

10 Stories Back

February

25¢



*If you're tired
of ice
and snow
this is
your number!*

**THE
SOUTH SEA
ISLAND**
and tropical
NUMBER

*Hula Hula Girls,
Tropic Beauties
and South
Sea Island
Photos inside~
OH BOY!*



**Famous
Folies-Bergere
Ballet Girl Whose
Tour of the South
Sea Islands Failed**
merely because the people in the South Sea Islands see so much girl flesh that Lily Nicolska, here depicted in her usual stage costume, didn't cause a ripple of interest. However, the rest of you will enjoy her, no doubt.

Special for the Tropical Number of
10 Story Book via International
Newsreel.

A Magazine Devoted to Girl Pictures and Intriguing Stories



10 STORY BOOK



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Twenty-Sixth Year



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Pictures by Hazel Goodwin Keeler, Charles O. Longabaugh, Jo Metzger, L. Good Cara, d'Ache, etc.



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Authors and Literary Agents: Yes, we buy stories. Their length can be from 1,000 words all the way up to 3,000. They should contain emphatic sex interest, realism, humor or satire. We also use one-act plays, providing their readability is not sacrificed to their actability. Jokes? Yes. Epigrams and skits likewise. But don't forget the stamped and addressed envelope with all contributions.

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by
J. Jenkins Hains
(Late Captain of
U.S.S. Neva)



Nuki-Hiva Head

Author of "The Windjammers," "Bahama Bill," "The Black Barque," etc.

"THAT'S the Sayonara—that big one out there, buff-colored smoke stack and buff spars. Cost about half a million, and I named her myself. That name means 'farewell forever'—Yes, she's mine. I built her. Nuki Hiva? Yes, you steer southeast from Tai-o-hie Light, and run about seventy miles, and then you sight Fetouhouhou—that's the last of the Markasas—you spell it Marquesas? All right. Let it go. Cupid, the God of Love, was born there. At least that is what the French say, for of all the women in the world, none compare with those of the islands. They are physically perfect. Absolutely. Bronze venuses—only they have arms, soft round arms that clasp about a sailor's neck—all right if you know. Just why the most perfect women should be at Fetouhouhou, I can't tell. Lots of things I can't explain, but this happens to be one of the incredible facts of the world. These most perfect women alive inhabited these God-forsaken islands in the South Seas and lived their uneventful lives without the aids of divorce courts, firearms, or civilized accessories. Mostly they had few accessories—except a grass cloth draped from the waist over full and rounded thighs—no, they didn't always have that. It is recorded that the ladies of the Mar-

kasas were never equalled by either their white or brown sisters. These spar-buff dames held the prize. They claim—but without authentic record—that the United States Navy adopted this well known color for the upper works of the ship for the reason that it was, and is, the color of the most beautiful women alive.

"But what's the use. Maybe I protest too much. But wait—I'll tell you about those spar-buff ladies.

"The whale-ship William Lee—known as the Willielee—came up from the grim Solander grounds and anchored at Fetouhouhou. I was the chief mate and sent in a boat for wood and water. She had hardly hove to when a long narrow canoe holding two people, a man and a woman, came quickly off from the shore. The man was well built, powerful and handsome as to features. He stood about six feet four, and was finely proportioned. But the woman was amazingly beautiful. She stood in the canoe and showed to be about five feet five inches tall, weight about one hundred and thirty-five, and her limbs—her body, were superlative, beyond words, for exquisite beauty. Her face was oval and her teeth showed a white line between parted lips that were

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Tahiti's Little Dance-Queen

she being a French girl named Raquel Foret who went to Tahiti and opened a dance palace for visiting sailors and Americans. She is said to be doing very well, even though she is only eighteen years old, and no doubt this infant will soon be returning to La Belle, France, with her apron pocket full of francs. She's a charming little miss, isn't she? And she has never married. She speaks English very quaintly, says our correspondent who got this picture for us.

Special for Tropical Number of 10
Story Book per B. Moireng, 73
Avenue de la Republique, Montrouge,
Seine, France.



They Wear Their Hose Light in South Africa

and this fair damsel is a hose demonstrator in a big department store in Cape Town or Johannesburg or something like that. Her name is Vinny Perk, and she speaks English like all the South Africans, only she calls afternoon tea "tiffin," and so forth. When business is dull in the hose department she goes up to the toy department and washes the kewpie dolls. She isn't so tropical; but her hose are, and so we've included her.

Specially posed for the Tropical Number of 10 Story Book, per Ford Foto Studios, Ellensburg, Washington.

(Continued from page 2)

not too thick or too thin. She was spar buff, dazzling in the sunshine, and she wore a grass skirt which reached from her waist to her knees, her breasts and shoulders entirely bare. When the canoe came alongside the man spoke first, grinned widely and showed friendliness.

"'Sdlpguert—butionimsky—dues due-rtszvtvnztru,' said the lady in a gentle voice, a low soft voice which brought all to attention. 'Squedht, mmshd—'

"'Girl, you are dead right,' I said, stopping my work and leaning upon the rail amidships. 'I don't quite get your lingo, but I can lick anyone who contradicts a lady—that goes.'

"'She means toss a piece of silver overboard—these French niggers know silver; the franc is that metal,' said the Captain leaning from the mainsheer pole.

"'Well, why don't you toss it then?' I asked.

"'I thought you might have a stray

piece—hey, Jones—throw the dame a franc or a quarter, if you have it.' Jones was second-mate and was on deck to see what could be seen. I was the Chief Officer and it was my watch. I had a right to be on deck.

"The second mate felt in his pockets and finally brought out a six-pence. He held it up in the air in his fingers for them to see, then tossed it into the water. Instantly the lady dropped her dress and stood for an instant clothed in glory—nothing but—and then slid gracefully over the side of the canoe and caught the scintillating bit of metal before it sank out of sight. When she arrived at the surface, all work had stopped on that ship. I raved a bit, but what would you? The Captain grinning at the sheerpole, the second officer young and blushing, with his adolescent face full of pimples, the third mate ashore in the water boat, the bos'n staring goggle-eyed at the beauty and utterly deaf to threats and entreaties. . aw well, there was no use. I threw down the belaying pin I held in my hand and sat easily upon the rail and tried to entice the beauty aboard. My efforts were useless. She refused to leave the canoe. It was probably just as well, for had she come on deck there would most likely have been murder—you can't trust hardy and tough seamen who have been out a year without seeing a female. Someone would most likely have insulted me, the Mate, and I was accredited with holding down a mighty rough crew. I might have become a bit rough with those smart squirts. Of course what they might have said to the girl would have made no difference. She could not understand a word.

"How old is that beauty, how old is she?" I howled at the big pagan. The men had crowded about near the rail and grinned. There was Spanish Carlo, Dutch

(Continued on page 7)



A Lady Robinson Crusoe

was Catherine Connings, this beautiful English girl here shown. She was a member of a Hollywood moving picture outfit that went down to the South Seas to take a picture: Catherine got left on a small atoll or island, and was not picked up for three weeks, as it was supposed she had gone on to New Zealand. There were some goats there, and Catherine had to stop up her ears and kill one of the poor bleating things. A lady's got to eat; anyway—the female of the species hath a deadly aim with a rock. Anyway, she lived, and when she was picked up, the editor of 10 Story Book asked her if she wouldn't pose for his Tropical Number just as she lived in her goat skins on Wimsey Island. Catherine has obliged. Wonder if she got her tummy sunburned any?

Special for The Tropical Number
of 10 Story Book



**Gentlemen
Prefer 'Em in
South America**

and we publish this picture of Mlle. Madeleine Turlotte who was born and grewed up in a land where only brunettes thrive. Madeleine is a South American interpreter, and whenever a revolution takes place, or a Mexican-Yaqui-Indian uprising, she knows all the dialects of all the people involved. It is said she is a prominent figure in South American night life, but then you know yourselves that all differences—including international ones—are best ironed out over a little table with a cold bottle on it. This was taken when Madeleine was in Paris.

Special for Tropical and South American Number of 10 Story Book, via Mme. Celesta, Villa Moderne, Montrouge, Seine, France.

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Pete, Kanaka Joe—who understood the language a bit—and that adolescent ass Jones, second officer, with his pimply face all smiles and blushes. The savage held up his hands and opened his fingers twice.

“Aw, ask him,” I ordered, and Carlo slung a soft question at him. He stuck up his fingers again.

“You ask him, Dutch,” I said and the pantomime was repeated. I held up ten fingers, but the heathen shook his head and scowled.

“He say he want twenty francs for the woman—he sell her to you,” said Kanaka Joe, trying to unravel the mystery.

“Good lord, I don’t want to buy a lady—we’re dealing in whale oil and pearl shell—not women. Tell him to take her away, take her ashore. She’s a menace to navigation. What the devil does he think we are?” I growled. Joe said something softly and the girl smiled at him, showing her even teeth.

“Then she slowly drew on her Paris gown, and looked sadly away.

“Psthwer—uvzvert—umumuhuhu,” she murmured softly.

“You’re blamed right,” I said loudly. “Your man is a scoundrel and by rights should be shot.” The fellow then held up both hands, and opened the fingers of the right one twice, keeping the left one still.

“Fifteen francs,” said Joe gently, grinning at me. I turned away and that young squirt with the pimples of adolescence all over his red face reached in his pocket. Then I grabbed him by the arm. Captain Seymour laughed aloud. Two harpooners went for their money, running for the companionway. I waved savagely at the big stranger, grabbed a belaying pin and made a threatening movement as if to strike. He grinned,

then held up one hand and opened the fingers once.

“He say ten francs, now’ interpreted Kanaka Joe. ‘Ver cheep at dat rate, yes—no?’

“Then I hurled the pin.

II.

“Anyone would think, to hear the mate, he didn’t have fifteen francs, or good old Father Sanara up at Nuki-Hiva head was going to resign his position as priest in his favor,” said Yankee Sam, a downeast whaleman of small intellect and large appetite.

“Yeahm, he’s so good he’s sick—but we better n’t let him hear us,” assented Dirty Bowles, a man from Kinkakee. Of course I didn’t hear them. A mate of a sailing ship don’t hear of lots of things he does—technically speaking, I mean—not literally! He sometimes tries to run his ship, and it was a bad lookout aboard the Willielee. It’s no joke to have a ship entirely unmanned five thousand miles from—well anywhere at all. It’s all very well to condemn sailors for their contempt for conventions. I refuse to be responsible for them, even as the Chief Officer in command. I claim, and I think justly, that I did not make life, I did not have much of a hand in forming morals or conventions; so why blame me? What have I done? Go for the powers who made life what it is, and not the poor officers who try to bolster up morals and support whatever conventions they may. I was only trying to keep a ship manned—that was what I had signed on for, to keep the ship worked up and able—I did the best I could. Cupid, drat him, beat me to it, but I died game. I fought him to a standstill—but of course he won; he always does in theatrical performances or in stories and novels. I’ll admit that belaying-pin missed him a mile. Kanaka

Joe, grinned. He didn't think I tried hard to make a hit.

"'Captain, can I go ashore?' asked that adolescent second mate of our commander, who sat upon the quarter rail and smoked. 'I have a cousin over there who is a priest and who I haven't seen in ten years—not since the War.' If that goof didn't have nerve, ask me. He didn't even blush when he spoke. I had to blush for him.

"'Certainly you may,' assented the skipper. 'Bring your cousin aboard. I'd like to meet him—I suppose he speaks good French so I can't understand him?'

"'Thank you, sir, I'll try to do so,' said that Jones. Then he went and scraped his pimply face and actually put on a white shirt and collar, for the clergy, he explained, were somewhat particular regarding formalities of dress.

"'Yes, and so was your old man,' I snapped sourly, 'I knew him.'

"He loafed about the deck waiting for the two harpooners who strove to disinfect themselves. All three soon appeared in a more sanitary state. Then they asked gently for a boat.

"'Yeah, I'll build you one—we'll call it the Ark of Venus,' I growled.

"'Not a bad name at that,' assented Jones, 'but just at present we are a bit pressed for time and the delay would be irksome. How about the port forward whale boat—it's the smallest?'

"'You'll have to argue that matter with the Captain,' said I. 'Permission to go ashore don't get you nare boat with me. Not right away. One boat ashore at a time is enough—swim out O'Grady, swim out.'

"'Aw, don't be an old grouch, Chief—'

"'Shut up and don't use the word old in connection with my name. I don't like it, and get peevish when a young squirt starts to get fresh.'

"'Aw, come on Chief, be a sport—let

us take the boat—we'll be back in the morning,' put in the two harpooners.

"'What morning? Christmas morning, or three o'clock next July? One boat at a time, bullies. When the shore boat comes back, then I'll think about letting it go again. There were six men besides the third mate in that boat, and they took six axes and ten barrels ashore. Let's see some signs of water and wood, first. We're not here to hold an afternoon tea with the beauties of Fetouhouhou. If you don't like my song, sing one to the skipper. He's in command. I'm only the executive officer—and I hope I don't have to execute any shore-going bums. Lay dead before I smear you with a pin—shut up.' My words were rather harsh, but what would you have.

"'Aw, hell, you like women as much as we do—you're just putting on side, Chief, so come out and be a man,' said a harpooner.

"'Lay dead—you're through,' I snapped and turned away. The argument was closed. At least I thought so.

"Those three love-stricken bums went straight to the skipper and poured a tale of woe into his ear. The skipper said it was truly dreadful, that of all the harsh mates he ever sailed with, I was the worst—but that was the reason he sailed with me. They'd have to wait my pleasure, for if he overruled me, I might pour a tale of woe into the ear of a lady ashore and—then he would have no officers at all aboard. He was entirely too far from home to be in such a condition. The angry men came back forward, muttering and saying disagreeable things about me—which caused me no pain whatever. Wonder why some men suffer when called names? Can't seem to feel it, myself, but I've seen men die for calling certain names which could not have hurt a baby.

(Continued on page 10)

Jones

Tells

of

His

Trip

to



M E X I C O

“MEXICO! Say, boys, that’s a wonderful country, what I mean! I’ll tell you about it. Well, the first thing I did was to hire a six cylinder peon to ride around in—nothing like having a car, you know, and talk about picking up the swell girls—boy! One keen little tamale—a snappy brunette—had supper with me at one of the big Mexican lariets. Eats! Great, I’m telling you. We had fried bandanas and the roasted matador was the best I ever tasted. We had seniorita served with picador sauce for dessert!

“And excitement! That wasn’t half of it! Stepping out of the hombre I was astonished to find myself attacked by a fierce looking tortilla, armed with a murderous looking frijole that glistened in the moonlight. He was quick as a flash, but I was quicker and shot him through his banderillero. He was badly wounded, and the Captain of the Centavos locked him up in the tequila for the rest of the night. It was gringo, what I mean!”

—Paul S. Powers.
Illustration by Jo Metzger

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"Eight bells—midnight and no shore boat. I turned in, leaving an anchor watch on deck with orders to call me at any change of the weather or anything coming along that looked like a shore boat.

"I thought over the present case of our ship. Here were young men wanting things that were normal. I had known of thousands of young men who started out in the world with the idea of making a position for themselves, marrying some woman somewhat of their own class, and supporting her as either a companion for themselves or for some other man, perhaps raising a few kids and passing out at a moderate age depressed, disillusioned and sour, the civilized wife being either too fat or too thin, too sharp-tempered or without any backbone at all, bow-legged, slue-footed, knockneed or pigeontoed as the case generally was—

"Well, here was the perfect woman already for him. No desperate work to get that position to marry her, no false teeth, no false hair, no piano legs, no defects at all—all perfect. She had a smile like the sunrise, a body in perfect health, and beauty that admitted of no criticism. Perhaps they were right after all. I had read somewhere that it was best to trust to natural instincts in love matters—throw out all artificial weights upon the case, such as money, age, or anything else. Yes, perhaps I had been too severe with my young men, too grouchy—confound the old ship, let them go ashore and enjoy the little life they had left—maybe I'd go ashore myself,—why not? No reason in the world. Joe was joking when he suggested that the Father at Nuki-Hiva was waiting for me to relieve him of his religious duties. Nix on the religious stuff unless love entered along with it—confound that young woman. She was beautiful. I couldn't sleep.

III.

"When I awoke in the morning, there was a strange stillness aboard. There was a bright sunshine on deck; it streamed through my ports and lit up my plain and bare little cabin. No one had called me. I had awakened myself. This was so unusual that I lay debating what the matter might be. Then I suddenly jumped up and looked at my watch. It was three bells, or nine-thirty o'clock in the morning. This was amazing, and I quickly dressed and went on deck. Both port boats were missing, and not a soul stirred on deck. I went aft and called

Here's a Remarkable Camera Study

showing every individual hair, every minute facial mark, on this handsome (that is, handsome where he lives), native of the Fiji Islands. Does he eat human flesh? Oh boy—does he? (He does when he isn't listening to W. J. A. Z. on his Sears-Roebuck radio set.)

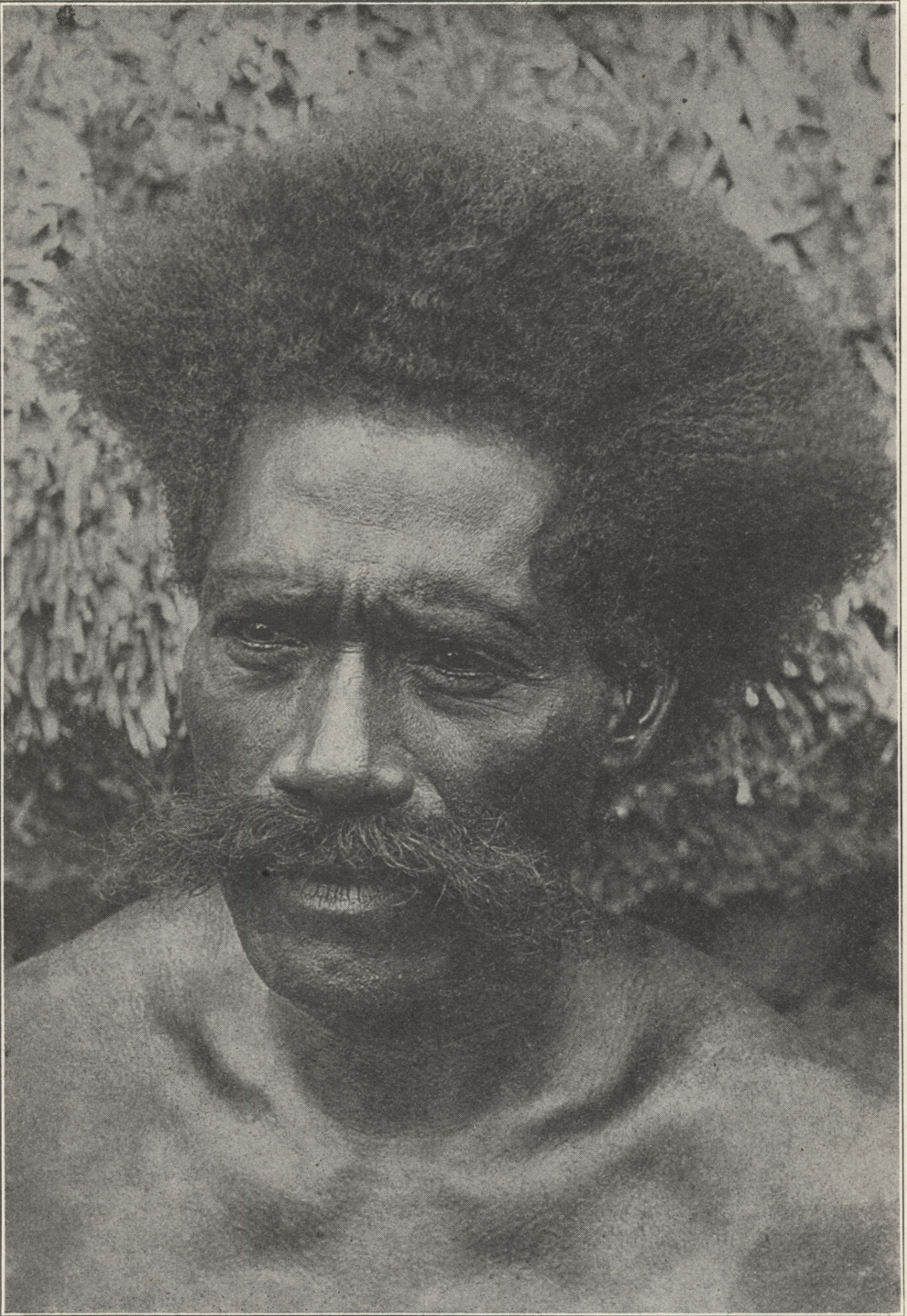
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down the cabin companionway to the skipper. He did not answer for the simple reason that he was not there. The ship was entirely deserted. I was the only living soul aboard.

"I looked at the anchor chain leading down into fifteen fathoms and saw that there was forty-five on the hawse. The sails were furled after a fashion, and seemed safe enough to leave. Ate some of the food left over from supper, and lowered down a starboard boat. Then I sculled ashore without delay.

"As this was Monday, I came back to the ship on Saturday, thinking that as we

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held regular prayers on Sunday the crew would surely be there to attend. To my astonishment not a soul had returned. I had been the last to leave and the first to return. Well, if their religion would not hold them, how could persuasion? But something had to be done; the ship could not remain deserted indefinitely, because she would come to trouble if she were. I sought the head man at the village, a fine looking gentle-spoken old fellow who grinned knowingly, but understood nothing of my complaint.

"I was two full hours trying to explain that I wished to leave the place; that I liked him and his people but wished to go away.

"That was more than his limited vocabulary could encompass. If I loved him and his people, why, oh why, should I wish to leave—what for? Had anyone done anything rude? Then why not remain the object of love and affection, plenty to eat and not a little to drink? Was I distraught? Had the sun affected my brain—if any? If not, there was a lovely little place not far off where two beautiful young women lived alone and wished for mates. I might choose one or both—it mattered not the least, and they were famous cooks, strong workers and were undeniably clean and beautiful—

"'And had the whole blamed ship's company gone and gotten married like that?' I bawled in despair.

"'Mais oui, mais oui, est is eegactly so—pourquoi pas? The ladies are tres grand, oh ver' fine, meestaire, and eet ees you are welcome, what more do you wish?' he said.

"'Oh, nothing more, nothing more indeed—something less, but yes, something much less—but I must have my men back.'

"'Try an' get them,' he grinned in derision, and walked off on me.

"The first of them I met was that adolescent second mate. He was sitting in the shade of a tall cocoanut palm and he had his arm around the prettiest little spar-buff girl I ever saw. Her head was upon his manly shoulder and he patted her soft bronze cheek now and again while I carefully selected a club to pat him with, my intention being to come suddenly from the rear.

"'Jones,' I said, 'for me to smack you on the noodle with this stick and brain you without you knowing who did it, would spoil about all the satisfaction I'll get from smearing you up—snap out of that pose.'

"'Aw, gwan, there's a girl up the beach a ways that's been hanging around that bos'n, an' he don't like her, havin' got a peach already—why pick on me—leave me alone,' said the youth.

"'If you are willing to fight for either love or life, step up, for I'm going to soak you—jump and lie dead before I kill you—jump—' I made a pass with the club and Jones gave up.

"'Aw, you spoil everything. Here I am married only four or five days and you bust in on me like this—I'm not going back to the ship at all—I'm through.'

"'Stand up now and take the slumber stroke, then—I'm going to give you a doloros stroke if you don't fend this marriage stuff—'

"'I swear it's a fact, Chief. I'm married to this little beauty and I'm going to stay right here and raise a big family. What's the use of working and going to sea? I ask you?'

"Well, there was no answer to that. I never did see what use there was in going to sea—except to work and sweat for someone else. Jones had me beaten in the argument. The lady in the grass fringe smiled at me. She couldn't understand that I was trying to take her dear hubby

away, for she held out her rounded arms toward me.

"'Allez vous avec moi,' I said in my best French.

"'Mais oui,' she burbled, 'Mais oui—ooo ee—ooee—nize mans,' she softly crooned. I held her a minute. She was clean and sweet, a splendid little beauty—Ah, well—

"I dropped the hula-hula club, looked out over the sapphire sea. It was calm and beautiful, the whole world was calm and beautiful. I hated that ship with a dreadful hatred—still I must look out for her.

"'You say there are two beautiful women living down the shore a ways?' I said casually to Jones.

"'Yeah, half a mile south, then turn to the right—'

"'All right,' I said, 'maybe I can find the bos'n down that way. I'll try.'

"'Sure thing,' said Jones, but he grinned indecently as I left him.

"I went along down that beautiful shore and turned to the right, but I didn't find the bos'n, because I didn't try very hard to find him. Four days later I trailed back along the same shore, thoroughly ashamed of myself and wishing the blamed ship would burn or founder. Life aboard a ship! It seemed absurd, a travesty, a joke. Life was here ashore, real life, real happiness, real everything but work and no one but a fool wanted to work.

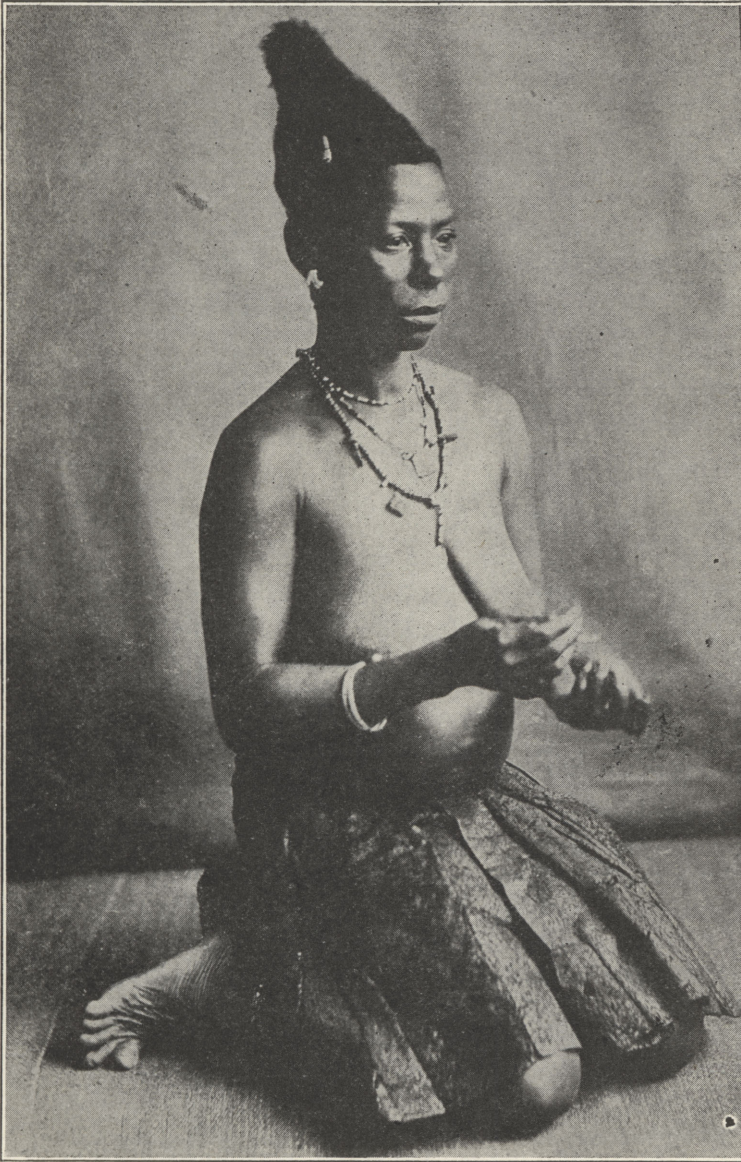
"'Well,' I said to myself resignedly, 'I guess I can stick around as long as the skipper and the rest—it would be absurd for a ship to be at anchor with just one man—the Mate—aboard her. I will not act unnatural, or be absurd!'

IV.

"Two weeks later the news drifted down to me that the Captain was dying with that dread disease, beri-beri. Eating

poi is all right, but gorging with green fruit, stuffing with poi, filling the interstices with boiled fowl, native rum and whatever, brings on beri-beri—or maybe it's brought about by a bug like all civilized diseases. I don't know. I'm not a doctor, just a mate. Anyhow, three days later, the old man died and left me in command of the gallant whale ship Willilee. I don't know, I was not exalted to any degree. Very sorry for the old man, but felt that it served him right; he had no business deserting the ship for a beautiful young wife with a grass fringe for a dress. But why blame him? There have been better men desert for lesser women. Be easy on his memory. There were lots of men like him down there in the sapphire world of peace and happiness. I was living in a glass—I mean grass—house, and of course I couldn't throw stones. We came together at the funeral and there was a lot of sayonara's, and alohos, and all that stuff you read about now, meaning, 'goodbye, old timer, until hell turns you out.' Then I tried again to get some of the men to desert happiness and love and go down to drab work with sorrow and hatred in their hearts. It was not done. They refused. The third mate Willis, I beat up pretty badly, not because he refused, but the manner in which he refused to do duty. Then the Chief of the village gave me a severe lecture in mingled French and native Kanaka—which I couldn't understand—and I was given to know that violence was not a part of the Markasas regime. Old boy Cupid ruled, and only love was to govern the populace. Great, but it was discouraging.

"Then one day I heard news. The Saragossa whaler was at Nuki-Hiva and was to remain there until she watered and fueled up—about two weeks. The Saragossa was owned by the same company who owned the Willilee, and as we had



Here's a Widow, Boys; So Step Up!

She's a Zula widow, too, from Kimberly, South Africa, and no doubt many of her ex-husbands have worked in the diamond mines and swallowed a few uncut diamonds inside the diamond stockades. She's probably well-to-do, so don't all crowd. The lady sent us her picture to be run in the Tropical Number, and she says she's looking for husband No. 4.

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been in company with her the year before on the Martin Vas grounds in the south Atlantic, we knew she had also been hunting the Solander grounds and had probably filled up. She would be homeward bound and would like to get rid of many of her Kanakas. That would be my chance. I had a ship without a crew owing to Dan Cupid, and I had to get her back to the States even though she had little more than half a cargo in her. I decided to run my ship up to Nuki-Hiva if I had to do it alone, for I knew Captain Bartlett would help me all he could.

"Of course I knew that many would claim that I was the mate whom sailors hate and all good skippers damn—and that I swam ashore with the sheet anchor on my back, but all the same the job I tackled was possible. Anyhow I tackled it without any more delay. But when I went aboard alone to try and heave the anchor short and then slip the first tackle, there was a dark head with smiling mouth filled

with white teeth, and a pair of sparkling eyes tearing through the sea, heading right for the Willilee. Sharks? Those natives don't fear sharks any more than a Banks fisherman fears codfish. In a few minutes my dear love was hauling herself aboard by the mizzen channel plates, and greeting me rapturously with a pair of lovely round arms about my neck and a lot of cooing. Oh, well, there was no use running away and leaving her behind like a civilized man might do. Besides, there was no divorce court and of course no decent man could use violence on a lady, an especially beautiful lady not more than sixteen—

“‘Leave the sayonaras and alohos for the bums who have no hearts,’ I said, ‘and you get busy with those capstan bars, for you are stronger than most men, even though you are a baby.’ I took three hours with heave and pawl to heave in that anchor chain until the hook was fairly short, almost up and down. Then we took a recess and cooked a good square meal. After that we trimmed the yards in sharp for the starboard tack, and loosed the spanker. That ended the day's work, for I was in no real hurry now that I had decided what to do. The next morning with the help of Hula-kula I had that spanker stretched, then the gaff topsail over it. It was a large spanker and the gaff topsail gave us quite a bit of cloth to rattle and slap in the trade wind. I would not try to swing a maintopsail alone. With the spanker aft, the maintopmast staysail and maintopgallant staysail, for middle pull, I thought to set the forestaysail, jib and jibtopsail—all fore and aft canvas which could be hoisted with the help of my dear lady. Once on the wind, the ship would lay fairly close with this cloth, and was just loaded deep enough to hold on without too much leeway. With a good breeze and smooth sea as we would have, it was

not such a gigantic feat as one might suppose—this sailing a ship all alone. Five or six knots would be fast indeed, and three or four was all I hoped for. The Willilee would do eight on a bowline with all sail set, for she was built like a shoe box and had lines like a garbage scow—but she was very stiff and strong, built for long voyages, and speed was never considered. She measured a good six hundred tons and was even then drawing eighteen feet aft. The maintopmast staysail was very heavy, but as staysails have nothing to lift except the weight of the canvas alone, and the heads are usually sharp enough to be quite light until the body of the sail shakes loose, we had no trouble until the clew shook free. Then we had to clap a luff on the halyard to stretch the sail up, and we left it with the sheet slacked off, slapping free. The maintopgallant was yanked up the same way, and while it took hours instead of minutes to do it, I finally got the cloth stretched and let it slap while we knocked off and had a square meal and rested for the day.

“Now all I had to do was to either lift the anchor—which was too much for two on that windlass—or knock out the fifteen fathom shackle—and let it go! I had another anchor, and would probably not need more than one on a homeward bound voyage. With the anchor gone, the outer jib would swing her off the wind, but I took no chances, and hoisted both forestaysail and jib, leaving them slat and slam about. The spanker sheet had been hauled flat to head the ship into the wind, and I now slacked it off while I knocked the shackle free. Then Hula-kula and I hauled down the outer jib sheet and then the jib. By the time we had the jib fairly flat the ship's head was falling off and as luck was with us, she swung far enough to clear the shore. With the head sheets in and drawing I

raced for the spanker and we soon had that flat enough before the weight of the breeze stopped us. Then finding that the ship was almost balancing, we ran to the maintopmast staysail and topgallant staysail and got them both in enough to lift along nicely without slatting. The Willilee stood out to sea at about three or four knots an hour with the good trade wind blowing steadily and she steered like a little boat. Once off the land, I luffed her several times easily and had Hula-kula take in the slack of the slapping sheets. I was off on a bowline—and alone. I mean, except a lady who refused to desert me in trouble. The wind was far enough to the eastward to allow me a straight course without making a hitch, but I had to stand at that wheel a full twenty-three hours without leaving it more than a few minutes at a time. Before daylight the next morning I could see Tai-o-hie light, and I ran for it. With sun up I made out the Saragossa at anchor close in.

“From the bleak Solander which is way down in forty-six South Lat to the lovely climate of the Markasas, is quite a jump, and the crew of the Saragossa were pretty much all ashore having a holiday when I hauled up off Port Tai-o-hie light. No one appeared interested in the Willilee and I did a good bit of seamanship by letting go all halyards when a mile to windward, swinging off dead before the breeze, and allowing the ship to drift slowly down wind right for the port. There had been no time to clear the port anchor, but with the ship now drifting right in the direction I wished it to go, we got out capstan bars and after cutting the lashing, managed to get the anchor over the bow. It was the hardest work of all, that prying and heaving to get the fluke clear. By the time the ship was close in the anchor was hanging from the cat-head and ready to

let go. I dropped it within a quarter of a mile off of the Saragossa, and the Willilee soon rode safely at Port Tai-o-hie—with not one of the original crew aboard except myself.

V.

“The port Commander came aboard the next day and began to question me in French. I am not very strong in that language and we could hardly understand each other.

“‘But where are you from?’ he asked.

“‘New Bedford—from the United States,’ I answered.

“‘What—do you mean to say you sailed this big ship all alone around the world with only a Kanaka wife? Incredible, mais oui, incredible. But what tremendous things man will do under the influence of le grande passion. Capitaine, you are one remarkable man—but your crew?’ Here he grinned at me maliciously, ‘Your crew, monsieur le Capitaine, but are they not ashore?’

“‘Go see for yourself,’ I snarled at him. ‘Do you think I’d allow a crew of mine ashore in these islands? Not so you’d notice it.

“And so it leaked out the next day that I, the mate of the Willilee, had taken the ship around the world, clear around the Horn, all alone with a Kanaka wife for a crew. When I came in on a shore boat I was given an ovation, a reception, and many were the cheers I had, and many drinks. While I stayed ashore for a few days enjoying the remarkable distinction of being the only man living who could sail a ship alone, Hula-kula met the third mate of the Saragossa. The scamp was about twenty-three and remarkably good-looking. I never saw Hula again, nor did the captain of the Saragossa ever meet his third mate, although it was rumored that the pair lived very happily

(Continued on page 18)



They Dance the Hula-Hula in Fair Eetalee

and this flashing brunette is Miss Miti Vecchiette (Aw, you don't have to pronounce it!) who entertains the Neopolitans and Sicilians with the dances of the South Seas. That skirt isn't made of spaghetti; it's made of grass imported from the famous island of Tahiti.

Special for the Tropical Number of
10 Story Book, by Underwood and Underwood

(Continued from page 16)

for a year or two near Tai-o-hae—you never can tell. When I finally had a chance to see Captain Bartlett, he gave me six white men and ten Kanakas to ship as far as San Francisco. Two of the white men did duty as mates, and we made the voyage all right enough, landing enough oil and M. of P. to pay for the voyage. The blamed little god Cupid poisoned me good with that arrow of his, for I never quite recovered from the wound. Maggie Clancy, daughter of old Captain Clancy, has been a good wife to me, and we have six boys, one of them Bill, big enough and strong enough to sail a ship alone around the world like his father, for he's the champion wrestler of his state and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. Maggie used to make an awful fuss lifting a little six-ounce clothes line with a few shirts on it, and she would hardly do at a maintopmast staysail halyard. She had fine white teeth, perfect and even—but they cost me nearly one hundred dollars at a good dentist. I try to tell those boys about the south seas, but it's no use at all. They grin and say, 'Spar buff, old man, spar buff.'

"Of course, I'll not go back—no, no, never. I'm president of two railroads, and three banks, and I'm called one of the richest men in California. Perhaps that is so. I'm pretty well fixed financially; but it all started with that first voyage. I took all the cuts of that voyage—shares you know—first twenty thousand dollars. That gave me the start in ships. The first million was easy afterwards, but it takes a lot of money to keep a ship like the Sayonara in commis-

sion. Forty men in her crew, you know, lots of paint—spar buff—

"And this dinner you are going to sit at will set me back something like ten grand, for I wish you fellows to know what real good things are out here. I enjoy the Yacht Club and I like the way I'm treated—made me the Commodore, and I appreciate it. Even the Chaplain here is a good fellow—even if he don't play cards. I want you all to be aboard tomorrow at seven sharp, for that is the regular dinner hour and we'll have a chance to sample the ship's pantry before we sit down. My two stewards can mix wonderful drinks. Twenty-four of you to sit at my mahogany, that'll make thirty all told—"

The group of prospective dinner guests broke up and some wandered off. The Chaplain of the fleet, an elderly Puritan, with set face and disturbed mein still lingered. "Commodore," he ventured, "I certainly appreciate the invitation to your grand dinner. I shall accept. I shall know you better and hope to save you yet from the wickedness of the flesh. All that wild life you have spoken of is over. I can save your immortal soul if you come with real contrition, a truly contrite heart. I can save,"—he opened his hands and stretched them wide—"I can save anyone."

"Can you save women like those—beautiful Islanders—such wanton women—unmoral, perhaps immoral?"

"Yes," said the Chaplain. "I can save even those women."

"Save two then for that dinner—not so loud, sh-h—just two—"



***These People Have Never Seen a
10-Story Book in Their Lives***

much less a white man like those who publish this red-jacketed magazine. These are natives on a tributary of the Amazon River in the Parima Mountains, Brazil. The white man is a member of an expedition who brought us this photograph for our Tropical

Special for the Tropical Number of 10 Story Book
via International Newsreel.



It never entered the head of the president of the senior class that he might ruin the reputation of the president of last year's junior class, by visiting her in her own home town and dancing with her to the tune of a creaky phonograph. But he did ruin it. What was left of it. Boys, said the neighbors, don't go chasing clear across the state after girls unless they've got a pretty good reason for it!

Grammaw's Kitchen Calendar

By Ila Lewis

No, this isn't a tropical story. It's a remarkable piece of realistic fiction, such as an editor doesn't find so often in his mailbag, and it's included in the tropical number for no other reason than to give a little variety to the other stories of wind-blown palms, maidens in beads and corals, and passion and love in the antipodes.

MARVEL was a queer little name, but Marvel herself was a rather ordinary child. True, her old grandmother, who was blind but could always see the worst in everyone, said that the child would come to some bad end. That was because Marvel's mother let her play in the cub-shed with all the boys in the neighborhood. And, God save us, in her underclothes, said the old grandmother, feeling with her wrinkled fingers the rough serge of little Marvel's gym-bloomers.

Marvel, thinking with the larger part of her mind that now she had learned to turn around the trapeze three times, snip-pety Paul Weber would have to quit his silly talking that no girls could take part in his Wild West Show, still had room to wonder what Grammaw was talking about. How did one go about going wrong? O, well—Grammaw was always talking about funny things. Jessie Parrot went wrong because she wore flowers on her hat, Grammaw had said. Marvel hoped she would never go wrong if people looked at you the way they did at poor Jessie Parrot. Grammaw had figured up on the kitchen calendar hanging in the parlor and said that Jessie hadn't been married long enough. Flowers on your hat—hadn't been married long enough. What had that to do with Wild West Shows? But Grammaw was a Saint in Holy Church—Grammaw must know.

Maybe her calendar told her—she always marked down on it when anyone got married.

"Hang by your heels," commanded Paul Weber remorselessly. "Hang by your heels, and we'll let you be in it. A girl, and specially one who can just hang by her toes, ain't any business in a Wild West Show."

"I can't hang by my heels and you know it, old Paul!" cried Marvel wildly. "You can do it because your feet have knobs on behind. I can do everything else that any of the boys can except just that one thing, and you are letting them all be in your show."

"Because they are boys," explained Paul maliciously.

"And I'd just like to know what great and mighty difference that makes! Don't I wear pants?"

"Haw! Pants don't make you a boy!"

"What would then? I turn on the trapeze and I hang by my feet and I smoke cornsilk and I wear pants; and even if I am a girl, that makes me just like a boy."

"Hey, Junior! Harvey! She don't know the difference between a girl and a boy! Ain't that the limit? And she's eight years old! My gosh!"

Marvel flushed with anger. "'Tain't my fault, if I don't. I asked mamma once and Grammaw said not to tell me 'cause I couldn't understand it and wasn't supposed to know anyway."

"Understand it!" hooted Paul. "There's nothing to understand. Girls and boys are made different, that's all."

"Made different?" echoed Marvel in deep astonishment. Evidently she had not been observing enough. She looked him over more carefully. "Is it," she whispered, "is it because you have knobs on the back of your heels?"

She stood, heels well apart, fists clenched belligerently, until their yells of mirth died away.

"You're not being fair. If you all know, why can't you tell me instead of standing there hollering about it?"

Compunction brushed them. She was a good sort, for a girl.

"Can't hardly tell you," puzzled Paul. "I'll have to show you, I s'pose." A tardy respect for conventions suggested itself. "Here, Junior, you and Harvey watch the yard and see that nobody comes. Come on in the corn-crib, Marvel, and I'll show you—"

"Pau-aul? Pau-au-aul!"

"That's ma!" Paul turned back just at the corn-crib door. "My gosh, she must want that yeast she sent me for. I'll hafta go. Yea, cowboys!" The three young males rushed out, leaving the young female of the species to stew in her thwarted curiosity.

Tears spilled, both of disappointment, and of protest against ribaldry over her ignorance. She could beat them at arithmetic, but they didn't stop to consider that when they found some little thing she didn't know. Boys!

A neighbor girl, some years older, peered in on her way to the post office. Why was Marvel crying?

"Because Paul's mother called him, before he had time to show me how boys are made different from girls," sobbed Marvel. . . .

The neighbor's girl was still chuckling to herself when she got to the post office.

"Say, listen, girlie," she began to her particular girl friend, "I just found that tomboy Marvel cryin' because—" She was soon the center of an interested and horrified group. Supper tables hummed that night.

Next day on her way to school Marvel saw Paul ahead of her and began hippity-hopping confidently after him. To her surprise he slunk off down a side street. A small group of older boys nearby began catcalling.

"Oh, wait, Paul! What's your hurry, Paul?" Then as Marvel stopped to stare wonderingly at them, they turned their attention to her.

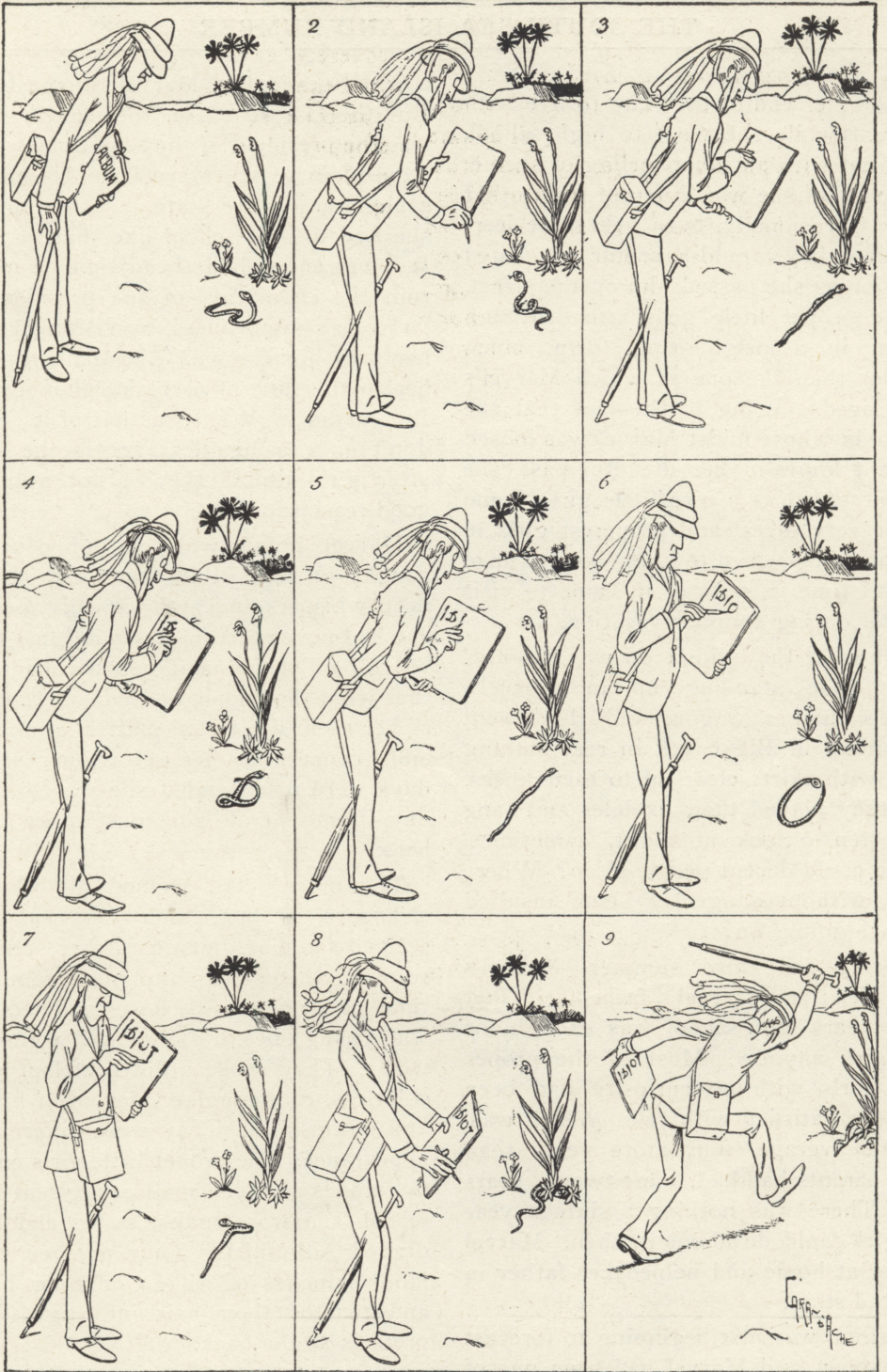
"Where was Paul when his mother called him?" they chanted. "Where was Paul when his mother called him? Where was Paul when his mother called him? . . ."

Days passed. She knew now that she had done a shameful thing. Nice little girls do not go into corn-cribs with little boys to satisfy anatomical curiosity. Nice little girls do not care how little boys are made. Therefore, Marvel was not a nice little girl.

Saints of Holy Church do not let their little girls play with not-nice little girls. Proper little girls began to turn up their noses at Marvel when recess came. Gram-maw shook her blind head and said she always knew it. Marvel got a spanking from her mamma. But all these things were as nothing, after all. She had never cared for proper little girls, preferring her own clique of boys and tomboys. Gram-maw was always talking. Parents were always spanking. It was her dignity. Her dignity was cut to the quick. When she heard the chanted "Where was Paul when his mother called him?" she was as if stretched on the cross.

When, a few years later, she went off

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The Facetious Serpent

(A tropical phantasy drawn for Harper's Magazine 50 years ago, by Caran d'Ache.)

(Continued from page 22)

to the other end of the state to live with an aunt while she went to high school, she went with an inner feeling of shame, a sense that she was different from other girls. Occasionally, even yet, some leer-ing eyed boy would murmur the hated question as she passed him on the street.

The proper little girls attended high school in a neighboring town, much smaller than the one in which Marvel's aunt lived. Owing to the fact that the school in whose midst Marvel was loosed did not know of her dreadful past, she was accepted as a nice little girl. Some of the very nicest and properest girls in school, who seemed to know how to have a good time in spite of it, came to visit Marvel during summer vacation.

But what they didn't do was aplenty! They rode standing up in Marvel's uncle's lumber wagon, and they went swimming in Big Creek in real bathing suits with skirts clear up to their knees, and they played their ukeleles and sang until ten o'clock at night, sometimes. When could decent people sleep? Where walk, without danger of being insulted by such goings-on?

During the third summer, Marvel's aunt died; and Marvel's father said that three years high-school was enough for any girl, anyhow. Most of the proper little girls with no curiosity had been perfectly satisfied with two. Which was, on the average, four more years than their parents had had, some twenty years ago. There was nothing a sixteen year old girl could do about it, then. Marvel stayed at home and helped her father in the feed store.

Fashion was just beginning to forecast the flapper, and Marvel had been one of the first girls in school to have her hair bobbed. Skirts were beginning to lift a trifle, until it was not necessary for a sixteen year old girl to keep her ankles

covered—except in Marvel's home town. But the last straw on the camel's back was the president of the senior class, who stopped in to see Marvel, on his motor-cycle tour of the state. . . . Shame she had to quit school like that. . . . It never entered his head that he might ruin the reputation of the president of last year's junior class, by visiting her in her own home town. And dancing with her to the tune of a creaky phonograph. But he did it. What was left of it. Boys don't go chasing clear across the state after girls unless they've got a pretty good reason for it!

Marvel heard whispers, of course—caught glances. But there had always been whispers and glances; only, before, she had never cared. Her mind had been so full of school and her friends there that what the people of Endicott thought of her seemed a trivial matter, of no possible concern to her. Now, her school days were over; and if she was to have any friends at all, she must make them here.

The older folks seemed almost like strangers to her; their faces at first seemed familiar, but on further scrutiny resolved themselves into mere combinations of strange eyes, noses and mouths. The young ones, her own age, were even worse. They spoke a different language, colorless, commonplace, devoid of humor and enthusiasm. They were different in appearance. The proper little girls copied the modes at their small countyseat high school, and wore ruffles, sashes and long, draped, silk skirts. They perched enormous bunches of ribbon on their heads and twisted their hair into tight little pretzels at the back.

In contrast with this elegance, the im-modesty of bobbed hair and middy suits was manifest, with the skirts to the baggy things coming barely to her shoe-

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Aoba Dwarfs of the New Hebrides

are these charming girls, so modestly clothed. Note the welts on the arm of the brunette to your left, made by cutting the flesh and putting wood ashes underneath the skin. Charming customs the ladies have over the world.

Special for the Tropical Number of 10 Story
Book per International Newareel, N. Y.

(Continued from page 24)

tops! *They showed her stockings when she walked!* Mothers who labored over ruffles and sashes for their pretzeled daughters had started calling her "that girl" the first summer she came home. The Saints of the Lord's Church, too, had taken one look at her and instead of approving because she had left off the seducing ribbons and silks of feminine adornment, they smelled in this simplicity only some new wile to attract the male, thus running true to form the world over. And when the boys saw, and seeing followed instead of laughing, it was all settled. Marvel was not a nice girl. Wasn't she going to school away off at the other end of the state?

So that, really, it must have been hopeless from the start. She tried. But when she suggested a wienie roast some night, they asked "Why?" They had never heard of such a thing! What fun would it be to go down by the river some moonlight night, and build a big bonfire, and play kid games on the sandbar, and afterwards roast wienies around the fire! That wasn't a party. A party was where you went some place and played postoffice. Endicott knew all about parties—they had as many as three, some winters.

Marvel and her parents were asked, of course, to the first party of the season, held by a family living a mile or two out of town. The small size of Endicott made it necessary to ask even the somewhat numerous Jessie Parrots and their husbands. It takes people to make a party. Not many of the older folks attended, themselves respecting the scruples of the church against any form of worldly pleasures, although allowing more freedom to the younger generation.

A few of the older women were there, however, both as chaperons and as on-lookers. In fact, the two leaders of Endicott society had honored the occasion

with their presence. One was the wife of the local banker, whose duties at the diminutive branch bank drew down the largest salary in town—a hundred dollars a month!—and the other was the wife of the leading merchant: Groceries, Dry-goods, Patent Medicines, Gasoline, Post Office. Thus his sign. Their social eminence was undisputed. The wives wore white for everyday and the husbands drove six cylinder cars.

Marvel wore white that night, too, but it was not a white calico Mother Hubbard. It was white taffeta, if you please, with pink rosebuds all around the scalloped edge of the skirt and neck—and it had, actually and positively, believe it or not, no sleeves!

It was her junior-senior reception dress and simple enough it had been, in comparison with others at that function; but here! It was unthinkable décolleté, demi-mondaine. Too, it spoiled the innocent fun of the proper little girls, who had planned to create a sensation with their own sleeves, whacked off for the occasion at an inch above the elbow instead of an inch below. And here the sensation was taken away from them by a good eight inches! Marvel might just as well have been wearing her nightgown—except, of course, nightgowns weren't made of silk.

The boys crowded around her. They would, you know! Paul Weber didn't live in Endicott any more, and not a boy expressed any curiosity as to his whereabouts when his maternal parent desired his presence. Most of them would have liked to; but each was afraid she might get a mad on, and refuse the date which he meant to ask for at the earliest opportunity.

The girls all came together in a hayrack, and the boys drove in a little later, one at a time, in his own or a borrowed buggy, with a few fortunate ones at the

wheel of the family flivver. These, of course, could choose just about any girl they pleased to take home.

They played Postoffice, first of all. A boy would go into an adjoining room, in which the kerosene lamp was turned very low, and would whisper to the door keeper the name of the girl he wanted to kiss. Then the girls would come up to the door, one at a time, until the chosen one came. She would go in and get kissed at some length, then the boy would come out and the girl would choose another boy to come in and kiss her; then she would go out and the boy would choose another girl and so on ad infinitum, ad nauseum. Marvel yearned for her old school parties, with their whist and Rook. She didn't dare let anyone in Endicott know she played cards; gambling was so immoral. And if she had to stay here, she must do as everyone else did. If only the boys would not call her in so often! Almost every time, the boy she chose would call her right back, and then she would have to choose another boy and be kissed again before she could get out; and then, more often than not, she would get called once again into that dimly lit room, smelling of kerosene, cheap perfume and mothballs, to be mauled around some more.

She had been kissed more times tonight than in her whole three years at school. The boys who had brought her home from basketball games sometimes insisted on a goodnight kiss, but it was nothing like this feverish, loutish mauling, and hard, painful kissing. She hated it, and she hated to be called in so often while the other girls stood around so obviously not enjoying their kissless state. She was embarrassed by her unsought popularity, made to feel silly and conspicuous.

Coming out of the dark room, her cheeks flushed and lips smarting, she knew she would have to do something

about it. Ask some older person what to do. The banker's wife, whose bosom swelled out from under her chin until she could have eaten a meal off its level top, was standing in the middle of the room looking about for signs of impending refreshments when Marvel came up to her.

"Mrs. Juggles, isn't there some way to keep the boys from calling for me so often?" she whispered anxiously. "Some rule of the game, or something like that? I'd so much rather they'd call the other girls—"

Mrs. Juggles had never hoped for such an opportunity. The elite of Endicott were listening in. The bare-armed hussy was standing right in front of her as bold as brass. And what made Mrs. Juggles the maddest of all, her own twenty year old son had called for that girl every time he had gone in the other room. She coughed.

"I'm sure there is no rule preventing it—the boys asking for you all the time," she repeated ponderously, to be sure that everyone would know just what the conversation was about. "There is no rule. But you can scarcely blame the boys for wanting you in there. Scarcely blame the boys. You see, you have that reputation: A good girl—to be alone with in the dark!"

A good girl—to be alone with in the dark! That was a time honored, hoary joke in Endicott, was what people said about girls like Jessie Parrott. Marvel dragged unbelieving eyes from Mrs. Juggles' smug, shining face and looked pitiously about. Faces swam in a circle around her; she was within a merry-go-round of faces. Jealous, envious, sneering, unkind faces—female faces. Leering, greedy, curious, grinning—male faces. Animals on a merry-go-round. . . . Merry-go-rounds always made her sick. She felt nausea. In a daze she walked from the room, went out into the narrow



Ladies, Believe It or Not

of Malekula, New Hebrides. The one to the left has asked us to get her a husband: the one to the right is a rich widow and doesn't need one. She (the widow) has a stockade, two milk cows, and thirty-three polished skulls. Each skull can be exchanged for enough food and clothing (clothing, huh?) to carry her 3 months.

Special for the Tropical Number of 10 Story Book, via International Newsreel.

hall, threw on her coat.

A bulky form hurried after her.

"Hey! You promised I could take you home. You ain't ditching me just because my mother bawled you out, are you? 'Tain't my fault, what she says."

Was this sympathy? Was he trying to be kind, in his way? Anyway, what difference did anything makes? She had promised him. One friend, perhaps—the Juggles boy. What was his name? Harry, or Harold? Everyone used to call him Butch. No matter. Get away, that was the thing.

The buggy jolted on its way. "Might's well go around by the dam," said the Juggles boy hoarsely. "Early yet. Longest way round is the shortest way home." He laughed nervously. His arm slid around the back of the seat.

A little later, struggling away from him, the horse cropping grass at the side of the road—how could he see to eat in the dark?—

she understood that laugh.

"Oh, no, you don't, Miss! Come back here!" Panting. Snarling. Push him back. Would she faint? Crying. Then, frightened almost unbearably, moaning, praying.

"Daddy . . . come quick . . . God, don't let him . . . daddy . . . God . . . daddy. . . ."

The boy released her suddenly, jerked away from her.

"What're you praying for?" he barked. "You're not—straight?"

"Yes—oh, yes—"

He was open mouthed, grotesque, in his astonishment.

"Why, everyone says—why, I never dreamed you were straight. All the boys—my mother—you've been away so far and all. Why, ever since you were little—"

"—When Paul's mother called him—it started from that—everything started from that—"

"Why, your own grandmother," stammered the Juggles boy, "your own grandmother says you're just too smart to get caught, like Jessie Parrott was, and Belle Steele, and Ruth Stackberry."

She sat staring into the dark before her. "Grammaw said that?" she said in a stifled whisper. The darkness was peopled with faces. Jealous, sneering faces. Greedy, grinning faces. Animal faces. . . . And she had to live her life

among them. . . . Can't blame the boys . . . when you have that reputation. . . . Not even the Juggles boy. He was no worse than the others—better, perhaps. Some of them might not have believed her. . . . None of the faces would believe the Juggles boy, if he told them. They would smile wisely and say: Oh, of course he would say that! She would always be a good girl—to be alone with in the dark.

Despair drew her face into the mask of an old woman, an old woman flinging her way through life, defying it, knowing there is nothing ahead of her, yet smiling still. . . . Mother? If mother had answered her questions, all this would never have happened. Daddy? A father, a well-off father, who refused to pay out money for his girl to finish school, who condemned her to live within this nauseating merry-go-round. And, most of all, Grammaw. Grammaw said she was a "bad" girl, just like Jessie, and Belle, and the Stackberry girl—only, Marvel was too smart to get caught. . . . Too smart for Grammaw's calendar. . . . Grammaw thought she would never have to count up on her calendar for Marvel. . . .

She turned to the Juggles boy, laughing recklessly, fearfully.

"All right, then, Juggles boy," she said. "We'll just show Grammaw she's wrong for once."



Orchids— and a Woman

By
Andrew
Soutar



HAZEL
GOODWIN
KEELER

KAVANAGH, on his sentimental side, fulfilled all the demands of the dramatist. There was only one woman in his life, and one idea in his mind, which was that if he couldn't marry her he would creep into some corner of the world where none might know of his sorrow. In all other respects, Kavanagh was highly acceptable to those who set a value upon manliness.

He was in the north of Japan, professing some interest in afforestation, when he learned that the one woman in the world had married a certain John Maxwell, who had taken away from her people the fear of impoverishment, and brought to her an orchid of his own discovering that was to bear her name. Since Kavanagh would have gone on loving her memory even if she had died, it was not unnatural in him that the triumph of Maxwell as a rival should be of no great significance. He remained three years in the north of Japan; then he received a letter from Eunice that changed him from a man of deep reticence and brooding countenance to one of

eager desire and re-established belief in the goodness of Providence. In her letter, she told him the story of three years of utter indifference and selfishness. Maxwell was gone on one of his orchid-hunting expeditions in the East Indies. He had been away more than twelve months, and in that time he had written to her only twice, and then in cold, unforgiving language. There had been quarrels from the very beginning. His mind and time were devoted entirely to the hobby of his life, and as she could not—would not, in his opinion—share the “magic beauty” of that hobby, he felt that she had no other claim on him than that represented by an allowance paid through his solicitors.

There was a time, she wrote, when Jay Kavanagh would have yielded up every other interest in his life to serve a woman who lost him because, like him, she set duty first. She wondered if Jay Kavanagh remembered, and if, in the hour of the woman's trouble, he would help her. . . .

“In my last letter to John Maxwell, I

protested against the refined cruelty of deserting a wife, knowing that she and her people were dependent on him—deserting her, yet making of a solicitor a sort of relieving officer, an agent who measured out an allowance with a covert sneer on his face that was meant to remind her of her helplessness. The last letter I received from John Maxwell came from Borneo. He was going up country, he said, and expected to be back in about three months. Nothing has been heard of him since. Can you find him for me?"

There were other things in the letter that showed how deeply and accurately she had plumbed the depths of Kavanagh's mind. He was prevented by those other things from rushing across the world to her side; but between the lines of the letter he read the unwritten promise of the oasis after three years in the desert.

He sailed from Hakodadi on a coasting steamer the night after receiving her letter, and disembarked at Tokio in order to replenish a travel-worn kit and make inquiries about the chances of getting down to Borneo and into the interior with mercurial speed. He cabled to her from the city of mud and bamboo, informing her that he was on his way to Borneo; and thenceforward his movements were swift and dramatic. It was as though the whole of the Eastern Hemisphere had become privy to his thoughts; there was the song of imminent triumph in the boisterousness of the wind; the typhoon that struck the ship off Formosa was all laughter and encouragement to him; the hum and roar of the engines were a musical accompaniment to the dream-songs in his brain. Then he was in the lazy, sensuous, aromatic splendor of the East Indian Archipelago. In the shimmer of the heat he saw the vision of Eunice as on the day

when he saw her face for the first time—a fragile slip of a girl in white linen; in the cool of the eastern night, with a purple sky and a moon that silvered the ocean from the side of the ship to the rim of the world, he saw her laughing at him from out of the shadows, beckoning to him from the white path that lay across the sea. And when he got to Sarawak, and heard the name of John Maxwell mentioned within five minutes of his arrival, he was guilty of a superstitious feeling that the whole world had suddenly dropped its interest in other things and was concerning itself with him, and John Maxwell, and Eunice.

It was on the veranda of the Batavia Hotel, where he was trying to wash the heat out of his throat with iced drinks, that he met Bruch, a tall, thin, weedy Dutchman, who chewed tobacco and drank "planters' champagne." He was not the type of man to appeal to Kavanagh, whose soul revolted against nothing so much as untrimmed finger-nails. Bruch appeared to have used his for every task imaginable. It was Bruch who opened the conversation.

"Rubber, I reckon?" he said, expectorating at a lizard on the wall.

"No," said Kavanagh. "Orchids."

Whereupon Bruch lifted his eyebrows and said: "Are you Westerners mad on orchids?"

"As dingoes," said Kavanagh. "Do you know anything?"

"If you're a collector, yes. But you've got to pay my price. I can put you on to the craziest things in orchids. I know something about 'em—orchids that small you need to look through a microscope at them, orchids as big as that span above your head, orchids that are alive. Did ye get that, stranger? Absolutely alive. I've known 'em eat a man. Now, call me a liar!"

"If we'd been talking about anything

else save orchids," said Kavanagh, "I should have called you one; but orchids seem capable of anything. I'm a collector."

Bruch nodded approvingly. "I'm in rubber, myself," he said. "True, you get more money for an orchid, but you've got to sell to some mad fool, and there ain't many of them about. Rubber you can sell to anybody. There was a man of the name of Maxwell—"

Kavanagh was lighting a cheroot at the moment. He paused and looked over the flame at his man.

"John Maxwell?" he suggested. "He was a famous collector."

"Why *was* a collector?" asked Bruch. "The last time I saw Maxwell he was tough enough, but madder than a coolie who'd gone to bed with a bottle of rye whiskey."

"I'm looking for John Maxwell."

"Of course you are," said Bruch, "else you wouldn't be making so many inquiries about him."

Kavanagh had made inquiries of only two persons in the town, but he wasn't surprised at Bruch's remark.

"Friend of his?" asked Bruch.

"No," said Kavanagh, "I can't say that I am. But I'm rather anxious to meet him. I suppose it's the same man we're talking about?"

"Well, now, how would you describe him?" said Bruch.

"I've never seen him in my life. All I know is that he's been out here twelve months or more."

"Moneyed man, isn't he?"

"I believe so."

"Cantankerous sort of fellow? Not the man that you'd like to make up to? I've heard of some of his dealings, and the way he handles the Dyaks he takes into the interior with him on his orchid-hunts. This isn't a very big island, mister, but you can get far enough away to

cut a man in two with a whip without anybody hearing about it. Oh! I know something about Maxwell. Married, isn't he? No children. A babyish, spoiled fellow. But did you know that he had a chest as thick as a piece of paper? What fools to themselves these orchid hunters are! They go plunging about in swamps and risking their lives again and again—for what? Just to be the first to pick up a cussed flower that dies if you look at it two minutes on end. Now, if a man had to do that for a living, there'd be something in it, but Maxwell, as you say, is supposed to be a moneyed man."

They went on talking in this strain until Kavanagh made the discovery that he liked Bruch. The man fascinated him principally because of his dry and unemotional narrating of adventures. He was familiar with every island in the Archipelago, had made fortunes and lost them, had gambled with death and taken his chance like a man in a thousand-and-one tight corners. He was rough in speech, but once he had shed the natural suspicion with which an adventurer looks upon a stranger, he was wonderfully simple, and as grateful for human sympathy as any woman.

Kavanagh dined with him at the hotel that night, and found that he was in a fairly influential position in the town, was looked up to by the hotel servants, and apparently had money to spend. Kavanagh, himself, was not a communicative man, but the wine was very comforting that night, and soberness and clarity of thought were not possible in view of all that had come to pass. He was like a lover with a secret, a secret that would be joyous only if it could be imparted to another. Almost before he knew what he had done, his story was told; and as Bruch was in no wise sym-

(Continued on page 34)



Hard Hearted Hannah

is NOT the name of this fair French girl, who, on receiving a bequest of 100,000 francs (about \$6,000 now) gave it all away to the poor of Melbourne, Australia, where she runs a famous night-club. It is said she makes much more than that each month on her night club, known as the "Melbourne Gardens." Her name? Excuse us—we forgot it. It's Lily Vandeaux, and because she employs only Polynesian entertainers in her night club, and because Melbourne is far off on the t'other side of the world, we include her in the Tropical Number. She was married during the war, at the age of seventeen, to a French soldier, but is now a charming widow. Quite all right.

Special for Tropical Number of 10 Story Book, per B. Moreng, 73 Avenue de la Republic, Montrouge, Seine, France.

(Continued from page 32)

pathetic towards John Maxwell, Kavanagh was conscious of a bond of understanding between himself and the Dutchman. He said to Bruch:

"I am going up-country to find John Maxwell."

"Steady," said Bruch. "I didn't believe you this afternoon when you said you were an orchid hunter. I'll be frank; I got it into my head that you were a hunter of orchid hunters. Now, don't you risk a white, clean life for a man like Maxwell. I'm a gambler; I've gambled in every port in the world; gambled for a fortune—yes, and gambled for a drink of water. But no one has even known Jan Bruch to mix in a gamble when the stakes was a woman. It isn't worth it. Now, if you're out to make money—"

"I'm not."

"I was going to suggest rubber," said Bruch, not at all disappointed, judging from the tone of his voice. "But if money isn't in your line, there's nothing else for me to suggest, unless it is that you're out for a halter. Maxwell married the woman, didn't he? What right have you to interfere?"

"I'm interfering because I believe that I can bring them together again," said Kavanagh.

"Which," said Bruch, before emptying his wineglass, "is such an easy lie that I blamed near swallowed it."

"It isn't a lie," said Kavanagh; "and if I were not your guest at this table—"

"Ja, ja," said Bruch, with great composure, "and you're big enough to do it; and that's the pity of it. There are so many jobs waiting to be done in this world that I don't like the idea of your going up into the interior to run the risk of fever or all the other troubles that are awaiting orchid hunters and— and other fools."

Said Kavanagh: "If I've got to search

this island from the north to the south, I'm going to find John Maxwell." He said it loudly, because the memory of Eunice and the strength of the wine heated his blood. He said it, too, in a threatening tone of voice, and was only brought to himself by Bruch tapping warningly on the table with the handle of a knife. The proprietor of the hotel was standing just behind Kavanagh's chair. He wanted to know how long Mr. Kavanagh intended to make his stay.

Presently, Bruch said: "Well, if so be your mind's made up, all that's left to me is to thank you for a very pleasant meeting. When a man has been hogging it alone for years among niggers and port trash, there's nothing helps him to believe that he's still a man so much as meeting a white, clean, intelligent fellow who isn't out to make money. All I know about Maxwell is that he went into the interior, maybe twelve months ago, as near as I can figure it out. He was sitting in this very hotel, at the table next to ours, sitting with a man I used to know when I was working an orchid shipment. Maxwell talked about the darned flowers until everybody in the room was sick of the sound of his voice. A quaint little fellow he is, too, with a face all shrivelled up like a chimpanzee, and eyes just as wicked. Some mighty queer stories he told about an orchid. . . Now, what did he call it? . . . A Van Hookey—"

"Vanda Hookeriana—" suggested Kavanagh.

"I don't know," said Bruch; "it was a queer story about a Dyak, and poison, and the smell of the thing turning a man's brain. I was glad to see the back of Maxwell. No man would trust him far. While he was in this room he was talking about experimenting with certain orchids that could remove any man he had a grudge against; all he had to do

was to leave an orchid in the room where he was sleeping. Now, tell me, why are men like that given such brains? It don't seem right, to me. . . . If it had been money you was out for, I could put you in the way of getting it."

"I want to get up-country," said Kavanagh, "and I'll thank you for some hints. I suppose it's possible to get hold of a guide?"

"Who'd probably slit your throat," said Bruch, pleasantly, "and that before you'd covered twenty miles. Have you ever had the handling of Dyaks? Because only a Dyak could get you through."

"I'm not afraid to go alone," said Kavanagh, jealous of his reputation as an explorer. "I've just come down from the north of Japan, where they'd never seen a white man until they set eyes on me. That was right in the interior."

Bruch was nodding slowly, as though already he had decided in his own mind that Kavanagh was a man of resolution and skill as a traveler. "You'll have to get up to the Barito River, and when you strike it, follow the course down towards the sea. You'll be certain to find Maxwell there. I heard him say that he had his own place, and didn't know of a Western house that was anything like as comfortable."

"I suppose you wouldn't care to accompany me?" Kavanagh suggested.

"No, I would not," Bruch replied, without any hesitation. "When a man has two or three rubber plantations to keep his eye on, he's not going to waste his time hunting up mad orchid collectors. I'm clearing out first thing in the morning for Java. I shall be away some months. I've told you all I know about Maxwell. Go up and take your chance, if you like, but it isn't a job that I'd like to send a son of mine on, if I had a son."

They remained in each other's com-

pany until long after midnight, and Kavanagh left Bruch feeling that the hours had been well spent in his company. He was a study, a type of man that excited the Western imagination; and while he was crude in speech, one fact impressed itself on Kavanagh's mind—his table manners were perfect, and once or twice he used an expression that hinted at an education far above the ordinary.

A strange thing happened to Kavanagh in his room that night. Before he had been in bed ten minutes he was conscious of a drowsy, sickening odor. He got out of bed to open the door, so that the slight night breeze blowing in through the open windows might purify the room. Before his foot touched the floor, a hideous scarlet film came over his eyes; there was a tickling sensation in his throat. He managed to reach the door opening on the corridor, and the fall of his body awakened Bruch, who was sleeping in the next room but one. The proprietor of the hotel, a Spaniard, also came to his assistance. When he recovered, he described what had happened, but when the proprietor said, in a meek voice of protest, "My wine is of the best, Senor," Kavanagh remembered that he had accepted too liberally of Bruch's hospitality at table. All the same, he asked that he might have another room, and this was given him. Neither Kavanagh nor the hotel proprietor saw Bruch take from beneath the pillow the two purple and yellow petals.

Kavanagh's journey into the interior and thence northward, is not to be described at any length. Whenever possible he made use of the services of Dyaks, but, trusting to Bruch's valuation of their loyalty, he did not rely too much upon them. Nearly a month passed from the time he left the hotel until he reached the Barito River. For one whole week he had traveled alone, and without

coming upon any sign of a living person. On the morning of the eighth day, he sighted a roughly strung-together bungalow, erected on a miniature plateau, and facing the river. Behind it stretched the primeval forest—sandal-wood, gums, spices, camphor—a forest so dense as to seem utterly impenetrable. The climate, which had been well-nigh intolerable further south, was worse the further he got away from the equatorial line, thus confounding the hopes with which he had been buoying himself. . . . It was hot and clammy and terribly enervating; moreover, the flood season was long since past, and the river sagged lazily between low banks of evil-smelling mud which gave off a miasma that made Kavanagh value more than ever the stock of quinine with which he had fortified himself.

There was no sign of life about the bungalow, but when he raised his voice and called "Maxwell!" what appeared to be a panther threw up its head on the fringe of the forest, and turning, bolted precipitately into the undergrowth. He called again, "Maxwell!" and, now, he was within the compound. From somewhere inside the bungalow came an answer, a weak, wailing call. Taking his revolver from its holster, Kavanagh ran quickly up the steps of the veranda and tried to open the door, which was locked. The windows were shuttered. He heard the man inside call, "Break open the door," and he obeyed. Now, he was in a passage that obviously had not been used for a long while, since fungi sprouted from the wooden walls, and the rank smell of putrifying food seemed to come from every quarter. It was in a room at the back of the veranda that he found the only occupant—the frail little man whom Bruch had described.

"John Maxwell!" he exclaimed.

The man lying on the bed covered with mosquito nets said "Yes," in a tired,

weary voice. "—John Maxwell. Who are you?"

Kavanagh did not answer the question. The wretched condition of the man on the bed divorced his mind from everything save a humane desire to succor.

"Just keep quiet," he said in a pitying voice. "You've got the fever bad, and if you excite yourself there'll be small chance of pulling you through." He gave the man a liberal dose of quinine, flung open the window to get what air there was, then closed it partially out of consideration for the invalid. With the skill of a trained nurse, he remade the bed without unduly disturbing Maxwell; then began an inspection of the bungalow. He passed from room to room, turned over, idly, the sheets of manuscript lying in what he supposed was the study, and smiled pityingly at the voluminous notes on Eastern orchids. The walls of most of the rooms were covered with mildew; there was a picture of Eunice hanging on one panel, from which great clumps of fungi sprouted so that they formed a fantastic framework. In other rooms were guns, the barrels hopelessly rusted; fishing rods, butterfly nets, and all the paraphernalia of a man who has given up his life to the wild. When he returned to the sickroom, he found Maxwell lying in the same position in which he had left him. Bruch had been unjust in describing the eyes as wicked; rather were they pathetically simple and resigned. The sick man touched his throat.

"Hurt me—shouting," he said, weakly.

Kavanagh said, "Sorry," as if he were to blame, and searched in the medicine case that always accompanied him for the glycerine and borax.

"'Boys' all cleared," said Maxwell, and smiled bitterly. "Cowards!"

"Don't talk," said Kavanagh. "I'll do all that. I've heard of whites clearing



Another Rare Camera Study

specially gotten for the Tropical Number of 10 Story Book. The old gentleman is a native of New Guinea, the last stronghold of savages in our old civilized world, not yet explored. This particular old gentleman boasted to the Sydney, Australia, photographer who took this picture for us, that until two years ago his principal diet had been human flesh. Wouldn't he like to gnaw on a Follies girl's shinbone, thought? Don't mention it.

Special for the Tropical Number of 10 Story Book
via International Newsreel and xia Sun Picture
Service, Sydney, Australia.

away from fever, so you can't blame a superstitious native."

Maxwell said, "I suppose not," and closed his eyes.

It wasn't exactly lack of sympathy that made Kavanagh add:

"If a man chooses to bury himself on an island like this he should be prepared for this kind of thing." A reference to Eunice almost found expression before he realized that as yet he had not told Maxwell his name. He was about to

mention it, when the eyes of the sick man opened slowly and focussed upon his. Then, a thin, wasted hand, all freckles and blue veins, reached under the pillow and drew out a wallet. The hand lacked the strength to hold the wallet out; Kavanagh stooped and took possession of it. "All right," he said reassuringly. "I'll look through it presently. Meanwhile, try to sleep for an hour. I'm going to forage round for grub, and I'll get a fire going to heat some water."

At the end of an hour, he had straightened things up a little; there was a quantity of tinned food in the bungalow, and on the roof he found an ingenious combination of rain-tank and filter. He brewed some coffee for himself, went back to the sickroom to see how Maxwell was progressing, and finding him asleep, went out to the veranda to smoke. There he opened the wallet, and with the guilty feeling of one stealing into a forbidden room, took up the contents. There was a small *carte-de-visite* of Eunice, the print slightly soiled by mildew. The bold scrawl across the bottom of the card, "To John," brought a sting to Kavanagh's heart. There was a small photograph of Maxwell himself, taken when he was ten years younger, according to the date beneath the photographer's imprint. The two cards had been held together, face to face, by a rubber band. In the wallet were shriveled petals, presumably of orchids, rough notes on climatic changes and the varying periods of orchid-seed germination; but that which sent the blood rushing to Kavanagh's cheeks was a letter from Eunice. He read it, but not until he had twice tiptoed along the corridor to glance into the sickroom.

"You wrong me, John," she had written. "Jay Kavanagh was a friend in the days before you and I were introduced, a friend whose one great aim was to bring a little sunshine into a life that was well-nigh full of clouds. If only you could meet him! No jealous thought would remain in your mind." Then, she went on to remonstrate against his indifference to her position; towards the end, she was bitter in her reproaches.

Kavanagh replaced the letter and photograph in the wallet and locked the thing in his pack. He returned to Maxwell, and for a long while remained

seated by the side of the bed, staring at the flushed, unhealthy face.

"About a couple of days," he muttered.

The sick man opened his eyes.

"As—bad—as—that?"

"I was thinking about the monsoon," said Kavanagh, quickly; "it's about due."

"Lying," said Maxwell, feebly. "I know I haven't a chance. If you should meet—"

"Eunice?" whispered Kavanagh, bending down to catch every word.

"No," frowning, "Bruch."

"I've met him—in Sarawak."

"Inhuman devil." He was too weak to say more. Kavanagh bathed his brow and hands with camphor and water, and continued to watch.

Throughout the night, Maxwell tossed about on the bed; there were frequent fits of delirium, during which the names of "Eunice," "Bruch," and "Kavanagh" were mentioned; sometimes he quoted phrases from the letter which Kavanagh had found in the wallet; then he would laugh and plead and whine about the cruelty of Bruch; a moment, and he would commence to mutter about orchids and the wonderful varieties that had come under his notice. "Grand! Magnificent!" Then silence, save a low moaning that brought tears to the eyes of the watcher. He was sinking fast at dawn; Kavanagh guessed that he would not weather through the fifth hour, when vitality is at its lowest point. He was right. At four o'clock, Maxwell made a great effort to raise himself on his elbow.

"Friend"—Kavanagh patted the hand that rested on his—"cremation—not burial. Promise me. Awful fear animals scratching—you understand. Swear."

"I swear," said Kavanagh, solemnly.

"God forgive—Bruch," said Maxwell, and his head dropped back on the pillow.

He died half an hour later. Kavanagh

lost his nerve and wandered about the compound until the sun had climbed high into the heaven. Before the next dawn he was making his way south to Sarawak, his promise to the dying Maxwell fulfilled; more, the bungalow had been fired, that all traces of the fever might be stamped out. The journey to Sarawak was long and wearisome, but Kavanagh struggled through with splendid spirit. He was not conscious of having done anything for which he might reasonably take credit; the thought that dominated his mind was the freedom of Eunice.

He stayed one night at the Batavia Hotel (a tramp steamer was leaving for Singapore the next day, and, there, he could pick up a liner for England), and, strange though it may seem, Bruch dined with him.

"Got back from Java last night. Did you find Maxwell, by any chance?"

"Found him dying."

"Drink? Or just—just dying?"

"Fever."

"Orchid fever? Or just—just fever?"

"Just fever. He died."

"Poor old Maxwell! And what about his 'boys'? Did you give them a hand?"

"They had deserted him. There wasn't a soul near him."

"Poor old Maxwell! And you were left to bury him?"

"I didn't bury him. He had a horror of burial." And he told of the promise he gave and fulfilled. He said nothing of the words that Maxwell had uttered against Bruch. . . .

"You'll be going to England, friend?"

"To-morrow."

"To comfort the widow?... Steady!" as Kavanagh half-rose from his chair. "And the world will never know."

"What?"

"Nothing—nothing. Poor old Max-

well! Well, he's had his fun and his orchids. Eh?"

Kavanagh sailed the next day. Six weeks later, he was alone with Eunice. She was listening to his story of Maxwell's end. He minimized the painfulness of it, and whispered of the workings of Fate that had taken compassion on their loneliness. Days passed; weeks passed. And then the newspapers told of a romance of hearts that had won by waiting, of a romance that was greater than fiction, of a man who had risked his life to nurse the husband of the woman he loved in secret.

And, suddenly, Jan Bruch thrust his hateful presence into the circle the fairies were weaving. . . .

"I want to see Jay Kavanagh."

He was invited into the room where Kavanagh was sitting with Eunice.

"I met him in Sarawak," Kavanagh whispered, but his heart was beating wildly because of his indefinable fear.

Bruch swaggered in and bowed with exaggerated gallantry to Eunice.

"Maybe the lady would like to leave us awhile," he suggested.

Eunice looked to Kavanagh for guidance.

"Please stay where you are," he said.

"As you please"—Bruch refused the chair that was indicated—"but I thought we might settle our business better if we were alone. The thing is—do I share without any fuss, or do I fight for my rights?"

Kavanagh was trying to laugh at what he believed to be a coarse sense of humor; then, the words of Maxwell came back.

"Sit down," he said, sharply, and Bruch obeyed. Kavanagh's was the voice that compelled obedience. "What's your business?"

Bruch shrugged his thin shoulders. "Maxwell's dead—isn't he?"



This Is One of Those Spar-Buff Girls

described by Captain Hains in his south-sea island story in this number, Nuki-Hiva Head. Now you understand why the whole shipcrew deserted and took to the woods where such buxom, lightly clad damsels existed.

Tropical Number, 10 Story Book.

"I told you that the last time I saw you."

"And this is Maxwell's house? It was his—put it like that. Now, how did Maxwell die? Eh?"

Kavanagh was quite calm as he replied: "I told you that, too," but there was a threatening fire in his eyes.

"You said he died of fever." Bruch pursed his lips, as if to say, "Why should he believe that story?" "You also said that he hankered after cremation."

"He did. He was terrified"—

"He was—or you?"

"I? Why should he be terrified?"

"Well, you weren't exactly chummy with friend Maxwell; you remember I warned you against telling the world about your hatred of him when we were sitting in the Batavia Hotel. First thing the proprietor said to me when he heard Maxwell had dropped anchor was, 'Did he plug him?'—he being you."

Kavanagh said quietly: "I found Maxwell dying of fever. About the first words he spoke were against you."

"Ah!" Bruch laughed. "So you cremated him—eh? Well, that was one way of getting rid of evidence, but you shouldn't have been fool enough to blab when you returned to Sarawak."

This time, Kavanagh leaped to his feet and gripped his man by the throat.

"Are you trying to insinuate that I took John Maxwell's Life?" he said, in a horror-laden voice. "I, who nursed him in his fever?"

Bruch wrenched himself free.

"Prove that you didn't," he hurled back. "We know that you went up into the interior of the island. We know that you came back and told us that you had cre-

mated Maxwell. We know that before you went up you were all for killing Maxwell because he had cheated you out of a woman. We know—because the newspapers have told us—that you're going to marry the lady. And you know that you've got to pay to keep my mouth shut. Savvy?"

Eunice called out warningly as Kavanagh raised his hand to strike, and instantly he realized that it would be the height of folly to wage war against a man like Bruch with the weapons which would suit Bruch best. It was a moment for calm and subtlety, because it required no straining of imagination to see the possibilities of the charge that Bruch was bringing. It was known in Sarawak that he had gone into the interior of the island to find Maxwell; it was known, through his own words, that he had found Maxwell and that Maxwell was dead; it was known, again through his own words, that exhumation was impossible.

Fully appreciating the seriousness of the position into which a series of circumstances had thrust him, he returned to his chair, and looked hopelessly at the thin, vindictive face of the Dutchman. Eunice marked the wavering. She faced Bruch.

"Of course, you want money?" she said.

"Do I?" said Bruch, grinning. "Well, I should think so."

"And you think you've only to ask for it in order to get it."

"Lady," said Bruch, in mock seriousness, "my sense of justice is much greater than my need of money. I owe a duty to John Maxwell. But I thought that it was the right thing to give Mr. Kavanagh a chance to clear himself. We don't want to fill the newspapers with the story, do we? You notice that Mr. Kavanagh isn't too anxious to say anything."

Eunice went to the desk and wrote a note. She brought it back to Bruch.

"There!" she said, boldly. "There's the address of the solicitor to Mr. Maxwell's estate. If it had been possible for you to blackmail Mr. Kavanagh to the extent of a thousand, you may rest assured that the solicitor will pay you ten times that amount for your story. Go to him; tell him exactly what you have told us. That's how an Englishwoman regards a blackmailer."

Bruch, confident of his ground, having carefully calculated every inch of it, accepted the challenge.

"I'm not the sort of man," he said, "to spoil a pretty little romance, but since you force me to it, the blame is on your own heads."

They let him go. Eunice watched him from the window. Kavanagh, in his chair, stared helplessly before him. She went back to him, and asked the question with her eyes. He looked up at her and shook his head.

"That man," he said, "knows that only a miracle can save me from his accusations." He told her again, of how he had found Maxwell, and of all that had followed.

"Everything was destroyed," he said, "everything—excepting this," and he took from his pocket the wallet that he had found under Maxwell's pillow. She looked at it, and her breath quickened.

"I remember the day he bought it," she said.

Kavanagh opened it. "I didn't mean to tell you about it," he said. "There's a letter in here."

"Mine?"

He handed it to her. He had wished to keep it from her because of the references in it to himself.

"We'll burn it, now," she said, with the demeanor of a solicitor preparing a de-

fence. He took the photograph of her and held it towards her.

"And that?" he said. "I have treasured it so much."

"And that," she repeated in a monotone, as she dropped it in the fire. "Better that nothing should remain."

He handed her the second photograph, that of Maxwell. "They were bound together, face to face," he said, referring to the two.

She took the second photograph from him, and glanced at it.

"Who is this?" she asked.

He was at her side in an instant. "What?" he exclaimed. "Why, this is John Maxwell, I presume."

"It is not," she said. The hand that held the photograph was shaking. Kavanagh was even more excited.

"Eunice," he cried, "that is the photograph of the man who was in the bungalow—the man who said he was John Maxwell. It was taken when he was much younger, but to my mind there is no doubt whatever—"

"That is not John Maxwell," she repeated, and unconsciously her hand felt for his. "Bruch!" she whispered, in a frightened voice. "Do you think he will go to the solicitor? What mystery is there here?"

"We may find out," said Kavanagh, "by hurrying around to Jamieson's office. Bruch is clever; he is cunning; the man who died in the bungalow tried to warn me against him, but the fellow had been so open with me that I suspected a private quarrel between them."

Within ten minutes they were on their way to the solicitor's office. Bruch, with the courage of one who believed that he held the winning hand, had gone to Jamieson, and when Kavanagh and Eunice arrived, it was to find the thin Dutchman crouching, rather than sitting, on a chair, all his braggadocio gone, his

mouth weakly open, while, standing in front of him was a little spectacled lawyer, whose finger rested on the button of the electric bell.

"Come in, Mrs. Maxwell," Mr. Jamieson called out over his shoulder, "and you, Mr. Kavanagh. This gentleman and I have been playing a little drama all of our own. . . . There's no need to speak," as Eunice opened her lips. "Mr. Jan Bruch has left little to be said by you. Like the majority of rascals, he bungled his pretty scheme of blackmail in one very small detail, but that detail will, I think, be sufficient for the police. I was just going to touch the bell when you came in, so that we might have a larger audience, say a police officer or two, to witness the denouement of the drama."

Then he addressed himself to Bruch: "Now, my friend," he said, smartly, "supposing you repeat the confession that I dragged out of you. Don't make a mistake or let your memory play you false, because just behind your head there is a bookcase, and behind that bookcase is a young lady who has taken a shorthand note of everything you said. Your story to Mr. Kavanagh and this lady was that John Maxwell went up into the interior of Borneo, and there Mr. Kavanagh found him. You know very well that John Maxwell never set foot in the bungalow on the Barito river. . . . Just nod, that will do. The truth is that the man who died of fever in that bungalow was at one time a friend of yours. The two of you met John Maxwell, the orchid hunter. John Maxwell died; I won't say from what cause. About that time, an allowance of a hundred pounds a month was being sent out by this firm to a Sarawak bank in order to cover any expenses to which Mr. Maxwell might be put—an arrangement quite usual among travellers. Maxwell having died, in the

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They're All Going to Be South Sea Island Gals

in a new movie production now being rehearsed by Senor George Lewis, Universal Movie star and San Diego athlete, depicting the charms of life below the equator. The girls are here shown on a movie lot in Hollywood, and just how most of the tow-headed blonds are going to become dusky beauties, we don't just know. However, walnut stain and grass skirts will do a lot, you know!

Special for the South Sea Island
Number of 10 Story Book via
International Newsreel Co.

(Continued from page 42)

presence of Weber, your friend, it occurred to you that it would be quite possible to make the monthly allowance live after him. Weber, being a man of weak will, and, apparently as deeply interested in orchid collecting as the late Mr. Maxwell, was frightened by your threats to expose him for his share in the conspiracy against Maxwell. Again I say, I make no accusation against you or Weber with regard to the death of John Maxwell. You managed to get Weber up into the interior; you terrified him. He took John Maxwell's place, and you collected the monthly allowance. The arrival of Mr. Kavanagh at Sarawak must have been very disconcerting, but I'll give you credit for a certain amount of cleverness. It is amazing to me that you allowed Mr. Kavanagh to get into the interior. Perhaps you were not very far away from him during the whole of the time he was there; in fact, you have confessed as much. You knew that Weber was dying of fever. You say that one of the coolies told you so, and tacitly you admit that you left him in his sickness. Having learned from Mr. Kavanagh of how Weber died, your nimble brain suggested a more profitable game than the waiting for a monthly allowance. What a pity it is that you signed your name on that slip of paper which admitted you to this office! You must have been in a great hurry to see me, because when the commissioner at the door handed you the slip on which to write your name you

literally tumbled over yourself to get the thing done. What a pity, too, that I have a good memory! It was so easy to connect the writing on that slip of paper with one of the receipts sent to me from the bank at Sarawak. . . . Shall we press this button?"

"Give me a chance to get away," pleaded Bruch, sullenly.

"Oh! no," said Mr. Jamieson, "not until I have consulted the wishes of this lady and gentleman. Besides, the lady behind that case will have transcribed her notes by now. I should like you to sign them. Then we will consider what is the best course to take."

The solicitor stopped, and turned to Kavanagh and Eunice. "Leave everything to me," he whispered. "This is the part of a solicitor's work that my soul revels in. Besides, I can see that you two want to say so much to each other," and the little eyes twinkled behind the spectacles.

Eunice and Kavanagh passed out of the office and into the cab that awaited them. There was silence until half the homeward journey had been covered. Then she touched his arm, and said softly: "I never doubted you for a second. Does that make you happier?"

As he raised her hand to his lips, he said in reply: "If the world had been full of Bruchs and there had been no Jamiesons—if there had been no way out of the trap that circumstances had made—I should have felt no hurt so long as you believed in me."





Halcyon

By WILLIAM FREEMAN

SHE got the name by accident, having, so to speak, labeled herself. Her *pukka* name was Tahiri, with a string of syllables to follow. But neither was given her by her godfather or godmother for she never had any.

Our introduction wasn't what you'd call conventional. We'd been loafing for a week off Yam Island, where the scenery—except when it rains, when it isn't properly speaking, scenery at all—looks as though it had been painted for a big show at Drury Lane. There's palms standing high among the jungle of hummocky green islands, and lagoons as still as slabs of looking glass, and an aching blue sky over an aching blue sea.

The old Luck of Samoa was anchored somewhere about the middle distance, with Sebastien smoking his everlasting cigar on the poop. Nearer shore I and a couple of Kanakas were fooling about with a home-made dredger—we'd no diving apparatus—in a small boat. The water there was deep and shallow in patches, with as fine a collection of uncharted rocks as you'd find in the South Seas, and only the month before the John M. Callingham had ripped herself open, and gone down with the Lord knew what in the way of cargo. There was no reckoning what a lucky swipe along the sandy bottom mightn't bring up.

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How You Like? You Like? No?

Why you no like? These are six Maori belles of the Rotorura district of New Zealand, a promising island off of Australia. One of their number, Anna Hato, third from left end, sang and danced for the Duke and Duchess of York on the occasion of their visit to Rotorura, and a number of phonograph records of her songs were made for the royal couple. Rangi, second from the left end, has appeared on the stage in both London and Paris. Now you've heard of the languorous South Sea Isles, the Hula-Hula girls, and so forth. Well, here are the Hula girls themselves. Yes—the very girls who taught the original Little Egypt how to wiggle!

Special for the South Sea Island
Number of 10 Story Book per Herbert
Photos, New York.

(Continued from page 45)

We three, as I was saying, were busy at this prize-packet business, when from the direction of the nearest island came a yelling as though fifty lunatic asylums had broken loose at once, and through the fringe of jungle broke a single figure. After it came a capering, shrieking mob. It didn't need half a glance to see that they were out for blood, and that the figure was making for the water as a last refuge. It dashed, with a mighty scattering of spray, straight in, and began to swim toward us.

We could see the dark head bobbing, and the thrashing movements of the arm. Suddenly the swimming, which had been steady enough for a championship, became flurried, and the Kanaka nearest me made a noise at the back of his throat and started waving the fishing harpoon he'd brought. The figure was being chased by a shark—and the shark was winning.

The figure made a game fight, but you need steel as well as pluck to settle accounts with a competitor of that class. The game would have been up altogether if, on the spur of the moment, I hadn't snicked open my claspknife and taken a header overboard.

It was a close thing. The brute's jaws snapped within three inches of the girl's thigh—yes, by this time I'd realized that it was a girl—before I got close enough to use the blade. And both of us were pretty well used up by the time we were hauled into the boat.

For a couple of minutes after that we could only gasp and drip and stare at one another. The girl herself was worth looking at. She couldn't have been more than sixteen or seventeen, but she was built on lines that would have sent an artist crazy. And her rig-out, soaked as it was, was uncommonly fine. Yards and yards of some silky yellow material was wound

about her body from the shoulder downward and ended in a sort of divided-skirt effect. She'd ropes of dyed pods, beads and shells slung around her neck, and blossoms on her hair. I saw at once that she was a half-caste, and of a type mighty unusual in these latitudes.

She shut up the Kanakas, who'd been powwowing together, with a flourish of her arm, and spoke.

"You savee my life."

"That's all right," I told her. "Could not have done less. Better come aboard and get dry, hadn't you? We don't stock much in the way of female fripperies, but there's bound to be something big enough to cover you."

She nodded and squatted down obediently, though I could see she was boiling to say more, and we started back to the ship. Old Sebastien had forgotten all about his cigar by the time we got there. He was a heap too interested.

"If that's your idea of treasure-trove," he says, grinning, "you've had a pretty fair morning's sport."

"Good enough," I says. "She's our new, non-paying guest. I've told her to go down into my cabin and rummage there for some things to put on until her own are dried. After that I guess we'll dilute the sea water with a mug of hot coffee apiece."

"And then," chips in the lady, as calm as though the sea wasn't still running off her like a sluice, "I tell you both more things about myself."

Ten minutes later she appeared again, wearing a pair of patched breeches and a very old, very faded jersey, with "S. Y. Halcyon" in red worsted letters that sprawled across her chest. The Lord knows where she found the thing, but we so called her, from that day onward.

Between gulps of coffee she explained that she was the daughter of an American trader, long since dead, and the chieftain-



She Decided to Burn All Over

did Mary Mallton, this movie actress who was advised by her doctor to take daily sun baths over as many square inches of her fair self as she could. So Mary went to a deserted island off a larger island in the South Seas, and with a few novels, a gasoline stove, and some canned goods, proceeded to follow doc's advice. She got successfully over the pip or whatever malady the old medical gentleman was fretting about, and when Bert Hedsbeth of Denver, Colorado, who took the picture for our Tropical Number climbed out of his launch on the beach of her island, Mary hastily donned the only garment she had for receiving company. This is her party dress.

Specially posed for the Tropical Number of 10 Story Book, via Bert Hedsbeth, Photographer and Photo Dealer, Denver, Colorado.

ess of some island or other; than an epidemic had pretty well wiped out her own tribe; that when the thing was at its worst her mother had dressed her in her best toggery and shoved her in a canoe, and told her to paddle off to safer quarters; that she'd landed at Yam Island and stated her case, and that they'd received her with anything but enthusiasm.

"If Talua, the chief's son, had not so badly wanted to marry me," she said simply, "I think I should have been eaten."

To escape which she consented to become Mrs. Talua. And the wedding—always, in the case of blood royal, a fairly gaudy and elaborate affair — had been fixed up for to-day. But at the critical moment Halcyon had jibbed. When I saw the bridegroom-elect I didn't blame her. That, of course, was unpardonable. When, as a special and final concession, they granted her an extra half hour to decide whether she'd figure among the wedding announcements or on the menu, she repaid their kindness by wriggling out of the bamboo cage in which they'd fastened her and making a dash for the coast.

She had a wild hope of finding her own canoe again, but it wasn't there, and in less than no time the whole tribe were sprinting after her. It was literally a case of being between the devils and the deep sea, and she chose the sea. I'd have done the same myself.

"Presently," she said, "I think Talua will come to look for me." She stretched herself and yawned, showing all her small, white teeth.

"And then?" says Sebastien and me in a sort of chorus.

"Then you save me again, or I jump back into the waters again. Where there are mostest sharks," she added calmly.

We left her drying her finery at the gallery fire. On deck, Sebastien was un-

usually silent. He leaned against the rail and stared down into the blue depths.

"That's an almighty fine young woman," he says at last. "Diff'rent from the ordinary nigger trash."

"Not even coffee-colored," I says. "I have seen scores of hallmarked Europeans with darker skins than hers."

"But never with such eyes. And her hands and feet! I tell you, Gleeson—" He broke off and laughed. "But I forget that you're not a lady's man—that you have an everlasting contempt for the whole sex."

"I may have had," I said, "but a man of intelligence is always open to conviction. The last hour or so has made a heap of difference."

"Has it?" says Sebastien, very casual. "That may prove unfortunate. Second thoughts are often second best." He took up our battered old binoculars and stared across the water. "And here, I think, come the bridegroom and his friends to prove it."

He was right there. The water fairly swirled under the paddles as the canoes put off from the beach. There were five of 'em, all as crowded as a Margate steamer on a bank holiday. And the gang on board were in full ceremonial dress and armed to the molars.

Sebastien's mottled complexion turned a pasty white as he watched. He wasn't by nature or circumstances, a coward, and I've seen him cleave his way through a crowd of harbor toughs in a style that'd do credit to a cinema hero. But for some reason or other a bunch of natives in full rig sort of paralyzed him.

The canoes came nearer and nearer. Soon the leading one bumped against our bows. There wasn't any answer when I hailed 'em. They'd come to talk business, and meant to talk it. No doubt they knew that there were only two white men on the ship.

They could climb as quick and easy as their long-tailed ancestors. In less time than it takes to sneeze twenty or thirty of them, with an ugly devil that I took—rightly—to be the bridegroom himself, had swung themselves on to the deck and formed up in double line.

Talua did all the orating, and did it well, considering what a poor audience he'd got. But that wasn't his fault, of course. There was Sebastien, armed with nothing but his knife, and me, with the binoculars I'd taken from him, and that was all. The Kanaka boys had bolted below, making prayers to their gods, and trying to hide. I don't blame 'em.

I've seen the way the uncivilized savage handles his domesticated brother when he's annoyed with him, and it isn't pretty.

Talua, as I've said, led off. It was meant to be a fair and reasonable speech. Halcyon was his property—as much his property as his pigs or his yams, or anything that was his. She was his, and he wanted her. And if he couldn't get her, he and the company thereby assembled would jolly well know the reason why.

I wasn't an expert at their lingo, but I understood enough to grasp that. Now again, when he thought he wasn't being explicit enough, he'd try to help me out with a word or so of trader's English. "B'God, b'gum!" cropped up at last so often that I got regularly to listen for it.

He stopped at last for breath, and then Sebastien, very husky and nervous, chipped in. He said that if the girl had come aboard, it wasn't at his invitation or suggestion, and he accepted no responsibility, and he hadn't the glimmer of a notion as to where she was at present; that he'd be mighty sorry for the man who *did* marry her, anyway, and—

I forget the rest. But it was poor, wishy-washy stuff, and I don't wonder

at the other fellow getting peeved. Which he did, plainly.

When he stopped the next time, I cut in. My little song went to the tune of "Rule Britannia." I said that the schooner was flying the red ensign—which she certainly wasn't—and that the girl had taken refuge there in the capacity of an escaped slave. Further—this when I saw the way he was staring at the binoculars, which he'd plainly never seen before—that unless he and his pals paddled back to their little gray homes in the West pretty quick double-time, I'd give a couple of twists to the screw, and then the white wizard's double-barreled Big Magic would send the whole Christy Minstrel crowd of 'em to a place with a heap hotter climate than Yam Island.

If his education had been on a level with his clothes, he might have believed me; but he knew too much. He merely grinned, and asked me to kill off a couple of rear-rank men as a guarantee of good faith. Things had reached a fairly critical stage when Halcyon herself appeared on deck.

She was still wearing the breeches and the jersey, but she'd made additions. She'd smeared her face with black from the stove, pulled down her hair, taken off all her ornaments, and generally managed to make herself drab and draggled and repulsive. For a full minute she stood with her hands on her hips, her lower lip thrust forward, and her eyes narrowed to mere slits, surveying Talua. Then she let fly. It was a jargon too quick to follow, with a heap of gesticulation thrown in. It ought to have done the trick, right off. But it didn't. He still wanted her, still meant having her. I thought we'd come to the last chapter, but I didn't know Halcyon.

A few feet away there was a bucket of water and a lump of yellow soap. One of the Kanakas had brought it along before

he bolted. She stepped across, washed the grime from her face and hands, dried them on a handful of cotton waste, bunched up her hair again, and came and stood beside me. There was another angry outburst from Talua—another, very slow and solemn this time, from her, and then she caught my right hand, clapped it on her forehead, then on her bosom, and then on her knees.

That finished the argument. Talua was done. He gave her one last, venomous look, said something to the others, turned, and led the way down to the canoes. And I never saw him again, which was probably fortunate for all parties concerned. We waited, stiff and silent as images, until the canoes were halfway back to the shore. Then Sebastien roused himself with a jerk.

"I guess you've biffed the gentleman. But I'd like to know how."

"That all right," said Halcyon, "unless"—a new thought seemed to strike her, and she turned to me—"you already have wifee?"

"No." I said. "There's been only one sex, as far as I'm concerned."

"Then I wash myself properly. And after that we will have the feast." She moved off, hands on hips.

"Hi!" called Sébastien, and she stopped. "What's this feast you're planning?"

"The marriage feast—for *him!*" She pointed with a slim, brown forefinger. "He my husband, because I am a chief's daughter, and I choose him before the men of the tribe."

That was a bit of a facer. Knowing as much as I did of the natives, I was a mug not to have understood before. Their morals, generally speaking, may be sketchy, but they're sound enough where the marriages of their head people are concerned. Once a girl's been properly spliced, especially to a white man, it's death and damnation for any one who

tries to meddle with the contract.

"That," I said—more to gain time than anything else—"was a cute idea of yours, young lady. But I'm not going to hold you to it."

She looked puzzled, like a kiddy that doesn't properly understand something you are trying to explain.

"You my man—always," she said simply, waved her hand, and vanished.

Sebastien gave that barking laugh of his. "Quick work, hey!"

"I've known 'em to wait longer—and make worse bargains!" I snapped. His own wife was dead, and, if half the stories were to be believed, she'd been mighty glad to die.

He shot a sidelong glance at me, and went off whistling. We didn't speak again till Jake, the cook, came up to say that the meal was ready.

It was a surprising feed, but it wasn't a bigger surprise than Halcyon herself. She'd dried her original outfit, and put it on again, with all her gewgaws. And she had done her hair very elaborate and wonderful, and her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes brighter than any eyes I've seen before or since. She might have gone to any ball in London with the certainty of taking the shine out of every blessed female present.

"You sit here," she says, with a smile and the gracefulest wave of her hand, and I dropped on to a bench beside her. "You *there*," she goes on, and Sebastien sat down, facing her. Jake, solemn as a bishop, came in with some special sort of soup she'd brewed for the occasion, and she explained that it was etiquette for her and me to make a start by eating out of the same plate. Which we did, Sebastien watching us pretty scornful out of the tail of his eye.

After that there were less ceremonial courses, and we wound up by some pretty poor whisky that Sebastien brought out.

But I wouldn't take more than a mouthful, and as for Halcyon, she sniffed at it, dainty as a kitten, and shook her pretty head.

After that Sebastien made a speech.

It seemed to me in poor taste, even for a chap of his class. He pointed out that, whatever sort of rank she'd held on her own island, or on Talua's, on board the schooner, which was two-thirds his and one-third mine, she was just a common-or-garden half-caste, and that any extra consideration she got would be due simply to his kindness of heart and weakness for a pretty face. Likewise that, legally, she wasn't married to any one, and that if she was a sensible girl, she'd think things over, and make jolly well sure which side her bread was buttered before she spoiled her chances. Finally he didn't propose calling at any other islands worth mentioning for several weeks, and that in the meantime, she was welcome to the job of supernumerary female cook, and to the little storeroom, at present chock full of odds and ends, situated between his cabin and mine.

Halcyon heard him to the end without a word. When he finished I jumped up, tingling, to speak, but she stood up, too, and squeezed my hand to keep silence, and made the next speech on her own account, in that gentle, rippling voice of hers that always reminded me of a stream trickling over a pebbly bottom in the old country. She told him plainly that he might mean well, but that he didn't know what he was talking about. That she and I were properly and everlastingly married. That she was mine and I was hers. That she was satisfied and—

Here she gave me a look that went to my head quicker than the strongest dope in Sebastien's locker.

"Oh, I'm not grumbling," I said.

"Ah-h!" breathed Halcyon, and drop-

ped contentedly back into her seat, as though that clumsy sentence was the one thing she'd been waiting to hear, and the only one that mattered.

Sebastien, a greedy sneer on his lips, glanced toward me, plainly expecting me to take my turn at speechifying. But my brain seemed spinning like a cockchafer on a pin.

"She's *yours*," I kept telling myself. "Body and soul, to mold or break." Odd scraps of the marriage service came and went, and memories of men who'd have taken her as wife without troubling about any marriage service at all. There were precious few in those latitudes who hadn't a petticoat in tow, somewhere or other. It was the mere accident of chance and temperament, and nothing to my credit, that I hadn't followed their example.

Her hand groped for, and found, mine, a hand as warm and tremulous and confiding as a child's. I caught the soft flash of her eyes as they scanned my face. An odd mixture of awe and shame washed over me. I lifted the hand and kissed it, and heard her little fluttering sigh, and Sebastien gritting his teeth.

"There's just one point," I said. "That lumber room is no place to berth a lady. My own cabin, beyond, is mighty crowded, but I'm going to hand it over in exchange."

She nodded, and after that, the wedding party broke up, and not too soon, for I saw that the girl was pretty well exhausted, and small wonder.

We had supper early, and alone, Sebastien being on deck. I don't remember what we talked about, but I don't fancy either of us had much to say. Afterward we went to the cabin that was to be hers. There were a good many odds and ends to sling out, but not much to be done in the way of straightening up—I've always been rather finicky in my

habits. Halcyon watched me idly, and with no particular interest.

One thing I noticed. The key, which had been in the door earlier in the day, was missing. There was a bolt as well, but it was a flimsy, second-rate affair.

"Halcyon," I said, "can you use an automatic pistol?"

She'd never fired one, though she'd seen them before. I fetched mine, and explained the mechanism—she was very quick at understanding that sort of thing—until I could trust her to use it blindfolded.

"But why?" she asked, wrinkling her forehead.

"The black fellows," I told her, "aren't always as respectful as they might be. If you hear any one fooling with the door, challenge once, and then fire. I shall hear the shot and come if I can. But if I don't come and they break in—"

"I will shoot again, to kill them dead," said Halcyon cheerfully. But there was still a puzzled look in her eyes.

"Good night," I said at last.

"Where you go?"

"To my own cabin—the one further along."

"But why? We are married. You are my man, my lord." She touched my sleeve. "You like me—a little?"

"Like you? There's not a living thing on God's earth that counts a cent beside you!"

"Then"—the blood rushed to her face—"must I shame myself yet again?"

For a minute I couldn't answer. She put a hand on each of my shoulders. The warmth and scent and nearness of her shook me.

"If I think you do not want me"—her voice was a murmur—"then I take a knife, and thrust it here"—she touched her left breast—"and throw myself into the sea, and die."

"I'd sell my soul rather than lose you.

You're mine, Halcyon, whatever happens. But the world—*my* world—won't believe it until I've bought you a ring—a gold ring, a charm. So we must wait until we come to Neelonga, where such things are sold—"

"Ah, but *now* I understand. A charm, to bring good fortune, not to us, but to—" Her head drooped. Her gloriously smiling lips were very near mine. I caught and held her to me, close and yet closer.

"Good night!" I said again, at last.

"Good night!" she whispered.

I went up on deck to find Sebastien.

"Ah-a, the bridegroom!" he said. "But do you think you are wise? Here is a girl who, for all you know, may be a—"

I caught him by the collar.

"You'll be good enough to remember," I said, "that the penalty for libeling my wife is a thrashing for the first time, and something worse for subsequent offenses. You may say what you please about the crowd she left behind on the island, but Mrs. Gleeson's taboo."

"Guess she'll be that all right if any of her country folk get hold of her again!" snarled Sebastien. "Take your fist off my collar, you fool!"

"You might likewise remember," I went on as I let him go, "that I've lent her my automatic, and that she knows how to use it. Any further tampering with that cabin door is going to be a risky business. I'm passing the word along to the boys."

For the week after that things went as smooth as you could wish. We hardly saw the girl, except at meal times. Sebastien and the Kanakas treated her civilly enough. I—I slipped from just passion and admiration into something altogether bigger and different.

The sixth day brought a sudden squall that shook the old boat badly, and jerked a nigger named Martin from one side of the deck to the other. He'd have gone

clean overboard if the cook, who happened to be passing, hadn't grabbed him. The cook ran no risk worth mentioning, but Sebastien made out that he'd been a hero, and insisted on standing drinks all around. It was so different from his usual common sense that from the first I'd a theory that there was some motive in the background. There was.

The first tot did no particular harm; the trouble lay in stopping. There was a deal of growling and muttering when I wanted to lock up the stuff again. A rumpus sprang up to get possession of the cask, and the thing got knocked over, and was forgotten—that's like the Kanakas—in a private and particular feud that ended in blows and drawn knives. And when it was at its height, Sebastien quietly betook himself off.

The last chance of bringing the brutes to their senses would have vanished if I'd followed his example, even for five minutes, and he knew that as well as I did. I waited a bit, thinking he'd come back with weapons, but he didn't.

I'd nothing beyond my fists, but I knew something about boxing, and was quick on my feet. A chap called Papua Joe came at me, flourishing a knife, and with his head down, like a bull, as I was peeling off my coat. I flung the thing over him and sidestepped, and he blundered into the rail, staggered, and pitched clean overboard, still tangled in the folds. He was dragged under before you could even think about rescue. Two more of the ringleaders tried rush tactics, and both went down, one, as I afterward found, with a fractured collarbone. By that time the others had begun to see that the game wasn't worth the candle, whichever way it ended, for the barrel had drained itself empty.

There was a pause, and then a general disposition to call a truce. Martin was in the thick of trying to explain that the

whole thing was nothing more than a slight misunderstanding when, faint and thin, I heard a shriek from below.

I went down that companionway quicker than a panther, and with less noise. Through the open doorway I could see that Sebastien's cabin was unoccupied, and the same applied to mine. The shriek was repeated as I reached Halcyon's.

Her door was ajar, and there were scratches and splintered wood where the bolt had been. Still noiseless, I stepped in.

As I'd expected, Sebastien was there, as well as the girl. Neither of them saw me. She was crouching against the wall in the far corner. The yellow drapery had been dragged from her shoulders, leaving them as shining and bare as the rest of her gleaming naked body, and one end of the stuff was gripped in Sebastien's thick fingers. A revolver was in the other.

"You tell me," he was saying, "that you've mislaid the pistol that fool Gleeson lent you? Well, I am not sorry. There is always a risk from accidents. *He* has met with one. He tried to argue with the niggers—"

"You left him there?" Her voice shook.

"Yes. He's a mighty fluent tongue, but this time they wouldn't listen, and pitched him overboard. I heard the splash and saw his coat drift past. So now there is only you and me left. I will bring those black devils to their senses with the revolver, and then our honeymoon will begin. One white man is as good as another white man in these latitudes, and a live one a heap better than a dead one."

"You—you tell me that before," said Halcyon, panting. I saw her fling a furtive glance toward the berth, with its pillow and gay blankets, and it came upon me that she was trying to gain time.

"It's true. I've been burning mad for you from the first minute you stepped on deck. There's no need to—"

A loose board—I remembered it too late—creaked under my foot.

Sebastien turned. His face went a pasty white; then he recovered himself and laughed.

"*You!* But I guess you've come to life again too late." He lifted the revolver. "Don't come closer, or there'll be an accident. This old gun of mine goes off thundering easy. Reckon you're married to this naked lady, don't you? Well, now the ceremony's going to be canceled by a second one, *so*"—his left hand flattened on her forehead—"and *so*"—it touched her breast—"and—"

I took a plunging step forward. Halcyon's eyes were staring into mine in dumb agony. There was a crack, and a bullet zipped through my thigh.

"The next," said Sebastien, "will go higher, unless you are willing to give up all right—"

"Damn you, no—not while I'm living!"

"Then that," said Sebastien with his devil's smile, "can be soon remedied."

He lifted the revolver again. But he died before he could pull the trigger. Halcyon had taken a sudden plunge sidewise, whipped the automatic from beneath her pillow and sent two bullets through him before I'd realized that she'd moved. He twisted toward her, swayed, and pitched, face downward, arms outflung.

"I—I did not lose the pistol," she said, "I hid it. Else he would have taken it from me. Ah-h, hold me—"

She slid to the floor—the only time I've known her come near to fainting. But within ten minutes she'd pulled herself together, and when she'd bandaged Sebastien's handiwork—luckily he missed the artery—and made sure that he was dead, I limped after her up to the deck.

(Continued on page 56)



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when they get tired of playing with international destinies; so Madeline Turlotte, the only blonde in South America, who interprets in all international and native squabbles, has to have a little fun with her dolly. Madeline makes quite a showing with her blonde thatch when she arrives at a table in a South American restaurant full of flashing brunettes. Prominent figure in night life, yes. There's lots more about her, and another picture on another page of this number.

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(Continued from page 54)

The Kanakas had heard the shots and come crowding forward. They seemed disappointed to find that there were any survivors. I wasn't equal to much in the way of an oration, but Halcyon had a heart-to-heart talk with them, and cleared the air properly. She explained that the great Sebastien was deader than mutton; that the ship was now my sole property—which it certainly wasn't; that she also was my sole property; and finally that they—the crew—were something lower in the scale of creation than jellyfish, and that their only chance to escape hanging was in abject obedience.

As a sort of codicil she mentioned that we were going top speed to Neelonga.

"Because," she explained, "there is a man there who has a gold ring which my lord desires to put on my finger as a charm. It is the white man's custom."

And afterward?

What's the word used when the best of a yarn's told, and yet there's some more to come? "Anticlimax," isn't it? Well, I guess that applies to the rest of Halcyon's story and mine.

I was prepared for a certain amount of trouble over Sebastien's death—the Kanakas didn't worry me. But when Halcyon had told her story, plain and straight and the authorities heard what I'd got to say, and the niggers, separately and collectively, backed up the pair of us, we

came in for the congratulations of all concerned. He was an out-and-out skunk and they knew it.

Sebastien hadn't made a will—he wasn't that sort. But I discovered from the lawyers that he'd a sister living in the States and later on they wrote saying that she'd be willing to accept a thousand dollars for the two-thirds of the Luck of Samoa that wasn't mine. I showed the letter to Halcyon—not that she could read it, though she was learning, but as a matter of principle. The gold ring by that time had lost its first burnish.

"And you want the ship?" she asked when I'd translated.

"It's a big bargain at that price, but—"

"I buy him for you," says Halcyon, lugging out her best necklace. She'd kept it hidden away so long that I'd forgotten it existed.

I laughed and kissed her and told her to keep it. But she insisted, and when I examined the thing I found that a good quarter of the stones were pearls. They'd had rough handling, but their size and shape were staggering.

I sold a dozen of the biggest, through an agent who was reasonably honest, for a trifle over forty-five thousand dollars. There are still a good many left, but I reckon we'll keep them as a nest egg for the kiddy when he—or she comes.

And Halcyon?

Well, she's mine. And I'm satisfied.





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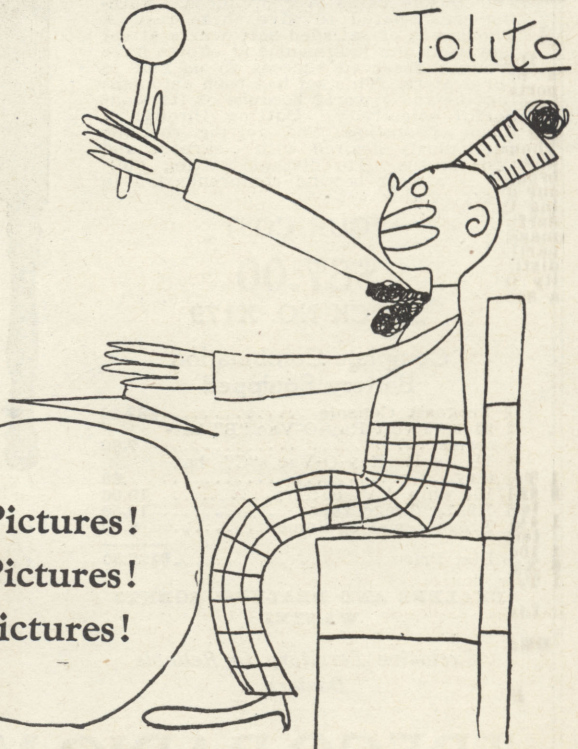
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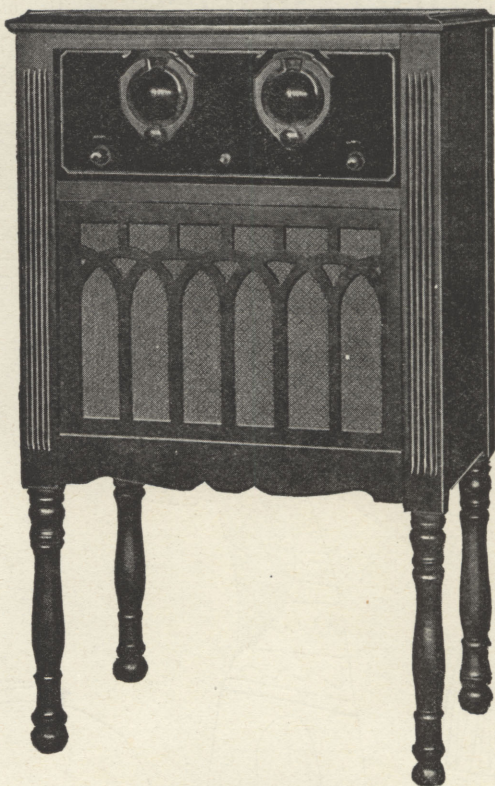
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