

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1925

Vol. LXXXVI

NUMBER 3

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## Be Yourself!

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE—THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES IN  
WHICH FATE INVOLVED A MILLIONAIRE BUSINESS  
MAN AND HIS PROFESSIONAL DOUBLE

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**R**AMSEY TUFTS was heavy with secrecy as he ordered his private secretary to go into the outer office and shut the door after him. He then closed the door leading from the secretary's halfway station into his own magnificently severe private office, thus assuring himself of an additional silencer on the impending interview.

Having taken these precautions, Tufts turned nervously to Waite Burdick, his high-priced counsel, who was gazing out of the window and across the lake front in the general direction of a whaleback entering the Chicago River. Instantly the attorney dropped his affected indifference and lowered himself into a heavily padded chair. Tufts went to his desk, and from a secret drawer produced a single sheet of paper, which he thrust at the lawyer.

"Look at that!" he commanded curtly, in his strained, low voice.

Waite Burdick looked. While he does so, let us look at Ramsey Tufts.

The fact that he could summon to his office a lawyer reputed to charge one thousand dollars for every court day on a case, instead of going to the office of that legal light, epitomizes something of Ramsey Tufts's wealth and importance. He was known to millions outside of his home city as the great mail order magnate. In Chicago the impression was blurred, fogged. True, many city residents knew vaguely that there was such a person or organization, with an enormous number of employees, who evidently were needed to carry on a staggering volume of business; but there the matter ended. He was the name of a thing apart.

The explanation of this lack of local honor for a man who, if not a prophet, was certainly a profit maker, was that no person in that municipality could buy anything from Ramsey Tufts—at least, not directly. If one yearned to take advantage of his wonderful bargains, a fellow city dweller would have a country acquaintance order the goods by mail and re-ship them to Chicago. Because of this absence of contacts, Tufts was practically unknown to his neighbors.

To the rural population, on the other hand, he was more real than the League of Nations, and almost as far-reaching as the income tax. Without literary pretensions, Tufts annually put out a bulky volume which achieved a circulation of five millions and was read avidly. "Best selling" authors grew verdant with jealousy at the popularity of Tufts's tome, which was conned in farmhouses, miners' shacks, hunters' cabins, and village cottages. It was also good for shaving paper.

This book was the great Ramsey Tufts mail order catalogue. By its fascinating guidance, a ruralite could order practically anything—good articles, too. A Chicagoan waving a handful of money could not buy a thing at the great lakeside mart. That is why Republican and Democratic Postmaster-Generals nightly included in their prayers a special plea for the preservation of the man who enabled them to report such enormous sales of stamps and money orders.

Tufts watched with a strained expression while Burdick read, frowning importantly. His nervously beating hand struck a book on his desk, and he hastily shoved it under some papers. He did not want to let his expensive legal adviser see the title of this volume, which was from stock. It was a rapidly moving tale of adventure, in which a comparatively poor man won the love of a beautiful girl, despite a wealthy rival. Tufts had read many such as a part of his duty to his postage stamp clientele, and he had observed that the rich man always ran second—that is, excepting books where the leading character was the heroine. *She* usually won a man with money.

This heavy handicap on rich men had made a subtle impression on Tufts, who had always been a shy man where women were concerned.

"H-m!" grunted Burdick finally, in a judicial manner. "Seems to be a threat."

"It is a threat," snapped Tufts, who resented paying heavy retainers for non-committal grunts.

"I'd advise you to get away and go out of town for awhile, until this blows over," advised Burdick. "I can investigate its plausibility."

"You know I can't go at this time, Burdick," rasped Tufts. "Not with Barnes-Oldhind ready to snap up Binturn & Gearing if they really will clear out. Hobart Gearing may return from New York any day, and I've got Binturn where he'll sell if Gearing will. Merging their concern in mine will settle the question of supremacy between me and the Barnes-Oldhind crowd. It's a matter of pride with me."

"You are taking a risk, possibly, for a mere question of pride," accused Burdick. "Still, if you must, why not throw—what's his name? —Dorn—to the wolves for a week?"

"Thanks for the suggestion! I had already decided to do just that," replied Tufts, with a wee tinge of sarcasm. "It may be a bit hard on him, and I like Dorn; but—the survival of the fittest. Look out for No. 1, because nobody else will!"

"Will you warn him?" demanded the lawyer. "Will you explain to him?"

"I'm afraid he might quit, and I could hardly blame him," admitted Tufts. "Dorn has done admirably. He's a nice fellow, and all that—everything to suit my need; but I never before had to put up to him the possibility of—"

"Risking his life," finished the attorney, as Tufts hesitated.

"It may be only a bluff," protested the mail order magnate uneasily, although he had nodded. "I'll tell him to be careful."

"After all, he might as well justify his existence," soothed Burdick. "This is probably only a bluff; but, if it isn't, a decoy can bring them out from cover. If he's any good, he can easily take care of himself."

Having stifled the silent protests of their better natures, the two men discussed matters for a few minutes more. Then the lawyer left, distinctly uncomfortable in mind. Waite Burdick, bred to the law and named after a Chief Justice of the United States, had been a dignified business attorney since admission to the bar, and he did not accommodate himself easily to a situation calling for an experienced criminal lawyer. He left behind an equally dis-

turbed merchandiser who had spent the whole of his adult life in an office, and who was utterly bewildered when out of the depths of big business, where he was an enormous frog.

Having ushered the lawyer out, Tufts pressed a button concealed on his desk. After a minute's pause, a green light winked in one eye of a bronze owl set on his bookcase. Making sure that the door to his secretary's anteroom was locked, he crossed to the other side of his office and unlocked the connecting door.

Framed in the doorway stood a man. For a moment the two stared silently at each other. The scene was like one of those clever specimens of double exposure turned out by the motion picture studios. Facing Ramsey Tufts, quietly waiting his explanation for the summons, was—to the casual gaze—his perfect image.

This was Philip Dorn, the secret "double" of Ramsey Tufts.

## II

"COME in, Dorn," invited Tufts, motioning toward his desk.

"No—you had better come in here, where I can watch my signals," corrected this unusual employee. "The door is locked. Any moment I may receive a flash."

Nodding curtly, Tufts entered. His double, who had just countermanded the magnate's politely veiled order, looked at him inquiringly.

Philip Dorn's job was unique. His employer had borrowed the idea from the moving pictures already mentioned.

Tufts had nourished his giant business from its infancy. His was the directing genius. He believed that his personality was the big factor in his success, and he proved it. His mail clients were always welcome to meet him. During his climb he had commanded that no out-of-town customer who asked to see him should be denied. When the appreciative rural purchaser expressed a wish to behold the genius who supplied him with everything he ordered by mail, Tufts would breeze out to shake hands, thereby making a booster.

Tufts had a way with him which put personality into what otherwise would be merely an exchange of merchandise for postal orders. Customers went away pleased, and broadcast the fact that they had shaken hands with the great Tufts.

This provided incalculably convincing and valuable advertising.

Eventually, however, the business had increased to such staggering size, and the number of customers had multiplied so vastly, that it became a physical impossibility for Tufts to greet personally even the proportionately few who asked for him weekly. Although he had delegated authority intelligently as his business grew, it was his creature, and required his constant direction.

Faced with the alternative of neglecting his business or refusing to meet visiting customers, Tufts acted with decision and originality. Confidential agents were intrusted with the task of finding a double who could impersonate him acceptably for the brief social contacts with the customers who called at his office. The search, conducted for months in the quietest and most careful way, produced Philip Dorn.

At the time when he was chosen, Dorn was a stock company character actor whose career had been ended, or at least retarded, by an affection of the vocal cords. This reduced the range of his voice to a low, strained conversational tone which closely resembled that of Ramsey Tufts. Physically he was almost a counterpart of Tufts; and, being an apt copyist of mannerisms, he had strengthened the resemblance. He had carefully cultivated side whiskers like those that grew naturally on Tufts's cheeks. During business hours the two men wore duplicate clothes.

Dorn was thirty-five, but a touch of gray at his temples, and some artful aids to nature, enabled him to meet his employer's age halfway. Tufts was fifty-five, but looked little more than forty. He had kept young because he had enjoyed his early-won success. His household staff included a masseur, who was a disguised male beauty expert, and who, in the privacy of the Tufts mansion, daily worked on the mail order king's face.

In short, Dorn's entire task consisted in being Tufts to outward appearance; and he succeeded.

Tufts opened his mouth to state his wishes, when Dorn raised a silencing hand and pointed toward his light signal.

"Party of visitors waiting," he announced. "I'll be back in five minutes."

Waiting only for Tufts to return to his own office and close the door, Dorn went the opposite way, into his own outer office.

The signal meant that a party of customers from various R. F. D. routes had been conducted through the building by a guide, who had exhibited to them the system which converted mail lists into packages of outbound merchandise. A catalogue worm had ventured a bashful desire to meet Mr. Tufts, and others had echoed that laudable ambition.

The guide had replied that while Mr. Tufts was a very busy man, his orders were to break in on him at any time if a customer asked for him. Deftly he had distributed cards to be filled out with the names and addresses of the visitors. These cards had been turned over to a dazzlingly beautiful girl at the information desk, who had shot them into a pneumatic tube, announcing in clear, penetrating soprano:

"Mr. Tufts is in conference, but will be out in a few minutes."

After five minutes had intensified the customers' interest, an unlettered door suddenly opened, disclosing a brisk man with a beaming face framed in neat sideboards and shell-rimmed spectacles. His entry was nothing short of dramatic. Calling out the names of persons waiting, he pounced on the delighted visitors, mentioned their home towns, and inquired about specific purchases they had made in the past. References to past meetings gave intimacy to these greetings.

After half a dozen old customers had been stricken almost numb with pleasure, self-introductions became general. If Addison Simms, of Seattle, had been there, he would have been pleased.

Excusing himself at the end of five minutes, the genial greeter invited all present to sign the guest book, receive the new catalogue, and depart for a free ride on the Tufts sight-seeing bus for visitors. Then he bowed himself out. That was Dorn in action.

The visitors, of course, would go away to spread the news that Ramsey Tufts was a prince with a perfectly marvelous memory. Even doubters couldn't scoff that he just pretended to know them after looking at their cards; for how did he remember their previous calls and the things they had bought? The explanation would have disclosed a closely guarded system originated by Tufts and burbanked by Dorn.

When the visitors' cards were shot by tube to the outer room of Dorn's suite, six silent and efficient assistants swiftly

searched the perfect card index files. Some outstanding fact, particularly a prior visit, was noted on each card where available. Dorn, who had joined his staff promptly at the signal, memorized names and facts at a glance.

For the rest, he relied on inspiration and quick observation. When he called a name, its owner invariably betrayed himself by some sign familiar to this expert. The pleased customers were never critical or suspicious. Even when he made a mistake, which was seldom, a friendly voice always put him right.

"Something out there impressed me as odd," reported Dorn, when he and Tufts were again isolated from the rest of the plant. "A fellow in that party said he was a farmer from down State. We have no record of any such name, and I could see that his hands were soft. He wore village store clothes, but he looked to me like a city roughneck. I wonder why he wanted to look you over!"

With difficulty Tufts suppressed a shiver. His face took on a look of decision.

"Dorn, for business reasons of my own, I want it to appear that I have left town for a week or two," he announced. "Be ready to start in an hour. Go out this way, and I'll use your door to leave. My car will take you down to the yacht landing, where you will go aboard the *What Cheer*. I will telephone Captain Larsen to expect me, and leave it to you to keep him in the dark. You will meet Leonard Binturn on board. He has agreed to take a cruise with me, stipulating that any reference to business is absolutely barred. That just suits our purposes. If he violates that agreement, you ignore what he says so pointedly that he'll quit. You will cruise to Mackinac. I'll see you in an hour."

Returning to the privacy of his office, Tufts took out the sheet of paper that he had handed to his lawyer, and reread:

Tufts, you sealed your doom when you contributed that twenty-five thousand dollars to the Anti-Crime Organization. We are going to get you.  
NEVER MIND WHO.

### III

For several minutes the mail order king stared at the typewritten words as if fascinated. They were inscribed on a plain sheet of paper, of a brand for sale at any stationery store. In fact, Tufts sold that same paper himself. A stamped govern-



ment envelope had inclosed the threatening missive.

Tufts had examined both envelope and paper under a magnifying glass, without finding any finger-prints. Although he knew that experts could identify a particular typewriter by a sample of its work, if allowed to examine all the machines in the city, he did not believe that the one on which this threat was written would be available for examination. It was probably hidden in what he vaguely thought of as "the underworld." Moreover, he did not care to have detectives nosing into his private troubles.

What the letter referred to was clear enough. Although he studiously obscured his personality in his own city, Tufts contributed to local charities and reform funds, always stipulating anonymity. Annually he had contributed twenty-five thousand dollars to the Anti-Crime Organization, which existed ostensibly to war on local lawbreaking, as well as to accelerate police activity against criminals and vice. After ten years of veiled support to this cause, his heavy contributions had recently been made public through an internal quarrel in the organization, an ousted treasurer having given to the press the names of the anonymous donors.

Chagrined, Tufts had scratched that organization from his list of beneficiaries. He had no desire to invite the personal hostility of the vague but apparently numerous horde of lawbreakers who terrorized timid citizens.

However, the damage had been done. To prove that, here was the threatening letter. It had been brought in to him hesitantly by his colorless personal secretary, Langley. He had apologized for passing it along to his employer, but had quavered that he had not dared to take the responsibility of keeping Mr. Tufts in ignorance of the anonymous threat. On reading it, Tufts had snorted disdainfully, and had cast it into the wastebasket. He retrieved it as soon as Langley made his exit, and later had summoned Burdick, as already told.

With a sigh the magnate hid the letter in the secret drawer, and called for his secretary.

"Telephone Captain Larsen to be ready to leave when I come aboard at five o'clock this afternoon," the mail order king ordered. "Tell him I'm not to be bothered

with any further questions, as I want quiet to concentrate. The boat is to reach Mackinac Island to-morrow noon. He can expect another man on board before I arrive. Have our publicity director take a paragraph to the newspapers announcing that I'm going on a week's cruise up the lake. Make out a personal check for ten thousand, and get me the money in large denominations."

On the other side of the connecting door, Dorn was saying:

"I am going away this afternoon for a week's cruise, or possibly two weeks. Explain this to any visitors."

"Certainly, Mr. Tufts," replied the chief assistant.

His information staff believed that he was Tufts. So closely was the secret guarded that only two or three men close to Tufts knew of his double. Their offices adjoined, to permit change of place, and the employees supposed that there was only one big suite with two exits. Tufts used a private elevator, and left by the Boulevard entrance. Dorn descended by a separate side elevator to a door leading to the cross street. Thus their comings and goings were never duplicated, to arouse the suspicion of the employees.

At the end of an hour Dorn rejoined his employer.

"Here's a couple of thousand," said Tufts, handing him a roll of bills. "You may need it. Leonard Binturn doesn't gamble, as far as I know, but you never can tell when it might break out on a man, and I don't want any checks floating around."

He took a long, plain envelope from his desk and gave it to his double.

"This contains five thousand dollars," he went on. "Deliver it personally to the chief of police, as my anonymous contribution to the police hero fund. Insist on seeing him alone in his private office, and impose absolute secrecy regarding the reason of your call; but be open about going there and sending in my name. You've met him before, as me, and he'd probably pick you as me if he had to choose between us. Refuse to say anything to reporters. Then drive to the club landing and go aboard. I will put up at your place to-night. That will obviate notifying your housekeeping couple. Let's see—their name is Huth. Let's go!"

When the connecting door had been

locked, Dorn walked through to Tufts's outer office and handed his kit bag to Langley. After the secretary had placed it in the limousine, Dorn waved him back and ordered the chauffeur to drive to the police chief's office. There he concluded his business in a fog of secrecy, as ordered.

City editors who had just been notified of Tufts's cruise received telephone reports from their City Hall men that the mail order king had visited the police chief on a mysterious errand. It might be interpreted by an underworld spy as a visit to ask for extra police protection; and such was precisely Tufts's idea.

When the limousine slid smoothly upon the yacht club landing, Dorn glanced back. A taxicab had halted near by, and its fare hastily ducked behind a newspaper. Dorn's quick, trained glance caught a flash of the man's face. Although a cap had replaced the country style slouch hat, Dorn was sure that the passenger was the soft-handed person who had pretended to be a farmer when he called at Tufts's office.

Before he could step out, the taxi wheeled and darted back, heading toward a general landing place—a public pier. What did it all mean?

#### IV

RAMSEY TUFTS made his exit through Dorn's "information" suite, acknowledging the respectful "good nights" of his staff with a silent nod. He was thoroughly familiar with all the necessary facts of Dorn's life and daily routine, which he himself had prescribed. After leaving by the side entrance, he walked westward for a block, and hailed a taxi. *En route* to Dorn's apartment, he thought over the ruse he had devised to divert the attention of any one who had violent designs on him. He was certain that the police chief had been deceived along with the rest.

While the hiring of a double had been primarily for rural visitors, there had been urban appearances. Whenever Tufts was drafted on a reception committee to greet some distinguished guest, he had Dorn pinch hit for him. Philip had substituted for his boss at public dinners, occasionally delivering a speech, for which Tufts supplied the opinions, while his double furnished the words. These occasions, however, were rare, as neither original nor copy had a good speaking voice.

Lest it be protested that such a mas-

querade would be impossible in this day of alert illustrated newspapers, let it be reiterated that Tufts was as much separated from his home city as was his business. A bachelor, he avoided social and public functions, and was not in the public eye. Old pictures of him might be found in volumes of "Successful Men," or in newspaper "morgues," but he never furnished any reason for printing them. Bookish, secluded in his home and business life, he had few social contacts outside of a small and exclusive circle of commercial mammoths of his own size. He took his leisure cruising on his yacht or traveling abroad. He had no intimates.

In his own hours, Dorn was free to live as he pleased, with certain reservations. Secrecy as to his peculiar employment was stipulated, and entangling feminine alliances were forbidden. By the terms of his agreement, he could neither marry nor become engaged; but otherwise he could do as he liked.

Upon reaching his apartment, he became Philip Dorn. This was accomplished by removing his unneeded glasses, changing into livelier, younger attire, and altering his expression and the arrangement of his hair. He belonged to a golf club and to an athletic club, where he was popular among young men who were not likely to meet Tufts. Studious hours in his library were varied by livelier ones at the club, on the links, or driving his modest sedan.

Nor was he entirely denied fair company. At discreet intervals he entertained different young women at dinner, the theater, or the opera; but never the same girl too often to imperil his contract stipulation.

Ramsey Tufts felt that he was on the threshold of an interesting adventure when he entered Dorn's apartment. He was determined to live one night of the free life led by a man unburdened by wealth—such a man as the hero of the book that he carried. He had not been able to leave it at the office, for he had just reached a place where the wealthy suitor seemed to have a chance of defeating his handsome but peniless rival. Tufts wanted to find out if Cræsus ever won, for a change.

His first tingle of pleasurable reaction came when Huth, the elderly houseman, called him "Mr. Dorn" upon admitting him. Dorn lived in a good first-floor apartment in one of the comfortable, modern three-family houses near the lake shore,

above the Wilson Avenue district. This type of abode had been stipulated in their agreement—a place where Tufts could visit Dorn unobserved, if he desired.

After changing into a rather swagger sports suit from Dorn's well stocked wardrobe, Tufts laid aside his horn-rimmed spectacles. His oculist had recently told him that his vision was changing, as it does with some men of that age, and that he could soon dispense with glasses. Tufts surveyed himself in a pier glass.

"H-m! Rather a snappy chap," he thought.

Over an appetizing if lonely dinner, he considered pleasantly whether or not he would drive Dorn's car around on one of those evenings of adventure which impecunious young men enjoyed in books. Later, perhaps, he decided, for just then he was anxious to read his story and learn if the wealthy suitor finally turned the trick. With scarcely a glance at the tasteful and comfortable furnishings of the apartment, he settled himself in an easy chair under a reading lamp. From a humidor he extracted a soft, excellently shaped cigar of rich tan. It proved rather stronger than those he sparingly smoked, but he enjoyed its kick. Sighing blissfully, he sank down to revel in the story.

When the telephone bell rang, he noted with a start that the desk clock indicated a quarter to ten, his usual bedtime. Wealth had gone down to defeat in a gripping finale, and the poor man was figuring in the clinch. Tufts blinked out of his absorption as the bell continued to ring. He answered the telephone, primly announcing the number.

"Is this Philip Dorn?" inquired a rich contralto.

"Er—yes. Dorn speaking," stammered Tufts, wondering why this unknown voice had upset his habitual calm. It was an intriguing voice, one with which the owner could do tricks.

"What's the matter with your voice? It sounds strange," said the unseen speaker. "Oh, I remember! That's what retired you, of course—your wheezy pipes. This is Phil Dorn, formerly of Bard's Stock, isn't it?"

"Ye-es," admitted Tufts, remembering the fact that that was Dorn's last theatrical engagement.

"Phil, this is Loraine Cuyler," thrilled the thrilling voice.

There were intriguing qualities in those tones, also something that hinted of danger to the apprehensive Tufts. He was stricken dumb, trying to think what to say to draw out a little information to guide him. There was an uncomfortable pause. Then the unknown said:

"Loud applause. You sound delighted to hear from me!"

Mockery was in the tone—gentle reproach, too.

"Aren't you glad to hear my voice, Phil?" she inquired.

"Why, yes, certainly. Surely—er—Loraine," protested Tufts weakly.

"Delighted to hear your hearty invitation!" mocked the voice with the smile. "Landed in town to-night cleaned, and can't raise a soul I know. I was looking through the phone book for Edna Dorman's number when I struck your name just as I remembered that Ed married somebody whose name escapes my memory. Remembering what a good pal you were, with no sentimental nonsense, I took a chance. Why are you such a chilly old pill? Haven't got a wife there, have you?"

"Heavens, no!" gasped Tufts.

"That being the case, and seeing you don't offer to come down town," continued his interlocutor, "I'll run up right away. Expect me!"

"Wait! Hold on a min—" began Tufts, but the deadness of the wire told him that the other instrument had been hung up.

Here was a how-do-you-do! A strange woman descending on him and believing him to be Dorn!

For a minute he was bewildered. Then the happy thought struck him that this was just the sort of thing which happened to the poor heroes he had always envied. It sounded interesting.

Another idea sent him rummaging through Dorn's bookcase and dresser. Ten minutes' search unearthed the scrap book that every actor keeps. A feverish examination of clippings and old programs disclosed Loraine Cuyler's picture. If she was anything like her photograph—well, he was glad he hadn't forbidden her the house.

There was only time enough to order the Huths to remain in their suite at the rear of the house, when the doorbell rang. Wondering how he should greet his visitor, what to say or do, Tufts opened the door. No opportunity was given him to do anything. Before him was an alluring vision, for an

instant; then there was a sudden rush, and he was vehemently kissed.

# V

"That's for nothing," quoted this astounding visitor, when Tufts fell back, gaping dazedly at her. It would state the case mildly to say that he was dumfounded plus. Staring at the stricken man, she changed her tone to a husky one, assuring him: "That's all there is. There isn't any more."

Tufts recognized that line. He attended the theater occasionally, and had seen most of the leading performers, and he identified this as one of the countless imitations of Ethel Barrymore. Still he gaped.

"Don't die in the house," entreated Miss Cuyler, a bit provoked by this reception. "Be yourself, Phil! Don't take that smack seriously, as some balloon-tired business man would. You haven't been out of the profession so long that you've forgotten that it didn't mean anything but 'glad to see you again'—or have you? I almost think you're not glad to see me!"

"Delighted," he managed to articulate.

And who would not be? Here was a fascinating woman in the ripe, full beauty of thirty or thereabout. Black as India ink was the bobbed hair which she wore in a myriad of delicious little curls. Her eyebrows and eyes were of the same midnight black, while her lips were red, and curled in a mocking little quirk. After fifty-five years of single blessedness, Tufts swayed back from the impact of her charm. This woman had come to his apartment late at night! It was like a play.

"Don't break down and cry with delight," she entreated, still mockingly. "Won't I be seated? For a moment, if you insist. What's the matter, Phil? Be yourself! You know me from the past, and you needn't fear that I have any intention of vamping you. My, you have become a dry old prune! A little shaking up will do you good. I heard you'd gone into business, but I didn't know it was so fatal. Where do we go from here?"

"Beg your pardon?" inquired Tufts, bewildered.

"Out into the night," she explained. "I told you when I phoned that I'm starving in a great city—at least, since two o'clock this afternoon. I shot my entire roll to get here, having heard that a local production was casting to open Labor Day. My last

five went to the beauty parlor, and I was truly an eyeful when I made my entrance; but the pardon came too late—or, rather, I did. My baggage assures me a roof for the night, but who wants to sleep with hunger gnawing? Inasmuch as the ravens failed to call, I called up Ravenswood and points north. Is that plain enough, or will you have words of one syllable? I crave food!"

"Certainly! Possibly I can have the housekeeper—" began Tufts, looking around for a bell to ring.

"Cut it!" ordered his visitor imperiously. "Just because I call at a bachelor's rooms at dead of night, does that mean I will dine alone with him? Not so, Jack Dalton, even if you haven't slipped the key into your pocket! Honest, Phil, if I didn't see by the furnishings that you're sitting pretty, I would take what you have; but I can see that a little stepping out won't bend you. Besides, it's a bit more proper, don't you think? I'm lonesome as well as hungry, and I anticipated several hours of nice cozy chat at some inn. You've got a car, haven't you? Good! Roll it out and we'll steer for a wayside inn where I dined one night a year ago."

Before he realized it, they were in Dorn's sedan. Nor was he going entirely against his will. Something in the night was bringing out a spirit of devilry hitherto dormant in Ramsey Tufts. He wore a cap and felt the years sliding from him.

After enduring his cautious, old-maidish driving for a mile, Loraine Cuyler took the wheel and stepped on the gas. They sped along the North Side driveway at a pace which set his blood to drumming.

"I don't know the exact location, but I can find it," she assured him. "I came this way with friends the last time I was here."

She made good on her promise, and eventually parked outside a wayside road house which flaunted the sign "Stagger Inn." Blatant, pulse quickening music blared forth. Tufts entered somewhat timidly, for he had never been in a cabaret road house at night before; but his companion had poise and assurance enough for a dozen. At her lofty request, they were ushered to a table beside the dancing floor.

"Wake up! Slip him!" whispered Loraine, as the head waiter lingered, coldly alert.

Tufts's education had progressed suf-



ficiently to instruct him to make the proper transfer from his roll, and attention promptly showered on their table.

"For a minute I thought you were rehearsing *Rip Van Winkle*," remarked Loraine. "You do need shaking up. Can I order *ad lib*?"

He nodded encouragingly. While she ordered and disposed of a good meal with a relish, talking interestingly as she ate, he glanced around. The wall panels and pillars were decorated or designed at a slant, making it appear as if every one in the place was staggering. Some were, at that. Tufts frowned thoughtfully as he saw flasks openly being emptied into tall glasses of mineral water.

"Don't you want to dance?" Loraine inquired presently. "I do, and I remember that you shook a mean foot."

Here was a detail of his impersonation of Dorn for which Tufts was not prepared. However, he met the situation promptly, saying:

"I have a sprained ankle. I don't dare strain it."

There fell a disappointed silence, from which Loraine, who had been gazing about the room, suddenly rallied. Rising, she waved invitingly toward a young couple who had been talking with the manager near the door.

"Yoo-hoo! Come on over!" she called.

Tufts cowered under the attention he feared she would attract. Apparently, however, nobody cared. It was difficult enough to attract the pair.

Finally Loraine made herself heard above the blaring of the jazz orchestra and the din of the table parties, and the pair came over. On closer inspection, the young man wasn't so young. His emaciated face ended in a bony jaw. His long, thin mouth was twisted in a sharp, knowing quirk, while clamped on a perpetual cigarette. Patent leather hair, slicked over a narrow forehead, accentuated his pallor, while shoe button eyes darted penetrating glances from under heavy black brows. He wore clothes of boisterous pattern and exaggerated cut. His companion was made up so heavily that it was difficult to determine whether she was a calcimined adolescent or a woman of thirty or more.

"Some friends I met to-day at a booking agent's," explained Loraine, as the pair sauntered up. "This is Phil Dorn, formerly of Bard's Stock—my friend, Mr.—"

"So's your old man!" jeered the fellow.

"For crying out loud!" exclaimed his companion.

This meant nothing, net, to Tufts. Loraine Cuyler concentrated a cold stare on the newcomers. The thin-faced man promptly enlightened:

"Tracy Morgan, me. The white cargo is Kit Deering. We're hoofers, with a refined act. At Kraus's agency, where we saw you, we get the 'nothing to-day,' but we hear there might be an opening here; so we came up. You just saw the manager nixing us. Waiter!"

After Morgan conferred covertly with the waiter, he caught Loraine's hopeful glance, and promptly led her out to dance. When they returned, after executing many remarkable evolutions, they were calling each other "Loraine" and "Trace." Inasmuch as Kit seemed to regard this tolerantly, Tufts did likewise. Figuratively he was in Rome, and would use the Roman guide to conduct.

His ease began slipping, however, when he got a whiff from the demi-tasses the waiter set before the newcomers. They had ordered drinks.

Ramsey Tufts was a stickler for law enforcement. Living without wide acquaintance among his fellows, he was not familiar with the widespread violation of the prohibition law. Among his big business acquaintances were habitual violators who very wisely did not mention the fact to him.

His cold stare finally penetrated Morgan's consciousness.

"What's wrong with my picture?" demanded Tracy, brushing his coat lapels and shirt front. He stared aggressively at Tufts, and then downed his drink at a gulp. Making a frightful grimace, he added: "Zowie! Some embalming fluid! Ain't you partaking?"

"No," snapped Tufts. Realizing that this sounded churlish, he amended: "Doctor's orders. You look pained."

"Terrible! Must 'a' burned out my brake lining," admitted Morgan. "Gee, that stunned me so I'll have to have another to revive me. Waiter, two more in kilts."

"Aren't you afraid?" demanded Tufts. "You can't tell where that came from."

"Oh, it's real Scotch from the worst part of Scotland," assured Morgan. "Straight from the border, but a little crooked since.

I know the crowd. Had an offer to drive a truck, too. Somebody must 'a' heard me say that if worse came to worst I could always drive a truck; but nix on chauffing one of those covered wagons! Too risky! I might get pinched for smoking cigarettes going through Zion City."

He lighted a new smoke from the glowing stub that he discarded, and signaled for the cigarette girl. From her basket he selected packs for himself, Kit, and Loraine, tossing them about the table and waving the girl grandly toward Tufts for payment. A little irritated by this small grafting, Tufts paid.

"There's danger of shooting, too, I suppose," he suggested.

"Sure! You got to use a rod too much," agreed Morgan indifferently. "Not for mine! I had enough in 1918."

"You were over there?" exclaimed Tufts.

"Me and some others," admitted Morgan. "Seventy-seventh. I was a nice little singer on big time when they promoted me to Class One. A sniff of gas took my pipes, but, thank Gawd, it didn't affect my feet. I notice you got a wheezy voice, too. Well, here's to crime!"

Gulping down his drink, he led Loraine out on the floor, to show her a little Charleston. Slender Kit moved her chair around close to Tufts and leaned her head on his shoulder.

"Sorry I'm not dancing," he apologized. "Depriving you—"

"For crying out loud!" she derided. "Does a hod carrier go into a hod carrying contest at night for pleasure? I get enough in the six-a-day not to need any when I'm reveling. Hard work, too—I'm the whole act. Forget Trace's blah about what a wow he is. Apple sauce! They tear up the seats when I strut my stuff, but he's always stealing my bows."

Tufts was mystified. Was the girl accusing her companion of some sort of theft? Being a yachtsman, he thought of boat bows, and wondered how they could be pilfered. The girl—he had decided that she was scarcely more—turned her painted face up to him, and remarked:

"You look like you might be prominent in the butter and eggs, with that flock of kale. Before they come back, can't gillette me have a sawbuck? 'Tisn't for me. A girl friend of mine is sick, and I promised to stake her the rent, or else she gets the air. Just a loan, you understand. Don't

think I got the gimmees. Slip me it under the table before Trace comes back. He'd use a vacuum cleaner on me, if he knew. We girls have trouble enough finding a place to hide it—no fooling!"

Mr. Tufts was touched—in two senses of the word. Although he did not understand much of what the girl said, he divined that she was soliciting aid for a sick friend. Under cover of the table, he peeled off a bill bearing the "XX" which he identified as a sawbuck, and slipped it to her.

"For crying out loud!" commented Kit, giving his hand a little squeeze as she disengaged the bill. From beneath the table came a muffled snap of elastic. "You're wonderful! Can't you ditch that broad and let's we two blow?"

Mr. Tufts's warm sympathy suddenly cooled off. This girl probably wasn't so unselfish, after all. His annoyance increased when Loraine and Tracy came back with another man and another girl, having changed partners during the dance. The newest newcomers pulled up chairs as if they had really been invited, the man inquiring of Tufts:

"How's the big butter and egg business doing?"

"There's some mistake. I'm not in the butter and egg business," began Tufts, puzzled by this second reference to that trade.

His inquisitor laughed sarcastically.

"Be yourself!" urged Loraine.

"For crying out loud!" Kit cried aloud.

"So's your old man," declared Morgan.

Tufts could stand no more of this. He turned an appealing look to Loraine.

"S. R. O.," she remarked cryptically, to Tracy.

"Sorry you can't stay, folks," lamented Morgan, shaking the new man's hand and dragging him to his feet.

With a cynical laugh, the man and woman moved away. Tracy Morgan turned suddenly to Kit, who was unstoppering a small phial containing white tablets. He snatched at it, crying:

"Nix! Not now, or you might pass out on us!"

Kit eluded his grasp, but Morgan seized her roughly and twisted her wrist, while the girl struck wildly at him. Tufts writhed uneasily as he realized that he was being involved in a disgraceful brawl. With a shrewd, pitiless twist, the man forced the girl to release the phial, which he thrust into his pocket.

"What is it?" demanded Loraine. "Snow?"

"No—just some sleeping tablets the doc gave her for when she's wakeful," explained Morgan frankly. "Let her wait till we get to the hotel before taking it. Waiter, fill this. O. K. by you, Phil?"

From a pocket he produced a silver-plated flask, which he handed to the waiter. Then, without waiting for Tufts to confirm the order, he danced away with Loraine.

Ramsey Tufts decided that he had had enough for one night, and that he would put an end to it. When the waiter came back with the filled flask, he took it. Morgan was still dancing. Glancing about guiltily, Tufts thrust the flask into his pocket and called for the bill, which he paid.

When the dancers returned, he announced his decision. Tracy Morgan stared thoughtfully at Kit, who had fallen asleep with her head on the table.

"She didn't need powders," observed Morgan. "That Scotch put her to sleep. Give a hand, Phil—we'll drag her out. It's a good thing you got a bus!"

Tufts, who had started to help lift the sleeper, drew back at the man's cool assumption that they, too, were to ride.

At that moment a terrific uproar and fight began around the door. A man wearing a hat darted from behind, seizing Tufts and shouting:

"Over here! Here's one with a full flask!"

"A raid?" yelled Morgan to a running waiter.

"Worse than a raid!" howled the latter. "It's a pinch—that damned Anti-Crime Organization!"

## VI

CAPTAIN LARSEN received Dorn on board the What Cheer with respectful silence, and motioned a steward to carry his bag to the owner's cabin. This was provided with everything that a yachtsman would need on the cruise. From its well stocked wardrobe Dorn selected a natty white duck suit and a gold-trimmed visored cap to match. Emerging, the perfect picture of Tufts, the millionaire yachtsman, he saw that they were putting out on a northeast course, leaving the breakwater and the municipal pier far behind.

A large gray power boat sped by to port, and soon became a vanishing speck dead

ahead. Only two men had been visible on board of it, and they had crouched low, with their faces averted.

On deck Dorn encountered Leonard Binturn, and together they adjourned to wicker chairs on the observation deck, abaft the lookout. Binturn was not aware that Dorn had looked him over in the past. He was a stout, wheezy man nearing sixty, with apoplectic purple patches on his cheeks. His mustache was clipped close over a tight mouth, and he had bright little eyes like a seal's.

For some time Binturn appeared content to stare out over the rippling waters of Lake Michigan. When finally the silence was broken, both men studiously avoided mention of business. Dorn knew that Binturn was the less assertive partner in a rival mail order concern. Tufts maintained a friendly rivalry with Binturn & Gearing, who did not conduct the slashing trade campaign that marked the operations of the Barnes-Oldhind crowd. The Binturn & Gearing concern, as it were, was a smaller, neutral buffer state strategically situated between the two battling and hostile mail order powers.

Dorn and Binturn discussed the probable outcome of the World Series, some matters of golf, the eccentricities of their cars, and prohibition. This last subject Binturn mentioned hopefully. Dorn ignored it, knowing that Tufts maintained a dry locker.

"There's a dinghy—a small boat off our port bow, with a man signaling for help," reported Captain Larsen, coming to Dorn when they were a couple of hours out. "Shall I go to his aid?"

"Certainly," ordered Dorn, rising.

With interest he and Binturn stared through the dusk at the waving figure in a rowboat ahead. When the What Cheer approached, the man in the open boat shouted excitedly that he was sinking. In proof of this, his boat foundered just as the yacht's tender took him off.

Presently he was on deck, his feet and ankles dripping. He proved to be a rather hard-faced young fellow with a mop of sandy hair falling over his eyes. He wore a sweater, with well tailored trousers.

"Herron's me name, gents—Jack Herron, and much obliged for saving me," announced the newcomer, addressing Dorn, Binturn, and Captain Larsen, who stood about him on deck. "I was out fishing,

and lost me oars. Then I drifted out farther, and sprung a leak."

"You don't look like a fisherman," criticized the captain.

"I ain't one, or I wouldn't 'a' got in this jam," admitted Herron. "I work in a filling station on Sheridan Drive. Never again!"

"Take him where he can dry out, and give him some dry socks, if you can spare them," commanded Dorn. "I don't see how we can stop to put you ashore, Herron. We're going to—up the lake."

"I'll lend him car fare back from Mackinac, if he needs money," offered Binturn.

Dorn could have kicked the stout man's shins for divulging their destination.

Captain Larsen returned and called Dorn aside. In an undertone, he declared:

"That fellow was never out fishing, Mr. Tufts. Look at his skin. He'd have been sunburned if he'd ever been fishing long enough to get out this far. He'd have been picked up sooner, too."

"I'm inclined to agree with you, captain," replied Dorn; "but we can't throw him overboard because of that."

For the second time that day he had encountered a man who had represented himself as something he palpably was not. Dorn frowned over the problem as he rejoined Binturn. They dined, and continued their noncommittal chat. Binturn declared for bed comparatively early, and Dorn followed suit; but only sleeplessness rewarded his obedience to the adage which promises health, wealth, and wisdom to those who retire betimes.

Tossing in his comfortable bed, he reviewed the puzzling events of the day. Why had Tufts ordered him off on this blind cruise? Why had the soft-handed man who said he was a farmer visited the Tufts building? What was the truth about this castaway whom they had picked up in mid lake? What was Tufts doing this night?

From curiosity, Dorn turned to introspection. These mystifying events concentrated his thoughts on the fact that he had been ordered away on a mission the nature of which was not revealed to him. He was just a hireling, to be ordered around for some presumably important reason, but not trusted enough to be told what it was all about; and yet he had obeyed his employer unquestioningly.

Dissatisfaction enveloped him. He was

drifting—drifting as surely as the man they had picked up. He did not know his port, he was not allowed to chart his own course. The fact that he was well paid did not soften the fact that he was doing nothing to make a name in the world. He was paid to discard his own personality and ape another man, to pose as another for purposes of deceiving.

He could not go through life forever as Tufts's double. It was not a position that held a future. Some day Tufts would die or retire, and where would he be then? The best years of his life would have been given to effacing Philip Dorn, and to acting a lie.

There must be an end to this, he told himself. At the end of this year, or the next, he must take a stand. He must reassert himself. His own profession had closed to him. Possibly in the movies—

A shadow passed his stateroom porthole. He rose softly and slipped in bare feet to the door, which he opened a crack. Only the few men of the watch were up, absorbed in their duties.

Dorn peered cautiously into the adjoining stateroom, which Binturn occupied. Within a beam of light whipped around—a flash light. The light disappeared. Dorn backed into his room as the other door opened enough to let a dark figure slip out.

Curious, Dorn crept soundlessly after the retreating shadow as it disappeared behind the deck house. Hugging the wall was the dark bulk, pointing the flash light over the starboard rail. His torch flashed on and off in a crude code. Dorn knew this, for, although the flashes were aimed in the opposite direction, he saw them reflected from the polished brass rail along the yacht's side.

Astern, to starboard, was a dark shape with all but cruising lights doused. Its muffled putt-putting betrayed it as a power boat throttled down. On board of it another flash light winked back in code.

Dorn was gathering himself to leap at the mysterious signaler when he was struck from behind by the smashing impact of a heavy body. Gropping hands seized his throat, and a triumphant voice shouted:

"Got you!"

## VII

At the first sound of the thump, scuffle, and outcry, the shadowy signaler darted to the stern rail, waving his flash in frantic arcs. Dorn raised his severely bumped



head in time to see the prowler step over the rail and jump from the stern of the rushing yacht. Even after he had struck the water and submerged, the fellow clung to his flash light. Dorn could see it bobbing and sinking far astern, while the power boat put on speed and dashed to the rescue.

Turning and struggling, Dorn was about to wrench loose and give battle to his assailant, when he recognized the bray as Binturn's voice.

"Binturn, let go!" he cried. "You've got the wrong man. You're letting that fellow escape!"

Binturn was as slow and heavy of mind as he was of body. Reluctantly he released his hold and relinquished his victory. There was suspicion in his voice as he released Dorn, demanding:

"What you doing out here? I waked up to see somebody sneaking out of my room."

"That's the fellow who just jumped overboard," cried Dorn, aggravated at the untimely interference. "I looked out and saw him slipping out of your door."

"Well, I came out and found you hiding here," grumbled Binturn. "How did you get here, and why didn't you grab him when you had the chance?"

"I followed him to see what he was up to," replied Dorn. "You jumped me just as I was going to spring on him. We're wasting time while he gets away. That power boat was following, and it's picking him up. They'll escape yet!"

This appeared quite probable, as the power boat was already scooting toward the eastern horizon.

Dorn tore loose from Binturn and ran to the man at the wheel. Addressing him, Phil ordered:

"Turn to the east, and pursue that power boat!"

"I have my course. That might be dangerous," protested the man, looking in the direction indicated. "Please call the captain, Mr. Tufts. I can't change the course without his orders, sir."

Captain Larsen was already bustling out, pulling on some clothes. When the situation was hastily explained, he shook his head dubiously.

"They're heading for the Michigan shore, and there are islands where they can dodge," he stated. "With their speed, they can outdistance us on a short dash; and it

will be a blind search in the dark, if they're trying to lose us—which they are. We haven't much chance of catching them; but if you say so, Mr. Tufts—"

"Never mind, then," sighed Dorn. "Keep on the original course. Turn out every one on board, and we'll see who's missing—although there's little doubt who it is."

"That fellow we picked up, of course," snapped Larsen.

A hasty counting of noses confirmed this foregone conclusion. Herron was the only person missing.

"Now that's a nice way to repay my offering to stake him to car fare back, the dirty crook!" grumbled Binturn, waddling about in his pyjamas.

He made a rather comical figure, but the chill night air reminded Dorn that he himself was similarly attired.

"Suppose you look through your things and see if he took anything," suggested Philip. "He was prowling around in your room when I got on his trail."

Binturn retired to his room and made a hasty search.

"That's mighty funny," he reported, emerging. "My money and valuables are all here. Maybe he was scared off before he could take them; unless—h-m!"

"I wonder if the fellow could have been after something else," remarked Dorn thoughtfully.

His lips closed over further speculation. Could this have anything to do with some business deal of Tufts's?

Captain Larsen again led his supposed employer aside.

"If you'll excuse my saying it, Mr. Tufts," he began, "I think that fellow was a pirate who thought a rich man like you would carry a lot of money around with him. The power boat you speak of must have been the one that passed us this evening, just before we sighted that fellow in the rowboat."

"They planted him there for us, all right," agreed Dorn. "Probably they put him overside in the power boat's tender, after making sure they were across our course. He probably shot the hole in the boat that made it fill when he saw us bearing down toward him. Good riddance! I don't think we'll have any more trouble to-night. It was pretty much like taking a shot in the dark, the way he lay in wait for us, wasn't it?"

"The What Cheer is pretty well known on the lakes as your yacht, Mr. Tufts," reminded Captain Larsen. "Sure you didn't lose anything?"

Thus reminded, Dorn thought of the roll of bills that Tufts had intrusted to him, and hurried to search his own clothes. He was relieved and puzzled to find his money untouched.

Larsen put a sailor on guard outside the rooms occupied by the owner and his guest. In spite of the blow on his head, the exciting midnight adventure seemed to have soothed Dorn's mind. He fell asleep, and slumbered late.

They raised Mackinac Island, at the crossroads of the Great Lakes, at noon the next day. Binturn elected to go ashore for luncheon, expressing a desire to have solid earth underfoot for the rest of the day. He invited the supposed Tufts to accompany him, and Dorn accepted, feeling that his employer wished him to maintain contact with Binturn constantly.

Having gorged heavily, the stout man sank with a grunt into a comfortable chair on the wide veranda of the big white hotel looking out on the roadstead. He was content to sit there and smoke the rest of the afternoon, being fatigued by the excitement and exertion of the night's encounter. Dorn preferred to keep on his feet after the meal, to stave off the possibility of accumulating fat.

After viewing the links, he strolled over and gazed longingly at the tennis courts, where some lively matches were in progress. Tennis was a game which he enjoyed as Dorn, but which was not suited to the rôle of Tufts.

On one court the playing of an agile, graceful girl attracted her attention. She was a lithe, active young woman of about twenty-five, whose charming countenance, with its regular features, seemed unaffected by the sun and the exertions of her strenuous game. A white Helen Wills eyeshade piquantly set off her dark brown hair, while white knickers gave her long, graceful legs full play.

Dorn found himself gazing at her in fascination as she concluded her game with a smashing ace, defeating a lively young fellow who was opposing her. As she strolled off the court, swinging her racket, her eyes met Dorn's eager gaze. To his chagrin, she walked straight toward him, her unfaltering gaze on him. Then, making his

heart flop alarmingly, she smiled dazzlingly and demanded:

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Tufts?"

### VIII

PANDEMONIUM broke loose in Stagger Inn at the moment when Ramsey Tufts was seized by one of the agents of the Anti-Crime Organization, who were egging on the regular policemen. Manager and waiters were battling with the unofficial investigators, who had tried to seize drinks at the moment when one of their number brought in the officers. This resistance was designed to give the customers time to dispose of any incriminating liquor.

"You got a nerve to grab my pal!" yelled Morgan, clubbing a mineral water bottle down on the head of the man holding Tufts.

The raider dropped heavily on the table, which capsized with a crash of glass. Two other investigators and a uniformed officer dashed toward the fallen man's assailant. Somebody turned out the lights.

"This way, Phil!" shouted Tracy, tugging at Tufts's sleeve.

The dancer herded the bewildered mag-nate and the two women toward a window. Kit had come to life at the first yell, and she led the way in jumping from the window to the ground. Morgan stood guard until Tufts had followed Loraine safely to the lawn. Then the little hoover hurried them toward the parked motors, excitedly demanding:

"Which is our car?"

"See here!" began the mail order king, but Morgan thrust him unceremoniously into the driver's seat, beside Loraine, who had jumped to the wheel of Dorn's car.

Tracy practically threw Kit into the rear seat, and then he stood in the driveway while the car was backed out of line. Tufts's heart sank as a husky man ran after them, crying:

"Hold on there, you! We want names—witnesses!"

He was almost upon them when Morgan, without warning, performed a common vaudeville dancing evolution. Throwing himself forward on the palms of his hands, he turned a lightning cartwheel. His shoe soles landed heavily on the man's midships, knocking the pursuer flat.

"So's your old man!" reminded Morgan, springing to the running board as Dorn's car dashed into the night.

Loraine let it out as soon as they had cleared the lights around the inn. There were sounds of pursuit behind, and she sent the car speeding along the dark country highway. This was totally unfamiliar territory to Tufts, who remained silent, in spite of his uncomfortable conviction that they were dashing northward.

"Hey, Phil, give me the oil can!" requested Morgan, leaning forward and tapping him on the shoulder. "Give me the hooch, before it gets you into any more trouble!"

Registering repugnance, Tufts passed back Morgan's flask. He was glad that Loraine had not trifled with the stuff, for she was pushing the speed indicator past fifty. Ordinarily this would have caused Tufts to protest loudly, but just then it seemed in keeping with the other events of the night. To his surprise, he had no feeling of alarm. He was getting into the spirit of the adventure.

Presently, however, he ventured a mild opinion that they were traveling in the wrong direction.

"Oh, be yourself!" advised Loraine. "The night's young. I know my way. I'm taking a roundabout course to dodge pursuit."

Tufts subsided, wondering how a roundabout route could lead persistently in one direction. The sky was overcast, and he had no moon or stars to give him a clew to the course they were taking. An hour of furious driving took them through farming country, darkened, unfamiliar villages, flat land, and clumps of inky black trees. Then the car slackened, and finally it stopped on a stretch of road in sight of a farmhouse.

"Out of gas," announced Loraine, following an examination. She made this uncomfortable fact public in a calm tone, and added: "You ought to have filled your tank, Phil."

"For crying out loud!" commented Kit sleepily, just as Tufts was about to say that he always left such matters to his chauffeur.

"I guess you'll have to walk to that farmhouse and ask," sighed Loraine. "I'm sure I saw a light. Maybe they'll have some."

"Why should I?" Tufts demanded querulously. He did not relish that quarter-mile walk in the dark. "Let our hoof-er do it. He's younger."

"Who? Me?" asked Morgan. "Where'd you get that younger stuff? 'Raine said you just looked older. I may be a hoover, but I don't throw my dogs when I got a bean. We ride there. Wait a minute!"

Clambering out, he stepped behind the car. Returning, he ordered Loraine to try the engine. Following an uncertain hesitation, life throbbed feebly in the motor, sufficient to propel the car along toward the farmhouse.

"How did you do it?" inquired Loraine.

"I poured most of the hooch into the tank," explained Morgan. "Nearly broke my heart, but it beats walking."

When this expensive fuel sufficed to carry them to the gate outside the farmhouse, Loraine ordered the supposed Phil to go to the door and ask for gas. She honked the horn loudly as Tufts timidly approached the door. An electric light flashed on over the portal.

"Gee, I thought apple knockers used candles!" exclaimed Tracy Morgan.

A cross, suspicious man opened the door a crack.

"What's the idea, waking us at this hour?" he began belligerently. Abruptly he checked his tirade, peered unbelievably at the face under the light, and then, in a tone of incredulous apology, he blurted: "Why, if it isn't Mr. Tu—"

"S-s-sh!" implored Tufts, in agonized appeal, taking a step forward to silence the recognizing cry.

"Come right in," invited the farmer, swinging open the door and revealing himself in a nightshirt draped over his trousers. Tufts bolted in and shut the door. "Don't you remember me, Mr. Tufts? I visited your plant two years back—Herman Bucholtz, remember? Think of seeing you here!"

"Herman, I'm going to ask a favor," said the magnate, giving the handclasp that had built up his business. "I'm going to ask you to keep this a secret. A young man I trusted in my organization fell into the hands of a woman. I learned of it, and went out to save him and suppress the affair. They don't know who I am, and I want you to keep quiet about this. I'm taking him back to the city for another chance. We ran out of gas. Could you supply some?"

"Sure, Mr. Tufts," promised the farmer. "You're lucky I was just turning in after putting away the flivver. Ma's in bed.

Her and I just drove back from seeing a picture and having some chop suey over to Milwaukee. Look at the dining room set, the lights, the pictures on the wall—all Tufts. I'll get you the gas right away."

"And don't mention my name," admonished Tufts.

A pleasant glow was battling with his anxiety. His personality had won this man.

"You must have hypnotized him," commented Loraine. "I told you folks Phil was a live one when he began hitting on all six!"

"Where are we?" asked Tracy, when the countryman had refueled their tank.

Bucholtz stared.

"Don't you know? Why, you're about fifteen miles west of Milwaukee," he informed. "Good night, Mr.—er— See you next time!"

"In Wisconsin, eh?" commented Loraine, as she drove off. "Phil, it's lucky you aren't some rich old millionaire."

"Why is it lucky?" inquired the magistrate apprehensively.

"Be yourself!" she chided. "If you were, wouldn't you be a mark for a scheming girl you'd spirited from one State to another?"

A shiver ran down Ramsey Tufts's spine. He was a rich old millionaire, and therefore a mark. He forced a laugh.

"But you spirited me," he corrected, trying to carry off lightly a situation which seemed loaded with the alternatives of prosecution or blackmail.

"I suppose that if we cross the line back into Illinois, it makes a second case," mused Loraine. "Oh, dear, what shall we do? Better keep in this State until we can think it over."

"Aw, step on the gas and get somewhere," urged Morgan.

Loraine stepped. The car burned up the road at a rate which startled the young-man-for-a-night. As they flashed through a village, where lights shone from only one building, the engine was roaring and the wind whipping furiously in his face. A glance at the speed indicator caused Tufts to shout remonstrances in Loraine's ear, and then to force her foot from the accelerator. At his sharp order, she relinquished the wheel.

They had just changed places when a motor cycle shot alongside and a uniformed arm reached in to grasp Tufts's wrist.

"Come along!" said the man in blue. "Turn around!"

"A hick cop!" exclaimed Morgan, seizing the policeman's arm and trying to push it from the car, while Kit beat at the man's hand.

"For that, you're all arrested," announced the speed cop, whipping out a service pistol. "Back to the lockup!"

Ten minutes later the mail order king and his unwonted male companion were booked at the village lockup. The two women were allowed to sit in the room where the desk sergeant presided at the telephone. Ramsey Tufts, millionaire and reformer, was thrust into the lockup's only cell.

## IX

FORTUNATELY for the respectable Mr. Tufts, he had not transferred any of his personal belongings to Dorn's suit when he donned it. At that time he had not expected to leave Phil's apartment. When Loraine Cuyler lured him out, he had stopped only long enough to take money and a watch. Dorn, conscientiously guarding details of his dual rôle, had always barred identifying marks from his garments and personal possessions.

"Call yourself Dorpf," whispered Morgan, as they were herded into the police station.

Tracy announced himself as "Morgens-tern," and addressed an easy, ingratiating "*Wie geht's?*" to the sergeant. The latter replied coldly that American was spoken there, already.

When the two men were shoved into the general cell for overnight guests, a shadowy form huddled in one corner moved slightly and emitted a groan. Tufts's overtaxed nerves tautened, and he shrank involuntarily. Tracy Morgan, pushing from behind, reassured him:

"It's only a souse sleeping off his still. Don't you get the bouquet? Maybe you expected a private *suite de luxe*."

"Vot time iss?" quavered the man in the corner.

"What difference does it make? You aren't goin' anywhere," rejoined Morgan. "It's 4 G.M."

"Four? *Am morgen?*" cried the man, now dimly visible by the corridor light. He buried his face in his hands, moaning: "*Ach, vot vill mine Gloria, mine Pola, mine Bébé, und mine Colleen do yet?*"



"Listen, brother," commanded Tracy, staring at the disheveled man in overalls. "Have you been entertaining the motion picture industry? To whom do you refer—all them faintly familiar names?"

"Mine cows," explained the prisoner. "Pansy gives them such names yet. Comes milking time now, und I ain'dt!"

"Came the dawn," corrected Morgan.

In his distant youth Ramsey Tufts had been a farmer boy. Sympathy for this bedraggled agriculturist stirred him.

"You don't seem so worried about Pansy," Tracy said.

"Worried from her yet," corrected the man. "Off her will I catch hell ven I *heim gehe*. She sent me on the village here to get a money order off the post office, from the money she saved off the butter and eggs—"

"Aha, I suspected you was a big butter and egg man!" accused Morgan. "You spent the dough stepping out. Young man, let this be a warning to you to shun wine, women, and song. So you gave her the fifty thousand dollars?"

Loud disclaimers from the other prisoner greeted this accusation. The sum was only twelve dollars and thirty-five cents. On the way to the post office he had encountered two cronies, who had treated to two rounds of *schnapps*. Feeling under social obligations, he had bought another round. From that point his memory grew hazy. There were more rounds, some matching for dollars, complete evaporation of the sum intrusted to him, and a fight which landed him outdoors. Then he had fought with the cop who tried to send him home, and had landed in a cell. There he had slept until the newcomers joined him. Remorse gnawed his mind.

"You're lucky to be able to put on such a big party for only twelve thirty-five," commented Morgan.

"But it was Pansy's, for a swell *kaffee-klatzsch* set off Ramsey Tufts," protested the man, in a tone which meant that that explained everything. "She wanted she should have like all the other neighbor women got, a *kaffee-klatzsch* set off Ramsey Tufts."

"That's the hicks' mail order concern, huh?" asked Morgan. "You say it like there wasn't any other."

"Everybody here buys everything off Ramsey Tufts by mail," stated the farmer simply. Tufts's heart warmed to this loyal

soul. "Wait, I should show you. *Ach*, if I loosed dot catalogue, I don't dare went home! Sergeant, can I at the Ramsey Tufts catalogue look once, or did I loose it maybe?"

"You hung on to it through everything," grinned the sergeant, coming in response to the anxious call. He handed over the thick volume he carried. "I was reading it. Think I'll get that No. 1141. Some value, that. What was you doing with it, Gus?"

"Pansy made me took it *mit*, so Henry Schmalz, the insurance man, could copy off it the order right on the typewriter," explained Gus. "Look, fellers—here is!"

Eagerly he held it to the feeble light.

"This is a sketch!" barked Morgan. "Listen—'This elegant and dainty set—' Ain't that the cat's?"

"What's funny about that?" snapped Tufts, restraining a desire to shout that it was a correct description.

"You act as sore as if you was this old whiskers himself," scoffed Tracy. "'Elegant and dainty'! So's your old man!"

"Sergeant, Gus here ought to get home now to milk his cows," spoke up Tufts, turning his back angrily on the companion of his revels. "Could I go his bail until he 'tends to it?"

"Sure, if you want me to peel fifty off that roll I took off you," replied the sergeant. "I was wondering why you didn't offer cash bail for yourself."

"I'm not accustomed to being arrested," enlightened Mr. Tufts, so simply that the others laughed.

Gus—his name was Gus Landsmann, of R. F. D. 3, he insisted on informing his liberator—hurried away after profuse thanks and a promise to return for arraignment. Tufts ignored the suggestion to post cash bail for his party. It involved too much recording. He preferred waiting a few hours longer, paying a fine, and getting away. Moreover, the lockup was the only place open at that hour, and he urgently craved immediate rest. With a shudder, the master of millions stretched himself out on one hard cot, his head pillowed on the Tufts catalogue.

Before court opened at nine o'clock, Tufts and Morgan had been allowed to send out for a good breakfast, a barber, and collars. As the genial sergeant let them out, he suggested:

"Better leave that catalogue with me. Might not go easy if Justice Hamburg saw

it. He used to have a little store, but he run it so bum that it failed; so he blamed it on the big mail order houses crushing the little stores. Campaigned on it as the poor man's candidate, and got to the Legislature once. Then he got elected a J. P. He said he'd like to get one of them fellows up before him—particularly this Tufts. Tell Gus I'll keep it till he gets out."

Ramsey Tufts was in a nightmare trance when he was led before the justice of the peace in the front room of the latter's drab cottage. Justice Hamburg, a lean-faced man past middle age, ceased pulling his ragged red mustache and stared in a startled manner as the accused speeder was arraigned. He rose from his official desk, ignoring the policeman's statement that the car license was recorded in the name of Philip Dorn.

Almost choking with excitement, the justice ordered the defendant to step into the adjoining dining room. Closing the door, he exclaimed in a queer voice:

"Well, Mr. Tufts?"

### X

BESIDE the tennis courts at Mackinac, relief surged over Philip Dorn at sight of the bewitching smile which lighted the girl's face as she addressed him as "Tufts" and asked if he did not remember her. When she had marched toward him so determinedly, he feared that she had mistaken him for an ogler, and was going to denounce him or call for help. Instead, she had approached with the most engaging demonstration of welcome.

"Oh, how are you?" evaded Phil, taking the small, firm, warm hand that was extended. What he wanted to say was: "No! Who are you? I don't know, but I'm desperately anxious to learn."

Inwardly he was berating Tufts for permitting this masquerade to go beyond the limits of the offices. It was safe enough, with the stage all set, to maintain an illusion for visitors in a five-minute period; but when the pretense was carried outside that setting, they ran the risk he had now encountered—the risk of meeting one of Tufts's social acquaintances. And this charming one, of all persons!

"You don't remember me," she accused, with feigned anguish and reproach in her voice. "And to think that all these years I have cherished the memory of the moment when you clasped me in your arms!"

Amazement and fierce, unreasoning jealousy contracted Dorn's brows and tugged at his heart when he heard this. So this was what that sly old hypocrite, Ramsey Tufts, did! He went around hugging beautiful girls—and this particular girl, at that! The shameless old fraud who had assured Philip that there were no women in his life, when he insisted that there should be none in his double's.

"I'm Ann Pirie," she prompted hopefully, withdrawing her hand, which he had forgotten to relinquish. "I'm a niece of Foster Kimball."

"Oh!" exclaimed Philip, contriving a smile intended to signify that the incident was coming back to him slowly.

"Don't pretend! You just don't remember," she accused. "Probably you've held so many girls since then that a single instance doesn't leave any—"

"Not one, I assure you," protested Phil. "When—"

"It was more than fifteen years ago," laughed the girl. Dorn laughed with her now. "I wasn't quite ten. Remember? Oh, disillusionment—you don't! It's as plain in my memory as if it were last week. Uncle was sick. You called at the house. I was visiting there that day. Their green maid left you standing in the hall. The house had a lovely banister rail, down which I slid. I popped off the end, bang—against you, and you clasped me in your arms!"

She brought this last out with mock impressiveness. Phil sighed reminiscently, and asked:

"Do you happen to know if there are any good stair rails here?"

"You *have* changed!" she cried. "You were more embarrassed than I, that day. When they told me, after you had gone, that I had nearly bowled over Ramsey Tufts, I could see that I was supposed to be terribly impressed; but I wasn't. I just thought of you as a rather nice man. You look precisely as I remember you—not a day older. I've been on the lookout for you to-day ever since somebody identified your yacht when it came in. Then I heard you had lunched here."

They were walking back together toward the hotel, she talking eagerly, he listening quite as eagerly, to patch out his information concerning her. Somehow it seemed quite natural. Somehow they both forgot that he was supposed to be more than twice

her age. The young fellow of the tennis match had been left behind, forgotten.

Some acquaintances move at a snail's pace, some at the speed of a racing plane. By the time they had reached the hotel steps, Phil and Ann were on the friendliest terms. She was staying there with a Mrs. Clayton, who was continuously engaged in bridge, and who had modern views about letting girls go their own gait. Ann inclined to sports. She was about to dress for golf. Did Tufts golf? He did, and would be pleased to join her.

They parted. Phil hurried out to the yacht, donned one of Tufts's sedate golf costumes, packed a bag with a change, and took it ashore, together with his employer's sticks. They completed the course by dusk, contesting every hole fiercely, and were old friends when they left the last green.

When they returned to the hotel, Phil looked around for Binturn. Just as he caught sight of his cruising guest on the veranda, another man, who had been talking to Binturn, walked away. Phil had only a fleeting glimpse, but he was certain that the fellow was the soft-handed fake farmer who had visited the Tufts offices, and later had followed him to the yacht club landing on the preceding day.

Dorn hurried to join Binturn, hoping to get some light. His guest said nothing about the strange man, and Phil decided not to ask.

After dinner that night Phil found himself strolling out with Ann Pirie. Mrs. Clayton was immersed in bridge, and the girl had been left to herself. There was a dance at the hotel, but she evaded the hopeful invitations of several dashing young men, and had no difficulty in encountering Dorn. His invitation to stroll was accepted without urging, and with no word to suggest that dancing was too strenuous for him.

A moon was shining that night, making a romantic setting for a stroll. They walked up to the historic blockhouse, a relic of 1812. The old sally port, with its roughly plastered arch, seemed an ideal place for lovers. The moon cast inky shadows there, while there were brilliant ripples on the water, where the lights of small craft twinkled. Odd-shaped ore carriers and grain boats slipped by in the dusk, from Lake Superior, bound for Chicago, Cleveland, or Buffalo. Staring out on this modern activity, and recalling the fact that

here, a few centuries back, had been a wilderness where Indians lurked, stood the statue of Père Marquette.

"What a man he must have been!" breathed Ann, looking up at the dark figure standing erect on its tall pedestal, straight as an arrow, in spite of the enveloping priestly robes. "He had the courage to strike out into the wilderness and beat his own trail. He could have lived softly and safely, and nobody would ever have known his name; but he dared, he took a chance, and he lives in history. That's the kind of man I admire—one who dares to be himself and do something to make a name, rather than living in ignoble comfort. Marquette was a pioneer, just as you are in your field. There's a catch phrase that has been popular, and it's so good that it oughtn't to be allowed to become cheapened—'Be yourself!'"

Philip Dorn was suffocating with bitterness, which silenced and stifled the endearments that he had been nerving himself to utter. Blindly he rose and started away, with Ann accompanying him, perplexed and almost ignored.

A fury of resolve was rising within him. He was not himself, but he was going to be himself as quickly as he could effect his release from the coils of this deception which was the price of his living softly and safely. He did not want to live softly and safely.

Answering his silent challenge to fate, there came a swift and almost soundless rush from behind. Two pairs of muscular hands seized him, choked him, and dragged him from the shaded path.

## XI

WHILE that instant of surprise was upon him, his two assailants rushed Dorn into the shadows under a low-hanging, heavy-branched tree. Wrenching himself loose from one thug, he turned like a wounded tiger upon the other. Instantly the man whom he had flung off whipped out a pistol, which he jabbed viciously at Phil.

"Stick 'em up!" he snarled. "Up before I bore you!"

His weapon was prodding Dorn's side. To resist was suicidal, but Dorn was in a mood to take a chance. His hands were raised reluctantly, brushing a leaf. The thug with the gun moved around until he faced Dorn squarely, with his pistol an inch from Phil's chest. The other fellow, who

had not released his hold, pressed against Dorn's back, holding his left hand gripped about the victim's throat, while his right hand searched Phil's pockets.

"Make a move, and I'll send a bullet through you!" promised the gunman tensely.

"If you do, it will go through your pal, too," reminded Dorn.

Involuntarily the searcher let go and stepped away, while the gunman backed a pace. At the same moment Dorn leaped straight up, grasped the thick bough just above his upraised hands, and in the identical movement swung forward in a furious double kick. His toes caught the gunman on pistol hand and stomach, sending him doubled up in a heap.

Promptly Phil swung backward, kicking blindly, and landing a chance kick on the second man, who was rushing him. Then he sprang at the gunman, who was clawing in the grass for his weapon.

This fellow darted off into the shadows cast by the clump of trees, and vanished. His accomplice disappeared in the opposite direction, when Dorn turned on him. Phil started to plunge after him, but hesitated when he saw Ann. He could not desert her there.

She had started toward the struggling trio, pausing, alert and spellbound, while Dorn repulsed the pair of footpads. She stared at him as he stood there, disheveled, his glasses broken and gone—a fighter. Then she came toward him, admiration shining in her eyes, and cried:

"You were splendid! I was afraid a man of your age—"

"I am not of my age!" Dorn interrupted harshly, unreasonably. Hot words of explanation trembled on his lips, but he resolutely curbed them, and went on: "You have mentioned swimming each day before breakfast. I will join you to-morrow morning."

They walked away in silence, and parted with only a formal "good night." Dorn was burning with resentment—and with love. To-morrow he would show Ann that he was not "a man of your age"—even though his contract forbade him telling her the truth.

Before breakfast the following morning they met at the diving board. In her snugly fitting swimming suit, Ann's lithe, graceful figure was even more alluring than before. She could scarcely veil her surprise

as she noted Phil's firm, muscular arms and legs, freed from the severely conservative garments of Tufts's wardrobe. This was not the figure of a middle-aged man; nor was there any lack of youthful virility in his take-off from the board, after she had risen from a soundless dive. However, even for athletes, a brief time in that icy, crystal water was enough. The instant reaction set hearts to pounding.

That day was devoted to refuting silently the suggestion that he had passed out of young manhood. Phil walked clear around the island's rim before luncheon, with Ann, and beat her at two strenuous sets of tennis in the afternoon. Then he took her out to the What Cheer for tea on board, while the yacht slowly circled the island.

Shining waters, beauty on all sides, blue skies with cottony clouds! Dorn determined to tell her that night—to tell her everything. Yes, night would be the best time, when the moon was casting its spell, and when there would be pleasant, romantic privacy.

Binturn had accompanied him back to the What Cheer, silent and reflective. Although he had not intruded on Dorn's interludes with Ann, he was constantly in sight about the deck.

Phil asked Ann to dine with them on the yacht, promising to take her ashore safely at a reasonable hour. Observing ancient proprieties, he offered to include Mrs. Clayton, although Ann assured him that her nominal companion could not be lured from bridge at night. Ann accepted the invitation with shy happiness, and Dorn expressed pleasure, saying that there was something he wished to tell her that evening. His manner left little doubt as to what he had in mind, nor did Ann seek to evade.

Dorn went ashore in the tender, and sent it back with flowers and special dainties purchased for the dinner. The sailor was ordered to return with the tender at half past seven, to take his supposed employer out to the What Cheer in time for eight o'clock dinner.

Alone at last, Phil hurried to the telegraph bureau, looking for any disguised message from Tufts. Upon his arrival, the preceding day, he had reported by wire to his employer's attorney, Burdick, giving the yacht's location, as he had been instructed to do. There was no message for



him, so Dorn went off in search of Mrs. Clayton.

She proved difficult to locate. All that Phil could learn was that she had gone to an afternoon bridge in some residence, and would return for dinner. He waited, and she slipped by unobserved, coming down only when she had dressed for dinner.

Mrs. Clayton proved to be a large, jolly woman who had no desire to desert bridge for dinner on a yacht, and who scoffed merrily at the idea that a chaperon was needed in modern times. Probably she suspected that she would be "a crowd." Moreover, she may have had matchmaking designs on the wealthy Mr. Tufts favorable to Ann Pirie, although the latter was herself of a well-to-do family.

Hurrying back to shore, alone and on foot, Dorn went out on the pier in general use—a pier flanked by coal heaps and waterside shops. Dusk was settling down, although it was still light enough for a plain view of the roadstead when he reached the end of the pier.

He stared unbelievably. No tender awaited him, and the yacht was leaving. Already the *What Cheer* had put distance between herself and her recent anchorage, and was speeding away on the return route, toward Chicago—carrying off Ann Pirie.

Determined to pursue and overtake the yacht, Phil scanned the few small boats that were passing. These either were too slow, or were inward bound, and they paid no attention when he waved commandingly at the most promising-looking.

Then a power boat swished rapidly from behind the shelter of the coal sheds and passed near the end of the pier, outward bound and invitingly close. There was something familiar about it, but all power boats look much alike, and Dorn was concentrating his attention on the retreating yacht. Immediate response rewarded his hail to the power boat, aboard which there was visible only one man—a pilot in goggles, who inquired:

"Want to go out to some yacht?"

"Overtake that yacht putting out away over there!" ordered Phil, jumping on board, and pointing at the rapidly escaping *What Cheer*.

With a rush of flying spray the power boat dashed away, and swiftly cleared the ring of small craft anchored in the roadstead. Dorn crouched between the goggled pilot and the closed door of the tiny cabin.

He thrilled to the rush of the whipping winds as they pursued the yacht. The roaring of the engine drowned lesser sounds, such as the opening of a cabin door, a step—

A stunning blow crashed down on Phil's head. Darkness engulfed his consciousness. He was out.

## XII

WHEN Ramsey Tufts was climbing to the pinnacle of success, he displayed qualities of quick thinking and hard fighting. These had been less in demand after he began riding the crest, but he retained them still. They had been slow in asserting themselves throughout his night of adventure, but they began rallying now. One look past the head of Justice Hamburg had steadied the mail order king to his usual self.

"The name is Dorn," he corrected calmly, flinching from an outright falsehood.

"Yes, Mr. Tufts, I know—also it was Dorpf," reminded the rural J. P., with an odd expression. "Maybe you've heard of me—how I lost my store, and put the blame on you mail order fellows."

"I have heard of you, Judge Hamburg," conceded Tufts, with a shade of reverence in his voice.

"Also you met me," reminded the justice of the peace. "Don't you remember, Mr. Tufts—at your office, last January?"

"Certainly, now that you recall it, I do remember your pleasant visit," beamed Tufts. "So many friends call!"

He could see that Dorn had made his usual good impression on Hamburg.

"Honest, Mr. Tufts, I don't see how you do it," cried the country magistrate. "I was down to Chicago then, and, thinks I, I'll give this octopus place the once-over. Well, sir, I saw a party of folks like myself go in, and I went along. That was an eye-opener, that tour of your plant. I saw more things I'd like to have. Then you come out and shook hands and called folks by name so neighborly that I changed my views. I see how everybody liked you and praised your stuff, and that you was just a big storekeeper who knew your business."

"I noticed immediately that you must have modified your opinion enough to send for some of our goods," observed Tufts meaningly.

His glance roved to the wall, on which was the etching "Colosseum by Moonlight"

—Tufts catalogue No. 831. He saw the golden oak dining room set, No. 457, with the *kaffeeklatsch* set at twelve dollars and thirty-five cents. Sight of these familiar numbers had restored Tufts's confidence when he entered the dining room.

"Sure! Why not?" demanded the justice. "I'm not telling the world I bought off you, but I do like what others do. Listen—losing my store was the best thing which could happen to me. I wasn't cut out for storekeeping. Failing there put me in public life. Then an insurance company gave me big territory. I'm making more money now than I ever did, and I kind of owe it all to you. Of course, I can't let on to folks here, after all I've said; but—how come you got pinched, Mr. Tufts?"

"Trying to help that young man, a *protégé* of mine," explained Tufts vaguely. "I had just taken the wheel away from him, after protesting against the speed at which he was driving, when the officer overtook us. If you really wish to accommodate me, judge, dispose of this case without publicity. I'll pay the fine, and you keep secret the fact that I was involved. How's that?"

"That 'll satisfy justice," ruled the judge. "I hate to soak—"

"Also there's a poor chap named Gus Landsmann, who's coming up for intoxication," suggested Tufts. "If you'll let me pay his fine, you might dismiss him with a lecture and tell him you paid the fine yourself, so as not to penalize his family for his weakness."

"I'll do that," agreed Hamburg, willing to win a free reputation for generosity on the bench.

Together, judge and defendant returned to the expectant court room. In the shortest possible time Tufts had paid his fine for speeding, and fines for his companions charged with resisting an officer.

"Thought you were fixing the judge when he took you in there," commented Morgan, when they were back in the sedan, starting away.

"You could see that Phil impressed him," reminded Loraine. "That hick judge was fairly apologetic when he fined him."

Tufts silently drove ahead in the direction in which they had been traveling, taking his time about deciding what to do. He had no desire to return through the region in which they had encountered such

hectic adventures. Some of his apprehension about crossing State lines had evaporated with the night. With day returned common sense. Still, he was anxious to part company with his companions as pleasantly as possible. His general idea was to circle around through the back country and drive into Milwaukee from the north.

They had motored silently along country highways for an hour when they heard a distant popping of shots.

"Sounds like the Fourth of July," remarked Tracy Morgan.

"Farmers driving off crows, more likely," corrected Tufts.

They had proceeded for ten minutes longer at the sedate pace that Tufts had set, when bushes parted beside the road a short distance ahead, where a sharp turn forced cars to slow down. A hatless man with a hard mouth, a granite chin, and roving eyes, stepped to the roadside. His clothes were spangled with briars through which he had forced his way. Over his shoulder was strapped a hiker's haversack.

"Give us a lift," he demanded impudently, stepping forward and raising his left hand commandingly.

"No—the car's full," protested Tufts, starting on.

Instantly the fellow sprang upon the running board and thrust into the car his right hand, which held a heavy automatic pistol.

"I've just bumped off one guy. Who's next?" he inquired, swinging his weapon to cover every one in the car. "I'm riding with you, see? Stop this bus. You, cutie, get in the back seat."

"Be yourself!" requested Loraine, to whom this order was addressed.

She spoke tartly, despite the menace; but she crowded into the rear seat with Tracy and Kit. The gunman frisked the two men for weapons, lightly feeling their clothes with a swift, expert touch. He pushed into the driver's seat beside Tufts, and jammed his weapon against the latter's shrinking side, covering the gun with his haversack.

"Head north, and push for the Michigan line, where I got a hide-out," ordered the bandit. "Whenever we pass any one, we're all little pals together, see? If any one tries to tip off anybody we meet, or makes a move, I'll kill Whiskers here and then fix the rest of you. You, back there,

I can watch you in the mirror, so don't try nothing. I told you already I fixed one guy who took a chance with me, so I don't intend to get caught. If you think I'm bluffing, look at this!"

Boastfully he opened the haversack for a moment, long enough for them to see that it was packed with neatly banded packages of money. Any one could connect this with the sounds of firing heard a few minutes earlier. Some country bank had been raided in the quiet hours following its morning opening, and this bandit had escaped after shooting a man.

Terrible hours followed for Ramsey Tufts. Urged on by the bandit, he drove rapidly northward, avoiding passing through towns. The gun muzzle snuggled against his side excused him from any charge of cowardice. The bravest hero would not have had a chance with that murderous rat.

When the car passed other machines, or houses, the bandit sat half turned, chatting with the rear seat passengers, and keeping every one constantly under his sinister surveillance. They lunched on frankfurter sandwiches and pop bought from a boy at an isolated wayside hot dog stand, but nobody had much appetite.

They were rolling silently along when suddenly the bandit turned on Tracy Morgan, as a suspicious move by the latter drew his attention.

Tracy was staring blankly, innocently ahead, and gently, tantalizingly shaking his silver flask. For an hour he had been fishing cautiously in the crack between the wall and the seat cushions, where he had parked the contraband when they were arrested for speeding. Jiggling the flask, he raised it toward his lips.

"Hey, what you got there?" demanded the outlaw.

"Aw, just a shot of Scotch," evaded Tracy. "Not so good."

"Gimme it," commanded the bandit.

"Have a heart," pleaded Morgan, with cunning reluctance. "It's only one good slug, and I need it bad."

"I need it worse," snapped the outlaw, snatching away the flask and taking a deep, hasty gulp. "Hell's bells, what's in it? Here, you, Foxy Grandpa! Take a slug of this, and prove it ain't poisoned!"

Protesting that he did not drink, Tufts took the flask. A prod of the gun overbore his hesitation, and he strangled down

a sip of the fiery liquor. With it went sugarlike grains which tasted bitter. The bandit, sputtering, was glaring suspiciously at him and swaying oddly. Tufts felt drowsy, and his head sagged. Instinctively he shut off his power.

"Damn you!" choked the bandit, staggering up and raising his heavy weapon. His eye was dull. "You've poisoned—"

Sunlight touched the black arc as the automatic swung down waveringly toward Tufts's head. A spurt of fire, a thunderous roar in his ears, and the mail order king pitched face forward into a fathomless sea of blackness.

Twilight and evening bells were in order when his heavy eyes opened again. He was in a bed. Beside it, cozily domestic in an easy chair, alone with him, sat Loraine Cuyler.

Closing his eyes to shut out the vision, he sighed. Possibly he was seeing things. Never since his boyhood had a woman sat beside his bed. However, thinking it over, the vision had been a rather attractive one. Cautiously he opened his eyes, and met the girl's gaze.

"You're all right? Oh, Phil! What a relief!" sighed Loraine, with genuine feeling in her voice, and touched his head with cool fingers.

"What happened?" demanded Tufts. "What am I doing here? Oh, that gunman! Where—"

"He hit you just as he fell asleep," Loraine replied. "You see, Trace tempted him to drink by pretending he wanted it himself; and he had slipped into the flask all those sleeping tablets that he took away from Kit. One was a dose. The bandit became suspicious as he felt the effect, and tried to shoot you, but he passed out just as he pulled the trigger. His aim was bad. I guess he couldn't see straight; but the gun butt pounded your head, and you fell forward. I drove on until I became worried about your not reviving."

"Where are the others?" inquired Tufts.

"After we tied up the bandit, we dumped him into the back of the car," she continued. "He slept like a log. We covered him with the rug, and parked in a secluded place while Trace walked over to a town. There he found out what the shooting was all about—a bank holdup back there where that fellow piled on board. Trace had borrowed a hundred from your

roll, and he bought a used flivver. We loaded the bandit into that, and Trace and Kit took him back to claim the reward. Trace thought it would sound better to say that they encountered the fellow while they were driving along by themselves. He thought you wouldn't want to be involved, and would prefer that to the real story."

"Then we're rid of them!" sighed Tufts, relieved.

"Don't forget that Trace got rid of the bandit," Loraine remonstrated. "They said that after they collected the reward they might follow us to Mackinac."

"Mackinac?" he cried. "What do you know about Mac—"

"You mumbled it several times while you were asleep," she explained. "I decided there was some reason why you wanted to go there, so I drove on up this way. I had to go slowly and carefully. People thought I had a sick man in the car. When I saw sunset approaching, I stopped here. This was such an attractive place, and looked so inviting for a night's rest, that I drove in. Told the folks here that you'd been knocked down and stunned by another car. They're very nice, and so sympathetic about my husband! That's you."

"Wha-at?" wailed Tufts, trying to rise. "We must leave at once!"

"It's all right, Phil," she soothed. "Be yourself! This is no French farce. You're not fit to go on. Drink this milk. Now go to sleep."

Tufts fell back weakly, and slept. His last conscious impression was of her gently kissing his forehead.

Tree top twitterings that heralded the day aroused him. Lying there, he listened to the birds' musical chatter as they discussed breakfast. Darkness was dissolving, and the new beauty of morning thrilled him. For minutes he luxuriated; then, remembering where he was, he rose cautiously. He was alone.

Hastily dressing, he freshened at a modern washstand, enameled, and with running water. A tin basin at the pump had served when he lived on a farm. This room was on the ground floor, across a hall from the living room, where he found Loraine asleep in a chair.

"You looked so fussed about being compromised that I left," she smiled, waking instantly at his touch. "Now that you're up, please clear out for awhile and leave

that room to me. I want to look my best at breakfast."

Sounds of quiet activity led him to the big barn. There he found an alert, pleasant farmer, busily engaged in milking. The mail order king was allowed to prove his boast that he could milk, but not before he had donned a spotless white duster and had observed precautions undreamed of when he was a farm boy. Fascinated by the enameled dairy with its array of shining, clever contrivances, he expressed his surprise.

"Why not?" demanded the farmer. "Easy to be progressive nowadays. Just order from Tufts, and the mail brings 'em to the gate!"

Pleasurable pride filled Tufts. At first hand he was learning how much he meant to the rural millions, how much he had done to make country life more comfortable.

When breakfast was served, Loraine appeared, looking as fresh and attractive as she had when he first saw her. She did the talking for both of them. The farm couple were considerate in restraining their curiosity.

It was late morning when the city couple left. As they drove off, followed by friendly waves, Loraine asked:

"Where away?"

"Does it matter?" smiled the mail order magnate.

Two days and nights of adventuring had wrought a change in him. Haroun-al-Raschid himself, snooping around Bagdad, never got a bigger kick out of his wanderings than had Tufts. Life was something more than piling up money and scoring business triumphs, he had rediscovered. Out here on the broad highroad life was full-flavored, a bit dangerous, with a dash of romance. He was in no hurry to end the episode then and there, when plainly it had not reached its logical conclusion.

"Not at all," rejoined Loraine, and quoted: "'Whither thou goest, I will go.' D'you remember that line? You ought to, having rendered it with great effect. It's from 'Polly of the Circus.'"

"Oh, really now!" he expostulated, staring incredulously at her perfectly serious face. "Surely you know what that's from originally!"

"Be yourself, Phil!" she admonished, provoked. "Certainly I know. Don't act as if I were a dumb-bell. Whatever business you've been in since you quit acting



has made you awfully serious. Can't you loosen up and play on a holiday?"

"I'm going to Mackinac," announced Tufts.

There he could change places with Dorn or put the car on the yacht.

Loraine offered no objection. Over the luncheon she fascinated him by the range of her conversation. It was in marked contrast to her talk with the two "ringers." Chameleonlike, she seemed able to adapt her conversation to her companions.

While he was driving along, in mid afternoon, she fell asleep, leaning against his shoulder. He found the contact rather pleasant. No wonder the girl was tired—she had sat up two nights.

This thought recalled his vague impression that she had kissed him good night. In spite of himself he smiled down on her sleeping face. Without warning, her eyes opened directly into his. Smiling, she patted his arm and snuggled.

"You aren't such a pill as you were the night before last," she commented. "I could almost learn to like you a lot, Phil!"

Shy, pleasant silence fell between them. It still endured when, after five o'clock, they reached the Northern Peninsula village opposite Mackinac Island. Tufts put in a long distance call, and got it through about six. Following twenty minutes of telephoning, he emerged from the booth, looking serious. Without explaining, he drove down to the water.

There was only a small launch available for hire. Promising to return within an hour for Loraine and the car, he put off for Mackinac Island.

As he rounded the end of the island, a thrill went through him. Ahead of him lay his own yacht.

### XIII

SPRAY flying from the prow of the leaping power boat revived Philip Dorn. Without giving any intimation of his recovery, he peered through his eyelashes. He was lying on his side, with his hands tied behind him. Two men crouched beside him, behind the pilot, shouting to make themselves heard above the racket.

"To the right!" yelled one man. "Pass that village, and then cruise slow along the shore till we get a signal. I had Joe phone over to Nick to drive along the shore a ways and pick us up, when I saw this bimbo waiting on the pier. Soft for us!"

"And then what?" demanded the other, and Philip recognized Herron's voice.

"We'll drive inland and stick him in an old mine opening I located," replied the other.

Philip knew Herron's companion, too—the soft-handed "farmer" who had spoken to Binturn. He concluded that the trio on the power boat had been watching him when he went out on the pier. The timely offer of a lift to the yacht had been no chance passing. They had rushed out to lure him aboard and overpower him. They were going to take him across to the mainland, the Northern Peninsula, and hide him in a mine shaft. Undoubtedly they had mistaken him for Tufts.

What was it all about? Something sinister. This must have been why Tufts sent him out—to decoy danger away from himself.

"There's a car following along the shore road," cried the first speaker. "Must be Nick. See, it's throwing its searchlight at us! Wave, Herron! Steer toward shore. Gimme a hand, and we'll hoist this bozo, ready to drag him ashore. Hi! Look out!"

He was too late. As he turned, Phil rose from his knees in a head foremost spring.

"Take a chance!"

Ann Pirie's words rang in his memory. Perhaps the automobile was not driven by one of the gang. It might carry a neutral, whose attention he could attract before it was too late. Anyway, he could not fare worse than he had.

Taking the other fellow by surprise, Phil butted him in the middle, as he rose, with a furious dive. Caught napping, and standing unsteadily on the shaking deck, the man reeled back and collapsed heavily on the back of the unsuspecting pilot.

Phil was on his feet, which were not tied, and two backward steps carried him to the roof of the tiny cabin. Herron rushed at him, and was almost upon the apparently defenseless prisoner, when Dorn grasped the top of the cabin with his bound hands, and sat on them. Instantly his feet flew up, catching Herron a sickening jolt under the jaw.

The gangster sprawled back, bowling over his fellow thug, who was struggling to rise from the pilot's back. The three went down in a tangle of legs and arms, fighting wildly to their feet just as the rushing

power boat rammed its nose ashore with a terrific jar.

About the boat there played the blinding glare of an automobile searchlight. In it Philip saw the three gangsters rising from the shoal water into which they had been hurled. Guns leaped to their hands. What was behind the glaring light?

Two shots barked out of the darkness ashore. Herron screamed and flopped across the power boat's prow, holding his pistol hand.

"Let that guy loose!" shouted a strange, masculine voice. "Drop that rod, or I'll drill you like the other goof!"

"Phil, Phil! We're here!" cried a feminine voice, vaguely familiar. "Let him alone, you brutes!"

The searchlight switched toward the thugs, leaving Phil hidden in darkness. Wavering, the pair started to raise their hands, when another car dashed past and halted. Taking advantage of this diversion, the unwounded gangster and the pilot suddenly darted over to the second car, shouting:

"Nick! Go!"

With a roar of engine and a pattering of shots, this car raced off. A pair of soft arms encircled Phil, supporting him, while the feminine voice commanded:

"Come here, Trace, and cut Phil loose. He put up that battle with his hands tied. Some fighter!"

"So's your old man," retorted the man who had fired on the gangsters. "Wait till I frisk this bozo. Got left at the post."

From Herron the strange man took a knife, with which he cut Phil's bonds.

"Why, it's Loraine Cuyler!" Dorn suddenly exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Be yourself, Phil!" she retorted. "What do you suppose? Looking for you, of course! Trace and Kit decided to rejoin us, after they had turned that bandit over to the sheriff; so they drove up after us. They landed here half an hour ago, and found me wild because you hadn't returned from Mackinac. After all the queer things of the last two days, I was afraid something had happened—and apparently it had. We cruised along shore, looking for a fast boat to take me across, and we saw this one making for shore; so we drove down to meet it, hoping to charter it for a return trip. Imagine our amazement when the searchlight showed you!"

"What 'll we do with this egg, Phil?" demanded Tracy Morgan.

Dorn gaped. This stranger knew him well enough to call him by his first name! Well enough to fight for him, too!

"Let's tie him and chuck him in the cabin," suggested Philip, finally finding his voice. "Help me float this boat. I want to overtake a yacht that's running away."

"You're a glutton for trouble," grunted Tracy, heaving the groaning Herron into the power boat's form-fitting cabin. "After two nights of just one damned thing after another, I should think you'd had enough. However! Yo-heave!"

Their united efforts dislodged the power boat from the bottom. As Philip leaped to the wheel, Loraine climbed beside him, directing:

"Trace, you and Kit take care of the car. I'm going with Phil, to keep him out of trouble."

"Great grief, Lore, you mustn't—" Dorn began.

"Be yourself, Phil!" she commanded. "I'm coming along, even if you are cold to me. You certainly experienced a quick change since this afternoon. That sleeping powder must have affected your memory."

"I was hit on the head to-night," he temporized, seeing a way to get information. "I can't remember. What's happened these two days?"

Briefly she outlined Tufts's surprising adventures—Dorn's, as she supposed. Phil listened in amazement. Apparently his employer had passed through exploits as strange as his own.

"Phil," continued Loraine, "maybe you know what this is all about, but I'm going to tell you something that possibly you don't know. Since this affair to-night, I can see that there's something criminal about all this. Didn't it strike you as a peculiar coincidence that I should pop out of the past and call at your apartment that particular evening? It wasn't just a coincidence, Phil. I'm telling this regardless of the cost, so that I can undo any harm I may have done unwittingly. I was sent to your apartment that night."

"Sent?" echoed Dorn. "By whom? Why?"

"That's the worst of it—I don't know," she confessed. "A theatrical agent sent for me. I really came from Cleveland expecting an engagement, but he said I was too late. After making sure that I had known

you in Bard's Stock, he told me to come back, as he was expecting a man to call up—a man whose name he did not know. When I went back, this man was waiting. He took me outside, paid my expenses, and gave me a hundred dollars, with a promise of four hundred more in a week. All I was to do was to force myself on you and keep you diverted for three or four days—keep you shadowed, in fact. I don't know why, and I'm ashamed of my part, but I needed the money, Phil. That's all I know, if it will help in solving any puzzle you may have. That's why I kept driving away from the city. Of course, the rest was purely accidental."

Dorn did not answer. His gaze was on a dark shape putting back toward Mackinac. It was the What Cheer, with Ann Pirie on board.

"Lorraine, would you mind crowding into the cabin with that fellow Herron for a few minutes?" he asked. "Here's his gun."

With an inquiring look, she complied, shutting the door. Phil steered straight for the approaching yacht, and hailed:

"What Cheer, ahoy! Stop and take me on board!"

Pursuing, he came alongside as the yacht slowed to a stop. No one aboard appeared to be interested in his approach. There was nobody in sight as he steered up, except one man waiting at the side ladder.

This man was Ramsey Tufts.

#### XIV

SPEEDING out to his yacht, Tufts had encountered his own tender steering for shore, and had transshipped to it. The surprised sailor concealed his curiosity about his employer's apparent change of costume, and the hired boatman, well rewarded, sped off to do some spending on the island. Except for the man on watch, the deck was deserted when Tufts boarded the vessel.

He stepped immediately into his cabin. He ordered Captain Larsen summoned, and hastily changed into fresh clothes—white ducks. Noting that one such suit was missing, he guessed how Dorn would be attired.

When Larsen came to the door, Tufts ascertained that Binturn was on board, and then ordered full speed for Chicago at once. He shut off his captain's hesitating protests by closing the door. Soon the yacht was under way. Philip Dorn would

understand, and would adapt himself to the changed situation, realizing that the real owner must be aboard. Anyhow, Dorn did not matter. Tufts wanted urgently to reach Chicago.

He had arrayed himself to his satisfaction when there came an imperious knocking at his door. Opening it, he faced a gloriously beautiful and very angry young woman.

"Mr. Tufts, the captain informs me that you have ordered full speed to Chicago!" she cried indignantly. He nodded, wondering. She stamped her foot. "This is outrageous! Inviting me to dinner and then carrying me off without warning! Order the yacht back, at once!"

Tufts had been ordered about enough in the last forty-eight hours. Her tone and words aroused his stubbornness.

"Sorry, but those are my orders," he said coldly.

At the same time he was shaking inwardly with a strange emotion. Heavens, how beautiful she was in her indignation! How she affected him!

Abruptly the girl turned and darted away to her stateroom. Tufts heard the door slam and the key turn. Shaking off the spell she had thrown over him, he sought out Binturn.

His stout guest sat placidly smoking on the observation deck. Tufts greeted him immediately with—

"Len, we're heading back for Chicago. I just had Burdick on long distance. He says that Gearing is due back to-morrow."

"Ramsey, you've kept your word not to mention anything to me on this trip, but something came up when I was ashore," replied Binturn. "A fellow spoke to me on the hotel veranda—claimed to be a reporter, and asked me point-blank if we'd closed any deal. I refused to answer. Did he get his tip from your organization?"

"Not from us, Len, as far as I know," protested Tufts.

Binturn nodded belief. They smoked in silence for a time. Again Tufts was struggling in the grip of emotion. That girl—how she moved him! He yearned to lay his name and fortune at her feet. To turn back meant losing the business deal, but what did that matter?

Abruptly he left Binturn and went to her door, where he knocked, announcing:

"I am ordering the yacht back, for your sake."

Silence rewarded this. He turned away and gave the countermand to his puzzled captain. They were racing back when the hail came from the approaching power boat. Tufts recognized the voice, and ordered his crew to the opposite side of the yacht, in order to let Dorn come aboard unobserved. Together the two men stepped into the owner's cabin, duplicates in appearance, even to discarding their glasses. Briefly Dorn reported.

"Your secret—the fact that you have a double—is out, I believe," he said. "Otherwise why was a watch set on both of us? My guess is that somebody who was after you for some reason knew that you had a double, but he wasn't sure which was which. I'm willing to wring the facts out of this man Herron, if he knows them; but you'll have to take me into your confidence, Mr. Tufts. I've been taking chances in the dark too long!"

Tufts nodded. Briefly he told of the threatening letter. Dorn demanded to know how Binturn figured in the matter. His employer reluctantly explained about the efforts to buy out Binturn & Gearing. Ordering his employer to remain in the cabin, Phil started out. At the door Tufts stopped him with—

"That girl on board—who is she?"

"Her name is Ann Pirie. She's a niece of your friend Foster Kimball," answered Phil. "To-night I intend to ask her to marry me."

"I forbid it!" stormed Tufts. "Your contract—"

"Nothing will stop me," stated Dorn coldly.

"We will see!" asserted Tufts, when the door had shut.

## XV

DORN led Loraine to the side stage, saying:

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. Help yourself to that fourth stateroom. Dinner ought to be ready soon."

He crowded into the power boat's cabin, and, turning on the battery light, addressed Herron.

"Your pals have left you behind to be the goat. Come clean, if you don't want to go up for several serious offenses! You know I can send you away or let you go free. Why were you gunning for me? Was it that contribution to the Anti-Crime Organization?"

"Hell, no!" replied Herron. "We don't take that outfit seriously. You ought to know that gunmen don't go after guys as high as you. We knock off one another. All I know is that we was hired for heavy sugar to make you think your life was in danger, so you'd stay away from Chi. You was sent a letter which was to start the scare, and we was to keep you worried for all this week, until we got word to lay off."

"Why did you search that man on the yacht?" demanded Phil. "Why did you take the chance to get on? And why did you signal?"

"My orders was to get on, find where you was going, and signal this power boat," groaned Herron. "This boat ought to cruise near shore, and we wanted to know where to look for you if we lost you. I was to search Binturn—sure, I knew his name—to find out if he had a signed agreement to sell. I didn't find none. We tried to search you for one on the island. Finally, when you fell into this tub to-night, we was going to hide you, to keep you away while a deal you was on went the other way. It was all a business bunk to make your stock drop and some other concern's go up. A crook who rigs the market framed it, and was playing to win both ways. I know this much—he bought the tip for five grand off a guy in your office—a guy named Langley. That's all I know. Do I get off?"

"Yes, go," urged Phil. "Now that we know, I think we won't worry about those other gunmen."

"They'd better worry, leaving me like rats!" snarled the man. "They can't hide from me; and when I find 'em—"

Phil released Herron, and went aboard the yacht, where he watched the power boat scoot away. He had settled that. Striding to Ann's stateroom, he found the door ajar and the place empty. He hurried aft, where he saw Tufts's white figure standing beside another. The millionaire was pleading:

"Ann, I want you! I'm a lonely man. My wealth—"

"No, no!" she protested. "This afternoon I did think—"

"Don't listen to him, Ann!" interrupted Dorn, brushing his employer aside. "I am the one who loves you, the one you love!"

Amazed at the spectacle of two men apparently exact counterparts suing for her



hand, Ann hesitated for a moment, and then, with a little cry, she turned to Phil and seized his arm.

"Your heart told you which was which," Dorn said. "He is worth millions, while I am only his hired double; but I will not stand silent and let him take you. I am through being him. I am going to be myself. I'll have to start all over, but I am only thirty-five. Somewhere I can make good under my own name, and—"

"Be yourself, Phil!" cried Tufts, unconsciously quoting Loraine's phrase. "You're not leaving me, even if we are going to drop the double. I've had enough pretending, too; and I'm not going to let slip a man who had nerve enough to defy me, and who has kept my confidence into the bargain. There's a place in line for head of the West Side plant ready for—Philip

Dorn. As for this, Ann knows that it was only a moment's madness."

He went forward, meeting Binturn, who announced that he would wire Gearing to wait until they returned. Tufts nodded absently.

One does not start proposing after a lifetime's restraint and then stop on a single failure. From a stateroom stepped Loraine Cuyler, saying:

"You look more like yourself now!"

Ramsey Tufts had taken his practice swing, and missed. The next time there was to be no failure. Dinner was waiting, but he led Loraine to a dark, deserted place on deck. The moon was shining, casting inky shadows.

Presently Loraine's voice, not at all rebuking, cried:

"Be yourself—Ramsey!"

THE END

## THE TYRANT

Oh, love, thou tyrant from the skies,  
What wouldst thou have from me?  
I did not know thee in the guise  
Thou didst assume, nor yet surmise  
That love could ever be  
So sharp a thing that seemed so sweet,  
My master, once my slave complete.

Thy weapons are but fragile things—  
A maiden's eyes, a smile,  
A gentle hand, a word that sings,  
A glance, a fleeting blush that brings  
A hope that doth beguile.  
A foe like this one cannot slay;  
The wound would drain life's self away!

No pity dost thou feel or show,  
Whose smile is but for those  
Who conquer in triumphant glow  
Of victory, nor ever know  
Of long defeat the woes.  
Surrender no surcease of pain  
Doth bring, for tears and prayers are vain.

Oh, master thou of bliss and grief,  
Release me from thy thrall!  
I only ask from love relief,  
Since pain is long and life is brief,  
And love and life are all.  
My prayer is lost ere yet begun,  
For love and life, alas, are one!

*William Wallace Whitelock*