

10¢ **Book**

July

35¢





A Beautiful Study in Lighting

even if you don't concede it to be a fair study of femininity: It's really a style-undie photo, and the girls who make these

photos for the trade go down to posterity unknown. No, we don't know her name. She was snapped in a commercial studio by

Underwood and Underwood Photo.

10 Story Book

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GIRL PICTURES GALORE

The cover is Roberta Gale, screen player, and the back cover is the famous It-Girl herself, Clara Bow

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*This issue copiously illustrated by Charles O. Longabaugh,
Hazel Goodwin Keeler, Edouardé of Paris, Bert Whitman,
Famous Jo Metzger, S. Mahrea Cramer, Bruce
Patterson, and Archibald.*



PEACOCK ALLEY

by Ward Andrus Scranton

THE icy, February night wind whirled the fine, powdery snow in miniature spiral vortexes along the concrete sidewalk in front of the Tarleton hotel. A few lone pedestrians, coat collars turned up against the sub-zero temperature, walked backwards against the wintry blast that carried the tang of the salty Atlantic in its freezing bitterness.

The huge, uniformed doorman hugged the slight shelter of the ornate Corinthian columns at the side of the portico; suavely polite to all outward appearances, yet inwardly cursing the management that compelled him to brave this unaccustomed weather—curses too bitter to even allow him to notice the two girls standing, and talking animatedly, in front of the revolving doors. They were not “carriage trade,” anyone could have seen that at a glance. Their cheap, fur trimmed coats covered finery all too gaudy for the smug respectability of Tarleton patrons.

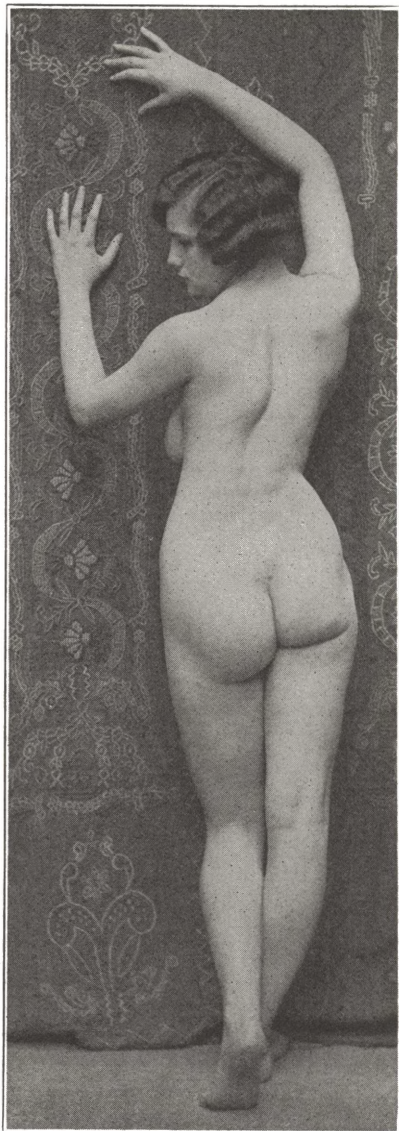
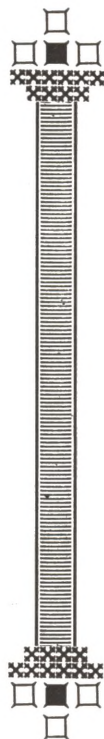
A loose, outer page of the Boston Transcript, caught in one of the freezing eddies, raced towards them, dodging uncertainly from side to side and ending in a tight embrace of one of the silk clothed legs.

“Damn” its owner muttered, between lips that were blue beneath the rouge. “C’mon . . . let’s make a dive for it!”

“Nix . . . wait.” the other cautioned in a hissing whisper. “His nibs ’ll grab you ’fore you get half through that turnstile!” And aloud in a voice meant for other ears: “I saw Mabel Cabot the other day. She has the sweetest new Packard roadster you ever saw . . . orange and green . . . and . . .”

An impressively black limousine whirled around the corner, sending the drifted snow in blinding clouds which were immediately captured by those miniature whirlwinds and whisked away. The doorman stirred, stamped his cramped

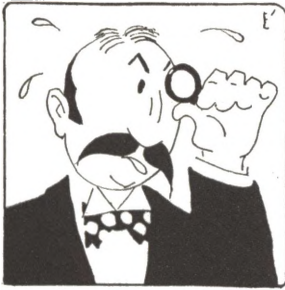
(Continued to page 4)



**Another
Study
in
Rugs**

*although you may, if you wish,
prefer the young lady in front,
who is there to set the rug pattern off. Her name? You'll
have to write to the International Convention of Rug
Exhibitors.*

P. W.



"My word!" ejaculates Count Onme, "won't one of you seventeen gents kindly get away from that new 1931 10-Story Girl Photo Revue for a minute and let me have another look at that bally picture on page five?"

(Continued from page 2)

feet and, as the automobile drew up to the curb, started forward. He paused for a second as he passed the girls and, with a disgusted gesture, ordered; "G'wan! Beat it, you . . . you street walkers!"

The younger one tugged at the other's arm. "Let's go, Ann," she begged, plaintively. The older girl shook her head emphatically. "Nix . . . I'm cold! It's warm in there. Wait 'till the big knob twister gets his hooks on that limmy door . . . he won't remember us for thinkin' of the dollar tip he hopes to get. Now . . . his back's turned . . . hustle!"

Inside, a gentle warmth, tinged with the somewhat stagnant odor of tobacco smoke, met them. They loosened their coats, shaking the fine snow particles from the tawdry fur and stamped the caked snow from high heeled shoes.

The small entry foyer was deserted. A long, wide, carpeted hall led to the hotel lobby, and, on each side of this "Peacock Alley," huge arm chairs and comfortable divans invited temptingly.

Half way down this hall, Ann stopped and dropped into an empty seat, tired but

not too exhausted to cross her legs carefully, and arrange her coat to flare open, inviting attention to a well shaped knee peeping forth from below the hem of her brilliantly colored dress.

The younger girl slouched down, dumbly. There was a haunted, scared look in the thin but rather pretty face, a face that was not improved by the indiscriminate use of make-up she affected. She was a newcomer in her profession, one could see that readily; one easily discouraged, probably already disgusted with the life and not hardened to its grim realities.

She did not exhibit her lower limbs—darned runs prevented even had she had the desire to do so.

"Buck up, Kit," Ann said. "We gotta talk and pretend we b'long here or we'll get the bum's rush out!"

"But . . . I'm tired. Gawd, I wisht I was home!"

"Yea? Alone, I suppose?"

"You're darned right."

"How you goin' to eat? Aw . . . you make me sick!"

"And these Johns make me sick! Haggle and bargain and tryin' to get a few free paws . . . feelin' you over as if they was buyin' a dog! Gawd, I hate 'em!"

"Well, kiddo . . . you shoulda thought of that before now . . . here comes a likely prospect . . . perk up!"

Ann turned and smiled slightly, expertly, as a well dressed man of middle age strolled past. The younger girl watched disgustedly, but also had to smile as the intended prey, unconscious of their scrutiny, continued on.

"Stung!" Kit whispered. "You can't make 'em here . . . too high toned!"

"Can't, eh? You just wait. Did I tell you of the John I got here last week?" She turned an animated face toward her companion: "He . . ."

"Yes," tiredly. "You told me twicet already."

"Yea? Well, we gotta keep talkin' so I might as well tell it again . . . if you see any Johns 'at look good, stop me." Unconsciously, a rouge stained powder puff appeared and dabbed accompaniment to the words.

"Yep. I got him right here and he was a detective, too. Friend of the head house dick, and stayin' here while waitin' for a job . . . they was goin' to fire the house dick's assistant."

Kit stifled a yawn. "Gawd," she thought, "Why does everyone have to talk shop? You get a broker, he talks stocks . . . a lawyer, he spouts about courts . . . and Ann . . . aw, hell!"

But the other girl was launched on her story. "Yep, he was a swell guy, too. Had a room on the sixth floor . . . tiled bath and everything. I got by the elevator boy O.K., but that damn nosey floor clerk smelled a rat and she sent the house dick around." Ann paused and looked at her companion disgustedly. "Say, you! At least let on your listenin'! You got a face like a Columbus avenue chambermaid! You . . ."

"Aw . . . lemme alone!"

"Yea . . . and get thrown out with you? Nix! Wake up . . . here comes a porter!"

Kit straightened up at that. The welcome warmth was beginning to penetrate her chilled, undernourished and abused body. It was comfortable here, while, outside, the blizzard still raged. Also, porters had a habit of sensing unwelcome visitors! So, with an effort she smiled tiredly and said; "Yes, yes. . . go on, Ann."

"Well, I hadn't gotten much more'n acquainted when a rap comes on the door. Say . . . I most died! But Harry he laughs and opens up. 'Twas the head

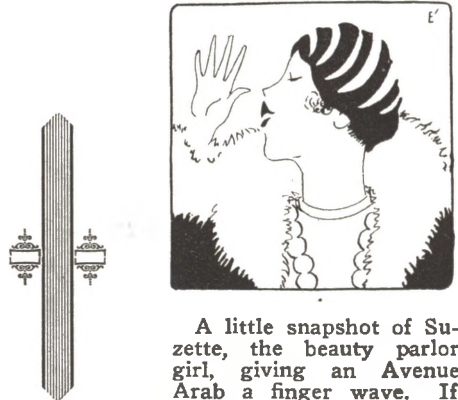
dick! He comes in and has a drink with us, but he wouldn't loosen up. 'I has to get out,' he says. The floor clerk had phoned the manager, and, if Harry wanted the job, I'd have to get. Harry, he slips me a dollar and says he'll see me again some place—that's what I call a real guy! Now . . . why, what's eatin' you . . . you look pale as a ghost!"

"That porter's talkin' to the desk clerk," Kit said. "He gave one look at us while he was emptyin' that ash tray, and then he beat it before finishin' his job. I'm scared!"

"Aw . . . forget it! They don't do no more'n they have to . . . you're gettin' skittish!" The older girl rearranged her clothing however, concealing a little more of her silken clad limbs.

Kit continued to stare down the long expanse of hall, dazedly, as if fearing what an unkind fate had in store. "Now the clerk's talkin' to a guy in a derby and pointin' this way . . . C'mon, Ann . . . I wanta go!"

The other girl leaned forward and looked in the direction of the office. Then she laughed happily. "We're all set, kid



A little snapshot of Suzette, the beauty parlor girl, giving an Avenue Arab a finger wave. If you'd like to see more of Suzette, friends, without spending ten bucks for a manicure, grab a copy of the new 1931 10-Story Girl Photo Revue.

. . . . it's Harry! He got his job, I guess. See ain't he handsome? Mebbe he's got a friend for you, Kit Oh, hello, Harry meet my friend, Kitty Darling she's why! what's the matter?"

"You bums gotta beat it!" the man answered gruffly. "This ain't a joint and you two dames aren't wanted!"

The girls stood up, one, rather shamefacedly sidling toward the entrance, the other brazenly giving vent to her characteristic temper. "Oh! so that's it high hat now, eh? feel your oats, don't you? Well, let me tell you somethin' big boy if I ever quit your pushin'. . . . I'm goin', ain't I? if I ever see"

The rest of the words were lost to the interested listeners in Peacock Alley as the revolving door swung around. As the outer half turned inward, a slight draft of chilled air entered, causing the house detective to shiver involuntarily as he turned away and, with a complacent smile, walked toward the lobby.

Outside, the wind whistled in an ever increasing cadence, and the almost deserted streets were a picture of lonesomeness and desolation. The doorman stamped his feet mechanically and watched the small, conical vortexes of snow rush past.

"It's a hell of a night to have to earn your living out in this cold!" he muttered complainingly.



And a Couple Extra Pads of Prescriptions

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Vance entertained a party of 16 friends from Akron at a Hallowe'en dance Tuesday evening. There were five doctors in the group, friends of their brother, Dr. Dan Fessler. Several came flaked and most of them were in costume. A good time was had by all.

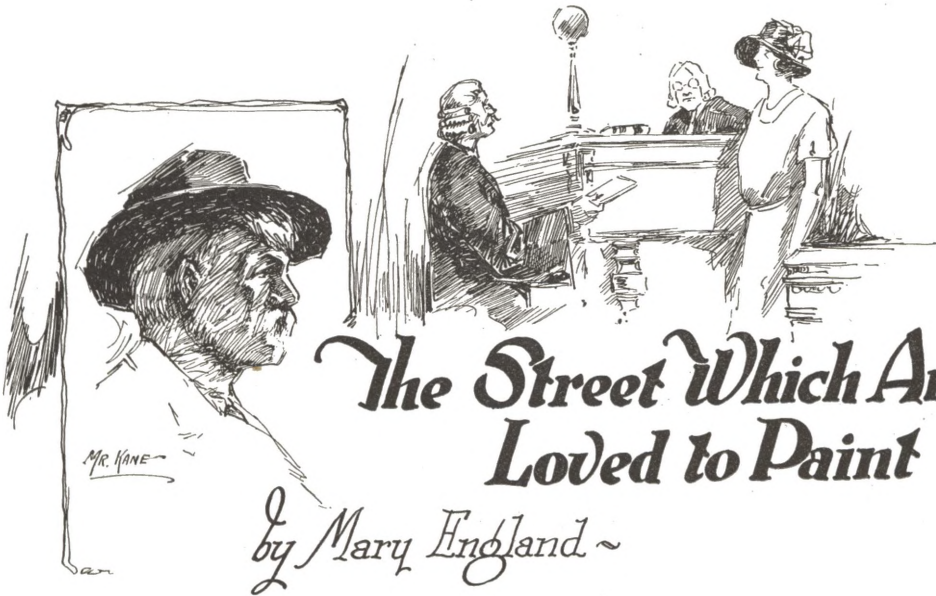
—Item in The Medina (Ohio) Sentinel.



A Ziegfeld Beauty

and her name is Elsi Behrens. Doubtlessly the photographer spent six hours draping his studio for this photo!

Underwood and Underwood Photo.



The Street Which Artists Loved to Paint

by Mary England ~

If I were to commence this story by saying that Mrs. Blissful had beautiful eyes, you would probably pass it over, as being "only another love story." Yet this is not a love story at all. In fact, Man only appears in it as an adjunct—one of the necessities of life, it might be said. I stress the beauty of Mrs. Blissful's eyes merely because, if you had passed her as she stood at the end of her Street you would probably never have noticed them, your attention being entirely claimed by her large, ungainly figure, her long voluminous skirt, and the immense checked shawl which she had drawn around her shoulders. Yet her eyes had lured men to Hell.

The Street of her abode was one which artists loved to paint—but would have hated to live in. It was composed of straight, uninteresting houses built of bricks which had once been red, and was rather a short cul-de-sac, off the main street of the City. At the far end it was bounded by a low brick wall, and its interest, from the artists' point of view, lay in the fact that over this wall rose, first, the trellisings of an utterly unromantic gasometer, and above and beyond that, towering upon its hill, the silhouette of the new and half-built cathedral.

If you wish to see the Street at its best, you must go to the Impressionist Exhibition held by Maudslay Young, where you will find his masterpiece, "The City," in oils. It represents a grey street, illumined by two rickety oil lamps, one at each end of the street on opposite sides, and in the pool of light dropped by one of the lamps a group of women in varied colors is shown sitting or standing on and around the steps of one of the houses. The imagination of the viewer is caught, and the balance of light and shade in this picture is well maintained, by the bulky masses of the gasometer and the cathedral looming blackly in the center distance and fading mistily away into infinity.

The Street has been painted, etched, and sketched, until it is world-famous; yet I doubt very much whether one in a thousand of the people who have admired it in Art know where it is in reality, or would see any beauty in it if they did.

* * *

Mrs. Blissful sat on her steps half-way down the Street, watching, with half-closed eyes, a little procession of women which ascended the steps of the house under the

(Continued to page 11)



***The Most Photographed Girl
in America***

*who has, so she tells us, enough prints of her fair self to paper her bedroom,
ceiling and walls. Vera Martin de Mueller—countess and beauty prize winner.*

V de M.



All Ready to Take a Dive

(no doubt back into her dressing room the moment the photographer has snapped the picture.) Her name is Dorothy Jordan, but you guessed that.

Herbert Photo.

(Continued from page 8)

lamp opposite. There had been trouble in the house with the lamp. The Street echoed with it. Groups of women stood or sat, some laughing openly, others pitying. Mrs. Blissful alone sat silent, and as she watched the years rolled backwards through her mind.

* * *

Backwards, to a summer evening in 1916. Mrs. Blissful and her crony, Mrs. Mason, stood at the end of the Street, hatless, wearing clean aprons, with their shawls worn loosely around them. Mrs. Mason had jet black eyes, black hair, and highly colored cheeks. She looked, and was, the type of woman that Mrs. Blissful too was, but did not look to be. According to rumor, they both had husbands—somewhere—no one but themselves knew where, if indeed they knew themselves. The children which, in the day time, played about the Street, bore various surnames according to their male parentage—not in itself of course a strictly legal proceeding, but who cares about a trifle like that?

Two soldiers passed, and the women halted for the merest fraction in their conversation. Mrs. Blissful smiled, and her gentle eyes looked wistful. "Home on leave?" she queried. "Yes!" The men stopped, obviously glad of something to break the monotony of their walk.

"It is good of you to speak to us!" said one of them, some twenty minutes later, "Some women are that queer!"

"Oh, well, of course," said Mrs. Blissful, smoothing her apron with work-soiled hands, "We should not dream of speaking to anybody in ordinary times, but soldiers are different. It is only kind to take a bit of interest in them, especially when our own chaps are out at the Front. I'm sure," she continued sententiously, "I'd be thankful to anybody who'd do the boss a kindness. What

about coming in and having a bite of supper?"

"Can you manage it, what with rationing and all?"

"Oh: we'll find a snack somewhere. We manage to sneak a bit in sometimes, don't we, Lizzie? Know a grocer who does us a good turn now and again."

The men turned in. Mrs. Blissful produced food, beer, and still more beer.

"By jove, missis, you're a wonder, you are!"

Mrs. Blissful smiled; she knew that already. A little later:

"You're looking right tired," she suggested, "Why not lie down on't couch, whilst Lizzie and me tidies up't supper things? There's another couch in't sitting-room where you can go and lay, me boy" she continued, turning to the younger man.

They were heavy with the beer, and were only too glad to fall in with the suggestion.

An hour later, each man half-awakened to find a woman shaking him vigorously. "Wake up, man! It's nearly time for you to be at the barracks!" Sleepy and only half-comprehending, the men obeyed, and the women escorted them to the end of the Street, wishing them "Good Luck" with much hilarity.

When they reached the house once more, Mrs. Blissful took down a vase from the mantelpiece. "How much?" asked Mrs. Mason, as the other emptied the contents on to the table. "About four pound ten," said Mrs. Blissful, counting.

"Ah, well! It's not a fortune, but it'll keep us going for a bit."

"Aye! And there'll probably be some more tomorrow—only we must watch the same ones don't come by again."

"Oh, well: If they do, we've never seen them afore. We've only to call the bobby down if they annoy us. He'll shift them on fast enough. Anyway, by the time they get



You'll stick close to this, too, friends, when you see the original model in the new 10-Story Girl Photo Revue. This cutie appeared in 10-Story Book some months ago, and in the 100-Girl Photo Revue now on the stands, you'll see her actual photo.

back tonight they'll be that heady they won't know where they've been!"

* * *

"Those were the days," said Mrs. Bliss-

ful reminiscently, as she sat on her step, "I got a bit of money put by then. Got run in once or twice at Dale Street for treating the men to beer, but what odds about that? It was worth it. A hundred pounds put by

it co-op I have, that nobody knows a thing about."

* * *

Backwards to the summer of 1920. The War had been so long over that soldiers with money loose in their pockets were hard to find. Mrs. Blissful was virtuously living in the Street as Mrs. Kane. Strictly speaking, she was not legally entitled to the name.

Lizzie Mason had departed. Her departure had been precipitous, owing to the fact that Mrs. Blissful had caught her in the act of trying to empty the vase for herself. On a previous occasion the vase had been found empty, and Lizzie Mason had been the one to suggest that "Somebody must have been in and pinched it" during their brief absence down the Street.

Mr. Kane was a quiet, nondescript man, so devoid of any appearance of distinction, intellect, vice, virtue, or even desire, that it would be difficult for an outsider to judge what he found in life. Presumably, in spite of appearances, he knew desire, for he lived with Mrs. Blissful for two years. It was a pastoral—with interludes; and at the end of approximately the thirtieth interlude he walked out of the house, never to return.

Followed a period of sorts, when Mrs. Blissful was literally "All things to all men." She washed for the vicar's wife, an introduction to whom she secured through her eldest girl, now in the vicar's wife's Monday night Bible Class. At the vicarage her blue eyes were pools of respect. She was the perfect trained servant, intelligent and willing, and the vicar's wife had no hesitation in recommending her to a friend who wanted occasional help. She "cleaned down" for a woman who styled herself a variety artiste, and as she made this woman's cup of tea on arrival and took it to her room, her eyes danced, and, if the women were alone, they exchanged reminiscences which would have secured her instant dis-

missal from the vicarage household could they have been broadcast.

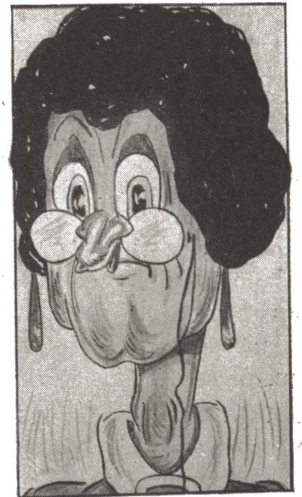
"Aye, those were the days," Mrs. Blissful would conclude. "Nowadays there's no money about, and what folks hasn't got they can't part wi'. Still, we just have to make the best of it."

* * *

"I managed to keep things going, even in those days," said Mrs. Blissful to herself, "What with Molly earning fifteen bob a week in an office, and Isa's maintenance money coming in reg'lar, and what I earned going out to folks' houses—I kept the home together, one way or another, though there wasn't much to spare when all had been paid for, and the rent often had to stand over!"

* * *

Backwards, to the winter of 1923. "Troubles never come singly, that they don't" said Mrs. Blissful as she came down



"Tsk, tsk!" said Arabella Adamzapple to Brother Bluenoze, the town reformer, "we must have that new 1931 10-Story Girl Photo Revue suppressed, as soon as you get through looking over that copy you've got for the tenth time you playful old dickens, you!"

her stairs. Molly had come home from the office with a sore throat some days ago, and the best Mrs. Blissful had been able to do had not mended matters. At last she had called in a doctor, and he had pronounced it double pneumonia.

"She must be kept in an even temperature, and not be left." That meant two losses at once. Mrs. Blissful must stop going out for days, and Mollie's fifteen shillings weekly was no longer coming in, though her firm would keep her position open. Of course there was her National Health Insurance, but what is that amongst six people? Mr. Kane too, was out of work, and had been for a long time, so that his maintenance allowance had lapsed. Mrs. Blissful was in straits, but she was not a woman to remain in straits for long.

"I'll go and look up Isa's father again," she said, surveying her almost empty purse. "See if he's landed a job again. He wouldn't call and tell me if he had—not he!—I know his kind too well!"

Elsie, the second girl, was just thirteen, and could be trusted to look after Mollie for an odd hour whilst she made her investigations. Mrs. Blissful dressed herself in a neat coat and hat and sallied forth at seven o'clock in the morning to Mr. Kane's abode. She knew better than to knock at his door, but secreted herself in an entry near-by, whence she could command a view of his doorway. At seven-thirty he came out, dressed in his working clothes.

"Ah! So you have got a job, have you?" said his one-time spouse, confronting him, "So what do you say about some money? Six months it is since I've had a cent. Do you suppose little Isa can live on wind?"

"I only started work this week," mumbled the man, "I'll let you have some money on Saturday, when I get paid, honest I will."

"Saturday! Hff! What's the good of that to me? How do you suppose I'm going to manage till Saturday? See! That's all

I have in the world" (showing him her purse). "I suppose you aren't living on love yourself for all your talk?"

Her voice was clearly audible to any passers-by, and Mr. Kane, looking fearfully right and left, put his hand into his pocket and brought out five shillings.

"There! Make that do till Saturday. You shall have some more then, honest."

Mrs. Blissful took the money and let the man go. Then, acting upon a sudden inspiration, she trailed him till he turned in to an estate of some sixteen houses which were in course of erection. She walked along pensively, not quite knowing how to act. There was a small wooden hut, marked "Temporary office" by the roadside, obviously connected with the estate, and outside its door two workmen stood, idly smoking. Mrs. Blissful looked at them. They looked at her, and they looked friendly.

"That Mr. Kane as I saw going in here just now?" she inquired in a confidentially lowered tone. "'As 'e been working 'ere long?"

"Oh! A matter of six weeks about," said one of the men, removing his pipe, and looking curious.

"Six weeks! Is that all?" enquired Mrs. Blissful innocently.

"Well! Happen two month. I couldn't say for certain. Was you wanting to speak to him?"

"Oh, no! Don't bother 'im just now. I'll be seeing 'im later!"

With which dark prophecy she hurried home, and on the way possessed herself of a pennyworth of stationery. Once home she reached for pen and ink. It was a difficult letter she had to write, and it all but exhausted her stock of notepaper. Once she had written it, she read it through many times, and finally carefully copied it out. The letter was mis-spelt, ungrammatical, and thumb-marked, yet it was a masterpiece of English literature, for it produced in the



"Come heah wid dat copy of de new nineteen thutty-one 10-Story Girl Photo Revue, niggah! Ah's gwine use dat volume to bribe de jedge when ah comes up fo' trial on dat chicken stealin' business tomorrow afternoon!"

minds of two entirely different types of reader the exact effect it was intended to produce in each.

Mr. Kane, to whom she handed it at five o'clock, as he emerged from work, it reduced to a state of profound and profuse profanity.

"I've got a copy of it at 'ome," she informed him, when he paused for breath, "And it's Dale Street I'm going to to get a summons against you. This letter'll show as I've tried to get you to act straight, so you better fork out as fast as you can. It'll fetch 'em."

It did "fetch 'em!" On the day her case was to be heard she took the child Isa with her, and no child was ever more carefully washed and dressed than Isa was that morning. Her appearance in court, combined with Mrs. Blissful's neat attire, superior, respectful manner and her affectionate letter, assuring her defaulting spouse that a faithful and loving wife only awaited his return

to make a home for their child; set against Mr. Kane's obvious perfidy and sullenness, won the day and an out-and-out cash payment of eight pounds for Mrs. Blissful, to be made the following day.

"Now," said Mrs. Blissful, as she left the court, injured virtue written largely on her face, "I must see the vicar's wife about getting a place for Elsie."

"Elsie's a good girl," she said in her interview. "She's a bit rough, but then she's only young, and she's a good girl. If I could get her into service in a real good house it would be the making of her."

"She is a good girl," assented the vicar's wife warmly, "And, if I may say so, Mrs. Blissful, you have a good family. They are a credit to you."

It was the truth. Whatever her sins may have been, she had allowed none of them to spoil her children. As many a man who has been poor in his youth and has made money

(Continued to page 17)



The Blonde and Brunette Of It

*or Rita Rozelle and Amber Norman demonstrating how to get the most ultra-violet rays
on the most girl flesh.*

Underwood and Underwood Photo.



(Continued from page 15)

afterwards, determines that his children shall have the opportunity he missed, so Mrs. Blissful, by a sort of vicarious goodness, a stranger to few vices herself, was yet fiercely determined that, so far as it lay in her power, her children should be "good"; and in those children's eyes she was a hard-working, clean and exemplary mother. In fact, they considered themselves above the other residents in the Street and barely mixed with them.

Mrs. Blissful's star slowly rose again. Elsie got a position in service which ensured her board and lodging, and a sum sufficient to keep her in clothes, so that, if she was not actively helping, at least she was independent. Mollie returned to her office, and gradually rose to the receipt of thirty shillings weekly. Mrs. Blissful stopped "going out" and found a new means of making money which, though not strictly legal, was lucrative. She might often be seen on her steps conversing with men, but her eyes bore no seduction now. Those days were over. She met men as a man among men. Slips of paper passed between them, and then money. Eager and furtive eyes watched the end of the Street for the appearance of plain clothes men or police. The plain clothes men were the more dangerous, for there was no limit to the disguises they might take. One even tried to place a bet with Mrs. Blissful, and only her shrewd suspicion of the stranger saved her from a heavy fine.

Then came Mollie's romance. She and Geoffrey met at a small dance, and the attraction was instantaneous. Geoffrey was older than Mollie, and in business with his father, running a chain of fruiterer's shops. He had a car, in which he took Mollie out. Mrs. Blissful opposed the match at first, but when she saw how very much in love her daughter was, she capitulated and went to the other extreme, fretting herself lest she should be an obstacle in the minds of Geoffrey's people. She was ready to make any

sacrifice in order that Mollie should be happy, but no sacrifice that she could make appeared to be of any avail. The man was easy to manage. It was after they became engaged, and when he began to talk of bringing his mother to see Mrs. Blissful, that she began to tremble. She bought paint and renovated the little house inside and out. She scoured and re-furnished. She even (crowning touch of all) had a modest black gown made specially for the occasion. Mollie was radiant, and as proud of her mother as though she had been queen.

When Mrs. Holland arrived, Mrs. Blissful reached the summit of her genius as an actress. She was the perfect lady in reduced circumstances, perfectly living on a reduced scale the life to which she had been accustomed in her better days. When, at the close of the visit, she led her guest up the spotless and shining stairs to the spotless bedroom, she apologized for the humbleness of her home.

"I can't bear to leave it," she said, and her voice trembled. "It was here my first husband died, and here my children were born, and I can't tear myself away. I have often thought I ought to do so for the children's sake, but it comes hard, and here I am yet." She wiped a tear from her eye. Geoffrey's mother looked round the room, and then looked at Mrs. Blissful. "Of course," the latter supplemented, with unconscious irony, "the Street has gone down a lot since I lived in it, and I hardly speak to anyone round here now."

"I think you are wonderful, Mrs. Blissful," said Mrs. Holland, "and Mollie is a darling." Mrs. Blissful breathed again. There only remained one fear now at the back of her mind—the possibility of blackmail on the part of any of her neighbors. It was a remote possibility, but Mrs. Blissful was taking no chances, and when, a few days later, a neighbor said casually:

"Your Mollie's making a swell match,

'ain't she?" Mrs. Blissful regarded her with well simulated surprise.

"A swell match! What do you mean, Mrs. Robinson? Plenty of swank, if that's 'owt to do wi' it."

"Oh: I thought he had plenty of money."

"Not a bit of it," said Mrs. Blissful disgustedly, "I had hoped she'd have done well for herself, but there she goes like a silly young girl, and throws herself at the first feller she come along with a fine suit on his back. I'll lay he spent every cent he has on that suit, and his mother too!"

"But he has a car!" persisted the neighbor.

"Not he! It belongs to't firm as he works for, and he borrows it now and again."

She quivered with such obvious indignation that the neighbor became all sympathy.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Blissful artfully, "I'll give her the best wedding I can, if it comes to that, you know. I'll not let her down, whatever he may do." "There," she chuckled, as her neighbor walked away, "I reckon I'm safe all right."

* * *

She sat upright with a jerk. The strangers were leaving the house across the road, and a woman stood on the top step talking to them. "Only twenty, Mary Dawes is," reflected Mrs. Blissful aloud, "Same age as me when my first baby was born—but triplets! Lord! She's got her punishment all right: Fashions has changed since I was young though," she continued, curling her lips with disdain. "They change in these things as well as in clo'es! In my young days you was an outcast, and nobody who called themselves anybody would come to look at you—but nowadays it's all different—Sunday-school folks, district visitors, parsons, and t'Lord knows what! Happen if anybody'd come after me like that, things 'ud have been different. Not," she added quickly, "that I'm regretting anything. I've had plenty of fun, and I've got a fine family. Seven of 'em I've had—two I've buried, and

five I've reared, and nobody can say a thing against any of 'em."

She rose, smoothed her apron, and waddled across the road to the Dawes' house.

"Well! You've had visitors I see," she said, jerking her finger in the direction of their departure.

"Aye," said Mrs. Dawes, a sour-faced, haggard-looking woman, who carried one of the babies in her arm.

"What they goin' to do for you?"

"They've got the babies into't Union. Next Monday they'll take 'em in."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Blissful, rather sadly, "and are you going to let 'em go?"

"I should jolly well think I am!" said Mrs. Dawes, "I can't afford to keep three of 'em, and I'm sure Mary can't. She's got to go back to work next week, and jolly lucky she is that her missis 'as kept her job open for her."

"Aye, that she is," assented Mrs. Blissful, and returned to her steps.

The universe, which for her had always had a background of babies, had suddenly become empty. There had not been a baby now for years. Isa was seven years old, and a big schoolgirl. There would never be another baby for her to hold. To be sure, Mollie had a little girl, but Mollie belonged to a new race of mothers. The Mollies of today did not sit on the steps to rock and nourish their offspring. They put them in a cot the day they were born, and trained them to sleep alone ("Aw, the poor little mite," mourned Mrs. Blissful). If the babies cried, they were not picked up, because they must be taught to amuse themselves. It looked as if there never would be another baby for her to hold, if this was the new-fangled way of dealing with babies. Mrs. Blissful's arms were hungry, desperately hungry. Was it for this that she had spent herself through all the years, sinning, thieving, blackmailing, lying and gambling on the

(Continued to page 21)



Dumb Kitty (seeing hole in shadow): "M'Gawd, I'm shot!"

Drawn for 10-Story Book by
Bruce Patterson



Some More
"Latest
in
Intimate Apparel
for
Milady"

the lady being Joan Marsh, screen star, and the apparel being the black silk undergarment purporting to be "the newest in combinations, fulfilling the purpose of a bandeau, corset, petticoat, and garters." So!

Underwood and Underwood Photo.



(Continued from page 18)

one hand, and bringing up her children in all the paths of righteousness on the other—to sit at last on a cold stone step, with empty arms, and never a baby to fill them?

"After all," she mused aloud, "What does a baby cost to keep? Not that much I'm sure—and there's plenty of baby clothes i't cupboard upstairs, of one sort or another."

She got up, and waddled across the road again. "I tell you what, missis," she called through the open door, "I don't like't idea of them kids going to't Union. I'll tek one of 'em off you, if you'll let me."

Mrs. Dawes appeared, haggard as ever, but with some of the sourness gone from her face; and after a long and whispered colloquy, brought out one of the babies. The young mother apparently was barely consulted. Mrs. Blissful took the baby, cuddled it in her arm, and waddled towards her own steps. Half-way across the road she stopped and looked down at the ugly little wizened, unwanted features.

"Aw, did they then," she crooned, "talk of sending it to't workhouse. Come to it's Mam, then." She swayed it gently, and her

face was illumined into a rare beauty. Gone were the vicious lines about the mouth. Gone was the furtive, scheming look—and so it was, standing in the middle of the Street, that a woman saw her.

"Excuse me," she said, approaching Mrs. Blissful quickly, "but I wonder if you would mind very much standing for a little while, just like that, so that I could make a sketch of you? I would pay you of course," she added, seeing Mrs. Blissful's expression.

"Wot, Me? STAND! Did you say?" said Mrs. Blissful. "Not likely! I'LL SIT, if you like, on them steps yonder."

So it is that, if you would see Mrs. Blissful at her best, you must go to the Ellerington Studios, where you will see "Lullaby" in water colors, the work of a woman artist, showing Mrs. Blissful in her clean white apron, with a baby in her arms, sitting on her spotless red-raddled steps, with an old grey brick house as background, and in her eyes, those wonderful eyes, the look which women have had all the world over when they have held a baby in their arms and been content.



One Way of Getting Even

GIRL MARRIES COP WHO ARRESTED HER

—Headlines in *The Greenfield (Ohio) Republican*.



DR. MANCHONCHE STEALZ

(Sure we know the author is very young; just a little boy. But so was Edgar Wallace, Harry Stephen Keeler, and E. Phillips Oppenheim at one time, and we publish this story so that Edgar, Harry, and E. Phillips can shake a little bit in their boots. The oncoming writing generation is coming on!)

CHAP. = 1.

FROM A hall in the beach hotel there came a Tall sturdy man walkin and A BUTLER. ANYTHING SIR. NO was the answer. the man walked into a private room closed it sharply behind him. HELLO SAID A MAN OUTSIDE TO THE OTHER. BY THE WAY WHERE DOES YOUR WIFE LIVE?

(ONE mans name was Mr. hielton the boss of the Detctives. the other WAS MrManchonche, a CHINESE MAN) the two were talking rapidly when out from the closet door a shadow of a man came mhm wonder who that is said mr. hielton. oh nothing said the other Ill go in and see said the man slowly but sureley he opened the door and in he went.

then there came a cry like this, HELP

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

*Specially illustrated by
Hazel Goodwin Keeler
and
Charles Oglesby
Longabaugh*

**BY
Billy Melton
Jr.**



**"MY JOOLZ ARE GONE"
CRIed MR. hielTon.**

DR MANCHONCHE STEALS

CHAP=. 2.

WHATS THAT SAID MR. HIELTON To MR. CROK FROM SCOTLAND YARD. WHY
iTs - iTs A CARD LOOK OUT DONT GO NEAR THAT DOOR ONE MAN DIS-
SEPERED A WHILE AGO. Look WHAT IT SAY'S ON THE CARD: SAID MR.
CROK

BEWARE!

GOOD LORD iTs SIGHned FROM NOBODY

DING A LING A LING. HELLO WHOS THERE OH HELLO
WIFE WHATS THAT YOUR PEARL NECK LACE GONE YES. GOOD Lord! BANG
MR. HIELTON SLAMMED THE TELEPHONE RECIVER. MORE BAD LUCK. QUICK!
GET ON YOUR HAT AND COAT!

MR. CROK DID NOT KNOW iT BUT SLOWLY FROM THE
CLOSET A HAIRY HAND WAS REACHING.

CONTiNUED
IN CHAP 3.

: ————— :

DR MANCHONCHE Steals.

DEAR-DEAR; TWO MEN GONE
MR. CROK. AND MR. ECHNOHCE
MMMMMM HAHahaha AAAAAA A
WHAT. WAS THAT A LAUGH. HE TURNED AROUND QUICKLY BUT NOONE WAS

THERE. QUEER. THEN BANG BOOM MR. HIELTON WAS KNOCKED OUT
NEXT THING HE KNEW HIS HANDS AND FEET WERE TIED HIS GUNS GONE HE
WAS IN A DARK HALL WAY. A GUN WAS POKED INTO HIS RIBS. WHERE'S
YOUR WIF'S RING?

A SHOT IN THE DARK
WHAT WAS THAT.

CONTINUED IN CHAP. 4.

DR. MANCHONCHE STEALS

CHAP. 4.

THAT WAS ME SAID CROK I SHOT THE GUARD AND UNTIED MYSELF AND
EXCAPED QUICK RUN WE'LL GET AWAY YET AH IM UNTIED NOW RUN. CLAP
CLAP THEY RAN DOWN THE HALL UNTILL CROK STUMBLED OVER A CHEST
THIS IS QUEER LETS OPEN IT LOOKI ITS THE NECK LACE, MY WIFES.

QUICK RUN ITS NO TIME TO TAKE IT DONT SOMEBODYS COMING ITS THE
BUTLER WITH A GUN LETS CATCH HIM

STICK EM' UP
HELP.

CONTINUED IN CHAP. 5

DR MANCHONCHE STEALS.

CHAP 5.

CONCLUSION.

WERE OUT AND GOOD NEWS IVE SOLVED THE MYSTERY. SEE HERE IT IS.

WHEN MR EHCNOHCNAM WANTED TO KNOW YOUR WIFES
HOUSE HE WANTED TO KNOW SO HE COULD STEAL THE NECK LACE AND HE
DID. AND WHEN HE WENT IN THE CLOSET AND PLAYED HE WAS BEING
CAUGHT IT WAS A FAKE. HIS NAME TURND AROUND IS MANCHONCHE SO
HE'S THE VILLIAN.

HERE'S THE NECK LACE AND BOY'S BRING THE VICTIM IN

PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON
CLICK.
EnD.



Must Have Been Awful Hot

*Three persons were killed by a hand grenade and
several women accidentally exploded Thursday.*

—Taken from an Ohio paper. (The Columbus Citizen.)



AS HE saw himself in the glass, Peter Austin thought, I am still as handsome at forty as I ever was. He backed away from the glass a little and stood there looking at himself. Then he made a wry face, went over to the table, and took up the monophone. He called a number, and presently he heard a voice at the other end of the wire.

"Jessica? I'm sorry, but I won't be able to get over tonight. Tomorrow, perhaps."

He put the instrument down quickly, so that he would not be able to hear her reproaches. Then he regarded the walls of the room in silence for some moments. He was thinking, Should I call him, or not? He walked up and down, from one room to another, wondering. It was seven years now, and somehow Peter Austin had never been able to forget.

At last he went back to the table, took up the telephone book and leafed through the pages to find the number of the hotel where he was staying. Then he called the number and asked for Mr. Michael Bourne. There was some delay, then at last came a voice.

"Michael?" he asked.

"Mr. Bourne's secretary. Whom shall I say is calling?"

"Peter."

"Peter?"

"Right!" Damn the fellow, anyway.

Now there was a longer delay, but at

last Peter Austin heard Michael Bourne's voice.

"Hello, Peter."

"Hello, Michael. How are you?"

"As always. And you?"

"The same. I should like awfully to see you tonight. If you can spare the time from your new book."

"Oh, I never work when I'm in the city, Peter."

"Well, come up, then. There'll be just you and I."

There was a pause which Peter Austin did not like. Then Michael again, "Say, about ten. Is that all right?"

"Any time you choose, Michael."

"Good. At ten, then."

Peter Austin went back to the mirror and looked at himself very attentively. He could not help reflecting how well he looked with a good tan. Thank the Lord for the summer sun, he thought. He went over to a little cabinet, where he turned on the radio with one hand, and took a cedar box of some proportions from a drawer with the other. He bent to manipulate the dials of the radio, so that the music would come clearer. He stood to listen for a moment. A pianist playing Debussy's *Clair de lune*. Now an announcer. Mr. Leopold Godowsky having finished, the orchestra would play the *Sacre du Printemps*.

(Continued to page 27)



The Latest in Intimate Apparel for Milady

being—the editor now copies it all off the photo caption—“a charming two-piece undergarment set of rose crepe de chine with lace inserts.” You’re more than welcome.

Underwood and Underwood Photo.

(Continued from page 25)

Peter Austin sat at his library table looking at the contents of the cedar box. He was taking out little packets of letters, and now and then a photograph or two. He glanced over Yvonne's letters, and he looked at a few phrases from Ronald's very indiscreet notes. After a while, at the bottom of the box, he came upon Michael's letters, and he set himself to reading them carefully, so as to be sure of all that had passed between them. He interrupted himself from time to time to give closer attention to the *Sacre du Printemps*.

In his hotel suite, Michael Bourne listened patiently to his secretary for five minutes, and after that, he shook his head and said, "No, Henderson, I really cannot bring myself to go. Please give Mrs. Colquhoun my excuses; say that I am indisposed. Tell her anything. I can't go, that's all."

"Mrs. Colquhoun made it a special occasion because she wished you to meet the Princess Bibesco."

"That's really too bad, Henderson, because I should like to know the princess. But if I go I shall be required to drink oceans of green tea, which I detest, autograph dozens of copies of my latest book, and deliver a speech on how I came to write that wonderful thing I had published last month—what was the name of it, by the way, Henderson?"

"*Love at Fifty*."

"Beastly thing. I refuse to go. Make my excuses and get something on the radio."

"Very well."

Michael Bourne listened avidly to an orchestra playing number two of the Liszt *Rhapsodies Hongroises*. Then he began slowly to dress. When he put on his cravat, he remembered that Peter had always commented on his bad taste in cravats; so he stood undecided for a time, taking up the one he liked least in the end because he felt certain this would meet with Peter's approval.

He finished dressing finally a little after nine, and he sat down to read *Le Temps retrouve*. He read quite rapidly, in spite of the fact that the French was rather difficult for him. Proust made so many grammatical errors, but his psychology was positively splendid. Presently he looked up from the book and called to his secretary.

"Is it Wednesday or Thursday that I speak to the Rotarians?"

"Thursday."

"Have I a subject?"

"Not yet."

"Very well. Please note that I will speak on Proust as the greatest writer of the twentieth century."

"To the Rotarians?"

"Yes, why not?"

"That is not very fitting, is it?"

"Really, Henderson, you annoy me. Why can't I speak on Proust?"

"I'm afraid Rotarians don't read Proust."

"Oh."

"Literature will not interest them much."

"Then why'd they ask me to address them, anyway? What do you suggest?"

"I thought you might speak to them on what Zane Grey has done for the American Plains."

"Oh, all right. But make a note of the Proust speech. I'll give that somewhere."

"May I suggest the Young Ladies' Literary Society of Oak Park? You address them Friday afternoon."

"Oh, very well. But, I say, Henderson, it's very likely they won't understand me at all."

"That's very likely. But I feel sure they would be disappointed if they did."

Henderson smiled, and Michael Bourne found himself smiling also.

Then Henderson's face cleared, and he said, "If you will permit me to remind you of the time, it is already five minutes past ten o'clock."

Michael Bourne jumped up. Henderson

(Continued to page 42)

THE GLASS VANT

BY H. F. JAMISON

MILAN D. COLBY, Jr., from the days of his early childhood, dare not be told that he must not do a certain thing; for then he would do that very thing in spite of the Abode of His Satanic Majesty—in spite of that famous personage Himself, and the combined opposing efforts of his subordinates in toto.

This characteristic trait in the young man's nature was what had caused the split with his own father—the same characteristic being the dominant one in that father—and the son had gone far away; so far away that he was on the other side of the world at his parent's death.

Finally reaching home, he found that he had inherited all his father's wealth, and this, being added to the fortune that he already possessed, he found himself a very rich man.

The only worthless piece of property he owned—that is, worthless as compared to some of his other holdings, was "Piedmont Castle," which lay back in the foothills at the edge of town.

A huge old pile it was, neglected-looking and sadly in need of general repairs.

The grounds were a tangle of vines, untrimmed shrubbery and rank weeds. The young man would have gladly given the "wilderness," as he termed it, away for a

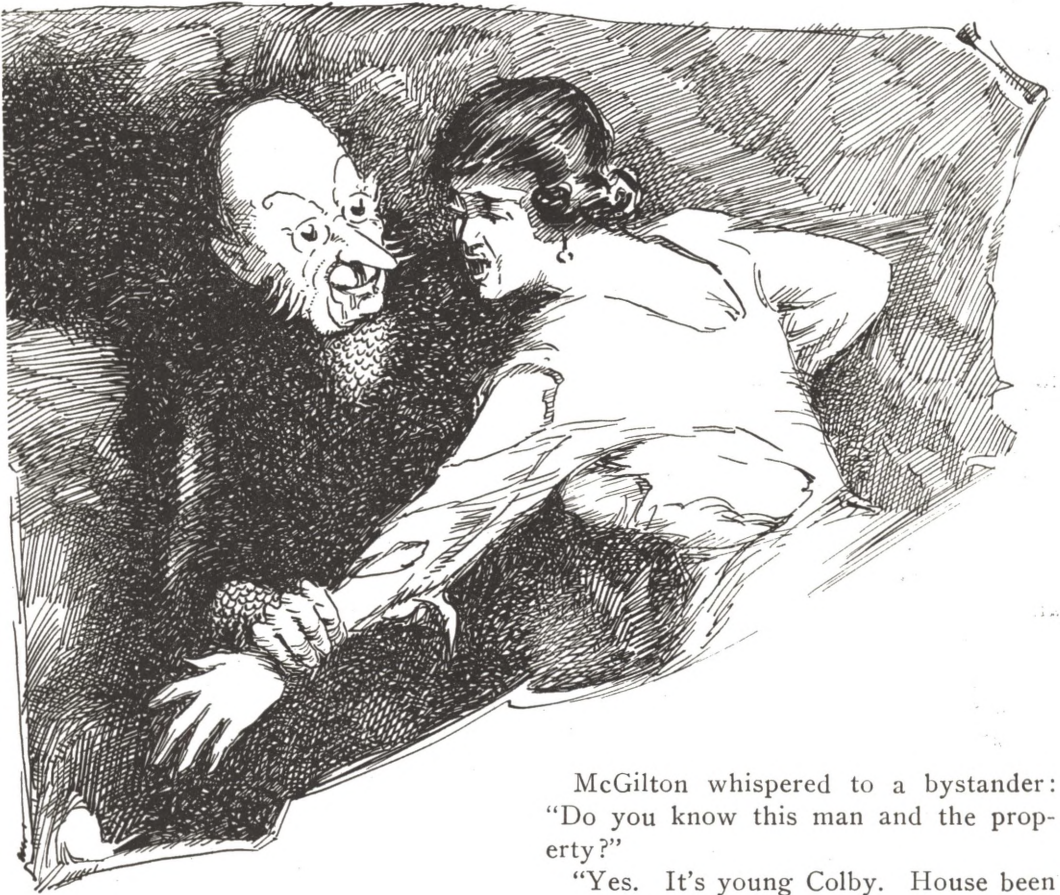
song and done the singing himself, as he had no need for the place whatever.

Nevertheless, he decided that it might bring him in a few dollars, so he accordingly advertised it for sale in the local paper. Then came an unsigned letter telling him to withdraw the offer at once, and he got busy.

On the street next day he saw "Big Bill" McGilton, auctioneer for the Tri-state House-wrecking Company, haranguing his wares. Colby's mind was made up. He would appear intoxicated and offer the place at public auction. He well knew that an instrument of writing given by an intoxicated person was not legal in that state unless confirmed by the maker of the same when "duly sober." Anyway, he would make the sale in open defiance of the writer of the anonymous letter. Then, if some worthy person bought in the property, he would confirm the sale when "duly sober," according to law.

Disarranging his clothing, ruffling his hair, and dropping his hat, he reeled up to the auctioneer's stand.

"Now, friends, we have only a few more pieces of furniture left, and it all must go. What am I bid for this fine oak dresser? . . . What?—'One dollar!' Oh, I see; you want stovewood. Wood-yard



right around the corner. Five dollars?—thank you, that's more like it. . . . Five dollars . . . who'll say six? . . ."

Colby staggered up against the platform. His impersonation of a "plain drunk" was perfect. His vest was two buttons out of line; his tie twisted around on his shoulder, and he was bareheaded.

"Shay—Mister aushioneer—'scush me. Got piece land wanna shell. Will you shellit for me?"

"I'll sell anything in the world, brother," McGilton answered. "I used to sell ice to the Eskimos. How much do you want for your land?"

"Don't make a-dam! Shell it. Here'sh the deed already made out—fill in name later after shale. It's 'Piedmont Cashtle'—folks 'round here know it, an' me, too."

McGilton whispered to a bystander: "Do you know this man and the property?"

"Yes. It's young Colby. House been closed for over a year. His dad kicked out in a hospital. The boy has been gone. The place's probably worth couple a-thousand—maybe more."

"Thanks," McGilton nodded and then turned to the crowd. "What am I bid for the famous 'Piedmont Castle'?—worth five thousand if it's worth a dime. The owner wants to get rid of it so he can go into the 'bootleg' business. What am I bid?"

The crowd laughed and yelled various wise-cracks at the auctioneer.

"He's drunk, Mack." "He'll want it back in the morning." "Deed no good, Mack, from a drunk man."

McGilton waved his hand for silence. "What am I bid for 'Piedmont Castle'?" "One dollar."

A voice of rare sweetness spoke the

words. The crowd turned and Colby beheld a face of such glorious loveliness that for a moment he forgot that he was "drunk." Then, collecting himself, he clambered to the platform and motioned with his arms.

"Sold!—Doc," he cried in a maudlin but positive way. "Sold!—to the first bidder!—to the little lady from Heaven, with the grey eyes and 'the skin you love to touch.' Knock it down to her, Doc—biddin'sh closed, gentlemensh."

McGilton raised his hammer. "All done? All through? One dollar once, one dollar twice, one dollar three times, and sold—to—" he hesitated—"to the little lady from Heaven with the grey eyes and 'the skin you love to touch.'"

Colby tried to climb down and make his way to the girl, but in his excitement and haste, he actually lost his balance and fell off the platform!

"The law in this state, Miss Graydon—and maybe in every other state for all I know—says that a 'note, deed, or other instrument of writing given by an intoxicated person cannot be collected, or any legal claim made upon it unless confirmed by the maker of the same when known to be 'duly sober.'"

"Oh, Mr. McGilton," laughed the girl, "you don't really think that I would take such a despicable advantage as that, do you? I merely did it to start the bidding and see the fun. I shall give him back the deed tomorrow. . . . But to continue the funny little joke; I'll sign my name in the deed as purchaser, and—let's see: it says here that for 'one dollar, cash in hand paid, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, and for other considerations'—now, what shall the 'other considerations' be?" She opened her purse.

"Here is my handkerchief and a wave comb, and also the dollar. I will leave

the deed here with you. . . . Have his wife sign also—if he is married."

McGilton pointed a finger at her. "Sly little minx!" he teased in that pleasing, familiar way he had with everyone from his long association with the public. "I'll wager a coon-skin coat that you know whether he is a single man or a 'convict.'"

"Cross my heart, Mr. McGilton; I never saw him before in my life."

At three thirty o'clock on the following evening, Dorris Graydon, the little school ma'am, had dismissed her pupils and sat grading some report cards, when there came a knock at the door and a voice outside both invited and accepted its own invitation:

"Good evening. . . . May I come in? . . . Sure—if you wish."

Young Colby entered and stood before the teacher's desk, hat in hand, head lowered, eyes abashed—looking for all the world like a disobedient schoolboy called up for punishment.

The girl looked up just enough for him to understand that she was aware of his presence, and then resumed her work.

"Miss Graydon, I've come to tell you how utterly ashamed of myself I am for yesterday. Had I known that you——"

The girl never even looked in his direction; just began filling her fountain pen.

"Mr. McGilton has your deed and will return it," she said coldly. "You may keep the dollar. Just return my handkerchief and wave comb, and the 'rue-back' will be completed. I had expected you before this, but I suppose your liquor supply held out longer than I had anticipated. . . . Let me see: Algebra 80—Grammar——"

"Miss Graydon!" His tones were sharp—commanding. "I am not the kind of person to 'rue back' anything. I only

came here to apologize for my condition yesterday. The deed I gave you has been confirmed and recorded. Here it is. I shall keep your dollar and the 'other considerations.' Piedmont Castle is now your property."

Dorris Graydon arose, a slight flush upon either cheek.

"I accept the apology for your condition yesterday, but cannot accept the sacrifice you made on account of that condition. What must you think of me?—bidding on the land as I did! My only explanation is that I have always had a mania for doing rash, impulsive things. When I saw how intent you were on selling the property, the spirit of adventure seemed to grip me, and before I knew it, I had made my bid. I shall deed the land back to you

the deed out before her. "See for yourself—'with all appurtenances thereunto belonging'—and the same has been duly recorded according to law in Vol. xxii, Page 428, and bears the seal of the County Clerk. And besides," he added, "here is your abstract and tax receipt. The title is perfect."

The girl sank slowly into her chair and a queer little gasp escaped her lips.

"You are busy, now," the young man continued; "but you spoke of having a spirit of adventure. Well, your acquisition of this land and 'Piedmont Castle' will give you—I feel quite sure—a chance to satisfy that spirit of adventure. . . . May I see you tonight, after dinner, in the swing on the lawn at your boarding place? I have something to tell you—

COMING: AN ISSUE WITH NOTHING BUT BLONDES IN IT!

at once, as I suppose that is now the only way—the papers having been recorded."

"Miss Graydon," Colby's tones were slightly softened, but still emphatic. "The property is yours. That is final. There is no law on earth that can force me to buy it back again from you or anyone else."

The girl stamped her foot impatiently. "Please don't 'rub in' my little joke. Surely you did not have the deed recorded!"

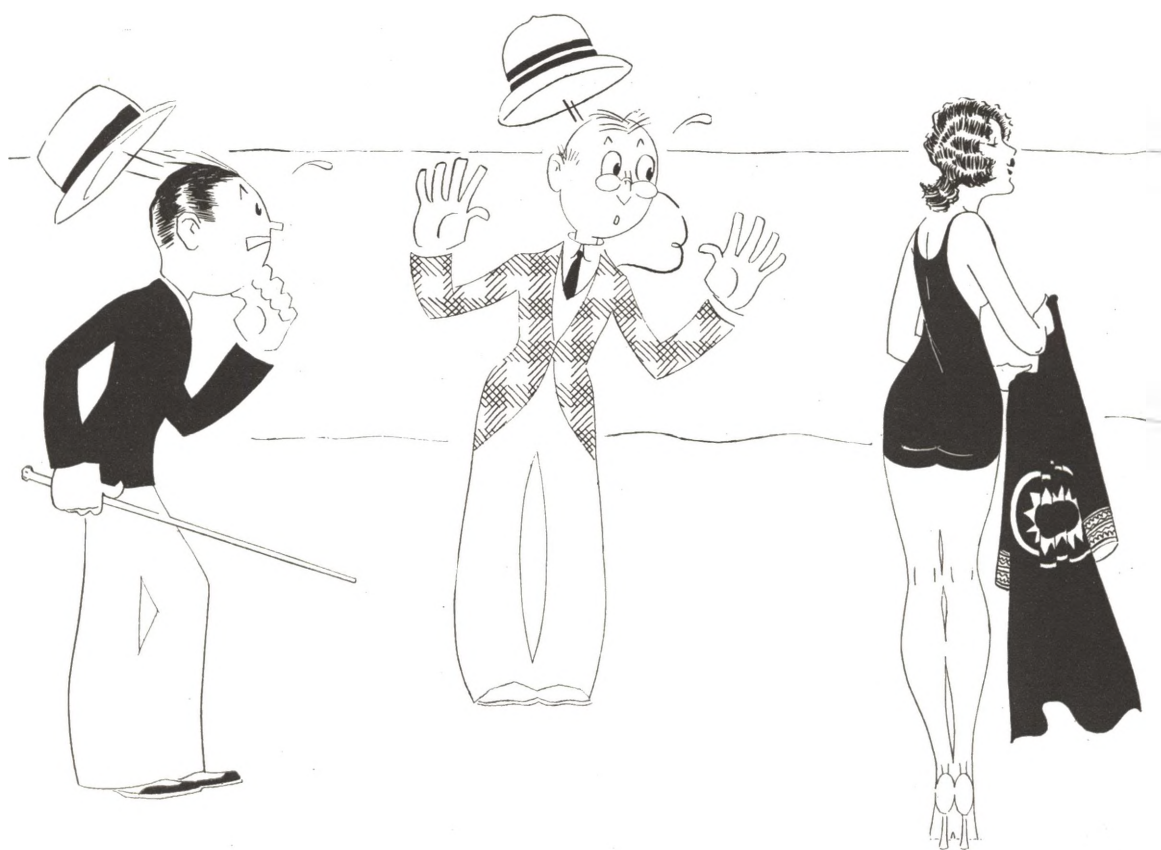
For answer he held the papers toward her. She noticed his fine hands: fingers long and tapering; nails carefully manicured—the hands of a gentleman. On one finger she noticed also a massive, oriental ring of curiously carved design.

"Here it is," Colby said, as he spread

something that you alone must know, for it vitally concerns you, now that you are the sole owner of 'Piedmont Castle.' . . . I am an honorable man, Miss Graydon, and I wish to add for your further consideration, whether you believe it or not—the statement that I was *not* drunk yesterday; but had a perfectly good reason for my wishing to appear so. Now—may I come tonight?"

Once more that queer little gasp from the girl's perfect lips. For some moments she sat in silence as though pondering deeply. Then she held out her hand, and as gallantly as any knight of old Spain could have done, the young man raised it to his lips.

(Note—Some of the scholars got "A plus" on their report cards next day, who



The Absent Minded Gets Her Sun Back

had formerly averaged only about "C minus," and they wondered at teacher's generosity.)

* * * *

It was truly a lovers' night—had there been any lovers. The soft moonlight filtered through the trees, and the roses exhaled a perfume so exotic, and the night birds sang so entrancingly that Paradise seemed near. But this is not a love story, so we hasten.

"So you see, Miss Graydon, there was

a 'method in my drunkenness,' to slightly paraphrase Hamlet; yet what I cannot understand is the object of the anonymous letter. Just why anyone should forbid me to dispose of my own property, I am at loss to account for.

"—Furthermore,' the letter read, 'do not come near the place or molest it in any way. Withdraw your ad from the paper offering the land for sale, or take the consequences. If you attempt to secure officers to investigate this letter,



Professor's Daughter in Tan Suit on wards

Drawn for 10 Story Book by Edouarde.

your life shall pay the forfeit! This is a *final warning!*

Yours emphatically,
The Scientist.'

"I do not fear the writer of that letter," Colby went on; "therefore, I sold, absolutely defying him. . . . After all, in a measure, 'The Scientist' is victor, for I cannot permit the present owner of the property to assume any unnecessary risks. For, while the letter may be just a huge joke, it could—on the same prem-

ise—be a dangerous threat; so, therefore, I must forbid you, Miss Graydon, to enter the grounds of 'Piedmont Castle' until I have made a full investigation," Colby finished decisively.

"And since when, and from whom, sir, did you receive the authority to forbid me entering the grounds of my own property? Remember, the deed expressly states—'with all appurtenances thereunto belonging' and 'the same has been duly recorded according to law, in Vol. xxii, at

Page 428, and bears the seal of the county clerk."

"But Miss Graydon!—Dorris!—Dearest!"

Once more Dorris Graydon arose, her face feverish. "Mr. Colby!—you forget yourself! Don't you think you are addressing me in very familiar and endearing terms for one whom you have known for so short a time?—one, in fact, to whom you have never been formally introduced? I shall take possession of Piedmont Castle tomorrow evening and arrange to spend the night there. You will please excuse me, sir, as I have quite a course of study to prepare for my pupils tomorrow."

But after Milan D. Colby, Jr., had departed in a high huff, he would have had very different thoughts of "The little lady from Heaven with the 'skin you love to touch,' could he have but seen her as she sat, dreaming of *him*—her heart full of high hopes—and not one lesson prepared!

"Uncle" Mose, the old darky whom Colby had sent to make a path through the wilderness-like grounds of Piedmont Castle, had been "resting" most of the morning; but arose and quickened his movements, and the tangled foliage was slaughtered for several moments—he had seen his "boss" approaching.

"Good morning, Mose."

The old darky looked up suddenly, touched his rimless hat and exclaimed: "Lawzy, massa, Mar's Colby! You skeered me! Didn't know you was on de place. You's sho lookin' mighty fine, dis mawnin', Mar's Colby; but you sho done gib me a mean job. Do all dese vines and bresh and weeds gotta come off dese big grounds?" the old negro inquired as he waved his hand in a semi-circle.

"Why, of course, Mose. I want a lawn made on these grounds. You're working

by the hour, aren't you? I thought you wanted about a week's work."

The old fellow scratched his woolly head. "Week's job! I'll be weak. Mos'n a month, you mean. And say, Cap'n, I sho' could wo'k whole heaps bettah ef I had a dollah—so'ta in advances, you know. I wan' ter git——"

Colby smiled. "You always need a dollar don't you, Mose. Well, here you are; but before you cut any more weeds I want a little errand done. Take this note over to Miss Graydon, the little school ma'am. Do you know her?"

"Laws, chile! Co'sen I does. She's a fine lady. She gibs me a nickel eveh so of'en. I heerd she's bought dis place. Am dat de truf?"

"Mose"—ignoring the question—"I want you to take this note to Miss Graydon and wait for an answer. You are to ask her no questions. Let her volunteer her own words, if any. Just tell her that I said you would wait for an answer. Understand?"

"Yas, sah, yas, sah."

"By the way, Mose, have you ever noticed any signs of life about these grounds or the Castle?"

The old negro rolled his eyes in the direction of the mansion.

"No, sah—no, sah! Am dey supposed to be signs o' life—ghosts, spooks, or ha'nts?—fur ef dey is, I spec's I'se not gwine wo'k 'roun' heah no mo'."

"Ghosts! Spooks! bah!—of course not! I just wondered if anyone had been bothering the place. You know I've never been in the house since my father died, Mose; and now that the land is sold, I have no further right—"

"Yas, sah, yas, sah, I understands. Most sad. I loved you' faddah even ef he wou'dn' let me wo'k much fo' him. He said somethin' one time 'bout 'my propensities for excessive leisure ex-



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ceedin' my desires to p'fo'm
manual labo', or any so't of
condescendin' occupation,' sah.
I axed him to say dat seberal
times so I could learn it by
heart, sah. I knowed he musta
so'ter liked my wo'k, tho' fo'
he gib me a dime and smiled,
lack. Howsomever, next day,
dey was a cheap niggah in my
place, sah; and Col. Colby
said he would accept my res-
ignation, effective immediately
if not sooner, sah."

Young Colby laughed out-
right. "Well, Mose: the cases
are very similar. On this par-
ticular appointment, your loco-
motion on the delivery of this
epistle to my inamorita, must
exceed that of the proverbial
snail; otherwise the remunera-
tion in the form of filthy lucre
will not be forthcoming in the
event of the missive's exces-
sive delay."

Mose gasped. "Yas, sah—
yas, sah. I'll git de weeds cut
jest as soon as I can, sah. I
know I'se been 'rattin'' on
you, Mar's Colby, but I won't
done it no mo'—'deed I won't,
sah."

"Very well, Mose. Hurry
on with that note."

"Missy Graydon, Mar's
Colby gibs me dis lettah fo'
you. Sed fo' me to gib it to
you an' ax no questions—to
let you do de talkin'."

"Thanks, Mose. Wonder
what Mr. Colby can be writ-
ing me about?"

"Don't know, Missy. Spec's
he likes you, Missy. Bettah

read de note, Missy. Maybe it done tol' you what he wants to know."

The girl seated herself in the lawn swing and opened the letter.

"My dear Miss Graydon:

Since you dismissed me so summarily last evening, I feel that I cannot talk to you except in direct opposition to your will. But please don't venture into Piedmont Castle—especially at night—until I learn more about the origin of the anonymous letter.

Of course you have a perfect right there, but as I have fears for your personal safety, I make this final request. Just tell Mose that you have changed your plans, and I will understand.

Very truly yours,

Milan D. Colby, Jr."

Dorris folded the letter and handed it back to Mose. "You may tell Mr. Colby that I am not afraid of an old dilapidated house and therefore am not to be frightened by his childish fears. You may also tell him that he may get his little hobbyhorse and take a ride to Banbury Cross."

After the old darky had left him, Colby took up the briar hook and began using it vigorously. The sudden twist of a vine jerked his ring from his finger, and although he searched for ten minutes he was unable to find it. He saw Mose returning and hurried to meet him.

"What was her answer, Mose?"

"Well, Mar's Colby, she used so'ter big words lak you an' yo' faddah, sah; but it sounded about lak dis: "I ain't skeerd of no dyin' apple plated house, an' tell him also to go git his bob-tailed pony and go fur a ride to blackberry crossin'."

Colby frowned. "Very well, Mose. You may discontinue your weed cutting. Miss Graydon, being such a man-eater, may

prefer jungles to lawns. I had intended to look around a bit, but will not, now—it being her property. However, I want you to keep a watch for me and see if anyone comes here this evening or to-night. I will pay you for your time. If Miss Graydon comes, you must let me know at once. Here's another dollar, Mose."

"Thankee, Mar's Colby. I'll keep a watch, sah."

"And Mose—here's the key to the Castle. Give it to Miss Graydon if she shows up."

"Yas, sah. Ef de young lady wants to git 'voured by de debbil's ghostes, jes' let he go: am dat hit?"

Colby smiled. "Not exactly that, Mose. You just keep watch as I told you."

It was full dark when the silent form of Dorris Graydon made its way through the tangled shrubbery and up to the front entrance of Piedmont Castle. There she paused. Was this just the thing to do?—she asked herself. Although the property was hers legally, it most certainly was not morally, and she had no right there. She seemed to be treading on sacred and forbidden ground.

No—she would turn back; apologize to Colby, deed the place back to him, and the incident would be closed.

But that irresistible spirit of adventure!—It must be satisfied.

She would go just inside the door—if it was unlocked—so that she could make her word good to Colby, and then leave. She tried the knob: it turned and the door opened. Then slowly and with some trepidation, she entered and stood in the pitchy darkness. Everything was as still as the tomb!

The door behind her closed, and she heard a key turn in the lock!

She turned quickly and the next moment the hallway was flooded with light!

At her side stood a masked and black-robed figure pointing a steady finger in her face! She gave a startled cry! Then her eyes fell upon a familiar-looking ring of curiously carved design. "Mr. Colby!" she exclaimed. "You frightened me! But I suppose I deserve it. I have been very rude, as well as very foolish and headstrong. Please forgive me."

The weird figure did not answer, but motioned for her to move on down the hallway.

Although recognizing the ring which she had seen on Colby's finger, nevertheless she was awed by the other's garb and his strange, silent manner.

She was reassured, however, by the fact that the landlady at her boarding place had told her that Mr. Colby was a gentleman, even if he had gotten drunk the day of the auction: she had never heard of his being drunk before. So Dorris laughed—a queer, forced little laugh it was—and said: "Mr. Colby, why the 'Night Rider' make-up? My visit is now over, and you may escort me to my rooms if you wish."

Still no answer from the black-robed figure; but a motion for her to continue farther. She backed a few feet more down the hallway, then suddenly stopped.

"Mr. Colby," she cried a little excitedly; "a joke is a joke, but this has gone far enough! I am returning home at once! Step aside, please." With these words she darted past the other, and ran toward the front door.

With a bound the figure reached her side, grasped her arm, threw his mask aside, and she saw—not Colby, but the face of a total stranger—a face so daibolical that she screamed in awful fear!

A hand went to her mouth,—cutting the cry short—a cloth was thrown over head and she was picked up by a pair of powerful hands! From the fear—the smothering—the horror of it all!—for the

first time in her life, Dorris Graydon, who thought she wanted adventure; gave way to her emotions and was carried limply the full length of the long hallway, and down a flight of stone steps!

* * *

When the girl recovered consciousness, she found herself lying on the stone floor of a barred and locked room. Outside the door stood the man who had brought her there.

"So, my dear young lady, you are coming 'round at last. Now we will get down to business."

Dorris arose and rushed to the door!—tried the bolt, and then tugged vainly at the iron bars!

"You fiend!" she shouted. "You'll pay for this! Release me at once! And if your friend Mr. Colby who so generously lets you wear his ring, has gone to such extremes in his endeavor to be funny, he shall pay also!"

The other smiled—an unpleasant sort of smile. "My dear young lady, Mr. Colby knows nothing of this. He is the one I am fighting. For many months I have worked here unmolested during his absence. Now he has returned and has offered this place for sale. *But it musn't be sold! It must be voluntarily given me . . .* I was advised yesterday by Napoleon Bonaparte, that if I wished to conquer the world as he had conquered it; I must begin by demanding the place where I am now located—without money and without price.

"I intended to make that demand yesterday at the auction, until I saw the buyer, and then I realized that Fate had played squarely into my hands in offering you,—not only to present me with the property free of charge; but also to be used as a subject for my most marvelous scientific work which is near at hand."



The above reproduction of Panhandle Percival's physiognomy shows that worthy gentleman with an expectant look on his otherwise unelegant pan, as he makes a patient pilgrimage toward the city dumps at Bean City, Iowa, where, according to a fellow bum, an absent-minded professor threw away a copy of the new 1931 10-Story Girl Photo Revue.

Dorris Graydon chilled as though she had been suddenly immersed in icy water!—for she saw that the man before her was mad!—criminally insane!—and she was in his power!

"Science is the most amazing force in the world today," her captor continued. "Where would we be but for Edison, Wright, DeForrest—the Naturalist Burbank,—together with a host of the world's great thinkers including myself? And I shall be the greatest of them all; for with

me will clear up the hitherto unfathomable mystery of the age—the secret of perpetuated hybridized life.

"Ah, my dear Subject: What an honor you should feel has been thrust upon you, in being selected by me as the medium for the demonstration of a great scientific truth!

"Ah, those great brother thinkers of mine! Darwin, in his 'Origin of Species,' began with pistil and protoplasm, and went gloriously on! I was reading him yesterday and he came right out of the printed page and conversed with me, heart to heart, making his book clearer and much more beautiful than ever before.

"'Fresh-water and salt-loving plants,' he says, 'generally speaking have very wide ranges, and can be successfully diffused. So, scientifically handled, Nature might yield even to co-ordination between salt-water plants and fresh-water fishes.

"'Many facts clearly show how susceptible the reproductive system is to surrounding conditions. (Species page 8.)

"'I have a long list of 'Sporting Plants,' the fertile eggs of which I have mixed with beetles,' producing thereby, a curious and beautiful monstrosity in miniature.'

"Ah, my dear Subject: I can also say with him, that 'many laws regulate variation and only a word can be said of correlated variations. Important changes in embryo or larvae, will also entail changes in the mature animal.

"In monstrosities, the correlation between distinct parts are very curious. Breeders say long limbs are correlated with elongated heads. Cats which are entirely white and have blue eyes, are almost always deaf.

"'White-colored pigs,' says Professor Wyman, 'have been made black by eating paint-root, (Lahranthes) which also colored their bones pink.'

"Dr. Prosper Lucas says: 'Every one has heard of Albinism, prickly-pear like skins, hairy bodies, etc., and that being the case, other stranger and rarer admixtures, are, with UNUSUAL BREEDINGS, inevitable!'

"But you, a teacher, are, I am sure, quite familiar with all this: hence I say that Fate has thrown you into my hands.

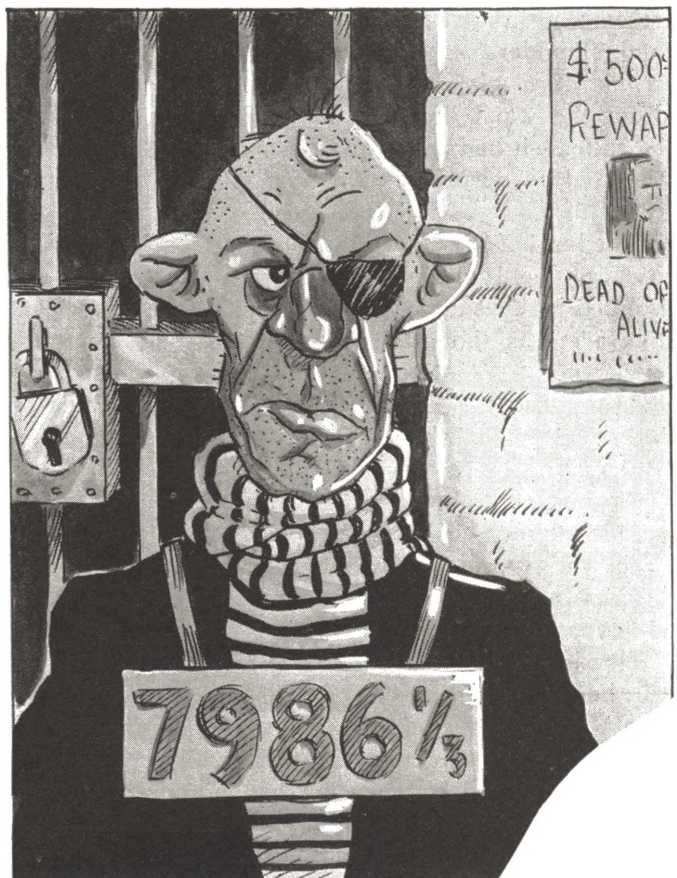
"Once more I would like to read you from Darwin—(Species, page 72)—which I hope you will reflect upon most thoughtfully.

"'As man can produce, and certainly has produced, great results by his methodical and experimental selections . . . Nature . . . caring not for appearances, can act on every internal organ—on the whole machinery of life! Man selects only for his good; *Nature, only on that being on which she tends!* . . . Man seldom properly selects. He feeds a long and short-beaked pigeon the same food. He allows shorn sheep and sheep with wool the same bedding or housing.

"'He often begins his selection by some half-monstrous form prominent enough to be useful to him.

"'Mr. Pierce of the Catskills, noted a wolf-deer mixture of light greyhound-like form. . . . The lower order of mammals, edentata and rodents, co-exist and occasionally breed with the Otter and Rabela, in South America. Such specimens, being very rare and therefore almost priceless, are in great demand by circus side-shows and museums.'

"So at last, my dear Subject, I come to the most important statement Darwin ever made. You will find it on page 114. He says: 'There seems no limit to the diversification of structures, and *therefore no limit to the number of species which*



"Well," says Poison Pete, "I had a copy of the new 1931 10-Story Girl Photo Revue for a whole week before I got dis rap. Now then, let 'em do deir woist. I've seen every-ting!"

might be produced!"

"I know this to be a fact; for I, myself;—the outstanding scientist of the age—have produced a living specimen which will startle the scientific world!"

"For years I have been working—day and night—and success has at last crowned my labors. Behold!"

The maniac reached behind him and pulled a lever. Slowly a curtain, similar to that of a theatre drop, arose, and disclosed to view a monster so horrible that Dorris Graydon shrieked aloud in frenzied horror!

The hideous thing lay in a great glass vat of water. It had a head with a sort of face resembling that of a gorilla; the neck and shoulders of an alligator, and the trunk of a giant Gila Monster; while from the waist down—if waist it could be called—it had the form of a man, with the spotted, wrinkled skin of a gigantic frog!

The head of the indescribable monstrosity was held above the water, and it blinked its eyes and wagged its huge fin-like arms as though in greeting to the newcomer. Weird sounds came from its bulging throat, not unlike those emitted by a seal when juggling its fire-sticks in anticipation of its fresh-meat reward.

Around the slimy prodigy swam several repugnant snakes of the water-mocasin variety, and a few turtles. Crawling sea-fungi lay on the floor beneath the abomination.

Dorris sank to the floor in abject terror, her eyes starting out of their sockets in astounded unbelief!

Her reason tottered on its throne. She clasped her head between her hands and weaved from side to side! Was it all an awful nightmare? a horrid dream?—or was she, too, going mad?

Then an old joke came to her befuddled memory and she laughed a wild, hysterical laugh!

She had thought of the old farmer who went to a circus, and saw for the first time in his life, an elephant. "Hell!" he exclaimed. "They ain't no sich a thing!"

That was the way she felt—"Hell! they ain't no sich a thing!" but there it was—right before her! She was looking at it with her own eyes!

Seemingly from somewhere in space, she heard her Captor speaking once more: "The selections in this hybridized creature were slow; years being consumed—years of disappointments and innumerable failures—in search for ovums which would blend. . . . In my forthcoming experiment the idea of hand-transplanted germ-life will be discarded and direct infusion attempted. Science must know the truth as to whether a complete hybridization of man and beast, still has power within itself for further reproduction.

"And now my dear, you are no child and I feel that you have followed my reasoning and fully understand my meaning. Without delay—will you kindly divest yourself of all wearing apparel. The room which you are now in will be filled with water and the glass door opened leading into it, thereby admitting my specimen, and a great scientific truth either proved or disproven."

The lights went out and the Stygian darkness almost strangled the girl! She was in absolute frenzy! She beat upon the walls until her knuckles were flecked with blood! She shrieked with all the power of maddened lungs! Suddenly she stopped short: her shoes were wet! Water was coming into the room! It rose rapidly to her ankles—her knees—!

Young Colby had not waited for Mose to tell him whether or not Dorris had gone to the castle: he himself saw her when she entered the grounds. From the

gate where he stood he also saw the light when it was turned on when she was admitted to the castle. The current had been cut off long before. His curiosity was whetted. There was evidently a local plant of some kind in operation there. Probably his anonymous friend was on hand. Mr. Colby decided to investigate even if Miss Dorris Graydon did object. He would know the truth.

Higher and higher the water climbed around the helpless Dorris. She could no longer scream—she only gasped!

A dim light came slowly into the room. The girl could not detect its source. It became just bright enough so that she could see the glass door to one side, opening—slowly, but steadily opening! A water-moccasin dropped into her room. A turtle followed; then the monster himself swam up to the opening and trust his nose in, rooting at it—hoglike!

Dorris heard a commotion outside the door and the lights went on.

Curses, blows and other fighting sounds followed.

The glass door opened a little farther; the monster got his head in!

Outside, the fighting sounds grew louder.

The monster wriggled through the opening and reared to its hind legs; then it came, swaying, ape-like, arms outstretched, mouth agape, eyes blinking rapidly—toward the girl!

The door was jerked violently open and the water poured through between the bars of Dorris' prison out into the hallway. There she saw Colby in the throes of a death struggle with the man who had imprisoned her.

"Colby! — Milan! — Dearest!" she wailed.

"Dorris—darling!" he choked.

The girl twisted madly at the iron bars, but without avail. She heard a

guttural croak-snarl behind her. The monstrosity was upon her!

With an ear-splitting shriek she tried to pass the man-beast, but he reached out and caught her in his great crushing arms! Fighting desperately, the girl soon went beyond endurance and once more fell limp and lifeless.

The foul reptile gloated lustfully over her fair neck and breasts, then carried her to a corner and began tearing away at her clothing!

With a well-directed blow, Colby floored the "scientist" and secured the key to Dorris' prison. On seeing the door open, the Terror dropped his unconscious burden and came on Colby. Madened at this sudden interference with his expected prey, the atrocious libel on both man and beast first crouched, its teeth began crunching, foam flew from its massive jaws, its claw-hooked fingers curved—and it leaped!

One of Colby's feet—shod with long, sharp-pointed shoes—flashed out with all the force of his University football career. It caught the created fiend squarely in the pit of the stomach and it doubled up!

Dorris' side being reached, Colby picked her up and wildly kissed her cheeks, lips and hair until she opened her eyes and saw love there.

An inarticulate cry was heard. Outside, the hell-born mongrel had attacked the "scientist," its Creator, who had revived. Fighting to the death, the latter managed to secure his revolver and fired. He missed his horrid assailant—the bullet striking instead, a Diablo machine which he had prepared especially for immediate mailing to Colby in the event of his refusal to surrender the Castle.

The whole mountain-side was torn away by the force of the explosion which followed, and the Castle was utterly demolished!

The "Scientist" and his Frankenstein were literally blown to atoms!

Colby and Miss Graydon, together with one water-moccasin miraculously escaped. The snake was promptly killed and their Eden was complete.

TWO GENTLEMEN AT 40*(Continued from page 27)*

disappeared and returned at once with Michael Bourne's top-coat and hat. "I've ordered the car," Henderson said.

"That's fine."

When the bell rang, Peter Austin had given up Michael Bourne, because he remembered that he had always been so punctual. He was glad that Michael had come at all. As he took his coat and hat, he was thinking, He is beginning to show his age just a little bit. Hair greying a little. Nice grey, though. He said, "I *am* glad to see you, Michael."

Michael said, "You don't know what it means for me to see you again!" He thought, He doesn't. How devilish handsome he still is! He looked rapidly around the room to see whether he could find any photographs. There were two, one of a young lady, and the other of a young man. He studied the young lady's photograph quite carefully, and then decided that the young man was Peter's latest. But when Peter turned the lights up a little, he saw that the photograph was one he had given him twenty years ago. I'm getting old, he thought, when I no longer recognize myself.

Peter said, "Make yourself at home, Michael." He thought, Still the same old Michael. Wonder what he'll think of my having his photograph up there.

Michael said, "Thank you, I will. You're looking well, old man." He thought, Why has he got my photograph up there? I don't like it.

Peter said, "I can appreciate that, coming from you, Michael." He thought, What is there about him that I want? What is there about him that's keeping me from him?

Michael laughed a little. Then he said, "I wondered why you put my photograph up tonight." So that Peter might not lie about it, he added, "It's quite obviously just

been put up now—it's a little too new to have been up all these years."

Peter said, "Yes. I put it up just now. But all the same, it's been up all these years." He thought, He won't get that, I'm afraid.

Michael said, "Wanted to see how I'd changed, I dare say." Then he laughed, "I have changed, you see." He thought, What did he mean—"It's been up all these years?" When his mind suggested an explanation, he pushed it away and said to himself that at his age he should not be romancing any longer.

Peter said, "Will you have something to drink?" remembering at the same time that Michael never drank.

Michael said, "I think I will. It's unusual, I know, but I should like a dry Martini, old man."

Peter said, "That's easy." As he went out of the room, he was thinking, There has been a little change, anyway.

When Peter had left the room, Michael got up and went over to the photographs. He looked at the picture of the girl and read the signature, "Always yours, Jessica." Then he looked at his own picture, and read the signature on that, too, "Love, as always, Michael." He thought, Peter never quite understood my writing that, and he smiled to himself. Then he looked around for the picture that had been displaced by his own, for he could see by the marks in the faint dust where the picture stood that another had been standing there before. Presently he found it, stuck away in a drawer. It was a photograph of a young boy, quite striking, but certainly not as handsome as Peter. He read the signature, "For my darling Peter, Robert." "Dear me," he muttered. He put the picture back into the drawer hastily thinking, I hope he hasn't got that on display. He always had more finesse.

When Peter came in with the drinks, he saw by the way Michael was stroking his

chin that he had seen the picture of Robert, and he felt at once glad and sorry that Michael had seen it.

Peter said, "Sorry to have left you so long alone, old man, but I never trust anyone else to make a dry martini for me. Not my man, at any rate. He thought, I would give anything to know what Michael is thinking.

Michael said, "Quite all right, Peter. I've been listening to the radio. The reception is really remarkably clear." He thought, He hasn't got a man; Peter, you bluff. "What is that number they're playing now?" he asked.

Peter listened a bit and said, "Isn't that the Brahms' *Rhapsody in B-Minor*?"

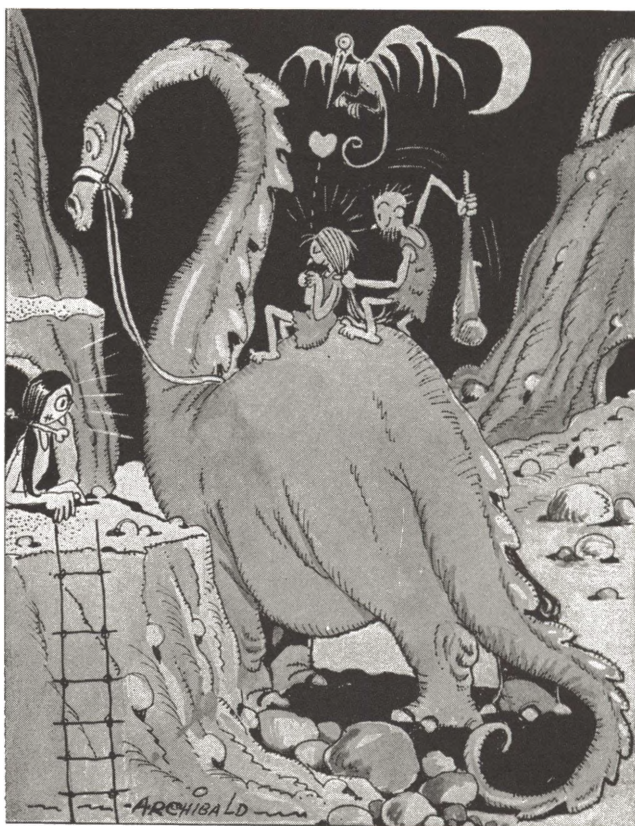
Michael nodded. "Your martinis are first-rate, Peter." He looked at Peter from between lowered lids and wondered why he hadn't called before. "Why didn't you ever call me before this, Peter?" he asked.

Peter shrugged his shapely shoulders. "I don't know, really. I think it was because I felt you were too busy for me."

Michael said, "Frankly, I can't believe you thought that of me—a friend of thirty years' standing."

Peter said, "Perhaps I did, old man. You're famous now, you know." He thought, I hope to God he doesn't begin to get sentimental. I shan't be able to stand that. I'm afraid of his sentiment, I believe.

Michael said, "That's inexcusable, Peter." He thought, I wish he'd open up and say something. What's keeping him? I won-



This prehistoric portrait shows "Pithecantropus Erectus" lightly tapping a Neanderthalic maiden over the head with his eolith. Pithy has just finished gazing upon the first known copy of the 10-Story Girl Photo Revue, published in the year 1,913,845,897,000,000 B. C. After a few looks at the babies in that number he started making the rounds of the caves. In the above picture he's shown in the act of ditching Maiden No. 546 so that he can pick up the dinosaur by the tail and sock his wife over the ear. Yessir, friends, that first copy of the 100-Girl Photo Revue was the peppiest collection of two-ton rocks the archeologists have ever uncovered! And by the way . . . the current issue, 1931 model, is now on the newsstands. It weighs considerably less than its famous predecessor, but it's guaranteed to give you the same kick old "Pithecantropus" himself got!

der. Peter, say something; say something I want to hear, but thinking of himself, he thought, Why don't you say something he wants to hear? "How is everybody, Peter?" he asked.

"Really, haven't heard since my sister married," Peter said.

"Oh, I didn't know she was married," said Michael. "When was that?"

"Two years ago."

"Oh," said Michael. He thought, He's not in touch with his family anymore, and he made a mental resolve to look up Peter's father and mother for old time's sake and to speak about Peter.

"How's your wife?" Peter asked.

Michael made a grimace, and said, "Splendid, old man. Why don't you run up and stay with us sometime? We've a grand place up in Wisconsin."

Peter said, "Oh, I'd love to." But he thought, I would never trust myself alone with Michael like that.

Michael, who had been standing all this time, sank into a chair, and Peter sat near him. "Shall we talk about your books, Michael?" asked Peter.

Michael said, "Oh my God, no. I have to lecture about them almost daily. I'm sorry, old man."

Peter said, "I meant those things you had published privately in Paris, not the drivel you write for the public."

Michael said, "Peter! Old man, I didn't know you knew about them!"

Peter said, "I've got every one of them, and two copies of some. But your publisher did set a devilish high price on them."

Michael said, "Peter, I don't know what to say." He thought, How splendid of him. How splendid! Peter, I could hug you, old man.

Peter began to talk about Michael's books. He could see that Michael was starving to hear someone say something about those things he had had published in Paris, and Peter had read them all so carefully.

It was long after midnight when Michael Bourne left. In spite of not wanting to, he had gone way back into his childhood with

Peter, and now he began to feel bad about coming back to the present. As he was rolling along toward the hotel, he thought, If Peter had only known.

After Peter had closed the door behind Michael, he sat before Michael's picture, looking at it. After a while he got up and examined it closely. He thought of all those young men and women whom he knew so intimately, and he smiled somewhat bitterly. What was it that kept Michael from me? Why did I want him so, and yet keep him away? What a mess I made of things! He sighed. Then he opened the drawer and took out the picture he had put there. This he put up where Michael's had stood, and put Michael's back into the drawer. When he put out the light and sat there in the darkness, he could not help feeling somehow incomplete, and he thought, The fault is mine, and Michael's. But if Michael had only known. . . .

Later, when Michael lay reading in bed, his thoughts, creeping back over the years, fastened upon a time when Peter had kissed him, and he thought, My God, Peter, how I love you! Then at once he felt a panic of fear at the thought that he should not be able to keep himself in. He got out of bed, thinking, I must not see Peter again. But he was not satisfied until he had called the hotel clerk and bidden him send off a wire to Marsala. "How are you, darling? Is everything all right? Will be home next week. Love, Michael."

When he crept back to bed he thought, Oh, what an ass I am! because he had a picture of Marsala standing in the doorway when he got home, the telegram in her hand, saying in her patient voice, "Michael Bourne, what have you been up to this time?" and he knew that he would have to manufacture something for him to have done, because he could never ask Marsala to forgive him for kissing Peter twenty years ago.



***Once, in a
Different Pose,
She Appeared
on
Our Cover***

*and now we show her to you once
more, gazing into the same pool, at the
same girl. Turn the page upside down
and notice how different the sitter's
personality becomes!*

Mr. X Photo



Watch Out!

Or you'll get pelted with an imitation snowball made out of Dixie cotton, by Lillian Roth, Paramount player. Lillian is freezing her toes-ics on imitation snow made of white studio sand.

Underwood and Underwood Photo.





Somebody Home

A "Pete Paggley" Story

by Artemus Calloway

PETE listened with ever-increasing interest to the tale Miss Crystal Eubanks was pouring into his ears. Crystal was a tall, yellow girl hailing from Mobile, Alabama, and was possessed of one of those low, soothing voices that have wrought such havoc with the opposite sex for longer than any one is able to recall, but it wasn't her manner of speaking that was holding Pete's attention—it was the information he was gaining from her conversation that had the old negro keyed up to the highest pitch.

"It's jes' lak dis heah, Mistah Pete," Crystal concluded. "Some niggahs is got to be learnt a lesson; jes' got to be, an' dis is one time, somebody is gwine git some eddication."

Pete nodded assent. From time to time he ran a hand over his shiny head, which was entirely bald except for a thin gray fringe at the back. His face wore a pleased expression. A stray dog, one of the several score with which Tela, Honduras, is infested, stopped in front of Crystal's gate and barked, apparently just because he could, and then trotted on down the street. A long-legged, dirty-looking rooster crowed; his rival in a neighboring yard answered. Some one was running a phonograph overtime at a native saloon a block down the street. Pete slowly raised himself from his chair.

"I un'stan's ev'thing puffedly, Miss Crys-

tal; puffedly. Ain' gwine be no hitch-up in dis bus'ness. You kin sho'ly 'pen on me."

As Pete slowly made his way homeward, he was thinking deeply of the conversation with the young woman. "Dat sho' is a fine yaller gal," he muttered to himself. "I sho' wish they wuz mo' 'Merican niggahs down heah. Ain't many; jes' a few wukin' 'roun' on de plantations for de United Fruit Company. Mos' o' de niggahs heah is dem British Objects whut's come over heah, an' I don' lak dem much mo' dan I laks dese yeah native niggahs. Dey only kind o' fo'ks whut's de kind I laks is either sho' nuff, honest to goodness white folks, o' reg'la' niggahs fum de States lak whut I is."

Pete paused a moment on the bridge over Tela River, which divided old and new Tela, and gazed for a second at a turtle sunning itself on a half sunken log. "'Cose," he muttered, "dey's some natives heah whut ain' niggahs, but I's mos' jes' int-rusted in niggahs, foh which reasons I wish dey wuz mo' o' my kind heah. Aint mo' dan 'bout twenty-five sho' nuff 'Merican niggahs 'roun heah."

Fifteen minutes later the old man reached his home; a little hut situated on the outskirts of Tela, beyond the offices and homes of the white employes of the United Fruit Company. Pete paused to pat his dog on the head, and then removing his battered old

hat, sat down on the ramshackle old steps in front of his door. He had been there something like half an hour when he saw Goodtimes Harris approaching.

Pete loved Goodtimes fully as much as he loved a rattlesnake, and no more. Yet as Goodtimes walked up the narrow, winding path to Pete's home, the old negro rose from the step to greet his guest, a smile on his face.

"Good mawnin' Goodtimes. Good mawnin'. How is you? I hope I sees you well."

GOODTIMES' return of the salutation was short and snappy. "Mawnin'. Seen Potlicker Dan dis mawnin'?"

Pete gazed at Goodtimes in a thoughtful manner. "Is I seed Potlicker Dan? Dat's whut you wants to know?"

Goodtimes was impatient. "You heerd whut I said, an' you understood it puffectly. Is you see Potlicker Dan did mawnin'?"

Pete fooled away no more time. Somehow he didn't just like Goodtimes' tone. "Not dis mawnin' I aint."

Goodtimes frowned. "Know whuh he is at?"

Pete grinned. "How come I gwine know dat? Potlicker Dan is a ramblin' man, an' sometimes he jes' rambles off an' doan' nobody know whuh he's at."

"Sho is de tru's," muttered the other. "But I got to find him. It's ve'y 'pawtant."

Pete looked interested.

"Come o' which?"

Goodtimes sneered "Doan' seem lak ter me dat's any o' yo' bus'ness." He appeared thoughtful for perhaps half a minute. "If you wa'nt sech a ol' fool you could a made some money."

Pete peered at Goodtimes intently. "How's dat?"

Goodtimes kicked a small rock to one side before replying. "Well, you owned dat little piece o' ground on dat hill, jes' on de

other side o' Tela, an' on which I loaned you fifty dollars. You taken up de loan an' den went an' sold de lan' to Potlicker Dan. Now I wants to buy it. An' I's willin' to pay a good price for it."

"How much would you pay foh dat lan', Goodtimes?"

Goodtimes thought for a while. "I'd pay 'bout th'ee hundred dollahs foh it."

Pete whistled. "'Pears lak dat's a good deal mo dan you thought it wuz wuff when you wuz tryin' to git it foh dem fifty dollahs I owed you."

Goodtimes shrugged his shoulders. "Bus'ness is bus'ness, Pete. I wuz tryin' to get de lan' as cheap as possible. Anyhow, right den I didn't want it ve'y bad. Now I——" But Goodtimes evidently thought better of it, and let the sentence remain unfinished.

A little later Goodtimes departed. Shortly afterward Pete walked back toward town. Pete had more than one grievance against Goodtimes Harris. Not so very long before that time, when Goodtimes first arrived in Tela, he had been employed as head bartender in the Railroad saloon, chief rendezvous of Tela's black population. Pete at that time was employed as a kind of man-of-all-work in the place. As soon as the proprietor of the saloon left for San Pedro Sula on business, Goodtimes proceeded to fire Pete from his job, and also to rob the old man of his girl. Both men had long since ceased to feel any particular interest in that particular girl, but there are but few men who enjoy seeing another man deliberately take a girl from him, especially with such maliciousness as had been displayed by Goodtimes.

ANOTHER thing that Pete disliked Goodtimes for, was the latter's all around crookedness. Goodtimes was a crooked gambler, and made most of his money fleecing the unwary of his color around Tela. Another thing, Goodtimes was

about the sportiest negro in Honduras. He was always dressed in immaculate white ducks; more flashy ties, and sported many not-quite diamonds. This was a great jar to Pete's nerves.

Pete's latest grievance against Goodtimes was due to the fact that Goodtimes had almost done him out of some money. For a long time Pete had owned a little piece of ground on the east side of Tela, well out of town, on a little hill, back from the beach a ways. No one ever considered the land of any particular value, and no one knew or cared how Pete came in possession of it. His title, however, was perfectly clear, and the land was his.

Pete had become financially embarrassed, and after trying several people for a loan without success, had secured a loan of fifty dollars from Goodtimes, putting up the land as security. Time for payment came close to hand, and Pete didn't have the money to take up the mortgage he'd given on the land. Goodtimes had absolutely refused to give him any additional time. Then, greatly to the surprise of Goodtimes, Pete had paid him the money and taken up the mortgage, the day before it was due.

And then, two days before Goodtimes' visit to Pete, the old man had sold the land to Potlicker Dan. Apparently Goodtimes was very anxious to get in touch with the purchaser.

Peter was nearing the Railroad Saloon, where, incidentally, Goodtimes Harris had long since ceased to work, when he was accosted by Kid Scoot, a perfect giant of a man, who had somewhat of a reputation as a prizefighter. Pete and Kid were reputed to be excellent friends.

"Say, Pete, does yuh know whuh Potlicker Dan is at?" Pete shook his head slowly. "Huh! 'Pears lak ev'ybody wants Potlicker Dan dis mawnin'. What does you want wid him?"

Kid looked interested. "Who else wuz it wanted to see him?"

Pete hesitated a moment. "Goodtimes Harris."

Kid grunted. "I might a known it. I's in trouble, Pete. You see it's lak dis. Me an' Goodtimes is bofe o' us in love wid de same gal, Miss Crystal Eubanks, whut lives down de street dah, an' cooks foh de white fo'ks on de other side o' de river. Goodtimes ain' hones. He done got it in his head dat Crystal is got some money saved up, an' he done made it known dat he gwine ter marry her to git dat money. I jes' wants de gal. Miss Crystal don't know 'bout whut Goodtimes is said, an' I's skeered she'll jes' think I's jealous if'n I tells her. She done specified dat de one o' us whut buys dat piece o' lan' whut use to b'long to you, an' buil's a house on it, gwine have de bes' chance wid her. I's tryin' to fin' Potlicker Dan. An' so is Goodtimes."

Pete knew all about Goodtimes' remark about marrying Crystal and getting her money; so did Crystal. "Uh, huh!" Pete laughed. "I hopes you wins, Kid."

"I got to. I jes' got to have dat gal."

THE following day Goodtimes called on Pete again. "Seed Potlicker Dan yit?" he wanted to know. Pete shook his head. "Sho' aint."

"Know whuh he is at? Pete laughed. "Mah goodness, Goodtimes, you is de most inquisitin' man I evah seed. How come I gwine know whuh evah stragglin' niggah is at?"

Goodtimes coughed. "Miss Crystal Eubanks is done specify to me dat she thought mebbe so you could find him. I spec' you done heerd 'bout how ev'ything is wid me an' Crystal, an' Kid Scoot. I tell you whut I gwine do. Miss Crystal say dat if'n me nor Kid, one aint got de lan' by Sat'day ebenin' at fo' o'clock, she aint gwine to have neider

(Continued to page 51)



***It
Takes
a
Wise
Pup***

*to read the cards and know that there's a
dark man coming. Irene Ambrus knows
it, because the card is a king of spades.*

G. F. P. Photo.

(Continued from page 49)

one o' us, so you see dey aint no time to lose. In 'sideration o' dis, if'n you'll fin' Potlicker Dan foh me befo' Sat'day mawnin' at 9 o'clock I'll give you fifty dollahs."

Pete frowned and shook his head. "I aint sayin' I could fin' him, Goodtimes, but if I did I'd have to have mo' dan dat. I'd hab ter sen' out fo'ks huntin' foh him, mebbe, an' dat would take money. Why don' you fin' him yose'f?"

Goodtimes shook his head. "Can't. I done tried. An' I aint got no time to lose. Kid Scoot may fin' him fus. Now Pete," and Goodtimes lowered his voice, altho there was no one except Bones to hear. "I done got a hint dat you is mad wid Scoot, even if'n he don' know it, so I wants you to he'p me out. Dey's two hundred dollahs in it foh you, pervidin' you git Potlicker Dan to me by de time I said."

"I'll try, Goodtimes. Dat niggah is hard to fin' sometimes, you know. He'h heah, dah an' ev'ywhuh. I dun heerd 'bout a dozen places he's exposed to be at. Some say Truxillo; some say Tegucigalpa, an' some say——"

Pete was interrupted. "He aint at Truxillo, an' he aint at Tegucigalpa. He is jes' disappeared. I dun telegrafted dem places. Dat's why I'm offerin' you de reward."

"Well, I gwine try ter win it." Pete thought for a moment. "Come 'long wid me, Goodtimes." A short time later a paper was drawn up and signed in the presence of Phil Rozier, a clerk in the offices of the United States Fruit Company, to the effect that when Rozier notified Goodtimes that Pete had located and was ready to deliver Potlicker Dan, Goodtimes was to pay to Pete two hundred dollars. The agreement was made to read in this manner, because neither negro trusted the other.

Then in some manner Kid Scoot learned of this agreement between Pete and Goodtimes. Pete had just strolled into a store to buy some suspenders, when Kid Scoot

laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Whut you doin' now old niggah?"

Pete grinned. "Pshaw now, Kid, whut you means speakin' lak you wuz mad dat way foh? I jes' gwine buy me some expenders."

Kid scowled. "You aint gwine need no expenders, no pants, no nothin' esseptin' a coffin, when I gits th'u payin' you foh double-crossin' and sellin' me out lak you's been doin'."

Pete's lower lip trembled. "Whut you means, Kid?"

"You knows what I means. You dun tol' Goodtimes 'bout how you aint de kin' o' friend to me you makes out lak you is, an' you's 'greed to he'p him find Potlicker Dan."

Kid made a swipe with a heavy right that would have put Pete out of business had it landed. But it didn't land. Pete broke all records between the store and his house. And when he reached his house, he kept going. The old man was very careful to keep away from Kid Scoot for the remainder of the day.

KID SCOOT was just about as near crazy as men can get. Crystal certainly was giving him no encouragement. Goodtimes, while taking good care to keep out of arm's length of the prizefighter, was doing all the crowing that he felt entitled to do. Goodtimes, and every one who knew of his trade with Pete, felt sure that Pete would deliver the goods. The old man had been in that country for more than twenty years. He knew where every one went, and what they did when they got there. He had ways of learning things that no one else seemed to have, so luck seemed to be favoring Goodtimes, since it was generally understood that Potlicker Dan had no special need for the ground in question and would sell to the first person offering him any such sum as \$300.

Following his attempt to put Pete out of

business, Kid called on Crystal. That dame had heard of the affair.

"You needn't be hangin' up yo' hat lak'n you esspects to make yo'se'f at home 'roun heah, till after we sees who is de bestest man, you o' Goodtimes, an'——"

Kid interrupted. "It's easy to see who is de bestest man. I can lick dat scrawny nig-gah wid one han' tied behime mah back. I kin——"

It was Crystal's time to interrupt. "I ain't meanin' who' de bestest man lax a ox o' a mule, I means wid brains. Now you run 'long. I ain't lettin' Goodtimes fool 'roun' heah till dis matter is decided, and I ain't gwine make no difference twixt you. 'Sides dat, I's 'shamed o' de way you done Mistah Pete. I done heerd 'bout dat, an' dat ain't he'pin' you none wid me."

EARLY Saturday morning there was a strange gathering at Phil Rozier's office. Goodtimes Harris was the first to arrive, and he came in response to a message. Shortly after Pete, and a long, thin negro that Goodtimes recognized as the muchly wanted Potlicker Dan showed up. "I wants to buy from you, Mistah Potlicker Dan," Goodtimes commenced, but Pete didn't let him finish. "Befo' dey is any buyin' done dey mus' be some payin' dun," he announced.

Rozier laughed. "That's right, Goodtimes," he announced. Half a minute later Pete rammed 200 dollars down in the bottom of his pocket. Then Goodtimes turned to Potlicker Dan: "I wants to buy yo' land."

Potlicker Dan scratched his head. "I ain't got no lan'."

Goodtimes almost dropped. He whirled on Pete. "You done swindled me. You tol' me——"

"I ain't told you nothin' what ain't. I done said I sol' dat lan' to Potlicker Dan, an' I done so. I ain't said nothin' 'bout whut he

done wid it after I sol' it to him. An' you ain' axed me whut he done wid it."

"Whut did he done wid it, den?"

"He don' sol' it back to me—and——" Pete was interrupted by the entrance of Crystal and Kid Scoot.

"An' now you's got de lan', an' you gotta sell it to me!" Goodtimes exclaimed. But Pete moved further away from the angry Goodtimes. "I ain't got it—I done sol' it."

Both Goodtimes and Kid Scoot started toward Pete when he made this assertion, but Rozier stopped them. Then Crystal got in the conversation.

"Dis yeah thing seems lak it's kind o' mixed up. I jes' got to do a little esplainin'. I done bought dat lan' fum Pete mahse'f, an' I's got de deed all ready to sell to Kid, if Kid's got de money. Is you, Kid?"

"Sho' is!" exclaimed the dazed Kid Scoot.

Kid, hardly understanding what he was doing, paid the money to Crystal, and was handed a deed to the land. Crystal in turn handed two hundred and ninety-nine dollars to Pete, taking up a note and mortgage held by that individual. "You see I jes' paid Pete one dollah on de lan'," she explained. "Now den Pete, you pay me dem two hundred dollahs whut Goodtimes give you foh findin' Potlicker Dan, s'eing's as it wuz me what foun' Potlicker Dan for you."

"You's de one whut tol' me to give Pete dat money foh findin' Potlicker Dan!" exclaimed Goodtimes.

Crystal laughed. "You's de one whut made yo' brags 'bout you wuz gwine marry me an' git de money you heerd I done saved up," she retorted.

THEN Crystal handed Potlicker Dan twenty dollars. "Dis is to pay you for stayin' hid out till us wanted you. Now Pete you owes me fifty dollars dat I loaned you to take up dat paper Goodtimes hel' against de lan'. Heah's de paper you gimme foh it. I gwine give you ten dollahs foh yo' paht

(Concluded on page 64, bottom)



IDEAL

by
Marna Halisch



THE nurse paused in the doorway, her white dress covered with the long dark cape she usually wore for her evening walk. "She's resting quietly, Mr. Maxon. You might sit by her—if you wish."

Victor Maxon jumped to his feet with an exclaimed, "Thank you!"

Her eyes rested on him pityingly. "Thank you. It gives me an opportunity to get out. I left her sleeping medicine on the table beside her, if she should be restless. But not more than a teaspoonful, you know."

"Very well," said Mr. Maxon, and in a moment he was upstairs in Miranda's room.

Miranda looked very white and tiny in the middle of the big bed. They had had to cut off most of the blond hair which was so like her mother's. She was a great deal like her mother, except that her smaller features showed a greater regularity and that she herself lacked a certain warm impulsiveness and self-assertion which had been evident in her mother. Victor had loved the mother's expressiveness, her vivid response to all the feelings of a strong humanity, yet he found the daughter's quiet nature strangely more satisfying. She was like a marble statue which was submissive to one's interpretation of divinity and never, like her mother, disconcerted a would-be worshiper by some movement of an indubitable humanity. She never demanded to be understood. Passionate as he always was for a clear, well-ordered uns subtle vision of things, he could

not help being superlatively grateful to a person who let him keep his simple ideal of her instead of thrusting the painful complex of her own personality into the situation.

Victor watched the soft waving of the counterpane that indicated her breathing. He had a quite irrational sense of beauty in all her physical processes. Her beautiful exterior confirmed one of his favorite theories, that the mind builds itself a temple to fit its own contours. Her beautiful, beautiful mind! He even loved her name—Miranda—to be marveled at.

If Victor had been a mother he would have thought of her as she was when a baby—exquisite and dependent and utterly lovable. But to him she had been neither so exquisite nor so lovable in those days. He remembered her chiefly as a part of the disturbingly lovely picture made by her mother; the object of her mother's kissings, and paintings, and flights of fancy. It was only after her mother's death that he had begun to realize her extreme valuableness. She had begun wonderfully by refusing to press the claims of her own grief, quietly consoling him in his greater bereavement.

There had been a few incidents in his knowledge of her which he had felt as vaguely bewildering. When she was a child of nine he had seen her playing in the mud with a group of other children, shouting and grimacing and throwing the mud about

with a sort of abandon which it shocked him even to remember. And once when she was beautiful sixteen his sister had told him with a grave face that Mart Johnson's mother had told her that it was a sight to see the way Miranda Maxon danced at the high school dances. Of course, it was true that Miranda had turned down an invitation from the pimpled Mart, and he and his mother were presumably malicious. Still, it racked Victor to feel that anyone, however unjustly, should criticize Miranda, and this annoyance had been one of the reasons which had made up his mind to the difficult decision of letting her go away to the convent school. He was singularly happy in the thought that she would not meet any boys there. She was not in the least a sexless divinity to him. He could make up his mind to the thought that some day a man would love her very finely and take her away—though it seemed rather horrible, seeing men were all brutes like himself; but any such contingency must of course be many years distant, for she was barely removed from childhood, a woman in years, perhaps, but with the lovely northern reluctance for maturity.

Victor looked at the lines which the counterpane took over her body, and was confirmed in his sense of her youth and immaturity. One shoulder, uncovered by a restless movement, showed flesh that was white and fine, but it was as unvoluptuous in health as in her present illness. She turned slightly and her face, a little contorted, lay in the clear path of the light. He was shocked that it was not so young as he had thought it. Oh, she had changed since her illness! It was painful to see how her cheeks had lost their roundness, how her lips had drawn about them lines such as one expects to see in the face of one who has experienced much. Victor felt pity but at the same time a subdued sense of irrita-

tion. A goddess has no business to become less lovely. He wondered if she would always be marked by this present unloveliness, even after she got well.

Victor never allowed himself to consider for a moment the possibility that she might not get well. He could not think of living without the joy of hearing someone say, "That lovely girl?—she's Victor Maxon's daughter," and knowing that others said it unheard. She was, of course, wonderful in all relations, but he could not imagine that daughterhood would ever cease to be her crowning glory. She excelled in her functions as his daughter, as he excelled in being her father. Victor had been a good son, a good enough husband, but a superlatively good father. Sitting beside her now, he liked to think that few fathers would joy in the task as he did.

She moved restlessly, throwing her arms free of the bed clothes, and he, careful not to wake her, covered her again. He was bending over her when he heard her speak softly, though he saw that her eyes were still closed. "Kiss me," she whispered, and he smiled with tenderness and gratification that even her subconscious self seemed to recognize his presence by her bed and address itself to the surety of his love.

He started painfully as she burst into a ringing, unlovely laugh, followed by a muttering which he could barely understand. "This is known as fooling the nuns." He was scarcely conscious of any import in the words, but he was shocked by the distortion of her beautiful face that had become, under the maltreatment of her illness, suddenly old and crafty and strangely lewd. She was whispering again with a breathless ferocity, "Fraid-cat! Oh, my God! I know how to do this thing. I'm an old hand at it." She let out a chuckle which was immeasurably obscene. "An old hand at it. I take my loving ——." Her voice dropped off into

silence and she pillowed her face, once more soft and girlishly beautiful, contentedly upon one slender arm.

Delirium! She had talked irrationally before during the course of her fever, but then her babblings had been of a lake with lilies and a silver castle; or even, childishly, of such things as pop-corn balls and toffy. This terrible outburst was beyond belief. Victor felt an impulse of physical nausea. The import of the words she had just spoken could hardly be questioned—some clandestine intrigue of the most offensive and soiling sort. But how did those words come to her lips? He could still scarcely believe that she herself had spoken them. Rather some demon within her, conjured up by the fever.

He had averted his eyes from her face with a movement of revulsion. Now, with a painful effort he forced them to return, examining her slim shoulder and the delicate profile whose effect of purity was enhanced by her pallor. Lovely—lovely Miranda! Miranda the fallen! Miranda the harlot! Such combinations of ideas were utterly impossible. He wondered if a person in a delirium ever talked of things which had not actually occurred. Surely this hideous thing must have been only a dream which floated for a moment, alien and unowned, through the pure air of her mind. Yet it must have been present somewhere in her imagination, in her desire, floating up from some secret sub-stratum of her nature underlying all the beautiful purity of her known self. This alternative was not reassuring.

All at once he imagined her dead. Lying in white purity, with lilies around her, inaccessible to any further ill. And he imag-

ined himself forgiving her then—little Miranda, who had sinned because she had not known and had been only too accessible to life. He saw himself beside her grave, where violets grew, head bowed in noble grief.

But she was not going to die, of course. She was going to live and get well and look at him with eyes in which this enigma faced him always. In a flash he saw the future as it would be for him. She would be soft and sweet, and in the seduction of her presence he would forget the nightmare for whole moments and her white hand would rest on his head, and then, when she had left him, the doubts would come surging back. He imagined the nights when he would lie sleepless, weighing evidence which had been weighed a thousand times before. He imagined the days in which he would look questioningly into other people's eyes for the glint of a suspicion when they rested on Miranda. He knew the agony he would experience when he saw a man's hand reaching out to touch her white hand.

Suddenly Miranda stirred and began to whisper words which her father could not catch. Then she flung out her arms with a gesture which bared her breast and cried, " Lover! Lover!"

Something in Victor moved with swift desperation. He took the bottle of sleeping medicine and poured out her dose and pressed it between her lips. She fought against it, moving her head from side to side on the pillow. "Not drink—had enough—want, want loving!" Then he picked up the bottle and pressed it against her lips, pouring the contents between them—more and more and more—until at last the lovely, defiled lips were still.

Those Things Happen—Be Careful Next Time, John

Trade love hammock for twin baby carriage.
John C. Gambell, Sites, Calif.

—Taken from a Trade magazine. (Adv.)



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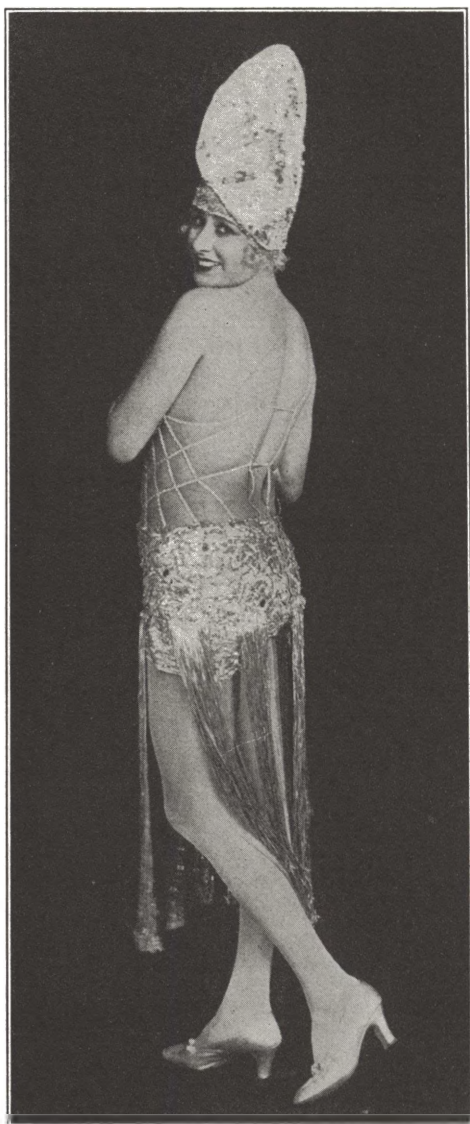
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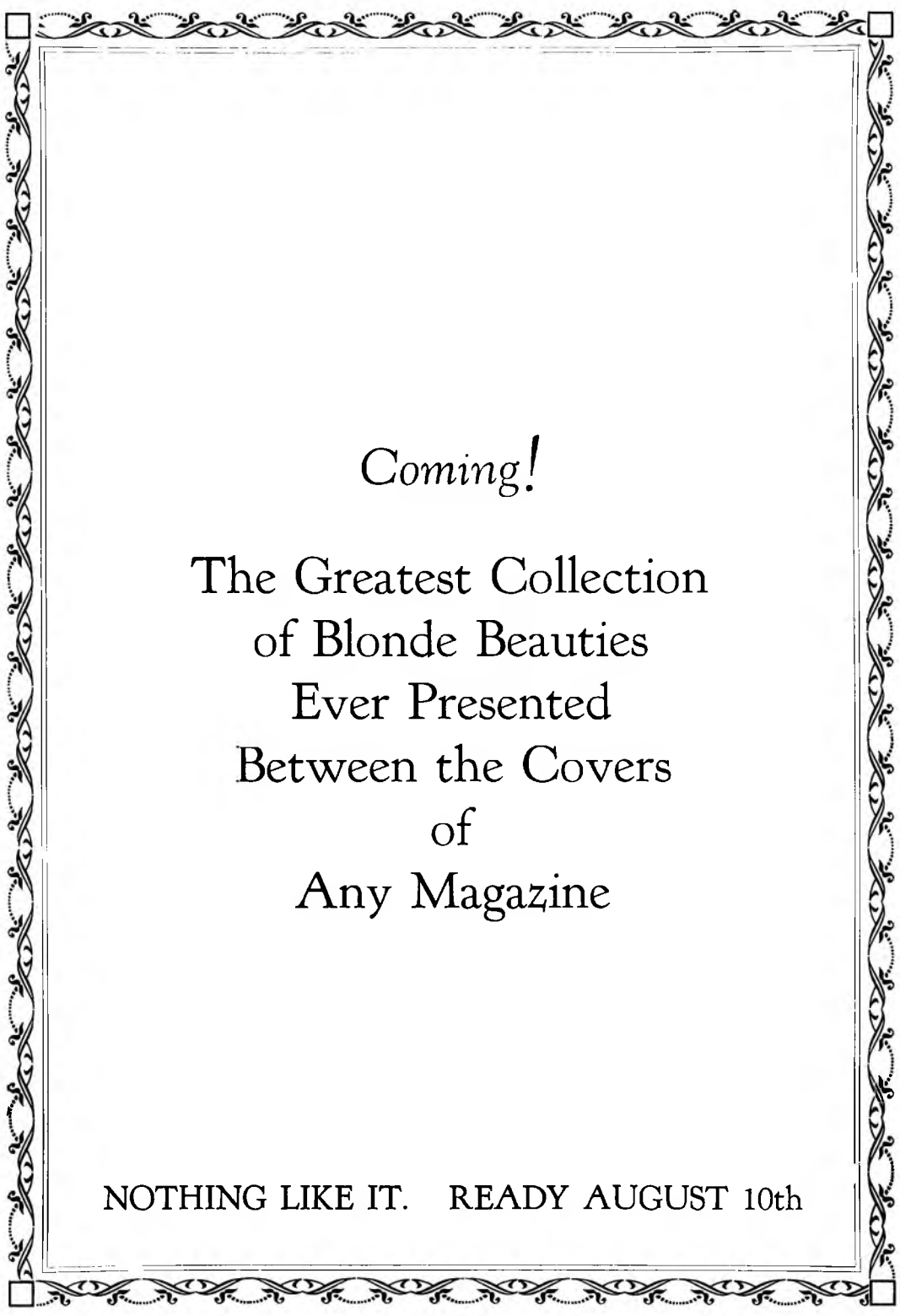
(Concluded from page 52)

in he'pin' me, so you jes' owes me fohty dollahs." Crystal carefully counted the money Pete handed her. "Now I'se got mah money back whut I loaned Pete; Pete is got a good price foh his lan'; Potlicker Dan is paid foh his trouble, an' so is Pete, an' Goodtimes is paid foh tryin' to marry a lady to git her money, an' also foh tryin' to git Pete's lan' foh not much o' nothin'. An' I'se got a hundred an' seventy dollahs for doin' de payin' back to Goodtimes. Goodtimes is got esperience, an' Kid knows who's gwine to run our fam'ly. An' he knows dat's gwine ter be me."

Rozier laughed. "I don't understand all this, but I suppose it's all right. I only wanted to see Pete get a square deal, and he seems to have gotten it."

"Huh!" snarled Goodtimes. "An' I sho' is got esperience. If anybody wants to know whut kin' o' brains I's got you kin jes' tell 'em dey ain't nobody home."

Pete laughed and puffed out his chest like a turkey gobbler. "An' if'n anybody asts you whut kind o' brains me an' Crystal is got you kin tell 'em dey is somebody home." The old man chuckled. "An' us kin prove it by Mistah Goodtimes Harris."



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