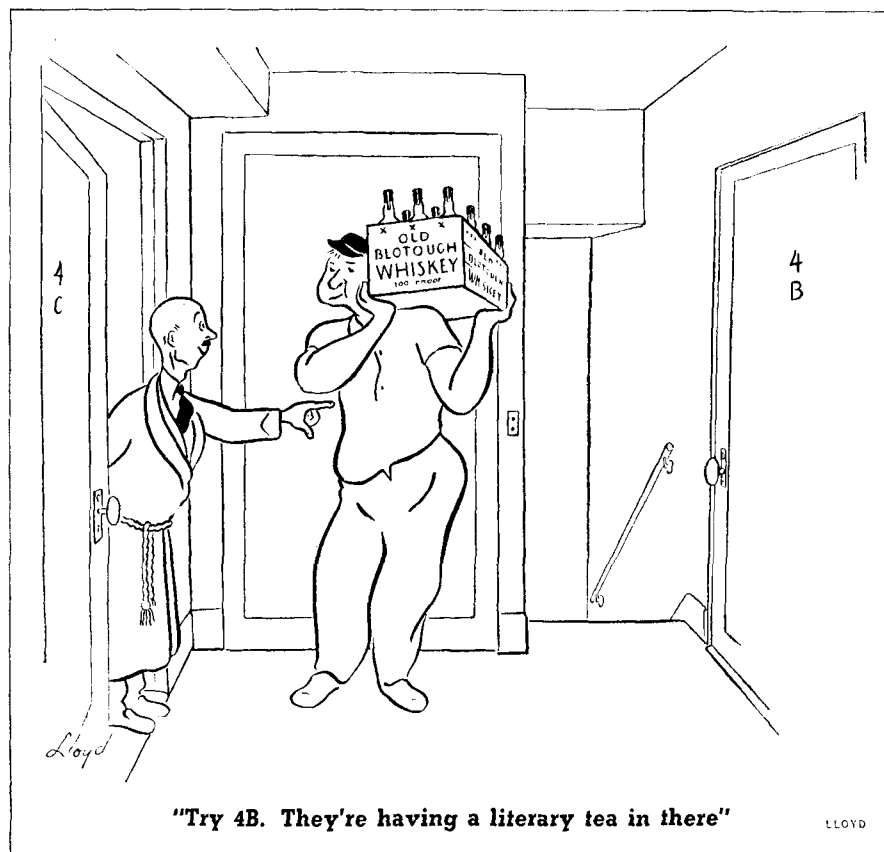
The inspector indicated the shabbily dressed man. "The officer recognized him," the official said. "A two-time loser. Three times means out for him. Or in, forever. In his better days, the man was a jewel thief. Today, he was merely with the driver of this car. You can see how King would have contact with him. And . . . well, he was smart. He'd heard things, and he talked." Quietly, "The seeds, please."

Neila glanced at Charles, and saw that his jaw was set. Dr. Ballard clasped and unclasped his hands. Then, suddenly, Fong whined, "Allo time you stay in my dining room too long. I want sweep up, clean up, wash dishes. Me show you seed. Can do. You come catch him now."

"You know where the seeds are?" the inspector demanded, cutting through Neila's gasp and Ingram's angry ejaculation.

"Sure," said Fong thinly.

The inspector, another official, Neila. Ingram followed the cook, with Dr. Ballard trailing behind, unwilling to remain in the room with the men already in custody. Outside, warmth after dew made the herb garden fragrant, a potpourri of thyme, rosemary, tarragon, basil. Fong led the way to a slat house, where row on row of flats stood on the side tables, some with sprouted seeds, some with spears of green from Neila's experiments, others waiting a future planting. The narrow boards of the slat house threw barlike shadows that added nothing to Dr. Ballard's state of mind, nor to Neila's.



"is her famous father's assistant. If she says that camellias don't grow from seeds, you can count on it."

The inspector smiled faintly. "It won't do, Mr. Ingram. We know all about it. So, please, let's not waste time."

Obviously, both Neila and Charles realized, the smuggling was known. And the three men in custody had some connection with the smuggled seeds. Two of the men were well dressed, one in gray, the fellow who'd shoved a gun at Ingram, one in brown, who, Charles was amazed to discover, had been a fellow passenger on board the Clipper. Men of poise. The third man, however, was a short, shabbily dressed person, who kept his eyes to the floor.

"You're ahead of me," protested Ingram, playing for time and trying to get a hint to help him. "That's natural. I've just returned from the Orient, and I'm not up on what's been happening. You might enlighten me."

"I know you don't understand. I'll explain. You do remember this man, a passenger on the Clipper?"

Nodding, Ingram heard Dr. Ballard's repeated injunction as to denials.

"His name," the inspector said, "is, at present, King. He's had many names. And he's the smartest gem smuggler in the world."

robbed one after another by an unscrupulous band of desperate pearl-hungry men, the scum and scour of Eastern gutters. The divers were waylaid, or drugged, or made drunk, and it was a continuously profitable method of robbery, since the divers, over and over, would keep for themselves two fine pearls as a charm against sharks and death. And it had been going on for years.

"THAT is the origin of these pearls," the inspector said. "They'd become a legend. But a word or two trickled to us. We searched King when the plane landed. And found nothing. Then we followed him. He gave us the slip at an intersection a few miles from here; we took the road he didn't. And kicked ourselves. When we returned to the intersection, we came this way, on the right road, just to be doing something. Your traffic officer had stopped the car, which I believe Mr. Ingram had described to him . . . and there we all were. And here we are. Now if I may have the seeds, please."

Neila, head whirling a little, heard Charles say, "You were talking about a lot of pearls," and wondered if Charles didn't see the connection between pearls and the big camellia seeds.

She didn't see how her father's name

On one of the tables stood a jar, from which the solution had been emptied; the shining pointed oval seeds, larger than hazelnuts, were still inside. One lay on the table, split open. The inspector picked up the opened seed, saying, "A few real ones on the top of the package," since there was no hollowed orifice. Then he reached into the jar, took his pocketknife, and went carefully to work on another seed. "It will be hollowed out, the pearl will be inside, carefully wrapped so as not to be injured or rattle." He slowly split the seed and his lips formed the word, "Empty!" once before he said it aloud.

Fong said, "Lotsa moh seed."

Neila felt Charles' arm about her; but when she glanced at him she saw that he was staring at the cook. The inspector was already working on a second camellia seed, one of slightly darker hue. It, also, was empty.

"You no catch?" Fong asked.

The inspector said something under his breath, and then demanded of Ingram, "These are the seeds you brought here today?"

Charles said, "They are."

SOMETHING had happened to Dr. Ballard. He reached out and picked up one of the unopened seeds. He said suddenly, his shoulders straighter, "Bosh, tommyrot. These are a variety known as Matsukasa, right from my own garden." He thrust his chin forward. "Young man," he said to the chief inspector, "I'll thank you not to ruin all of these seeds. They're mine."

"Where are the others?" the inspector snapped.

Neila heard Charles say, before her father, so suddenly transformed to himself again, could speak, "What others? Nobody except this Chinese faker has said anything about any other seed."

"Under the circumstances," said the inspector slowly, "I'm forced to place you all under arrest. We know the seeds were smuggled in. We know the pearls were also smuggled in. Not even your influence, Mr. Ingram, will do you much good. There's the law, as well as a hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls, involved."

Dr. Ballard said, "Humph. You'll get a long way. No seeds. No pearls. What's the word? No evidence. No proof. Nonsense. I'll deny everything."

Just the same, Neila and Ingram were convinced that Dr. Ballard's change of attitude had come when he found that the seeds contained no pearls; and so it was completely logical to feel, really to know, that when he had come out to notch the seeds from Japan, one had split open, revealing the incriminating contents.

The inspector swung on Fong. "You," he said. "You know too much."

"Me smart felleh," agreed Fong calmly. He glanced at Dr. Ballard, at Neila, at Ingram. "I stop behind door inside. I listen. I think, 'Docteh Blal-lald he allo time damn' fool, not want Missy catch Chahley Ingram.' Then I heah lotsa talk. I heah talk about Jap'nee seed. Jap'nee seed no good. Jap'nee plant no good. Jap'nee floweh no good. So I come outside to slat house, take Jap'nee seed flom wateh, put in otheh seed, allo same kind. You see?"

Neila said, "When we were in the dining room you came out and took some of our own camellia seed and put them in the jar, Fong?"

"What'd you do with the first seeds?" the inspector shot out.

"I thlow him in stove," Fong said. "Lotsa fiah in stove. Plenty hot. You like see?" He added somberly, "Too bad I not catch pearl first."

Neila saw a vein in the inspector's forehead begin to throb. "You ought to go to jail for life," he choked.

"Too long," said Fong.

The two inspectors' heads went together; the chief finally said, "As a matter of form, I'll examine the stove's firebox. If he's told the truth, and I'm afraid he has, there won't be any evidence at all. The pearls will be destroyed."

Ingram said, "It might be worse. The pearls belonged to a criminal ring. Of course you can't confiscate what's been destroyed. Nor can you bring charges against the smugglers."

The inspector said, "That's true. I wish I could do something, however."

"Too bad," said Fong meekly. "You like hot clawfee?"

"You don't go near the stove until I do," the inspector said. "But if you put the pearls in it, and I expect you did, they're utterly destroyed."

Neila said, "He makes delicious coffee, Inspector," and then, suddenly, the inspector laughed.

"Made a monkey by a patriotic old Chinese," he said. To Dr. Ballard, "For the sake of the record, you didn't know what the seeds contained, Doctor? Nor that they were switched with local seeds?"

"Certainly not," said Dr. Ballard.

Ingram watched the inspectors and Fong move toward the kitchen door. He said softly, "A nice quiet morning at the Ballards'."

"Hidden pearls," said Neila. "Smugglers. Inspectors. Nice people you associate with, Father."

"That will do," said Dr. Ballard. Quoting him, the minx! As if he didn't know he was caught. He looked at her a long moment, during which Neila prayed she was correct in her estimate of him: that when he saw something worked out, and proved, it satisfied him.

"Inspectors with guns," said Ingram.

Dr. Ballard thought, "Yes, they've got me. Not that I mind. I like Charles better than Martin, anyhow. Martin would develop botanical theories of his own, and argue them with me. Oh, as my son-in-law, I'd be forced to back him up. Yes, I'm defeated. Charles told the truth. I'm caught; but I'm glad." He thought next, "She will have a garden wherever she is, with him."

He looked past them; he saw his violas, apricot and ruby and ultramarine; he saw camellias, flaring rose-pink grandiflora with gold stamens, chandlerii, like tiny ruffled peonies on fluted pink plates. Scarlet pinwheels so brilliant that they gave off fire. Chalice white and cool as frost.

THIRTY years ago, this had been a weed-grown field. People had to make their own gardens, and their own lives, too. He knew that Neila, and Charles, recognized that he had given in, and the way they looked at each other sent his hand into his pocket for a handkerchief.

Then his face began to burn, and he glanced involuntarily toward the inspectors, waiting with Fong at the door. He said, almost inaudibly, "Good heavens! When I took the pearl out of the seed I opened I put it in my pocket."

Charley Ingram began to choke. Neila struggled not to laugh.

"I can't give it back," Dr. Ballard whispered. "It really doesn't belong to anyone. But if I give it to them, we're back where we started. What'll I do, Charles? You must advise me."

"It's a matter for you to decide, sir," Ingram added softly. "Of course you can't go around breaking laws, as you told me earlier."


Neila couldn't blame Charles; her father had gone after him rather roughly. But . . . oh, the sun was shining . . . and she was happier than she'd ever been in her life. She said, "I know what I'd do, Father."

He said, "Yes?"

"Deny everything," said Neila.

"He Still Loves Me..."

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Drummer Boy

Continued from page 24

soda." But it is true that when the drummer came down with an abscessed ear a few nights later Gene took his place for the rest of the season and bought his benefactor's outfit with the first week's pay.

"The family didn't like the idea of me being a professional," he remembers. "So when I came home in the fall they packed me off to St. Joseph's Seminary, at Rensselaer, Indiana, to become a priest. As if that would make any difference."

It didn't, as more than one holy father will tell you, for Gene landed right in the middle of the concert orchestra at that godly institution and managed to get in an odd hot lick or so before he was through with the St. Joseph circuit.

"My dad was dead by that time," he explains, "and I could always get around Mother."

He got around her to the extent of a brand-new set of skins and with these young Krupa, then a brushy-haired, bright-eyed lad in his late teens, played every joint and hole-in-the-wall around Chicago during the next few years. He was busy giving the customers more than their nickel's worth at Violet Down's Rest on the outskirts of town one night when who should drop in for a quiet beer but one Joe Kayser. Kayser didn't get a quiet beer. He got Krupa and put that boisterous young fellow right into his band at the Black Hawk.

"I was the luckiest guy," Gene says.

It was something more than luck that brought him in contact, not long afterward, with such bold spirits as Frank Teachmacher, Bud Freeman, Bix Beiderbecke and the Dorsey brothers, who passed through Chicago now and then with Paul Whiteman's band.

You had to have plenty on the ball to drum along with that crowd of roughriders who first played swing in these northern parts.

The First Real Jam Session

They used to get together in some beer palace late at night, after playing regular commercial jobs, and jam it to their hearts' content—or until the management threw them out on their ears. "So the first real swing session," thinks Gene, "took place in a parked car out along Lake Michigan one night." They'd been tossed from practically every restaurant around town by this time. Just as they'd begin to get hot, out they'd go. That's what people thought of swing back in those primitive times.

Back in 1930 any member of a band who tried to swing—that is, take a chorus away from the rest of the boys and play it right out of the world—was looked upon as eight times worse than a horse thief. Joe and Jessie Public continued to look upon them in much the same way. So those were trying times for any leader who hired young Krupa.

Despite such reverses this group went right on jamming it after hours. A few people besides themselves finally began to hear something in their wide-open style of playing. A man who worked for a phonograph company had some records made and put them on the market. Then when things had got so bad that The Three Deuces, a speakeasy on North State Street where black swingsters hung out, was the only place in town these rebels could practice, a man from New York blew in there one night. He said their records were going over big back in Manhattan. Why didn't they come east and really swing it?

So they came, Joe Sullivan and Bud Freeman, Jim MacPartland, Red Mc-

Kenzie and Eddie Condon, as well as Gene Krupa and his screwball drums. From out where the West begins those outlaws came and folks went wild about and because of their music at New York parties. Big-name band leaders came down off their high horses and sat in on such jam sessions after hours for the good of their musical souls. Here they could really let themselves relax, go out of the world into the upper reaches of rhythm.

Swing Comes to Broadway

It was great fun, in fact, for everybody but the boys who had started all this. They weren't getting paid. Then Red Nicholls realized that even inspired madmen like this gang must eat—wear clothes, even if they did sweat their way out of them in no time at all—and he put most of them on his pay roll, playing in the pit for the snappy 1929 revue *Strike Up the Band!*

That was the first Honest-to-Paul white swing band to function along Broadway. Today there are umpty-

The drum, he explains, was the first instrument man ever had. But by the time Swing came north from New Orleans a few years ago the sax was Number One Instrument in modern dance rhythm. Swing changed all that. The clarinet, in Dixieland arrangements, and the trumpet, in precision style, became most important. Krupa is out to put the drum back in first place.

"It is the oldest instrument," he reminds. "It was used over in Africa thousands of years ago and on this continent before white men came along tooting horns and scraping gut. The drum's as much a solo instrument as any. It's all in the way you handle it."

The way Gene handles his is something to keep in mind. For a long while, in fact, most people figured there was no one else in Benny Goodman's band but Krupa. This dancing dervish on the business end of drumsticks has loosened plaster in ballroom ceilings from coast to coast with his perfectly synchronized offerings. So rapidly do his hands move that it was necessary to step up the speed of movie cameras out in Holly-

serve a definite purpose. For sweet numbers he wears the Dead-Pan Stare. The eyes take on a faraway look as if peering into the mysterious future and the mouth is allowed to droop languidly. For "intellectual" swing he switches to what he calls the Right-Field Grimace. This involves a squint such as a ball-player would have on his face when fielding a long fly against the afternoon sun and the mouth responds to the rhythm, opening and closing in choppy, well-timed motions.

Face Number Three, used only for killer numbers, is something more than that, for it is during these classics of swing that Gene really turns it on. His head lurches back and forth as if the drumbeats were rocking his entire body. His hair falls over his face. His eyes pop out. The veins in his forehead bulge and throb, and his shoulders thrash madly from side to side. While in the throes of such an orgy he mutters over and over again to himself, in perfect time with the beat, "Lyonnaise potatoes and some pork chops! Lyonnaise potatoes and some pork chops!" Then one must not forget Gene's jaw. It has been said that he keeps chewing-gum companies in business. And it is this working of the jaws, plus all the other gesticulations noted, that leads most people to believe he is likely at any minute to run amok, to leap madly forth among the jitterbugs who line their Drum King's throne.

No Fancy Stuff, See?

Anyone who knows Krupa promptly gives that thought the lie. Actually, he wouldn't hurt a fly, unless it happened to get in the way of his "fly swatters" when he is beating it out in proper swing style. He is kind to animals, including a pet Scottie which trails him during rare off hours, and a great favorite with small boys who want to play a drum "just like Krupa" when they grow up.

"Drums?" he says. "I've got dozens. Well, about six bass ones and eight snares and fifteen tom-toms. That many, anyway. But I don't like a big collection of traps around me when I'm really going to town. Just give me a plain ordinary drum. None of that fancy stuff, see what I mean?"

He admits he's had to move pretty often because people can't stand his marathon practice sessions. He uses a soft rubber pad most times but can't get the bang out of that he does using the real McCoy. He also plays the piano for several hours daily—generally when he comes home at three o'clock in the morning—because he feels a man can't know too much about music.

There has been even more practicing to do since forming his own band and since he started work on the *Blue Rhythm Fantasy*. This effective arrangement features fourteen percussions, one played by each member of the orchestra, with Gene leading off on his own inspired skins. It pits one section of the group, playing three-beat rhythm, against the other, beating out in four-part time. Such crossing of rhythms, shot through with his own matchless playing, creates a drum symphony that is a killer-diller.

So Gene is negotiating for a farm up in New England.

"Someplace," he says, "where I can raise dogs and horses and get on with my practicing—I hope to play in a real orchestra some day. And maybe," he adds, with a glint in his eye which makes you feel the man really is mad, "I could grow a fresh crop of drums out in the back acres. . . . See what I mean?"



"Mind if I join you out here?"

WILLIAM VON RITZEN

seven throughout the United States. Conceded top rung is Benny Goodman's, which Krupa joined in 1934. He had known the Pied Piper of the Pennsylvania Hotel back in Chicago. Played alongside the genial Benny in the Red Nicholls Band and admired him since the Year One. These two have since gone places together. They have made moving pictures and they have made dance history. And now that he is heading a band of his own, Gene intends to keep right on going places.

Despite his mad manner on the stand, this fellow is quite harmless. Modest almost to a fault, he does not pose as an authority even if he has grown up with this thing called Swing practically in his lap.

"What kind do I play? Well," he says, "there are so many different kinds. There's Dixieland Swing, which is what the black fellows and Bob Crosby play. Sometimes I think Bob does a better job of it than most of them. Then there's Sweet, Sour, Precision—like Glen Gray's style. And highly academic, such as Benny Goodman features. Me—I guess I just play my own kind."

wood when Gene was making a picture a few years ago. The still camera is not yet made that can catch his flying pencils when he's really beating it out.

"Muscle?" he grins. "Mine's not bad for a musician."

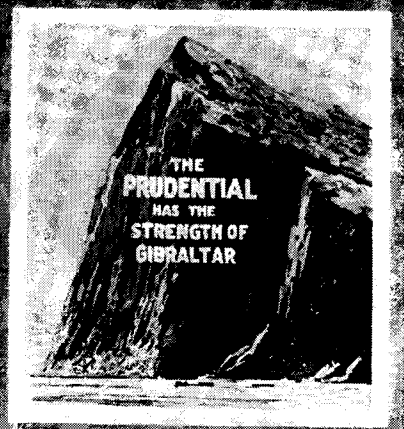
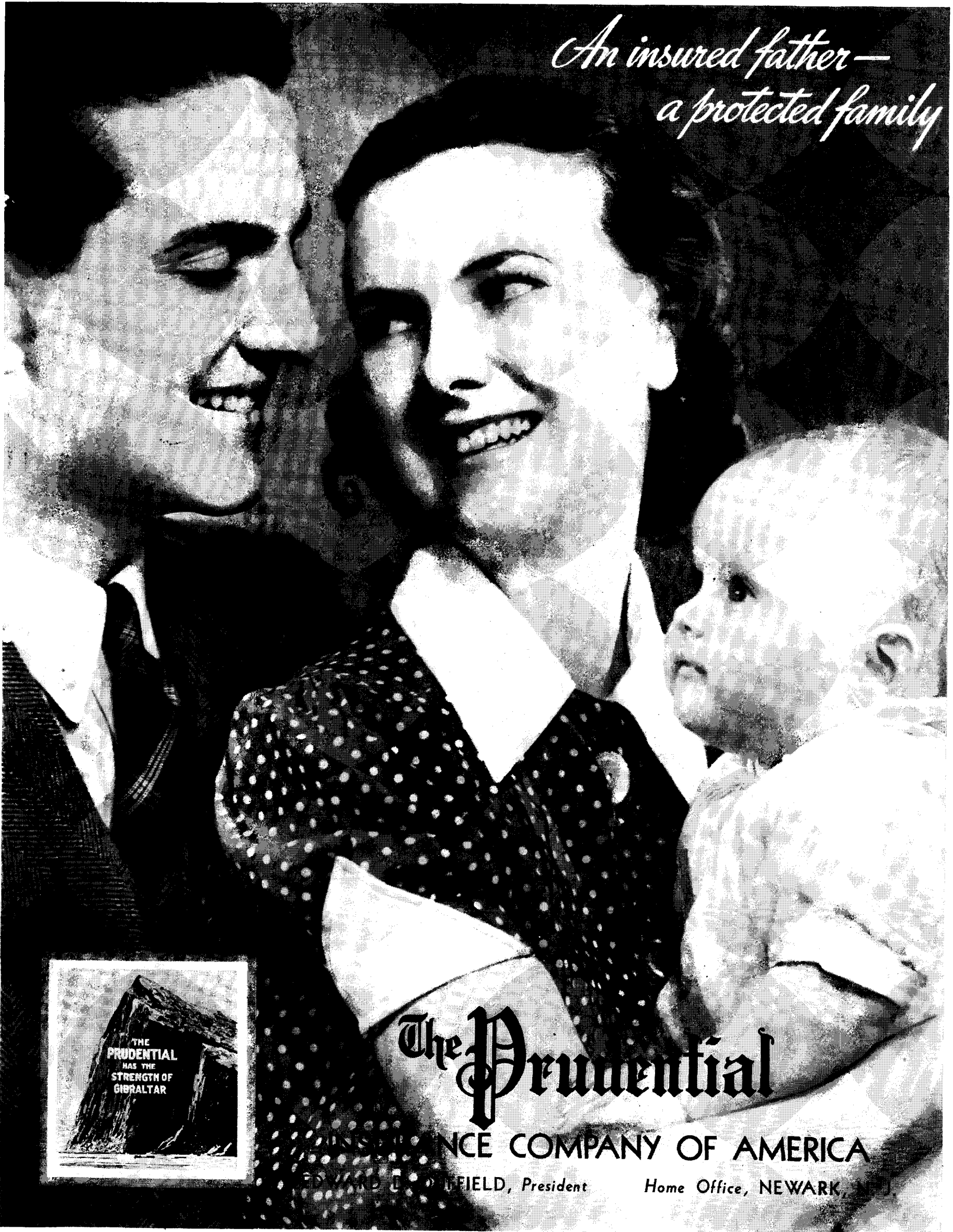
There's reason enough. Most folks seeing Krupa in action have no idea what his work takes out of him or his belongings. Not only does he break twenty-four sticks a week and beat in twelve drumheads or more a year, he sweats the life out of clothes, socks, shirts, in no time at all. He can't wear suede shoes because he'd ruin them in half an hour.

"The minute I quit sweating—hard, I mean," he says, "then I know I'm catching a cold."

Unlike most others in his line, Krupa likes a fresh drumhead. If one lasts longer than he thinks it should, he smashes it just to get using a new one. He doesn't muffle his drums. He plays them just as they come from the maker, sitting on top of a drum case instead of anything sissy like a chair.

He assumes three distinct attitudes while playing. They are not poses but

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Redheads to the Rescue

THREE redheads, John Hamilton, Glenn Frank and Bruce Barton, seem to be doing whatever thinking is being done toward the resuscitation of the Republican party. Doubtless others are doing some private and secret thinking but the trio of redheads are given the important roles and so placed that the spotlight hits their platform.

Only John Hamilton of the three has any political past, not to say experience. He used to be quite a figure in the Kansas legislature before Alf Landon picked him as campaign manager. The results of 1936 did not help

are few smoother or more impressive speakers of nice long words.

Both John Hamilton, the executive manager, and Glenn Frank, specially designated thinker, are much in the state of mind of prize fighters who have just taken bad beatings. Consequently, it is hard for them to think triumphant thoughts. A man who has just absorbed a sock in the jaw tends to be wary.

Bruce Barton, the handsome new red-headed congressman, has not much more regular political training than Glenn Frank. Bruce Barton is a writer and an advertising man with a mild case of evangelism, a survival, doubtless, from his preacher father.

Good advertising men share one trait with wise politicians. Both try to find out what the people want. Advertising men operate on the faith that the customer is always right or, at any rate, must be pleased, and the politicians know that the voters are the final authority. So Congressman Barton went after constituents as though they were customers and sought to find out what his people were saying, thinking and feeling.

On the basis of what he learned from the people, Bruce Barton has given astute, even though possibly unwelcome, advice to his Republican brothers. Of course the party managers can discipline a young congressman and tell him to shut up. There are ways of retiring young statesmen who show too much initiative and ambition.

It is very plain to unpartisan observers, however, that Bruce Barton has pointed out one road along which the Republicans may reasonably expect success. The fundamental shifts in power accomplished by the New Deal are not unpopular. Nobody is going soon to elect a Congress by attacking the objectives sought by the Roosevelt Democrats. On the other hand, it is entirely practicable to attack and to oppose successfully many of the methods pursued by the New Dealers.

This is the significant division that Bruce Barton has had the wisdom to see and the courage to dramatize. Few others have thought it expedient to say so much. Many are completely absorbed in trying to patch up factional quarrels or to fuse diverse groups into a single party of opposition.

It is not enough for the Republicans, or Labor party, or Conservative Democrats, merely to oppose the New Deal. People generally are reluctant to exchange something for nothing. Times do come when voters are against the party in power but none of the dispassionate observers report any such popular temper now.

If the Republican party is to be revived and the more or less even balance between the two major political parties is to be restored, the Republican campaigners must offer a program capable of arousing the enthusiasm of voters. Sheer opposition is not persuasive this year.

If the policy makers shepherded by Glenn Frank have something appealing to suggest, the remaining weeks of this campaign provide a useful opportunity to prove the inclination of the voters. If, on the other hand, the Frank committee can't reconcile the differences between party factions, candidates who want to be elected will do well to offer the voters something positive to support. This is not the time to win by standing still.

Their job is to put the G.O.P. back in the running. Above, Bruce Barton. Right, Dr. Glenn Frank. Below, John Hamilton



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