

THE
ILLUSTRATED

Love

JULY
1931

MAGAZINE

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Featuring.....

**MAKE IT A DATE !
SHE MARRIED A SHEIK
GOOD GIRL-BAD GIRL
HE KNEW ABOUT LOVE**

**YOUR
FAVORITE
AUTHORS**

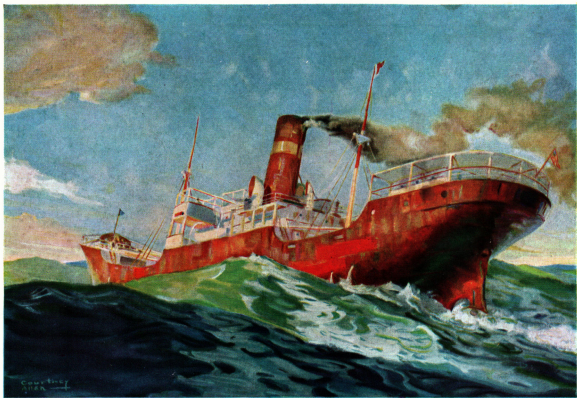
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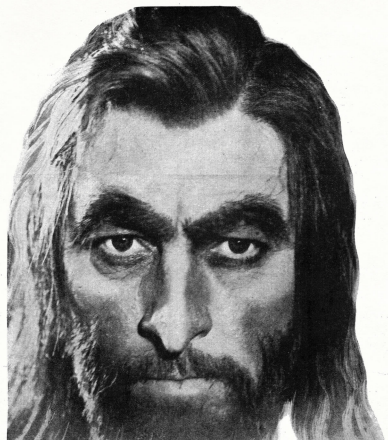
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men with a smile—who
hates Svengali the sinister
love maker—until
his magic spell forces
even *her* heart to beat to
his *manufactured love!*



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The Illustrated LOVE MAGAZINE



ON SALE THE 15th OF EACH MONTH
IN THE WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director



CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1931

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 1

Cover Design from Painting by Jules Erbit

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.....	6
ARE MEN GOING FEMININE?.....	By a Modern Girl 8
FALL IN LOVE THE NEW WAY.....	By Edna Gorman 10
SAY IT WITH MUSIC.....	By John Edgar Weir 12
CRYPTIC LOVE.....	By Gilson Willets 14
LOVE AND THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.....	By Dorothy Emerson 16
VIVID SCENES FROM THE NEW FILM ROMANCES.....	19
GOOD GIRL—BAD GIRL.....	By H. L. Gates 23
SHE MARRIED A SHEIK.....	By Ethel Watts Mumford 26
PLEASE STAND BY.....	By Margaret Lee Runbeck 30
MAKE IT A DATE.....	By Frederick Orin Bartlett 32
HE KNEW ABOUT LOVE.....	By Frank R. Adams 35
THE RECKLESS LOVER (Complete New Novel).....	By Albert Payson Terhune 39
A PRINCE FOR HIRE (Part IV).....	By P. G. Wodehouse 68
EATING FOR BEAUTY.....	By Jane Osborne 71
LET'S DANCE AND DINE IN FORMAL PAJAMAS.....	72
LOVE'S BEAUTY SECRETS.....	By Barbara Moore 73
THINGS YOU CAN MAKE FOR YOUR HOME.....	81
AUTHOR! AUTHOR!.....	122

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COMING— Next Month

A
POWERFUL
ROMANCE OF
CHALLENGING,
RECKLESS
YOUTH

By
Helen
Ahern



Dave was completely engrossed in the waitress.

MONEY to BURN

A FEW minutes later she knocked on Jed McGill's door. She heard him approach the door slowly, wearily. Her throat contracted. What could she say? What right had she to pry into his private life?

Jed opened the door. She saw the stark misery in his haggard face and forgot her misgivings.

Oh, my dear, my dear—what have they done to you?" She went to him blindly, instinctively.

"Margalo!" Jed's arms closed around her slender, trembling body; then dropped. With a helpless, despairing gesture he moved away and clumped into a chair.

"What is it, Jed?" she asked gently.

"Don't you know? . . . I'm getting married to-morrow." He covered his face with his hands. He couldn't bear to see the tenderness in her face change to disgust. He stood a lot, but he couldn't stand that.

"I heard . . . but I didn't believe it. It can't be true!"

"Why not?" He took refuge

in mockery. "Even a person like me can get married."

"Please!" Her voice was sharp with pain. "It isn't fair to act like that with me."

"Oh, hell, Margalo!" he choked, "you know I think you're the grandest girl on earth. I'd like to tell you all about this thing . . . but I can't . . . I can't!"

"Why not, Jed? You know what they're saying, don't you? Some stenographer in the dean's office has talked.

Do you want me to believe the story she's spreading?"

"No!" he said fiercely.

"Then tell me the true one."

He was tempted. He wanted to keep her trust . . . more than anything in the world. But he couldn't tell her.

"Jed . . . please!" She caught his hands in hers.

"No, Margalo . . . don't! You shouldn't have come here. What would Woolly say?"

"He hasn't the right to say anything. That's all over."

For continuation of this thrilling romance by Helen Ahern, read

And Watch for These
Other Striking Features

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NIGHT CLUB SPECIAL
WHEN HAMLET MADE HAY
NAUGHTY GIRL!

The August Issue of The Illustrated LOVE MAGAZINE
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for whiter washes
in tub or machine

Rinso
The Granulated
soap

Millions also use it
for dishes, floors
and all cleaning



Drawing by
Eldon Kelley

*He asked me for money to pay for the dinner to
which he had invited me.*

ARE MEN GOING FEMININE?

By a Modern Girl

Are men becoming more and more refined—their masculinity disappearing? In the next fifty years will they stay at home to care for the household and the children?

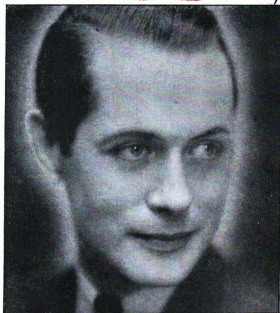
I LIKE men, as most girls do. Chivalry, flowers, all the delightful little attentions a man gives a girl please me immensely. I like he-men.

If the admissions of business women, college girls, and young wives are of weight, there is certainly a very general feeling that men are growing less and less masculine. There seems little to do about it except to protest. Women are not alone in the great transition about which so much has been said and written; men are experiencing an equally grave change. Perhaps they do not know what is happening to them any more than women realized in the beginning of this era of so-called freedom. Perhaps the recently evolved and evolving woman is in a measure responsible for the present-day type of man who can only be designated as the "almost man."

The modern man is degenerating into a kind of effeminate creature that women least want him to become. If he continues to progress toward this highly refined state of femaleness, within the next ten or fifteen years he may be wearing lace, velvet, and long hair and will be staying at home to take care of the babies—if there are any—while the girl goes out to make the living for the family.

I do not like the prospect. I confess a malignant apathy toward a society in which men assume feminine charm and women attempt to take men's places. Personally, I prefer the cave-man, a man with whom I cannot begin to match wits. I do not want to win in this sex war which has existed between men and women since time began and probably always will. I want to lose. I want to lose because I (Continued on page 116)

THE WORLD THUNDERS ITS WELCOME
TO METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
NEW STAR



HIS STEPS TO STARDOM



with Joan Crawford
in "Untamed"



in "The Big House"



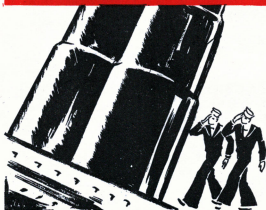
with Greta Garbo
in "Inspiration"



with Norma Shearer
in "The Divorcee" and
"Strangers May Kiss"

ROBERT

MONTGOMERY



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with ERNEST TORRENCE HOBART BOSWORTH
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in conjunction with the U. S. Navy.

FALL in LOVE the NEW WAY

By Edna Gorman

Did you fall in love because he had a fascinating dimple in his chin or because she had golden curls? Or was it simply personality? But that's all passé. This amusing article will tell you why.

THE young man had just proposed. He was on his knees before the lovely girl, gazing fondly up into her blue eyes. The lights were softly shaded. From the radio in the room beyond came a low crooning love song. It was all very romantic and beautiful.

And then—from the doorway comes a gruff voice—that of the girl's father.

"Just a moment, young man," he says, "before this goes any further, we must see to what blood type you belong."

He draws a small, sharp knife from his pocket and quickly makes a tiny gash in the young man's arm. A drop of blood gushes out. This is placed on a microscopic slide, together with a drop of the girl's blood, procured in the same manner.

Father adjusts his spectacles and looks at it anxiously. He shakes his head sadly.

"Alas, young people," he tells them, "your marriage can never be. It will only mean a speedy divorce. For you are not of compatible blood types. You, sir, are plainly a Type 1, while my daughter is Type 3. You must part at once."

Heart-breaking scenes such as this may soon become common occurrences, if the new theory of blood compatibility is to be taken seriously.

Young men, who wish to be sure of selecting the right mate, will no longer go courting armed with a bunch of roses and a box of candy. They will take, instead, a microscope and a small stiletto. Parents who have the good of their children at heart will no longer inquire how much money the boy can make, or how fine a cook the girl is. They will ask what his or her type of blood is!

A prominent New York physician at a medical convention some time ago said: "In a few years, tests of this sort may become obligatory in order to curb the growing evil of divorce."

And the next speaker added that "regulation of blood compatibility between husband and wife is entirely feasible."

And why not? Mental incompatibility is recognized by every court as a cause for divorce. Then why not go deeper, into our very physical make-up? Anyone who knows anything at all about the human body, knows the important part the blood stream plays in our lives,

*One drop of
blood told the
whole story.*



Drawing by
Verne M. Noll

and how much it concerns our health and our entire nervous system.

What is more natural than to believe that the same blood types result in the same dispositions, which are, of course, compatible. The next step, then, is to find out to which type of blood you belong—and then pick your mate accordingly.

Some bright person has suggested that it would save a lot of time and worry, to say nothing of heartaches, if everyone wore some sort of badge to show at once to which type he or she belongs. In this way, we could tell at a glance whom we ought to fall in love with, and who would make us miserable.

Not that it would make any difference. Men and women have been falling head over heels in love with the wrong persons ever since the creation of the world. And they will go right on doing it, scientific blood test or no scientific blood test.

Besides, a lot of the experts won't admit that your type of blood has anything to do with your temperament or your temper. They declare that one Type 2 may be sweet and loving and easy to live with, while another is irritable and unreasonable and (Continued on page 104)

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SAY IT WITH MUSIC

By John Edgar Weir



HITS OF THE MONTH

"Moonlight Saving Time," fox trot—played by
Harry Richman and his orchestra (Brunswick)

"When I Take My Sugar to Tea," fox trot—
played by Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra
(Victor)

"You Said It," fox trot—played by
Ben Selvin and his orchestra (Columbia)

"Walkin' My Baby Back Home," fox trot—
played by Ted Weems and his orchestra (Victor)

"Just a Gigolo," vocal—sung by
Bing Crosby, baritone, with orchestra (Victor)

SEASONAL songs are not always so good. They may be seasonal and nothing else. But Harry Richman has come across with a seasonal tune which seemed to catch on over night, "Moonlight Saving Time." Of course, you have heard it by this time over the radio, but don't be satisfied until you hear Harry's own rendition. It is more than worth your while if you are looking for a tune that will stay with you. (This is a Brunswick record.)

Opening up with a tricky introduction, Bert Lown and his Biltmore boys have turned out another bit of wax for you to wear out on the old music box. And it is easily one of the popular hits of the year, "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." A good tune, plus Bert and his boys means some real musical enjoyment. There are no dull spots in the recording and the vocal chorus by the trio is unusually good. The reverse is also by Bert Lown and his orchestra, another hit, "Running Between the Raindrops." This is right up to the standard set by the last number, but played to slower tempo. The vocal chorus is by our genial friend, Elmer Feldkamp. (This is a Victor record.)

Maurice Chevalier, the charming Frenchman, has turned out the popular "Walkin' My Baby Back Home," and if you like this gay, young man, here is your chance to hear him do his stuff. The other side, "Hello, Beautiful," Walter Donaldson's song hit, is also by Chevalier. (This is a Victor record.)

"You'll Be Mine in Apple Blossom Time," is the somewhat lengthy title of the next one and it's a vocal, sung by Helen Rowland and Paul Small. I don't go very strong for vocal records, but this one is pretty and I think you'll like it. The other side is a male quartet number, "Chidlins." I gather that "Chidlins" are something that you eat, but I don't think much of the tune. (This is a Columbia record.)

The last on the list is another one by Ted Weems and his orchestra. This time it's "When You Were the Blossom in

Buttercup Lane," which is a mouthful for anyone. I like this tune and I like Ted's recording, so there's nothing to add except that there is a vocal refrain by Elmo Tanner. The other side, "I Keep Remembering," is played by Wayne King and his orchestra, done in the typical King style. We hear Ernie Birchill do the vocal honors. (This is a Victor record.)

"You Said It," from the musical comedy of the same name, has been recorded very nicely by Ben Selvin and his orchestra. In my opinion, it is the best tune from the show, and although it didn't get off to exactly a flying start it is fast forging ahead to popularity. There is a splendid vocal refrain by Helen Rowland and Paul Small. The reverse is also by Ben Selvin and his orchestra, also from "You Said It." This time it's "Learn to Croon," a bit of bad advice, I think, but I may be wrong. (This is a Columbia record.)

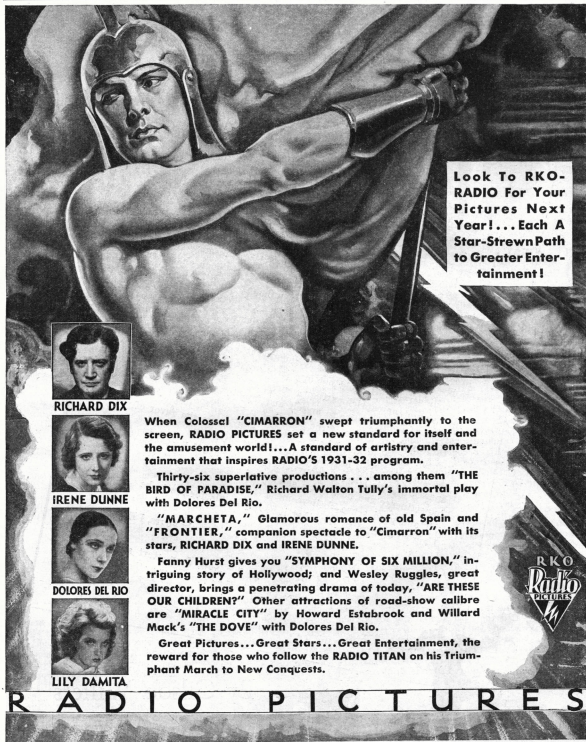
Our old friend, Ted Weems, is still with us, and this time he gives us "Walkin' My Baby Back Home," which is getting a big plus these days and seems to be going over big. Needless to say, Ted and the boys do their bit to move it on toward hitdom. There is a vocal refrain by Parker Gibbs. The other side is "I Lost My Gal Again," and although this isn't as good a number as the last, the boys do their best with the material in hand. The vocal chorus is again by Parker Gibbs. (This is a Victor record.)

It seems as though we'll never hear the last of the gigolo number. Just when I thought I had reviewed it for the last time, the Victor people sent me another recording of it, and I must say it is good. Bing Crosby is the artist. Any of you who used to buy the old Paul Whiteman records will recall Bing as the boy who used to take most


of the lead parts in the Rhythm Boys Trio. Now you'll have the opportunity to hear him as a soloist. By all means, don't miss this number. The reverse is also by Bing, "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams." Although it isn't up to the other side, Bing is still going strong. (This is a Victor record.)




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RADIO PICTURES

CRYPTIC LOVE



The letter Babs received from her sweetheart was so different in tone from his behavior of the evening before, that she could hardly believe her eyes—until she read between the lines!



Dearest:

The great love I have to express for you is false, and I find that my indifference towards you increases daily. The more I see of you the more you appear to my eyes an object of contempt. I feel myself in every way disposed and determined to hate you. I can assure you that I never intend to marry you. Now, our last conversation has left an impression on my mind, which by no means impresses me of the extremely high standard of your character. Your temper would make me entirely unhappy and if you and I were united, I would expect nothing but hatred of myself and you, added to the everlasting displeasure of living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow, but I do not desire to imagine it at your service. I could not owe it to any one more inconsistent or capricious than yourself and be capable of doing justice to myself and family. I think you are aware of the fact that I speak sincerely and I hope that you will do me the favor of avoiding me. You need not trouble yourself about answering this letter as your letters are always full of impertinence and have not a shadow of wit and good sense—believe me I am so adverse to you, that it is impossible for me to be

Truly yours, PHIL.

P. S. Now, dear, start again and this time read *every other line!*

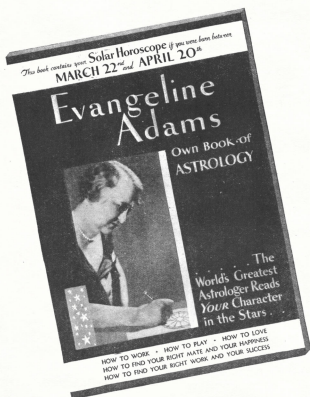


By Gilson Willets

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Name

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Drawings by
Rodney M.
de Sarro

He can propose on a crowded dance floor, but she'd rather have her big moment alone.

LOVE and the BRIGHT LIGHTS

LOVE'S trials and tribulations have been discussed and written about till you might believe there was nothing left to say. Lovers' troubles make up a large part of our literature. They're an old story. But there's one plight of love that hasn't as yet received any attention. And it's a serious one.

That's the plight of the city girl in love . . . the very big city girl, who hasn't any mother at hand, and no home. It is a plight.

People used to say . . . and some still insist on saying it . . . that when a girl leaves home and invades the big city, she is intent upon external, material things, a career, a future, money. But now, with more girls going into business every day . . . with the streets of New York, Chicago and all the other metropolises thronged with ambitious, eager young stenographers,

bookkeepers, salesladies, not to mention the professions, a change of viewpoint has come. We must realize that these girl adventurers aren't a bit different from their mothers and their grandmothers in their real objective.

They know—they aren't a bit deceived into believing that only a career can make a girl really happy. They still want their man. But they are going further afield for him. And they are using different methods, because they must.

The girl comes to the big city to earn her living. That may be the first and the strongest reason. It's what she must do, we'll say. But underneath, there's something more she wants . . . and that's romance.

Her imagination is stimulated by the brilliancy of the big town and the success stories of other girls. She, too, dreams of making good and meeting handsome

How were they to know? All their courtship had been carried on in public—movies, restaurants, dances. They had never had a chance to be alone, to become really acquainted.

By Dorothy Emerson

millionaires. She hopes for an office simply full of eligibles. She wants to choose. She wants a chance to compare and to select the best man of the lot. She is willing to work hard . . . eight, ten or twelve hours a day, live in obscurity, skimp on food, in order to do this.

So she comes to the city, gets a job, meets a nice young man, or several of them . . . and runs straight into the stone wall. The stone wall is that, while she is all dressed up and he is all dressed up, they have no place to go.

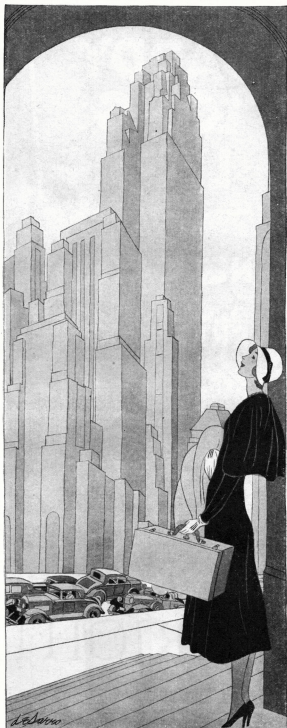
No place to go, that is, where they can be alone together. I remember hearing just such a girl say: "My idea of Heaven is a place where two people in love can be together." Poor kid! I found out later why the tears came to her eyes when she said it.

She had been in love, and the only place she and the boy had to go to do their love-making was the benches of Central Park, with the vigilant cops flashing lights at them. Either Central Park, or the top of a Fifth Avenue bus . . . or perhaps the dance floor of Rose-land, where they had to whisper their avowals to the blare of a jazz band and among the press of a thousand other couples.

Of course the affair went on the rocks. But it hurt to lose him to a girl who lived in the suburbs with her family. It hurt to lose him because she couldn't invite him to her little furnished room, because she never had a pleasant little kitchen wherein she could demonstrate to him that she was one of the best pie-makers ever born, because she lacked the opportunity to show that lad what she really was like.

She was just another pathetic victim of this particular set of circumstances. And there must be thousands like her.

The only other refuge of the working girl on a small salary in a big city is the Girls' Clubs. But, looked



In the city of her dreams she hopes to find success and romance.



at from this angle, are they any improvement? If a girl is lucky enough to have met young men, if she is visibly endowed with that mysterious quality of "sex-appeal," she is looked upon either with envy, or barely concealed hatred by the other girls. Yet what good are her charms to her?

She knows only, we'll say, boys just starting out, like herself, who haven't much (Continued on page 92)

DADDY LONG LEGS

with
JANET GAYNOR
and
WARNER BAXTER



Glamorous Janet Gaynor sweeps to new triumphs of enchanting appeal, as the bewitching, wistful waif who wins the love of her handsome millionaire guardian. A magical masterpiece of tears and laughter, tenderness and charm, with youth and years contending for the love of a little Cinderella mysteriously lifted from drudgery to delight. As dazzlingly joyous as a flood of sunlight—this latest directorial achievement by Alfred Santell.

ANOTHER **FOX** MASTERPIECE



Vivid Scenes
from the
New Film
Romances

DOROTHY JORDAN as *Constance*
HARDIE ALBRIGHT as *Gene*

Constance breaks the news to Gene that she's become engaged to a titled foreigner just to satisfy her mother's social ambitions. But all's fair in love, and Gene's iron nerve wins out. From YOUNG SINNERS, Fox's dramatic new movietone.



FLORENCE KNAPP as *Veronica*
JOHN DARROW as *Roderick*

"If you go to Paris," pouts *Veronica*, "I just know you'll never come back to me!" *Roderick* is a rising young architect with dreams of fame. But what are dreams compared to love's realities? From *FAME*, First National's new romance.



IRENE PURCELL as Roxy
WILLIAM HAINES as "Jolly" (Lord Robert)

Lord Robert thinks all girls are "easy" and poses as a gigolo to win a bet with his uncle. But the young lady fools him. To get even, he marries her. From JUST A GIGOLO, M-G-M's colorful new feature.



LORETTA YOUNG as Mac
FRANK ALBERTSON as John

John doesn't know he owes his success to Mac, his college sweetheart, now in "big business," so he's inclined to be nasty and jealous. But when they decide to separate, he just can't. From BIG BUSINESS GIRL, a new First National.

GOOD GIRL -BAD GIRL

Photographs by
Tower Studios

By H. L. Gates

He had been warned against her. "If she should happen to be in the mood, my dear man, she'd wear you as a corsage until you thought yourself in heaven for life, and then she'd chuck you over her shoulder and you'd find yourself in a nasty ash can." But—

RODNEY COLETTE had not come down to Stuart Barton's place at Palm Beach for the week-end because he liked either Stuart Barton or his crowd.

He liked neither.

That, perhaps, was because Rod still saved his dreams. And anybody knows that people who have money, as, for example, a forty-room "bungalow" and a million dollar yacht riding anchor off the beach, have little time for dreams or those who have them. The sleek gowned, emerald-decked moths who flutter in the money flame may droop long lashes and proffer lips that are warmly soft to a young man as good looking as Rod, but they don't fit into dreams at all.

Still there were two reasons why Rod must come when Stuart Barton called. Reasons which were, really, his dreams.

One was his future, his career. Barton was giving him his start as an architect. The other was a memory, a vague, two-year-old memory of chestnut hair that rippled away from a forehead with the loose softness that could never be a "permanent," of a piquant nose, that wasn't tip-tilted as most piquant noses are, and a coral mouth that was unforgettable because it wasn't a lipstick mouth and its kiss had stirred fires that were not shameful, but divine.

Coming down on the train he had spent hour on hour remembering her. Remembering the night when he met her, and had in his pocket steamer tickets for two years of study in Europe before he should settle down to the Stuart Bartons and the buildings they could give him to build.

He had danced with her twice, learned that her name was "Daren" and that her friends called her "Dare." Somehow they became alone, and she'd got into his arms, and wrinkled her nose while she laughed at him for taking her. Then the wrinkle had gone out of her nose and her warm, ivory arms had circled his neck and the unforgettable mouth whispered up to him:

"I'd like to make plans with you now, Boy, but let's don't! You mean what you say to-night, and I mean what I say tonight. You're going away—two years, you say? And I'm staying. Tonight, I promise you, I'll be ready for the plans when you come back."

Before, he had kissed her. Now she kissed him. Nestled her whole body close and melted into him, divinely, and the world that was about them went away until she called it back by loosening his arms and her lips, so she could say:

"I'd like to make plans with you now, Boy, but let's not. Two years will be only a minute, because you'll be back."



She was willing to marry him just to break him

"Two years will be only a minute—because you are coming back."

"And you'll stay like you are? You'll be—for me?"

He remembered, on the train coming down to Stuart Barton's, that she drew a little away from him, then, and looked at him with widened chestnut eyes. And that she'd said with her soul haunting the mouth that wasn't a lipstick mouth but as red as ever a pomegranate could be:

"We've met only tonight, Boy, but if you've put me in your heart you can keep me there, and you may know that I've—stayed good. I am good. I'll stay—good!"



The next day, at noon, he had sailed. Dare came down to the pier to see him off, and he had kissed her, an abstract kiss because he was worried about a trunk getting aboard with his sketches and his letters of introduction to people in Paris. If Dare's voice, when she said her last goodbye was a little hollow, after that kiss, he hadn't noticed.

On the boat going across and for two years of career-dreaming in Europe, Rod remembered Dare only as a girl he had petted, as one pets any girl. It was when Stuart Barton, who hired young genius the same as he hired young dancing girls, promised him his first com-

mission, a prize in the architect's world, that he remembered Dare and took on a new dream.

She would be the one to help him paint the white canvas of his future with the glorious colors of love! He had telephoned the aunt at whose house he had met her. He could only describe her as "Dare," with the chestnut hair and lips that—"But you wouldn't know about her lips, would you, dear? Surely you will remember, Dare, though?"

But his aunt had remembered: "It is probable you mean Daren West. I have particularly avoided knowing anything about her for more than a year."

Precise, thin-lipped and full of meanings was his aunt! He hung up quickly, stubborn to save his revived dream of the girl he had petted and now wanted forever.

Stuart Barton's butler showed him to one of the forty rooms. It was after the luncheon hour, so he changed to flannels and wandered downstairs. People seemed to be out on the grounds, extensive grounds that spread across tuliped landscapes to the sapphire sea.

In a corridor he came face to face with a young woman in an orange sweater and a yellow skirt. She held out her hand.

"Well, what have we here? If you've been down here long I've been missing something."

Rod stammered, but managed to say: "I've just arrived. I am trying to find my way about, and I don't know anybody yet."

The girl laughed and linked her arm in his.

"I was going for something, but whatever it was you'll do better. You look fresh and the rest of the bunch are stale. I know lots of ways about and if you never know anybody but me you'll still know a crowd."

"That's nice of you," Rod murmured. She informed him brightly.

"Nothing is nice at Stuart Barton's."

It was half an hour later that the young woman, whose name he had discovered to be Eleanor Covington, petulantly agreed to take him to his host. "You probably will interrupt him at something or other, but if you must be correct I suppose you must be. You'll learn things before long."

Stuart Barton gave him a pudgy hand and then

"You wouldn't fall for me because I was so dreadfully bold. But I can see you're quite taken with her, so come on over and heaven help you!"

waved it toward a swimming pool beyond a flock of red and green umbrellas. "There're women over there," he said. "Go pick out what you want."

Rod strolled toward the swimming pool, a synthetic ocean set in the midst of palms whose huge fronds were a cool canopy, a spacious pool, of the millionaire kind, with its imitation beach of carted sand.

Around the pool were pairs and groups. The women in multi-hued bathing suits, most of the men in flannels. Under umbrellas women were prone, to the voluptuous advantage of their figures. The men as a rule lay on their backs.

But then came the revelation of life and love

Rod threw himself down upon the warm sand. He didn't belong in this crowd and wondered how he would get on. Not that he wasn't used to women, but these were of a kind that offended him. They had but one constancy—their endless endeavor to steep masculine senses with consciousness of their proximity.

What could his silly aunt have meant about Daren West? What a fool he had been to forget her! He'd hunt her out, and she wouldn't be married. When Stuart Barton had given him final word he would—!

He fell to watching a dark man in a bathing suit, who stood on the sand talking down to a girl who lay on her back under one of the red and green umbrellas. A smooth, loosely muscled man whose teeth gleamed white against his dark skin when he laughed. The laugh, Rod sensed, would be unpleasant.

What sort of girl would it be who flirted up from the sand to that irritating smile?

The man kicked the umbrella aside and Rod saw her, all but the face she turned away from a ray of sun that stole through the palm fronds.

"Stuart may have told you to pick for yourself, but I doubt if you're picking wisely."

He looked up to see Eleanor Covington standing over him. In her eyes was cynical amusement. She shook her head and dropped beside him, managing somehow to sit cross-legged despite her yellow skirt.

"No," she said coolly, "you disapprove of me. I think you must have ideals and things. Now you may ask me all your burning questions about the lady we can't describe as being very much in her yellow suit."

"I confess to thinking her



His first reaction was a gasp of pure amazement at the loveliness so suddenly revealed. Then his admiration was edged with repulsion.

The brevity of the girl's bathing suit was startlingly audacious. Its gleaming yellow accentuated the whiteness of tapering legs stretched full length.

Rod fought his repulsion down and permitted his amazement before sheer beauty to bring him into a sitting posture, frankly staring. Any second she might turn her face his way, and he wanted to see—that face!

A voice came down across his shoulder.

beautiful," he admitted. "Why wouldn't it be wise to ask her to let me sit close and watch her?"

"If she should happen to be in the mood, my dear man with ideals, she'd wear you as a corsage until you thought yourself in heaven for life, and then she'd chuck you over her shoulder and you'd find yourself in a nasty ash can. She's celebrated that way."

Rod looked into Eleanor's black eyes, saw amusement still in them, and accused her. "You are just being catty."

"Far from it. Only accurate. Let's see——" She held up a slim hand to count (Continued on page 99)



Marianne had eloped with the handsomest man in town.

By Ethel Watts Mumford

MARIANNE MARLEY stood at the window of the "chauffeur's cottage" at Meldrum Park. It was a pleasant little lath and plaster building, wherein the bride was not ashamed to receive such of her friends and acquaintances as sought her out.

She had been surprised and pleased to find how her women friends had responded. She realized, of course, that curiosity was the motive more often than affection or approval. Nevertheless, she was grateful to them. They would enable her to say, if ever opportunity offered, "Father, dear, my friends don't feel as you do. They haven't cut me."

Of course, not one of them really understood. They thought they did, for on the face of him Evrett Marley was reason enough for any woman.

A glitter among the trees, a purring sound, made Marianne aware of the approach of a car that proved little short of palatial. It drew up before her door. The imperative voice of Mrs. Meigs, her husband's employer, called her by name.

"Marianne—Marianne! If you please."

The summons could not be ignored. Marianne patted her hair, straightened her simple "porch dress", and hurried out. Mrs. Meigs was exhibiting her to her friends, but that was one of the annoyances she must expect.

"Yes, Madam?" She strove to make her voice calmly

SHE MARRIED A SHEIK



matter-of-fact, though she felt the conscious blood mounting in her cheeks. Mrs. Meigs was in the car of her friend, Mrs. Lorrimer, with that lady and two other matrons who eyed her with insolent interest. Naturally they wanted to see the heiress, the Junior League favorite, who had run off with her father's chauffeur.

"Will you please call Evrett on the 'phone and tell him to stay with the car while Cavanagh finishes cleaning the upholstery, and bring it back himself? I forgot to tell Philips before I left the house. See to it, please."

The limousine moved slowly forward. The girl continued to stand before her door. Let them take a good look since that was what they had come for! Even Mrs. Lorrimer's colored driver was eyeing her from behind the wheel with pop-eyed interest.

She had no illusions. Her unconventional marriage

"I'm crazy about you," she said huskily. "Why can't you like me—why?" But it was an old story to the man whom all women pursued—A story that had grown into a nightmare. Would he never be free?

Photographs by Tower Studios



"You have temperament, magnetism and personality," they told him. "You have no business outside the movies."

must inevitably be a nine days' wonder—it was part of the price she was willing to pay. Everett was worth it; and it was not his superlative handsomeness that made it worth while, either, if they only knew him. She loved him for no reason she could assign as a reason, but the obvious one, his amazing appearance, had little or nothing to do with it.

She turned into the house, and paused, hesitating. If he must wait in the village while the cleaners removed the stains of a broken bottle of Mrs. Meig's highly colored hair tonic from the upholstery, why not deliver the message? He might have time to accompany her while she shopped. It was time, anyway, that she showed herself in the town—she couldn't always keep herself shut in the cottage. He was a familiar figure in Stoneton. He had been with his present employer for a year before entering her father's service. She might as well let the populace get used to her.

Taking her bicycle, she coasted down the long, blue stone drive, past the Lodge, and out on the state road. In ten minutes she was at her destination. The fumes of dyes and essences hung in the rear court where Mrs. Meigs' Rolls was undergoing its purification process in the capable hands of "Madame," the Irish-French cleaner's wife.

Evrett Marley, her husband, stood by the open hood, gazing with a surgeon's eye at the interior. He raised his head and smiled a welcome.

"What did she think I was going to do?" he chuckled, as she delivered Mrs. Meigs' message.

The cleaning lady had ceased work, and, wide-eyed, had joined them.

"So that's your wife!" she exclaimed. "Pleased to meet you." She grinned at Marianne, and favored her with a comprehensive stare. "Say, you had your nerve to marry the Sheik here—I hope you ain't jealous, that's all! Why, all the women in this town from seven to seventy-two are gone on him!"

Evrett turned scarlet with annoyance. "Now, now, Mrs. Cavanagh!" he said sharply.

The flow of the lady's talk stopped abruptly. She shrugged, and returned to her occupation in the interior of the limousine.

It will be an hour or more before the smell is out of there," he said. "What between the hair dye and the renovator you'd think the car had been gassed. Let's go to the movies!"

She nodded assent. "Sheik", the nickname, troubled. To be branded with that cheap epithet! Poor Evrett! She looked at him with appraisal—not her own, not the appraisal of the artist, but the eye of the girl in the street. He would, she conceded, stir the imagination of a queen.

"What's the matter?" he asked uneasily. "Is my



For one startled second she stood rooted to the spot.

Marianne dashed forward—too late. She saw a swift movement of the beautiful hand—saw the sharp sparkle of light on dark glass—a flash as something was dashed through the air—a shriek of pain and terror. The blind hatred of a jealous woman had marred the handsome face that had been a torture to him all his life.

nose dirty? Have I got gasoline in my hair?"

She shook her head. "No—I was just thinking—" "Well, forget it! Too much thinking will ruin anything and anybody. Come on to the movies—where nobody thinks!"

In the darkened theater he took her hand. "Now I don't care what they show," he whispered—and she laughed. But while the artificial story was unreeling before them her mind was busy with her own.

The picture flickered to its final "fade" embrace, and they rose reluctantly. In the lobby their appearance caused a sensation: stares, whispers, a constant stream of Everett's acquaintances accosting him in hope of an introduction to the most newspaper-featured bride of the moment. Marianne cringed. It was her first appearance in public with her husband; and it was the public of small towniness, with a sprinkling of young people from the big country houses of the neighborhood. One girl, a tall blonde who drove away in an expensive sports model car, bowed and smiled to Everett with an expression that could only be classed as a leer. She watched her husband as he acknowledged the salutation gravely, and felt his arm under her hand stiffen.

"Who is she?" Marianne asked.

"Marion Pendleton," he answered, without hesitation. "Banker's daughter—we rode together in the Charity Circus when I was in the Mounted Constabulary year before last."

"You were? I didn't know." She was always finding out unexpected things about her husband. He talked little of himself.

They reached the street at last. She drew a long breath. It was as if a hundred women had wooed him with their eyes. Was he—could he be—as unaware as she seemed? A giggling girl, hardly out of high school, elbowed him with a "Hello, Sheik—forgotten me, have you?"

"She works at the Haven Tea Room," he explained patiently.

"Let's get over home," she said wistfully, "just as soon as we can."

He nodded. "Sorry I can't take you, but it won't do. I'm afraid you'll have to pedal back."

She smiled, assuring him that she needed exercise. The car was ready, and he drew out of the yard, leaving her to follow humbly. She noticed how carefully he started—proceeding slowly, until space intervened, that his dust might not discomfort her. The road was steadily up hill, and she was tired by the time she reached the cottage. To her surprise, the doorway was blocked by a mammoth limousine, and her little piazza was uncomfortably crowded by the presence of three personages, any one of whom was enough to fill the narrow space completely. Everett, of course, would have gone to the garage directly and report to "The Mansion".

Conscious that she was hot and disheveled, she approached the steps with as much dignity as she could muster. A large man in English golf clothes descended to meet her.

"Mrs. Marley, of course," he said, holding out a fat, thick-fingered hand. "Your face has been very prominent in the papers, you know—I'm delighted to have this opportunity of speaking to you before your husband comes. This is Miss Leslie Lanier, whom of course you recognize—and Mr. Wagner, Wagner-Wel-ford Studios, you know. Now, boys and girls, let's hold a little symposium—what say?"

A bit bewildered by this reception to her own domain, Marianne bowed ceremoniously. "Yes?" she said.

Mr. Wagner moved a rocking-chair forward, and perched himself on the narrow railing. With a sweep of the hand, he indicated to Miss Lanier.

"We must acknowledge our indebtedness to the Queen of the Screen here—it was her idea. 'Pop,' says she, they all call me Pop, 'Everett Marley is the greatest He-Beauty in the world—and he'll screen. Oh, boy, how he'll screen! Just see how he comes out in spite of the awful photography of the newsprints. I won't put on 'Chic and Sheik' unless you get him to play opposite.' That's what she says. Now, Mrs. Marley, we want your cooperation." He smiled elaborately. "You must realize that if your husband comes with us it takes him right out of—er—the—er—servant class." He was watching her keenly. "Now, Valentino may have been a bellhop, and Francis X may have driven a dray—I won't say they did—but it wouldn't matter if they had. They're artists—artists with the bank accounts of—" He hesitated.

"Bootleggers," Marianne finished for him. He gazed at her, surprised and relieved at this evidence of humanity. The fat man beamed at her.

"I'm Washington Buss, the director," he informed her graciously. "I can easily give your husband the training he'll need, and Miss Lanier is willing to hold up the picture until he's ready to play the Sheik."

Marianne shuddered at the name, but she was thinking rapidly. What they said was true. Everett would screen perfectly. If he made good, his fortune was made. He would be cleared of the imputation of marrying for money. He would, as Mr. Wagner had boldly stated, be taken from the putted into the white collar—not to say silk shirt—class. True, he had his own very definite plans and ambitions. For two years past he had been reading law—the Bar was his goal, and she realized what his magnetic presence would mean in that profession. She looked up.

"Here he is in person," she said smiling.

Evrett Marley came swinging down the path. Each member of the waiting group observed his approach with different expressions of approval. Wagner stared as if he could not believe the evidence of his eyes. His cupidity was aroused. Here was a fortune on two legs—millions—if properly exploited. Buss, with the artistic perception his vocation had developed, grinned excitedly. How well the man walked! What a magnificent and expressive head! What a powerful yet graceful body!

Marianne turned her gaze to Leslie Lanier—and winced. Not for nothing had this woman's sex instinct been played up to, fostered and pampered. On her vivid, passionate face it was plain to be seen that already in imagination she felt herself in Evrett's arms. Mentally Marianne curbed herself. Why should she take offense? Was Leslie Lanier any worse than the girl who worked at the Haven Inn—or the one who had driven off in the blue-enameled car? Of any and all of the many who came in contact with his superhuman beauty?

From the moment her husband mounted the steps, cap in hand, she was forgotten. A fugue of voices took up the tale of explanation and offer—and through the warp and woof of the pattern they wove before him ran the scarlet invitation of the leading woman's eyes.

Marianne sat back. She was surprised that not once did her husband's eyes seek hers in question. He

listened politely, silently, standing at ease, showing not the slightest interest as flattery and cajolery were poured upon him: "A mammoth opportunity!"—"Without a doubt the picture was in his hand"—"And what a future!" Still he said nothing.

Mr. Wagner was the first to sense defeat, and his agile and experienced mind jumped to a conclusion. He suddenly remembered Mrs. Marley, and turned to her, unctuously beaming.

"And have you recognized, Buss, that we have in Mrs. Marley a type, too? Ah, yes, a type! We can use you, too, my dear—oh, yes, indeed, in aristocratic parts. Ah, such high-bred type! Magnificent!"

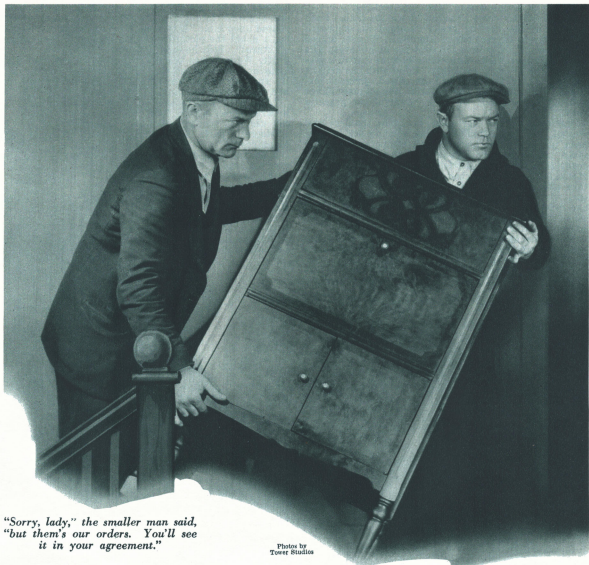
Marianne smiled. Her husband did not turn his head.

Mr. Wagner produced an oblong paper from an inner pocket. "The contract—yes. Here it is. Well, now that I have seen you and talked with you, Mr. Marley, I'm willing to better the offer;

(Continued on page 105)

*The beautiful arm
shot upward in a
swift movement;
there was a shriek
of pain and terror.*





"Sorry, lady," the smaller man said, "but them's our orders. You'll see it in your agreement."

*Photos by
Tower Studios*

A romantic love story of the radio—how Sara Temple fell in love with an unseen voice, and the unexpected climax that followed the strange wooing on the air.

PLEASE

IF you listen in on Station WJBR, probably you were astonished to hear Kingston J. Trent emerge from the cathedral that is his voice, and say, "Sara, child, I love you so much . . ."

No doubt you were annoyed that you couldn't know what it was all about, for there's nothing more maddening than a little whiff of romance, snatched from under your nose before you've completely sniffed it.

Well, here's what happened. What you heard marked the end of the story. The beginning is on a rainy night last Winter, with a white-faced boy, whose name is Tony Beecham, climbing the stairs that mount up to Sara's apartment, and wondering what on earth was happening.

As he came limping up the dark steps, he heard a great shouting and scuffling from above, men moving heavy furniture, and a girl half sobbing. Surely it couldn't be the little Temple girl, so cool and merry, whom he had the temerity this night to be coming to

see? But it was, and as she heard his hated scraping on the steps as he dragged the lazy foot behind him, her face, small and white, appeared over the railing above him.

"Oh, come up here and help me, Mr. Beecham," she cried. "These two brutes up here . . ." She left the banister and he heard her darting back and scolding indignantly. What on earth was happening? He dragged himself up as fast as he could, angry and humiliated that he could not leap up the steps as a better man would, and rescue her. Stairs were his particular Waterloo, and it was his luck that this girl should live at the top-of a perfect tower of them. With him yearning to impress her! Wishing, as he had never wished in a whole lifetime of wishing, that he were big and masterful and commanding!

Now he was at the top, and down the long hall he saw the little knot of them, the two half-amused men



"This is an outrage," she said, quivering with rage. "I've explained and explained, but they're taking it away."

STAND BY

By Margaret
Lee Runbeck

and the girl tugging at something they were attempting to drag away from her.

"What the devil?" he cried, with an Airedale gruffness, limping towards them.

"They're taking my radio," she said, and braced her feet to add her small weight to their load. "I've explained and explained, and they're taking it, anyway."

"Sorry, lady, but them's our orders," the smaller man said, grinning at her. "Payment's due on the fifteenth, and the moving van three days later. You'll see it in your agreement, lady." Tony grasped the situation now, a burlesque, as usual, of the brave things that never happened to him. He, a knight, roaring up the staircase to rescue his lady from dragons . . . and the dragons being installment collectors!

"I've told you," she said haughtily, "I'll send the money tomorrow. Besides, it's nearly mine now. This is an outrage . . ." Her short little nose was shiny

with emotion, and one lock of her satiny hair fell across her eyes, like an angry urchin's. Tony saw with tender pity that she was as humiliated as he, himself, when there were steps to climb, her poverty a shameful thing to be mounting lamely, as he mounted stairs. He faltered awkwardly, not knowing how to make things easier for her, and then took out his thin wallet, suggestively.

"Let me settle for it . . . and you can give me the check later," he said earnestly, trying not to feel embarrassed. The two men glanced knowingly at each other, and he yearned to be big enough to distribute a punch between them, a punch apiece, in fact.

"Please do, Mr. Beecham," Sara said with dignity. "And you two see that you connect my radio just as you found it." They counted the money questioningly, noting that Tony had but two dollars left after he'd given them nine dollars. (Continued on page 82)



She was waiting for Robert but the thought of David persisted.

MAKE IT A DATE!

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

There were two men in her life—one offered her luxury and carefree ease, the other a chance to burn her fingers in the flame of experience.

PRIDING herself as she did on her common sense, Helen felt a bit annoyed to think that her thoughts, during the few minutes she waited for Wainwright, persisted in turning to David. He had sent his regrets that work kept him from calling in the afternoon—it was the day before Christmas—but had reminded her for the twentieth time of the promise she had lightly made, weeks back, to take dinner with him in the evening. Upstairs in her dark room there was the single Jacqueminot rose which he had sent with the note. In her bosom there nestled one of the gorgeous dozen sent by the man who was soon to call for her. The others bloomed in all their royal beauty on the mantel over the open fire before which she sat. They looked the tiniest bit out of place among surroundings which hinted more of the past than the present.

She placed two tiny feet upon the brass fender and leaned back in the big chair with a pucker between her brows.

The question which confronted her was as old as the hills. With that instinct women have for such matters, she knew that her long and pleasant comradeship with these two men was reaching a climax demanding a decision. While the idea irritated her, she faced it squarely and admitted its necessity. She was even conscious that tonight and tomorrow night were her last two days of grace. She knew that it was well-nigh impossible to keep



Photographs by Tower Studios

either one of the men any longer from proposing. Sitting comfortably before the fire, with the wind howling at the shutters and a mental picture of the

She wanted life—sparkling, dramatic, bitterly sweet

driven snow outside, it was still of David she thought. She shivered a bit as she remembered that his duties as a newspaper man had probably taken him out in this blizzard. She could see him in his long coat and old slouch hat bending against the wind. And she knew that the eyes hidden beneath moist brows were gray, and that if she were looking into them they would grow very warm and tender. She found herself getting dangerously sympathetic and suddenly sat up erect.

The bell rang and a maid announced Robert Wainwright. A few touches to her hair and dress, a hurried glance in the mirror, and she was standing before him, hand outstretched. As they faced one another, it was clear that she was easily in control. Yet she met him with an eagerness which he detected and reflected in his dark eyes.

In a few moments she was in her fur coat and all the opportunity the sharp wind had at her was in the few steps from the door to the motor. Even then it had to pass Wainwright first, who clung to her arm as though fearing she might be blown away into space.

That was one thing he always made her conscious of—protection. Sitting there by her side in the car, he somehow impressed upon her—with almost needless insistence—that, so far as a man could, he would always stand between her and all things disagreeable. But this often extended to the point where it irritated her.

She broke several dangerous silences with laughing nothings and so reached the house safely—safe from the crisis that menaced her. Once she swept through the door into the music and laughter and chatter, she seemed to blend herself with it and lose all sense of self.

She had always liked his people, better than she liked his friends. As she crossed the room to meet them she felt a little thrill of satisfaction. She was glad to be there. But this gladness was apart from Robert himself; it was associated with that first generation, with his thickset father and his tense, wilful lips; with his kindly mother, with her patient, loyal face.

Both of them greeted her affectionately, and she stood there by their side for a moment enjoying the music, soothed by the sight of the heavy curtains and soft pictures, by the lights and perfumes and sparkle of jewels. It was to her, for the moment, as though she had never seen all this before. It came in upon her with initial piquancy.

The dinner passed in a sort of blur into which she seemed to blend with the others. So far as she was concerned, it was one of a dozen similar functions, leaving her with a mild sense of pleasurable excitement—the echo of a bit of repartee—the hazy memory of Robert by her side—and the lazy anticipation of a sound night's sleep to the haunting rhythm of the music.

It was only while the men were at their cigars and Mrs. Wainwright sat down beside her that she was at all conscious of being in Robert's home.

"Your gown is quite the prettiest here," said Robert's mother.

The girl would have resented the compliment from anyone else. As it was, she blushed prettily with pleasure.

"I think it must have gathered something from mother," she said frankly. "It is made over from her wedding gown."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Wainwright, "that is the trouble in having sons—we women can't live over our youth again in them."

The girl leaned forward with a sudden interest. "You must have had a beautiful youth, Mrs. Wainwright."

"Yes, dear. It is pleasant to look back upon it now. But there were many bare places along the road—many times when the clouds hung low."

"But you fought your way on—struggled and won."

"Ben and I," she corrected.

"And that is the beauty of it! It is what must make all this seem so good to you now."

Her eyes had brightened and her mouth grown tense. She heard his mother saying:

"You, my dear, will have no bare places in your life. We, of the first generation, have all our recompense in looking on at the lives of our children. The thought that Ben and I may have suffered a little for others

*At his nearness,
her heart began
to pound in a
surprising way.*



brings a new pleasure to us now."

The girl impulsively placed her soft fingers upon the withered hand.

"I would rather have had your life than any I know of," she said.

On the ride back, it was still the face of his mother which was uppermost in her mind. Robert was very tender with her but she felt not the slightest sense of intimacy with him. She parried all his overtures with the keenness of one fighting back the inevitable. But as they stood before the fire in her own home again, he broke through her guard.

"Helen," he said, "it is useless to pretend any more: I love you. I—I think you have known it a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes," she answered.

He hesitated at the next question. It occurred to her that his father would not have done so.

"And you love me—a little?"

"I don't know," she said.

"I have waited so long. And mother," he laughed lightly, "mother says she has waited twenty-five years! She loves you. Come to me," he ran on eagerly, encouraged by her silence and her drooping eyes. "The

She knew that millions would not sway her

house is all ready for you. Everything in the world shall be yours. You'll not have a dream that the three of us will not try to make come true."

She looked up at him a moment, her blue eyes warm with affection. In his pleading eyes she caught a suggestion of the eyes of his mother. It came to her like a shock that she—this other woman who was Robert's mother—would not have accepted this offering. It was a David and a David's life that she had chosen, and it was that which made her what she was.

She drew back sharply.

"Robert," she said, and with a quick, intuitive flash she knew she would never call him "Bob." "I can't answer you tonight. It is only fair that I should, but I can't unless I say 'No.' I'm not sure enough of myself to say 'Yes.'"

"I will wait," he cried. "Don't say 'No.'"

"Then, good night," she said quickly, holding out her hand.

"Good night," he whispered. At the door, he turned.

"And a 'Merry Christmas' to you."

"Christmas?" she faltered.

"Why, this is Christmas eve?"

"Had you forgotten it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said in some awe and with a sinking heart, "I had forgotten."

II

HELEN stood peering out the window into the snow and darkness, as the time approached for David's arrival. As usual when waiting for him, she was haunted by the fear that the telephone might ring telling her he had been sent out on some assignment which would prevent him from coming. She was never sure of him until he stood before her.

Car after car whisked by and form after form scurried shadow-like into view and out again, but at last she saw, as part of the mist itself, a form which somehow she knew was his long before she could clearly distinguish it. It came on sturdily, breasting the storm with easy strength, and jumped up the steps two at a time.

When he stamped in with his cheery "Hello," she was at the door herself to meet him. He whisked the snow from his coat with his old slouch hat and held out a bunch of moist holly berries.

"Got 'em from an old woman on the corner," he explained. "She said they'd bring good luck. Poor old soul—I gave her a portion of our Christmas dinner."

"Good for you!" she exclaimed, brushing them with her lips. "This is the first bit of real Christmas I have honestly felt."

"Are you all ready? You'll need to bundle up well, girl, because there isn't any motor."

"I'm glad of it. It will do me good to walk."

So side by side they faced the wind which beat on them and trapped in the snow which blocked their feet. And when she

sat near him in the car on the way downtown, her face red and wet, she felt atingle to her very finger tips.

"I am taking you to 'Le Petit Oiseau!'" he said as he assisted her from the car, "and not a dozen people outside the comfortable French in the city know of its existence. You will probably only get a dinner of herbs as compared with last night. But this is home to many who come here, and home to me."

They turned down a tiny side street, and then into a warm-lighted doorway. Just a single, long, cozy room with a few dozen tables along the two walls. This evening the place had been made festive with holly and evergreens and with big wreaths tied with scarlet ribbon at the window. The stout proprietor and his buxom wife had gathered together a small orchestra from among their friends for this evening and between the selections its members sat down with the guests and drank their good healths. Monsieur Bartol greeted the two as they entered with a "Merry Christmas," and was followed by Madame Bartol, smiling and echoing him. Then came Pierre to place their chairs for them,

beaming with as much pleasure as though they were his own guests.

The chatter, laughter and clatter of dishes at once put them in good spirits. Helen felt not so much one of a company as one with a company, and David seemed very near to her and very much a part of her happiness.

As for Pierre, he wouldn't have asked a pleasanter duty than to serve Monsieur David and his pretty guest on such an evening as this. With the privilege of his years and long acquaintance—she had said only last week:

"Monsieur, you come here too much alone."

"What will you?" David had answered carelessly. "I must come alone, or not at all."

It would be no fault of his, Pierre resolved, if Monsieur did not see the difference now. As though the difference were not even then thrilling its way into the very soul of David.

"Christmas has just begun for me," he said. "All day long I have been in the midst of it but somehow it hasn't struck home. It has been," he laughed, "like looking upon another's romance."

"I wished you with me yesterday," she said in reply.

"Did you? It's the possibility of your wishing me near when I can't come that sometimes makes me rebellious with my work."

"But do you love your work, David?"

"Yes," he said as Pierre came up with the soup. "I love it because of the struggle. You fight so for all you accomplish."

"Do you never get discouraged?"

"I don't know." He hesitated. "I get lonesome. Perhaps that is the same thing."

"But you get so little for it all. At the end of the day, you have so little for reward!"

"At the end of the day," he said slowly, "I have my dreams. And

(Continued on page 121)



"It's made from Mother's wedding dress," Helen said. "I'm proud of it."



"I nearly scared him to death by letting him kiss me good-night, and I couldn't keep him from running off afterwards."

He Knew About L O V E

By Frank R. Adams

Drawings by
Hubert Mathieu

IT was a slack morning in the store and hot besides. Customers were few and indolent. The season was conducive to the usual exchange of confidences between the girls.

"Do you believe much in fortune-tellers?" Peggy Herman asked of her counter-mate in the ladies' silk

What can a girl do to make a man propose? Two inseparable friends loved her, but neither would pop the question first. It seemed there was nothing for Peggy to do but wait, until—

position to say, dearie. I've had a lot of nice things predicted for me," she offered with a mouselike smile, "but I don't know that they're going to come true."

hosiery section.

"Well," Mabel carefully inserted a blond pencil into her knot of black hair before replying. "I don't

know that I'm in a

"I know all. Nothing is hidden!" said the Rajah

"I just asked to sort of get your point of view, before telling you what happened to me," Peggy explained amiably, patting her wind-blown hair and her hips, in order named, to assure herself that she was looking her trim best.

"I guess I told you once about a couple of fellows I've been going around with for the past year, ain't I? Nice boys, both of them are, and when they wash the graphite and grease off their hands and faces after the whistle blows, they'd pass for white men anywhere. One is named Nick Hopper—he's the oldest, and the other is Hardy Nelson, as nice a Swedish boy as ever came over from the old country. They're both good mechanics and they get good pay.

"The only objection I ever had to Nick and Hardy was that they stuck so close together. Those lads was as strong for each other as if they had been brought up on the same bottle of liquid glue. One package of cigarettes was enough for both of 'em because they were never out of sight of each other. That certainly is grand when it comes to whacking up living expenses and devising ways and means of deceiving the landlady, but it ain't much if you carry it to extremes like mixing it in your love affairs.

"Unfortunately, them two lads didn't fall in love with a brace of twins like they should, but instead they both picked on me. You can imagine how funny that was. Just sitting in the parlor with two gentleman friends or going to the movies with the same does moderately well for the time being, but in order to get real intimate with anybody of the opposite sex a girl has got to let him hold her hand in the dark occasionally and fight with him about whether or not she is going to kiss him good-night.

"Things went on like that for nearly a year and I was seriously considering the idea of adopting a cat and being an old maid, when they came to me together and said they wanted to marry me.

"Which one?" I asked, sort of surprised, because I had given up hope.

"Which ever one you want," replied Nick. "There ain't any other way to settle it. We've tried to, but can't. I've been urging Hardy to do it for the last six months but he insists on me having you, so we can't get anywhere."

"Nick will make the best husband for you, Peggy," Hardy urged. "He works faster than I do, and makes more money."

"But I don't save it the way Hardy does," Nick pointed out. "He's got a roll in the bank."

"Half of it's yours when you need it, Nick," his pal said, putting his hand on his shoulder.

"Can you beat it? Those two lads stood there hurling bouquets at each other until their arms gave out. When they put it up to me that way, I didn't know what to do. You know how it is when you've only got a dollar to spare from lunch money and Jordan's is advertising a perfectly elegant near-German-silver mesh bag for ninety-eight cents and the Fair is having a run the same day on ninety-nine cent step-ins, with almost-hand-made lace insertion. A girl don't know where to put her money."

"I told Nick and Hardy I'd have to think it over. I made one condition, though. I said they'd have to cut out the team play.

"I don't care how you arrange it," I said, as kindly as I could, because I saw that the idea was hard for them to understand, "but I've got to get used to looking at you one at a time, if you really mean business."

"They stood for it and we arranged that Nick was to call Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and Hardy on the other evenings, except Sunday, which was to be a mass meeting as usual for all the persons concerned.

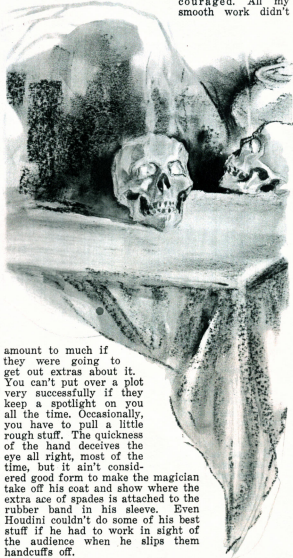
"It looked as if things was going to be a lot livelier—there was more chance for a heart interest. I figured that in a week's time I could have those boys

just as friendly with each other as cats and dogs.

"I wasn't entirely wrong about the heart interest part, anyway. After a few rehearsals, I got Nick so he knew what to do with my hand when I left it accidental in his lap. Hardy was more trouble. The average Swedish lad seems to have an idea that the way to win a girl is to wear her out by talking about the weather. He was a bum performer, but I knew from something in his eye that he would be a whirlwind if he ever got started. So I nursed him along and finally one night I nearly scared him to death by letting him kiss me good-night when all he meant to do was help me off with my coat.

"But what do you think that poor fish did? He went and apologized to Nick about it. I nearly cried when I heard that. How do I know? I'll tell you. I went to the window to look at him once more when he left the house. Will you believe me, he hadn't no more than got out the door, than somebody meets him under the lamp post? It was Nick, and he'd been waiting to walk home with Hardy. Hardy wouldn't go with him until he had explained what a pup he'd been by kissing his friend's best girl.

"I was near discouraged. All my smooth work didn't



amount to much if they were going to get out extras about it. You can't put over a plot very successfully if they keep a spotlight on you all the time. Occasionally, you have to pull a little rough stuff. The quickness of the hand deceives the eye all right, most of the time, but it ain't considered good form to make the magician take off his coat and show where the extra ace of spades is attached to the rubber band in his sleeve. Even Houdini couldn't do some of his best stuff if he had to work in sight of the audience when he slips them handcuffs off.

"Whom am I going to marry?" was her only question



"Beautiful girl," said the Rajah, "your soul and mine have met before. They speak to each other. What does it mean?"

"We'd been going to White City a good deal this Summer. They got a swell band out there this season and the dance floor in the pavilion is something elegant. Hardy ain't so light on his feet as a steam tractor, but Nick can dance a good deal better than Pavlowa, and I've seen 'em both. I think there is something in Hardy's religion that makes it a sin to dance, although the way he does it, it ain't so much a sin as it is a

crime, which ought to be punishable by fine and imprisonment.

"But he had his good points. As I said before, an expert could tell that all he needed was bringing out and besides it wasn't possible entirely to forget that bank roll that he had put away in the First National. In some ways, cash comes in a lot handier after marriage than the ability to waltz with both hands tied behind you.

"So I didn't decide right away. As a matter of fact, I was enjoying it more than the boys. They got a little haggard, both of 'em, and had a worried look around the eyes.

"'Can't you decide?' asked Nick on Monday or Wednesday evening, I forget which—anyway, it was his night to be with me.

Jilted twice in ten minutes was her record

"No, I can't," I admitted, regretful. We were at White City and the band was playing that new piece of Irving Berlin's, just as loud as they could. It was as romantic as anything, with the splash of water in the 'Shoot the Chutes' and all the electric lights turned on full horsepower.

"Let's ask Rajah Bong about it," he suggested, desperate.

"Gee," I answered kind of took back. "Do you know how much the Rajah charges?"

"Yes," Nick gulped a little. "Five dollars for a complete reading, but for two bucks he'll give you an answer to one question." Which was lucky for Nick, because he never had five dollars all at once in his life—anyway, not an hour after he was paid off and had settled with the guys he had borrowed off of during the week.

"Rajah Bong is about the most élite attraction at White City this season. If you've been out there, you've probably been past his place. There ain't any ballyhoo spieler outside and the sign above the door ain't printed in letters over a foot high. Everything is dignified. He don't have to advertise, because everybody knows about him anyway. All he has to do is just touch your hand and he can tell you who you're going to marry, how many children you'll have, and whether or not some rich relative is going to die and leave you money.

"I guess any girl is sort of crazy about getting some dope on the future from somebody that's on the inside. I fell for the Rajah Bong idea right off the reel. He charged so

much for information it seemed like he must be a friend of somebody pretty high up.

"So I agreed to leave it up to the Rajah and become engaged to whichever of 'em he said. I might just as well. If I was going to marry anyway, there was no harm in finding out and saving a lot of worry making up my mind.

"We went over to Rajah's concession. There was just an even dozen waiting to see him, and a colored man in a red kimono gave us a number and told us to wait.

"The place was all fixed up like a window-trimmer having delirium tremens, lots of turkey-red hangings and sword bayonets from the Spanish War fixed on the walls in pairs, crossed. Black curtains with tinsel moons and stars sewed on 'em hung across an inner door and over it was some printing in a language I couldn't read. I've found out since it's a quotation from the Old Testament and means, 'Watch your step and have your money ready.'

"Rajah Bong was certainly tending strictly to business that evening. It wasn't half an hour before he got to me and there was a dozen people ahead. Even at two dollars a throw, he was making money enough every hour to buy a set of tires for a Ford. And some of the patients was loosening up for five-dollar treatments. You could tell that by the way they went into a corner and dug down into the holeproof vault when the assistant asked 'em to contribute.

"Nick had two dollars right in his hand when it got to me. It was all in silver and we'd both kicked in on it, because he didn't have enough. The colored person took it away from him and threw it in a bag he was carrying as if it was too much trouble to count it.

"Write yo' question here," the helper said, giving me a pad of paper and a pencil stub. "The Rajah has to have something that you have touched in his hand before he can answer."

"What shall I write?" I asked Nick. "Ask him who you're going to marry," Nick answered. "That's all we want to know."

"So I wrote that on the paper and the ace of spades took it careless and went behind the curtain. It was only a minute before he was back and said, 'Rajah Bong will receive yo'.' He said it just like that, grand, like in a book.

"I had to leave Nick outside and go in alone.

"Inside, there was only a little room but it was certainly swell. Everything was black with skulls on it in white. There was a couple of regular skulls, too, on the table that had electric lights in 'em for eyes. A brass dish had a little fire in it that made a funny smelling kind of smoke like that Japanese nonsense you burn to attract the mosquitoes when you sit out on the front steps in the evening.

"The Rajah Bong had a skull in his hand and was sitting sidewise, looking at it sorrowful like, as if he was saying, 'Alas, poor Horlick!' Neither of 'em looked at me when I come in, but in a minute a little smoke oozed out of the skull's eyes. I recognized the smell of Pirates' Delight cigarettes in a minute. They say that after inhaling ten you have to send for the pulmotor.

"The Rajah wasn't much taller than me but he looked terrible dignified

(Continued on page 114)



"Do you believe much in fortune-tellers?" asked Peggy.

The RECKLESS LOVER

by

ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE



The doors of fortune had closed in his face and his dreams of a golden future were shattered. He did not know that the new world he must make for himself was to lead him to a throne and that romantic adventure such as he had never visioned was to bring him in the end to hazard all on one throw of love's dice.



The first few words had been enough to lay bare the treachery. A slow, deepening anger began to boil in Roy.

The RECKLESS LOVER

By
Albert Payson
Terhune

CHAPTER I

IT was too much for Roy Walshe. The rafters of the ancient house resounded as he slammed the door viciously behind him. Echoes darted here and there, crackling through the corridors. A voice broke through them.

"Walshe—Roy! Come back here; you didn't hear——"
It was the voice of Lawyer Wilson. Like the thwack of the door, the sound of Wilson's voice trailed away, bounced off the echoing walls at the ends of the corridors and perished in ancient and mournful silence. Walshe did not turn back. Instead he stamped past a gaping and liveried attendant, snatched open the outer door himself and steamed out into the October night.

The cool air of night failed to cool his boiling feelings. He was glad he'd done what he did—and he'd do the same again if he had it all to do over. But would he? Just exactly what was it that had happened? All the relatives had been gathered to hear George Wilson read aloud the last will and testament of Roy Walshe's uncle, the very relatives who had dishonestly poured slander into the ears of the uncle, poisoning him by slow

degrees against him. The lawyer's first few words had been enough to prove that their treachery had prevailed. The exact words read by Wilson, Roy could not clearly recollect—they had so tempestuously ignited him. But the import of those words was all too clear! His uncle, probably the more readily fooled on account of his extreme age, had bequeathed a metaphorical insult to his nephew. To Roy Walshe he had bequeathed, sardonically, a piece of petrified lava from Vesuvius—"with no moss"—and the beneficent sum of three dollars "with which to inscribe on the upper, polished surface of said souvenir, the legend, 'A Rolling Stone.'"

Titters, then, from the relatives, breaking into laughter. Roy, unable to contain himself, had sprung to his feet. His pent-up wrath, exploded, had struck sparks of hatred at his smugly triumphant kin.

"Liars—all of you!" he had flung into their faces. "You lied about me to my uncle; you took advantage of his age to poison his mind against me for your own interests. You were in league against me, and you saw to it that he should disinherit me and divide the legacy among you."

Wilson had tried to interrupt, but the flood could not



Photos by Tower Studios

When the lawyer came to Roy's name in the will, all the relatives tittered.

He had been educated as befits the heir to a huge fortune. And then jealous relatives had poisoned his uncle's mind against him. When the will was read he found himself cut off with three dollars. All his expectations, his hopes and ambitions had dwindled to this—three dollars and the suit he wore were all that he had in the world. But—he was free, mad, broke, happy—ready for adventure in far places.

be stemmed. Finally, having to stop for breath, Roy had fleetingly realized that after all the lawyer was not at fault. And, to atone for the unseemly tirade, Walshe had gone on to speak for himself in self-defense.

He described how, orphaned at the age of fifteen, he'd been thrown penniless on his own resources in far-away Brazil, the heavily mortgaged plantations distributed among creditors. How his childless uncle had brought him to Boston, adopted him, and, with no understanding of him or his background, had proceeded to bend him to his will—torn him from the wild freedom of the Brazilian ranch and cooped him up at Harvard, obtained membership for him in several exclusive clubs and showered him with a staggering allowance. And he had never known the value of money.

He had had a year in the swank circles of Europe and then his uncle had pulled him back and put him to work in the bank he controlled. It was a business against which his nature rebelled from the very beginning and he found himself utterly unable to devote himself to it. His heart cried out for the free and untrammelled life of the open country.

This it was that had given his relatives their opportunity to slander him, to tell his uncle that Roy Walshe was a no-account, over and over again. And as the vivid picture had grown under his lashing, biting words his anger had flared up again and, unable to control himself, he had stamped out of the room and slammed the door.

He seated himself on a bench in the Commons, lit a cigarette and weighed the evening's events carefully. Now he was calm—calm as could be so soon after them—and he bit at his underlip with a firm conviction. Yes, he would do the same if he had it all to do over again!

Suddenly he found himself very tired. Tired of the life that had been forced upon him. Tired to death of it all. He must get away from here at all costs. He laughed. "Cost!" He glanced at the unemployed stragglers seated on the benches around him. Not one of them was poorer than he was nor felt any worse than he did at that moment.

One solution only, popped repeatedly into his head—Brazil. Brazil—adventure! There he surely would



THE RECKLESS LOVER



find work. His father had had many friends, and surely one of the many would willingly extend the glad hand to his son. Brazil—the one place where he could expand and forget. Some day, later, he could come back and even be happy here. But not now.

Two benches over, somebody had left a newspaper. He picked it up and strolled out of the Commons. Under the first arc light he turned to the back pages and studied the shipping columns. There was a freighter scheduled to leave for Bahia at nine in the morning.

Roy smiled cynically. From cynicism the smile grew into a grin of anticipation. "Bahia!" he exclaimed to himself. Why not? "He who hesitates—" he thought. "But not me. I'm free again. Broke, mad and happy. Bahia—whoops!"

He turned homeward. Mounting the stairs to his small furnished apartment, he felt his anger mounting again at thought of the unhappy days and nights that he had spent here. Thank the Lord, this would be home for him no longer. One more night—and the wide, open world would be his home.

His hand groped in the dark for the light switch on the wall. He pressed the button. No light. Angriely he fumbled toward a bed lamp and came upon the bed a stride sooner than he anticipated. The result was a nasty bump on the knee. Angrier than ever, he moved over a step to sit down on the bed and rub his knee.

He sat down—but in the pitch darkness he had failed to take note that the bed had been moved. His knees sailed out from under him and, instead of sitting down on the edge of the bed, Roy Walshe sat down squarely on the head of a man.

CHAPTER II

THIS made the fall considerably less painful for him. But the unknown man who had saved him from a possibly severe injury did not seem in the least grateful for having been of such splendid service. In fact, his language served almost to light the room to a pyrotechnic blaze.

To be robbed of one's heritage is not soothing to the temper. To have a grown man come down with a crash on one's head is still less so.

Combats, in real life, are seldom preceded by Shakespearean or Homeric dialogue. A flare of fury, a mutual attack—and the fight is on. So it proved with Walshe and his unknown visitor. Neither could clearly remember afterward how their prostrate bodies chanced to clinch like those of a pair of angry cats.

But within five seconds from the time Roy had tried to sit on the bedside he found himself rolling over and over the floor, now above, now under a furiously battling antagonist. Up and down the black room the two reeled, striking, twisting, each

seeking a chance for an effective blow or a good wrestling hold.

Tables, chairs, rugs were sent flying in every direction. A night lamp smashed. Its glass slivers crunched unheeded under the scuffling, stamping feet.

The panting grew louder. The tugging of strained muscles was almost audible. The pad of a short blow reaching its mark, the tear of cloth as a grasp slipped sounded unnaturally loud.

By this time pain and excitement had made both men deliriously furious. Neither, for worlds, would have ceased from the dark, wild battle.

A swing of Roy's, as the unknown ducked back from an underhold, caught his foe somewhere in the face. Walshe felt him reel backward. He followed the swing with a lunging straight left-hander, into which he threw all his weight and force. The blow, had it landed fair would have wound up the fight in short order. But in the darkness it scored a clean miss. The impetus drove Roy straight into a blundering hook that set a myriad lights flaming in front of his staring eyes.

To save himself from collapse, he clinched. The unknown's hot, wet grip found Walshe's throat. A second hand was at the base of his brain. The unknown was seeking to bend Roy's head backward. There could be but one result to such a hold, if once it should succeed in overcoming the resistance of the neck muscles.

Roy realized this. Blindly he beat at the other's unseen face, until a lucky blow made the unknown slacken his grip. A twist of the head and Roy was free from the trap.

The unknown threw out an open right hand, seeking again for the throat. Roy, by mere chance, caught the wrist of the extended right hand with his own left.

Keeping this hold and bending down, he groped forward and caught the unknown's left trouser leg just below the knee. Then, rising and lunging forward, he brought his shoulders and the back of his neck beneath the other's waist and heaved upward. The whole manœuvre was executed in less than a second.

It was a simple London prize-ring trick that Roy had picked up from an old-time English puglist in the Harvard gym. And it served. The leverage was perfect. Up in the air went the unknown, spread-eagle fashion, Roy gripping him by wrist and knee. A heave of the shoulder, beyond the evenly balanced weight, an up-thrust of both arms and the unknown was whirled bodily above Walshe's head.

Down with full force Roy dashed the writhing man. The latter struck the floor in a heap with a crash that set the windows a-rattle.

Then there was silence.

Roy Walshe, panting, shaking from his giant exertions, staggered to the wall, ran his hand along it and found the electric switch. The silence of the room frightened him. He could not even hear his fallen foe breathe.

His numb fingers twitched the light key. The room blazed into an illumination that half blinded him. With a gasp of dismay he recoiled.

Directly before him stood a pallid, blood-stained man with bruised, half-recognizable face and wrinkled clothes.

With a little dry chuckle of relief Walshe suddenly knew the apparition for his own reflection in the long door-mirror just in front of him.

Then, his glance sweeping the wrecked room, he caught sight of the unknown.

The man lay huddled and motionless where he had fallen, his face hidden by one inert arm.

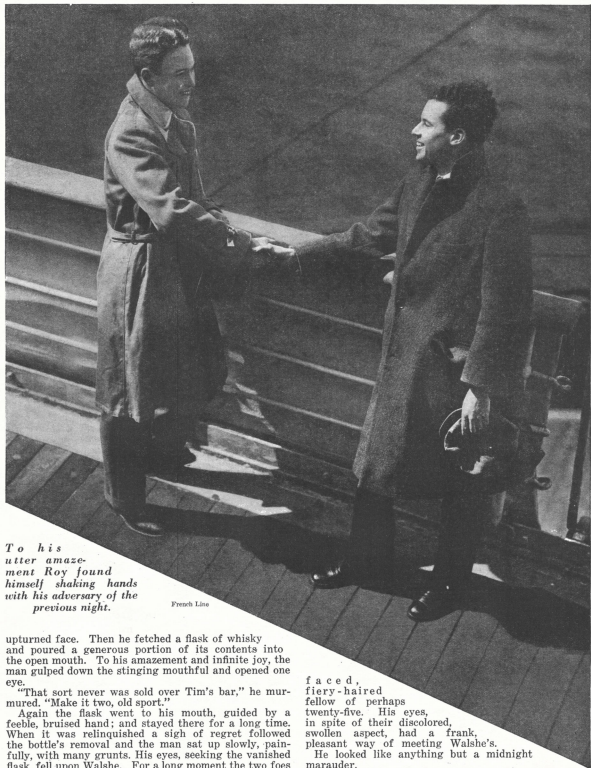
Roy stooped and turned the senseless man over on his back. From a mass of torn clothes and tumbled red hair a battered face raised closed eyes and open mouth to his gaze.

Walshe dashed a glass of water into the





THE RECKLESS LOVER



To his utter amazement Roy found himself shaking hands with his adversary of the previous night.

French Line

upturned face. Then he fetched a flask of whisky and poured a generous portion of its contents into the open mouth. To his amazement and infinite joy, the man gulped down the stinging mouthful and opened one eye.

"That sort never was sold over Tim's bar," he murmured. "Make it two, old sport."

Again the flask went to his mouth, guided by a feeble, bruised hand; and stayed there for a long time. When it was relinquished a sigh of regret followed the bottle's removal and the man sat up slowly, painfully, with many grunts. His eyes, seeking the vanished flask, fell upon Walshe. For a long moment the two foes stared at each other.

Roy saw that his late opponent was a chunky, freckle-

fac ed,
fiery-haired
fellow of perhaps
twenty-five. His eyes,
in spite of their discolored,
swollen aspect, had a frank,
pleasant way of meeting Walshe's.

He looked like anything but a midnight marauder.

"Well," said Roy, as the man made a move to rise, "have you had enough?"



THE RECKLESS LOVER



"H-n!" mused the other regretfully. "Yes, brother, I guess I'll call it a day, so far as the swatting goes. Say, what'd you do to me? I was fightin' for keeps one minute, an' the next I was lyin' there, gettin' high-grade liquor without even askin' for it."

"What did you come here for?" asked Walshe, trying to speak sternly and to combat a vague liking for this odd acquaintance.

"Me?" replied the other coolly. "To clean out the joint, of course. If you hadn't showed up till five minutes later, I'd 'a' made a clean getaway. I scooped up a few nice hockable sovenneers, and I was on my way out when I heard you at the door. I slid under the bed an' took the bundle with me. I was just peekin' out when you landed on me."

"A burglar, eh?"

"Do I look like a Bulgarian ballad-singer?"

"No," admitted Roy; "but you don't look like a sneak-thief either."

"Me? A—a sneak thief? Say, son, if I wasn't all in, I'd sure hand you one for callin' me that. Sneak-thief? I'm a second-story man and—"

"I beg your pardon," said Walshe gravely. "You see, I'm a bit ignorant on your profession's grades. What I meant to say was that you don't look like a crook."

"No?" retorted the other, only half mollified. "Well, everyone's got to make a start."

"And this is your start? Tonight's attempt?"

"Yes. An' it wasn't such a worse one, if it comes to that. I got in easy enough, by the rain-pipe an' that dinky iron railin' outside. I'd 'a' made a clean getaway, too, if—"

"Is it worth the risk? You'd have been caught sooner or later. Then—"

"I know fellows that clean up six grand a year by it."

"One year at six thousand dollars, and two years in jail. That's a total of about forty dollars a week. A lot less than truck-driver wages. Is it worth it?"

"I—I never thought of it that way. But—"

A knock sounded at the outer door. The thief snapped to his feet; alert, scared, casting about for a way to escape. There was something pitiful in his sudden change of mien. He had the air of a furtive animal in a trap.

"Is that cheap at forty dollars a week?" asked Roy, watching him narrowly. "A man with eyes like yours is intended to look his fellow-man in the face, not to cringe like a rat in a drain."

Walshe moved toward the door as the knock was repeated. The thief darted to the window. Roy's hand on his collar brought him to a standstill.

Drawing the trembling man along by main force, Walshe resumed his progress to the outer door.

"Who's there?" he called. "The police?"

"Gee!" gasped the thief. "Jail! An' on my first job. Some guys don't never have no luck. My middle name's 'Trouble.'"

CHAPTER III

"WHO'S there?" repeated Roy, keeping his grip on the thief's collar.

"The janitor, sir," came a voice from the other side of the door. "Mr. Andrews, on the floor above—he's the only one of the gentlemen in yet, sir—he called me up and told me there was a lot of noise in your apartment, and he wants to sleep, and would you please be a little quieter?"

"All right," answered Roy. "I was just moving something about. I'm all through now."

"Could I help you with it, sir?"

Weak and panting from his exertions, Roy just managed to reach the switch. The blaze of light half blinded him.

"No, thanks. Good-bye. Oh, I forgot—I'm sailing for South America in the morning. I'll turn the keys over to you before I go. Goodnight, Jerry."

The janitor's footsteps died away. Walshe loosed his hold and turned to confront the thief.

"Say," exclaimed the latter, "you're—you're letting me off?"

"Looks like it," returned Roy.

"Ain't even goin' to lick me again, or—"

"I don't think the act calls for an encore."

"You're turning me loose?"

asked the thief, suspiciously. "Why?"

"On my soul," answered

Roy, bewildered at his own impulse. "I don't know. Unless, because you put up such a good fight. I—I wish you weren't a crook."

"Why?"

"You look like something better. Why did





THE RECKLESS LOVER



you take it up in the first place, old man?"

"Broke. I was in the navy five years. Then I didn't want to re-enlist. So, I came back here to look up the old crowd. Some of 'em was doin' fine as yeggmen and bootleggers, an' second-story men and the like of all that. I couldn't get a square job anywheres. I had a hundred bucks left, and I put it all in a kit of funny tools an' started in to-night. It's a bad start I've made. But——"

"If I'll buy the tools from you, for a hundred dollars, will you drop this dirty business?"

"What's your game?"

"Making a fool of myself, I suppose. Here's the hundred. Is it a go?"

"Sure. I didn't know you was in the business. Is that why you're leavin' here to-morrow?"

"No. I'm going to South America. Like you, I'm broke."

"Broke? With a hundred iron men in your kick?"

"I've five hundred dollars left. But I'll need it all to get me started down there."

"Goin' to work house-breakin' as a sideline or——"

"No."

I'm going to get any job I can, down on the plantations. I take the *Cervantes* for Bahia in the morning. Then——"

The thief had shifted his position. Through one of the rents in his coat fell a long and wicked-looking knife. He picked it up guiltily, and stuck it out of sight.

"The boys tipped me to pack this tonight, instead of a rod," he explained. "They said it was safer for a beginner."

"You had that knife on you while we fought? And you didn't use it?"

"I—I clean forgot the measly thing, first off. Then, when I remembered it, it didn't seem just classy to use it on a lad that could scrap like you can."

Walshe frowned, then laughed. He held out his hand.

"I think I like you, Mr. Second-Story-Man," said he. The other hesitated, in momentary odd bashfulness. Then he seized the outstretched hand in both of his, growling:

"Thanks. That goes double with me. But—my name ain't Second-Story. It's Hall. Bart Hall."

"Mine's Roy Walshe."

"Walshe? repeated Bart. "No kin to the Roy Walshe I used to read about on the sportin' pages, I s'pose? The lad that was fullback for Harvard last year?"

"Yes. I was on the football team——"

"Curtains! An' I bucked up against you in a scrap! Gee, but they're comin' thick an' plenty tonight! An' you're down an' out? Broke, an' goin' to beat it for the hot places? Well, it won't do you no harm to know you put one across tonight as easy as ever you did in a football game. If you can be on your uppers an' stay square, I figure I can. Likewise, I'm goin', too. So long. I'm off. You'll need to do some washin' an' clothes-changin'. If you ever get down to your last nickel, that kit of tools will hock, at the right place, for fifty."

Bart Hall swung his leg over the iron balcony-rail and vanished.

"That's the last of him," thought Roy, smiling to himself. "The day of rapid conversions is past. He'll probably be back at porch-climbing within a week. Anyhow, I did what I could. And I'll never know how my hundred-dollar flutter in philanthropy works out."

Roy, as it chanced, was quite wrong in all his suppositions, as he found on the following morning.

The *Cervantes* had barely swung out of Boston Harbor when an elbow joggled Walshe furtively, as Roy leaned over the rail. Walshe turned, in no mood to be disturbed in his last view of his old home, and found himself face to face with Bart Hall.

"Nice mornin'. Yes? No?" remarked Bart.

"Seems kind of good to meet up with an old pal."

"What on earth——?" began the puzzled Walshe.

"Me for the sea once more. Pass'n'ger this time," answered Bart. "With a good slice of that hundred laid out in a first-class ticket."

The intruder lay motionless where he had fallen among the wreckage.



THE RECKLESS LOVER



Their little silences became more frequent and more and more filled with a nameless thrill for them both. The easy banter of the first few days had merged into a pleasant intimacy. Almost he had forgotten the sinister threat of her guardian, that to converse with her would bring disaster on her.

"To sea? Bound for what port?" asked Walshe. "Me? Bahia, I think you said was the name, didn't you?"

"That's where I'm going," returned Roy. "But——"

"Same here."

"I don't understand."

"'Tain't much mystery, nor yet magic," muttered Bart, sorely ill at ease. "Last night I chases back to Healy's. And a lot of the crowd is there. They pipes my pushed-in face, an' my bum clothes, and they gets to askin' me questions. Pretty soon, they yank all the story out of me. An' then, maybe they didn't give me the genial ha-ha! They guvs me for a boob that gets pinched and licked an' reformed, all on his first job."

"That bunch will never let me hear the last of it. I gotta get away from Boston, or else be laughed at by every tinhorn I run up against. So I decided to trail in on your game. Besides, I always wanted to be a passenger on a ship instead of a hustler. An' I kind of took to you. Maybe you'll help me get a job along with you, down to Brazil. Hoein' bananas or climbin' sweet potato trees or something. Now, how about it?"

"But I've no prospects. No plans, nor——"

"No more have I. So we'll pool our chances. Bo, you're not goin' to throw me down after queerin' me with the only trade I had?"

"Oh, all right!" laughed Roy. "Come along. Don't blame me if we both starve or turn into beach-combers."

"I'll chance it," declared Bart, visibly relieved. "This ain't my first trip down to that neck of the woods. When I was on the *Texas*, Uncle Sam rushed us to South America once when it looked like there'd be fun in Marvana."

"Marvana?"

"Yes. One of those three-for-a-quarter republics down there. You could throw a stone across it, pretty near. Used to be a kingdom, you know, just like Brazil used to be an empire. But when Brazil kicked out its emperor, old Dom Pedro, why, Marvana followed suit an' kicked out its king, young Dom Tasili, an' started up a republic. Every few years there's a scheme to change the place back to a kingdom. It was in one of those rows Uncle Sam sent——"

"If the King of Marvana was deposed at the same time as Dom Pedro of Brazil," put in Roy, "he must be pretty old, to think of getting back his throne."

"He's out of the game twenty years ago," answered Bart. "He went to Paris with his only son—a kid—an' died there. It's the son they're always stirrin' up trouble for. Luis, his name is. He's loafin' around gay Paree, waitin' for enough patriots to kill themselves to get him back on his nice little two-by-four throne."

When he gets the tip that the republic's downed, it's his cue to chase home. He——"

Roy's eyes had been roving the deck, watching the few passengers as they strolled about. Now his gaze fixed itself on a man and two women who were walking slowly in his direction.

Of the man and the elder of the women, he took little enough heed. The younger woman, a mere girl of nineteen or so, riveted his whole attention. He could not have described her. Indeed, he scarcely had time to notice any details of her flower face, save that her eyes were dark and strangely soft, when a sharp lurch of the boat threw her off her balance.

She pitched forward and would have fallen had not Roy jumped to her side and caught her. The fragile



The beetle-browed Spaniard turned just in time to catch sight of the little drama.



THE RECKLESS LOVER



weight of the girl was as nothing in his big arms. Yet the contact thrilled him in a way that puzzled the usually level-headed youth.

It was over in a moment. She regained her balance with swift grace and turned a flushed face up toward him. Her lips were parted to speak, when the man with whom she had been walking took her roughly by the arm, turned her about, and made off down the deck with her, the elder woman following.

Roy was too much taken aback by the suddenness of it all and the other man's rudeness to speak or move. He stood dully watching the trio depart.

"Sweet manners the dago's got," commented Bart. "He grabbed her away like he was afraid you'd eat her. Gee, but you're Johnny-right-there, ain't you?"

You caught her quick and as pretty an' as easy——"

"I wonder who she is?" broke in Roy, involuntarily. "They're dagoes. He was jabberin' Spanish or Eys-talian, or some such furrin lingo. Pity, too! She's a lot too pretty not to be an American. See, there they come around the turn again. What a sour-faced cuss he is! An' the old dame with him looks scared to death. The girl ain't frightened of him, though. That's a cinch!"

Roy was not listening. To himself, he was saying: "The man doesn't want me to meet her. But I'm going to. And if that weasel-faced foreigner interferes, I'll toss him into a life-boat and turn him adrift. Those eyes of hers make me feel as if—as if I was in church."

CHAPTER IV

THE moon was butting its way through a murk of horizon fog. Roy lounged alone near the rail, smoking. A heavy sea had driven nearly all the other passengers below.

"I beg your pardon," said some one close behind him.

Even before he tossed his cigar away, and whirled about, he knew who it was. He had never heard her voice. But his heart inferred it from her face.

Sea-cap in hand, he faced her. A thick reefer coat hid her slender figure, and her head was in the shadow of a lifeboat. Yet he knew her.

"I—I was looking for you," she went on, speaking hastily and glancing over her shoulder as though she were in fear of being followed. "I wanted to thank you. I couldn't, this morning. And I wanted to explain what must have seemed very rude."

"Rude? I don't understand."

"You did me a service. Instead of thanking you, I hurried away."

"That was no fault of yours. The man with you pulled you away before you could speak."

"You noticed, then? I was afraid you might think——"

"I didn't think anything at all, except that I was lucky enough to save you from an ugly tumble, Señorita Ramirez."

"I am not Señorita Ramirez," she answered in surprise. "Why did you think I was?"

It was Roy's turn to show confusion.

"You don't think it was abominably rude of me?" he faltered. "I asked the purser. He told me that the suite de luxe was taken by a Señor and Señora Ramirez and their daughter. I saw you go into that suite, and——"

"So you assume I am Señor Ramirez' daughter? I am not."

She spoke with a faint tinge of bitterness.



French Line

The girl flashed him a dazzling smile and was just about to speak when the other man interrupted.



THE RECKLESS LOVER



"Good heavens!" blurted Roy in sudden consternation. "You're not his wife? Not the Señora——"

"No," she laughed, amused at his tone, yet with that slight tinge of bitterness still in her sweet voice. "That horror is reserved for my mother."

"But—I don't understand."

"My mother married Señor Ramirez two years ago. And you thought I was his daughter? Why, he is barely twenty-seven."

"And married to a woman who can't be a day under forty," said Roy to himself. "The mother must have plenty of money. She certainly never won that sour-faced Spaniard by her good looks."

"If you thought I was his daughter," the girl went on, "you must have taken me for a Spaniard. Do I look like one? I am an American."

"I knew you must be," he cried. "They don't have such girls anywhere else. I——"

He caught himself up, ashamed of his boyish outburst. But she did not seem to be offended. After a quick glance of inquiry at his eager face, she even smiled a little.

"I am an American," she went on. "My name is Ridge—Helen Ridge."



"I'm flat broke," he told her. "I haven't a spare dollar in the world and no immediate prospects. I have no right to say what I'm fighting so hard not to say, and I'm not going to. But if ever I do have that right—if ever I can slave day and night till I'm in a position to say it—I'm going to find you if I have to cross the whole world to get to you!"

"A rare old Spanish name," he commented laughingly. "Just the same, I'm glad you are my own countrywoman and not——"

"But what difference could it make to you?"

"Moonlight does different things to different people," he evaded. "With me, its madness takes the form of a terrible veracity. So I warn you in advance. Now, do you still want me to answer your question?"

She glanced down uncertainly. Then, womanlike, she sheered away from a topic that threatened danger.

"I suppose," she ventured, "it was wrong in me to come up and speak to you. But I was afraid I wouldn't have another chance to explain, and——"

"It was fine of you," he contradicted, "and you know it was. But why do you say you might not 'have another chance'? The voyage will last for——"

"Señor Ramirez does not like my mother and myself to meet people, just now. I don't know why. But before he came aboard he begged us not to speak to any other passengers, or on any account to form any chance acquaintanceships."

"Then I'm not to be even a 'chance acquaintance'?"

"I didn't say so. I'm afraid I'm disobedient by nature. So when he made me hurry away this morning, without thanking you, I——"

"Since we're to be 'acquaintances,' may I introduce

myself? My name is Roy Walshe. I am going——"

She laughed up into his face, with gay triumph.

"I knew you'd forgotten!" she cried. "I knew it this morning. I ought to be mortified, but somehow I'm not."

"What do you mean?" asked the sore-puzzled youth.

"You've smashed my every shred of vanity," she went on. "Let me tell you the sad, sad story of my young life. Four years ago I went to a dance at Moon Lake. It was the first time I ever wore my hair up. The hero of the evening was a very wonderful Harvard football man. He danced with me four times, and took me in to supper, and——"

"At Moon Lake? Why—why, I was——"

"Oh, you've forgotten all about it! I was freckled and tanned, and I was only fifteen. There were dozens of other girls at the dance. You wouldn't remember. But I recognized you the moment I saw you."

"And I—I stared goggled-eyed at you as if you were an angel, when all the time——"

"When all the time you had forgotten. But surely, you don't suppose I'd have come up to a total stranger tonight and

spoken to him? Just now I said my own name very distinctly, hoping you would remember. But you didn't. And all these years I've been thinking of you as an old friend."

She sighed in mock despair.

"Then," he declared, "we aren't 'chance acquaintances,' we're 'old friends,' just as you said. And I'm going to take the privilege of old friendship to see as much of you as I can all through the voyage. If Señor Ramirez doesn't like it——"

"Oh, he won't! He won't!"

"Will you?"

"Y-yes! I—I think I shall be very glad. It's so long since I've seen an American man to talk to and——"

"Not even in Boston?"

"We didn't land there till yesterday."

"How queer you should stop in your native land only one day! Why?"

She sighed again—this time wearily.

"Oh, it is part of Señor Ramirez' eternal secret!" she exclaimed. "I'm so sick and tired of it all."

"Can I help you?"

"You would?"

"I think you know that. Can I do anything?"

"Not now," she said reluctantly. "Still, it does me



French Line

Ramírez grasped Roy's arm. "It is not my wish that the señorita speak with strangers," he rasped out. "If you have forced a conversation upon her, you will answer for it!"



THE RECKLESS LOVER



A group of uniformed men rose at their entrance and stared at them with cold, unfriendly eyes.

good to know there's an American I can rely on, if I have to. I'm so homesick for America and for my own people! Tell me," she broke off, "how do you happen to be going south, this time of year? The season is just beginning in Boston."

"The season, unluckily, will have to struggle along without my precious help. I'm going south to look for work."

"For work? I thought you were——"

"I thought so, too. But I'm not. So I'm bound for my old home to pick up a living."

"Are you a South American? I should never have thought it."

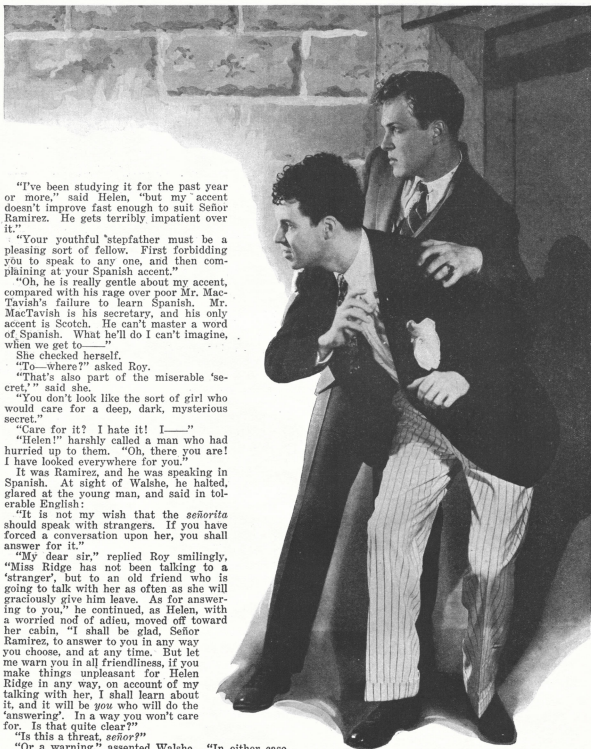
"No. My parents went down to Brazil, from Boston, when I was a baby. They took a plantation there for my father's health. When I was fifteen they both died, and I came north. That was nine years ago."

"Then you speak Spanish, of course? That should be a great help to you down there."

"Spanish? I learned it before I learned English. I speak it without an accent, because it was my first language."



THE RECKLESS LOVER



"I've been studying it for the past year or more," said Helen, "but my 'accent doesn't improve fast enough to suit Señor Ramirez. He gets terribly impatient over it."

"Your youthful 'stepfather must be a pleasing sort of fellow. First forbidding you to speak to any one, and then complaining at your Spanish accent."

"Oh, he is really gentle about my accent, compared with his rage over poor Mr. MacTavish's failure to learn Spanish. Mr. MacTavish is his secretary, and his only accent is Scotch. He can't master a word of Spanish. What he'll do I can't imagine, when we get to——"

She checked herself.

"To—where?" asked Roy.

"That's also part of the miserable 'secret,'" said she.

"You don't look like the sort of girl who would care for a deep, dark, mysterious secret."

"Care for it? I hate it! I——"

"Helen!" harshly called a man who had hurried up to them. "Oh, there you are! I have looked everywhere for you."

It was Ramirez, and he was speaking in Spanish. At sight of Walshe, he halted, glared at the young man, and said in tolerable English:

"It is not my wish that the *señorita* should speak with strangers. If you have forced a conversation upon her, you shall answer for it."

"My dear sir," replied Roy smilingly, "Miss Ridge has not been talking to a 'stranger', but to an old friend who is going to talk with her as often as she will graciously give him leave. As for answering to you," he continued, as Helen, with a worried nod of adieu, moved off toward her cabin, "I shall be glad, Señor Ramirez, to answer to you in any way you choose, and at any time. But let me warn you in all friendliness, if you make things unpleasant for Helen Ridge in any way, on account of my talking with her, I shall learn about it, and it will be *you* who will do the 'answering'. In a way you won't care for. Is that quite clear?"

"Is this a threat, *señor*?"

"Or a warning," assented Walshe. "In either case, you would do well to make a note of it. One thing more: Tomorrow morning I am going to ask Miss Ridge to take a stroll on deck with me. And on other mornings, too——"

Suddenly the iron doors behind them clanged shut. The next moment every light went out and the place was in total darkness.



THE RECKLESS LOVER



"And if she refuses, or if she looks unhappy, I shall know you have been bullying her again. In that case—"

"In that case," remarked Bart Hall, slouching from behind a lifeboat shadow, "you'll wish, Mr. Ramirez, that you'd bought an airplane ticket instead of steamship fare. He'll sure drive you out from under your hat, an' chase you so far you'll discover a noo street. I know. I've been up against him. He's the goods. Take my tip an' lay down. That's all. Nighty-night. Go tuck yourself tight between the sheets an' think it over. So long."

Ramirez glowered in impotent fury from one to the other. He made as though to speak, but sputtered wordlessly and stamped away.

"Sounds like a sody-siphon, don't he?" commented Bart. "Just the same, Walshe, keep an eye open for him. I know these people. From the way he looked at you, he'll get back at you one of these days for the line of talk you put up to him. That's why I butted in. No offense, hey?"

CHAPTER V

"IT'S our last evening out," said Helen, breaking a spell-laden silence that had fallen between herself and Roy.

"Do you suppose I need to be told that?" retorted Roy. "There'd be as much need to tell a condemned man that it's his last night on earth."

He spoke with a queer earnestness that made his words seem less banal than solemn. To elude an unbidden response of her own heart, Helen laughed with forced lightness, exclaiming:

"Isn't that just a bit ponderous for a man who fences as well with the English language as you do? Besides, you've gotten your metaphors mixed. It's our last night at sea together, not on earth. After we get on earth, I don't suppose we shall see each other any more."

All her effort at gaiety could not veil a tiny quiver of her soft voice as she finished speaking. Again fell that spell of silence between man and maid, as they sat gazing out over the moon-drenched sea.

Such silences had become more and more frequent during these past few days of the voyage; yet ever more and more fraught with nameless thrill for them both. The easy chatting of the first day or two had merged into the intimacy which develops so much faster and more completely be-

tween two congenial people at sea than ashore. But of late there was something all but electrical in their simplest words and the recurring silences.

Bart's fury gave him strength. It took the combined efforts of two men to prevent him from breaking loose.





THE RECKLESS LOVER



It was Roy now who shattered the sad-sweet stillness. "Perhaps you're right. I mean, in saying we aren't likely to meet, after this wonder-trip is over. You

haven't told me where you're going or what you're going to do when you get there; and it's no business of mine to ask. You know what I'm down here for. To get any kind of work that a vocationless and experienceless down-and-outer can find, to keep body and soul all in one piece. That means I couldn't come to look for you, in whatever part of South America you happen to be. I—I ought to be grateful for this past week, I suppose, instead of grouching because it's ending."

"Do you think one can be certain that anything at all is 'ending'?" she asked, a note of half-motherly consolation in her tone. "All life is so mixed up, and the unexpected is forever happening! Let's try to believe the unexpected will let us take up this jolly friendship of ours again, somehow, somewhere, where we leave it off. Shan't we?"

"Hope is the one thing on the free list," he assented, gloomily. "It costs nothing to hope. And, usually, it brings nothing. As for the 'unexpected'—well, the unexpected threw me out of home and cash in one rough toss. It owes me something, according to the law of averages. If it will bring me within hailing distance of you again, some day, I'll call the account square."

Perhaps without his own volition his hand closed over hers as they sat close beside each other. The little hand under his trembled ever so slightly. But it was not drawn away. Through the starlit dimness Helen's dark eyes were raised to his own. In their depths Roy dared to fancy he read something which set his heart a-hammer. His fingers tightened over Helen's, and his lips flew apart in a gush of words which clamored madly for utterance.

The girl did not move back as he bent so impulsively above her. Yet Roy checked himself by a wrenching effort that was all but physical.

"I am flat broke!" he said, harshly, letting go of the warm little hand he had imprisoned. "I haven't a spare dollar in the world; and no prospect of being anything more than an underpaid day-laborer on a plantation. I have no right to say what I am fighting so hard not to say. And I'm not going to say it. But—but if ever I do have that right—if ever I can slave night and day till I'm in a position to say it—I'm going to find you and say it to you, Helen, if I have to cross the whole world to say it. I've got a goal to struggle toward, for the first time in all my days. That means I'm going to—"

He broke off in his speech with swift abruptness. The door beside his chair opened. Bart Hall sauntered out on deck and stopped in front of the two.

"Alas, Your Excellency," said the general humbly, "consider me at your feet."





THE RECKLESS LOVER



"Scuse me," said Bart, airily. "But you're both sitting just below a porthole. And that porthole is wide open. Likewise, it's the porthole of a deck cabin. I was coming down the passage a half an hour back, on my way to the smoke-room. Just about the time you two parked yourselves here. And I saw that ginger-haired Scotch secret'ry of Mister Ramirez' tip-toe in there and shut the door behind him. I didn't think anything about it till just now. Then I happened to remember MacTavish bunks on B Deck, next to the Ramirez suite. I asks a steward who has this deck cabin behind you, and he tells me it's empty. So I just thought I'd warn you you got a audience, in case—"

Through the open porthole came the sound of a carelessly shutting door. Helen sprang to her feet, breathless with indignation. She seemed about to speak. Then, drawing in her breath sharply, she turned and vanished into the passageway whence Hall had just emerged. The two men stared blankly after her.

"Friend Ramirez had sense enough not to risk a beating up from you by hornin' in on your walks and your gabfests with Miss Helen," commented Bart at last. "But he isn't overlooking any bets. Here's where you and her sit, mostly, when you're on deck. And I'll lay a nineteen-to-one bet that this wasn't the first time he'd sent MacTavish in there to keep tabs. Sweet-scented soul, yes, no? What's the answer?"

CHAPTER VI

A WHITE beach with a corrugated iron town in its center ran back to what looked like an impassable wall of steep, green mountains. At noon the steamship had come to anchor and was not to sail until midnight.

Some of the passengers had gone ashore. Others were lounging on deck, looking with good-natured contempt at the rusty cluster of iron houses that formed the town of Quevez, only seaport of the little mountain republic of Marvana.

"That's a bum burg," said Bart Hall, when, late in the afternoon Roy suggested a run ashore. "I got shore-leave the time the *Texas* was here. Say, I'm complimenting Quevez a lot when I say it's slower'n a rainy day in a cemetery. You'll only waste time landin'. Better stay aboard till we hit Bahia."

"I wonder if the Ramirez—"

"No, I don't think so. I saw a couple of the boats push off, an' she wasn't in either of 'em."

"She?" interposed Roy stiffly.

"Oh, I hand up humble apologies," returned Bart, with elaborate sarcasm. "My mistake. Of course, it was dear Mr. Ramirez you was interested in. Or maybe the old dame. How boneheaded of me to think it could 'a' been Miss Helen!"

"Drop it! Drop it!" growled Walshe. "It isn't—"

"Maybe not. But I guess you know I didn't mean to be fresh. Nature stuck a pair of eyes into my head. An' I use 'em, most gener'ly to see with. There ain't been a day since we started that you an' her haven't spent a couple of hours walkin' the deck together. An' you look at her like you'd just sighted sunlight for the first time. Nor yet she don't seem to gape or get drowsy when you're talkin' to her. I don't know how the layout is among you gold-shirt sassiety folks. But

in the crowd I travel with it'd look like a pretty good case of—"

"I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind," broke in Roy. "You don't mean any harm. But it isn't—"

"Oh, all right! I'll can it. But there's just one tip I want to give you. You managed to put a good, healthy scare into Ramirez that first evening, an' he hasn't dared to buck up against your game since then. But just because he ain't drawin' no cards, don't get the idea he's dropped out of the game. He's storin' up trouble for you. I've seen him look sideways at you, as you an' her went by. An' that look of his'n wasn't no second cousin to benediction. I showed you how he set his frowzy Scotch secret'ry, MacTavish, to spyin' on you both, too."

"Thanks, old man. But I don't think I've anything to worry about. We'll be at Bahia in a few days, and the chances are that I'll never set eyes on any of them after that."

He sighed involuntarily as he spoke.

Bart was about to answer, when a white-clad peon, bare-footed and pockmarked, came over the top of the companion ladder.

"*Señor Walshe! Señor Walshe!*" he called, as he pattered along the deck, waving a letter and looking from side to side among the passengers.

"Here!" answered Roy in Spanish. "What is it?"

The peon looked at him carefully, as though comparing him with some remembered description. Then, with a bob of his head, he handed Walshe the letter.

"An invite from the President of Marvana to come an' take over his job?" queried Bart. "Or is it only the freedom of the city? Gee, but you're gettin' popular in South America! First port we touch, you get special delivery mail."

Roy did not hear. He had glanced at the envelope's superscription, noted that it was addressed to him in a rather characterless feminine hand, and then opened the letter.

It was a single sheet of cheap notepaper, evidently purchased, like the envelope, at some local shop.

He read as quickly as possible:

"Dear Mr. Walshe:

"We have gotten ourselves into the most ridiculous scrape. Nothing serious, of course, or calling for anxiety, but very, very annoying. I wonder if you would mind coming ashore and playing gallant knight for us? I'll explain when I see you. Of course, if you're busy or tired, you mustn't bother, for it's really nothing of any great importance—except perhaps to me.

Sincerely,

Helen Ridge.

"P.S. If you come, won't you bring along your bizarre satellite, Mr. Hall? He may prove of use."

Roy read and re-read the note. The only conclusion he could reach was that some crankily tactless act on Ramirez' part had gotten the trio into difficulties with a shopkeeper or boatman, and that Helen hoped a cool-headed American's presence might adjust the matter.

"Bart," said he, "do you know what a 'bizarre satellite' is?"





THE RECKLESS LOVER



"You mean that I am to be killed?" demanded Roy. "Executed is a less brutal word," corrected the other.

"A which?" sputtered Bart. "It's a novelty to me. It must be run on one of the Western tracks. Never in my part of the country. Or is it a patent medicine?"

"It is a term of high praise," lied Roy kindly. "I asked because the words are used in a note I want you to read."

Bart slowly spelled out Helen's epistle. Then he asked:

"How about it?"

"I'm going, of course. Do you care to come?"

"Is it a con, do you s'pose—a come-on?"

"No! Did you ever hear, even in cheap melodrama, a decoy note of appeal that said 'if you're tired or busy you mustn't bother, for it's really of no great importance'?"

"Just the same——"

"If you're nervous," sneered Roy, "don't come. It isn't necessary."

"Hold on! Don't get sore. I trail your game, wherever it takes us. You know that. An' I'd do a lot for a lady that hands me a hot compliment like 'biz—' whatever it was she called me. Shall I see if there's a boat goin' soon?"

"Yes—or—wait!"

Roy turned to the peon.

"Can we go ashore in your boat?" he asked in Spanish.

"Certainly!" replied the man. "The *señorita* told me to wait for you in case you were coming, and to conduct you to her and her friends. I have another boatman waiting with me."

A few minutes later their boat had touched the jetty. Roy and Bart scrambled to the shaky string-piece and reached the beach, the peon at their heels.

"Which way?" queried Roy, glancing toward the nearby town.

"If the *señor* will follow me," begged the peon, setting off in the lead.

The two Bostonians followed. In a dozen steps they had entered the winding, malodorous little main street of Quevez.

"What a wretched hole!" exclaimed Roy in disgust.

"And the people look half starved. If the rest of Marvana is like this, I don't wonder Dom Tasili consented to be dethroned. Paris must have seemed like heaven to him, after Quevez."

"Oh, he didn't live at Quevez," corrected Bart. "Nobody does that can help it. It's just a sort of landin' stage. The real Marvana lies 'way back in the mountains. An' it's some place, for its size, they tell me. The capital, Colombo, is a real he-city, I hear. Where



THE RECKLESS LOVER



in blazes are we bound for? This is a fine, savory alley he's leadin' us into."

The peon had left the main street and had turned into a mean byway. He proceeded along this for perhaps a hundred yards and halted before a two-story building rather better than his fellows.

The double front door stood open. The peon, with a courteous wave of the hand, stood aside for the Americans to precede him.

Roy, with Bart at his shoulder, stepped across the threshold into a large and well-lighted room in which perhaps a dozen uniformed men were standing in groups, idly chatting.

As the two entered the room, the iron outer doors clanged shut.

Every light went out.

The Americans, vainly struggling, felt themselves surrounded and overborne by an avalanche of excited soldiers.

CHAPTER VII

ROY WALSHE slowly, lazily, came to the surface from a million-year plunge into nothingness. Bit by bit, his senses slowed back.

He was sore and stiff and his head throbbed. For a time he lay very still, trying to collect his scattered wits. Gradually he began to remember.

Helen's note—the shore trip—the open doorway he and Bart had so unsuspectingly crossed. Then the attack, the cramping of his wiry strength beneath an avalanche of men. The futile struggle against fearful odds, the blow on the head that had left him limp and senseless. And now—

He was lying flat somewhere in the dark. And, by some odd happening, he was not allowed to lie quiet. For he pitched and rolled, as though in a berth on a heavy sea.

Yet he had become familiar enough with the tossing of ships during the past days to know this was no sea motion that was disturbing his rest.

For one thing, his feet seemed higher than his head. The motion was a succession of shakes rather than a roll.

As his faculties crept back, he thought he could hear the plodding of bare feet and the occasional click of a steel-shod hoof on a stone. A man's voice sounded indistinctly a short distance away and was answered by another.

Then, in Roy's very ear, someone groaned long and loud. Walshe started up, only to find his hands and feet were tied fast.

The groan was repeated. A voice, thick, broken, but quite recognizable, observed:

"Am I in the sick-bay or only in jail?"

"Hall!" exclaimed Roy.

Shifting his position as far as he could, Walshe became aware that Bart was trussed up like himself and lying nearby in the same conveyance.

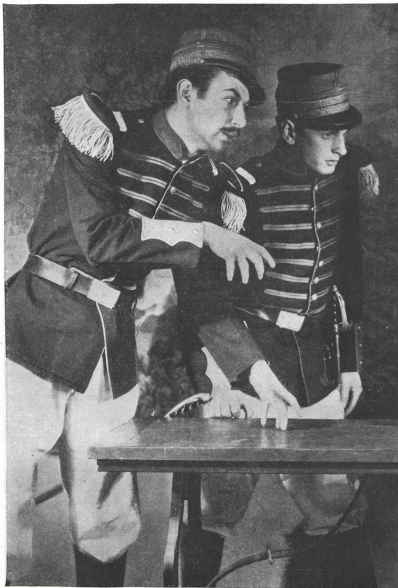
"If I've been shanghaied," blustered Hall, "I'll have the nearest American consul do all sorts of things to you mangy swine. Some one's stole my brains and put a nest of hornets inside my skull, instead. It's a measly trick to play on a white man."

"Hall!" repeated Roy. "This is Walshe. Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? Me? No. I'm only dead. What are we doin' here, an' where are we doin' it?"

"I don't know. They downed us and knocked us senseless. Probably drugged us, too. I just woke up a minute ago."

"That crowd in Quevez? I seem to remember. But



"It's a surprise night attack, Your Excellency," the major-domo gasped.
"The palace is surrounded!"



THE RECKLESS LOVER



we're movin', aren't we? But where, I'd like to know."

"We'll probably know in a few moments. Wherever they're taking us, they'll have to stop soon. Quevez is only a half-mile or so in area."

"Yes, and as flat as a board. An' we're going uphill. How do you dope it out?"

"I don't know. If we were trapped by a gang of thugs——"

"We weren't. Those were soldiers. Marvianian soldiers in full uniform. At first glance you might take 'em for brown monkeys rigged up in hand-organ clothes. But they weren't. I recognized the uniforms, from when I was here before, on the *Texas*. They were reg'lar soldiers of the Marvianian Republic. That's what gets me. Why did they tackle us?"

"It was a trap, the whole thing. We were led into

it by the peon. It was set and ready for us, all right."

"An' the note that brought us?"

"If I had my hands free," panted Roy in sudden fury, "I'd strangle you for daring to——"

"Hold on! Hold on!" exhorted Hall. "Don't fire before the gun's loaded. If you think I'm hintin' that Miss Ridge lured us into trouble, it's you that ought to be strangled for thinking such a thing. She never writ that note, an' I s'picioned it at the time."

"You did, eh? Why didn't you say so?"

"I hinted it as hard as I could. Then I saw you was set on goin', and you made that crack 'bout me bein' afraid. So——"

"Why did you suspect she didn't write the note?"

"There was a queer cuss on the *Texas* who was my bunkie for a while. A 'handwritin' expert' he called



Diaz rose from his chair. He was as pale as death and he shook from head to foot.

"Treachery!" he whispered.



THE RECKLESS LOVER



himself. He had got just a mite too 'expert' at it, an' got in trouble for forgery. So he lit out an' hid in the navy. He used to talk a lot to me 'bout handwritin'."

"I still don't see——"

"How I guessed the note wa'n't from her? This 'expert' I'm speakin' of used to say that char'cter shows out in a person's writin'. Now, from the little I've seen of her, Miss Ridge's just bristlin' with char'cter an'—an' what the expert called 'individoality.' Yet that note was writ in a handwritin' with about as much char'cter to it as bean soup. It looked like copy-book writin'. She never writ it."

"Then who?"

"Am I a mind-reader? Some woman, of course. It was woman's writin'."

"But what woman would write that to me? There isn't a woman of my acquaintance within five hundred miles. Besides, how would any one down here know I wasn't familiar with Miss Ridge's handwritin'? The person who wrote the note had to take that chance."

"It's past me. What I'm worryin' about is why they nabbed us, where they're luggin' us, and what they'll do with us. We've had time to go all around Quevez a dozen times. But we're still going uphill. I can tell by the feel. They sure can't be trundlin' us to the mountains!"

"What's this jolting vehicle we're in, I wonder?"

"I can set you right on that, anyhow. It's a closed mullet-litter. The kind the swells' wives use down here. I've seen 'em when I was here before. It's the only shebang in

Marvana that a grown man can lay out straight in, like we're layin'. Gee, but my head sure aches!"

They fell silent for a long time. Walshe was trying to face this inexplicable puzzle from every angle. But the harder he thought, the thicker grew the mystery.

If a private enemy or a practical joker had conceived the idea of kidnaping him, how had such a person managed to secure the services of the Marvana soldiery? Also, what object could anyone have in kidnaping him? And especially in kidnaping a man like Bart Hall?

He fell into a fitful doze that followed naturally on his exhaustion. A lurch of the litter aroused him. The vehicle had come to a standstill.

A moment later the curtain at one side was wrenched away. A glare of light smote the two prisoners' eyes, half-blinding them.

Even in the pain of the moment, Roy recalled that the sun had been setting when they had landed on the Quevez beach. They must have been traveling all night. He and Bart were lifted from the litter by several



Roy sat in the royal chair. Even now he could not believe it. He was the King.

undersize chocolate-colored soldiers in green tunics and scarlet trousers.

The soldiers set them carefully on the ground, their backs to a huge wayside rock; then turned, and stood at attention before a dwarfish man with a huge mustache and in a dirty white uniform that fairly blazed with gold braid.

Roy's glance swept his surroundings. On every side from the plateau where they had halted rolled green mountain-tops. They were seated beside a white military road. Across the way was a low, gray barracks building in whose arched doorway lounged a score of infantrymen.

The little officer was reading a paper that apparently had been handed him by one of the litter's escort. As he finished its perusal he glanced keenly at the two captives. He bestowed scant attention on Bart Hall, but his gaze rested with the keenest interest on Roy.

Stepping up to Walshe, the officer clicked his heels together and saluted.

"Excellency," said he in Spanish, "I and mine



THE RECKLESS LOVER



Bart's exuberant spirits overflowed. The general could not resist a smile at his nonsense.

are at your disposal. Accept my humblest respects."

"Thanks," answered Walshe, perplexed, "but will you kindly show your 'respects' by untying us? Also, by telling us what this outrage means?"

The officer spread out both hands in unhappy deprecation and shrugged his epaulettes shoulders until they brushed his mustache.

"Alas, Excellency, that you should demand of me that which I cannot fulfill!" he wailed. "Consider me prostrate before you. Your foot may rest on my neck, if it will. Command me in all things—save to release you. I assure you, yours is an honorable captivity, and you shall receive all respect."

"Say," cut in Bart, "I don't savvy his lingo. But this ain't the way South American soldiers gen'er'ly treat prisoners. I know, 'cause I was jailed once for whoopin' up a town. He treats you like you was a chief of police or—"

"Silence, dog!" shouted the officer, glaring wrathfully at Hall.

Then, turning again to Walshe, he resumed:

"Is it your worshipful pleasure to enter the barracks for breakfast? It is humble fare, but the best the outposts afford. We can rest a half-hour here before resuming our journey."

"Resuming? We aren't at the end, then?"

The officer smiled evasively and gave an order to his men. The captives' leg bonds were loosened. Bart was propelled into the barracks at bayonet-point. Roy was escorted by the officer, who offered his arm to steady the American. As Walshe passed the barracks archway, the soldiers drawn up there saluted him.

A hearty hot breakfast was spread before him. The officer remained standing while Roy ate. Bart was nowhere in sight.

Half an hour later the two were taken back to the litter, to which fresh mules had been harnessed. Roy noted that the escort had increased. It now numbered fully two hundred men.

"What'd they do with you?" asked Bart, as the journey recommenced.

"Gave me breakfast. A good one at that. Didn't you get anything to eat?"

"Such as it was. They shoved me into the kitchen an' gave me a handful of cold tortillas an' a swig of water. There's something queer about all this. Why do they treat you like Herb Hoover an' me like a yeller dog?"

"What's the answer?" asked Roy, dazedly.

"I don't know. We're not goin' to get any luck at the end of this joy ride. Did you notice that mountaineer who came out of the barracks just as we went in?"

"Yes. What of him?" asked Roy, without interest.

"Did you see the funny sign he made to us with his head an' left hand? They're a superstitious lot, an' that's the 'Farewell Sign' they give to a man who's on his way to die. I was at a hangin' down at Quevez once, an' I saw—"

"You're a cheerful soul, Bart," remarked Walshe. "I can't imagine a jollier traveling companion. But if we're taken to any large town, there's sure to be a consul who—"

A babel of voices yelling orders interrupted him. There was a sound of running feet and of clanking weapons. From two directions came a scattering fusillade of musket-shots.

A crashing volley from the escort answered the assault, and then a second volley. More orders, another and lesser fusillade from beyond, and the march was resumed.

"Now, what line of fireworks might that be?" asked Bart.

"We were attacked, I think," hazarded Roy. "Prob-



THE RECKLESS LOVER



ably from those woods I saw as we left the barracks. Whoever fired on us, the escort were able to drive them off."

"We're a fine important couple, all right," mused Bart. "They lure us ashore. They set soldiers to catch us alive. They lug us over the mountains with two hundred infantrymen as guard. An', after that, some folks tries to rescue us by firin' on the soldiers. All for the sake of gettin' us where they can hang us in the fashion they've picked out to."

The day dragged on. At another barracks station, they halted for the night. There the litter officer repeated his almost servile attentions toward Roy and his curt brutality toward Bart.

Another eight hours on the march the next day. Then a halt, and the litter curtains once more were drawn aside.

"Excellency," said the officer, with a profound bow, "we have arrived. Be so gracious as to alight."

"Arrived?" repeated Roy. "Where?"

"At our destination, Excellency," was the cryptic reply.

CHAPTER VIII

THE two prisoners were lifted from the litter. Their bonds were removed. At a word from the litter officer, a double file of soldiers fell in at either side of them.

"March!" ordered the officer.

As they moved forward, Roy saw they were in a wide, walled courtyard. Above, the stars were shining. Somewhere a band played. In front of them rose a broad flight of marble steps leading to the doorway of a huge stone building.

Up the steps they were conducted and through a vaulted doorway. On the threshold of a great hall, Roy glanced back. They were at a level with the top of the courtyard wall.

Over the wall he could see a wide, lighted space, evidently a plaza. Beyond it the roofs of houses stretched away on all sides.

"This must be the capital," he whispered to Bart. "I wonder if this is the palace, or only the city jail?"

"Jail, eh?" snorted Bart. "If you'd ever seen the inside of a South American cooler, you wouldn't make a bonehead crack like that. It's the palace, all right."

The guards were leading them along the great hall to another door. This ushered them into a big, bare, unfurnished room. Here the two Americans were left alone. Behind them the door was closed and barred.

"Well?" observed Walshe. "What next?"

"If you put it to me, I don't know," snapped Bart. "Just because I happened to touch the coast of this forsaken old joint when I was in the navy, you seem to think I'm a sort of toddlin' diction'ry of South American tricks. All I know is that they've railroaded us here, treatin' you like you was a di'mond sandwich, an' actin' to me like I was the plain pe-o-ple the day after election."

"Don't get sore, Bart," said Roy with a low laugh. "Why wouldn't I get sore? If they'd turn me loose in this old morgue of a palace for five minutes, I'd easy enough find some one who could speak enough English to tell me who's who in the blindman's bluff game we're playin'. I s'pose they've gone to get a firin' party ready."

Far off somewhere a belfry clock boomed eleven. An instant later the door swung open. A major-domo in black velvet stood on the sill. Behind him ranged a squad of palace guards.

"El Señor Presidente will see you now, Excellency," he announced, bowing low to Roy.

Walshe advanced toward the door, Bart following. But on the threshold a thrust from the major-domo's gold-knobbed wand of office pushed Bart back into the room. The door closed upon him.

"Here!" exclaimed Roy in wrath. "Why don't you let my friend come, too?"

"El Presidente's orders, Excellency," replied the major-domo respectfully, "were that he wished to speak alone with you for a few moments. Believe me, your servant will be safe. As soon as your interview with el Presidente is ended, I will bring him."

The guards were on either side. The major-domo was bowing him on. Reluctantly Roy followed.

Down the corridor, into the great hall where officials were passing to and fro, then up a staircase, down a second corridor and to the open door of a huge apartment, they went.

The major-domo motioned Roy to enter; and, with the guard at his heels, followed.

The room was high and arched. Its stone floor was



Coming up the stairs, resplendent in his new uniform, Bart could not help but hear what was said.



THE RECKLESS LOVER



The courtyard was alive with running, gesticulating, excited forms. Roy was caught up on an improvised platform of officers' crossed swords and borne in triumph over the heads of the madly enthusiastic masses, into the palace, to the throne.



The King placed an affectionate hand on Ryano's shoulder. "If you are going to brave those dangers for my sake, do you expect me to stay here in safety?"



THE RECKLESS LOVER



covered with a soft, deep carpet of crimson velvet. The walls were hung with tapestry and coats of arms.

At the far end on a dais stood a high-backed chair of gold, or of gilded wood, shaped like the thrones Walshe had seen in fairybook pictures. Above the throne hung a canopy emblazoned with the arms of Marvana.

The dais was vacant. But in the very center of the room, at the head of a long table, sat a man in evening dress. He was sallow, yet corpulent, short, yet endowed with a certain air of dignity.

The guard saluted. The major-domo bowed to the ground. The man at the table paid no heed to their salutations. He raised a pair of tired, bloodshot eyes to Roy, and looked the young man over from head to foot.

Then, with a nod, he dismissed the major-domo and the guard. When the doors had closed behind them, he looked once more at Roy. Indicating a chair opposite his own, he said gravely:

"You may sit."

Roy took the proffered seat, wondering that the president of one of the etiquette-adoring South American republics should so far unbend to an obscure stranger.

The fat man was still staring impassively at him. At length, Roy broke the awkward silence by the somewhat banal remark:

"You sent for me?"

"I did. Though I fancy this is not precisely the way you expected to come."

"I did not expect to come at all," returned Walshe, "and, as an American citizen, I demand to know the reason for my kidnaping."

"An American citizen?" echoed the President with polite incredulity. "Surely, you have not taken the precaution of becoming naturalized in the United States?"

If so, I warn you, it will scarcely avail. You will be afforded no chance to communicate with your adopted government."

"I tell you I was born in the United States. In Boston. I demand to see the American consul."

"We waste words," said the President, half contemptuously. "I have seen to it that no one outside the palace knows of your arrival. No one shall know."

"If you think you can keep me here indefinitely——" cried Walshe.

"It is not my intent to keep you here indefinitely," purred the other with a faint smile, "At sunrise I shall see you set upon your way."

"To the coast?"

"Scarcely."

"Then where?"

"That, I fear, will depend largely upon your past life, Excellency."

"You mean I am to be——killed?"

"Executed" is a less brutal word," corrected the President.

"But for what crime?" demanded the dumbfounded Walshe.



"The technical charge is 'high treason.' Or it would be, if the matter were to come to trial. But I have arranged to do away with all such wearying formalities. A file of soldiers in the palace yard, and——"

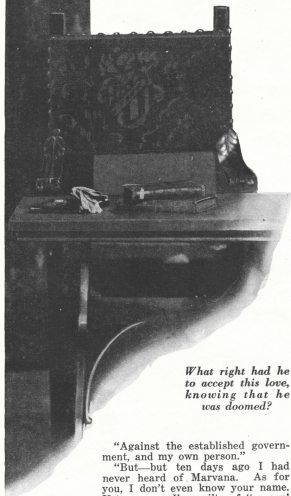
"Are you crazy, or am I?" exclaimed Roy, shaking off his momentary lethargy of horror. "This is the twentieth century. I am an American citizen. I came ashore at Marvana in reply to a note. I was seized by your soldiers and was rushed up here by litter. Now, you say I am to be shot. The whole thing's absurd. You accuse me of 'high treason.' Against whom, pray?"



THE RECKLESS LOVER



A veiled woman was ushered in. The King looked up with a frown. But when his visitor entered the circle of lamp light, his pulses started hammering. It seemed impossible, fantastic—it could not be true! And yet it must be.



What right had he to accept this love, knowing that he was doomed?

"Against the established government, and my own person."

"But—but ten days ago I had never heard of Marvana. As for you, I don't even know your name. Yet you say I'm guilty of 'treason' against you!"

"My name you have heard all your life, Excellency. I am Vincente Diaz, President of Marvana, as you are well aware. Why stoop to falsehood?"

"If you said you were the keeper of a private asylum, I'd have more cause to believe you. Is it your custom to kidnap innocent tourists when—"

"When they are injurious to the state?" finished Diaz. "It is. And it is due to my care in making such captures, that I have held my office so long."

"But—"

"A South American republic is ever built upon a volcano," declaimed Diaz. "On all sides of Marvana,

governments are constantly changing. By my own wisdom and purpose, I have held this one republic secure, through a dozen crises. And from no source has there been so much peril as from yourself. With you out of the way, the rebels will be helpless."

"Quite so!" groaned Walshe. "If there is one thing that cheers and encourages a rebel, it is to know that I am not 'out of the way.' They love the thought of my being in the way. It's—it's like a day in the country to them! You ought to see how happy they are when I drop in to tea with them. Why, in Boston, the street outside my rooms is often jammed with rebels, begging to be assured I haven't popped 'out of the way' overnight. I—"

"You state the case perfectly," said Diaz with conviction. "I am glad you have seen fit to abandon your foolish pose of being—"

"Of being sane? Oh, that went long ago! I don't know what you're jabbering about. But if it comes to crass idiocy, I can be as asinine as anyone. Oh, talk sense, man, can't you? We're bellowing to each other at cross purposes. What's the meaning of it all?"

"I do not quite follow your line of reasoning, señor," said Diaz stiffly.

"Nor I, yours. I take it you wanted, for some occult reason, to get me killed. So you had me kidnaped and brought here. Now, by itself that doesn't make sense. If you wished my death, your soldiers could have killed me without fuss or trouble at any point along the road from the coast. Why grant me a guard of two hundred men to protect my life on the journey, and then kill me when I get here? It doesn't make sense, I say."

"You do not seem as clever as I had hoped," answered the President. "Your death is needful to the republic's welfare, it is true. But so is certain information that you alone can give. Now do you begin to see?"

"Perfectly," sneered Roy. "You promise death, and then ask for information. That is a charmingly wheedling way to get information out of any one."

"You still do not understand? Perhaps you will when I tell you I have Doro and Nunez and the Italian, Sforza, in prison here with twenty of their followers."

"Oh, of course," retorted Roy, "that clears up the whole thing! How can I possibly help giving you all

sorts of information when you tell me such jolly news as that? So Doro is in prison, is he? Well, well! I always said he'd come to it if he didn't leave the neighbors' hen-roosts alone. And Nu—something-or-other, and an Italian, too! And twenty followers. Quite a jolly little gathering, to be sure."

The President looked puzzled. Roy saw that this style of forced banter was not what Diaz was used to. He resolved to stick to it, on the chance of rousing the man to some sort of lucidity.

"In return for my pledge to set them free and to grant them safe conduct from Marvana," resumed Diaz, "I think you will see your way to giving me information."

"Gladly," assented Walshe. "All the information you want. Here goes: The Pelasgians were the primitive inhabitants of Greece. In time, the Hellenes descended from the north and gave their name to the land."

"Excellency! I—"

"The square of the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle is equal





THE RECKLESS LOVER



to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. The—

"Excellency! You are raving! What mad talk is this?"

"It passes under the head of General Information," Roy explained. "You were fairly clamoring for 'information,' and I cast about in my mind for some. In return for it, I trust you will see your way clear to release poor old Dodo—"

"Doro, Excellency," corrected the bewildered President. "I do not understand this wild talk of yours. If you are mocking us—"

"Heaven forbid!" disclaimed Roy. "What next?" "What force did Ryano promise you?" snapped Diaz, hurling the question suddenly, like a bomb.

"Hey?" muttered Roy.

"And had you corrupted a soldier of mine to give that skirmishing party word of the route by which you were to come to Colombo?"

"Skirmishing party?" echoed Roy dully.

"A handful of rebels fired on your escort as you reached the plateau. We had hoped to bring you here unknown to them. How did they learn?"

"Maybe some one told them," suggested Roy brightly.

"Who?"

"Dodo, perhaps. I mean, 'Doro,'" he corrected himself hastily.

"Impossible! Doro has been in prison two weeks. So have the rest. Tell me," the President went on, "where were you to land your armament? And who, in the palace, was in your pay? Also—"

"Who do you think I am anyhow?" roared Roy, at the end of his patience. "You're probably mistaking me for some Marvanian revolutionist. My name is Roy Walshe. I am from Boston. I—"

A crashing report set the window-panes to jingling. Another and another. Confused shouts of command sounded from the streets. Then the thunder of many horses, hard ridden. And through it all, the ever-repeated boom, boom, boom, of cannon and the coughing purr of machine guns.

Roy ran to the window. The courtyard below was as bright as day with torches and electric lights. It was alive with running, gesticulating men, who were barring the great gates, squealing a medley of orders and getting forever into each other's way.

From the unseen plaza beyond came cries, clashes of steel, and ripples of rifle fire.

"What's up?" demanded Walshe, wheeling on the President.

Diaz was as pale as death. His fat form was shaking.

"Treachery!" he gasped, casting his tired little eyes from side to side like a cornered beast. "Ryano!"

The doors of the room flew open. In rushed a handful of officers and palace attendants.

"Ryano!" screamed the majordomo. "It's a surprise night attack! Fly, *Señor Presidente!* Ryano's men are everywhere. They seized the citadel by a trick and they have turned the siege guns on the barracks. They—"

"The *guardia civil*," panted a dusty officer, "has been routed. So have the palace cavalry. Ryano is

at the gates. The Second Regiment has deserted to him, to a man! The guard cannot hold the gates five minutes longer. The postern behind the stables seems free. There is, perhaps, a chance to escape that way. Come, *Señor Presidente!*" Officers and attendants seized upon the little fat man and hustled him away. He went struggling, weeping, moaning "Treachery!"

The great throne-room was empty, save for Roy Walshe, who stood open-mouthed and thunderstruck beside the table, staring at the open doorway through which his would-be executioners had fled.

CHAPTER IX

THE palace rang with echoing steps, all madly hurried, and with a babel of voices.

From the courtyard without arose a clamor that made the whole place an inferno of noise. Shots, hammer blows, the clash of sword on sword. Then a comparative silence that was even more nerve-racking.

Roy ran to the window. The electric lights in the courtyard had been extinguished. Dimly seen, a mass of men was surging forward through a gap made by the bursting of the huge outer gates.

Beyond these, Roy could distinguish the lighted plaza, swarming with cavalry and infantry.

And now, in the palace below him, sounded the heavy tramp of hundreds of feet. He turned from the window.

Scarce had he taken two steps forward when into the throne-room burst a throng of brown-faced little soldiers in shabby green uniforms. In the lead was a tall, lean man, whose bare head was thatched by a close-cropped, chestnut stubble, and whose lean, brown hawk face was clean-shaven. He wore on his soiled and torn uniform the insignia of a general officer.

So much Roy had noted, when the man sprang forward. With an inarticulate cry of joy, he threw himself on his knees at Walshe's feet. Seizing the astounded American's hand, the good general kissed it fervently.

Roy, unused to such salutation, snatched away his hand in dire embarrassment and stared down with dismayed wonder at the kneeling man. The latter's eyes were brimming with tears. His harsh face was alight with joy.

Meantime, from the doorway, hundreds of hoarse voices were bellowing:

"*Viva el Rey! Viva el Rey! Viva el Rey!*"

Through the clamor, Roy caught at the word "Ryano." Diaz had intimated that a man named Ryano was an insurgent leader. This was undoubtedly the same. By a night attack, the established government had evidently just been sent flying.

But what could be the meaning of the cry "*El Rey*" (the King)? There was no king in Marvana. The little country was a republic.

But Ryano, still on his knees, was speaking, raising his voice to be heard through the roar of huzzas.

"I thank Heaven your majesty is safe!" he was crying. "There was but one chance in ten. But Providence was with us."

"You have mistaken me for some one else. My name is—"

"*El Rey! Viva el Rey!*" bellowed the troops.



General Ryano—a soft heart under a hard-boiled exterior.



THE RECKLESS LOVER



Roy introduced the General. "It is because of Miss Ridge," he said, "that I renounce the throne."



THE RECKLESS LOVER



"Sire," exclaimed Ryano, rising to his feet, "if you but knew how long and how eagerly I and all your loving people have looked forward to this day! That the King of Marvana should again sit on the throne of his fathers!"

"I am not a king, I tell you!" fumed Roy, his brain awl. "It is a hideous blunder. I am—"

His words were drowned again in the roars of triumph. With wild shouts the soldiers had poured into the room, trampling the red velvet carpet under their mud-splashed boots or muddier bare feet. They surrounded Roy and Ryano, waving caps and cheering.

Roy was caught up on an improvised platform of officers' crossed swords, was borne in triumph above the heads of the madly enthusiastic soldiery, and suddenly found himself seated upon the gilded throne-chair.

Around the foot of the dais, with drawn swords, the officers ranged themselves as a guard of honor. Ryano, standing beside the throne, his head bared, looked like a man who had won the dear ambition of his whole life.

As for Roy, Walshe, probably no one since the birth of time ever looked or felt less kingly. He sprang to his feet, hand uplifted. At once a great silence fell over the assemblage.

"It's all a mistake, a crazy mistake!" he cried. "Gentlemen, I am not your King. I am—"

"Your majesty's perils," broke in Ryano, "have made you doubt your own good fortune. But it is true. We hold the city. You are on the throne. Once here, it will go hard before Diaz's army can dispossess us. Your majesty is in his own capital, in the heart of his loyal army. You are King."

"I tell you—" vociferated Roy. Then he broke off. He had caught sight of Bart Hall standing near the door, his freckled face one expansive grin.

"Bring that man here," he ordered, pointing to Hall. A dozen arms propelled Bart forward to the foot of the dais.

"General Ryano," said Roy, "do you speak or understand English?"

"Fairly well, your majesty," replied the puzzled general.

"Very good. You see this man?" pointing to Bart. "Well, he has been with me ever since I left Boston. He will tell you who I am and where I came from, since you don't believe me. Perhaps then you will see the absurd error you've fallen into."

Ryano protested vehemently.

"Not 'believe' your majesty? I do not understand. This man—"

"This man will tell you who I am. Speak up, Bart," he went on in English. "Tell this gentleman my name and where you met me. Try to help me convince him I'm not—"

"How'll I tell him?" queried Bart. "I don't *hablo no Espanol*—"

"He understands English. Speak up."

Bart paused a moment, his pale blue eyes sweeping the assembly.

"Any other gent in the bunch savvy English?" he asked loudly.

Several officers and men moved forward with nods of assent.

"Listen to me, then," commanded Bart, "'cause what I say is li'ble to be pretty in'trestin', an' you'll like to translate it to your feller heroes when I get through,

most likely. Are all of you men listening to me?"

He paused for effect. Then, pointing dramatically to Roy, he resumed:

"Gents, let me make you acquainted with—his very-high-grade maj'sty, Luis the Fif', King of Marvana!"

"Bart! You wall-eyed liar!" said Walshe, aghast. "What are you—?"

"Gents,—the king!" pursued Bart grandiloquently. "I oughter know him if any one does. I've been his faithful an' honored secret'ry, man an' boy, for nigh onto a year. All that cor'spondence of you folks with him passed through these 'ere hands of mine."

"You are MacTavish, his majesty's Scotch secretary?" asked Ryano, his lean face lighting up with recognition.

"Hoot awa, mon!" returned Bart. "I'm that ilka same bonnie Scot. Dinna ye ken my d'illect?"

Roy sank back on the throne, his whirling head tight clasped between his hands.

"Bart," he muttered, "what does it all mean? I'm mad—stark mad!"

Hall had leaned close, to catch the incoherently muttered words. Now he straightened himself and faced the crowd.

"Gents," he announced, "his maj'sty asks me to say he's feelin' just a wee peckle overcome by these 'ere mingled emotions of his'n. He requests that you'll all withdraw and leave him alone here with me for a few minutes; so's he can get back enough coolness to thank you in a little speech, like he'd oughter. Come back in 'bout

ten minutes, or so."

When Roy looked up, the room was empty, save for Bart Hall and himself.

"Bart," he gasped, "what is the meaning of this crazy farce? Why did you—?"

"It means," answered Bart, "that you're a real live king—the 'King from Boston.'"

CHAPTER X

"TALK sense," growled Walshe. "You seem somehow in' on this wretched piece of buffoonery. What does it mean? Explain, can't you? You and your 'Scotch secretary' lies! What's the joke?"

"Want me to answer a jumble of question marks, or will I spin you the yarn from the start?"

"Oh, take your own way! Only let in some light on all this before I go off my head."

"All right. Sit quiet there an' try not to look like The Maniac Bride, an' I'll tell you. Remember me speakin' about a bunkie of mine on the Texas who had been a handwritin' sharp? Gilman, his name was. Tonight, when Ryano's crowd rushed into the palace, a lot of them bu'st into the room where I was canned. At the head of that bunch was Gilman. All rigged up like a horse, in gold an' red. He recognized me, an' we had a bit of rapid-fire chat."

"But I don't—"

"It seems Gilman got tired of workin' for Uncle Sam. So he got shore-leave, somewhere around Marvana, an' neglected to report back to his ship. He offered his services to President Diaz. As Gilman had been a naval man, Diaz made him a lieutenant in the Marvanian navy. Their navy is made up of two second-hand, third-rate gunboats, an' both of them boats already had more officers than crews. So Diaz details Gilman on shore dooty. There wa'n't much graft. But Gilman hears about the plan (Continued on page 74)





THE RECKLESS LOVER



With his arms still around Helen, he sang out: "Good news, Bart! The King and Queen have decided to spend the royal honeymoon in America."

A PRINCE FOR HIRE

Part 4

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BENJAMIN SCOBELL, multimillionaire, ordered to the island of Mervo, bought it and is making it into a rival to Monte Carlo. He had cabled his stepdaughter to come over, thinking to marry her to Prince Maurice, whom he has put on the throne. But Betty, after one meeting with the Prince, took the first boat back to America. There, not having money of her own and knowing that upsetting his plans will make her stepfather so furious for a while that he won't send her more, she gets a job on a magazine to which she is recommended by Mr. Scobell's aunt, Jane Oakley, America's wealthiest and most eccentric woman. Unknown to her, John Maude, with whom she is in love, is also working there, having been hired by his college chum, Smith, who is in charge during the absence of the editor and who has used his authority to make revolutionary changes in the magazine. But John has been away, gathering material. Here, one day Betty feeds a lost cat, which is claimed by Bat Jarvis, a gang-leader of the neighborhood, who gratefully puts himself at her service.

Betty has surprised both herself and Smith, who has been looking for unusual material, by writing a series of graphic articles on the heart-rending conditions in a row of tenement houses, which, when published, have caused so much comment that a representative of the owner offers Smith a bribe to discontinue them. Smith refuses. Then one day John Maude returns, and as he is checking up with Smith on the progress he has made, they are bound and gagged by a band of thugs who invade the office and whose leader announces that they will be taken for a ride. It is upon this scene that Betty bursts and is simultaneously recognized by two of the men—John Maude and the gangster, Bat Jarvis. John, with amazement and delight, since he had no idea she was in America, much less working in the same office, and Jarvis, with remembrance of the time she rescued his cat, orders his henchmen to free the two men, threatening disaster to the man who gave him the job of getting rid of them. Smith, seeing that Parker will stop at nothing to have the articles discontinued, hires Jarvis to protect them against further attacks, and the three go out to celebrate their escape and reunion. Smith leaves them after dinner, and John and Betty have just discovered they love each other, when there is a terrific explosion, the lights go out and smoke coils through the place. John leads Betty to a fire-escape and they manage a safe descent into the yard just as a sinister figure emerges from a pile of junk and, revolver in hand, orders, "Hands up!" Now go on with this thrilling and colorful romance from the pen of P. G. Wodehouse.

MR. CRUMP was preparing to leave behind him, for the time being, the island of Mervo. Charming though the island was, agreeable though his life there had been, Mr. Crump was not wholly sorry. After all, he was leaving not only Mervo, but Mr. Benjamin Scobell.

Now Crump, who had been Mr. Scobell's secretary for



more than ten years, was loyal to his employer. More than that, he really liked him. That should stand to Mr. Scobell's credit. He had been liberal and fair, on the whole, in his treatment of Crump. Crump's salary was larger than most people guessed, and his expenses were few. In a way, that was Crump's trouble. What was the use, he sometimes wondered, of drawing ten thousand a year and never having a free hour or so in which to spend it?

Here, however, was a task to appeal to any man. Armed with the meagre scraps of knowledge General Poineau had been able to give him, he was to run down the legitimate head of the House of Mervo, the descendant of a long line of ruling princes who had enjoyed power and honor when some of the ancestors of the upstart kings of today had been digging dirt or currying horses for a living.

"Now, mind, Crump, no more nonsense," Mr. Scobell said. "I have kept my eyes and ears open, and I think you're right. I think this squinting little thing that calls itself a prince is getting ready to double-cross me. By the way, if you run across Betty tell her I said she was quite right not to marry the blighter, and I'm sorry I asked her to."

A ROMANTIC NOVEL

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

A kiss in the dark and Betty and John reached the peak of their romance. And then came the message from Mr. Crump which was to show her lover in his true colors and leave Betty more disillusioned than ever.

Illustrations by
Oscar F. Howard



Crump wondered why he had not come to Paris before. He was having the time of his life.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Crump in an obedient tone. "You might even look her up, if you have any spare time. You can figure out how to find out where she's gone and what she's doing. Tell her I'm all for her. Tell her to come back here and have a good time."

"I'll find her, all right," said Crump, with a good deal of enthusiasm. Like every one else associated with Benjamin Scobell who had come in contact with her, he adored Betty. He had never taken Mr. Scobell's anger about her refusal to marry Prince Maurice very seriously, because, just for one thing, he was accustomed to his employer's tantrums and knew that the louder he yelled in his rages the sooner they would be over, and, for another, he had been sure that Mr. Scobell and Prince Maurice would be coming to the parting of the ways before very long.

Outwardly, all was peace and friendliness and warm,

cordial cooperation in Mervo. Business was good. Every boat brought fresh clients for the gaming tables, new patrons for the hotels and the bathing establishment that capitalized Mervo's unequalled beach. Indeed, the number of reservations was so great that every week tourists had to be turned away, pending completion of the new construction work. This, to be sure, was lagging, and in public Mr. Scobell bemoaned the slowness of the contractors loudly.

In private conferences, however, he gave them sweet Italian champagne and told them to take their time. There would be no attempt to expel him, he knew, until he had finished his elaborate work; until all the new hotels and all the other appointments of the Casino were built and paid for. Benjamin Scobell was not one to go in for half measures. Mervo, under his hand—the stout right hand that signed the checks—was

Would a \$5,000 shopping trip mend a broken heart?

being made over. Gleaming motor roads replaced the old cow tracks; there were bridle paths for those who liked to ride. Two golf courses were being laid out and trapped by experts; tennis courts calculated to appeal to the best players were already in operation; there were polo fields, traps for the gunners, a new yacht anchorage in the harbor, beach clubs affording every imaginable luxury.

And all this, Prince Maurice and his fellow plotters planned to make their own! Never! was Crump's feeling; they'd never get away with it if he could stop them. And he could. General Poineau had given him certain names; he was going to Paris to look up lawyers who had some clues. Poineau had hinted that his quest might take him to America in the end; with no substantial reason for thinking so, the old Royalist leader still had a feeling that the true heir to the throne of Mervo would be found there.

Crump anticipated no great difficulty, really. He had not, however, up to this time, had much to do with French lawyers. He knew that all lawyers, in general, were secretive and greatly given to stressing matters of punctilio. But he didn't know that in these respects the average French *avocat* excels; that he makes of a simple transaction for the sale of a piece of property a thing of mystery and endless complexity.

Still, there were compensations. Crump stayed at the Ritz in Paris. He went to the *Folies Bergères* and did a bit of judicious sightseeing on the Left Bank. He tasted onion soup at four o'clock in the morning and rode through the Bois afterward. He was discreet; he was careful; but he had a good time. He sent long telegrams every day reporting progress, and got equally

long telegrams back, even more confused and frantic than were such dispatches from Mr. Scobell as a rule, because these were in code.

All things have an end, however, and the day came when Mr. Crump could no longer, with a clear conscience, remain in Paris. Maitre Laboudeux, who had, once upon a time, had the honor of acting as man of affairs in Paris for the hereditary princes of Mervo, finally, and with some reluctance, referred him to Abernathy, Ronald, Fish, Brewster, Abernathy and Smythe, of 120 Broadway, New York.

The late Prince, Mr. Crump was informed, had died in a motor accident. His widow, at last accounts, had been living in America, and her legal interests had been cared for by this firm which could, and doubtless would, supply Mr. Crump with the information he desired.

"All right," wired Mr. Scobell, upon receipt of this information. "Catch first boat for New York what are you waiting for stop as long as you have to go to America be sure look up Betty stop tell her she can marry any one she likes except Maurice stop let her draw on me for five thousand and spend a month in Paris buying clothes if she likes if only she will come back here stop make it snappy stop cannot hold off here very much longer signed Scobell."

Crump secured passage, wired the name of his boat, and left for Cherbourg.

XIV

IN the deserted office of *Peaceful Moments* Smith sat at his desk, working hard. He had, at first, been slightly distraught. He was fond of John Maude, but he found it in his heart to wish that he had stayed in the Middle West. Smith had harbored ideas of his own concerning Betty; most unattached young men did. He had not broached them to her, it was true. It had seemed to him that the moment

was not ripe.

And now he was obliged, reluctantly but unmistakably, to accept the conclusion that it never would be. Trained observer that he was, Smith had been swift to observe the signs and omens attendant upon the meeting between John and Betty. They knew one another of old. That was bad. They had an understanding of some sort. That was worse. Nothing was settled between them, but, unless Smith missed his guess—and he flattered himself that that was something he seldom did—it soon would be.

He faced the facts. After all, he still had his work, and there were still lots of good fish in the sea. It was his hard luck that John Maude, of all men, should have been cast in the rôle of his rival. But then something always did seem to go wrong with his romances. He was able to grin at his own troubles, and that, of course, was the beginning of their end. The truth was that he, Smith, had a roving eye, only too

(Continued on page 94)



"Don't you dare to touch me, you big stiff!" he cried shrilly, backing against the wall.

EATING for BEAUTY

Be sure to include salad greens in your summer diet if you would have both good health and good looks.

Photograph by
Tower Studios



By
Jane
Osborne



IF you want to cultivate the sort of summertime beauty that is more than skin deep, drink plenty of water and fruit juice, eat fresh, well-ripened fruit, fresh green vegetables, simply prepared egg dishes, meat once a day if you like it, drink sweet milk, buttermilk or one of the fermented milk beverages—and above all eat salad. Lettuce, chicory, endive, escarole, romaine, dandelion greens, watercress, cabbage leaves and any other sort of “rabbit food” that is available. Eat lots of it. There is no sort of cleansing cream or soap that will do more to give your skin the fresh, clear tones that every one admires, and there is no sort of rouge or lipstick that will give your cheeks and lips the rosy tones that are really necessary to feminine good looks.

If you have conscientiously tried the salad way of improving your looks and have seen no improvement, the chances are that you have had the wrong sort of salads. Because most salads that you order at restaurants and lunch rooms or have served to you at luncheons or bridge parties are not salads at all from the dietary point of view. They consist of three or four lettuce leaves piled with a rich mixture of fish or chicken or fruit plus mayonnaise, and by the time you have finished the highly flavored mixture, you have lost your interest in the unseasoned leaves beneath and leave more than half untouched. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with the richly seasoned salad mixture. It is usually wholesome and nourishing, only it is not what we mean when we say: “Eat salad to make you beautiful.”

One would hardly go to a monastery to get suggestions for a beauty diet, and yet whenever the subject of salads for beauty is brought up I think of a community of monks in the south of France and the sort of salads they eat, as contrasted with the sort we usually have in this country.

A yard-long loaf of crisp-crusted bread, a bucket of salad greens, a saucer full of shelled walnuts and another saucerful of honey. That is the summertime dinner menu in this monastery, where in spite of their strict rules and monotonous life the monks are said to enjoy unusually good health and spirits. The nuts

are dipped in the honey and eaten with the bread, and the salad is liberally dressed with oil and vinegar; and at the end of the meal not one crumb of bread or one shred of lettuce remains.

A curious sort of meal that, and yet one that is perfectly well balanced and adapted to the needs of summer weather. And such a salad! A whole bucketful of freshly picked green lettuce, well dressed with the finest olive oil and good vinegar.

One reason that we are not inclined to eat more of the lettuce or other greens contained in our salads is that they are usually not properly dressed. Uncooked, unseasoned green leaves are not of themselves particularly palatable to most persons. We put the plain lettuce on the salad plate, we pile it with well seasoned fruit or vegetable or fish mixture and we garnish it with mayonnaise dressing, but we do not actually dress the leaves in a way that will give them the flavor needed to make them palatable.

So in helping you to make your summer lettuce greens flavorful enough to be eaten in abundance, we insist that you should actually dress the leaves. If you have ever watched an old-time epicure mix a salad you know how it is done. He measures carefully a certain amount of oil in a bowl, then another certain amount of vinegar, then a little salt and less pepper. This he mixes well and pours over the crisp leaves in a large salad bowl and with wooden fork and spoon he turns over the leaves and works them about in the bowl until each leaf has become evenly flavored with the dressing. Even if you are making an elaborate party salad you should remember to dress the lettuce or other greens before you put them together.

To make a French dressing for this purpose you will need the following ingredients:

6 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper

A convenient way to mix the dressing is to put it in a bottle or jar and shake it thoroughly just before using.

If you (Continued on page 112)



Let's Dance and Dine in FORMAL PAJAMAS



*The new type of evening costume of
turquoise and black satin.*

YOU may need more than a little courage to make your first appearance in pajamas at an important dinner or formal dance away from your own home. But actually there is nothing strikingly new or sensational about the idea of divided skirts for evening wear. Paul Poiret and other important French dressmakers have been showing them for some time. Women of ultra-fashionable circles wore formal pajamas as a fad at smart Southern resorts last Winter and after their return home appeared in the same type of evening dress at important dinners and dances in town. Before the Summer is out we shall probably accept them as one of the established fashions of 1931.



Love's Beauty Secrets



If you pack the right sort of beauty aids in your vacation kit, you'll have every reason to keep on smiling.

Drawing by
Mary
Rollinson
Randel

LOOK YOUR BEST ON YOUR VACATION

By Barbara Moore

NOW after we have been striving for months—every day and in every way—to make our hair, our hands, our faces and our figures look better and better, along comes vacation time. Two weeks at the mountains, the seashore or some sequestered country resort where nature and circumstances seem to contrive to undo all the good that we have done since last vacation! Mountain air or ocean breezes may do us a world of good in a large, fundamental way, but they surely work havoc superficially. Moisture laden sea air makes our hair damp and stringy, mountain air dries it and the sun streaks it. During the care-free days of vacation we are inclined to forego the daily treatment that was just bringing it to a state of becoming submission.

Skin that we have finally nursed into a condition where we were almost ready to believe all the nice things that our most flattering friends ever said about it, is a prey to freckles and sunburn. The creams and powders that we had just learned to use to best advantage lose their effectiveness when we go to a different climate and the rouge and lipstick that had proved most becoming in the subdued light that filters through city skyscrapers, looks like war-paint in the clear light of mountain and seashore. Possibly we have spent months of self-denial in a successful effort to lose an undesired ten pounds or so, all of which will be re-acquired with interest during the short two weeks when our appetites are stimulated by a change of air.

Of course, we want to go away—as far away as possible. We want the rest and relaxation and above all we need the tonic effect of a really good time, but we are wise enough to know that we cannot have a restful or satisfactory vacation unless we look attractive, and

have the satisfaction of knowing that we do look our best.

For our two weeks' vacation where beauty has no ebb, "Land of Heart's Desire" vacation resorts to know that such a land exists only in the poet's imagination. And at the mountain or seashore resort where we have just about decided to spend our precious two weeks we know that unaided beauty will ebb so fast that no one will suspect that it ever existed.

So, let's be practical and face the facts as they really are—hard facts that you wouldn't like to express openly but that you must recognize for your own good. You need a vacation and you cannot have your share of the good time that is in store for you unless you look, if not your radiant best, at least as alluring as possible. You'll need becoming clothes—but they won't do a bit of good unless you can manage to have your hair becomingly arranged and your hands and complexion in good condition.

Hair first, because there will be so many occasions on your vacation when you will go hatless. Unless you are blessed with the naturally wavy sort that responds to adverse conditions you will surely need a permanent wave as part of your vacation preparations. By all means go to a well-established firm where you can profit by the services of an experienced operator and be sure to have a lock of your hair tested as a preliminary so that the operator will know what type of "sachet" to use and how to apply the steam, for it is on these things that the looseness or tightness of the wave depends.

In your vacation trunk or handbags take along a bottle of waving lotion, and (Continued on page 120)

The Reckless Lover

(Continued from

page 66)

for a revolution; an' about the troops that Ryano was musterin', up in the mountains. He picks up a honest penny by joinin' Ryano, secret-like, an' sellin' him some palace information."

"A spy?"
"That's the quaint Spanish name for his perfeshun, I believe. Well, here's what he tells me—Ryano's been tryin' for twenty years to get Marvana changed back from a republic to a kingdom and to put the son of Dom Tasili (the king they kicked out) back on the throne. Well, lately, the rev-lootionists got so strong it seemed safe for 'em to send to Paris an' ask Tasili's son, (Luis his name is) to run over here an' take a chance at the throne."

"But what has all this rigmarole got to do with me? I—"

"It's got a lot to do with you. You're him, it seems."

"Nonsense! Get down to facts."

"They sends letters over to Luis. An' when he sees they've got a chance, he agrees to come. He was to cross to Boston from Paris, and take steamer from there to Marvana. He was to land, secret, an' be met by his friends an' smuggled to Ryano's camp."

"Well?"

"He came, all right. Got as far as Quevez. But the plot looked so good to Gilman that he sold the story for a tidy sum to Diaz. The President sent a guard to Quevez to nab Luis the minute he should clap foot on shore, an' smuggle him up here, an' put him out of the way, nice an' quiet."

"But why should Diaz have mistaken me for Luis? I still don't see any more light in the middle than I did."

"That's because I'm not through yet. One of Ryano's agents at the coast gets wind of what's doin'. He sends Luis a wireless note to land, but to go to Brazil an' wait. Luis stays in his cabin all the time the ship's off Quevez. But he kindly fixes it up with his agent, that one of Diaz's spies, who is in the republic's coast department, shall loore you ashore instead; him havin' seen Luis in France an' bein' about the only person in all Marvana who could identify him. An' he done his work well. You was caught as pretty as—"

"And I was brought here to the capital under the belief that I was Luis, the king? Diaz thought that? Ryano thinks it?"

"Everybody up here thinks it. Gilman sent word to Ryano that Luis was pinched. Ryano was too far away to try a gen'ral rescue. But a skirmish-party of his attacked our escort, you remember, an'—"

"But why should Luis have picked me out for the victim? I didn't even know him, or know he was on board."

"Oh yes, you did, bo! That's

where the joke comes in. Luis was travelin' under the name of 'Ramirez.'"

"What?"

"That's right. I take it, his choice of you for a soon-to-be-dead king was a merry way of squarin' his account with you. I warned you he meant trouble."

"Oh, it's all incredible! The—"

Roy recalled Helen's contemptuous hints as to Ramirez' "secret." Little by little the preposterous situation became clearer to his dulled senses.



"An' you never suspected? Not even when I let on that I was MacTavish? D'ye mean to say you don't remember MacTavish, that ugly-faced Scotch secretary of Ramirez'?"

"But why on earth should you—?"

"To account for my bein' here, an' to buck up your chances."

"My chances? For what, you idiot?"

"Why, to be king, of course. Tain't every man I'd make a king, I can tell you."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Look here," answered Bart aggrievedly, "didn't you tell me you was broke; an' comin' to South America to look for a job? Well, I've found you one. A nice, fat job, as king of Marvana. You oughter be thankin' me, instead of grouchin'. It's a swell p'sition, an'—"

"But—"

"I've got an idee 'bout that letter you thought was from Miss Ridge. Ramirez' got the girl's mother so tame an' scared, that she dassent say her soul's her own. It's twenty to one he made the mother write it an' sign Miss Ridge's name. A smooth bit of work it was, too. Oh, he's got brains!"

"Never mind that part of it, now," said Roy. "The point is, your idiocy has confirmed these people in the belief that I'm their king. We must undo that at once."

"Not me. I've helped make you

king. An', in squareness, you can't do less'n give me a snug berth in the treasury or somewhere. Think I'm going to throw away a big chance like that?"

"You miserable crook! And you think I'll lend myself to a dirty trick like that? I—"

"Now, what's the use makin' toad-pole of a cinch?" wheedled Bart. "An', anyhow, the job mayn't last long. This rev'lootin' ain't a success yet. Tonight's stunt is only one trick in the game. Ryano's won the city, for the minute. But Diaz an' the government is streakin' out for the army. An' that same army, with Diaz at its head, will come hot-footin' back to Colombo in no time, an' try to drive us out. An—"

"Drive us out?"

"Yes, your maj'sty."

"I'll break your confounded head if you use that silly title to me again! Call Ryano."

"Why?"

"I must tell him the whole story at once. We've wasted too much time already."

"Oh say, Roy!" implored Bart, almost in tears. "Stop to think, man! It's the chance of a lifetime. There ain't one man in a million that gets such a show. Play the cards as they lay. Don't queer it all! You're dippy, to throw away such luck as that. Think what you're doin':—givin' up a real 14-carat gold crown an' a nice big throne, just to—"

"Just to keep my self-respect and my honesty? I don't ask you to understand such a move. But it's the only thing for a white man to do. And I'm—"

"Pardon, your majesty," said Ryano from the doorway. "May I interrupt? I trust your majesty has recovered. My business is of import, or I should not intrude."

In his hand he held a sheaf of papers.

"These await your signature, sire," said he. "They are the death-warrants."

"The— the— what?" stammered Roy, in horror.

"The death-warrants. We captured, in the fight, and the later pursuit, seven of Diaz's ministers. His wife, too. She is more of a menace to Marvana, with her evil advice, than Diaz himself. A rare catch! Of course, I could have had the whole eight shot against the palace wall. But it seemed to me wiser for you to begin your reign in due order and with full regard to legal customs. So I have made out regular death-warrants for each of the eight. I have brought them to your majesty for signature."

CHAPTER XI

WALSHE stared open mouthed. "You will shoot captured soldiers—and non-combatant cabinet

ministers? And—and a woman?"
"They are foes to the king," Ryano made answer. "Were we captured Diaz would grant us no lesser fate. Why, but for our timely arrival to behold, your majesty would even now be—"

"Tell me," interrupted Walshe, "if I had not chanced to be here what would you have done with the prisoners?"

"Done with them, sire? I should have had them shot, of course."

"The woman, too?"

"She, most of all. It was she who urged on Diaz the need of hanging Doro and Nunez and Sforza. He might have spared them but for her. She has brought countless sorrows to this land. She must die."
"She must not!"

Roy scarcely recognized his own voice in the fierce order.

"Sire—"

"I say that a woman and harmless non-combatants shall not be murdered by you in cold blood. No, nor brave soldiers, whose only crime is that they chanced to fight on the losing side. That is not war. It is hideous butchery."

He snatched the warrants from Ryano's hand and tore them across.

"As—as your majesty commands!" growled Ryano, sulkily. "But if so old and faithful a servant may suggest, this untimely clemency will have ill effect upon the most faithful of your subjects."

"I will not permit it!" reiterated Roy, a red-hot rage shaking him from head to foot.

Ryano bowed, and continued:

"In your majesty's haste to destroy these warrants, you have also destroyed the new tax schedule I had prepared."

"Tax schedule?"

"Surely your majesty cannot have forgotten. I wrote to you of it in Paris, and it met with your hearty approval. The plan to punish Marvanna for its republicanism and to fill our depleted war-chest by increasing all taxes twenty-five per cent."

"Twenty-five per cent?" gasped Walshe. "You mean to say that, when the people of this land are already weakened and impoverished by war, you would crush them to earth under a tax like that?"

"I—I scarce understand these changes in your majesty," muttered Ryano. "The letters you wrote me from Paris spoke with joy of the prospect of executing as many of your enemies and your father's as might fall into our hands. Also of the need of wringing from the people the money penalty for their adherence to Diaz. Now it seems your majesty wishes to spare those worthless, dangerous lives, and to let the people live on in comfort instead of making them pay for having served the republic. It is a sudden change. With all respect, I wish I had ordered the executions without consulting your majesty. May I once more entreat you to rescind your—?"

"No, you may not!" shouted Roy,

righteous fury still possessing him to the exclusion of every other thought. "Those people shall not die! And the poor shan't be ground down by new and unjust taxes."

Ryano, restraining his chagrin with difficulty, changed the subject. "Your secretary, sire," said he, "spoke of an address of thanks your majesty would deliver to your faithful troops. The officers are waiting below. By your leave, I will have them mass the men in the courtyard and the plaza. If you are



graciously inclined to speak to them from the balcony, the courtesy will mean much to them, I know."

He bowed again and was gone before Roy could answer.

"Well, friend king," drawled Bart, "while I don't savvy any Spanish, yet it didn't look nor sound to me quite like you was renouncin' the crown an' the fixin's. You r'ared an' snorted like that actor chap I saw once in Richard the Something-or-Other."

"He—the beast wanted to have a woman shot to death!" stormed Roy.

"Well," said Bart, with exasperating insolence, "I don't see what affair that was of yours. You say you ain't runnin' this show, and you refuse pointblank to play the alloorin' rôle of king."

"I couldn't allow a woman to be killed, and I couldn't allow—"

"Did you tell him all that?"

"Yes. I—"

"After a crack like that, you'll have a sweet time convincin' him you ain't the long-lost Luis. Can't you see you've bound yourself to the job whether you like it or not?"

"No, I can't. I only—"

"You only gave orders to the man who's bossin' this rev'lotion. You tore up his papers an' you called him down like he was a Pullman porter."

"What else could I do? He wanted to kill a—"

"An' after all that," pursued

Bart, "I s'pose you'll go to him an' say, 'Mr. Ryano, I ain't really a king. Not even a duce spot. An', so far as I'm concerned, you can go on with your murder program.'"

"No!"

"No? Then what?"

"I don't know," groaned Walshe. "Lord! Was there ever any man in such a mixup? If I accept my part in this sorry farce I am a hypocrite—an impostor. If I make them believe the truth, the woman and the rest will be put to death. And the poor peons will be—"

"Look here," said Bart, "it's got to be one thing or the other. Are you goin' to let those people be killed?"

"No."

"Then, the only way you can stop it is by bein' king. If you think your measly 'self-respect' is worth the slaughter of a bunch of helpless people, why, go ahead an' be self-respectin'. If not, play the game like a man."

"But at best it is only a makeshift. In time the imposture must be found out. And then—"

"Tomorrow never yet came till tomorrow," declared Bart, "an' sometimes not even then—in South America. Time enough to look out for the future when the future hits you. Tonight you're a king. An' the crowd outside is cheerin' you."

A salvo of hurrahs burst from the courtyard and the plaza.

Roy squared his shoulders and drew a deep breath.

"Yes," he answered, "I am king! And I'll be such a king as this benighted, graft-driven, barbarous country never dreamed of."

He strode through one of the long windows and out on the balcony. At sight of him the uproar below increased a thousand-fold.

The air shook with roars of "El Rey! Viva el Rey!"

The vast courtyard and the plaza beyond were once more brilliantly lighted. Platoon after platoon of soldiers, horse and foot, were drawn up in review, their officers in front of the lines.

At the plaza's edges and in the neighboring streets thousands of civilians, both men and women, were thronging.

Roy could see at a glance that the townsfolk were terribly nervous. Their dark faces were haggard with apprehension. When he recalled the plan for increased taxation, he was not surprised. The cheering died down. In tense silence the populace and soldiery awaited his speech.

"My friends," began Roy, his strong, clear voice ringing out over the stillness, "this night the old monarchy of Marvanna is restored—restored through the fearless zeal of my troops and the prowess of their gallant leader."

A fresh burst of cheering broke in on him.

Cries of "Viva Ryano!" mingled with the shouts for "El Rey!"

(Continued on page 76)

The Reckless Lover

(Continued from
page 75)

"My true friends have won for me this kingdom," went on Roy, "and by their valor, more than by any merit of my own, we must hold what they have won. It was for them to place me upon the throne; it is for me to prove my right to sit there. And that right I shall prove! To my soldiers I can only promise the same loyalty and zeal that they have accorded to me. Prompt pay, fair chance of promotion, and full justice."

A new roar of applause from the army.

"But it is chiefly to you, my people, who are civilians, that I speak," Roy went on. "To you I promise, as long as I shall reign over you, the love and care that a father owes to his children. You are unjustly oppressed? Justice and mercy shall be meted out to you. Nor shall anyone suffer for his loyalty to the republic which we have just overthrown. You are burdened by cruelly heavy taxes? Taxes shall be readjusted so that their weight shall fall proportionately and lightly on all. For if I cannot support my kingdom without proving myself a curse to my people, then I shall starve sooner than to wring one centavo from you by cruel overtaxation. This I pledge, and my pledge I shall keep."

From the close-packed mass of people beyond the soldiery arose such a yell of enthusiasm as Marvana never had before heard. It was a sound to go to any orator's head. It went also to Roy's heart. He bowed, and stepped back into the throne room.

CHAPTER XII

"YES," Bart was saying confidentially to Ryano, "when me an' him was to Paris, he was the main squeeze there. Why time an' again, those Frenchies sent a delegation askin' him to take on the job of King of France. An' every time he just shakes his head an' says: 'Nix on the French King business! Me for little old Marvana.' Why he—"

Roy waited to hear no more, but turned back from the ante-room door into his private study. Two weeks had passed since he had declared himself king of Marvana. And he felt fourteen years older.

The fortnight had given him scant time, however, for brooding over his queer predicament. It had been a period of such rushing hard work as he never had before imagined.

"What I don't know about ruling would fill a Carnegie Library. But there is one thing I *have* got, and that is common sense. Also, I like to flatter myself on having a heart. And those two things have got to serve me now," he announced to Bart.

Whereat, he had emptied the debtor's prison, deflected a goodly sum of the public funds to the improvement of the hospitals, relieved poverty in the Colombo slums in a way that would have horrified a practical philanthropist, and had the public advocate draw up a "downward revision" of taxes that made Ryano groan.

Wherever he appeared on the streets the people cheered him ecstatically, calling him "Padre" and "Liberador." By insisting that the little army receive at least a portion of its back pay, he also won the hearts of that aggregation of chocolate-colored blackguards. Altogether—except among the politicians—he was winning golden laurels.

News came daily from the ousted republican government. Diaz had fled to his army, had rallied and mobilized it, and was reported already on the march toward Colombo.

Ryano was strengthening the capital and the outposts as best he could. Volunteers, lured by the marvelous tidings that the new king was paying real money to his troops, were flocking daily to the camps around Colombo to join his army.



In matters of martial detail, Roy, aware of his own woeful ignorance, left all to Ryano. But daily he made the rounds of the camps; clad in a startling uniform, and followed by a jingly glittering staff.

Today, having signed orders until his hand was stiff, he was preparing to start on his regular inspection of the outworks when, from the ante-room, he overheard Bart's glowingly Ananias-like account of his supposed glories in Paris.

The desire to laugh battled in Roy's mind with a disgust at the

man's impudent lies. Buckling on his showy sword-belt with the help of an obsequious valet, he strode out into the ante-room.

Besides Hall and Ryano, a half-dozen staff officers were lounging there. At sight of Walshe, they sprang quickly to their feet, and saluted.

Roy returned the salute, and was about to pass on down the stairway to the courtyard, where the horses awaited, when Ryano checked him.

"Pardon, sire," said the general, "but may I suggest that you omit your camp tour today?"

"Why?"

"Scouts report that Diaz's vanguard has made a forced night march and is within ten miles of our outposts."

"Well?"

"There they will probably await the main body. But they will doubtless send out skirmishers and scouting parties of cavalry. And it is always possible that these may at any time come upon our farther camps. In which case—"

"In which case," finished Roy, "there will be a clash."

"Unquestionably. And your majesty might be in peril from a stray bullet, or—"

"In more peril than any of the rest of you?"

"No sire, but—"

"And are you going to hide in safety in the palace, while fighting goes on around the camps?"

"Sire!"

Ryano was white with rage at the suggestion.

"There, old friend!" answered Roy, laying his hand on the general's lean shoulder. "If you are going to brave the dangers of war for my sake, do you expect me to stay in safety?"

"But your majesty's precious life—"

"Is as precious as I am able to make it useful to my people. And I am not going to stay here in comfort while better men risk their lives for me. Forward, caballeros!"

A shout of applause broke upon his words. Down the stairway he ran, his spurred heels ringing on the white marble. Ryano and the staff clattered along in his wake.

As they mounted, Hall whispered: "Call me to come alongside, on the ride out, bo. I got somethin' to spring."

When the cavalcade had passed the city gates, Roy turned in his saddle and beckoned to his "secretary."

Hall, to whom horseback riding was an awesome feat, managed with difficulty to bring his mount up to Walshe's and to rein in at Roy's side.

"Well, Mr. Sire," he began, "there's things doin'. 'Member me tellin' you about Gilman? Well, I'm

complimentin' him a whole lot when I tell you he's a yeller dog."

"Yes?"

"Yes. An' then yes, once more. Of course, he was wise to me not bein' a Scotch secretary; but he thought at first you was the real Luis, all right, an' that I'd palmed myself off on you as MacTavish. He s'posed I was workin' you for an easy mark. He never s'picioned you an' me was pals. So he talks free to me. It seems he's opened up c'munication again with the Diaz crowd."

"What?"

"That's right. He found out you was sore on graft, an' he knew that there was no chance for his fine talents here. So he's tryin' to get next to the other side. He's done it, too."

"What has he told you?"

"A lot of things. Here's one of them: It seems Ramirez went on to Bahia. There he found that there's been a rev'lootion here; that Diaz was kicked out, an' that Luis Fift' was king. I guess that must 'a' shook up friend Ramirez considerable. It must jar a man to read in the papers that he's a king when he—"

"But how did Gilman learn this?"

"Ramirez hunted up an old chum in Bahia that had known him in Paris—the Marvanian Consul to Bahia. Used to be an attaché to the Marvanian legation at Paris. This chap recognizes Ramirez, of course. An' Ramirez sends him over the mountains to Diaz to put the president wise."

"Wise to what?"

"That the real Luis is in Bahia, willin' to come to some nice money settlement with Diaz an' chase back to Paris. An' that some 'ringer' is holdin' down the throne in Colombo. Also (puttin' two an' two together, an' rememberin' the trick he's played on you), Ramirez tells just who that same ringer is. Namely, you. What use Diaz is going to make of all that, Gilman don't know yet. Funny, ain't it?"

"Yes, as merry as a morgue. But I don't see that Diaz can make any immediate use of the information. Suppose he sends word here that the real king is in Bahia, and that I'm an impostor? What then? Who will believe him?"

"It must be easy to get plenty of proof if they try."

"Yes, in the course of time. Not for the next week or so."

"Ain't you worryin' more'n a week ahead?"

"No. It can't last, and I'm glad it can't. Being a king means more work than running an ice-factory single-handed. Besides, I am an impostor."

"I thought we'd threshed all that out an' decided—"

"We did, for the moment. But if you think I'd keep up the fraud indefinitely, even if I could, you're mistaken. I've been trying to do what little good I can here in the bit of time allowed me. I have cleaned

the slums, I've built up the hospital service, I've set the hopeless debtors free. I've started plans for a healthier, happier, more decent city. Even if I fail now, the start has been made. A better man can take up the work where I drop it."

"H-m! An' I s'pose you think you'll be let go away, peaceful, when the time comes? Friend, when they get onto you, it'll be a blank wall an' a file of soldiers for yours. Why not bluff it out to the end? Maybe you'll get away with it."

"A blank wall and a file of soldiers?" muttered Walshe to himself. "Perhaps not. There will be battles before then. A stray shot—"

They had reached the first camp. Between it and the second camp stretched a mile or more of jungle.

"It is the sort of ambush a daring squadron of light horse might choose," the general remarked as they started, "if they wanted to make a dash for your majesty or for me. The jungle runs back for miles, straight toward Diaz's camp. There are few paths through it. A large body of men could not deploy there, of course. But, led by a guide who knew the way, a troop on horse might—"

The sound of a rifle-shot, almost stifled by the dense foliage, reached them from somewhere in the jungle. They were cantering along the wide military road at the wood's edge at the time.

Ryano shouted "Halt!" The cavalcade reined in.

"There is trouble," he said to Walshe. "Some of our vedettes, or the regular sentries, have come upon a skirmish party and are being driven back. Let us return to camp, sire!"

The shots, so muffled by the foliage as to make their distance impossible to gauge, had ceased. Now, as Ryano spoke, the thick curtain of green at a bend in the road, perhaps three hundred yards ahead of them, was broken as if by a hurricane.



Through the rents in the foliage a score of mounted men dashed into the road. More followed at their heels and still more.

At first sight of the enemy, Roy's escort had drawn up into close formation across the road, and Ryano, seizing Walshe by the sleeve, had yelled:

"Back, your majesty! We will hold the way until you are safe."

Roy threw off the detaining arm. He flashed out his sword and shouted:

"Charge!"

He struck spurs into his horse. The spirited mount sprang forward. Alone, far ahead of his men, Roy Walshe was charging down upon the fast advancing enemy.

Ryano recovered instantly from his scandalized amazement at sight of the king leading a petty charge in person. He bellowed an order to his men. The whole squadron hurled itself forward in Roy's wake.

Fast as his escort rode, Roy reached the oncoming foe a full length in front of them.

Into the dust cloud he plunged. Something glittered before his eyes. A sword blade, narrowly missing his head, whizzed past so close he could feel the wind from it.

The din and confusion had increased tenfold. Everywhere the clang of swords, the cracking of pistols and the thud of horses' hoofs mingled with the screams and shouts of the fighters.

Sparks danced before his eyes. And his head seemed almost to burst as a crashing blow descended on his gilt helmet crest. He wheeled in the saddle drunkenly and aimed a mad thrust in the direction whence the blow came.

He felt a jarring impact from the other side as a second cut was made for his skull.

Bareheaded, stifling, almost blinded by dust, he fought his way onward, cleaving the eddying mass that everywhere surged about him.

Just then a man dashed up from the left. Roy whirled his saber upward and wheeled his horse to face the newcomer.

Then he saw it was Ryano.

"Sire!" panted the general, "you are safe? Oh!"

"Charge!" yelled Roy as others of his squadron crowded up.

"Your Majesty," expostulated Ryano, with an effort keeping his face straight, "there are none left for us to charge. The enemy are beaten off. They are in full flight through the jungle. Thanks to your heroism."

"Good Lord!" groaned Walshe to himself, "I'm not only a king but a hero. What next?"

CHAPTER XIII

"YOUR MAJESTY," Ryano was exclaiming, "it was magnificent! No king in all Marvana's history has done so grandly reckless an act. The army will worship you for this! But (Continued on page 78)

The Reckless Lover

(Continued from
page 77)

—if you had fallen!— Sire," he broke off in horror, "you have been wounded?"

Roy raised one hand to his bare, dizzy head. The blow that had carried away his helmet had also grazed his brow. The scratch was slight. But it served to awaken in Ryano a fever of apprehension.

The whole party rode back to the city. News of the cavalry rush and of Roy's part in it had preceded them. Walshe was hailed by troops and populace as the "Soldier King." He had much ado to keep the people from lifting him from the saddle and bearing him to the palace on their shoulders.

"I told you he could scrap," said Bart Hall to Ryano as they rode into the courtyard. "Why, once when him an' me was to Paris, there was a turrible battle, an' he—"

"MacTavish!" called Roy sharply. Bart, grumbling at the interruption, obeyed the summons.

"Listen, young man," said Roy when he and his secretary were alone together in the study, "if I need a press-agent I'll hire one. You'll ruin everything with these crazy stories of yours. What's this?" He picked up a paper from the study table.

"Oh, I put that there," replied Hall. "The major-domo gave it to me as your secret'ry. A dame wants to see you right off, he says, on fearful important business. It come just before we started on our ride. I thought it could wait. The major-domo must 'a' been tipped pretty liberal to be in such a hurry."

Roy glanced again at the memorandum slip.

"I don't like the idea of keeping a lady waiting," he muttered. "Craves a special audience, eh? And no name?"

"Maybe," suggested Bart, "it's Diaz's wife. You turned her loose. P'raps she's here with a comeback."

"Whoever it is," answered Roy, "I've kept her cooling her heels in one of the reception rooms for two hours or more. Have her brought here to my study. And tell the major-domo to apologize for the delay. I don't know what the royal procedure is in such cases. But I'll see her anyhow."

Hall departed on his errand. A few minutes later he opened the

study door, ushered in a veiled woman and then vanished with suspicious quickness, closing the door behind him.

Roy looked up with a frown at his secretary's odd behavior. Then, as his visitor came forward into the area of lamplight from his study table, he gave a cry of surprise.

The woman, catching full sight of him, halted, as amazed as he. She raised her veil and thus, for half a minute, they stared at each other in mute astonishment.

Walshe was first to speak. "Helen! Miss Ridge!" he exclaimed. "Here, of all places! And it was *you* I kept waiting while—"

"Roy Walshe!" she broke in at the same time. "What are you doing here? I was told the king would see me. And—"

"And you found *me*?" "But where is—Señor Ramirez? It was he I came to find. You see, I—"

"Ramirez? What do you mean? He is not here."

"But," urged the girl, "he must be. He is king—"

"You are mistaken," Roy corrected her gravely. "I am king."

"You? King of what?" "Of impostors. And, temporarily, of Marvana."

"I don't understand. When you disappeared at Quevez and left no word of good-by for me—and we'd been such good friends, too!—I thought perhaps you had met with some accident. I asked Señor Ramirez to make inquiries. He did. He found you had received a cable at Quevez calling you home to Boston by the first ship."

"He told you that?" cried Walshe.

"Yes. And now I find you here—as king. Unless it's a joke," she added doubtfully.

"If it's a joke, it's on me. My own story can wait. Tell me how you happen to be here, won't you?"

"We went on to Bahia. There Señor Ramirez told us there had been a revolution and the republic of Marvana was overthrown. Then, a day later, after he had conferred with some friends, he left Bahia, taking my mother with him. I was left at the hotel, under care of the Marvanian Consul's wife. He said they would send for me the moment they reached Colombo."

"The fool!" thought Roy. "He went straight to Diaz. He must have counted on the republic's army capturing Colombo in short order. I suppose he was ashamed to tell her he had been forestalled as king."

"Then," went on the girl, "two days later, I read in the Bahia papers a dispatch about the enthusiasm that greeted some political reform of King Luis Fifth (Signor Ramirez is 'Luis Fifth.' You must know that by now). When I read the dispatch I knew he and my mother had reached Colombo safely. I wondered that they didn't telegraph me to come. Then I remembered that the enemy would probably have cut the wires, and I supposed the telegram had gone astray. So I came on. I got here this noon."

"And I've kept you waiting all this time! I'm so ashamed!"

"It isn't you, but my stepfather who has kept me waiting. I still don't understand where he is or why you are here."

"I can answer both questions, I think. He is at Diaz's camp, where he is to get heavy money indemnity for giving up his claim to the throne and for making common cause with Diaz against Ryano and the usurper."

"The usurper?"

"My unworthy self. Listen."

Briefly, yet glossing over no detail of her stepfather's trick or his own enforced duplicity, he told the wondering girl his story.

"The note," she demanded as he finished. "The note, signed with my name, luring you ashore at Quevez. Where is it?"

Roy hesitated. He remembered Hall's shrewd guess that Helen's own mother had been forced by Ramirez to write the decoy letter. He dared not bring upon the girl the sorrow and shame he knew such discovery must mean.

"I—I lost it," said he confusedly. She looked at him with a peculiarly searching gaze for a moment. Roy had an odd feeling that she was reading his innermost thoughts and he felt thoroughly uncomfortable. At length she said in a broken undertone:

"I think I understand. I'm afraid I do. It was good of you to lie about it, Roy. Now tell me, what do you mean to do?"

MONEY TO BURN!

He had an imported car and unlimited spending money. He was the most sought after man on the campus. Until— Don't miss this thrilling novel of college life in the August issue of THE ILLUSTRATED LOVE MAGAZINE on sale in Woolworth Stores, July 15.

"I mean to play the game as long as I have a card left."

"Is that honest?"

"What else is there to do?"

"The right thing."

"I don't understand you."

"You were compelled to assume this crazy rôle of king, as I understand it, in order to save innocent people—notably a woman—from death. Perhaps such an imposture was justified. I think it was. But to keep up the living falsehood, day after day, after the need for it was over—to live a lie—is that justified?"

"But what else can I do? I'm so far into it now—"

"No one is ever so far into the wrong road that he can't turn back easier than go forward."

"You'd have me tell—?"

"I would have you do what the clean, strong American gentleman I believe you to be should do."

"I suppose you know—what that course means?"

"Humiliation. Perhaps harsh treatment. But it is honest."

"I'll do it," he said briefly.

"Roy!"

"I'll do it," he repeated dully. "Just as I'd lay down my life blithely because you ask it."

"Not for my sake. For the sake of right. For the sake of honor—"

"For you. Don't ask me to look for any higher motive. For there isn't any higher."

"It is not I—it is your real self—the self I know—that makes you consent to do this."

"The real self," he replied, "is too fond of excitement and a good time to throw this one chance and go out to poverty and loneliness."

"Loneliness?"

"The whole world, where you are not, must always be lonely to me. Can't you see that?"

She had turned away from him. Now she spoke, but so low that he scarce could hear.

"You needn't go—alone," she breathed, "unless you care to."

"Helen!"

"You needn't go alone, Roy," she repeated, turning to face him.

The man caught his breath in awed rapture at the light that transfigured her great eyes as she looked up at him.

"Helen!" he babbled dizzily.

"You do want me, don't you?" she continued in that same half-whisper.

"Want you?" he whispered hoarsely. "Want you? It's all I want. It's all I'll ever want till they throw the three handfuls of earth on me. You know that. Oh, sweetheart, I—"

"Would it have been any affair of mine, to tell you what you ought to do, if you didn't mean everything to me, Roy? And would I point out such a road to you, unless I was willing—yes, unless I was yearning—to tread that road with you, lover of mine?"

He sprang toward her, his face alight, his arms outstretched. Midway he checked himself. His arms

fell to his sides; his face fell.

For he remembered all at once that a man in his position could not hope for escape when exposure should come. Bart Hall's gruesome words about "a blank wall and a file of soldiers" recurred to him.

What right had he to claim this glorious girl's proffered love—who he stood already in the Valley of the Shadow.

Slowly he came to her side, dropped to his knee and reverently kissed one of her hands. Then he rose and pressed a bell on his study table. An equerry entered instantly.

"If General Ryano has not left the palace," commanded Roy, "send him to me at once."

"There," he said, with false lightness as the servant withdrew, "the king from Boston has given his last order as the king of Marvana."



CHAPTER XIV

HELEN was facing him again. With love's quick intuition, she divined something was seriously amiss. Perhaps, too, she was puzzled at the quick cessation of ardor in his love-making.

"You are nervous as to how General Ryano will take it?" she asked.

"No," said Roy gently. "There is no doubt at all in my mind. Listen to me, Helen. I love you with all there is in me, with all that is good, with all that is worthless, with the very soul of me. And I would do anything on earth to save you from grief. But—here, in South America, in wartime—human life is held cheap. You must brace yourself to bear anything that may come. And you must not reproach yourself for your advice to me. For you've shown me the only straight road. And I take that road through my own choice."

The girl leaned forward in sudden fear.

"What do you mean?" she cried in quick alarm.

"General Ryano," announced the equerry.

The general swung into the room, saluted and glanced with veiled curiosity toward Helen.

"Miss Ridge," said Roy carelessly, "may I have the honor of presenting General Ryano, commander-in-chief of the Marvanian army?"

The general acknowledged the presentation with a low bow.

"You will remember Señor Rami-

rez," he said to General Ryano, "as all Marvana remembers him—the son of Dom Tasili. Right now he should be known as 'King Luis V.' Miss Ridge is the stepdaughter of Señor Ramirez, who is at present domiciled at the Diaz camp. It may interest you to know, General Ryano, that I have been impersonating Señor Ramirez to no little degree of late!"

General Ryano possessed a poker face which could refrain from altering a line even under weight of the astounding news that for a long time he had been offering obeisance to the wrong king. His features showed not an inkling of surprise.

"Women are at the bottom of many acts of men," went on Roy, feeling it best to continue his explanation while the situation remained in his command. "A woman was at the bottom of my act of impersonation, or fraud, or whatever you may wish to call it. And now a woman is at the bottom of my renunciation of my false kingship. It is Miss Ridge—stepdaughter of King Luis V—who alters my course of action. Because of her, I shall no longer remain the impostor that I have been. My name, General Ryano, is—"

"I can supply it for you," interrupted General Ryano with a bow. "Your name is *El Señor Roy Walshe*."

Roy's jaw fell away in astonishment. For a moment he did not know what to make of it.

"MacTavish—no—Bart—told you?" he asked with feigned calmness.

"I did not have to wait for second-hand information," said Ryano cryptically. "My first glance at you informed me that you were not Luis. You see—I had met Luis several times and spoken to him when I was in Paris. That was about four years ago—and my memory for persons and faces is very good. In appearance you and Luis are entirely different. You are several inches taller."

"I am at a loss to understand!" interrupted Roy, unwilling to lose the upper hand for even a moment. He was in somewhat of a fix and could not know how matters would turn out. He must put the general in a light equally ungratifying. "It appears to me that you, then, have been a silent conspirator of mine. We are both impostors!"

"Impostor!" Ryano repeated. "If the value of impostors can be measured by what you have done for Marvana, Señor Walshe, then I could only wish to remain an impostor myself for the remainder of my days. My own conduct, however, can be well explained. My actions sprang from a patriotism such as no Marvanian has ever dared to exhibit. I have an interesting story to tell you. Are you prepared to listen?"

"Glad to!" declared Roy warmly.

"I knew at first sight of you," began General Ryano, "that the wrong

(Continued on page 80)

The Reckless Lover (Continued from page 79)

man had been kidnapped. An exchange of telegrams with Bahia informed me who the missing passenger was at the time the ship left Quevez. That is how I found out your name."

"Still you kept up the fraud of recognizing me as king!" cut in Roy impatiently. "At first sight you knew that I was not King Luis—and yet that night you captured Colombo and discovered me in the throne-room, you at once greeted me as your king—and continued to do so in spite of the fact that you'd never been fooled for a moment. How can you explain?"

General Ryano smiled wanly.

"You are impatient," he said. "I shall explain all, from beginning to end—very briefly. Stop to think over my part in the events of that day! It was I who had started the revolt. It was I who had rallied my patriotic countrymen and led them through peril to capture Colombo. They believed me when I told them that Diaz had captured their true king and had brought him here to shoot him. They believed it and so did I! All that fired my men with the spirit of sacrifice was the knowledge that they were going to save their king. Overcoming the greatest odds, we captured Colombo and won the palace. And whom did we find here? You!"

"You—*El Señor Roy Walshe*—a total stranger!" continued Ryano with a forlorn gesture. "I knew, of course, that Diaz had made a mistake and had kidnapped the wrong man. But could I turn to my brave men and tell them that their whole venture and sacrifice had been in vain? I ask of you—could I have told them that and at the same time retain my usefulness to Marvana after becoming its butt of ridicule?"

The general seemed to be waiting for an answer. Roy smiled.

"I am beginning to understand," he said simply.

"I knew you would!" cried Ryano with renewed vigor. "But how could I keep you from betraying my fraud? That was the burning question. It was decided the moment you ordered us to leave the room. I knew that I had to get you to commit yourself to the situation. I knew that you would do so, if you saw that in so doing you could accomplish a good and noble purpose. And so I *invented* Señora Diaz! I was well aware that you would not let a woman go to her death. Grabbing up some blank warrants, I invented some names and—and you remember the rest! You committed yourself. The story of heavy increase in taxes was just an added frill. After committing yourself, you acquitted yourself nobly. And yet, being so keen a student of human nature, I knew that sooner or later you would throw the whole

thing over, confess the fraud and throw us all into upheaval again."

General Ryano's shoulders drooped again.

"All your good work would be undone then," he continued, seemingly talking to the floor. "Your beneficent reign at an end, and once again hardships and bloodshed to stare our people in the face. The Marvianians have loved you, señor." The general raised his pleading eyes to Roy. "You have given them peace, lightened their burdens, reduced their taxes and hardships, made their lives worth living! You have controlled affairs as they have never been controlled—and as they will never be controlled if you forsake us! Señor! I beg of you—do not forsake us!"

Astounded at this sudden turn, Roy floundered for words. He stared helplessly at Helen. Then he turned and looked at Ryano.

"General Ryano," he declared emphatically, "I can no longer keep up this farce. If I have accomplished good, it rests on a basis of fraud. On such a foundation no good can be permanent. If your Marvianians should ever discover the trick that has been played on them, they would never forgive us, no matter how much good may have come out of it. You say that you have been expecting me to kick over the traces. If that is true, and I do not doubt your word, then surely you have thought of some plan for continuing the good work that we have done—to continue it without me. Haven't you?"

"Without you?" repeated the patriot. "Yes, I have tried to devise a plan. But always I could think of nothing better than to prevail upon you to remain with us. And that is what I am begging you—now—do not desert us!"

"No!" interrupted Roy. "I shall not desert you, but neither shall I remain here as king. An idea has

come to me, General Ryano. Listen to me. I am leaving. Before departing I appoint you viceroy. Tell the people that their king has gone to win the sympathies of the American Government. Tell them that he will remain away for quite a long time. Meanwhile you will rule here and the people will not notice the change at all, for you will run everything exactly as things have been running. The people will get used to you and to your rule. And then—after they have for a long time grown accustomed to you, I may return here at some date in the future to tell your people with my own lips that I had perpetrated a great fraud on them. When they hear my confession, they will listen to it with sympathy and understanding."

"Señor!" interrupted Ryano, his eyes gleaming. "I believe that you have hit upon—"

"Hear me out," broke in Roy enthusiastically. "Perhaps, on my return, I really can bring with me the good-will of influential people in America. If I can interest Americans in making investments here for the improvement of conditions in Marvana, your people will be overjoyed."

General Ryano leaped to his feet and placed his hands on Roy's shoulders. His eyes were wet.

"You are the savior of Marvana," he declared, his voice choking with emotion. "And now—I see that you are not only determined in your resolution, but that you could never be happy if you didn't carry it out. I shall help you. Señora Ryano will accompany you to Bahia—you and Miss Ridge. There a steamer will pick you up on its way to New York. Let me shake your hand, señor—you are such a man that it is an honor to shake your hand!"

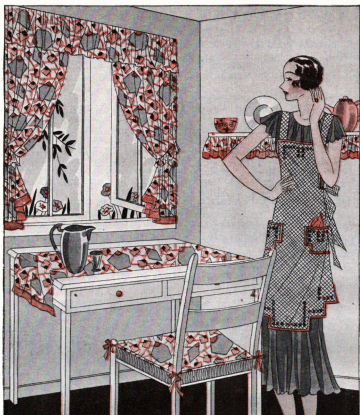
"Tut!" declared Roy, smiling. "There need be none of this between us. I am proud to have known you—and I shall be proud to recall you as a friend. There is one thing you can do for me. I am about to accomplish my highest ambition. I want you to bring the missionary here; he is somewhere in town. If you do that for me, then Señora Ryano will not have to take the tiresome journey to Bahia, merely to chaperone Miss Ridge and me. Will you—?"

Helen Ridge blushed crimson.

"We kings have a way of being very autocratic, my dear," Roy said to her with mock seriousness. "Perhaps you have heard—royal marriages are most frequently arranged by kings, and the principals very often have little to say in the matter. My last act as king of Marvana is to be carried out along autocratic principles. But it is only fair for me to tell you, Helen, that your future husband is so poor that he

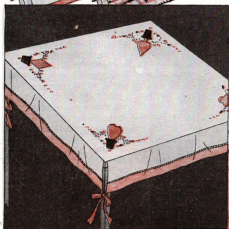
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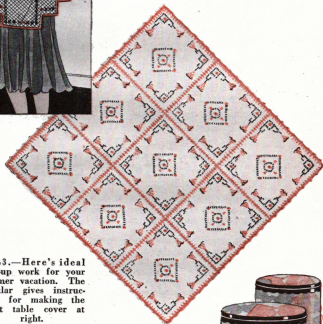


AG38.—Practical curtains, table runners and chair cover for the kitchen are made from waterproof chintz with the aid of this circular. Directions for making the gingham apron with cross-stitch embroidery shown above are given in circular AG39.

AG40.—Even the humdrum dishtowel assumes distinction when it is finished with an embroidered end. The circular gives four designs including those shown below.



AG43.—Here's ideal pick-up work for your summer vacation. The circular gives instructions for making the smart table cover at right.



AG42.—From one yard of figured oilcloth and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain you can make covers for your canisters, cook book and budget book. Circular gives full directions.



AG41.—For bridge and other card games washable table covers are essential. The circular gives directions for making the cover at the left and two others.

Things You Can Make for Your Home

Leisure hours of your vacation may be spent to advantage making the inexpensive articles shown on this page with the aid of our New Method Circulars.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.

The Reckless Lover

(Continued from page 80)

will have to borrow the fare home from General Ryano. Do you think that you could possibly put up with the thousand and one little hardships that poverty inflicts—on—?”

“I bow to your authority,” declared Helen Ridge, rising and describing a curtsy. “With your majesty poverty will be Heaven. I shall be happy to put up with—anything, so long as I have you!”

“If you will excuse me,” General Ryano said, “I shall leave you in an endeavor to save Señora Ryano a trip to Bahia. And—oh, yes—Señor Walshe, in view of my part in our little fraud, you will have to excuse me for having intercepted mail forwarded to you from a Boston address. I shall bring it all to you in a moment.” He bowed himself out, but was back again in a few moments, followed by Bart.

“Here are the letters,” said the general.

Roy eagerly scanned the neat little bundle. He ripped off the rubber band and hastily ran through the envelopes. Down at the bottom was one bearing the embossment of George Wilson. Roy glanced at the date of mailing. It had been mailed the day following his departure from Boston and forwarded by the next steamer.

Wistfully Roy tore open the en-

velope and read the single typewritten sheet.

“Good old scout!” he muttered to himself, but his words were overheard.

“I should think so!” exclaimed Helen, examining a green slip of paper.

“Where did you get that?” Roy asked.

“It dropped out of the envelope when you opened it. Have you been lying to me so shamelessly, Roy!”

It was a draft for one thousand dollars on a Boston bank. To it was appended, by a clip, a little note:

On second thought, and knowing that you are leaving for strange shores with hardly a sufficient amount of money, I am advancing this sum against your allowance—which goes into effect immediately, as nobody is making any effort to contest the will.

In a fever of excitement, Roy turned back to the letter. He tossed his arms high into the air and gave a tremendous whoop.

“Your majesty!” said Bart Hall remindingly.

Roy ignored the caution and turned to Helen.

“I’ve been an idiot!” he exclaimed. “I should have remained and listened

to Wilson read the rest of the will!”

“What will?” interrupted Helen.

“Why—the will he was reading, of course! My uncle’s. I’m rich! Uncle left me a petrified stone and three dollars. That’s when I ran out—and didn’t hear the rest of it. What a fool I was! Lord, how I’d have liked to have been there and seen those faces while Wilson read the rest of my uncle’s will!”

“I wish I knew what you’re talking about,” Helen said, puzzled.

“You will, soon enough!” declared Roy. “Uncle left his entire fortune in trust for me until such time as George Wilson and the other estate executors decide that I have learned the intricate details of managing such a large estate myself. I guess they won’t do much doubting when they hear that I’ve been managing a whole country out here—”

“Your majesty, I would—” Bart fumbled.

“You would look swell as a bridesmaid, you scoundrel! I’ve a good mind to make you Helen’s maid of honor at our wedding and General Ryano my best man. Marvana is going to have a queen for an hour. Pack the bags, you beggar! The king and queen of Marvana are making a royal pilgrimage to God’s own land. On the maps of the world it’s called the United States of America!”

THE END

Please Stand By

(Continued from page 31)

“If they’d only taken my clothes, or my watch . . . or my expensive drawing paper . . . or anything but that.”

“You must be a radio fan,” Tony said. “I didn’t know anyone felt like that about a radio.”

“I do,” she admitted. “At least I do for fifteen minutes a day.”

He remembered now that the girl who had introduced them at Bill’s party, where, of course, he couldn’t dance, had said something about radio. What was it? He racked his brain and tried to remember, but he had so lost his head at sight of this small, not-even-pretty little person, that he had hardly heard. It was something about his being connected with radio work . . . so Sara should be interested in him.

Bitterly now it was all clear to him. So that was why she had asked him to come tonight to her apartment, which was really the attic of one of the old houses on the harbor. And he had limped on air for the last forty-eight

hours, thinking that a miracle had dawned at last, and this girl had noticed him. He might have known. He sat down on the shabby divan wretchedly, while she hurried about inspecting the connecting of her radio. At last the men left, and she came over to her fireplace, and sat down on a little bench.

“What a way to start an evening,” she said apologetically. “I’ve not even had time to change my dress. Those terrible men were waiting on my

doorstep when I came, and I’ve been battling and arguing for half an hour. Goodness knows what would have happened if you hadn’t come.” Tony searched around in his hot throat for a voice, and said something or other, shy and meaningless. She plunged into conversation, dismissing her plain little work frock blithely.

“Of course, if you’ll feel happier, I’ll run in and put on something else, but I’d so much rather hear about your work,” she said.

“My work? There’s nothing to hear about that,” he mumbled, looking at her small paint-stained fists, sitting in her lap like two baby owls. Why was she so excited? “I should think your work would be more interesting to talk about. You’re an artist, aren’t you?”

“Oh, yes, in a way,” she said, looking at him with blue candor. “But what with no money and everything . . . even people on diets must eat sometimes . . . I’m not

(Continued on page 84)



A YOUNG MOTHER . . HAS WORDS WITH HERSELF ABOUT

.. "pink tooth brush!"

"HER two tiny teeth are so white that they fairly sparkle! I suppose mine looked like that when I lay in a bassinet. Even two years ago they certainly were brighter than they are today. Why, at this rate, I'm afraid that by the time she's old enough to be critical of her mother's looks, she'll never know that once upon a time people had rather nice things to say about my smile!

"I wonder... that 'pink' upon my tooth brush! What does it have to do with my teeth looking cloudy and dim? Why, they're as dull as a blue Monday. And my gums are so touchy and soft that they can't be of much help to my teeth! I'm going to try massage. I'm going to get Ipana and I'm going to write it now upon the telephone pad—we're going to see about this 'pink tooth brush' business."



"I wonder... that 'pink' on my tooth brush, morning after morning..."



A glance over the luncheon table, the dinner table, and you'll notice at once that most of our modern foods are *soft foods*. And soft foods certainly give our gums no work to do.

Lacking exercise and stimulation, the gums grow more lazy, more touchy with every day. In time they become so tender that "pink tooth brush" makes its appearance.

And, while that first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a national calamity, don't ignore its warning. For it often opens the way to many gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the dread, though much rarer, pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may threaten some of your soundest and whitest teeth through infection at their roots.

Don't tolerate "pink tooth brush." There's a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly—it is a marvelous cleanser—and then, each time you use it, put some *fresh* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *massage it into those touchy gums of yours*.

Twice each day.

Within a few days your teeth will regain a sparkle they haven't had for years. And within a month, your gums will be less lazy and far firmer. For the zirator in Ipana—plus the massage—tones and stimulates the gums back to healthy hardness. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush."

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" • BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-71
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Please Stand By

(Continued from
page 82)

much of an artist. You see I do cooking utensils and baby carriages for department store advertising." She twisted her mouth grimly as she admitted it, and Tony knew with a spasm of intuition how different all that was from what she had planned.

"Well, that ought to lead to something," he said encouragingly.

"Umm, only to more cooking utensils and baby carriages, as far as I can see," she said drearily. "Only the next ones will be in person, unless I can make enough money to support myself."

"You mean marriage?" he said.

"You guess all the answers," she laughed. But he saw that her flippancy was only smile-deep. She glanced over at the radio, big and shiny and dominating in this small shabby room with cheap, gay little lamps and chairs that would not bear analysis. "Oh, I've been so petrified this week for fear they'd take it away," she said. "Something delayed my check from the newspaper, and I kept asking and asking about it, and the bookkeeping department kept looking it up, and nothing seemed to happen."

He nodded sympathetically.

"May said you do something with radio, didn't she?" she asked impatiently, calling the meeting to order, as it were.

"Yes. I'm an electrical engineer," he said with a gulp. He had not meant to tell her this lie, used so often that it seemed the conversational truth. This important girl who had moved into his mind and already started housekeeping there, certainly shouldn't be lied to.

"Oh, tell me about it. Are you at Station WJBR? I mean right at the studio, where you can see the people who . . . broadcast?"

"Yes, I see them," he said, and thrashed about in his mind for some way of telling her the truth after all. All his life, all those long, futile days buckled into braces that clanked out promises that never came true, he had dreamed of being an electrical engineer . . . a big strapping magician in blue overalls, who would stride about doing dangerous things with power. And then to end by doing the womanish, puny work by which he earned his living!

"Why on earth are you so interested in radio?" he asked at last, after he had elaborated on his imaginary work in the control room of the studio.

"Oh, I don't know," she said evasively, and closed her blue eyes. Then she looked up at him bravely, and her eyes were a prisoner's glimpse into heaven. "I'll tell you why," she said excitedly. "I've never told anyone . . . but you were so nice about helping me . . . and everything . . . want me to tell you?" She was so radiant because of this lamp of delight glowing behind her eyes,

that she hardly saw him, small and pitiful before her. "Because . . . I'm in love with an announcer."

"Oh," he said, and it was all the little ships of his life being lost at sea. "Oh, you're in love." His ten nails bit ten white crescents on the backs of his clenched hands. "Well, that must be nice," he said insanely, his mouth twisted as though he'd bitten a green peach.

"It is," she said, clapping her hands about her knees and tilting back her head happily. "It's cream on my cereal . . . and pure linen sheets for sleeping . . . and fur coats for snowstorms . . . it's a million in the bank . . ." Her white throat quivered with an effort to capture what poets have broken their hearts saying.

"And of course he adores you," he said huskily.

"No," she said astonishingly. "He doesn't even know me . . . yet. Let me tell you about it . . . want to hear?"

He nodded dumbly, and got out a crumpled package of cigarettes and fumbled tremulously for matches.

"No use telling you how lonely I've been here," she began. "I've always been just one of those silly souls who looked too high for happiness. Nothing ever turns out to be as nice as I expect . . . usually it's a joke. I expect orchids and get onions, if you know what I mean," she said intensely.

"I've never known a person who was romantic and splendid and thrilling, really. Never, that is, until lately. But one night, about six months ago, I was hurrying along in the rain, and suddenly this beautiful voice spoke to me. I stopped and dropped my umbrella, for it seemed to me it was the voice I'd been waiting for all my life." She looked at him entreatingly, to see if he were scornful . . . ready to say something flippant if he were inclined to be.



"I know," he said gently, "I had an experience like that the other night."

"Did you?" she asked indifferently. "Well, I could just see the man behind that voice. It wasn't so much what he said . . . although that has something about it, too . . . I just run into superlatives when I try to tell you," she apologized, and her face wore that most old-fashioned ornament, a blush.

"Love's full of superlatives," he said helpfully. But she did not even hear.

"I've listened to him every day . . . he talks about a cereal . . . what he says about cereal is lovely . . ." Her sheepish laugh admitted the divine absurdity of this, but she went on earnestly, "He's so dear . . . and strong . . . so cheering . . . even his name is beautiful to me. Kingston J. Trent." She said every syllable as, if it were gold, and her little face was pink. But Tony's face was white as a soda mint.

"So when I heard you worked around the studio, I thought you might come and talk to me about him," she said, her eyes traveling a long way back from an enchanted country, and standing briefly on the thin white wedge of his face.

"What do you want to know about him?" Tony asked in a muffled voice.

"You've seen him? I know exactly how he must look," she cried rapturously, leaning towards him. "I'll describe him, and you tell me if I'm not right . . . he's tall and blond and bronzed . . . not too young . . . tanned a bit. He has large hands that are always breaking things absent-mindedly; he smokes a little black pipe, and his mouth turns up at one corner . . . he tugs at his hair when he's thinking. . . ."

"Good lord, girl," Tony said angrily, and scrambled up. "How'd you expect me to say anything to all that?"

"Is that right . . . tell me, Tony," she cried, pulling at his coat with a trembling little paw.

"I never looked at him enough to know," he said. "Seems to me he's fat and bald-headed. Looks like a butcher, now that I remember. Collar wilted, double chin. His wife comes to the studio with him . . . He laughed a bit hysterically, and felt the frost of perspiration on his forehead.

"I beg your pardon," Sara said stiffly. "I thought you'd have a gentleman's regard at least . . ." But he saw that her blue eyes were about to drown themselves in a tear.

He stamped over to the big window in the darkness of the other side of the room, not caring if she saw how lame he was. He wanted to laugh, big lusty guffaws, one following another with no space between

(Continued on page 86)

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Please Stand By (Continued from page 84)

for sobs. He heard her hurt quietness at the fireplace; she was crouched over, poking at the burning wood in abject shame, thinking, he could see in every line of her gallant youthfulness, of some hard things she could say to cover her nakedness. He wanted to go over to her swiftly, kneel with her there over that shamed confession, tell her the truth about Kingston J. Trent, then comfort her.

But what was that she had said about onions for orchids? After all, if it would make her happy . . . what harm could it do?

"Listen, honey," he said, and came hippity-hop over to her, "I was just jealous."

"Jealous?" she said vaguely. "What about?"

"Just jealous," he said, putting his hot palms over her hot hands. "Seems so damned unfair that Trent chap should have everything . . . everything, and now this . . ."

She looked at him, and he could see her eyes gathering up her broken idol, mending him again for his pedestal.

"He's everything you say, practically," he gulped. "A great guy."

"I knew he was," she said, in a restored whisper. "No matter what anyone said about him." He closed his eyes and wondered what next he could say, piling up laurels on this man whom he had already hated, even before tonight.

"What I really wanted to ask you about," Sara said, the little lamp of ecstasy quite lit again, "was whether you thought I could write him a letter? I mean, would he think it was silly . . . and cheap of me?" She glanced at him, then went on swiftly, "I know people do write, but they've always seemed such stupid people. I'd hate to have him think . . ."

"I don't believe he would," Tony said quietly. "You see, he's not the kind of announcer that generally gets letters, except postcards from people who want samples of Zestifakes."

"Well, would the station . . . I mean, is there any danger of anyone else getting the letter, his secretary, or anyone like that?"

"Mark it personal . . . or, if you like, I could take it to him."

"Oh, no. I couldn't do that," she said hastily. "I wouldn't want him to know who I am. I'd just like to tell him what he's meant to me. I wouldn't want him to think I was trying to scrape up an acquaintance."

"I see," Tony said, and his hands were cold in his pockets.

"I've written the letter already," she admitted boldly, and flew to her little desk and got it, a thin white square, the passport to heaven, if a man could only accept it. Her hands trembled as she took out the sheet, and it spread wings in her hand like a gull sea-going, and Tony's heart opened and closed like a horizon

around it as she read, in a timid little whisper.

"Dear Mr. Trent:—"

Thanking is the least one can do. And thanking is mere impertinence for all you have done for me. If ever it is necessary for you to be discouraged or disappointed by circumstances that can't be answered back to, it might help a little to know that you have made the whole world beautiful to me.

"and then I'm signing my initials."

She said in a little rush, "Now that I read it to you I see how inadequate it is . . . but what could I say . . . what could I ever say to him. . . ."



Tony cleared his throat, and his hands ached to hold her soft shoulders, quivering a little, close below him.

"I think I'd better not send it," she said, and it rustled in her fingers, protesting at being torn.

"Send it," Tony said huskily. "You don't know what that will mean to Kingston J. Trent. But I'd sign it, if I were you, in case he wanted to say something . . ."

"Oh, no . . . I couldn't do that . . . it would look so transparent . . ."

So the letter went unsigned, and all the rest of the week Sara Temple was in a fever of suspense that had no climax. Restless and ecstatic her only relief was in talking to Tony about her happy misery.

And there was the nightly rendezvous with Kingston J. Trent himself, that palpable magic in the darkness of her little room, when she lighted tall candles on her low table, and pretended he was there, sharing her fragrant little dinner. Sometimes she'd even set a place daintily close to her own, and imagine him there laughing at things she might say, explaining things she'd never understood. Sometimes their conversation was sublime, embracing stars

and destiny; sometimes it was frivolous or mundane, but whatever it was, he always followed with incredible rightness, being the other half of her mood.

Tony, who knew nearly all about this one-sided love, never heard about those dinners in the dusk. Sara never could risk having him laugh at her childishness.

Then the affair that had paused static for six months, suddenly put forth a bloom. For one evening when Sara was sitting cross-legged before her radio, with her head leaning against a chair in which her love was imagined to sit, the deep voice said, "And may I ask S.T. to send me her address, since there is something important that must be said to her? And now we'll hear the Zesters play 'For you alone.'" Sara was shaken by an alternating current of delight and alarm that this lyrical imagining should suddenly reach out and beckon her to reality.

But when she was telling Tony about it, when he came laden down with books for her the next evening, something in his manner aroused her suspicion. Suppose Tony had betrayed her; suppose he had hinted something to Kingston?

"Why should I?" Tony asked almost angrily. "If you don't know that I want you to get over this silly infatuation, so you'll notice me a little . . ."

"You?" Sara said with incisive cruelty. "Oh, Tony, I'd never forgive you if you let him know how I feel . . . if you ever mentioned me . . ."

Soon there was a letter from the voice, a tangible but unbelievable letter, a bridge to further transports, and Tony was shut out with the rest of the colorless world. She could not even speak of it to Tony, and he was too proud to ask about it.

She could not even speak of it to anyone.

First thing in the morning, when she saw her sunny high windows through the crescents of her lashes, last thing at night when she lost herself in white sleep, his words were with her. The wonder did not ebb through all the weeks of Spring, through letter after letter.

"In the beginning I thought I knew how you must look," she wrote. "And it mattered to me. But now it does not matter if you are small or tall, if you are young or very old. What you are I know, and no irrelevant fact of appearance or habit can change that."

If there was one fact in all this that might have comforted Tony, he found no solace in it, and it cut his heart in two like an iced melon to see his Sara rapturous because of letters in her purse which they could not even mention. He limped about,

(Continued on page 88)

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Please Stand By

(Continued from
page 86)

his days wretched yet enchanted, wounding himself on his own spear, thinking, sometimes, it might be better if he shattered all this folly by telling her all about Kingston J. Trent. But when he saw her eyes, suddenly unguarded by something he read from Swinburne, he knew he could not tell her.

And so it went on.

"Why do you bother with me, Sara? You hardly see me," he complained. "I know what you're thinking about all the time."

"I do think of you, Tony," she contradicted unconvincingly. "I love being with you. After all, you do see *him*, every day. That makes me love you a little, honey." She had love enough to throw about like honeysuckle scent on a moonlight night.

Then, suddenly, the letters ceased, and it was as though the sun forgot to get out of his golden bed each morning, as though food were made of wax now, and nights of years instead of hours. At first she bore it valiantly, thinking he must be saving up his words for a surprise, thinking anything to ease the agony. She wrote him gay little reminders, first, a small, lonely question-mark folded in a sheet of her note paper, then whimsical askings that grew less and less merry until they were frankly desolate. And still no answers came, and the sorrow of it all was etched in the lines around Tony's dark eyes, if she had not been too numbed to see.

"What's become of Kingston J. Trent, Tony?" she asked gaily. "I never seem to hear him any more. . . I guess I forgot to turn on the radio."

"He's on . . . every night, I guess," Tony said, catching her eyes like two hurt bluebirds in the net of his compassion. "I thought you'd forgotten all about that big bum." He wagged his head and tried to laugh. "Everybody gets over crushes on old Trent sooner or later."

"Everybody?"
"Certainly. He always has about a dozen dames writing to him. Telegrams and photographs, and all sorts of mushy junk pouring into the studio for that sheik. His secretary writes love letters to 'em all. Helps sell Zestflakes."

"You're lying," she said whitely. "Stop lying to me, Tony."

"Don't be thinking about him, honey," he cried contritely. "I've got to tell you . . . he's not worth your smallest freckle . . . he's . . ."

"Hush," she said, and the word was ten feet tall around her, and Tony could not climb over it.

"I've loved you so long, Sara . . . you must know that," he said. "Why can't you forget him and be happy? You've never taken the trouble to look at me, to listen to me . . . perhaps there's more to me than you

know if you'd only try to find out."

"I couldn't," she said. "I couldn't think of you, Tony . . . not like that. Even if I hadn't loved him first. You see, you're just a nice boy, and I'm fond of you . . . but he's . . . he's . . ." She crumpled over on the shabby divan, slain by the knowledge of all he was, and looked away from him.

Later that week the last mask of her pride came off, and she rang up Tony at his work with a mad request.

"I've been thinking, dear," she said bravely. "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea for me to come with you to the studio, and see it. Don't you sometimes have visitors?"

"Yes . . . but . . . you wouldn't want to come," Tony said. "Besides . . . you'd see Trent . . . he's here after your office hours, you know . . ."

"What if I did?" she said with the last shred of her bravado. "Probably do me a lot of good to see him. I've grown awfully silly about him. Probably cure me to see what he's really like."

"I guess it would, all right," Tony said in a mumble.

"He needn't know who I am, of course. We could just pretend I was your girl."

"We would pretend that, I guess," Tony said.

"Tomorrow, then," her voice was limp now, "and no fair changing your mind."

"I honestly think you'd better not come," he said desperately. "Let me come up to your house and talk to you about it before we decide."

"I've decided," she said unsteadily. "I really want to. Couldn't you come to the door of the studio and meet me at six-thirty? I'd be afraid to go in alone." Tony set his jaw. He'd done what he could to protect

"That'll just give me five minutes before Kingston goes on. I could surely keep my nerve screwed up for five minutes," she said to herself, and wondered how she could ever endure the crucifixion of the hours between now and then.

Settling down to anything was impossible that evening; she tried on and rejected every one of the few costumes she owned, shampooed her hair, lost a whole hour standing at her window gazing down unseeing at the sea.

"This is simply too dumb," she said decisively. "I'll look at the books Tony left in my mail box this morning . . . anything." The books were stacked on her drawing board, a wobbly tower Tony had built during the months, book by book. She picked one up idly, and read a page, thinking only that tomorrow at this time she would have seen him, spoken to him, perhaps, if she could find any breath not marked by heartprints.

Something slipped out of the book and fell to the floor like a giant's tear. She stooped and picked it up, and saw with amazement that it was a little bundle of notepaper, stabbingly familiar. Her letters . . . the ones she had written during the last silent weeks, those shameful, shameful ones Tony didn't even know existed! What could it mean? Tremblingly she untied the cord around them, and their pitiful pleadings, so transparently jaunty, jiggered before her eyes.

But what were these other lines, big jagged lines like the skeletons of a Noah's Ark parade, that writing she would remember to her farewell day? What could they be doing in Tony's book?

With jerking breath, she sat down on the floor and read them, outpourings of renunciation, each an answer to her unanswered letters . . . love letters at last, where the others had been playful persiflage. These were love letters that belonged to her, and something had kept them from her!

Suddenly, with cold hatred, she understood. Tony, negligible, weak Tony had stolen the letters she wrote to Kingston . . . stolen his replies to her! Because, in some silly, boyish way, he thought he was in love with her! It was despicable short-circuiting, the kind only villains were capable of in old-fashioned novels.

No wonder she had not heard from her Kingston; and he, obviously, had been as baffled by her silence. But how could Tony manage it! Hystrically she remembered what he had told her about his work at the studio, arriving early, tinkering with the electricity, making it ready for the announcers. Going through their mail, no doubt, and stealing her letters.

With certainty she knew, too, how he had rifled her mail-box of Kingston. (Continued on page 90)

When Hamlet Made Hay

by

Dixie Willson

An amusing summer
romance

in the August issue of
The Illustrated
LOVE MAGAZINE

her. Destiny, the double-dealer, had the cards stacked.

"You'll have to be on time, dear. You know the control man can't be out of the studio during the broadcasting. I'll slip down at six-twenty-five, after I blend the dinner orchestra, and then I'll take you upstairs."

YOU'D BE SURPRISED TO KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO YOUR TEETH THIS MORNING

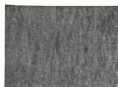


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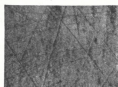


After

NORMAL TEETH CLEANED BY Dr. West's—pictures show same teeth stained both before and after brushing. Note how thorough the cleansing—in second picture.



NO SCRATCHING! Microphotograph of teeth brushed with Dr. West's shows no scratching of enamel. (Tiny ridges are natural enamel.)



THIS' ONE DID SCRATCH! Compare this with microphoto above. Note scratches left by this dentifrice—plainly visible.

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And that certainly ends any guess-work, about Dr. West's at least.

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Please Stand By (Continued from page 88)

ston's answers. Often he left notes for her during the day, in the box downstairs. She saw him, in her mind, limping and furtive, watching her box like a bandit bee raping its honey.

Wasn't there a law against such people? Seizing a paper and one of her best soft pencils, she scratched venomously, trying to ease her impotent pain:

"I never want to see you again," she wrote, forming cruel syllables under her breath. "I know the truth about you at last. I found my letters last night in your hateful book, and I never can forgive you. I hope some one can make you suffer as you have tortured me."

Somehow, she supposed, the night passed, and the next day, for occasionally she caught glimpses of herself, going about her work. Somehow she got back to her dark little haven of a house. The clock, which waited all day for both its hands to point to six, was pointing now.

What was the matter with her? She should be happy, having her Kingston again, and all day she had been dazed at Tony's betrayal. That seemed to overshadow everything, preposterously. (Things are all right again, silly, and why are you crying?) She shook herself, trying to realize that Kingston was not lost, but found again. Only Tony, hateful, tender Tony, tarred with a coward's treachery, was lost.

She turned on the radio listlessly; heard the tubes moan as they heated, heard the approaching rhythm of the Zesters swell and fill the room. In another moment she would hear Kingston's voice, strong and supporting in the darkness of a promise, cheering and impersonal, yet poignantly her own command. The music stopped. The big voice said, "Hello, you-all. This is Kingston J. Trent. . . ." Then it crumbled, and stopped, and whispered, "Oh, Sara, child, I love you so much . . ." recovered itself and went on bravely.

But Sara, suddenly sane, heard nothing about Zestflakes that night. Sara was crouching in the shadows, with the light of the radio dial fixed like a reproachful eye on her, crying to herself happily, and knowing what a blind . . . and deaf . . . little fool she had been. Nobody but Tony, lost and found again, could ever say her name like that, could ever wrap her name in syllables of silk. What had she told him long ago, about

looking too high for happiness? Surely she had. But now she would look where happiness was.

She flew to the telephone and jangled the hook, laughing and gasping.

"Let me talk to Kingston Trent, or Tony Beecham, or whatever his name is. . . . Only let me talk to him . . . and hurry," she jibbered to the answering voice from the other end.

"Mr. Trent is on the air, madam," the voice said crisply.

"Well, grab him off the air . . . I've got to talk to him," she said wildly. She could hear the operator debating about her sanity. Then the cool voice said, "Hold the line a moment, madam. Mr. Trent is just signing off . . . just a moment, please . . ." And out of a tunnel of silence came Tony's voice, forlorn and wistful as it was when Kingston J. Trent was put away for the day.

"Tony . . . Tony . . . hurry," she said, gulping tears as sweet libation. He mumbled incomprehension, "Don't waste time, darling. Come straight over here. We've wasted six months on your nonsense," she said.

"Oh, my darling," he cried, and could say nothing else in that public place. "The program director just fired me, Sara. He says I'm drunk. I guess I must be," he added vaguely.

"Of course you are. And I'm drunk, too, precious. . . ." "I thought you didn't like me, Sara."

"I don't, you idiot. I love you till I'm nearly out of my mind. Hurry!" They hung up their receivers, and Tony turned to see his chief, red-faced with anger.

"Babbling valentines all over the place . . . you're fired . . ." "I heard you the first time," Tony said deliriously. The control man, whose favorite announcer Tony was, came out of his glass room.

"Aw, nobody heard him, Mr. Savage. I cut him out just in time."

"Nobody heard me much," Tony said, with an enormous guffaw, the loudest and most plebeian sound Kingston J. Trent had ever been known to utter. The program director scratched his head perplexedly.

"Well, get out of here, then, and be on time tomorrow night, and don't let me catch you making love over the air again."

"Righto," Tony said. "Hereafter I'll make all my love in person."

Watch for

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The love story of a flirt, by Gertrude Atherton
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Virginia Cherrill with Charles Chaplin in a scene from "City Lights," which Cherrill's recent film production.

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Virginia Cherrill had an earlier experience with the camera when she was a child and a young woman in "The Girl from the South" and "The Girl from the North." She has since then been a frequent sight on the screen, and in the last few years she has been selected for the role of the heroine in the new film "City Lights," which she is now making with Charles Chaplin.



● VIRGINIA CHERRILL



A scene from "The Love Parade," Maurice Chevalier's latest film production.

THE NEW MOVIE ALBUM

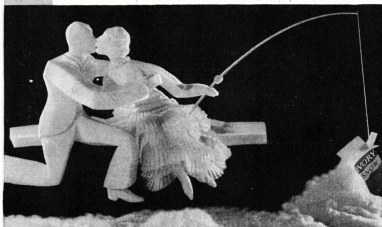
Maurice Chevalier's latest work after ten years, among his greatest achievements, and a scene from the film, which he has made for the first time in his career. He has been a frequent sight on the screen, and in the last few years he has been selected for the role of the heroine in the new film "The Love Parade," which he is now making with Virginia Cherrill.



● MAURICE CHEVALIER

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The season's best catch!



Silks and woolens love this new IVORY SNOW

Suds instantly in lukewarm water

Ivory Snow is the new star among fine fabric soaps! It's so quick. So attractive. And . . . very, very kind!

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in a new instant form. No "beating" to give suds. Just add lukewarm water—and swish, these white snow pearls go *completely* into velvety suds. No undissolved soap particles left to spot your fabrics.

Don't hesitate to use enough Ivory Snow to make a *thick* suds. Ivory Snow can't possibly hurt colors that are safe in clear water. And the 15¢ box is so very big that even when you use its contents generously, it lasts through many silk-and-wool washdays.



© 1931, P. & G. Co.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

Love and the Bright Lights

(Continued from page 17)

money to spend. Well, there are the parlors at the club, with their professionally too-cheerful surroundings. But let her bring a boy, a really nice boy into that atmosphere just once, with what seems like a million girls tearing in and out, inspecting him, eyeing him and giggling, and retreating to whisper comments. Well . . . she can bring him in once. But if she can bring him in a second time, she's either Cleopatra's twin or he's a dumb bunny.

Or even if she meets a boy, or an older man . . . and the big city is a magnet for the meeting of the young country girl and the older man who wants to spend money on her . . . what then? They go to the theater, or a night club. They can flirt more or less openly. But that isn't what they want. Again they are two in a crowd, even if it is an opulent, expensively dressed crowd. What they want is to be at one . . . alone.

It is the girl's natural desire to discover what her man is like away from a crowd. It is the man's natural wish to find out what this girl is like anyway!

To a girl in her own home, to the girl, that is, in the average small town or city, this is perfectly simple.

But the city girl must always and forever be going *out*. There is no refuge . . . no retreat for her love. She must either go out with a man or sit alone by herself. And very frequently, driven by sheer loneliness and the strong urge of youth . . . she thinks she falls in love with some man with whom she hasn't more than a speaking acquaintance . . . some one who has hardly seen her without her hat!

She sits on Coney Island boats and thinks she is perfectly happy with some man to whom mentally and spiritually she is a total stranger! Maybe they go out several times a week . . . sharing a movie, a walk, a bus ride. But what is there, what can there be in such things that may reveal them to each other?

And furthermore, it means expense for the girl . . . she must have a marcel, new gloves . . . her clothes pressed . . . things she can ill-afford. It means, too, that the boy must spend at least something on their evening. And worst of all, it means that they see each other only on "dress parade."

There's the evening when, under cover of the movie darkness or in the midst of a dancing crowd, he proposes to her. There can be no real beauty about it, yet they manage to extract what passes for romance. They must—or go without entirely. And the girl goes back to her lonely, ugly little room and dreams, dreams . . . and the next evening, she says "yes."

Yet when they marry, they're going to spend the rest of their lives in a home . . . and not at the movies or on a dance floor. Is it any wonder that so many city girls marry the wrong boy?

After they get married, often literally for the first time they are alone. Then, and only then, can they get to know each other . . . and how frequently tragic is that awakening.

And the wise-acres nod their heads sagely and say, "Well, what did they ever see in each other in the first place? They might have known they weren't suited to each other."

How were they to know? They hadn't seen each other at all. They'd never had a chance to sit apart from the world and hold hands and look into each other's eyes and see what lay there. Instead, they'd seen movies and city lights . . . and their own loneliness. And these things had betrayed them.

After all, ambition may be a potent driving force, but it's hard for youth to sacrifice everything to it. Can you expect a young working girl to become so immersed in her job that she forgets to want anything else? She naturally, and rightly, craves a little fun. But where the sheltered girl can have it in her own home . . . at least part of the time, the city girl must go out for her good times.

For loneliness in a big city is a horrible thing. To be in a crowd . . . and not of it; to leave the office at the end of the day . . . to join the hurrying throng of people all "homeward bound," while you seek your dinner at a cheap restaurant or at the institutional tables of a Girls' Club. And to do this night after night, with no place but the drab little room to return to—alone. Oh, it isn't the slick gent with the champagne suppers and the ermine coats that's the Villain of the Piece. It's the Ole Devil . . . Loneliness.

We have our cities full of perfectly splendid kids—young girls holding down jobs with real intelligence. They are earning their own living by hard work. They are the kind who will make fine mothers. The country can't afford to let them drift into dubious byways. But how are they going to meet nice young men? And when they have met them, how are they ever going to be able to pick the right young man, the one with whom they are mentally, emotionally and spiritually akin? Where, in all a big city are they going to find a place to make love?

The next time you ride on top of a bus and see a couple wrapped in each others arms, oblivious of the staring passengers, don't sneer.

It's just two young souls seeking their birthright. If the big city won't give Cupid legitimate parking space, he'll find his own. But it's a shame that he should be forced to flutter his fragile, beautiful wings under city arc-lights.



She couldn't bring herself to tell him

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as grammar school days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months . . ."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me . . . breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me . . . put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in

New York . . . ?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then why? Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are present.

Its commonest cause is fermenting food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse your mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And before meeting others.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE AND LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores

A Prince for Hire (Continued from page 70)



2 LITTLE SECRETS about finger-waving your hair at home by Jean Duncan

MILLIONS of women finger-wave their own hair at home—and do it beautifully. Millions more could get the same results—if they knew just two little secrets. And here is what they are: First, of course, you must have the right finger-waving liquid. Anything but the best spells disappointment. It must not make the hair greasy or sticky; it must dry quickly—and it must set soft, natural-looking waves that will last for days. The perfect waving fluid is actually beneficial to both hair and scalp. To me, that means Jo-cur' Waveset—the original finger-waving liquid.

The second secret is that the hair must be thoroughly "soaked"—not just wet, but actually saturated with Jo-cur'. From there on the actual waving is simple. With every bottle of Jo-cur' there is a booklet showing you every step for finger-waving. You may use combs or your fingers for setting your waves. The little booklet makes it almost as easy as combing your hair. You will be delighted with the result, if you just remember these two secrets: Use Jo-cur' Waveset—and follow the directions that come with every bottle. Generous sizes at your favorite 5 and 10c store; 25 and 50c sizes at your drug or department store.



Jo-cur'
WAVESET
ONE OF THE

Jo-cur'
*Beauty Aids
For The Hair*

ready to fall upon beauty, and not too discriminating.

The galley proofs, once he got down to them in earnest, brought real comfort. Even discounting his prejudiced view, the magazine was getting good. The startled business department was in cordial agreement with him on that score.

To be sure, no cablegram of praise had come from Mr. Benjamin Scobell. Mr. Renshaw, engaged in a search for health, had sent no congratulations. But it was quite possible that neither of them, as yet, was aware of the changes that had taken place.

On the whole, Smith felt, it was a pretty good world, one in which the good outweighed the evil quite appreciably. He had lost his chance to woo and win a girl who had, after all, shown no sign of knowing—or caring—that she might, at the price of a nod, have become Mrs. Rupert Smith. But if he were left alone with a free hand for another month, his reputation as an editor would be secure.

Some one knocked at his door. "Come in," he said, with an assurance derived from the fact that one of Bat Jarvis's men was on guard outside.

Bat Jarvis himself, looking distressed, appeared.

"Well, well," said Smith, heartily. "And what brings you, Comrade Jarvis?"

"I'll get them guys," said Bat. "I'd never doubt it," said Smith. "There is that about your look that makes me feel them guys is the poorest sort of an insurance risk. But which guys?"

"Spider Reilley and his bunch of gorillas," said Bat. "Dey worked faster than I thought."

The hair began to rise, slowly, along the back of Smith's neck.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Dey got the lady and Mr. Maude, that's what," said Bat.

"But—good Lord—I was with them not an hour ago—"

"I know. An' I had Butch Casey, one of me best men, watchin' that dump where they was eatin'. He's standin' there, wid his peepers wide open, and all at once the place goes up, phooey, jes' like that."

"But—it's incredible!" Smith was staring at him with horror-filled eyes. "How on earth could they do it?"

"Lots of ways," said Bat. "Sounds like a pineapple, the way Butch tells it. I d'know." His tone grew slightly sullen; his professional pride was touched. "I wasn't there, or I'd tell you. Anyways, the lady and Mr. Maude—they didn't come out wid the rest."

"Do you mean the whole place was wrecked?"

"And how!" Bat was obliged, it seemed, to pay a grudging tribute to a rival overlord. "Dey got the fire out, but dey might's well have let it burn."

"But—this is frightful!" said Smith. "Are you sure it was Spider Reilley's work?"

"Who else would ha' gone to do it?"

Smith looked at him, sick and shaken. He hadn't been able, earlier in the day, to realize, somehow, that he and John Maude were in real danger; that there was any real possibility that Bat Jarvis and his gang meant to put them on the spot. And now John and Betty—! He couldn't face the thought. Nor had he to do so for long. For, even as he stared at Bat, the telephone rang.

"Hello!" said John Maude's voice. "This is Jason Maxwell."

"John!"

"I told you—Jason Maxwell, you fathead! I and Miss Schuyler—Miss Edna Schuyler—do you remember her?—are under arrest. Come around and bail us out. It's a thousand dollars apiece—cash or real estate. Make it snappy."

"But—I thought—I heard—Bat Jarvis said—"

"Never mind what you thought. Come and bail us out."

"I—all right—all right."

"That was Mr. Maude!" said Smith.

"Is it over the tellyphone ghosts are talking these days?" Bat asked. "Ghost nothing!" said Smith, crossly—thinking with regret, as people are wont to do, of the emotion and the grief he had just been wasting. "He and Miss Silver were arrested, and I've got to find a thousand dollars' bail for each of them."

Bat heaved a sigh of relief.

"Dat's easy," he said, his capable self reasserting itself. "Night court? Sure. I'll meet you there wid my bondsman. I gotta guy always goes bail for me or any of the boys if some fresh copper gets gay and pinches one of us."

Bat was as good as his word. Within half an hour John and Betty, a little disheveled, but none the worse for their adventure, were free, temporarily, pending a hearing on a charge of violation of the Volstead Law. And a reporter had told Smith the truth.

"Gang war? How do you get that way?" he said. "There was a still in the cellar, and some one forgot to watch it and it let go, that's all. The Federal people were wise to the still. I guess they pinched your friends when they caught them coming out so they'd be sure of having a couple of witnesses, just for a change."

"I see," said Smith. He led Betty and John away. One look at them had confirmed his worst fears. "We are not amused," he told them. "We were informed by Bat Jarvis that you had been killed. That seemed excessive, and we wasted, we do not mind admitting, a modicum of regret. We do not, on the whole, approve of the death penalty. But to find you whole—without so much as a broken

bone or anything between you—"

He shook his head.
"Smith," said John Maude. "We—Betty and I—I mean—we're engaged—"

"Yes?" said Smith, coldly. He turned to Betty. "I would have warned you," he said. "Please remember, later, that you gave me no time. Blame yourself, not me, for the consequences of your haste."

"But we mean to keep right on working—" said Betty.

"I will decide, within a week or two, whether or not that is a matter for rejoicing," said Smith. "The average engaged couple, in my experience, is—well, the less I say about that the better. But I am soft hearted. Against my better judgment I will refrain from separating you from the pay roll. See to it that you prove worthy of my leniency. And so goodnight."

"Good old Smith!" said John, sentimentally.

"He's a darling," said Betty. "Dearest—I'm dead! I hate to leave you, but I simply must have some sleep!"

"Taxi!" John cried. He laughed. "I don't even know where you live!" She told him. She was staying at one of those more than safe club hotels for young women, from the very elevators of which men are barred.

"You can come in and say good-night to me," Betty said. "You might as well begin getting used to the lobby, because I dare say you'll spend quite a little time in it from now on."

So, feeling as men always do in such places, he followed her in, keeping close behind her as she went up to the desk to look for mail and messages.

"Some telephone calls, Miss Silver," said the angular spinster in charge. "And a gentleman called. Mr. Crump."

"Oh!" said Betty, and turned away, looking pale.

"Crump?" said John. "And why this display of emotion? Is your past rearing up its ugly head?"

"Worse!" said Betty, faintly. "Oh, dear! And just when things are looking so bright!"

"But who—what—is Crump?"

"My stepfather's secretary!" said Betty. "He's found out where I am! Oh, dear!"

"Don't worry," said John, stoutly. "Smith and I, between us, can dispose of any man called Crump who could live to attain years of discretion without asking the courts or the mayor or whoever does it to let him change his name. Goodnight!"

He repaired, feeling a little tired himself, to his hotel, a short distance away. Through force of habit he, too, went to the desk. He, too, received some telephone message slips. And:

"There was a gentleman to see you—a Mr. Crump, Mr. Maude," said the clerk.

John, startled, stepped back. At first he laughed. Then he scowled.

"Now My White Kid Shoes Look Like New and so do Little Betty's" said Mrs. Armstrong



SUMMER FROCKS and white shoes! What a cool, fresh ensemble they make, thought Jane Armstrong. But her white kid shoes were so shabby and soiled, and she simply couldn't afford a new pair just now. What could she do?

Then she remembered about ColorShine. That very day she went down to the 10c store and brought back a bottle of ColorShine White Kid Cleaner. "My, how easy it is," she thought, as she saw the shoes transformed almost like magic.

In almost no time, her shoes and little Betty's were as clean and white as new. She had saved the price of two new pairs. And she had enough left to keep her

own and the children's shoes looking spic and span.

ColorShine is real economy—only 10c for a large bottle! It keeps shoes looking bright and smart. You can get ColorShine Polish for all smooth leather shoes—White Kid for all smooth, white leathers, Neutral Creme for brown, tan and light-colored shoes, Black Creme and Black Dye.

ColorShine Shoe Polishes are sold in 10c stores everywhere; 15c in Far West and Canada. Get your supply on your next trip to the 10c store. You will find it on the hardware counter. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.



Let ColorShine SHOE POLISHES

Make Your Shoes Look New

15¢ in Far West and Canada

10¢

"Style" DEMANDS HAIR NETS!



**Gray and White
and all Natural
Shades!**

**Long Hair or
Bobbed Hair—it
doesn't matter which
—must be orderly to
look Smart!**

JANNETTA HAIR NETS

**ARE 5¢ EACH AT MANY
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 & 10 CENT STORES**

Then he hurried to a booth and telephoned to Betty.

"Oh, darling—I was just waiting to give you time to get home before I called you!" she said. "You are sweet—"

"Yes," he said. "But—I mean—that guy Crump's been around looking for me, too!"

"John! He hasn't!"

"How does your man spell it? C-R-U-M-P? Yes? Well, so does mine!"

"Oh!" Betty's voice rose to a wail. "That man's simply unbelievable—how could he know—so soon? When we didn't ourselves, until tonight?"

"Crump?"

"No—my stepfather! He's going to try to make trouble!"

"He can't. Don't you worry. I'm not afraid of him or Crump or anyone else!"

"Oh, but you don't know him—he'd stop at nothing! And he's determined that I shall marry—" She stopped.

"Who?" John's voice was terrible.

"Oh, the most impossible little man! Prince Maurice of Mervo!"

"Mervo? That island you went off to? Was that why he sent you that cable?"

"Ye-es—"

"Well, I'll promise you one thing—you'll never marry any Prince of Mervo—not while I keep my health!"

"I know—but, oh, why did this have to happen tonight of all nights?"

XV

"I'm not sure I like the idea of your going down to Broster Street today," Smith said the next afternoon. An editorial conference was in progress. "Comrade Parker is not the man I thought him. As a general thing you can afford to laugh at any one who threatens you. But Comrade Parker gets results."

"And Broster Street, quite definitely, is enemy country. There you run doubled risks. Bat, I believe, will protect you so far as it is in his power to do so, but the possibility of accident is a little too great to suit me."

"But it's the last place they'd be expecting one of us to go," Betty pointed out. "Especially today. They'll think we're still upset about yesterday, don't you see?"

"There's a lot in that," said John Maude. "There really is, Smith. I wouldn't let Betty take anything I thought was a real risk for all the kids in Broster Street and all the magazines on all the newsstands in America. But I think today we're fairly safe. I'm all for trying it."

So, with Smith still reluctant, it was agreed that the original plan should be carried through. Late in the afternoon Betty made her way to Broster Street, with John Maude close on her heels.

Once in the tenement house, Betty resigned herself to wait in a small, incredibly dirty, almost airless room,

while John took up a position just beyond, hidden by a turn in the hall. The actual tenant of the room was absent, by prearrangement.

Betty had not long to wait. In due time a small man in a snuff-colored suit, carrying a leather portfolio, gave the open door a sharp rap and then came in. He started when he saw Betty.

"Good afternoon, miss," he said. "You from the Charity?"

"In a way—I'm looking into things here," said Betty, cautiously.

"That's right," said the little man. "Pretty fierce, I'll tell the world. Seen anything of the people that live here? I'm Gooch, the rent collector."

"They're not here," said Betty. "The father's in prison, and the little boy's out. I don't believe you'll be able to collect the rent from them."

"Then it's the air for them," said Gooch, with decision.

"But—that's terribly hard," said Betty. "Do you mean you'd leave a little boy without a roof over his head?"

"Sorry, miss, but that's not my business. My job is either to collect the rent or put the guys out that can't pay so that some one can come in that can and will."

"You don't look like a cruel man," said Betty.

"Me? I wouldn't hurt a fly, miss. But orders is orders, ain't they?"

"Whose orders are these?"

"Gent who owns these houses. My boss."

"Yes, I know. But who is he?"

"Is that any of your business, miss?"

"Yes, because I'd like to talk to him. I don't believe he can possibly know how bad these houses are, how terribly the poor people who have to live in them are being exploited—"

"Say, miss, you got a wrong idea. I bet you been reading what they printed in *Peaceful Moments*. Some of them papers, they'll print anything."

"Well, I work for a paper myself," said Betty.

"I was beginnin' to think so," said Mr. Gooch. "You don't act like one of the Charity people. Nicer, if you know what I mean. Listen, miss, I'd like to oblige you and give you a story to put in your paper if I could, but it'd be as much as my job's worth, and I got a family of my own to think about."

"'S a queer thing about this *Peaceful Moments*. Used to be a silly sort of magazine. An' now it's full of hot stuff. But they're taking big risks, just the same, goin' far Broster Street. If they don't cut it out quick they's going to be big trouble made. The guy that owns these houses don't want them talked about, and he's not the sort to sit still while people do things that get his goat. Say—what paper are you from?"

It was John Maude who answered that question. He appeared suddenly, looming up over little Mr. Gooch.

"*Peaceful Moments!*" he said.

"Both of us! How about coming through, Mr. Gooch?"

For an instant Mr. Gooch just stared. He looked, with dull eyes, from Betty to John and back again. Then he started to leave. But John was in the door, and Mr. Gooch judged, rightly, that John did not care to have him go just yet.

"Hey, what's all this about?" he asked.

"You'll know soon," said John. "First of all, though, I'll pay this year's rent. How much?"

"Let it go till next week——"

"Oh, no! You haven't authority to give extensions, I'm sure, and I'd hate to see you get into trouble, Mr. Gooch. Any sort of trouble. Here—take the rent out of this and give me a receipt."

He held out a ten dollar bill. Reluctantly, trembling a little, Gooch took it.

"And now the receipt," said John. "And—sign the name of the owner, per so and so Gooch. You know the form."

"You go to the devil," said Gooch. "Betty—outside, please," said John. "Something tells me a scene is in prospect that I would not have your tender eyes behold."

Betty went out, obediently, and John took a step toward Gooch, who shrank away and cried out, in a high, falsetto voice:

"If you dare touch me, you big stiff," he clamored, shrilly, "I'll have you arrested."

"Oh, yeah?" said John. "Listen, I'm out on bail now. How much do you think I care?"

"You leave me alone!" wailed Mr. Gooch. He had shrunk away until, now, he was backed against the dirty wall farthest from the door. John advanced remorselessly. He seized Mr. Gooch's right arm, suddenly, and, with a swift and skillful twist, secured that deadly and painful wrestling hold called a hammerlock, in which an arm, twisted behind its owner, is raised, slowly. Much pain goes with this, and the final result, if matters are pushed to extremes, is a broken arm.

"Ow! Ow! Stop it——" cried Mr. Gooch.

"You haven't begun to feel anything yet," said John, contemptuously. "How about it? Do I get that receipt? I'm going to count? One—two—three—four—up to ten."

"Leggo—leggo!" wailed Gooch, in anguished tones. "I'll give it to you—sure I will—sure——"

John released him at once. "No tricks, now," he said, sternly. "You'll only get it worse in the long run if you try to put anything over."

Gooch, hand trembling, was scrawling a receipt. John took it. The name above per W. Gooch was almost, but not quite, illegible. When John made it out a long whistle of amazement came from him.

"All right—you can go now," he said. "You'd better hurry before I help you down the stairs from behind."

Why your children will like KRE-MEL the new dessert

and why



you will be glad to serve it to them

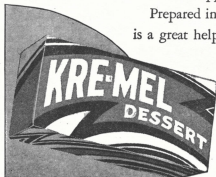
BECAUSE KRE-MEL is not only delicious but is a real health food providing an abundance of Dextrose—the vital food element that gives strength and energy to the blood and tissue cells. You can safely serve it every time the children want it. Also, milk is used to prepare KRE-MEL—a pleasant way to have children consume more milk.

KRE-MEL is a smooth, rich, delicious dessert—it appeals to everybody's appetite.

Prepared in about 5 minutes—KRE-MEL is a great help to busy women.

4 FLAVORS

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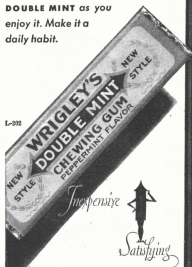
KRE-MEL is made by
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4 SERVINGS PER PACKAGE

PENNY FACIALS

The
New
Beauty
Aid

Every stick of
DOUBLE MINT is
as good as a Beauty
Treatment. Such chew-
ing stimulates the fine
mouth muscles and acts like a
massage. It keeps lips rosy,
shapely and pretty in texture.
Dentists and Beauty Specialists
agree that foods are too soft to
give the exercise Nature intend-
ed and unless you get more daily
chewing, your mouth grows
flabby and homely. So now it is
a fact that you benefit from
DOUBLE MINT as you
enjoy it. Make it a
daily habit.



Gooch fled. Betty came back, then. "Oh—you got it! You're marvelous!" she cried. "I never thought you'd really make him tell!"

"Well, I did," said John. "I've got the name, right in my pocket."

"Who is it? Oh, who is it?" cried Betty. John looked at her, and, abruptly, her expression changed. "Why, John—John, dear—surely you're going to tell me?"

"Yes, of course—you've got to know—only—I'd rather not—not just now."

"John—I don't understand!"

"Darling—can't you trust me—don't you?"

"Of course I do—but—it seems so strange—"

They were intent upon one another. Neither heard a slithering sound of footsteps outside, in the hall. When, suddenly, at a sound inside the room, Betty turned and screamed, it was too late.

"That's the one—the big guy!" cried little Gooch, his voice full of malice. "Nearly twisted my arm off, he did—"

Half a dozen ruffians were behind Gooch. John rushed toward them. But the odds were too great. He went down fighting, but down he went, felled by a terrific blow on the head. Betty, in the excitement, slipped away. She loathed herself. She seemed to be deserting the man she loved. But she could not help him by staying to be made a prisoner, and if once she got away she might be able to bring help before it was too late.

XVI

"I DON'T understand it. It's got me licked," said Smith, next day.

He and Betty sat on opposite sides of Smith's desk in the office of *Peaceful Moments*. Betty had been crying; her cheek was still furrowed by her tears, but her eyes were bright.

"He found out the name—I'm absolutely sure of that," said Betty. "No matter what he says he'll never convince me he didn't."

"He swears he doesn't know it," said Smith. "When I went to the hospital Parker came out and took me into his room. Parker was looking after him—and there's no question about it that he was doing it well. Private room, day and night nurses, the best doctor he could get. And aside from a strip of plaster round his bean old John looked as well as I ever saw him."

"He wasn't delirious?"

"Not a bit of it! As sane as you or I. He said we'd been all wrong about Broster Street, and that it wasn't any use trying to do anything for that sort of cattle—he meant the people who live down there. He warned me that if I didn't look out the owner of *Peaceful Moments* would fire me and told me the trouble with me was that I was too darned snoopy!"

"If he isn't mad we are!" said Betty.

"But the craziest thing of all was

the way he talked about you," said Smith. "He said women ought to stay home and mind their own business. He said you'd quarreled with your stepfather about nothing at all, and that Mr. Scobell wasn't angry with you at all and didn't want you to marry Prince Maurice any more."

Betty's brows were knit.

"Well, and the funny thing is that that's quite true," she said. "Only how could he know it? Mr. Crump, Mr. Scobell's secretary, was waiting for me when I got home last night, and he'd been sent to tell me everything was all right, and that my stepfather and Aunt Marion wanted me back at Mervo. And he told me I could have five thousand dollars, and stop in Paris, shopping, as long as I pleased on the way back!"

"That's pretty convincing—only, as you say, how could old John possibly know about it?"

"Mr. Smith—" Betty's eyes were ablaze. "We might as well face the truth. He sold us out—John Maude—your friend—the man I thought I loved!"

"I can't believe it—I won't!" said Smith. "There's something behind all this that we don't know. I've known John Maude too long and too well to believe anything like that about him, no matter what he says or does himself."

"Don't you suppose I'd give anything I ever expect to have if I didn't have to believe it?" cried Betty. "I'm heartbroken. I'll never be happy again as long as I live."

"Oh, come—that's going too far," said Smith. "We've all had our bad times, but they pass by and we wonder how we ever came to take them so seriously when they're once over."

"This isn't that way," said Betty, shaking her head.

"Well—what are you going to do?" asked Smith.

"What can I do? I'll go back to Mervo. I'll marry that dreadful little prince if Mr. Scobell still wants me to." Her voice broke in a sob. "Nothing matters now."

"I'm going to Mervo, too," said Smith. "Mr. Scobell cabled me to come over. He's found out how well the magazine is doing, and he wants to see me. I'm going to get George Hastings, of the *News*, to carry on as editor while I'm gone. So cheer up—because we'll work something out yet. How will you go—with this man Crump?"

"No. He can't start right away—he has some business to settle here, first. I'm going straight to Paris and spend five thousand dollars—every last penny of it!"

"Atta girl!" said Smith, heartily. "That's what the doctor ordered for a broken heart, all right. Well—I hope we'll meet in Mervo."

For the conclusion of this dramatic story by P. G. Wodehouse read the August issue of THE ILLUSTRATED LOVE MAGAZINE, on sale in Woolworth stores July 15th.

Good Girl—Bad Girl

(Continued from page 25)



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TINTS AND DYES

on her fingers. "She was rescued at two o'clock in the morning out of the sea off the Everglades Club by the son of a Cuban sugar planter. I've never known her to swim, so how she got into the sea beyond the breakers, is a mystery. You have to admit that getting rescued at two o'clock in the morning, in a dance frock, by a rich sugar planter's son and being carried thus into the midst of the Everglades crowd is bad medicine for a reputation."

"Dangerous, I'd say," Rod agreed.

"That is number one. Number two? Well. There was an Italian prince sent over by a Genoese syndicate to break the faro bank at Bailey's. She coaxed him to let her be his mascot while he played. He shot himself in two weeks, four days and seven hours from the moment he first discovered that the best time to kiss her was when she laid her long lashes down on her cheeks.

Rod was incredulous. "I like my fiction in books," he said.

"Wait," she warned him. "There are two more fingers to go down. And if you think I deal in fiction, you nice boy, they'll tell you at the Everglades how the sugar planter's son left a note for her and drove his automobile off the Juno road into the swamp where it's deep. She said, that had nothing to do with a Rolls-Royce. She has a picture on her vanity table of the Prince's grave in the Capuchin Cemetery in Genoa."

He felt that Eleanor was smiling at the back of his neck. He wouldn't look around, for his repulsion for the girl who flirted into the toothy smile of the insolent dark man was returning.

"Give me numbers three and four," he muttered.

"Number three was the husband of a woman who wouldn't let her son go bathing with the yellow-suited lady in Stuart Barton's pool. As soon as the husband was divorced, he was dropped so hard he couldn't even bounce. That was her revenge. And four—Well, that'll be you!"

Eleanor reached to pat Rod's cheek with a cool hand.

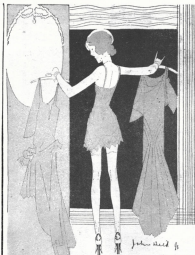
"You wouldn't fall for me, my young man with the illusions, because I was so dreadfully bold. But because I am bold, I'm not ashamed. Come on." She scrambled to her feet. "I shall take you over, and I hope you fall hard because you turned me down when I thought I had a fresh one picked."

Rod could not resist the challenge in her manner.

The dark man raised his lids at the pair's approach. "Hello, Hugo!" said Eleanor. "Won't you make Dare turn this way and see what I've brought her?"

"Dare!"

Rod's gasping echo brought down the sun-shading arms quickly from



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the face on the sand, and enormous chestnut eyes, that were like pendants hung beneath her rippling chestnut hair, looked at him.

And again his throat repeated its gasp, "Dare!"

The dark man, whom Eleanor had called Hugo, frowned and took a step closer to Rod. Eleanor pursed her lips, then shrugged her shoulders meaningly.

Rod was silent, staring, transfixed, while Daren West raised to a sitting posture, still looking at him.

Eleanor Covington murmured something about guessing she wouldn't have to put any names into her introductions, since she could see that ghosts of a past were appearing.

Rod didn't hear her because Dare's coral mouth was curving to a geranium smile, and against his inward horror was beating memory of that one-time night when those coral lips were moist and promiscuous against his.

With her smile, Dare's hand came up to poise, like a stem-held butterfly, for him to take it.

"You're the man who went away—while I was still good!"

Hugo—Hugo Garste—laughed, a short disagreeable laugh. Eleanor Covington frowned as if she'd caught a nuance that puzzled her. Yet there seemed no reason for a frown. Dare's voice was banter and her smile mockery. And in the chestnut eyes was impudence.

A miasmatic surge held Rod speechless, save for a senseless murmur: "Daren—a swamp and a cemetery!"

"Ho!" laughed Hugo Garste, and he bantered Dare: "Whoever he is he epitomises well. Got your number, so to speak." Then he waved a hand in lieu of a shake, to Rod. "I'm Hugo Garste. I'm the only one, so far, who has worried Dare."

Rod nodded curtly.

Dare patted the sand beside her. "Sit down, Rod. It will be a relief, talking to somebody new." Without smiling she ordered Hugo to take Eleanor away to some place.

Rod sat down beside her. She regarded him coolly, drawing up her perfect knees to clasp her hands over them. His shock had given way, by now, to bitterness.

Bitterness against the girl because of what she was; irritated because the Dare he had suddenly decided to want should have become the Dare who sat there, her dimpled knees clasped in her hands, watching him with an ugly mocking at the corners of her lips, her outer loveliness stained by Eleanor Covington's revelation of her!

"It's nice," she said, while he fought to hold his scorn in check, "to meet someone one has been silly with and be able to laugh about it together."

Her voice! It had been young and spontaneous, that night two years before. It was husky and utterly sophisticated now.

"I am not feeling like laughing just now, Dare."

She was astonished and interested. "No? But Rodney—it was Rodney, wasn't it? I think I only knew the 'Rod'—look back and remember!" With a graceful, sinuous movement, she swung her tapered legs behind her, turned onto her stomach and with elbows planted on the sand propped her chin on her cupped hands.

He started to speak, but she checked him. "No, let me! I'm seeing that night, and I want you to see it with me. It was so funny, wasn't it? I was really quite good, as I think I assured you, and could there be anything funnier than that? Being so young and carried away that one could make a solemn occasion out of one's mere goodness? But you were terribly interested and earnest, and I felt you were tremendously impressed and we said things, the silly things, that only youth could think of. Didn't we?"

Rod's throat was afire. His trembling fists, clenched and buried in the sand, on either side of him, "We did!" he said, harshly.

She kicked a foot behind her, and then left its toes wriggling in the air. She smiled in bright amusement. "I was to wait and you were to come back. I don't think I'd caught your last name and I hadn't seen you in the daylight, but I stayed awake the rest of the night thinking crazy things."

He leaned closer to her. So close that he could feel her slow, even breath, cooler than the Palm Beach sun against his cheeks. And he could see the play of inward merriment in the chestnut eyes.

"Dare, I never forgot—that night or you. I pretended I did because I had to study. Study hard, for I had only enough dollars to last the two years through. If remembering you had cost me an extra month I wouldn't have had money to pay my passage home. But when Barton promised my first job, I remembered and knew then that I'd never forgotten. I was beginning to hunt for you. And now that I've found you I'd like to kill you."

"Oh, Rod! Not really!"

"Really! I think if you had your clothes on, so my memory of you dead would not be as mostly naked, I'd strangle you now!"

Her little husky laugh came. She brought her legs around in front of her, examined the toe of her sandal reflectively, and decided to get up. He rose with her. While she brushed sand from an ivory thigh she said:

"What a funny man you turned out to be. Go find Hugo, please, and send him to me."

He stayed in his room until dinner, fighting an impulse to pack his bags and let Barton and the job go hang. Twice he asked himself aloud: "What is the matter with me? Why am I wretched and torn with bitterness because a girl I knew for one night only has thrown herself to the devil?"

He gave up trying to answer, went on being wretched, and, because some one had warned him that Stuart Barton was taking his crowd to the gambling casino after dinner, he dressed.

He saw her at the table, far down, with Hugo Garste on one side and a paunchy broker on the other. He could only see two wisps of her gown, like narrow black ribbons over her marvelous shoulders. More than on the beach, she looked—naked! With a shudder he fell to exchanging sallies with Eleanor Covington who was across from him, and a girl named Polly on his right.

In the confusion of getting off to Bailey's he did not see her until they were at the casino. It was then that he caught his first glimpse of the whole of the arrogant black gown. Some lusterless, deathly black material, with no touch of color or ornament anywhere about it. No other woman in that room, one of the most public rooms in the world, would have dared risk an expanse of back bared to the waist, and an unjeweled throat, to the challenge of that unrelieved black.

How young she looked! How like the Dare of the little green frock on that summer's night two years ago! The girl who was good! But how changed!

She was dancing with Hugo Garste. Sinuous, undulant. Hugo was the kind of dancer Rod hated, the perfect rhythmic, "gigolo" type.

He could not afford to play at the tables, but to save his face, he made a few stakes of the minimum. He won once or twice, but when he had lost all he could afford, he strolled through the gambling rooms to a balcony overlooking the private piers and their blinking rows of lights. He didn't see the black gown, or realize that the patch of misty white he saw was Dare's back, until he was against the rail, beside her.

She started when she recognized him, and recoiled a step. Somehow that recoil infuriated him. "Good God, Dare!" he exclaimed hoarsely, "won't you tell me what has happened to you? What has made you into the thing you've become?"

Then something snapped within him. He caught her fiercely, strained her to him, and choked off her gasp with his lips. She bent backward so far that in a sober moment he would have been afraid her body would break, but his mouth followed hers relentlessly. When at last he released her, she lifted her head high, her eyes, blazing despite her coolness, met him steadily. Her voice was acid.

"If you've quite finished, I shall go in."

His shame rising, he could only stare at the lips that curled. "I shall hate you until I am on my death bed!" she said, and was gone.

He spent Sunday morning in the library with Stuart Barton. It was his first completed conference with the man who was giving him his

Russell Owen, the New York Times reporter who accompanied the Byrd Expedition to the South Pole, has covered many of the most outstanding events in the world in the last few years. He is also the winner of the coveted Pulitzer Prize for the best reporting job of the year.



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Russell Owen



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start, and he emerged, at noon, with a confused impression of Barton as a pudgy satyr with a surprisingly keen mind when he took it from houseparties and women and devoted it to the creation of structures in steel. He came away grateful also, for he had been given his "final words."

He left the house and walked across the grounds, without meeting anyone, to Palmetto Walk. It was dark when he returned to the house to find that dinner had been served early and that the crowd already was going out in tenders to Stuart's yacht. He knew what that meant. An all-night round that would become more and more boisterous.

He dodged the crowd, hidden in a clump of palms, until the last stragglers had rushed gayly down to the tenders. Then he went into the library, where he had seen a dozen books he'd like to read, and tried to lose himself in one of them. But Dare, in her taunting black gown, stared out at him from every page.

When he gave up at last, it was already eleven o'clock. He wandered down to Stuart's pier. Rocking alongside were power launches and outboard canoes. Low-lying clouds obscured slices of the moon, but the water in Stuart's inlet was smooth, its surf rolling in gently.

He remembered that three miles out was a coral reef, a mere patch that rose cone-shaped above the sea. In calm water it was a good canoe run, if one were skillful enough to crest the waves and wise enough to steer straight for the reef with its breakwater protection of stretches flung out for a mile or two on either side under the surface.

He dropped lightly down, and settled into a canoe and nosed straight for an incoming swell.

He made the reef easily, with steady, expert strokes that remained in his arm from college-crew days. At the reef the tide was broken up into a gently lapping eddy. Close to the rock, he shipped his paddle and lay back, face to the fleecy clouds, and with a hand dropped overboard held the canoe to a lazy drift around the rock in the circling eddy.

Somehow, he was calmer out here, than he had been on land. Some of his bitterness went away, and he fell to detecting shapes of Dare, of her chin, a shoulder blade, or the ripples of her hair, in the drifting clouds above. He made of it a game that became fascinating.

He was looking about for other fanciful representations of her, when a new quality of silence interpreted to his senses the abrupt shut-off of a speed-boat's motor.

He would have paddled away, but he heard a voice. A cool, clear voice, magnified by the coral rock.

"I told you, Hugo, that I wouldn't stay out. I wanted to talk to you. I've talked and now I want to go in."

Hugo Garste's voice, sullen, with

a nasty undertone: "You will have to learn some day, my girl, that you can't always get what you want. You might as well start learning now."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"You're not as clever at drawing conclusions tonight as you usually are. I mean you've had your talk. Now I'm going to talk back. And when I have finished, now that I have you alone, I may want to kiss you."

Rod had held his canoe stationary at the first sound of the voices. Now he dipped his hand and with expert skill washed the boat around a jagged projection of the rock until he saw the misty white of Dare's throat, under a wrap that blotted out her shoulders. The speed boat, rocking in a tiny bay that held its drift, was barely half a dozen yards away. He held his canoe stationary with increasing difficulty. The clouds had blackened a bit, and the tide was beginning to run strong.

Dare was laughing, unpleasantly. "Since when have you resorted to the 'kiss or walk,' strategy, Hugo? Rather a cheap method, isn't it?"

"You will admit I've elaborated it. If you will observe the tide, you will realize I am in no danger of your swimming back."

Rod edged a yard closer. He was deep in a coral shadow and knew he couldn't be seen.

There was a moment of silence, broken only by the louder and louder lap of the waves against the rock. Apparently Hugo was studying his companion. She spoke suddenly. Her voice was biting.

"Don't be too sure, Hugo, that you have me trapped. I warn you, that if you say anything to me that hurts, I'll say much more than I have, and you won't find it good to hear."

The man made a sound that was so like a snarl that Rod's steady hand automatically swept backward sharply. The canoe would have shot perilously close to the speed boat if he hadn't overcome that stroke quickly.

"You've told me enough," Hugo said. "I'll say what I got you here to say, whether it hurts you or not. I happen to be one man you can't play with. I've wanted you, I still want you, and I'm willing to marry you to get you. You pretend that the favor would be on your side, but it wouldn't be. I know what you are under the skin. You've never fooled me. Now, because you've seen somebody, a nice little Santa-Claus-believing boy, who shows you that he is ready to fall again as he seems to have fallen once before, you want to ship me and have a free hand. Well, my girl, when you go back tonight, you'll be hoping I do marry you. Is that plain enough?"

An inch at a time, Rod let his canoe drift closer.

"I'm glad, Hugo, I let you finish," the girl said. "I don't feel, now, as if I hadn't been square with you. You see, you probably are the rot-

tenest man I know, and that is why I thought I might marry you. You need breaking up, and I had notions, at times, that it would be worth marrying you, just to break you up into such little pieces that you would never get yourself together again. I'd positively enjoy doing it."

"Damn you!"

"I don't want you to think, Hugo, that it is anything about you that had decided me to forego the pleasure of making you miserable. The reason is within me. I'm tired of going the way I've been going. I'm tired of a crowd that is almost as rotten as you are. I'm tired of my own sham, for I haven't been bad at all—I've tried and couldn't, so I've had to masquerade. And I decided last night, on a balcony at Bailey's, that I wouldn't masquerade any longer. Not even pretend that I am willing to be your wife for the reward of messing you up."

Rod's muscles quickened. He sensed that she was getting to her feet. Her voice rang clear and firm across the water.

"Now start your motor, Hugo, or I shall jump."

Rod couldn't wait for that jump. Not in that rising tide with swells that might even baffle his canoe. He gave a mighty stroke with his paddle, and shouted. He heard his name come back on a startled cry, then he was alongside the speed boat.

Hugo was getting to his feet, cursing. Rod leaped, sending his canoe hopelessly into a wave trough, but he landed on the speed-boat's bow. His fist went straight into the dark face that was snarling close.

Rod had thought that blow would surely fell Garste, but it didn't. The fellow showed fight and, with a firmer foothold than Rod's in the rocking boat, was a worthy antagonist. He managed to pinion Rod's right arm, and delivered a slashing blow in Rod's face.

Rod staggered. The thought that he might be defeated sickened him. In that moment of weakness Garste caught him around the waist and was lifting him, both arms pinioned, to pitch him into the water. Rod recovered in time for a fierce effort into which he piled all of his rage, and memories of two years before!

One arm came free and Garste staggered from its blow. He fell backward. Rod heard the crunch of his head against a rail. Then he was still.

Swaying, Rod turned to where Dare had stood. He was conscious of an inner uneasiness that she hadn't screamed or cried out again. She was gone. Into the sea! He called, received no answer, but saw a gleam of white cutting across a ribbon of the moon, fifty feet from the boat. She was swimming—hopelessly, he knew, against waves that now were furling the sea with foaming troughs.

When he was conscious of what he was doing, he was striking out wildly in the wake of that flashing

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white arm. He was tired from the encounter with Garste. His arms were almost numb and useless. His shoes were lead and the waves thrust him back.

He knew that he couldn't stay up but a few more minutes. He wondered if Dare had gone down or if she still struggled. With the last strength of his lungs, he tried to reach her, wherever she might be with a feeble shout:

"I'm sorry—Dare! I know—you weren't—"

Whether his cry was finished he couldn't know. The night and the water closed around him, and everything was blank.

Then he was floating on his back, with some one's arm under him. Lights of Stuart Barton's pier were nearby fireflies. Good swimmer, this one, whoever it was, who had got him onto his back in those waves and towed him with a strong arm under his shoulders! Mighty good swimmer, and strong. Wonder if

he had saved Dare first or—?

"Did you get her—the girl?"

Somehow he got the cry out, despite the water that rolled over his face.

He thought he was dreaming when he heard Dare's husky laugh, short, water-logged. And her voice:

"Steady Rod. We're almost in!"

After a while, when they'd pumped oxygen into him and he was easy in bed, Dare, her head still wet, but her body wrapped in a wonderful, clinging fold of green negligee that was like the frock she'd worn that other time, bent over to kiss him.

"I'm tired too, Rod, and I'm going now. But I had to wait to tell you, that what Eleanor Covington told you was what I've led everybody to believe, but it wasn't true. It wasn't because of me those men—"

"Don't say it dear, I know it couldn't have been true. I know you've been just as you promised you would be."

Fall in Love the New Way

(Continued from
page 10)

simply impossible to get along with.

George, who is a decided Type 4, is an up and doing go-getter who will be able to shower his wife with ermine wraps and diamond bracelets. And Jimmy, who is the same Type 4, is lazy and shiftless and has never held any position more than three weeks at a time.

It is all as puzzling as the great riddle of personality. Perhaps it is personality—who knows? There appears to be no known reason why your blood is one type rather than another. It isn't inherited; you are likely to be altogether different from either of your parents, or from your brothers and sisters. Or you may be like all of them!

Well, anyway, it's just as sensible and practically as thrilling to fall in love with your blood mate, as it is to pick a girl because she has golden curls, or a man because of the dimple in his chin.

But how are we to know to what type we belong? you ask. It is very simple.

Blood transfusion authorities have Types One, Two, Three and Four. They will not mix and an attempt to use the wrong type in a blood transfusion would prove fatal.

Why, then, expect to mix them in holy bonds of matrimony? Why imagine for one instant that Mary, who is Type 1, can live in peace and happiness day after day, year after year, with John, who is Type 4? Simply using a pint or so of the blood of one in the veins of the other in a transfusion, would cause all sorts of trouble, and might even result in death. Surely, no good can come from chaining them to-

gether in wedlock. It's high time science took a hand!

To classify, a drop of your blood is placed on a microscopic slide with serums from known types. And the reaction, which is called "agglutination," shows to which type you belong.

And after we find this out, our duty is plain. We have only to carry around with us a supply of serums of different types. And as soon as we feel attracted toward a good-looking person of the opposite sex, we have only to take the proper serum, draw a drop of each one's blood with a pin and watch the result.

We will then know whether or not it is quite safe to go ahead and fall in love. Young men should welcome this with joy. No more wasted taxis and movies on the wrong girl. She, on her part, can save her smiles for the man who can make her happy, rather than rush into marriage with one who will force her to the divorce courts in a year!

There will be mistakes, naturally. In the laboratories where tests of this sort are made, much experimental work is done on rabbits. From somewhere out West comes the story of a girl who took her fiancé's blood to be tested. In some way, it got mixed up with the blood of a rabbit and the poor girl got a very discouraging report. She decided at once that she could never marry a man with the soul of a rabbit. But the next day she married him anyway.

So what's the use? Whatever scientists may or may not agree about the idea, young people are going right ahead falling in love in the good old-fashioned way.

She Married a Sheik

(Continued from page 29)

yes, sir, better it! I am prepared—" He got no further.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen—and you, madam," Marley bowed to Miss Lanier, "that you've taken all this trouble. I've gone into this sort of thing before, and I've cut it out."

A chorus of dismay greeted him. "Listen," said Mr. Wagner, "if it's a matter of salary—"

"It's not a matter of salary," said Marley slowly. "It's just plain no."

The finality of the tone brooked no argument. Mr. Wagner frowned, thrust back the contract, and rose. "Should you reconsider—my card."

He held it out, Marley made no move to take it. He turned to Marianne, and thrust the bit of pasteboard into her hand.

Mr. Buss growled, "It's a shame! Such a chance! Say now, if you think I'm talking because of all the publicity you've had—take it from me, that's *not* what I'm looking at. Why, man alive, you've no business *not* being in pictures!"

"No!" said Marley, and Buss subsided. Miss Lanier moved toward him.

"Old Buss is right," she said. "You have temperament, magnetism, personality! Don't decide now. Run uptown and come to see me—let's talk it over. My heart is just set on doing this picture with you. You won't disappoint me—I just know you won't!"

"Sorry," repeated Marley. "It's no."

Discomfited, the trio entered their giant car and were driven away. Still unconquered, the "Queen of the Screen" waved a hopeful farewell from the window.

"I'm hungry as a bear," said Marley. "We have cold supper tonight, don't we? I'll tell you what—I'll make you an omelette *fines herbes*—I'm a dab at it!"

"Where did you learn?" Marianne asked.

He grinned. "From a lady in France who called her *estaminet* the 'Perfect Omelette,' and she was right!" He paused a moment reminiscently. "Gosh, how I loved the war!"

Marianne almost laughed aloud as she refrained from adding, "It was a *man's* war, wasn't it?"

"What haven't you done?" she said instead.

"Lots—thank God!" he replied seriously. "It leaves me a lot to do—and have we got a big skillet?"

Nothing was said about the visitors and their proposition. The episode was closed. But it was only a short time later that Marianne had reason to realize that the episode was not concluded.

The telephone rang sharply. "Mrs. Marley?" It was the voice of Mrs. Meigs. Marianne was struck by the use of her formal name. Usually Mrs. Meigs took pleasure in address-



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ing her as she did her maids—by their first names.

"I am speaking to *you*—as the matter is one I *do not* care to take up with my chauffeur."

"Yes, madam," said Marianne, her heart sinking.

"I have just been telephoned by a friend, Mrs. Lorrimer. She tells me she saw my car with Evrett at the wheel—!" She paused as if choked with indignation. "He had with him that wretched moving-picture actress, Leslie Lanier. However *you* may feel about it, with regard to your husband, I do not wish such a creature to be seen in my car—and have people infer that she is a friend of mine!"

"I am sure it can be explained," said Marianne shakily.

"Doubtless," retorted Mrs. Meigs, "but hardly satisfactorily."

The connection was severed. Marianne went back to the porch, and the towels she had been hemming. An hour later when Evrett came, her brow was clear as she rose to meet him.

"Funny thing," he said at once. "Whom do you suppose I saw today? That Lanier woman!—She was walking on the road—ditched her car—asked me to get her to a garage. Couldn't very well say no to that, could I?"

"Of course not," Marianne smiled. "But you'd better explain it to Mrs. Meigs. She called me up to complain."

"News does travel." He shrugged hopelessly. "Well, I'll go right up and dish the dirt—so long."

He was chuckling as he returned. "That woman makes me tired," was the extent of his account of the interview.

Marianne had had enough of public appearances with her flamboyant spouse. In the cottage, except for the spasmodic visits of curious friends, she was left to herself, Evrett's relief and contentment when he crossed his own threshold made her happy. Always there was accord—wordless and intense peace—an atmosphere of unity of thought and feeling.

The days had passed quietly enough, until one hot August morning Mrs. Meigs, attired in the sportiest of sport togs, descended upon Marianne. Evrett had been dispatched on an errand to the village—Mrs. Meigs had her chauffeur's wife to herself. The very manner in which she mounted the steps to the little veranda indicated the temper of her visit. Suppressed emotion radiated from her every movement.

Marianne rose in surprise at her appearance as she crossed the lawn to the house. Something, she realized, must have gone very much awry—but she was not prepared for Mrs. Meigs' onslaught.

"I think it my duty to inform you," she said huskily. "That that yellow Easter chicken has seen fit to come right down here and get her-

self a suite of rooms up at the Inn."

Mrs. Meigs plumped herself down on the porch rocker. She had evidently come to stay. Her usual remote manner was gone.

Marianne was mystified. "I don't understand," she murmured. The older woman shot her a scornful glance.

"You know perfectly well who and what I mean! If you believe what your husband tells you, it's more than I do—and I tell you I won't have such goings-on, and you may tell him so!"

Marianne stared, at the blazing eyes and clamped lips of the woman before her. Could it be that Mrs. Meigs was jealous? A great pity stirred in Marianne's heart—one couldn't help such things. Jealousy—how dreadful! And, with comprehension, came identification of the "Easter chicken." Leslie Lanier, of course. She caught a smile ere it reached her lips—a smile would have cut her visitor to the quick.

"Miss Lanier, you mean," said Marianne patiently. "You may not know, Mrs. Meigs, that her manager and the head of the firm she works for made my husband a most flattering offer to go into pictures. He has refused, but doubtless they hope to get him to change his mind. Miss Lanier, I suppose, thinks she may be able to talk him into it."

"Piffle!" snapped Mrs. Meigs. "But understand me—I won't have any scandal! Not while he's in my employ—and I look to you to stop it."

"I'm certain there is nothing to put a stop to," Marianne insisted. She saw that to Mrs. Meigs she was only a wife—that Evrett could be in love with her was merely absurd. He had married her for the advertising and her "expectations."

Marianne longed to tell this woman that Evrett would not let her use her own independent fortune—that she had agreed to accept his support, to live as he could afford to have her live. She wanted to inform this material-minded woman that her chauffeur, had he been what she believed him to be, could be enjoying every luxury that money could buy—but—why vindicate her marriage to one of Mrs. Meigs' temper and temperament? How explain to one who did not want to listen?

"I simply will not stand for it!" she finished.

"But I can't forbid Miss Lanier to come to a public resort—now, can I?" Marianne expostulated.

"Can't you? Well, you'd better! If I were you"—she stressed the words—"I'd go and see her, and I'd tell her to get out!"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Meigs, you wouldn't. She'd only make capital out of it. Why, one reason they are so anxious to get my husband into the pictures is because of the publicity we've had."

"Rot!" sneered Mrs. Meigs. "I suppose they offered you a job too, did they?"

"Yes, they did," said Marianne. Mrs. Meigs shrugged unbelief, and Marianne again suppressed a smile. The visitor rose. The point of her cane hit the porch rail with a series of angry taps.

"That creature is in love with him, and trying to lure him—and it isn't for his pictures, either, you mark my words!" She stormed down the steps and marched away across the lawn, the cane slashing at the faultless shrubs. Again pity welled in Marianne's heart. How women lost their heads—just as men did—over mere beauty. And poor Evrett! How it must bore him—but it was funny.

To her husband she merely remarked, "I hear Miss Lanier has taken rooms at the Inn."

"Yes," he replied, with a casualness that was not feigned, "she has—and she still wants me to make a jackass of myself. She doesn't seem to understand that I'm not looking for trouble!"

The next day Mrs. Meigs again sought Marianne. "Have you spoken to him?" she asked sharply.

Marianne was amused. "Yes, I asked him if he knew that Miss Lanier had come to the Inn. He told me she had been there some time—that she had seen him and renewed the offer which he had no intention of accepting."

Mrs. Meigs passed her gloved hand over her flushed cheeks. "I hope you made him understand what bad form!"—she stopped short, and burst forth again uncontrollably—"For your sake I don't want to have to discharge Evrett—particularly as he came to ask me to take him back when he left your father's employ." She almost smacked her thin lips over the words. "But—that Pendleton girl is making a fool of herself over him, too. Everyone is talking about it. I—I really had hoped that you could put a stop to this sort of thing."

"But it isn't my husband's fault," Marianne defended.

"I'm not so sure," snapped Mrs. Meigs—and walked away, frowning.

No, it was not his fault—Marianne sighed. But it was only too true that he was beset by passions he sought to avoid.

And yet, as her employer's fury began to more and more break its sheath, she began to question if it were not best for Evrett to find some other employment. A legacy from a romantic aunt gave her the excuse for proposing a year of travel abroad. He read her heart and mind with her first words.

"It wouldn't make it any better if we did," he told her. "It can't be helped. You know I don't seek this sort of thing—that's why I won't tackle a movie job. It would be a thousand times worse. I've been a cowboy and a mounted policeman, and a school-teacher, and a lumberjack and a lot of other things—but the worst was when I sang with my college glee club. You've got to get used to it, old girl. I think it's a



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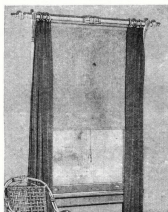
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disease. At least, let me know that I'm earning my living, and supporting my wife like any other man. And perhaps when I'm admitted to the Bar—” Her laughter interrupted him.

“You'll be the champion of divorcees—the trustee of widows' estates, and—”

He put his arm about her. “It's a funny thing—you never worry me. I'm not bored. Honestly, until I met you, I didn't think that could happen.”

She sighed. “Well, I wish Mrs. Meigs wouldn't keep you out till all hours. I hardly see you any more.”

“It's not as bad as that,” he said lightly, “but she'll have me out until tomorrow night, all right. There's a costume ball at the country club—a benefit thing.”

“Um,” said Marianne, “I know what I'll do—I'll bike over and meet you, and we'll look in the windows like poor white trash, and watch the ‘quality’. Park the car and wait for me at the edge of the drive by the gate at twelve-thirty.” She clapped her hands. “I've always wanted to be on the outside looking in!” she said.

A costume party! The thought persisted after he had left. In one of her trunks was the silver harlequin costume she had worn when she had danced in the last Junior Frolic. It had been sent to her, along with every item of her belongings—when her irate father had made a clean sweep of everything that had been hers. Poor man—what a pity he couldn't see things as they really were!

She pulled out the shimmering eccentric creation. It was a terribly expensive trifle—the name of a great couturière was woven into the strap of the corsage. Who would ever suspect her? With the wisp of *crêpe* that covered her head and fitted down to the nose and over the cheekbones, she was unrecognizable. What fun! Everett would never guess who she was—he'd think her one of the pestiferous women who pursued him. She could find out just how he treated persistent ladies—what a lark! One could buy a ticket at the door—it was easy.

That night, after Everett had taken the car to the mansion, she dressed quickly, gayly savoring the excitement of the silken disguise. She thrust the rhinestone-encrusted slap-stick through the narrow belt, tied on the black satin ballet shoes, and drew on the long black gloves. Over all she swung a raincoat, mounted her bicycle, and rode away.

She hid her machine and slicker in the shrubbery outside the clubhouse gates, and made her way to the ballroom. It was early yet—too early for many to venture out into the grounds.

She knew that Mrs. Meigs had shrouded her charms in what she thought was a Turkish costume—doubtless because there could be so many in similar garb that venture-

someness on her part would be covered by numbers.

Presently Marianne spotted the “Queen of the Screen.” Here there was no attempt to disguise identity—on the contrary, it was flaunted.

Marianne was bored. She fled outdoors, away from a group of Pierrots that would have captured her, and cleverly lost them among the trees. She paused. Here, indeed, were revelations. As the swinging headlight of an incoming automobile caught the rear windows of the parked cars along its route, bits of heads and arms came, literally, to light—all more or less intertwined. Whispers among the bushes, where garden seats were hidden—giggles—the unmistakable sound of poured liquids. A noisy group around the spouting fountain were bent on making themselves as conspicuous as these others were in concealment.

She turned toward the entrance gates. Now was the time to approach Everett. Like a white shadow she sped down the drive and through the laurel tangle that banked the entrance of the club grounds. She recognized the car, drawn up in the little circle back to the porter's lodge.

There he was! There was no mistaking that towering figure. Yes—and there was a woman beside him. She was cloaked, and, against the shrubbery, her form was hardly discernible. Marianne laughed to herself, slipped silently from bush to bush. She did not know the woman's voice, but she heard her husband's monosyllables. He was certainly not encouraging her. She saw him light a cigarette. For a moment his annoyed and frowning face was visible. She almost burst out laughing, then the shrouded figure turned petulantly away and disappeared.

As she heard his sigh of relief Marianne pounced upon him, gamboling like the sprite she appeared to be—clapping her heels together, she slapped his shoulder with her glittering wand. He looked at her gravely.

“You look pretty cute, kid,” he said gruffly. “Run along back and join your little playmates—I'm waiting here for my wife.”

Marianne capered again, and answered in the high, squeaky voice sacred to such mummery. “Oh, Sheiky dear, don't turn me down!” “Don't call me ‘Sheik’!” he roared, and Marianne collapsed, rolling over on the grass as she kicked her silver heels in an ecstasy of mirth.

“Get up, for God's sake,” he snapped. “Here comes somebody!”

“Hahaha!” she bubbled uncontrollably. He recognized her laugh.

“You imp!” he said softly. “What put you up to this! Trying to see how your old man is behaving, hey?”

“Oh, my dear,” she gasped, sitting up and drawing her silken knees close to her chest. She leaned her masked head on them till she looked as contorted as a gymnast. “You were too funny! I shall call you

'Sheik' from this night on!"

"You will not!" His voice was so pained and serious that she laughed again. "Shhiss!" she hissed suddenly, and, unwrapping herself, backed bodily into the laurel clump behind her.

He clutched at her—"Here—no—you stay here," he begged anxiously.

"You've got a date—I won't intrude—bye!" He heard the sound of a retreating body through the bushes, and cursed under his breath as a woman's figure turned in hurriedly from the drive.

Marianne, however, had not gone far. Rounding the back of the limousine she quietly opened the door on the opposite side and slipped into its dark interior. The front glass was down—she could both see and hear perfectly from her coign of vantage. What a lark!

The girl who lurched up to the car was very drunk—and was making no effort to maintain a disguise.

"Heard you were here, old dear, and came down to cheer you up a bit. Shee here." She held out an open pint of champagne. "Shaved it for you! Shay, your old girl would be madder'n anything if she thought—" She broke off in a gurgle. "Tell me—what did you go to old lady Meigs for when you wanted a job? Why not let us have a chance? Anybody'd be proud to have such a looker on the payroll—what?"

"Please, Miss Raymond!" at no pains to conceal his disgust.

"Call me—call me 'Glad-Eyes'—you uster—" she stammered.

"Not for long," he said grimly. "No, I'm not drinking!"—he pushed aside the proffered bottle.

"Well, I am!" declared the scantily clad Indian maiden, who, having removed her wig because of the heat, offered an astonishing contrast of blond bobbed hair and mahogany skin.

Marianne saw her lift the bottle to her lips.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Everett soberly. "You're lit enough as it is."

"You drive me to drink," the girl retorted. "What you turn me down for all the time?"

"Because you need it," he snapped, "and I wish you'd go on about your business."

"I am," the girl giggled. "I'm carrying on about it— isn't it the truth?"

"For Heaven's sake—go!" His voice was wearily imploring.

The Indian maiden whirled the empty bottle about her head and sent it crashing against the pillar of the gate.

"You little fool!" Everett muttered. "Now some tire will pick that up, like as not."

"Kiss me!" commanded Nina Raymond.

Everett's face came at that moment into the circle of the dimmed headlights—his wife could hardly restrain her laughter. It was fun to

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see that women could make as complete idiots of themselves over good looks as ever the most foolish of men.

"Oh, see who's here!" The girl's exclamation caused Marianne to look up startled. Closely wrapped in a purple peplum, the classic figure of the "Queen of the Screen" emerged into the dim radiance. She looked unearthly beautiful against the velvet background of the night. Miss Lanier was frank and to the point as she said:

"You're soused, Nina, and you look a sight. Get back to the dressing room and fix yourself. Either clean your face or find your—one or the other!"

Nina gurgled a protest—but her subconscious mind registered Miss Lanier's scornful orders.

"I told her to go," said Everett coldly.

"I heard you," the actress answered. "Go on, Nina!"

"You'd better go with her," he said firmly—the bedraggled Indian maiden had already turned obediently toward the clubhouse.

"Why? I want to talk to you." Again Marianne almost revealed her presence in her amusement over Everett. What an awful thing to be a he-beauty!

But the "Queen of the Screen" was speaking again, and Marianne leaned forward in the darkness of the car to catch her every word. Here indeed was another proposition alto-

gether—and another tempter. The girl's loveliness was truly arresting. Hers was the type that responds to the allure of costume. How could Everett fail to see and be affected by it? What man could resist it? She saw the white bare arms flung about her husband's neck, and the exquisite blond head pressed tight to his breast—and, almost with the same movement his powerful hands gripped her, and held her off, struggling.

"If you don't stop that," he growled, "I'll take you by the back of the neck and run you straight into the house!"

"I dare you," she whispered. His eyes blazed like the eyes of an animal.

"I'm crazy about you," she said huskily. "You know I am. Why can't you like me—why? Listen—don't stand out against me. I'm only trying to put you over big—to give you what any other man would give his eyes for—and I know you care for me—yes I do—I know it! It's your silly, stuffy idea about being married. What need she know? And besides she'd be so vain of you she wouldn't care! Listen, dear—"

"How in the world did you locate me in this mob?" he interrupted. "I thought I was free of the lot of you for a minute."

"How did I find out? From your Lady Boss—your patron—what else is she to you, by the way? Or shall

we just sum it all up—Ah—your mistress!"

Marianne pressed her hands to her suddenly flaming cheeks. She wanted to make her presence known, but the feeling that Everett would resent what he might imagine to be her spying held her back. The farce had suddenly ceased to be funny—it was shocking.

To her amazement and satisfaction she saw her husband's sudden move. With his open hand he slapped Leslie Lanier full in the face. It sent her staggering, the blood rushed to the mark of the blow, while about it the skin showed livid.

The woman's eyes sparkled with the ferocity of a tiger, but it was not the rage to kill—it was the rage of possession. Once more her white arms shot out in entreaty.

"Beat me—kill me!" she whimpered.

"Oh, my God!" groaned the tormented man.

A figure had appeared behind them—a figure swathed and brightly turbaned. The whole thing had become a nightmare play—a horrid phantasmagoria—to the girl inside the car. The painted eyes of the newcomer stared above the white *yashmak*—stared with stark hate. Mrs. Meigs' voice spoke from the sinister figure.

"How dare you! How dare you! What are you doing here?"

"The same as you are doing here yourself," Leslie Lanier retorted.



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"You haven't even got that," the girl sneered. "He wouldn't touch you!" Leslie Lanier would have turned her back, but she caught the flash of danger in the savage eyes above the veil and hesitated.

"If you are ready to go home, Madam," Everett's voice cut sharp and clean as a sword, "I will drive you up for your wraps."

"And leave me standing here in the road?" Leslie Lanier shrilled her thought before she could recall it. She could have bitten her tongue out for the admission of defeat—for the opening Mrs. Meigs took immediate advantage of.

"Where you belong," she snarled. "Pity it isn't the streets!"

Marianne was nauseated—horror-stricken—but her husband's words had set her paralyzed limbs in movement. Mrs. Meigs must not find her, Everett's wife, hiding in the car—a witness to the unspeakable scene that had just transpired.

Softly she opened the door and slipped out. She hesitated, then made her decision. She would run up, as if she had just come—in her presence they would have to stop.

Leslie Lanier was speaking. Her voice was thin and brittle. "You can't talk to me like that! I brought down a little present for him—because I meant to get even—but now you'll get it!"

Marianne dashed forward—too late. She saw a swift movement of the beautiful hand—saw the sharp sparkle of the light on dark glass—a flash as something was dashed through the air—a shriek of pain and terror!

Between the two women, where he had flung himself, Everett Marley was clutching at his head, groaning as the searing vitriol ate into his flesh.

Scream after scream rent the air—and above Marianne's frantic clutching fingers the lovely face of the "Queen of the Screen" was turning purple black—strangling—struggling.

The hospital room was dark, save for a distant glimmer over by the medicine table in the corner.

Everett Marley lay, his head and face concealed beneath white cloths. Beside him sat Marianne, her hand in his.

Was he blind? The doctors said no. They said—but, oh, what did they know? The horror of it—the terror of it! And his pain—his awful pain! Whenever she thought of it her hands clenched again in memory about that white throat! Oh, why had some one torn away her hands, and broken her grip? That female beast deserved to die!

In spite of her self-control, a sob

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escaped her. His fingers tightened on hers. He was speaking—a whisper from his poor, seared mouth. "I hope to God I look like hell after this—I do, Marianne! All my life I've had to stand for things—things—I! If only I'm not blind!" "No, no, my dear!" she said, while tears of sympathy poured down her cheeks. "The doctors say—they promise—you shall have your eyes." "Then that crazy woman did me a

kindness"—his voice was stronger—more his own than the tortured babbling it had been for so long. "As long as you don't care what I look like!"

"My darling," she whispered, leaning her head close to his pillow. "You know I don't—I never did."

He squeezed her hand again. "I know, dear girl," he whispered. "I know—I've always known. Thank God!"

Eating for Beauty (Continued from page 71)

like, you may add a little onion juice to the dressing or you may rub the bowl in which the dressing is mixed with a clove of garlic. This gives a slight aroma to the salad without affecting the breath.

A salad dressing that is used in the north of France where butter is more plentiful than olive oil, is made from 4 tablespoons of melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, one tablespoon vinegar and a dash of pepper. This is well mixed while the butter is still melted and is mixed with well chilled salad greens just before serving.

Another good basic salad dressing to use to dress the leaves is made by mixing 4 tablespoons of rhubarb or other acid fruit juice with 2 tablespoons of honey and 2 tablespoons olive oil.

Even when mayonnaise is to be used on the salad mixture some one of these basic dressings should be used to flavor the leaves and make them palatable. It is not, however, merely to make your salads more palatable that we advise the practice of dressing them carefully. It is one of those time-honored customs that is based on sound dietary principles. The oil—whether it be derived from olives, peanuts, corn or other sources—provides the fats that are lacking in lettuce and the vinegar or other acid helps to break down the fiber of the cellulose of the lettuce or other greens and thereby aids digestion. A well-dressed salad is actually more easily digested than one that has not received this preparation.

Good vinegar is the traditional acid for salad dressing, and vinegar taken in moderate amounts does not harm the normal individual. Those suffering from an acid condition are often advised to abstain from vinegar, in which case they should use lemon juice or other fruit juices whose ultimate reaction on the system is not acid but which have the same immediate effect on the cellulose as vinegar.

Fruit salads are especially good in Summer, provided that the fruit mixture is not too highly sweetened and provided, of course, that there is plenty of salad green. Generally speaking, uncooked vegetables are better for salad mixtures than cooked vegetables. However, left-over cooked peas, asparagus, lima beans, green beans, spinach, etc., may be used to

advantage in this way and may be made more interesting if combined with raw celery, tomatoes, radishes, or cucumbers to give them crispness. Onions and green peppers are usually used raw in salads, but if you do not like the flavor of raw onion or find raw green pepper difficult to digest, these vegetables may be first parboiled and then thoroughly chilled before adding to the salad.

Many sorts of vegetables and fruits may be combined to good advantage—cucumbers and grapefruit, thin-sliced radishes and diced pears or apples for example.

Do not remove all the roughage from your salad ingredients. Red apples and radishes diced or sliced thin with their skin on add an attractive bit of color. Well washed tomatoes do not need to be peeled. In orange salad you may use seedless oranges and then cut them into slices or dice without removing the connecting skin. The white fiber adds to the total roughage of the salad and is perfectly wholesome.

Making good salads really requires no knowledge of cookery whatever and it is a sad fact that many of the best cooks make the worst salads. Lettuce and other fresh vegetables should be scrubbed very thoroughly. To suit American taste all ingredients should be very thoroughly chilled but the leaves should be dressed and the salad put together just before serving.

If you have imagination you really need no recipes for making delicious salads. Your innate good taste will tell you what fruits and vegetables may be acceptably combined and whether or not left-over cooked vegetables may be used to advantage in this way. Here are some suggestions that may help you to make interesting beauty salads.

Cherry and Cucumber

Pare a well-chilled cucumber and cut into dice, remove stones from ripe red or white cherries and shred some blanched almonds. Mix together with a little mayonnaise dressing and serve on watercress dressed with a dressing made from fresh cherry juice, oil and a very little salt. Coarsely chopped pecans or walnuts may be used instead of the shredded almonds.

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Dissolve a package of lemon-flavored gelatin in two cups boiling water, add two tablespoons vinegar and a little salt and pepper. Prepare $\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely chopped raw carrots, 1 cup finely shredded raw cabbage, 4 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper. When the jelly mixture begins to harden mix in the raw vegetables and turn into a large mold or individual molds to harden. Serve on well-dressed lettuce or romaine or on the green outer leaves of cabbage.

Lettuce Rolls

Use leafy garden lettuce. Wash the leaves well and before chilling them make a mixture of cream cheese, chopped onion, and chopped parsley and put a heaping tablespoon of the mixture on each leaf. Roll up the leaves separately and wrap in a clean piece of cheese-cloth to keep from unrolling and leave in the refrigerator for several hours. Just before serving arrange beds of well-dressed lettuce on salad plates and on each place one of the lettuce rolls garnished with mayonnaise.

Cabbage Combinations

Use the green outside leaves of the cabbage as well as the thicker white leaves. A good mixture is made from shredded cabbage with a little chopped onion and chopped pimento. Or you may mix shredded cabbage and shredded lettuce, adding a little minced celery, chopped onion and chopped parsley. Celery may also be combined with diced or thinly sliced apple, or with shredded pineapple.

Melon and Apple

Cut canned or fresh ripe pears into fairly large dice, and combine with diced honeydew melon or cantaloupe and thin slices of crisp apple. Arrange on any sort of salad greens, sprinkle with chopped pecans or walnuts and serve with mayonnaise.

Onion Salads

Thinly sliced Bermuda onions or sliced small scallions may be served with lettuce or romaine alone or in

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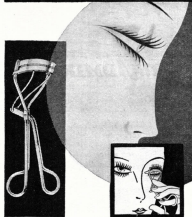
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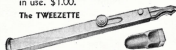
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combination with tomatoes and cucumbers. A surprisingly delicious salad is made from steamed or boiled onions well chilled. Use Bermuda or Spanish onions and scoop out a little of the center and cook in rapidly boiling water. When cooked through but not soft, drain and chill and serve with the centers filled with minced celery mixed with mayonnaise, on beds of lettuce.

Sea Dream Salad

Dissolve a package of lime-flavored or lemon-flavored gelatin in one cup of boiling water. Add one cup of grated cucumber, one tablespoon vinegar and one teaspoon of onion juice, a dash of red pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Force the mixture through a sieve. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Cut in squares and serve on

crisp lettuce. Garnish with sliced cucumber and mayonnaise.

Line a salad dish with well-dressed shredded green lettuce, spread with a layer of orange sections or diced oranges, sprinkle with chopped celery and serve with any mayonnaise or French dressing.

Cut grapefruit sections into quarters, mix with diced celery and thin apple slices. Arrange sliced avocado and sliced red tomatoes in a circle on a salad plate piled with lettuce or watercress. The slices of avocados and tomatoes should overlap in alternating arrangement.

If you have any special problems concerning your own diet write to Jane Osborne, care of THE ILLUSTRATED LOVE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. She will be glad to advise you.

He Knew About Love (Continued from page 38)

and solemn in a black Mother Hubbard with spangles on it and a hassock, or something Oriental anyway, wound around his head.

"'Abacadabra,' he said, in a deep, sorrowful voice.

"'No,' I corrected him. 'The name is Peggy Herman.'

"'I know that,' he said, weary. 'Nothing is concealed from Rajah Bong. I know everything.'

"Wasn't it wonderful, his knowing my name? And I had never set eyes on him before in all my life.

"'I know,' he went on, in the same tone of voice, 'that you belong to the frail sect called woman, created to be the despair of man. And you are going to marry a young man with dark hair and eyebrows, dressed in a suit of dark blue clothes and a pair of yellow shoes.'

"He couldn't have described Nick better if he had seen him. He even knew the kind of clothes he had on.

"Well, that settled it. I went out and told Nick what the Rajah Bong had said. I hated the idea of losing Hardy for good, especially when I remembered how careless Nick was with his pay, but the thought of the way Nick could dance sort of evened things up.

"I suppose we're engaged then,' I said after I had got tired waiting for him to mention it.

"'Uh-huh,' he admitted, just as cheerful as if somebody had poisoned his dog.

"'It ain't a funeral, you know,' I reminded him. 'The minister ain't going to say "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust" when he hitches us.'

"'It ain't that,' said Nick. 'I was thinking of Hardy. This is going to break him all up when he hears about it.'

"'Do you think he's so crazy about me that he can't stand it?' I asked, a little worried myself. 'I didn't want to drive anybody to a

carbolic acid cocktail. 'Don't you suppose he can get along without me?'

"'I was thinking how lonesome he's going to be when I'm gone,' Nick was as mournful as a bride kissing her mother good-bye. 'I guess we'll have to have Hardy come and live with us,' he said, brightening up a little.

"'Nothing like it. Play something else, that piece is out of your range. After we're married, you're going to be allowed to invite Hardy over for dinner once a month, if he'll promise not to cry on the parlor rug. Play that both ways for me.'

"Nick was sort of set back but he saw that I meant it and said no more about it.

"'Anyhow,' he decided, as he left me at the door, after taking me home that night, 'let me break it to him. Maybe he won't take it so hard if I tell him.'

"I agreed to that. There wasn't any particular reason why I wanted to gloat over the poor Swede's misery.

"But I wasn't quite prepared for what happened the next night when Hardy Nelson showed up, grinning all over his map, and said he was going to take me out to White City.

"'I looked at him doubtful. 'Where's Nick?' I asked.

"'I don't know,' Hardy answered. 'This ain't his evening to call.'

"I saw what had happened. Nick had lost his nerve and hadn't been able to spring the bad news on his tow-headed friend. What could I do? Nothing. I had promised my fiancé I wouldn't tell. So I trotted along with Hardy out to White City just as if nothing had happened.

"'Nick has got a great scheme,' he tells me on the way out. 'I'm going to take you to the Rajah Bong and let him settle which one of us you're going to marry. Is that a right with you?'

"I saw it all. It was clever of Nick, wasn't it? Instead of telling Hardy himself, the fortune-teller would do it for him and of course Hardy wouldn't take it so hard coming sort of direct from Fate that way. The scheme was so pretty that I fell for it right away. It would cost Hardy a couple of bucks that he didn't really need to spend, but then he had money to burn if you counted that bank roll which I wasn't so much interested in helping him save any more.

"So we went to Rajah Bong's place as soon as we hit the park. It was early and there was nobody waiting in the outside room. So they fleeced Hardy for a couple of iron men right away and I wrote my question on the paper and went into the cell where they kept the Rajah.

"He was still looking at his bonehead friend and without glancing at me, he said solemnly, 'Abacadabra.'

"This time I didn't argue about it. He reached out and took my hand.

"You want to know something about marriage," he said, all mysterious but still looking at Horlick and talking as if he was a long ways off. "I see before you a beautiful youth with light hair and blue eyes who takes your hand and leads you to an altar."

"Then, still holding my hand, he turned toward me for the first time. I saw a sort of puzzled look come into his eyes as if he thought he had seen me somewhere before but couldn't remember where.

"Beautiful girl," he said, 'your soul and mine have met before. They speak to each other. What does it mean?"

"I didn't tell him, because probably he knew anyway, and was just asking questions to let me think I was in on it.

"Besides I had a lot of things that were worrying me more at that moment. Where did I stand? How did it come that Fate picked out two different husbands on two evenings, one right after the other? This second night he had described Hardy Nelson just as if he was a brother. There was no mistaking it. And Hardy was out in the other room where the Rajah couldn't possibly see him.

"It was too much for me. I went out and told Hardy what the Rajah had said and we agreed to be engaged. I didn't know what else to do.

"But he asked me not to tell Nick and said that he would spring the news himself. This suited me down to the ground, because I didn't know how I was going to explain to either lad what had happened. After they had scrapped it out among themselves, they could come to me with the decision."

"How did the boys settle it?" asked Mabel eagerly.

"They didn't." Peggy drawled tantalizingly. "Each one is afraid to tell the other for fear it will break

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him all up. Neither of 'em can sleep nights for worrying so about how the other one is going to take it."

"Ain't that awful," Mabel sympathized. "Who is this lad trying to attract your attention?"

Peggy looked carelessly toward the other end of the counter where stood a bashful young man of heavy-weight build who was covered with crimson blushes at finding himself in the proximity of so much feminine hosiery.

"It's Hardy," Peggy murmured in amazement. "What can he be doing here during store hours?"

She moved toward him nevertheless and Mabel, curious, edged down as close as possible without appearing to be listening deliberately.

"What's the matter, Hardy?" Peggy inquired of the agitated youth. "Are you starting on a honeymoon all by yourself? What's the idea?"

"I've left the shop," he said, "and I've come to tell you that our engagement is off. The foreman said he'd have to lay one of us off for the slack season and I went to him afterwards so Nick wouldn't know and told him I'd be the one to quit. I just couldn't tell Nick I was going to take you away from him, so you'll have to marry him. I'm going away somewhere, but I hope you'll both be happy."

Without giving her a chance to make any protest, he turned and fled precipitately, while Peggy barred from pursuit by store rules could only murmur feebly, "Can you beat that?"

She was still muttering to herself when another man approached from the other aisle.

"Nick!" she exclaimed.

"Yeh," he admitted, gloomily. "I been waiting for Hardy to clear out so I could speak to you alone."

"What is it?"

"Listen, sis, I can't do it. This marriage thing, I mean. Hardy is crazy about you, and I couldn't bear to take you away from him. He's known there was something up for a long time, and it's been worrying him. He ain't said anything, but I've seen him getting thinner every day. Why, that boy has dropped

from two hundred and seventeen pounds, down to two hundred and twelve in the last three weeks. If he was to hear for sure that you and me was going to get hitched, it would put him down and out. So I'm going to call off our engagement. I think too much of Hardy. He can have you. I'm going to find him and tell him now. I just quit my job so he'll be making enough to get married on. I can get along somehow until I get something else. Good-bye, Peggy. I'll come and see you some time after you're married."

He, too, breathless from his impassioned speech, rushed off in the direction taken by his chum, leaving Peggy, who probably held the world's record by being jilted twice in ten minutes, rearranging her hair and smoothing her skirt over her hips to assure herself that at least externally she was still the same girl.

"Ain't that dreadful?" sympathized Mabel, disclosing amazingly intimate knowledge of the conversation that had just taken place. "They were both awful handsome boys, too. What are you going to do? You could sue 'em for breach of promise."

"I won't bother about 'em," said Peggy, nonchalantly. "I don't think I'll even tell my husband about it."

"Your husband? What do you mean—husband?"

"I am the Rajaherine Bong," Peggy announced with a careless gesture. "We were married last evening. His real name is Clarence Weinberg and he was making too much money to be a bachelor. As soon as my week is out here, I'm going to take the assistant's place collecting the coin for fortunes from the sims in the ante-room."

Mabel regarded her with ill-concealed envy. "Gee, don't you have all the luck? But the Rajah made a dreadful mistake, didn't he, when he told you first that your husband would have dark hair, and then the next night, said he would be a blond. That was an awful blunder, wasn't it?"

"No. The Rajah Bong never makes mistakes. He knows everything. What he meant was that his own hair is dark now, but it's only dyed and is coming in yellow at the roots."

Are Men Going Feminine? (Continued from page 8)

am a normal female who knows that in losing, she wins what she most desires. My everlasting thanks to whatever gods decreed that I live in this age and not in the next, because there are still some real men in the world today who compensate for the increasing hordes of "almost men" who promise to be in the majority all too soon. What I am saying about men is more prophetic of men who are to clutter up the future and is only slightly

applicable to the mass of present-day men. The trend is the annoying handwriting on the wall. And that this trend is general is attested to by the similarity of experience of women in different walks of life in widely separate parts of the country.

Girls do not want to boss men, contrary to the idea the modern man seems to have. We do not always want to have our own way. We want to be ruled. We want to obey. We

have very little control over this desire, because nature made us that way and has not changed us.

But even the college professors are telling young embryo husbands that women are the bosses these days, warning them to expect the worst. They are advising boys to marry young because if they wait until they are older they will be too disillusioned to take an interest in marriage.

Not long ago the reformers of the new generation were shouting against petting parties and necking. Today the magazines and newspapers no longer put the two expressions in quotation marks. They are accepted as part of our language and also of our social system.

But have you noticed that the girls do most of the necking and the petting? Girls are the aggressors in the kindling of love's fires. The woman has taken the lead in the love game. She does the wooing because she is not being loved aggressively by the newer generation of feminine men. The modern girl has not lost her desire to be loved and because of it she blindly courts the caresses of the men with a boldness which brings criticism heaping upon her from the moralists. Even after she has risked so much in making advances in the several ways women have learned, she more often than not finds her man pitifully dissatisfying.

Women must woo, must wed, must shoulder at least one half of the economic burden and bear a couple of children for good measure.

Emily proposed to George.

"If I hadn't, we would never have been married, because he simply never could have mustered the courage," she said. "I knew he loved me and wanted to marry me so I took things into my own hands after I had waited a reasonable length of time. He has since told me that he is glad we did not allow ourselves to drift apart. We are as happy as two people can possibly be, yet if I had waited for him to take the lead we might have been unhappy all our lives. Some other girl, bold enough to do just what I did, would have married him."

She works side by side with her boy husband. Next year she intends to stay at home to have a baby. When the youngster is old enough, she will return to work in order to help educate him.

Should a man fear a woman like Emily?

Another girl who is trying the same tactics on her sweetheart is meeting with success more slowly. The handsome youth resists her with all the coyness of a young girl of thirty years ago, encouraging her suitor by the innuendo of repeated refusal.

Modern girls know almost nothing of the delight of being pursued, of being courted in the grand manner of the jungle. Grandmother was sure the man whom she refused

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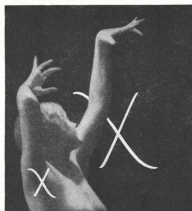
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would continue to become more and more ardent with each rejection. She perfected herself in the pretty art of retreat, sure she would be captured.

A short time ago a friend of mine came into town unexpectedly and called me about six o'clock. He was frightfully annoyed because I had another engagement, even suggested that I chuck my plans overboard for him. Moved by his insistence, I called off my dinner date, arranging to meet it later in the evening, and called to tell my visiting friend I could see him from seven until nine.

"Fine," says he, "I'll be right up and we will at least have dinner together." He arrived at seven and sat down until nine o'clock.

Dinner? Oh, no, I couldn't get any. All I got was a monologue.

"Men are pampered babies," one girl told me. "Playing on the same circuit with this disappearing act are a number of others, all headliners in their peculiar specialties. There in the man who phones about eight-fifteen. He does not say, 'Will you have dinner with me?' Not he, he's far too cagey. He says, 'Have you had your dinner?' If you say you have, he says, 'Oh, I'm sorry it is a bit late, but I didn't know you dined so early.' If you say you have not dined, he says, 'Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't call you sooner, but it was so late I felt sure you had eaten, and I've just finished.'

"What's the use? He knows all the answers."

"The situation changes a bit," she went on. "The scene is the same, your lonely little apartment. You are still the leading lady, but you know by now your part is very minor. The phone rings. It's the boy friend. Just around the corner, says he, and wants to come up for a few minutes. It seems too inhospitable to refuse; after all, it is only ten o'clock. You consent. About ten minutes after eleven, when you are ready to scream, he arrives. He wasn't really around the corner. He was at Pete's in Forty-second Street. He strides in, sure of his welcome, a bottle of liquor protruding from his hip pocket—the pass to the best seats in the house and entertainment for the next three or four hours. You supply the entertainment, a sprightly conversation, but not too much of that, more respectful and admiring listening. Also, you supply the lemons and the ginger ale and the ice and some crackers and cheese and sandwiches, because you have a kitchenette, haven't you?"

This seems to be rather a common man-habit. Another girl related a similar experience:

"A man asked me to dine with him. I took the trouble to go home from my office to dress so that I would be more pleasing than in my all-day-in-the-office clothes, taking the subway in the rush hour. When I was almost dressed the phone

rang. What does he do but ask in his nicest voice, 'Please come down to Times Square to meet me, like a dear. I will go directly from the office so we will save time.'

"Of course, I went, just as thousands of other girls are doing. We would be bum sports if we did not. We usually do it and think nothing of it. It is the code nowadays for a girl to fifty-fifty everything. We play our cards and we think we play them well, but that does not alter the fact that we have a bum hand. This good-fellowship spirit in girls does not change the statute of the namby-pamby man."

There was a time when a man rode horseback or in a buggy fifty or a hundred miles to see his girl. Often he rode back home that same night, arriving after daybreak and going to work without a wink of sleep. Did he ever ask the girl to jump on her horse, like a dear, and meet him halfway? If he had, his standing with that girl and her family would have been nil. Men, in those days, did not know what this fifty-fifty business meant. Yet, nobody can deny that our grandmothers did their share of the labor of living and raising the family.

While girls in large metropolitan cities are meeting men at Times Square, girls in the smaller towns are driving by in their cars to pick up their boy friends. I lived in the middle west and know that a girl who has a good-looking car can go with almost any boy in town. She does it by going after him both in her car and otherwise. On Sunday afternoon I used to take Dad's car and go for Fred. He expected me every Sunday. His sister used his family's car.

Older people are repeatedly asking, "Why do you do it? I wouldn't run after any boy. If you would be more independent, the boys would be more chivalrous." Which proves that they do not know this generation. If I did not drive by for Fred, some other girl would, and Fred knows she would. There you are. Every Fred, Tom, Joe or Jack knows that if one girl doesn't, another will. So they sit and wait to be wooed.

The modern girl has to court her man like her grandfather courted her grandmother. The whole procedure has been reversed. The modern girl must take the lead whether she likes it or not.

Are women to blame for men becoming more and more feminine? Mothers keep their boys tied to their apron strings as long as they possibly can. When the lads begin to assert their own individuality, the mothers hold on tighter, imposing their ideas and ideals upon them. They learn, obey, and make their personality subservient to hers.

Who is the loser in the long run? The mother has her inning while she exerts the great mother-love power over her son. The boy always likes the mothering. The girls are



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the sufferers. They have to continue the babying. To be sure, all love entitles too much and gives too little protective care in return. I can illustrate this with a very personal experience which I will wager has come to almost every girl out of her teens, and some younger.

Alec calls to ask for a date and concludes with the inevitable question: "Whatcha wanna do?" I think if I hear that combination of words another time I shall promptly have hysterics in the good old-fashioned manner. Of course, I shall do nothing of the sort, but will make all the plans for the evening, taking into consideration his finances, his health at the moment, his time, and my own. I have discussed this with boys who are guilty of asking the questions "Whatcha wanna do?" and their answers are funny ones.

"I always want to do what you like," Alec said when I shouted my displeasure. In that answer he explained the psychology of the modern male's reasoning. He leaves everything to the girl. Responsibility is not pleasant to him, even the responsibility of planning an evening's entertainment, so he takes on the unconscious guise of permitting the girl to have her own way in everything.

I do not always want to have my own way. I want to be compelled to do things. I am so primitive, that I would like to be dragged through the forest by the hair of my head like a savage. One of the biggest thrills of my life came in the natural response of a tall, healthy lad to a simple request I made.

"I want a hot dog," I said. "Let's stop here."

I did not have a hot dog that night. I didn't care. Such a little thing to leave an impression, isn't it? But it is the primal, age-old protection of the male over the female. It is blessed, I shall always cherish that exalted feeling I had when I was denied that hot dog.

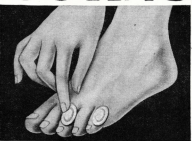
A young artist told me this story: "Jack invited me to dinner. We ordered a one-dollar table d'hôte meal. When the coffee was being poured, he leaned over and whispered to ask if I had any money. I handed him three dollars, which was all I had. Did he ever repay it? He did not."

Women are developing greater strength all the time. Modern life demands strength and with each demand greater growth comes. Women grow stronger, while men grow weak and yield to the strong women, thus reversing the principle of nature.

Are men so hypnotized that they do not know what is happening to them? Do they not know that they are rapidly changing places with the female in the sex race? When they do wake up to the fact, will they have enough strength left to regain their manhood?

Meanwhile, women are unhappy because they live unnaturally, and dissatisfied.

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Love's Beauty Secrets (Continued from page 73)

at least once during the two weeks that you are away wash your hair and apply the lotion, carefully setting the waves with the fingers. Be sure also to take a silk net with you which should be fitted over the head and pinned securely at the back. This done, run a large hairpin over the waves, pressing them in deeply. If your hair is of the half-grown sort leave the longer ends to curl softly around the ears in the evening, to give the charming effect that goes so well with the new long evening gowns. But for daytime and sports be sure to fasten the ends securely with pins and clips. It always adds to the summer girl's charm to be able to appear in the evening as quite a different person from the mountain climbing, tennis playing, water sports enthusiast of the daytime.

Don't go too heavily laden with cosmetics, but be sure that those that you do take are adapted to vacation conditions. Your supply should contain cleansing cream, cleansing tissue, tissue cream, face powder, astringent and a foundation cream. These supplies may be bought conveniently packed in a specially designed beauty kit, but if you cannot afford one of these you may assemble them for yourself.

Before you start out, have your nails manicured or manicure them carefully yourself, and then with a minimum of equipment you can keep them in condition. Be sure to take some liquid nail polish, as your vacation sports may work havoc with the original finish. You may select dark and medium shades, but remember that the medium shade is for daytime and the deep pink, if you wish, for evening. Personally, I like the medium for all times, but if you like the carmine buy some for your own satisfaction. But please don't use it for daytime as it is a night coloring and was created as an evening accessory.

Toilet water is one of the old-time feminine touches that has been revived among the dainty fashions of the present season. For your summer kit we suggest using toilet water of a simple flower scent. Sprinkle a few drops in your bath or in the water in which you bathe your face and hands. It should be chosen to "match" your sachets which you should tuck in your traveling case or trunk, and you should use the same scent for your perfume. Put just a drop or two on your handkerchiefs or lingerie, but don't make the mistake of applying it to dresses or accessories that cannot be regularly tubbed.

Whether or not the sun-tan will be revived enthusiastically during mid-Summer is a question that no one can answer at present with any degree of certainty. At the resorts in the south of France it was still as popular as ever during the spring months, but the tendency here is to

cultivate the more naturalistic skin tones which are after all more appropriate with the revived romantic fashion in dress. The sophisticated procedure is to use a liquid powder of a sun-tan shade to give you the right appearance for daytime sports. When this liquid powder has dried thoroughly, dust the skin with powder of the same shade as the liquid powder. You will look sufficiently tan, the dark coating will absorb the rays of the sun and protect your skin against excessive tanning and freckles. When you dress for the evening, remove the lotion with cleansing cream and apply powder and rouge to give the fairer pink and white tones that will produce a complete evening transformation.

By this method you will gradually apply the coveted sun-tanned hue—credentials that you will need to show that you really have had a summer vacation. It will be a soft bronze hue that will not be accompanied by blisters nor end in peeling and that can be quite easily disguised when you wish to present a peaches and cream color scheme for evening.

ELIZABETH—Leave the skin food on over night three times a week. From your letter you seem to have an extremely dry skin and a good skin food will feed the cells and supply the needed oil.

ROBERT—Don't be too discouraged by those blackheads. Use the treatment which I have mailed you each night for a week and several times a week after that. You'll soon see a great improvement.

JANE S.—Long hair is smarter. Why don't you try? However, I have an idea that a good many of these long bobs will be cut before the swimming season is over.

NATALIE—A liquid powder is a correct make-up base for an oily skin. Spread the lotion evenly over the face and neck. When it has thoroughly dried apply your face rouge and then dust the face and neck with a rice powder. Be sure that both the liquid and dry powders are of the same tone as your skin.

C. A. S.—Electrolysis is the safest method of removing superfluous hair. Have your family physician send you to a dermatologist. I'm also mailing you the names of several reliable depilatories.

If you have any special vacation beauty problems about which you would like advice, write to Barbara Moore, care of THE ILLUSTRATED LOVE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. She will be glad to answer your questions.

In the next issue of this magazine, Miss Moore will consider the question of perfumes, explaining how to use them and how to select the scent that is best suited to your type.

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Make It a Date!

(Continued from page 34)

it is those which make it all worth while. They make you feel that you are yourself—an individuality—as distinguished from any who ever came before or who will come after. It is the winning of things, more than the things themselves, which makes life worth living. And somehow I feel that the same spirit is in you somewhere. When things go the worst I seem to see you with me and feel that you would enjoy even the sting of it."

"There are those," she said shamefacedly, for her quick breathing almost denied the words, "there are those who are so fond of contentment that they fear to risk it for happiness."

"There are those," he said, "who do not know themselves."

The dinner was good—so good that she was conscious of enjoying it as she had not done for months. And the company was good—so good that she remembered each and every face afterwards. And the music was good—so good that everybody had joined in the choruses and several other guests had been persuaded to give solos.

"I feel now," she said, "as though I had discovered a new country. I—I wish I had something to do in it. Tell me more of the work you are planning. I—I guess I must do my work at second hand."

He told her, quite simply at first, but with such growing interest that she began to feel as though she really did have a part in it.

And then David, choking back words he felt he scarcely had the right to utter, exclaimed out of a full heart:

"How you could help a man!"

Her heart began to pound in a quite surprising manner. The whole world seemed to snap out of the darkness. The blood leaped to her cheeks.

"How I would try!" she answered. "Marion, could you? Can you dream dreams and fight for dreams and love for dreams?"

"Yes," she said. "And work to make them come true, as you have made life come true to me." And after he found her hand there was really little more left to be said.

"When I came here," she confessed, "I thought I had a mighty problem on my hands. And—it isn't a problem at all! I have found that I—I belong to the first generation, David!"

"Darling," he said, half choking.

As they rose, all those remaining in the room rose, too, after the manner of the guests at "Le Petit Oiseau," and wished them a "Happy New Year." But it was Pierre who knew. He knew, when, as he was putting on Monsieur's coat, the latter turned and said:

"I shall come here no more alone, Pierre."



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Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of pure skin-deep, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and they look years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Flowered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

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It is seldom that more than an ounce jar of Othine is needed to clear the skin of the ugly, rusty-brown spots. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will see that even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.



Margaret
Lee Runbeck



Octavus
Roy Cohen

Octavus Roy Cohen was born forty-one years ago, in Charleston, South Carolina. He decided to be a civil engineer, but while in college he devoted more time to reading fiction than studying mathematics and mechanics, so in his junior year was tactfully persuaded by the faculty to leave.

He then tried being an engineer, a salesman, a reporter (at which he did so well that he was elevated to the rank of sporting editor), but finally decided to study law. Two weeks before he was admitted to the bar, however, he sold his first story, and thereafter, stamped, addressed return envelopes became the outstanding events in his life. Sometimes, he says, he had as many as forty in circulation.

With editors buying his stories at twenty-five dollars apiece, he decided that practicing law was just a waste of time, so he gave it up, moved to Birmingham, and devoted himself exclusively to writing. He married a childhood sweetheart, Miss Inez Lopez, and they have one son, now fourteen years old. Mr.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

Pertinent and impertinent facts about some of the prominent men and women who are featured in The Illustrated Love Magazine.

Cohen admits to two secret sins: stamp collecting and playing the saxophone, and his favorite recreation is traveling.

Contrary to popular belief, he has done more "white" stories than "colored" ones, but he says he gets extra credit for negro yarns, and has been particularly gratified by the praise he receives for those written by Hugh Wiley in the *Post*. He has sold more than forty motion pictures, twenty-three books, and has had five plays produced on Broadway.

Margaret Runbeck

thinks the unemployment situation ought to be blamed on writers, because there would be jobs enough to go around if most writers didn't insist on doing three or four each in their spare time. She admits doing newspaper reporting, advertising, girls' camp directing, radio work, and novel writing in her idle hours. Lately she's learned to cook, although at present her repertoire consists only of caviar sandwiches, Swedish flaskpankaka, and three minute-eggs boiled five minutes. But then, it's specialization that counts these days.


Her first published writing was a weekly newspaper column written under a pen name very secretly at the age of thirteen. The articles were meant to be serious, but were unconsciously funny, as the best comedy is. After revelling in her delicious double life for several months, she overheard her father reading her column with loud guffaws. Crushed and embarrassed, she determined then and there she'd never write another line for this hard-hearted world. But, like most good intentions, this was soon forgotten, and she went right on chewing her pencil.

After publishing her first novel she gave up advertising, found a quiet New England village and settled down to write short stories. She likes to write radio stories because she's "air-minded," and thinks there's more romance in broadcasting than in any other form of wild life. She is the author of "Please Stand By", the dramatic radio story in this issue.

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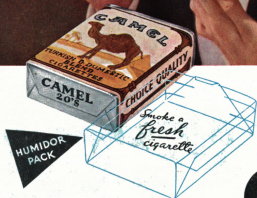
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