

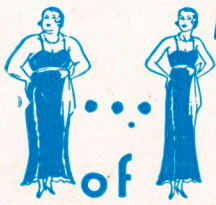
Schicky

STORIES

October
25c



Grace Holmes : Gerard Ravel : Reginald Vance Coghlan : Atwater Culpepper : W. Clyde Young



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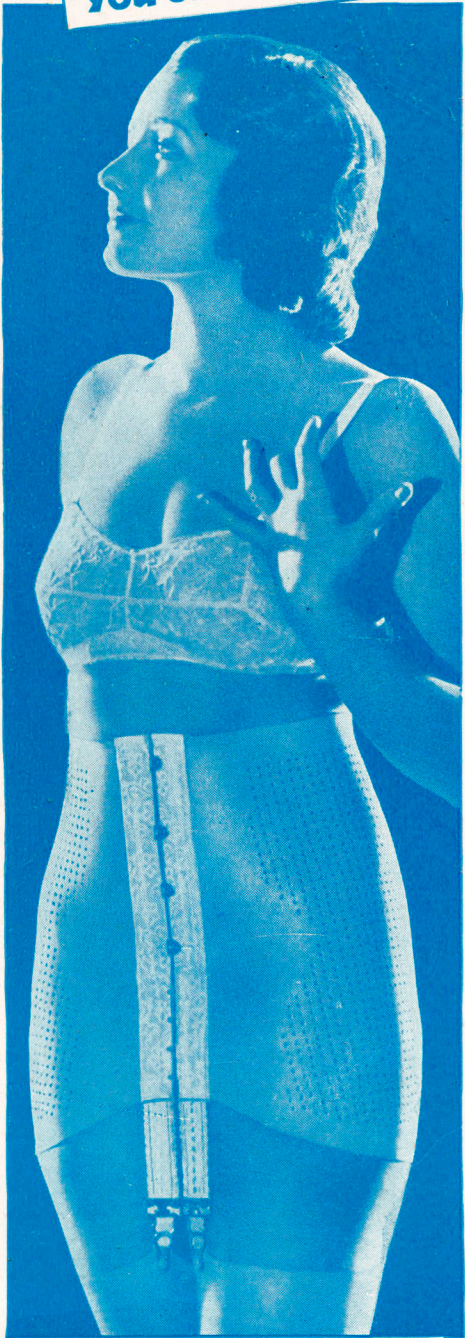
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Spicy

STORIES

Chuck full o' fun

October

1933



Volume III

Number 10

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SPICY STORIES is published monthly by the Merwil Publishing Co., Inc., New York City. Editorial and Advertising Office: 480 Lexington Avenue.
 Copyright, 1933, by Merwil Publishing Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.
 Address all manuscripts to the Editor and enclose postage or self-addressed stamped envelope to insure return of manuscripts in case of rejection.

Between You and Me!

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading your Spicy and am a constant reader. I wish you would please print this in your next issue of Spicy if possible as I would like to correspond with some of your girl readers.

Yours truly,
C. W. Frandsen.

Enderlin, N. Dak.

Dear Editor:

Am a steady reader of Spicy Stories and Pep also and think they are very, very good and think they should be published twice a month instead of once a month as a month is a long time to wait.

Why not publish some of the girl's pictures that wear their hair cut in bangs, also the stories about girls that wear them. There are plenty of girls that do, so why not give them a break once in a while? It makes them look very cute and vivacious.

So here's for more Spicy and Pep publications.

I remain, yours truly,
R. K.

Phila., Pa.

Dear Sir:

I am a reader of three of your magazines and although long proficient in the art of "amatoria" I must confess your magazines have helped perfect my technique.

The object of my letter is to make an appeal to the readers of these magazines. How about making these books international? Surely it is wrong to keep these little treasures within the confines of the U. S. A. Also let's make the "pen pal club" international and have friends in all

corners of the world. How about it, fans? Let the campaign start right now with this letter.

I would like to correspond with male and female readers, married or single, and soon to be a resident of Europe. I would naturally like to write to Europeans.

I am 20 years old, 6 feet tall and weigh 170 pounds, have brown eyes, dark hair and cute dimples.

Yours for a greater "Spicy,"
J. C. M., Illinois.

Dear Editor:

I just got my first copy of Spicy Stories and read all the thrilling stories in it. It was a splendid magazine all the way through.

I would like to hear from any readers who would care to write. Particularly the girls. I promise to make all my letters interesting, and will answer all. Hoping you will publish this letter in your next issue.

Sincerely yours,
Stanley Bird.

2450 High St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of your four magazines, Spicy, La Patee, Pep and Gay Parisienne for the past few months. The stories are very interesting and inspiring.

I am 22 years old, weigh 159, 5 ft. 5 in., brown eyes, black hair, and a dark complexion.

I wish to correspond with the feminine readers, also will exchange pictures.

Yours sincerely,
Edward Morales.

18 Bay View Ave., San Rafael, Calif.

(Please turn to page 64)

GOOD NEWS!

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Published by the POLICE GAZETTE CORPORATION
480 Lexington Avenue, New York City

"Pleasure - Mad!"

BY

GRACE HOLMES

(Part One)

LAZILY bobbing at anchor in the Hudson River, a scant hundred yards from the wooded bluff of Inwood Park, a slim-bowed speedboat yielded to the gentle pull of the ebb tide and slowly swung its stern downstream.

The gracefully modeled yet full-bodied lines of the pleasure craft made it a thing of rare beauty!

It happened to be the birthday gift of a generous husband, and the name that was lettered on its prow was aptly chosen in honor of its fair owner, Janet Boylan, who was now stretched out on the fore deck, sunning her charms in a spread-

eagle pose that gave her the appearance of a gorgeous pink-and-gold butterfly!

At first glance at the young blonde goddess lying prone in that afternoon sunshine, the impression might easily have

"There's a boat passing!" she exclaimed. "Don't stand there like that!"



been gathered that Janet was a member of a nudist cult. Closer inspection, however, showed that she was clad in an astonishingly abbreviated swimsuit of knitted silk, but the garment's honey color matched the tint of her smooth skin so perfectly that it was difficult to tell which was which!

"Peggy!" she called, without moving from her reclining position. "Did you fall asleep, or are you just day-dreaming?"

"I'm wide awake, darling!" A smiling voice replied from within the shelter of the tiny cabin.

"You were so quiet I thought you were taking a snooze!" laughed Janet. "Light me a cigarette, will you?"

The scratch of a match and its sulphuric sputter preceded the view of a dark curly

head, followed by the rounded slenderness of a milky-white arm.

"Here you are!" said Peggy, emerging sufficiently to place the tip of the cigarette between Janet's scarlet lips. Then she quickly withdrew into the cubbyhole of a cabin, exclaiming:

"Gosh, it's hot out there! . . . How can you stand it?"

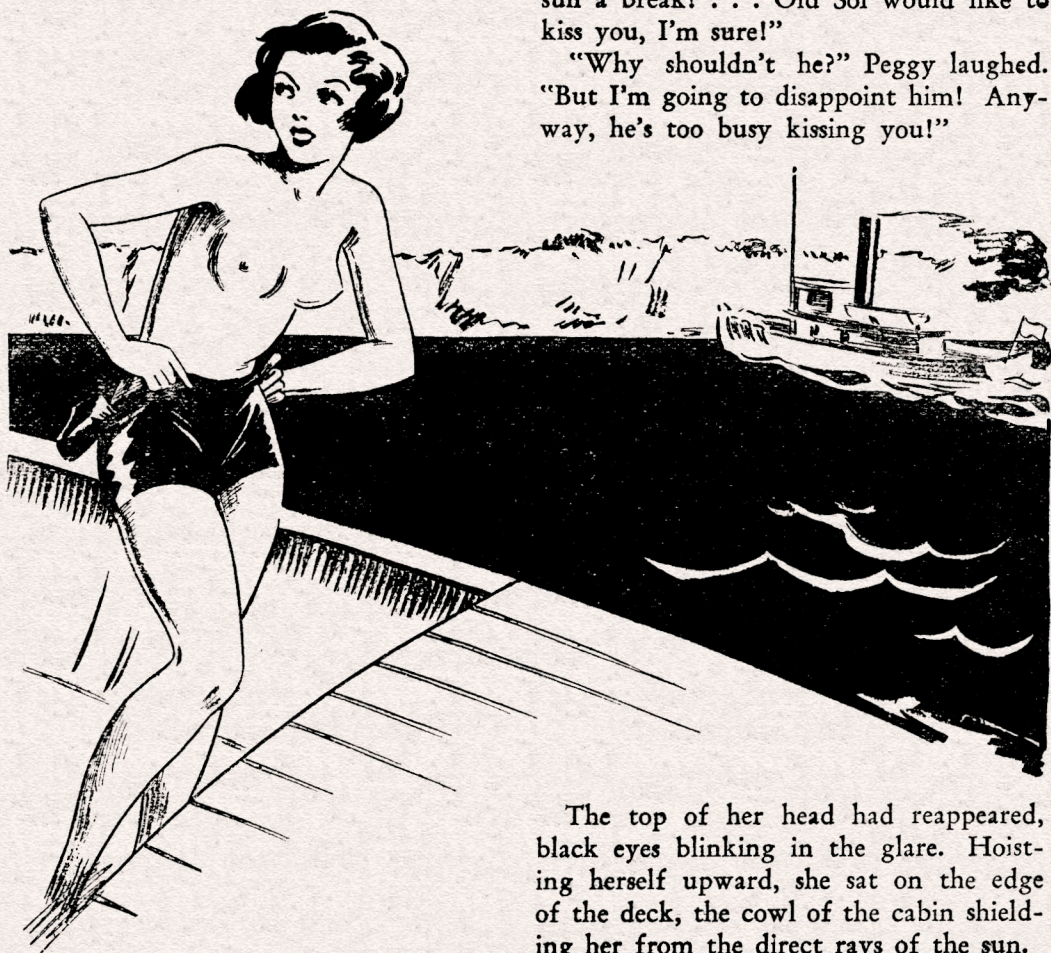
Janet's lovely body stirred languorously, reveling in the sunrays.

"I'm not standing!" she retorted, chuckling, as she inhaled a puff of smoke. "I'm lying flat!"

"Smarty!" rejoined Peggy. "You'd better come in before you turn into a broiled lobster."

"I've a better suggestion!" murmured Janet. "You come out here and give the sun a break! . . . Old Sol would like to kiss you, I'm sure!"

"Why shouldn't he?" Peggy laughed. "But I'm going to disappoint him! Anyway, he's too busy kissing you!"



The top of her head had reappeared, black eyes blinking in the glare. Hoisting herself upward, she sat on the edge of the deck, the cowl of the cabin shielding her from the direct rays of the sun.

"My skin was never made to be tanned!" she said.

Janet's eyes swept her. "You'd like a sunbath if you ever tried one! . . . I love it! . . . It makes me want to purr like a tabbycat!"

"And be stroked, too?" Peggy's glance was impish.

"Of course!" whispered Janet, squirming sensuously. "Whenever I lie in the sun I always wish for somebody to kiss and fondle and fuss over me."

Peggy laughed, selecting a cigarette for herself.

"But I really don't *need* anything to make me wish that!" continued Janet. "I'm always ready for love, anytime, anywhere!"

"With anybody?"

"Not exactly! . . . I *am* a bit discriminating."

Peggy smiled. "However, you're quite easily persuaded!"

"I'll admit not much coaxing is necessary!" The stub of Janet's cigarette hissed as it struck the water. "Just a bundle of excitable nerves, that's me! . . . It seems that I've got to be on the go all of the time! . . . That's why I'm crazy about this speedboat! . . . The thrill of it when it cuts through the water! . . . It means action!"

Peggy was watching her through dark eyelids, drooping thoughtfully. "You're pleasure-mad, darling!"

"Well, we live only once!" said Janet.

"So I've been told!"

"And I don't believe in passing up a single thrill!"

"That's the true pleasure-mad philosophy!" Peggy hunched her legs, resting her chin on dimpled kneecaps.

Janet's hand passed lingeringly over the pink skin of her own thigh, and then she cupped the flowing fullness of a breast whose blush-tinted tip was almost bared by the revealing swimsuit.

"I'd like to take off this suit and dive overboard!" she said, with a feverish spark

in her blue eyes. "I'd get a real kick out of that sort of a swim!"

Peggy giggled with amusement. "You might as well remove it, my dear, because it doesn't hide very much!"

Janet flirted an eyebrow. "Yours doesn't leave a great deal to the imagination, darling! . . . What I can see is pretty nearly everything!"

IT WAS TRUE that the snow-white, red-peaked hills that were Peggy's breasts were plainly to be seen, while the portion of her swimsuit that hugged her hips so caressingly was negligible!

"I will if you will!" said Janet, lowering a shoulderstrap.

"Are you daring me?" laughed Peggy.

"Double-dare you!"

"Somebody might see us from the shore!"

Janet's suit was now around her waist, and she was sliding it off her hips. "Silly! That's the thrill of it!"

Peggy slapped her playfully. "You're a devil, sure enough!"

"Come on, don't be afraid!" Janet's blonde beauty was now absolutely unadorned. "Get out of that suit!"

Laughing merrily, she swiftly peeled the clinging garment down the alluringly slender contours of Peggy's figure until the brunette was a delicious picture in black-and-white-and-red!

Peggy cowered back into the shadow of the cabin. "I'm scared!"

Janet pulled her up on deck. "We'll swim from the other side of the boat!" She reached under the seat and extracted two swimming caps. "One for you and one for me!"

Fitting the rubber helmet over her dark curls, Peggy glanced around apprehensively, then she shrank against the lee of the cabin. "Look! There's a tugboat passing!" she exclaimed, smiling. "Don't stand out there like that!"

Janet was strutting about, letting the sun seep into the pores of her skin, de-

lighting in its warmth, and she laughed merrily at Peggy's timidity. "What's a tugboat or two in my young life?" she remarked. "If the captain is looking, I'll bet he never saw a prettier sight!"

She grasped Peggy's arm, drawing her into the sunshine. "Come into the open and give him a *good* look, darling! . . .

"But there isn't a mirror here for you to see yourself! . . . If the captain of that tug is really looking, his eyes must be glued on *you*, not me!"

"You're too modest!" Janet averred. "Don't try to hide! Show me how you'd like that sculptor to model you!"

Peggy broke away from her, ran to the



"I do prefer my swimming suit to nudity!" Peggy said.

When you're *that* way, you are a picture that no artist could paint."

"Do you think a sculptor could model me?" giggled Peggy.

"Not without running the risk of heart failure!" Janet assured her, truthfully.

"Nice of you to say so!" said Peggy.

side of the boat, and, poising herself for a fleeting moment with arms above her head, she executed a perfect swan dive into the stream. . . . Janet's pose, an instant later, was not a whit less daring, and her dive was not a bit less expert!

They came up side by side, laughing,

then Janet rolled over on her back, floating motionlessly.

"Isn't this grand?" she called. Her pretty face and the pink tips of her jutting breasts appeared above the water.

Peggy was swimming in a slow circle, her gleaming form slipping like a white eel along the surface of the river.

"Marvelous!" she replied. "I hope a police boat doesn't pass next! I want to spend the evening at the yacht club dance, not at the station house waiting to be bailed out!"

"I think that would be the biggest thrill of all!" laughed Janet. "Fancy being hauled into a police boat without even a stitch of clothes on us!"

"I don't fancy it!" answered Peggy.

"No?" Janet's voice trilled excitedly. "If that idea doesn't make your heart jump, then there's something the matter with your imagination! . . . It's becoming dull!"

Peggy smiled, but said nothing.

"Just think!" Janet continued, paddling to keep herself afloat. "Swimming around like this, and a great big handsome cop reaching down to pluck you out of the water! . . . The very thought makes me tingle!"

"It gives me gooseflesh!" stated Peggy.

"I wish it would happen!" Janet murmured.

Peggy swam up to her, treading water. "You're impossible!"

"Well, there'll probably be no police boat and I'll be disappointed!" Janet heaved a mock sigh. "Turn over on your back and float! . . . The tide just carries you along without any effort on your part!"

Peggy rolled and stretched out like a log, shutting her eyes. The sharp point of her little nose, crimson lips and the flaming tips of her arrogantly protruding breasts were on exhibition, while the rest of her body was a white shimmer below the water line.

DREAMILY, they let the tide hold them in its embrace . . . two young human mermaids . . . exquisite, alluring, adorable! . . . drifting under the spell of the physical thrill of cool water lapping intimately!

"Glorious!" whispered Janet.

"Delicious!" breathed Peggy.

It was she who broke the spell. . . . The tide had carried them a goodly distance downstream, resistlessly. . . . But suddenly she turned over and struck out for the speedboat, exclaiming:

"It's time we were getting home! . . . Fred expects me for dinner!"

Janet swerved to follow her. "You're right, darling! . . . Don will be expecting me, too! . . . Husbands need *some* attention, don't they?"

"They do!" murmured Peggy, swimming with an easy crawl stroke.

"And there's the yacht club dance tonight!" said Janet, catching up to her.

"That's what *you're* thinking about!"

"Most certainly! . . . Aren't you?"

"I'll say so!"

"Any dances mortgaged?"

"Most of them! . . . How about you?"

"All of them! . . . And I could have promised a dozen more! . . . But there's a special one I'm looking forward to enjoying!" Janet laughed.

"Secret?"

"Absolutely! . . . I couldn't even tell *you!*"

"Anybody I know?" hinted Peggy, searching for information.

"Yes! . . . You know him! . . . But ask no more questions!" warned Janet.

"All right, darling!" Peggy shot an amused glance at her. "Have a good time! . . . You won't be the *only* one!"

"Oh, so *you* have a prospect, too!"

"Why not?"

Peggy's glistening arm reached for the rail of the speedboat, and Janet grasped it simultaneously. Together they hoisted themselves on board and disappeared into

the cabin, little pools of water forming at their feet.

"Safe at last!" cried Peggy.

"Were you really afraid?" asked Janet.

"Speechless . . . almost!"

"You must come with me more often!"

Janet was opening a locker and extracting a couple of towels. "Swimming in the nude is good for your nerves! . . . It sort of makes you nonchalant, if you get what I mean!"

Under the rough twill of the towel, her pink-tipped breasts blushed more

"Because a brunette without a swimsuit can be detected more readily than a blonde!" retorted Peggy. "Must I explain the details?"

Janet glanced knowingly. "No!" she laughed. "I'm not quite dumb! But that should make it all the more exciting!"

Peggy flipped the elastic of skin-tight panties. "Just the same, I *do* prefer my swimming suit to nudity!"

"You need training!" Janet shot back, thrusting a leg into chiffon step-ins.

They were fully dressed in less time



"You should be made to control your impulses!" Don mumbled.

rosily than ever, and each kiss-magnetic nipple stiffened ardently in response to the brisk massage.

"I don't need a nude swim to make *me* nonchalant!" replied Peggy, dabbing her tender skin. "Nature attended to that!"

"But you *were* afraid!" taunted Janet.

than it takes to tell it, and Janet gripped the wheel of the speedboat.

"Home, James!" she cried, vivaciously.

"It was a perfect afternoon, wasn't it?"

"Couldn't be better!" agreed Peggy.

"Now for a perfect evening!" Janet

(Please turn to page 60)

Four Hearts, Doubled

BY

ATWATER CULPEPPER



It was madness, this stolen moment with her friend's husband.

FOUR HEARTS, doubled! Made it, too, with an extra trick over the contract!" Luther Armstrong mixed the two decks of cards with a triumphant sweep, and drew an unsteady line on the bottom of the score-pad. "That puts Marjorie and me more than two thousand points ahead. Hadn't we better call it enough? These folks might want to get to bed some time before daylight."

"Oh, suits me," Eileen yawned. "Anything left in the shaker?"

Marjorie's eyes twinkled. "If there isn't, I can mix up some more."

"And how!" Luther patted his hostess's hand. "I'll say she wiggles a mean shaker!"

Marjorie beamed. "Just for that, big boy, you shall come out in the pantry and help me. Of course you don't mind, Bob?"

"Why ask me?" Bob Morrison grinned cheerfully. "Maybe you can wangle Lute into helping clean up the mess. Say, you folks don't want to go home yet. Listen to that rain!"

Luther shrugged his shoulders. "Long as I don't have to take water internally—"

"Why don't you folks stay here?" demanded Marjorie. "Our guest room hasn't been occupied for so long that it's getting out of practice."

"Yes, why not? That's an idea." Bob seconded his wife's invitation. "Rain or drought, I don't think Lute is in any condition to navigate that bus home."

"Says you!" bridled Luther. "S-say, I c'n drive anything that goes with gas—motorboat or wheels, 's all same. If I have another of Marjorie's cocktails, I can steer up the side of a brick wall."

"That's just what I'm afraid off," drawled Eileen. "If you're sure we won't put you to too much trouble—"

"Of course not. Bob, you go up and put some fresh pillow-slips on that guest room bed, while I take Lute out into the pantry and do my stuff with the shaker."

Eileen laughed derisively. "Bob make up a bed? I'd just love to see him!"

Bob bristled. "You think I can't do it! Come along, and I'll show you how it's done!"

Eileen tucked her arm into his. "All right, I'll do it. While Marjorie and Lute mix the cocktails—Marjorie, will you trust me with that good-looking husband of yours?"

Marjorie laughed, a rippling, tinkling laugh, and caught at Lute's coat-sleeve. "Come on, Lute, I've a new recipe that I'm going to try this time."

Luther followed without reluctance. Marjorie shoved glasses and dishes and bottles back till she had cleared a space on the shelf. "Dishes, dishes! That's the worst of a party. Lute, can you pour out half a tumbler from that bottle? And squeeze that lemon, that's a honey."

"I'd rather squeeze you." His eyes followed every movement of her rounded arms, and gazed hungrily at the slim hips and the delicious curves under the thin silk of her gown. He slipped an arm carelessly about her, and let it slide caressingly about her waist.

Marjorie leaned back in his embrace for a moment. "Naughty!" she chided. "How can I mix up anything fit to drink, if you bother me so?"

His lips bent low, and touched the V of her gown. "That's better than drinks," he murmured.

"Now you're making me spill things!" A splash of bacardi struck her shoulder, ran down the front of her dress. "I'll spoil my gown if I don't look out!" Her pretty nose wrinkled.

"I'll have to get an apron, or—"

"Or take it off!" he hazarded boldly. "You mustn't spoil your glad rags."

She opened her eyes wide. "You wouldn't want me to do that, would you? I

haven't an awful lot on underneath."

"I can tell that." His hands smoothed up and down the thin silk inquiringly.

She looked up into his face. "You needn't try to find out how much. I didn't bother with a girdle tonight, if that's anything to you. You aren't much of a help in mixing these."

He stepped back and swung the pantry door to. She filled the shaker and shook it vigorously. "This is going to be good!" she told him. "Oh, dear, that's coming apart!" A drop splashed upon her piquant nose.

"I intended it should." His daring fingers had undone the fastenings of her gown, and it slipped away from the creamy ivory of her bosom, down about her slim hips, and hung precariously.

"Silly, I meant the shaker." She set it down and faced him severely. "Do you think that's nice?"

"The nicest thing I know. You mustn't spoil that gown for a million cocktails. Now if you'll let me kiss off that splash on your pretty cheek-m-m, that's sweet!"

She bent her head back, in a half-hearted attempt to free herself from his embrace. "Lord, you're glorious, Marjorie!" he breathed. "Never knew how adorable you could be!"

"It's too many cocktails," she told him gravely. "I don't believe a word you say. But I love to hear it, just the same." In spite of herself, one white arm slipped over his shoulder. It was madness, this stolen moment with her friend's husband, to feel his embrace, the pressure of his hand in that satin expanse of white flesh between her brassiere and that pink trifle about her hips—that she had not thought to let another man see. His hand moved caressingly up and down the ivory of her back.

"Lute! This is crazy! And it can't last—only another moment! But—just for this minute—hold me tighter!"

Upstairs Bob Morrison and Eileen faced each other beside the guest-room bed. It had been a long process, getting the sheets



"Marjorie, will you trust me with that good-looking husband of yours?"

wrinkle-less, putting new slips on the pillows, tucking in the blankets at foot and sides. "Well, that *is* all right," Eileen conceded. "Suppose Lute and Marjorie have got those cocktails mixed yet? I don't know whether I want another or not. I'm beginning to feel that I could do with a little sleep now."

"Oh, there's lots of time to sleep," Bob assured her.

"I'll be asleep on my feet in a minute. If Lute takes much longer—" She swayed drowsily. Bob's arm slipped about her, and tingled with delight at the luxury of the intimacy. His hand ran caressingly up and down her superb back and shoulders, and he drew her into the curve of his arm.

Eileen's blonde head drooped on his shoulder. "I'm so sleepy," she murmured.

Bob flung back the covers. Eileen felt herself lowered down upon the soft mattress. "Bob," she protested drowsily. "No, no."

But Bob had knelt at her feet and removed her tiny pumps. She realized that he was undoing her garters. Without protest she let him slide down the gossamer stockings, and toss them over a chair. "You crazy boy!" she murmured. "If I wasn't so tired—"

"I'm an expert at this," chuckled Bob. "Here, I've got about everything undone that I can till you sit up."

As Eileen sat up half automatically, she



gaped at the sight of silk and elastic trifles that had been added to the array on the chair. Then, with a sudden movement, Bob whisked her dress over her head. Flushed and indignant, she darted under the protection of the covers. "You can't do things like that!"

"I am," he chuckled. "Do you realize how lovely you are, Eileen?"

"Perhaps I do," she murmured. It was very difficult to talk when his lips were pressed hotly to hers. "Get me a nightgown, that's a good boy. I imagine Marjorie will let me borrow one of hers."

"I'll find one of her very prettiest ones," he promised. He was back in a moment with a sheer creation of black chiffon. "I know you'll look like—like Venus rising out of the sea-foam in this."

Eileen sat up in bed, and held the cov-

ers tightly about her throat. "All right—let me have it."

"But I'm going to drop it over your head."

"Well—perhaps I'll let you do just that. And then you'll have to go."

Bob gasped at the fleeting vision of white loveliness that was incautiously and momentarily revealed to his hungry gaze. Then he swore under his breath.

"Quick!" she breathed. "I told you they were coming!" She lifted her lips to his for a fleeting moment, then pushed him firmly away. "They'll be here any moment! Run!"

The rain beat with searching fingers against the windows. Bob Morrison descended the stairs, to find Lute's face glued against the front door. "Glad I didn't try to drive home in this," he sighed. They

smoked a final cigarette in silence. "Well, what say? Shall we call it a night, and join our better-looking halves?"

Bob Morrison woke from a troubled sleep. Stealthy, unsteady footsteps were sounding on the stairs. The light on the stairway was burning. He knew he had not left it when he went to bed. Or had he? His head was beginning to feel like a balloon. Those cocktails of Marge's were potent—and yet he was longing for just another.

Great evening. Funny hands, those he had held. Bid a slam—and made it. Must have the Armstrongs over again. Those footsteps—padding around. With a desperate surge, he fought back from dreamland. He must see what the matter was. Reluctantly he shoved back the covers, fumbled around for his slippers, and stumbled toward the stairs.

The lights were on in the living-room. Tense, in readiness for possible intruders, he descended the stairs. Then, staring about him unsteadily, in the middle of the floor, he beheld the pajamed form of Lute Armstrong.

"Lute, you darned chump, what are you doing down here? Why don't you go back to bed?"

Lute ran his fingers through his shock of hair. "Dunno, Bob. Woke up, an' came downstairs f'r something. An' I can't remember what it was. Something important—devilishly 'portant. Help me remember, Bob. What was it? Why did I get up?"

Suddenly Lute Armstrong clasped his throbbing temples with both hands. "Got it! Eure-reka! Bob—did I leave car standing outside? Get ticket—all night parking—did I—"

"Sure you did. You drove that car into the garage just before we went to bed. 'F I had your memory, Lute Armstrong—"

"'S a help sometimes, isn't it?" They shook hands gravely. "Say, d' you suppose

there's anything left in the pantry? Or did we drink it all?"

"Let's 'vestigate." Arm in arm, they shuffled out into the pantry. Bob picked up a full shaker, and set it down with a puzzled look.

"Never knew a shaker to be left—full—'round here before. 'S p-providential." He filled two glasses gravely. "Here's to happy days—an' happy nights."

It was a toast that had to be repeated, until the shaker was reduced to its customary emptiness. Life was roseate again.

Still arm in arm, they shuffled to the living-room again.

"Why *don't* you boys come to bed?"

They looked up gravely at the two nightgowned figures that were standing at the head of the stairs, smiling down at them. The two men waved their hands.

"In just a minute, m' dear. Got to—to wind up the cat, an' put out the clock—"

The two figures at the upper landing swayed in a cheery haze. The girls were whispering to each other, giggling daringly, blowing mocking kisses down at them. Then they fled.

The two cronies ascended the stairs unsteadily. At the upper landing they shook hands gravely once more. Then Bob's hand snapped out the last of the lights, and they scuffed to the two doors.

Bob snuggled sleepily beneath the covers. A soft, warm, silken-clad figure snuggled up against him. His arm went out and encircled it, and drew the pliant form to him.

SUDDENLY Bob roused from his comfortable lethargy. In just which direction had he taken his unsteady course after he and Lute had solemnly parted at the head of the stairs? He had a hazy feeling that he had stumbled toward the guest-room, instead of his own door!

Suppose he had? He made a tentative movement toward sliding back the covers

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“Diabolo! The Lama!”

BY
REGGIE COGLAN



Lotab lounged on a huge ottoman drawn close to the Throne.

THE bright golden moon hung over the Himalayas, lending to the snow-capped peaks a weird, sepulchral effect. The *neem* trees swayed gently in the breeze of early evening, and the faint notes of a *pi-wang*, strummed by Thibetan fingers, drifted to the ears of the two men seated on the porch of a crude bungalow.

“And so you like Lahang, after all!” Guy Lathrop snorted derisively. “I rather thought this damnably changeable climate would have taken the starch out of you by this time!”

Bayard Borden laughed reassuringly. “Thibet seems to strike a responsive chord in my nature,” he said in a contented tone. “I’ve been in Lahang almost a month, and I feel that I’d be content to remain here for the balance of my life!”

“I suppose so,” Lathrop conceded, stroking his chin. “Perhaps there’s some atavistic strain in your nature, a throwback from countless generations, that imbues you with sentiment for this God-forsaken country! There’s that strange resemblance to be accounted for, you know.”

“*Diabolo!*” Bayard gave vent to his pet expression. “You’re still harping on the

fact that my physiognomy is a dead ringer for that of Lama Y’sang! That’s the second time today I’ve had to listen to that tripe!”

Lathrop grinned maliciously. “It’s true, never-the-less,” he said. “I’ve had quite a number of interviews with this Y’sang gentleman, and I’d swear on a stack of prayer-wheels that you’re alike as two peas: The same high forehead, black eyes, sharp nose and fighting chin!”

“What of this scar?” Bayard cut in, lifting a finger to a seared mark at the corner of his left eye. “Don’t tell me that the Fates have conspired to brand him in a similar fashion!”

Lathrop shook his head. “That’s just about the only difference,” he said, defensively; “but even that’s too tiny to take into consideration.”

“*Diabolo!*” Bayard cried again. “It’s enough to make a man uncomfortable, this ‘double’ complex! But give me the low-down on Y’sang. What’s he like?”

“Hard.” Lathrop’s eyes changed. “Hard as hell, or harder. He’s the youngest Lama ever to have reached the position of presiding dignitary of Lahang, but

his severity puts him in a class with the eldest of his predecessors. I have precious little use for him."

Bayard nodded. "Your friend Y'sang is evidently a fool," he remarked. "I spent the best part of a year in a Lama monastery, and found them all to be the most generous and hospitable men on earth. From what I know of them—and I learned enough to hold down Y'sang's job—the man is a disgrace to his calling. He'll get his some day! And Lord help him if he dares to lay a finger on Lotah—!"

"Lotah!" Lathrop sat up stiffly and stared at Bayard in a dazed sort of way. "You've heard of Y'sang's ward?" he questioned, scarcely above his breath.

Bayard returned his stare with cool indifference. "Know her!" he snorted. "*Diabolo!* I'm laying plans now to snatch her from the clutches of that veritable beast! Lotah's developed the idea that Y'sang cherishes secret ambitions to make her his mistress!"

Lathrop obviously ignored the latter part of Bayard's statement. "Is it possible that you had the audacity to *speak* to Lotah?" he asked.

Bayard nodded. "I formed her acquaintance four nights ago, and was privileged to gaze into her features with the silken *baku* lowered from them! Tonight at eleven, I'm scheduled to steal into her chamber, where I'll remain until our plans for escape are formulated. I'm in love, Lathrop; in love for the first time in my life!"

"In love with death, son!" Lathrop flung back irritably. "If you attempted anything of that nature, Y'sang would have you slaughtered before you reached the closest outpost! Don't be a fool; forget the woman before she costs you your life!"

Bayard shook his head. "She's worth my life," he said softly. "I'm going to her tonight, Lathrop, regardless of the risk. If I fail to show up by tomorrow night,

you might drop in on Y'sang and demand an accounting of him."

"What for?" Lathrop asked, trying to be gruff. "My demands won't restore life to your carcass!"

Bayard's echoing laugh was pleasant to hear. It was the laugh of a man who feared nothing on earth.

"I said that I wouldn't mind spending my remaining years in Lahang, didn't I?" he reminded. "Perhaps those remaining 'years' will dwindle into minutes before this night is done!"

BAYARD BORDEN's wrist-watch denoted the hour of eleven when he slipped past the snoring *bowab* at the gateway into the enclosure surrounding the stone house of Lama Y'sang. A broad smile circled his lips; this was ticklish business, but he did not seem to mind.

"*Ai, Sahib!*" came a whisper from the shadows near an opened window at the far end of the house.

Bayard's smile broadened to a grin. He recognized the voice of Lotah's faithful *ayah*, her old maid-servant, who would suffer the tortures of hell before she would betray her lovely mistress. He hastened his footsteps.

"Thy loved one awaits thee within," directed the *ayah* when he reached her side. "Be cautious, Sahib, and may Allah shield thee this night!"

"Thanks." Bayard patted her gnarled yellow hand, and grasping the ledge firmly, he eased himself into the darkened room.

"My Bayard!" The little cry reached his ears only an instant before a second shadowy form had joined him in the deep obscurity of the room. "Thou hast come to thy Lotah!"

"Of course," he whispered, finding her hand and lifting it to his lips. "Could any man on earth resist the temptation to come, Lotah *chung?*"

She shivered with delight, and eager to look into his features, she led him through



*"My Bayard!" she cried. "Thou hast
come to thy Lotah!"*

a heavily draped doorway into a tiny chamber, faintly illuminated by a ceremonial oil lamp. As the room boasted of no windows, it seemed impossible that their actions might be witnessed by Y'sang or one of his hirelings.

"Sit thee down and take me into thine arms, my heart!" Lotah invited, motioning him to a little pile of mats in the center of the room.

Bayard complied with her instructions to the letter, lowering himself to the floor, and extending his arms to her as she joined him.

"You are beautiful!" he whispered, holding her at arms' length so that he might better appreciate her loveliness. "Lotah, I am fortunate to enjoy your love; if I were to be deprived of that, I could not go on living!"

"I will love thee always—even unto death!" she promised. "Look into mine eyes, Bayard Sahib; thou wilt see only thine own reflection there!"

Bayard looked, not only into her eyes. He stared at her magnificent loveliness, unable to alter his gaze until every one of her features impressed itself indelibly on his consciousness.

She was yellow, and smooth all over, smooth like a snow-blanket on a Himalayan hummock. The corners of her jet eyes were so pointed they seemed to be diamond shaped. They were odd, her eyes, their diamond shape being accentuated by her prominent cheek-bones. Her nose was flat, not negroid, nor native, but delightfully flat. And her lips were full. She wore her hair in the fashion of *kyablonwa*—with long plaits hanging to her waist. Every curve in her body betokened an amorous mystery, and he loved to see her in motion; it made his blood race.

"It will not be necessary for thee to make further arrangements for our escape," she said softly. "My *ayab* has bargained with a knave for a camel and *shugduf* litter, which will be awaiting us at Khanda Pass tomorrow night at this

hour. We shall chance all on a single move. Thou art willing, my Bayard?"

"Tomorrow night we begin our journey," he acknowledged. "Lotah *chung*, it is our sole chance for happiness. If we fail —"

"We may at least die in each other's arms!" she gave back calmly. "But come, my beloved. I fear that the sleeping potion I have administered to the *bowab* will soon wear off. Love me for but an hour, then betake thyself back to thy dwelling to await the morrow!"

"The morrow!" he repeated hoarsely. "Thousands of other morrows, Lotah *chung*, with you in my arms until life itself fades!"

Her arms swept up and about his neck, drawing him closer, and she offered her parted lips for his kiss.

"Lotah!" he whispered, his embrace tightening about her.

He buried his lips between hers, kissing her with all the fire that was in him, and revelling in her wonderful proximity. His hands stroked the velvet softness of her cheeks, toyed with them in a caress that drew her even closer to him.

Her eyelids fluttered open, and she wound her arms about him lovingly, while she kissed him with lips that quivered in newly-found rapture.

Bayard felt a spark of electricity course through him. Never before had he so thrilled to the caresses of a woman—but never before had he been so much in love!

The moon shone down in all its splendor over the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. The village of Lahang slumbered its ancient peaceful slumber. Bayard and Lotah loved as lovers seldom love. . . .

THE HEAVY DRAPES parted softly and a tall, sharp-featured individual strode into the room. Although the fires of anger raged within him, his visage remained impassive. Even his hands were still as he advanced on the enamored couple seated before him on the floor-mats.

Lotah seemed to sense his presence intuitively, and her eyes flew open. A little scream of terror rose to her lips.

"Y'sang!" she wailed.

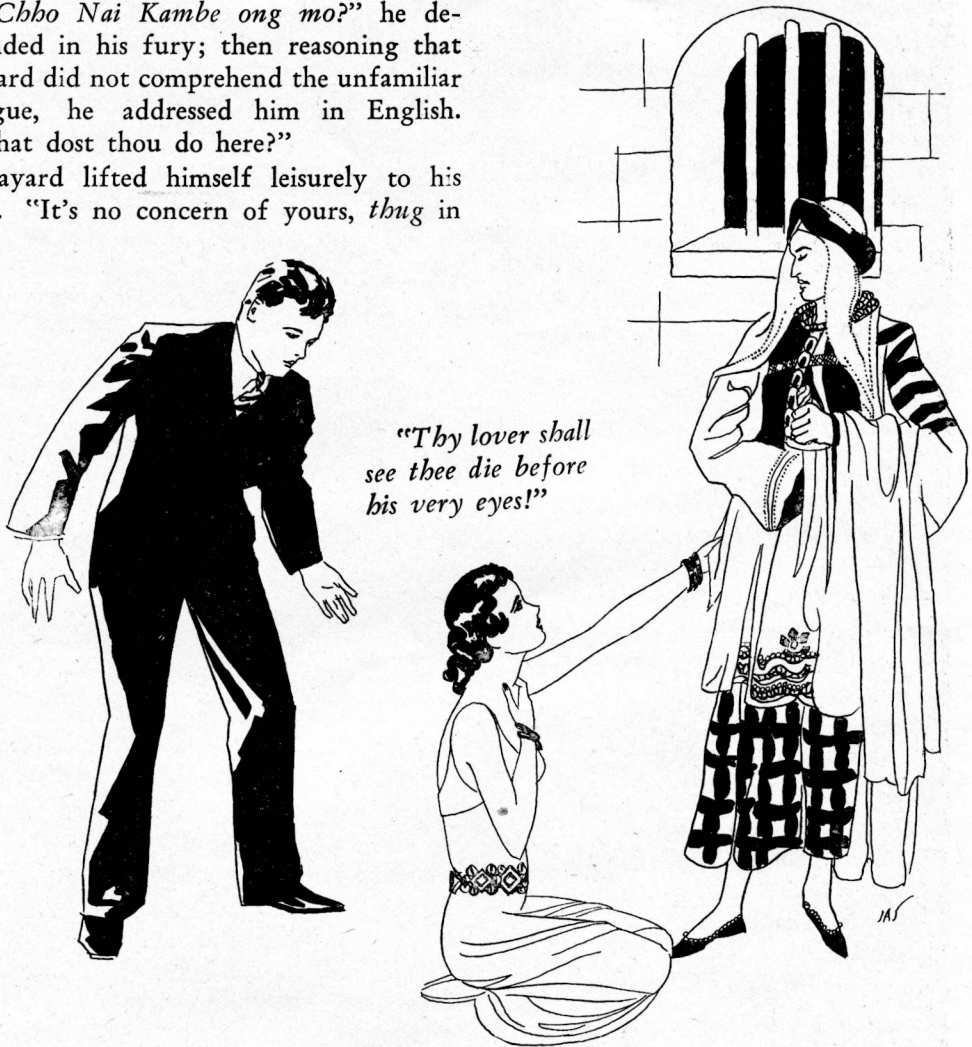
But Y'sang gave her no heed. He extended an accusing finger to Bayard.

"*Cbho Nai Kambe ong mo?*" he demanded in his fury; then reasoning that Bayard did not comprehend the unfamiliar tongue, he addressed him in English. "What dost thou do here?"

Bayard lifted himself leisurely to his feet. "It's no concern of yours, *thug* in

thee to spare this man who has done thee no wrong!"

"*Uzbur!*" he ordered. "Silence, false one!" He drew a long-bladed dagger from within the sleeve of his garment. "Thy lover shall see thee die before his



the guise of a holy Lama!" he cried. "You are not a fit guardian for this undefiled lily!"

"*Insballah!*" Y'sang could bear no more. "Already in my mind have I condemned thee to death! Now, I swear that thou shalt die amidst the greatest of tortures!"

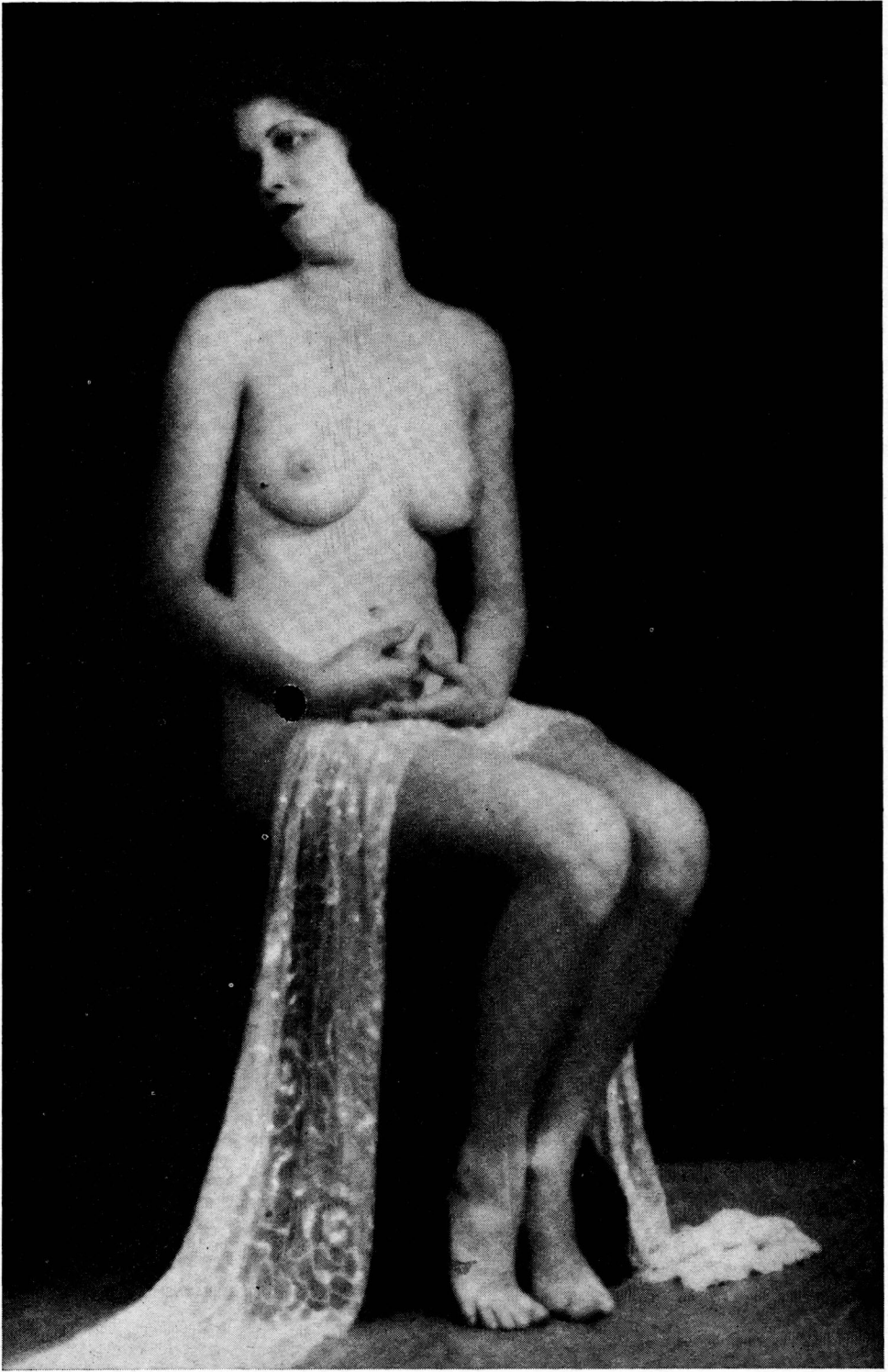
Lotah flung herself to the floor at his feet. "Y'sang!" she pleaded, "I beseech

very eyes, and only then shall I summon those who shall prepare his own delights!"

Bayard watched the evil grin that spread over Y'sang's countenance, and he shuddered in spite of himself; for Y'sang's face was indeed a remarkable replica of his own!

"*Diabolo!*" he cried, thrusting himself immediately before the advancing Y'sang,

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Arabian Knight

BY

RAE KING

IT WAS not the sort of honeymoon Peggy Vernon had anticipated when she married Ward Weston. The trip through the Orient had been ideal, of course, and Ward had been very devoted. But that was where the trouble came in—Ward was too darned devoted! He had placed Peggy upon a pedestal and proceeded to worship at her dainty feet. That might have been all very nice for some girls, but Peggy didn't want worship, nor to be placed upon a pedestal like something precious and fragile. She wanted Ward to accept her as a flesh and blood woman with desires for him to crush her in his arms and sear her lips with passionate kisses.

She was thinking of just those things as she strolled out through the French windows to the little balcony that clung romantically to the side of the hotel. Idly her gaze roved out over the flat-roofed houses of Tangier. The sun was just beginning to slide down among the sand dunes to the west, and bathed Tangier with all the romantic splendor with which Peggy had endowed the Orient during her day dreams.

It was all so perfect. Just as she had dreamed it. All except Ward. Peggy sighed deeply as she thought of him. If only he wasn't so darned perfect! This wasn't at all the way for a bride of two weeks to act, she chided herself. Ward was being very devoted and considerate, and she should appreciate those things. But a slight feeling of discontent stirred in Peggy and told her that she couldn't appreciate the things she didn't want, especially when they were so at variance with what she did want.

She tried, but without much success, to shake off the feeling as she gazed out over

the balcony rail to see if Ward was returning. He had left her twenty minutes before to go to the booking office to arrange for their departure from Tangier.

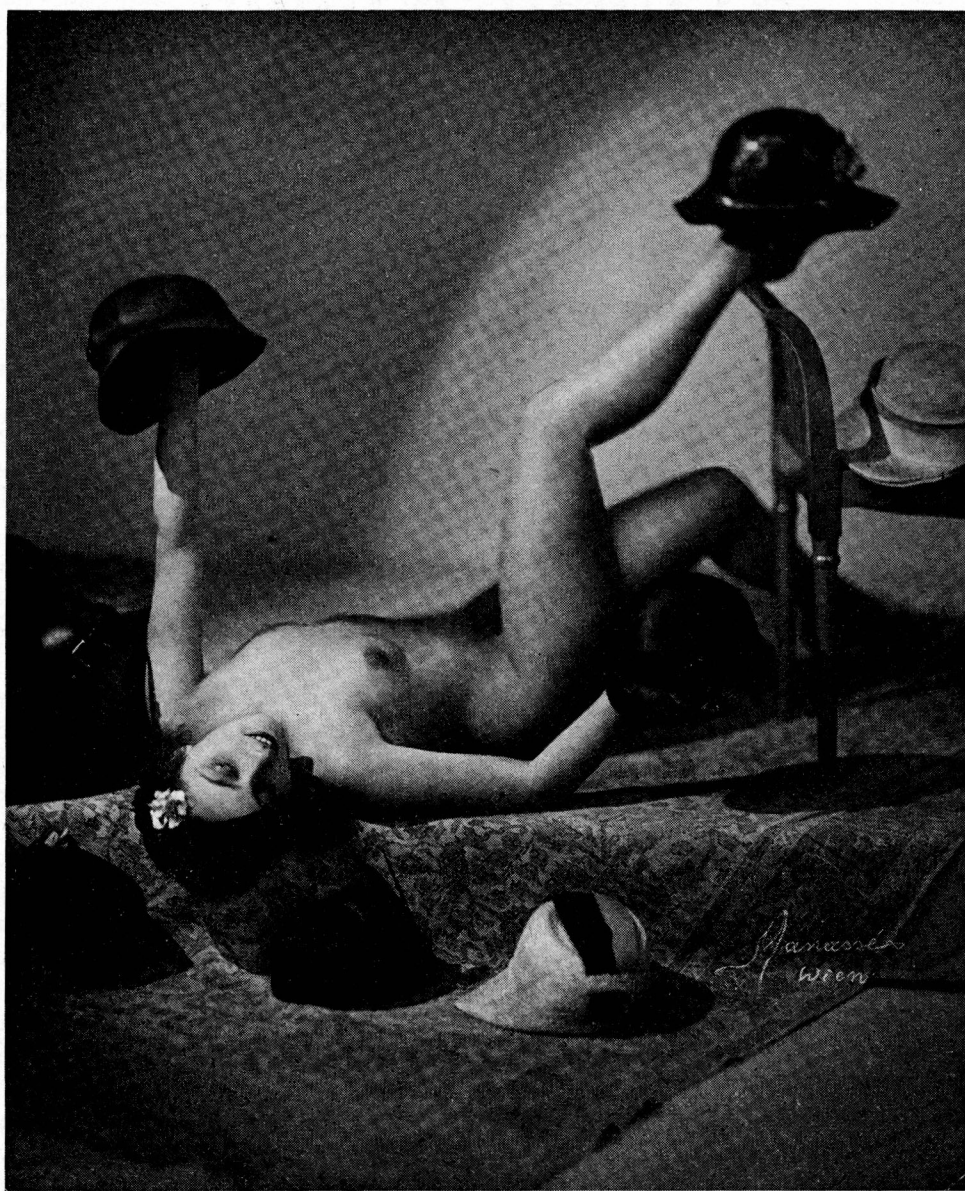
Ward was not in sight, but a tall, dark skinned Arab, swathed in turban and burnoose, was. He was leaning against a palm tree, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette as Peggy gazed out. He glanced up just as she looked at him—and their stares met. For a moment each stood appraising the other, then the Arab smiled and touched the tips of his fingers to his heart, lips and forehead in a salute that few men could have made gracefully. With him it was perfect.

Peggy averted her gaze quickly and tried to feel indignant, but she wasn't very successful. The sight of the Arab recalled to her all those interesting stories she had heard about sheiks—those fierce, passionate sons of the desert who over-rode all objections a demure maiden might make to their ardent wooing. Just the sort of person Peggy had hoped Ward would turn out to be—but didn't.

Peggy had really not intended to pay any attention to the bronzed son of the desert, and leaned over the balcony rail to look down into the hotel courtyard. Ward should be returning soon, and Ward was her only interest just then.

But fate plays capricious tricks sometimes, and fate selected just that moment for the brooch at the breast of Peggy's dress to come unclasped and to fall into the courtyard.

PEGGY was just about to turn quickly away from the window and dash down to the courtyard when she saw the Arab leave the palm tree and stroll nonchalantly over to the brooch.



"I claim the pleasure of returning it, *janum*," he called up to her in English that contained only a faint accent.

"I'll come down for it," replied Peggy, who wondered what Ward would say or do if he returned and found an Arab in her boudoir—an Arab who was young and recklessly good looking.

"It is not fitting that a woman should

come to a man—not even for such a pretty bauble as this brooch," the Arab told her.

Peggy thought he was capable of throwing an awful lot of meaning into just a few innocent words, and she did not know whether to like or dislike the sparkle in his eyes.

But the Arab gave her little time for

speculation. Seizing the stem of a vine that trailed up the side of the hotel wall, he began ascending. A moment later he stepped over the balcony railing and stood smiling at her. Peggy was glad there had been no one in the courtyard to see him. There seemed something quite improper about a man climbing up to the balcony of a bride's boudoir.

"Thank you so much," she said, accepting the brooch he held out to her. "But you shouldn't have gone to the trouble of climbing up here to return it."

The Arab smiled with a flashing gleam of even white teeth beneath his short moustache.

"I would not have felt I had earned the reward unless I had brought it to you," he said.

"Reward?" asked Peggy. "Of course, I shall give you one," she said, reaching for her pocketbook. "But I didn't say—"

"Not a reward of money," interrupted the Arab. "But this—"

Before Peggy realized his intentions, he swept her into his arms and crushed his lips down against hers with savage passion. At first Peggy was too stunned to do more than remain rigid in his arms. Then, as the fire of the kiss burned through her and made her realize, quite subconsciously, that it was the sort of fierce wooing she had been hungering for, she clung limply to him. But only for a moment. Then, as she realized that she was yielding and finding pleasure in the passionate caressing, she jerked her head away and tried to free herself from his arms.

The Arab laughed at her puny efforts as he permitted her to learn the strength of his arms. Knowing that her strength did not equal his, Peggy bent her head suddenly and sank her teeth into his wrist. Instantly the Arab released her, but he was laughing as he studied the thin trickle of blood that oozed from his wrist.

"So my little white dove can peck!" he declared. "It is well. I soon tire of a woman who is too docile. Lacking the

fire to fight, she will also lack the fire to love."

"Will you please leave?" requested Peggy, trying to appear calm, but only too vividly aware of the cauldron that seethed within her. "My husband will be returning within a few minutes. I would prefer that you left quietly instead of being thrown out!"

"You endow him with too many virtues," declared the Arab, still smiling. "American husbands are silly things. They decorate their wives with expensive clothing for other men to admire. They give them jewels, buy them automobiles and take them on expensive vacations. Why? Simply to buy the love they can not command. An American husband? Bah! What does he know about love? He thinks his wife is a fragile doll which he must handle carefully or she will break. He can not love like this—"

Quickly he stepped forward and swept Peggy into his arms again. She felt herself lifted clear of the floor, and although she struggled desperately to be free, the Arab crushed his lips down against hers a second time.

It was a long, burning kiss which answered all the passionate yearning that had been in Peggy's heart a short time before. A kiss that made her realize she was being kissed and glad she was a woman in a man's arms. As those arms slowly closed more tightly about her, Peggy's struggles gradually decreased, and before it was completed, her own arms had gone about his neck—mute evidence that she was his by right of conquest!

IN HER MIND, during the brief moment she thought of it, she pardoned the passion that flowed from her partially opened lips on the grounds that every argument he had advanced was correct. All her life she would go on as the wife of that typical American husband, Ward Weston. And the yearnings in her heart shouted that she

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Treasure Chest

BY
DIANA PAGE

DOWN THE AISLE of the Jasper Theater, an electric torch throwing a dancing beam of light in front of her, the mincing footsteps of Dolly McCann preceded the slower walk of the elderly lady whom she was showing to a desirable seat in the sixth row.

"Is this all right?" murmured Dolly.

"Very nice, thank you!" replied the patron, slipping a coin into the surprised palm of the usherette.

"Thank *you*, ma'am!" Dolly whispered, turning to trip back to her station near the door.

To a fellow usherette, standing nearby, she said:

"Look, Jane!" Her palm opened to reveal the bit of silver. "The old lady tipped me!"

"Frame it, dearie!" smiled Jane, cynically. "Dimes are the scarcest things around here."

"Don't you get a tip once in a while?"

Jane sniffed. "If I ever did, I'd faint from the shock!"

"It's against the rules!" Dolly reminded her.

"You should worry about rules!" retorted Jane. "Take all the dimes you can grab and put them in your treasure chest."

"No dimes in *my* treasure chest!" laughed Dolly. "I've got jewels there . . . two of them, each one looking like a ruby in a satin-lined case that's shaped as a dome, big and round and soft and pretty. . . . if you get what I mean!"

Jane shot a smiling glance at the simple blue dress that fitted Dolly's curves as though she had been poured into it . . . Prominent breasts, that were extraordinarily voluptuous for the figure which was otherwise so slender, raised their pointed turrets in magnificent alignment.

"I can *see* what you mean!" said Jane. "Really?"

"That dress skins everything you've got!"

Dolly snickered mischievously. "Well, what's the use of having anything if you can't show it off?"

"And speaking of rules," added Jane, "there's one that says you mustn't wear dresses like that while you're on duty . . . Wait till the manager sees you!"

"He'll get a break!"

"And you'll get a bawling out!"

"Not from him! . . . He's too nice!"

"I noticed you coming up the aisle just now," continued Jane, with a smile. "Those big beauties were bobbling around as though they wanted to break through your dress . . . You should wear something!"

"Aw, gee!" protested Dolly. "I hate a brassiere . . . The darn things make me so uncomfortable . . . Do you wear one?"

Jane laughed at her. "It isn't necessary for me, dearie, with my little peewees, but yours are so big they need controlling!"

A couple of patrons entered the theater at that moment. It was Jane's turn to escort them, and she took them in tow, while Dolly walked to the plush-covered parapet that fenced in the rear row of seats.

"Maybe she's right!"

Resting her elbows on the flat surface of the parapet, Dolly could feel the ruby-nipped tips of her breasts touching the partition, even though she was standing several inches away from it.

"My treasure chest!" thought Dolly, surreptitiously letting her hands slip to the monumental globes that flushed hotly as she fondled them in the dimness of the theatre.



The stage show, before the screening of the feature picture, had begun. A girl was at the footlights, singing:
"Are You Lovable? . . . Are You Kissable?"
Jane, returning, stood beside Dolly, who

whispered very, very softly:
"Do you think I am?"
"What? . . . Almost undressed? . . . Yes!"
"You would say that!" accused Dolly.

"I mean . . . am I lovable and kissable?"

"You're noticeable!" said Jane, giggling.

"Thanks!" murmured Dolly, sarcastically. "Well, did you get a dime that trip?"

"Fine chance!" sniffed Jane.

A young man entered then, blinking in the darkness.

"I'll take him!" said Dolly, approaching him.

"You mean that you'd *like* to *take* him!" thought Jane, watching her drift down the aisle in advance of the patron, following the torchlight's glow, turning, pausing, hurrying up the aisle again.

"Show me the dime!" said Jane, when Dolly was at her side once more in the rear.

"Nothing doing this time!" laughed Dolly. "He was a good-looking fellow, wasn't he?"

"He likes to sit way down front, I guess!"

"Maybe he wants to get an eyeful of that dame who's singing!"

Jane giggled. "If he ever got a good look at you, dearie, he would *never* glance at the singer! . . . If she had the shape and the spark and the personality you've got, she would be a wow!"

"*Are You Lovable? . . . Are You Kissable?*"

The song continued!

"I may be there some day!" whispered Dolly.

"Singing?"

"Yeah! . . . and dancing, too!"

"Got ambitions, haven't you!"

"I'm taking lessons now!" Dolly told her. "The teacher says I've a good chance to make something out of myself."

"Or, at least, to *make* something!" Jane murmured.

"Meaning what?"

"Oh . . . just that!"

Jane sauntered off to find seats for three patrons who had just come in together.

"Sounded like a wise-crack from a dumb-bell!" thought Dolly. "Maybe she is jealous of my figure! . . . I wonder! . . .

Well, I can't help it if I've got a shape that makes everybody hot and bothered! . . . I didn't ask for it, anyway! . . . Nature gave it to me . . . and I'm much obliged!"

She smiled coyly. "It's funny how these things attract the attention of people! . . . But perhaps it isn't so funny! . . . It's what the highbrows call sex-appeal! . . . They look so nice!"

She leaned against the parapet to hide the hand that was moving in a fondling arc from breast to breast. "And they *feel* so nice!" she was stirred to add.

A voice at her elbow caused her to jump nervously.

"Dolly, will you step into my office for a minute?"

Meyer Goldman, the manager of the theatre, was speaking. Dolly followed his rotund corpulence up the balcony stairs to the corner of the eaves where the managerial sanctum was located.

"Sit down!" he said, squeezing into his own chair.

Dolly perched herself demurely on the edge of another chair that stood beside his desk. . . . She wondered what was the reason for this most unusual summons. . . . She remembered what Jane had said. . . . "Wait till the manager sees you!" . . . Probably she *was* going to be scolded for appearing on duty in a dress that disclosed her voluptuous beauties so brazenly, if innocently!

"Have a cigarette?" asked Meyer Goldman.

"No, thank you!" replied Dolly, more surprised than ever.

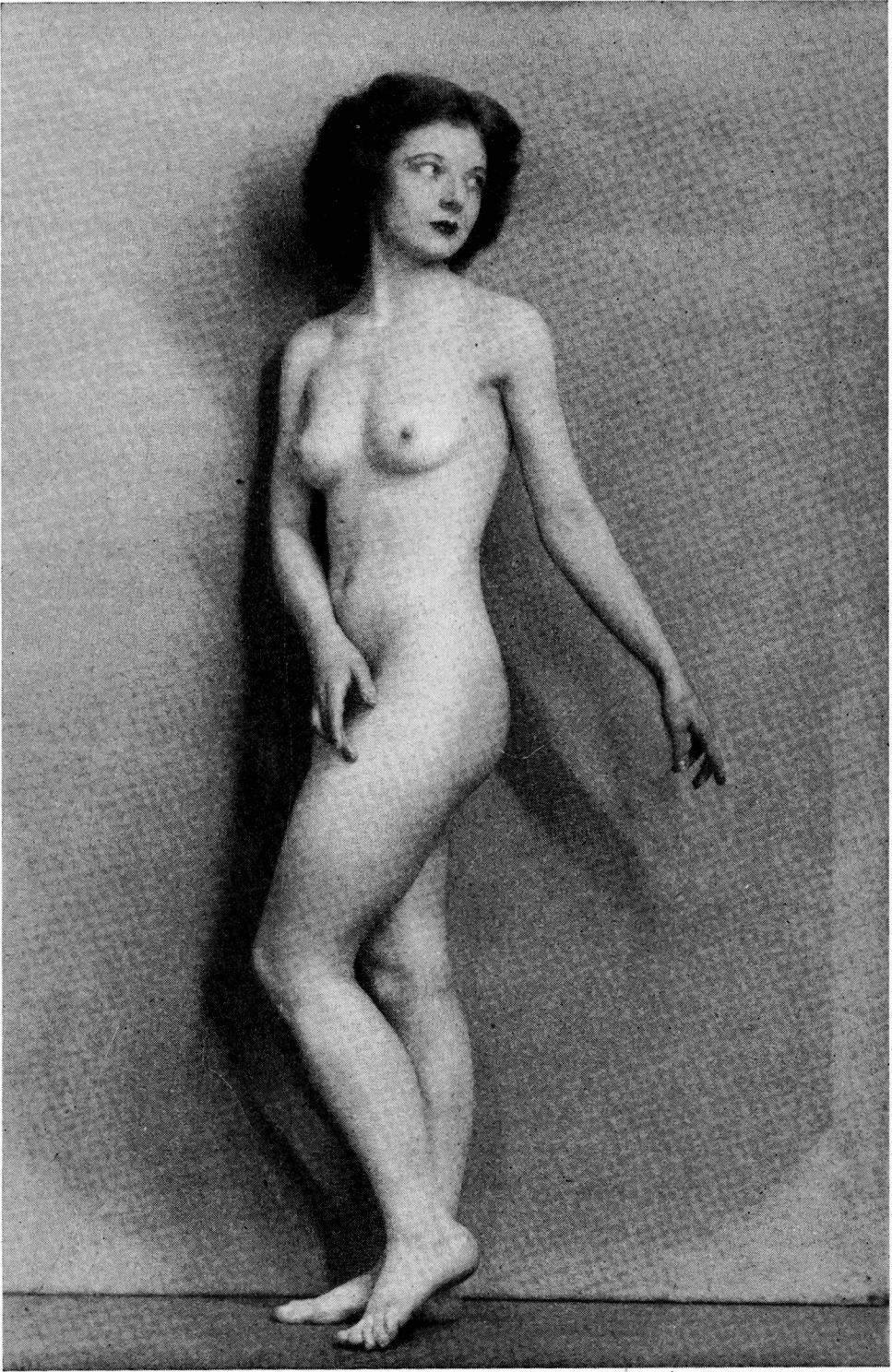
He leaned back in his swivel chair, crossed one fat leg over the other, and focused his gaze upon her.

"I hear you're taking dancing lessons!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Want to go on the stage?"

"I thought, maybe, some day . . ." Dolly felt a blush ascending her throbbing neck and mantling her smooth cheeks.



"I understand!" he smiled, unctuously. "I could help you!"

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Goldman!" she murmured. "But I'm not anywhere near ready yet!"

"You ought to be a big success!" he hinted.

"Do you really think so?" she asked, eagerly.

"Sure I do!" he said, expansively, sticking a pudgy thumb into the armhole of his vest. "A pretty girl with a figure like yours should go far on the stage . . . with proper backing, of course!"

Dolly's blush now extended to the roots of her dark, glossy, wavy hair, and she sat farther back in her chair when he bent forward to put a hand on her knee.

"You and me, kiddo!" he said, smirking. "We could get along well together!" His hand had slid under the hem of her skirt and was moving along a warm thigh.

Dolly slipped off the chair, backing to the door.

"Thanks, Mr. Goldman, for taking an interest in me!" she said.

He heaved himself upward and walked over to her. "You're a swell little kid!" he muttered. "Let's have some supper and then we'll taxi over to my apartment and talk about your future!"

"No, I couldn't, thank you just the same!" she stammered. "I've got a date already."

"Who with?" he asked, suggestively.

"My boy friend is coming to take me home!"

"Aw, forget it!" he said, pulling her to him. "I'll take you along to a snappy night club! . . . Come on and have a good time!"

She strained away from his embrace as she felt a hot hand roughly rummaging in her bosom, as if he were testing the relative excellence of twin breasts that were equally meritorious!

"Oh, Mr. Goldman!" She tried to laugh flirtatiously, but the echo was a trifle

hysterical. Her fingers clutched the door knob.

"Okay?" he breathed stertorously.

"Not tonight!" she said. "Some other time! . . . Good night!"

She opened the door and fled down the stairs.

On the ground floor she ran into Jane. It was the hour at which the usherettes went off duty.

"Been up to see Goldman?" smiled Jane.

"Yes!"

"Did he bawl you out?"

Dolly managed to laugh: "Of course not! . . . I told you he was too nice!"

Turning aside from Jane, she hurried down to the basement to get her hat and coat.

"Nice!" she murmured to herself. "I could scratch his pig eyes out for him!" Dolly's dark eyes showed pinpoints of angry fire!

JANE didn't follow for *her* hat and coat immediately. Instead, she climbed the balcony stairs and knocked on Meyer Goldman's door.

"Hello!" he said, glancing up from his desk.

"Hello!" said Jane, seating herself comfortably on the same chair that Dolly had occupied so nervously. "Got a cigarette?"

"Help yourself!" He pointed to a box.

Jane lighted one, inhaled gratefully, then remarked:

"You had a visit from Dolly just now."

"What of it?"

"Trying to make her, too?"

Goldman laughed boisterously. "Can't the manager of a theatre talk to an employee in his office without being accused of trying to get on familiar terms?"

Jane fixed her steely blue eyes on him. "Don't try to kid me! I know you! She's got everything it takes to drive you men crazy, but you are wasting your time!"

He lit a cigarette for himself. "Positive, aren't you?"

"Absolutely!" Jane assured him. "She's

a good kid, and I'm giving you a tip to lay off! . . . Dolly's not to be had!"

Goldman rocked back and forth in his chair. "What gave you the idea that I was pulling anything?"

Jane smiled, snuffing out her cigarette. "A little birdie sang a song in my ear!"

She got up, snakily undulating her slim hips as she sauntered over to him and sat on his lap, her arm creeping around his neck.

"Getting tired of me, Meyer?"

"You're talking foolishness tonight, Jane!" he said, grinning. "Gimme a sweet kiss!"

Jane's lips moved moistly around his mouth, slowly, expertly, while the hot tip of an experienced tongue penetrated deeply.

"Didja like that?" she whispered.

"Swell!" he muttered. "You sure can kiss, baby!"

Swiftly she unfastened a tiny pin that held the vent in her dress, and, spreading the aperture, brought to light delicately modeled breasts that were tipped with the pinkness of a carnation. Meyer's fat hand went from one to the other, squeezing hard.

"They aren't bad, are they?" murmured Jane.

"Sweet!" he declared, glueing his lips to a tip that became as hard as crystal.

"I'll say that's sweet!" she giggled. "Dolly's may be *bigger*, but they're not any *better*, Meyer, old boy!"

"Say!" he snorted. "You've got a Dolly complex tonight! . . . Let's forget all about that dame! . . . Gimme another kiss!"

Jane's lips merged hotly with his.

"Are you going to take me to a night club tonight?" she asked, her fingertips traveling around his face and neck caressingly.

"Sure I am! . . . Anywhere you say!" He beamed at her desirously. "And later, maybe, we'll drop in at the apartment for a goodnight highball!"

"Oh, yeah?" she laughed.

"Why not?" he said, feverishly fondling a breast whose tip was threatening to pierce his palm. "That husband of yours isn't likely to come busting in, is he?"

"You leave that to me!" she smiled.

"We'll have a good time, won't we, huh?" His beady eyes gleamed.

"You telling me?" she sighed, lacing her arms about his neck and fastening her lips to his in a kiss that nearly suffocated him!

MEANWHILE, Dolly had made her exit through the stage door, to greet a tall youth was waiting patiently there.

"Hello, Jerry, darling!" she smiled.

"Ho, Dolly!" he grinned, boyishly delighted at the sight of her.

Linking arms, they strolled off down the street.

Jerry Connell worshipped the very ground on which Dolly's twinkling toes pranced, and every night he was to be found at the exit of the Jasper Theatre, counting the minutes until his beloved was off duty and could join him. They had an "understanding," these two love-birds, that some day in the glamorous future they would furnish a cozy love-nest somewhere and bill and coo forever more!

Jerry was inclined to brook no delay, but Dolly kept on postponing the date!

"Would you like a soda?" he asked, when they reached the corner.

"I'm just dying for a double chocolate!" She smiled up at him, the top of her saucy hat barely reaching his shoulder.

"My throat is parched, too!" he laughed. "I've got half-a-dollar that'll save our lives!"

They scooted across the street to their favorite fountain, where they slaked their thirst, then, heading for the subway, were soon walking up the block to the old-fashioned brownstone house where Dolly lived.

(Please turn to page 54)



Week-End Delight

BY

W. CLYDE YOUNG and FRANK K. YOUNG

JACK HAMILTON turned to give instructions to his chauffeur before climbing into the rear seat of the Rolls Royce. Then he gave a start of surprise, and paused to stare in admiration. He had expected to find Jamison in livery, standing stiffly at attention and holding open the car door. But instead, it was a very pretty girl whom he saw standing in the customary position. For the instant, he was nonplussed.

The girl was breath-takingly beautiful! The whipcord breeches of her uniform fit so snugly over her curving hips, and her young breasts stood out so noticeably against the tight-fitting jacket, that Jack could think of little else at first. Several moments later, he became aware that blonde curls peeped from under her chauffeur's cap; that twinkles of amusement lurked in her eyes of blue. Her lips were . . . but, then, what's the use? She was beautiful!

"Where is Jamison?" he asked, when he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment.

"I do not know, sir," she replied in sweet, musical tones. "I came on duty only this morning."

"Duty?"

"Yes! Your wife engaged me, sir."

"M-m-m," mused Jack. During the six years of his married life, he had never known his jealous-minded wife to do a thing so benevolent. He felt that he was justified in entertaining his suspicions!

"Does my wife know that you are driving for me this afternoon?" he asked curiously.

"I do not know, sir," replied the girl. "The butler telephoned the garage and instructed me to bring the car to the door. Shall I drive you to the station, sir?"

Jack had really intended to go to the station. He was scheduled to attend a board meeting to be held in Chicago the following morning. But an opportunity such as this did not present itself every day! The importance of his presence in Chicago faded swiftly as he appraised the young woman. His wife had been keeping such close watch of him lately, it had been impossible for him to enjoy an adventure of any sort. And now the way seemed opened! Therefore—

"No, I'm going to my Summer home down on the Jersey coast for the week-end," he replied. "The route is a bit confusing after you get out of the Holland Tunnel. So, if you don't mind, I'll sit up in front with you, to help you with the directions."

The chauffeur made no reply, but climbed in behind the wheel. After making sure that he could not be seen from the window of his wife's boudoir, Jack climbed in beside the driver.

He wondered if she would resent a few slight advances. As an experiment, he permitted his knee to contact hers, and was delighted to see a faint smile curve her lovely lips. Jack decided immediately that this was destined to be the most enjoyable week-end he had ever spent!

HE SPEEDILY learned that his companion was not at all difficult to get along with. Before they had passed through Jersey City and headed south toward the resorts, Jack learned that her name was Dorothy Darlone, and that she had no objections to a pun being made of the last name so that she could be called "darling!" She also seemed to find it easier to call him "Jack" than "sir."

"I see where we're going to get along





swell, baby," he whispered, slipping an arm about her waist and nestling closer.

"Did I saw NO?" she asked, with a smile.

Jack saw no reason why he shouldn't make the best of his opportunity; its like might never come again!

Jack's cottage, which his wife had purchased during one of her imaginary nervous breakdowns, was located in an isolated section of pine forest. It had its own private beach stretching away like a silver carpet, its comforts and conveniences.

Although it was a good three-hour drive from New York, Jack and Dorothy had become such good friends that the trip ended almost too quickly for them. They arrived at their destination before sundown. And Jack consoled himself with the thought that Dorothy had not resented his advances.

"Shall I return to the city right away?" she asked, after Jack had carried his luggage into the cottage.

Jack had hopes of retaining the girl as his companion for the week-end, but he thought it wise not to admit as much. No use to rush things and frighten her away, even though she didn't seem the sort of girl who is easily frightened.

"It's a part of the ritual that nobody can visit this place and leave without having enjoyed a dip in the ocean," he informed her.

"But—I haven't any bathing suit!" Dorothy objected. "In fact, I haven't any clothing with me except my chauffeur's uniform."

"In that you look as attractive as you would in a bathing suit," Jack assured her. "But what's a mere garment between friends? This is strictly a private beach, and there's not another person within miles of us."

"It does sound interesting," she admitted. "But the drive down from New York was enough to make me hungry—

and I much prefer swimming in the moonlight."

"A swell program!" said Jack approvingly. "Come on, we'll raid the family larder!"

The kitchen provided sufficient canned goods to satisfy their appetites, and a radio in the living room offered interesting entertainment and enabled them to spend another half hour. Dorothy knew all the latest dances, and how to inject the proper amount of sensuality into them. She had discarded her chauffeur's jacket, and was wearing a light silk blouse. The feel of her soft body made Jack very thankful for the whim that had prompted his wife to engage a feminine chauffeur.

He would have contentedly spent the rest of the evening with Dorothy in his arms, had she not suddenly reminded him that he had invited her to swim.

"I guess it's dark enough for our swim now," she said, disengaging herself from his arms. "Where can I shed my surplus clothing?"

"In my bedroom," he said promptly.

"Okay," she agreed, and flashing a little smile, disappeared into the room.

When Jack started to follow her, assuring himself that there was no need of using two rooms, he found she had locked the door. He was disappointed, of course; but he consoled himself with the thought that a few minutes later, on the beach. . . .

Quickly divesting himself of his clothing, he donned a pair of shorts, working hastily that he might be the first to enter the water. And as he ran out the front door of the cottage, he saw Dorothy climb through the window of the bedroom and race down to the beach. Not even a lacy bit of undies adorned the dazzling figure that gleamed so alluringly in the moonlight!

For several moments, Jack stared fascinatedly, then he dashed across the beach in swift pursuit. Surely, this girl in her natural state, was a prize worth running after! She had already plunged into the

water; and now, scarcely a rod behind her, Jack followed suit. He was a good swimmer, but Dorothy was a better one, as he soon discovered.

Each time he dove for her, she successfully eluded him. But the sight of her glistening body, always but a short distance away, spurred him on. Laughing and shouting like children, they continued their mad, merry race, and always she slipped from his grasp just as it seemed to him he had caught her. At times, she further lured and provoked him by leaving the water to run along the beach; but always she returned in time to render pursuit more difficult.

For almost an hour they romped and played with the abandon of children. But Jack was careful to keep himself between Dorothy and the cottage! He knew that, eventually, she would have to emerge for good; and since her clothes were inside the cottage—

Dorothy, swimming contentedly a short distance from shore, showed no signs of becoming tired. She had just called a challenge and started swimming farther out, when suddenly she threw up a bare arm and gave a gurgling cry for help.

Instantly, Jack dove to her rescue. He had her in his arms when he rose to the surface. Supporting her gently, he swam slowly back to shore. There he picked her up and stood for a full minute holding her delightful body close.

"Feel better?" he murmured, as she opened her eyes.

"I was afraid you'd never catch me," she chuckled.

"You mean—you weren't in danger? You were just shamming?" he demanded.

She spoke no word, but the light in her glorious eyes confessed the truth.

"You darling!" Jack muttered, crushing his lips hungrily to hers.

IT WAS the most glorious week-end Jack had ever known. Dorothy proved a perfect companion, and he found her respon-

sive to his every mood. It was with regret that he greeted Sunday night, for it meant the necessity of returning to New York—and to his suspicious wife!

He did not enjoy the ride back to the city, even though Dorothy sat beside him and nestled her warm, pulsing body close. He was too busy trying to frame some alibi to offer his wife. He knew she would be sure to ask questions when she learned he and the chauffeur had been gone the entire week-end. And with the matter preying on his mind, he communicated his fears to Dorothy.

"It's quite likely my wife will ask you some questions when we get back," he said.

"I know," she murmured.

"Ah, you have already discovered her suspicious nature?"

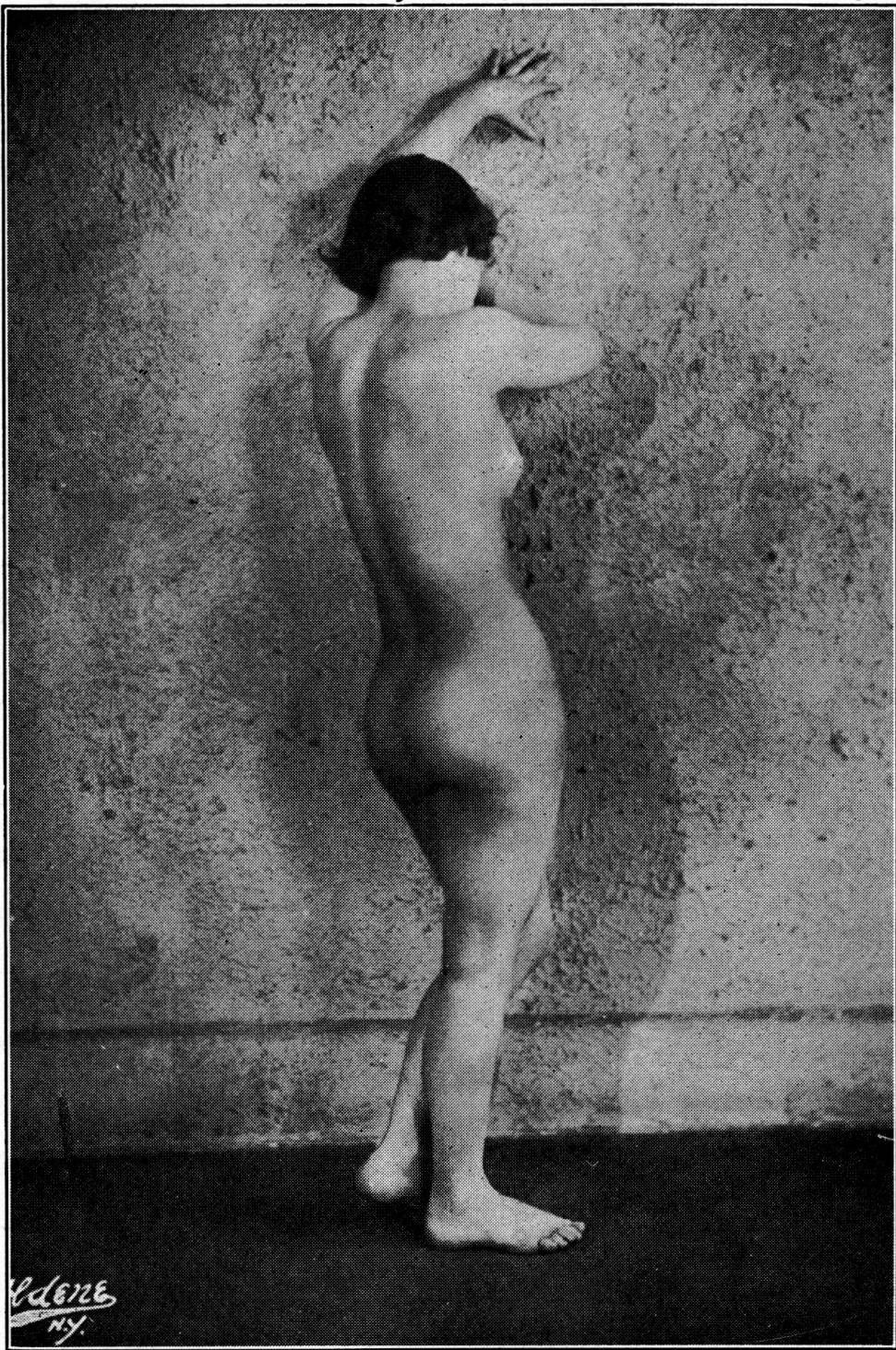
"No. But you see, Jack, I'm not a chauffeur! I'm an agent for the Eagle Eye Detective Agency. Your wife hired me to get some evidence for a divorce action she wants to bring against you. As your chauffeur, of course, I'd be in a position to learn where you went and what you did!"

"I understand—quite!" Jack gazed moodily at the road. After such a hectic week-end as he and Dorothy had spent together, she had enough evidence for a dozen divorce actions, and so he told her.

"Oh, but I can't use *that*, Jack!" she said. "I won't turn in a report, anyway. I've decided that you make a good husband, and that your wife is foolish to want to divorce you."

"And I've decided that you make a perfect wife, and that I'll let her get the divorce!" said Jack promptly. "Wouldn't you rather spend the rest of the season at that resort than continue your work as a detective?"

Dorothy's answer was to turn the car to the side of the road and park in the shadow of a tree. As long as Jack felt THAT way about it, there was no need to hurry back to the city!



Song of the Nudist Cult

By J. EVANS SUTTER



NOW, listen, sweet, I must admit
That you can always show your wit
In making all your dresses fit
 You perfectly.

YOU have an eye for gowns and such:
They're not too scant nor yet too much—
They fit you with a master's touch,
 It seems to me!

I'M sure that in your underthings
And all those female blandishings
You equal all my flatterings,
 Could I but see.

BUT all the same, I must insist
The sight that most of all I've missed,
Of which your beauty doth consist,
 If you ask me,

IS not enhanced by crimped cretonne,
But is that tempting paragon
You'd be if every stitch were gone
 Quite utterly!



All In A Night's Stroll

BY

FRANK KENNETH YOUNG

DICK TERRIL had just enough liquor under his belt to imbue him with the desire for spicy adventure. He did not believe that the best things of life happen unexpectedly; he believed in tracking Miss Opportunity to her love lair and crashing the boudoir by main force! The drinks had rendered him woman-wise and man-foolish; consequently, he was on the prowl. . . .

It was a magic night—a night for love, romance or what have you? Stars twinkled in purple skies; a benevolent moon shone down. The incessant hum and roar of the city was like the throbbing pulse of life itself. It possessed a certain rhythm that stirred the blood and made one eager to give Lady Love a great, big hand!

It was not toward the noise and the glittering lights, however, that Dick was wending his unsteady way. Past experiences in night strolling had taught him that shadowy retreats were more often found in the byways. He was now headed toward the outskirts, where ladies walked the semi-darkened streets and called from mysterious doorways.

He had, on earlier occasions, discovered the street that ran along the rear of a large hotel where, in the evening, one could stand and watch the guests in the lighted windows of innumerable rooms, disrobing, bathing and dressing for dinner. He had no desire to visit that particular locality again.

And he had, on another occasion, come upon the private grounds of an untenanted estate, where ladies of the pavements took their prey and established rendezvous with thrill-seeking young men. He had strolled those shrub-grown grounds at midnight, and heard the rapturous sighs and gurgles of delight that came from the shadows.

He was now bent on finding newer territory, discovering newer scenes and greater thrills.

He had strolled several blocks and passed many rows of dwellings, and was entering into the more sordid section of the city. The surroundings were becoming shabbier, and the street lights less frequent. Yet there was an indefinable lure of adventure waiting just around each corner!

Suddenly, he came out upon a glare of light and a fanfare of sound, and discovered a street carnival of the cheaper variety. Its tents and booths were pitched at a street intersection; its Ferris Wheel and High Diver's platform towered above the housetops. People from the vicinity had gathered in large crowds to spend an enjoyable evening.

THIS WAS something different!—out of the ordinary run of things. Dick decided he'd give it a whirl; and so he stopped to spend good money at the so-called games of chance; to gaze critically at the side-show freaks; to jostle with the milling throngs. He even rode the Merry-Go-Round, sitting with drunken solemnity astride the wooden horses!

He got a great kick out of witnessing a fight between a white man and a mulatto lady; and chuckled with downright deviltry when the dark-skinned beauty threatened to dent her adversary's cranium with an empty gin bottle!

This was life!—something to pep the pulse and stir the blood! He wandered on through the crowd, feeling the elation of a small boy visiting the circus for the first time.

He came to The Crazy House and decided to explore the interior. He climbed the teetering stairs, walked the rope lad-



der, got lost in the maze, felt the draft of the "blower," and finally permitted himself to be locked in the "dark room" and shot down the "chutes!"

Events happened so swiftly that his drink-befuddled mind became slightly be-fogged. He was a long time picking himself up at the bottom of the chutes. In fact he dallied so long that, before he could get out of the way, another victim of the crazy house was precipitated down upon him.

He heard a feminine squeal of fright, the "swish" of a body in rapid descent, and glanced up. He got a brief glimpse of a lady rushing straight toward him, skirt ruffled half-way to her hips, wide-spread legs stiffly extended. Then she struck him with the force of a locomotive, almost knocking the breath from his body.

"Hey, what th—?" he gasped, clutching at his hat and struggling to assume a sitting posture.

The feat was more easily imagined than accomplished, however; for the reason that he was almost buried under an avalanche of silk stockinged calves, bare thighs and lacy lingerie! But he finally succeeded in recapturing his breath.

"I beg your pardon, lady," he said. "It seems that my tie clasp is caught in your garter!"

"I'm awfully sorry!" she gasped.

"I'm not!" Dick assured her.

Yet he managed to unwind her legs from about his neck. She hastily rearranged her skirt and struggled to a kneeling position.

"I didn't know you were here," she said. "I had never gone through one of those things before. The slide down was a complete surprise!"

"Yeah?" Dick sat up, grinning into her flushed face. "You must have got a big kick out of it!"

"Oh, wonderful!" she gurgled, springing erect and smoothing down her dress.

"I should have helped you to rise," said

Dick apologetically. "As it is, I guess you'll have to help me!"

She good-naturedly reached down and grasped his hand. The next instant, he was standing before her, gazing into her lovely face.

"Oh—oh!" he murmured. "Prettier than a choir boy and dressed like Fifth Avenue! Surely, you don't belong with this carnival crowd?"

"No," she laughed. "I'm—well, I guess you'd call it—slumming! I ran away from everybody tonight and wandered off by myself in search of adventure!"

"Here, too!" said Dick delightedly. "I'm on the prow! You're a delinquent daughter! We chance to meet here in the crowd. Now who's to say that Fate ain't brought it all about?"

The young woman laughed. "Well, maybe Fate did have something to do with it," she agreed. "But it was very foolish of me to come down here alone. It's a rather tough neighborhood, if one can judge by appearances. And I've ridden on so many different things I'm all turned around. I wonder if you'd be good enough to guide me back to civilization!"

"With the greatest of pleasure," said Dick, taking her arm. "Come on, baby! We'll finish our stroll together!"

Now almost wholly sober, Dick piloted the woman out into the brilliantly-lighted midway and continued on between the rows of carnival attractions. They came to a "Sunny South" Minstrel Show, and Dick insisted on buying tickets for both.

THEY ENTERED the small tent and sat on hard board seats, while two short and curving Dixie broads attired in pink romper costumes sang a couple of songs and did a nifty tap dance. They also saw a tall, voluptuous Southern Belle wearing a silver-spangled gown do a specialty number that was slightly torrid in spots.

As they were leaving the tent, Dick murmured: "What's your name?"

"Suppose you call me Joan?" the woman replied.

"Oke! I'm known as Richard—just Dick to you!"

Joan chuckled. "Thanks, Dick!" she said. "Let's get friendly."

They strolled on to the first intersection and came out under the street lamp. Dick stole a glance at his companion and found her eyes bright and sparkling, her cheeks faintly flushed with excitement. They passed on, and the light was left behind them.



He heard a feminine squeal of fright, the "swish" of a body in rapid descent!

"How dark these streets are!" she murmured.

"All the better to love you, Joan!" Dick replied, slipping his arm about her. She seemed not to resent the action, and so they strolled a short distance in silence.

"Gee, Joan, you're a swell guy!" he murmured in her ear. "A fellow could almost go for keeps with a girl like you!"

"Uh-huh! But not with this girl, Dickie," she said soberly.

"No? Why? Don't you like me enough?"

"It isn't that—merely that the prize has already been won!"

"You're not—married?" he said incredulously.

"Uh-huh! But with unsatisfactory results."

"Aw, I didn't know—I'm sorry!"

"Don't feel discouraged!" she said quickly. "For tonight at least, I'm on the loose. That's one reason why you found me behaving like a hoyden at that cheap carnival. I was so fed up with my unhappy existence! It seemed I just had to cut and run—break out in something rash!"

"I get you!" said Dick. "Let's do!"

"Do what?"

"Break out in something rash!"

She chuckled. "It shouldn't be difficult! Rash always accompanies fever—and, my, isn't it warm?"

They came to a white house standing close beside the walk. There was a window opening into a woman's sleeping chamber; the light was on and the shade was up. Dick glimpsed a woman wearing only a single abbreviated garment, seated on the edge of the bed. He caught his breath sharply, half-paused, then swiftly recovered.

"Ummm!" Joan murmured. "Did you see what I saw?"

"Y-yes!" Dick stammered.

"And what did you see, bad boy?" she teased.

"It looked to me like a lady attired in an undershirt," he said frankly.

"Your powers of perception are marvelous," Joan flattered. "That's exactly what it was."

"Why, I wonder, do they call them undershirts?" asked Dick. "This one wasn't being worn under anything."

"Maybe the name is intended to apply to what is under the shirt," Joan suggested.

"Ha!" Dick chuckled. "Reminds me of the ancient conundrum: If a corset cover covers a corset, then what does a corset cover?"

"I'll bet you'll never discover!" she challenged.

"No?"

"No!"

"None but the brave can afford the dare!" he said swiftly.

And now, having passed the lighted window, they were in shadow once more. The woman was snuggling close in Dick's embrace, and he could feel the undulations of her moving body.

Gradually, he permitted his arm to slip up under her shoulders and around until his hand was cupping her left breast. Full, firm and globular, both soft and resilient, it proved an ample handful! She half turned, giving him an opportunity. He inserted his other hand into the low front of her dress, and was thrilled by the discovery that she and brassieres were strangers. The satiny-skinned flesh of her breasts was warm and tingling to his sensitive fingers. With deft, practiced movements, he caressed her.

"The lady who dared to dare!" he chuckled. "Don't try to tell me I don't know what's under an undershirt?"

"Oh, you're so masterful!" she pouted. "How could I have the heart to resist you?"

Dick kissed her lightly, and they strolled slowly on. The night was kind to them, for they met no chance observers and the lights were far between.

THEY CAME to a house that looked darkly mysterious. No lights shone from the shuttered windows, and no cars were parked at the curb. A solitary porch light illumined the front entrance, and also a name lettered above the door.

"Sofia's!" Joan murmured, reading as they passed. "Why does the lady display only her first name?"

"Well," muttered Dick, somewhat embarrassedly, "her first name is probably the only one she's known by—among her clientele."

Joan gazed puzzledly until enlightenment dawned. "Oh!" she said quickly. Then again: "Oh! So it's that sort of house!"

Dick nodded. "I didn't realize it before, but we took the wrong turn at the last intersection. We should have steered clear of this block."

"You mean it's—?" Her eyes finished the question silently.

"Yeah—the Bright Light district."

"You mean the Colored Light—" she corrected.

"I was trying to put it delicately, out of regard for you," he muttered.

"You needn't have," she chuckled. "I think it's perfectly thrilling, our being in this sordid part of town. I've always wanted to see a place of the sort!"

"Take a look at this one!" Dick said, indicating the next house in the row. In this instance, "Rose's" was the name lettered in black above the door.

"It doesn't look much different from any other house, does it?" Joan remarked. "Except for the name!"

"Oh, no," he replied. "But you might see a difference inside, if you were to go in. Shall we?"

"Don't be silly!" she retorted. "I'm only sight-seeing; I don't consider myself in a class with the neighborhood."

Dick grinned and hugged her fondly.

The next house was named "Mary's," and it was alive with revelry. Shuttered windows gave forth the tinkle of an elec-



tric piano, screams of feminine laughter, and the raucous shouts of men.

"They must be having a hot time," whispered Joan.

"I'll say!" Dick agreed.

Involuntarily, they paused. And as they listened, Dick embraced her again and kissed her passionately. The starlight revealed her red lips parted sensuously, her eyes as bright as the starlight they reflected. She was breathing excitedly, as if deeply stirred by her emotions.

"I've an idea this atmosphere isn't good for you," Dick said, slowly.

"But, gee, isn't it exciting?" she replied.

He laughed silently. "Shall we go in?" he asked for the second time.

"Wouldn't you rather escort me home?"

"Have you a home?"

"Oh, have I? . . . Private boudoir, and everything!"

Moving slowly on, they came to a car parked at the curb before a low stucco building. This house bore the name, "Sylvia's," and was ablaze with lights.

As THEY approached, they saw a man standing on the verandah saying good night to a woman in the open doorway. She was a light blonde, with a slightly voluptuous figure. Dick observed her figure in particular because she was wearing only a diaphanous negligee and the light of the room was behind her.

"Well, good night, honey," the man was saying.

"Good night, dear," she replied, giving him her hand. "You'll come again soon, won't you?"

As Joan and Dick passed, Joan whispered: "Was that—one of those women?"

"Undoubtedly," Dick replied.

"Gee," said Joan, "you can't blame men for being attracted to such places. She had a beautiful figure!"

"Not bad," said Dick tactfully. "But surely, not as attractive as yours!"

"A lot you know about mine!" she scoffed.

"Are you daring me again?"

"Well, perhaps. . . . Still, this is hardly the place. . . ."

"Then let's go in!" he suggested eagerly.

"That's the third time you've insulted

me tonight!" she said. "Personally, I've had my fill of the slums! Take me home, won't you?"

"And what about your figure?"

"Well—you'll see!" she promised.

They came to another intersection and turned, headed back toward the city. In a short time, the neighborhood of questionable repute had been left far behind. Yet the streets were far enough from more important thoroughfares to be rather dark between lights; and the lights were far enough apart to permit of considerable petting.

Dick held her tightly in his arm, thrilling to the caress of her curving hip as it brushed him in walking; to the gentle undulations of her waist, the trembling resiliency of her breast in the cup of his hand. Frequently, too, he permitted his encircling arm to drop from her waist and embrace her hips, his eager hand straying caressingly the length of one round, muscular thigh. And never in word or manner did Joan give evidence that she resented his naughty behavior.

Once, she paused and murmured her apologies, asking him to wait while she fixed a refractory garter.

"Let me help you!" he volunteered.

She had half turned, and raised her skirt above her knee. She was stooping forward, fumbling at the troublesome elastic. She evinced no surprise when Dick leaned forward, his arms around her, and imprisoned her busy hands.

"Gee, Joan, you're a swell guy!" he murmured. "You seem to know I like you naughty, yet you also seem to trust me not to go too far! That's an ideal combination!"

"Uh-huh!" she chuckled. "Well, maybe I'm finding you my ideal man!"

Dick snapped her elastic garter, tugged at her stocking, and permitted his fingers to play lovingly with the warm, bare flesh of her thigh. Then, abruptly, he swung her into step beside him.

"I'm sure I shall find yours an ideal figure!" he grinned.

"It all depends!" she informed him.

"On what?"

"On whether my husband went to the club or not!"

Dick chuckled delightedly. Then suddenly, he crushed her in a savage embrace, pressed her yielding body to him all the way down, and scorched her tender lips with dozens of fiery kisses.

"Guess I know a sweet little sport when I see one!" he muttered huskily. "Lead on! If you're brave enough to run the risk, I'll face whatever happens, with you!"

"I might have known you'd be that sort of man!" she gasped. "Here's hoping the coast is clear! . . ."

After another long silence, during which their slow strolling put distance behind them, they passed another intersection, and Joan paused before an imposing looking residence.

"Huh?" Dick grunted, glancing at the lighted windows.

"Here's where I live," she said simply.

"Here?"—gazing wildly at the house.

"Here," she repeated.

"But—the number is 456—and this is Gresham Avenue, isn't it?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"I—why, hell, here's where my boss lives!"

"I know it," Joan stated calmly. "Your boss is John C. Vaughn, and I am his wife!"

"Yes, but—I never dreamed—you didn't tell me your last name, you know!"

"And you were too blind to recognize me!"

"Then—you've known me all this time?"

"Why, don't be silly, Dick! Don't you remember ever seeing me in John's office?"

"Well, I'll be——!"

"Funny how things work out, isn't it?" she remarked. "The mere fact that you

*"Let me help
you!" he vol-
unteered.*



are in my husband's employ is no reason for you to hesitate, is it?"

"No," said Dick promptly. "All the more reason why I needn't! Knowing my boss as well as I do, I can positively say that this is one of the evenings when he won't be likely to return home early."

"What do you mean?" she asked swiftly.

"I'm a rotter for giving away secrets," Dick stammered. "But in a case of this kind, it may serve to set your mind at rest. . . . Just before the office closed this
(Please turn to page 54)

Two Other People

BY

GERARD RAVEL

TOM WARD, suitcase in hand, anxiously pushed the bell marked Gordon. He hadn't told Nat that he was coming to New York. Perhaps he'd be there, anyway.

Nat was home. "Tom, you old son of a gun!" he greeted him boisterously, "What the devil are you doing here? After your fortune?"

Tom laughed: "Hardly! I'm just on a vacation and they tell me that Greenwich Village is a swell place to spend one."

Nat dragged him inside the studio, "Right you are! I'll put you up and show you the town—the part of town you want to see!"

Tom cast off his coat and looked admiringly about the spacious studio. "Nice place you've got here," he remarked. His glance fell upon a half life size nude and he smiled at Nat: "Life stuff, eh?"

"Sure," Nat replied casually. "My specialty, I guess. You get used to it. To me the human figure is just that—nothing more."

"I understand," said Tom, who didn't at all.

"Sit down and smoke a cigarette," Nat ordered hospitably, "I'll mix a drink. Could you go for one?"

"I'll go for a gallon if you'll show me where!"

"Good! I've got enough here to last a while. Then we'll make a few plans."

Even before he had tasted the gin, Tom had been rather sure that his stay in New York was going to be enjoyable. After two highballs, he was more certain than ever. He talked with Nat about the more intriguing side of an artistic life.

"Use many models?" he inquired.

"Lots, when I can afford them. Mostly for nudes." He paused as he saw how avid Tom was concerning this. "It sort

of gets you, doesn't it?" he laughed. "It did me, too, at first. Not now. A girl's a girl; I can introduce you to a hundred if you like."

"I might," Tom admitted, "you never can tell."

"I've got a little red book; we'll take a squint at it and see what we can find. They'll be a little different from the girls we knew back in Hillside," he added.

"Okay with me!" was Tom's willing response.

Nat had just begun inspection of the address book when the phone rang and he had to answer it. Tom overheard a resonant and demanding feminine voice coming over the wire and saw Nat's jaw sag in disappointment, despite his polite words.

"Yes, indeed," he was saying, "I'll be there and thanks so much." He hung up and turned woefully to Tom. "There goes our party," he said sadly. "It was Mrs. Carter Greenfell. I want to do a portrait of her and I can't risk offending her. I've got to have tea at her house this afternoon; but I'll break away as soon as possible, old man. Will you be able to amuse yourself while I'm gone?"

"I expect so," Tom said.

"There's more gin in the kitchen."

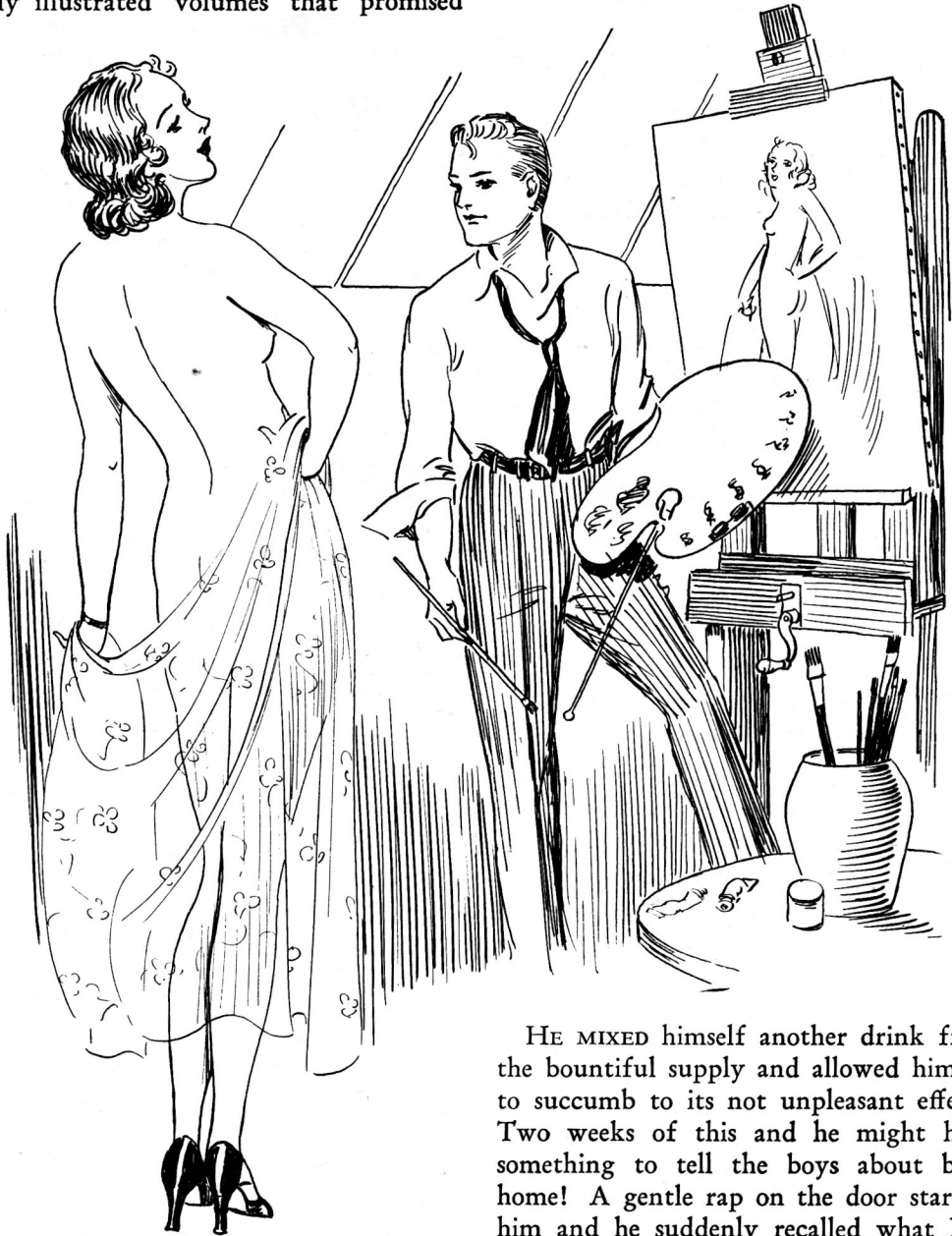
Tom brightened: "I'm sure I'll pass the time all right."

Nat got into his coat and grabbed his hat. In the doorway, he paused for a moment: "By the way," he reminded Tom, "I've got a model coming up from an agency—a new one. She's due here any minute. Will you tell her I'm sorry and if she'll leave her number, I'll call her tonight?"

"I'll take care of that," Tom promised and reached for a third highball that was already traversing the path down his

throat as Nat left him alone in the studio. Finishing the drink, he made a further inspection of his temporary home. For a man fresh from the sticks, he found several things of interest. Nat had a plentiful supply of books, some of them esoteric and fully illustrated volumes that promised

rather spicy reading. There were literally hundreds of sketches, most of them nudes. Perhaps it was everyday stuff to an artist—but Tom wasn't an artist. He'd been in the Village less than an hour and things were moving very fast indeed!



"Hold that!" he said hoarsely, and pretended to begin work.

HE MIXED himself another drink from the bountiful supply and allowed himself to succumb to its not unpleasant effects. Two weeks of this and he might have something to tell the boys about back home! A gentle rap on the door startled him and he suddenly recalled what Nat had told him about the model. He remembered that Nat had said she was a new one. If she didn't know Nat—the idea that flashed into Tom's brain was shock-

ing in its audacity and in the ease of its possibility. He took one more sip of gin and rushed to answer the door. With a nonchalance that he assuredly didn't feel he turned the doorknob and let his eyes come to rest on a fascinating vision of blonde loveliness.

"Er, come in," he gulped; "I was expecting you."

"Sorry to be late," she smiled, "you know what the subways are."

"Yes, of course," Tom nodded—Tom, who had never been on one of the darned things in his life!

"Do I undress in here?" she asked casually, indicating the small alcove where Tom had deposited his belongings.

It was too much for this lad fresh from the country. His face turned scarlet but he did manage to stammer a faint "Yes."

The girl seemed not to notice his discomfiture and blithely went into the place which was to serve as her boudoir. As Tom waited for her he had the appearance of a man but a few short minutes away from the electric chair, instead of one who was soon to be permitted an unrestricted view of the most devastating and alluring curves he had ever seen outlined by a gown. In sheer desperation he set up the easel and grabbed a palette. He was studying his shoe laces when the girl's voice came softly to his stricken ears.

"Ready, now, Mr. Gordon."

The pseudo Mr. Gordon looked up and found to his surprise that she was not quite *au naturel*. Over her shoulders she had flung a robe. She smiled and explained: "It's a bit cool. I'll keep this on till you actually start."

"Perhaps you'd like a drink?" Tom suggested on the spur of the moment.

"Not a bad idea," she agreed and accepted the highball. The interval of drinking gave Tom a chance to appraise her slender blonde beauty still more. It didn't take much of an artist to appreciate her lissom and sensuous curves so well accent-

uated by the manner in which she clasped the robe about her. She set down the drink and smiled gratefully: "Thanks," she said, "it is really very warming. I'm ready any time you are. I stand over here, I suppose?" she took a position in front of the easel.

"That's fine," Tom murmured.

"All right, pose me," she said and calmly dropped off her robe, to stand in front of him quite nude and unconcerned.

TOM APPROACHED her uncertainly: "I haven't a very definite idea of how I want you," he said hesitantly. "We'll try several, then choose the one that's best." He stepped back a bit and tried to look at her with the disinterested glance of an artist. It simply couldn't be done. Her full pink tipped breasts, rising in exquisite perfection, her supple torso and hips were entirely too much. "Hold that," he said hoarsely and pretended to begin work. As he daubed away on the canvas, his brain was a chaos of conflicting emotions, his heart a badly strained piece of machinery.

The girl's faint gasp startled him; he glanced up to find her leaning weakly against the bookcase.

"What's the matter?" he asked fearfully and rushed to her side.

"Nothing," she smiled palely, "nothing at all. If I could lie down just a minute. . . ."

"Of course!" Tom nodded wisely, "you're a bit faint, that's all. A little drink?"

"It might help."

With Tom's sympathetic assistance she got to the couch and sank into its pleasant depths. Tom brought her a stiff shot of straight gin, held it to her lips. "Maybe you forgot to eat lunch," he laughed.

"Breakfast, too," she admitted.

"You poor kid," Tom was touched.

"This is my first work in a long time," she explained. Somehow her arm found its way about Tom's neck and drew him down to the danger zone. If his first kiss was

"Perhaps you'd like a drink?" Tom suggested.



given purely out of sympathy, the second was hardly as platonic! "I like you," she whispered softly after a moment, "you're so different from most artists."

"Yeah," Tom replied. How true that was!

"Kiss me again," she smiled brightly, "I really feel much better. Do you suppose it's the gin—or the kisses?"

"There's plenty of both!" was Tom's response and he swept her velvety soft body into his arms. With her lips pressed

maddeningly against his, her pliant curves so responsive to his increasingly ardent caresses, Tom was easily able to forget everything but the thrill of the moment. To have her unclad body in his arms was intoxicating enough; to have her so charmingly acquiescent was more rapturous than he had ever thought possible.

LATER—much later—she looked up at him: "You haven't done much work today, have you?"

"No, but I've accomplished a lot, don't you think?"

"Maybe."

"I've got a confession to make," Tom blurted out, "I'm not really Mr. Gordon at all. I'm just a friend. Go ahead and give me the works. I deserve it."

"Silly!" she laughed. "Don't you think I'd guessed that? You couldn't pose me; you couldn't hold a brush; but what does it matter?"

"You knew all along?" Tom asked incredulously.

"Of course! I don't like artists—except when it comes to making love! But I really must go now; I'll leave you my phone number. Will you call me sometime?" She arose and went into the dressing room to don her clothes.

Would he call her? Tom's opinion of himself as a Casanova went to a new high. His first afternoon in New York! "I'll phone you tomorrow," he promised as she emerged, fully dressed, and gave him a slip of paper.

"I can't wait! Kiss me goodbye." One more fleeting embrace and she departed.

Tom sank into a chair, slightly overcome by the swiftness of the whole affair. It had been almost too easy to be true! He was still in the chair when Nat returned.

"Well, here I am back," the latter announced. "Kept me later than I thought. Hope you didn't mind."

"No—I've been having a good time."

"All by yourself, eh?" Nat asked.

"Yeah. No one came but that model you spoke of. I got her phone number and told her you'd call tomorrow."

"The model?" Nat stared at him in amazement. "Someone's been kidding you. I saw the girl myself on my way out. She took a cab back uptown with me."

"Ye gods!" Tom gasped.

"Don't tell me; let me guess," Nat laughed. "First let me see the phone number this girl gave you." He inspected the slip of paper and smiled down on Tom with the wisdom of one wide to all the rackets. "It's a nice number, but I hardly think she spends much time at this place."

"What place is it?" Tom asked weakly. The situation was fast becoming clear to him—too clear indeed!

"The police station," Nat replied laconically. "And I suppose she dressed and undressed in the alcove. Don't bother getting up; your wallet isn't there."

Nevertheless, Tom rushed in to have a look. Sure enough, the wallet had disappeared. In its place was a short note:

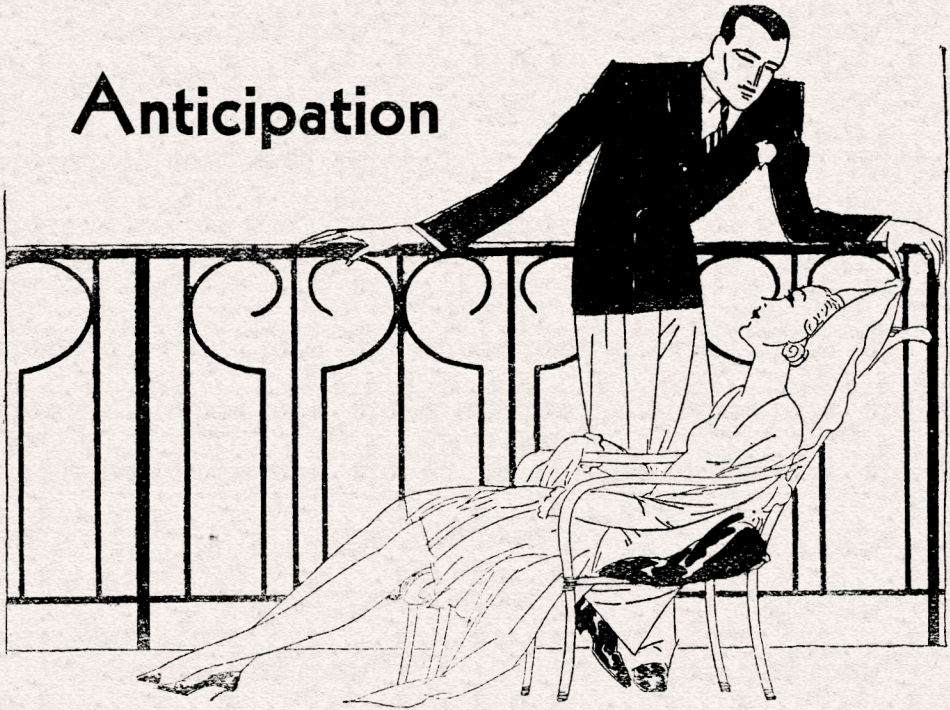
It's an old gag, stranger, but it never fails. You weren't the artist; I wasn't the model. It must have been two other people. What do you think?

After reading it, Tom handed it to Nat. The latter looked at it, then glanced back at Tom. "What do you think?" he inquired.

Tom thought a minute before he replied: "I think it was worth it!" he said emphatically.



Anticipation



Some day when heavy-footed
years
Have trampled on your head
And valleys grow where steady
tears
Have washed away the red—

Some day that voice so like a
bell—
So gay it almost tinkles—
Will leave you but an empty
shell
Of memories wrapped in
wrinkles.

Then will I take revenge to
mate,
And tower high above you;
I'll laugh and watch you meet
your fate
And—God! Perhaps I'll love
you.

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ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

(Continued from page 29)

On the top step, in the shadow of the doorway, they sat, as usual, for their nightly leavetaking.

Jerry's cigarette, intermittently flaming and subsiding to a dull glow, was the only indication to the passerby that they were there.

"I'd like a puff!" Dolly whispered, grabbing his hand and guiding it to her rosy mouth. He sensed the touch of warm lips against his fingers as she drew in the smoke.

His arm, around her slender waist, grew taut, and she settled her lovely self more closely within his embrace, resting her head on his shoulder. It was easy for his fingers to reach upward and tenderly, well nigh reverently, caress the jutting fullness of a luscious breast that thrilled to the gentle contact.

It was necessary for him to tilt his face very slightly in order to find her lips, and Dolly's mouth opened like the flower it resembled!

A long minute later, she gasped:

"Oh, Jerry! That was a naughty kiss!" She pretended to slap his cheek, but the chastisement took the form of a lovepat.

"With somebody else, maybe it would be!" he declared. "But not with me! We're going to be married soon, aren't we?"

"I hope so, sweetheart!" she whispered.

"I've got some good news for you!" he announced.

"What is it?" she asked, excitedly.

"The boss is giving me a five-dollar raise!" His tone was proud, and he listened expectantly for her exclamation:

"That's fine! . . . You're getting along swell."

He readjusted his position so that she could lean backward against him, thus giving him the opportunity to put both arms about her in a way that was possessive as well as zealously protective!

Dolly sighed, more than willing to receive from Jerry the caresses that he

would have angrily resented from any other man! . . . She never felt constrained to impose any restrictions upon him! . . . She knew that *he* would go so far and no further with *her*, no matter how fiercely the flames of youthful passion might swirl about them!

"Dolly!" he was whispering. "Don't you think we could afford to get married as soon as I get that raise?"

"We can wait a while, darling, can't we?" she murmured.

"Why wait?"

"I'd like to finish my dancing lessons!"

"Aw, those lessons!" His voice was tinged with impatience.

"Don't say that, sweetheart!" She reached up to kiss him. "My teacher says I'm getting along wonderfully."

"He *would!*"

"Why shouldn't he?"

Jerry disengaged a hand to yank a package of cigarettes from his pocket, and he struck a match with a savage jab at the stone step.

"Those teachers are all alike!" he said. "They kid you along in order to keep you coming and paying them money for lessons."

"J-e-r-r-y!" she remonstrated. "That's not nice!" (Concluded Next Month)

(Continued from page 46)

afternoon, he told me he was spending the night with his private secretary at their Summer Cottage. They go out to the beach now and then, you know!"

"So that's it?" said Joan bitterly. "I've suspected something of the sort!" She was silent a moment, as if pondering. Then suddenly, with a flash of spirit, she caught Dick by the arm. "Come on in!" she said impulsively. "If John can have a private secretary, I don't see why I can't have a physical instructor or something!"

"Nor do I!" said Dick, following her up the steps. . . .

The End

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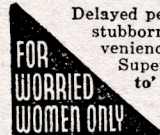
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A. DREW

16 East 23rd Street, New York City

(Continued from page 23)

should accept these few moments of real passion.

Ward was more to blame than Peggy when she surrendered her lips to the bronzed Arab and offered no protests when he slowly carried her across the room to a sofa piled high with pillows.

The Arab had been gone for nearly half an hour when Ward returned to take her down to dinner. Ward was the same size as the Arab and at times looked surprisingly like him. But Peggy could not help noting that the similarity ended with just appearances.

He kissed her bruised lips in his usual devoted way, and with his usual tender solicitude asked if she had found something to entertain her while he was away.

Peggy nodded dully in answer to his questions. Her mind was too absorbed with thoughts of the Arab to realize that she was merely acting in a subconscious, mechanical way as she slipped on a light jacket and permitted Ward to take her arm as they strolled down to dinner.

Vaguely, Peggy wondered if the next few hours would fill her with remorse for what happened or bring about a desire for more of the Arab's fierce, passionate love-making. Somehow she felt it would be the latter.

"Happy, dear?" asked Ward when they seated themselves at a table in the main dining room and he had given their order to a fez capped *garçon*. He had to ask the question twice, for Peggy was listening to a native orchestra playing a pulse-stirring, exotic selection.

Ward had asked that question several times a day during the two weeks they had been married. Peggy had always nodded an emphatic affirmative and assured him that she had never been happier. For a moment she wondered what sort of a bomb-shell would explode if she admitted the truth. But she felt he would be happier for deception, and lifted her gaze to answer.

But instead her eyes opened wide as she riveted her gaze on his wrist, which was exposed when he lifted his right hand to light a cigarette.

The skin was lacerated where a set of teeth had bitten deeply into the flesh—her teeth!

"You!" she exclaimed.

Ward smiled as the Arab had done and nodded slowly.

"I knew something was wrong," he said. "It was the only way I could find out. I feared several times you would recognize me for all the grease paint, fancy costume, whiskers and poor accent. Happy, dear?"

Peggy moved her chair slightly around so that her hand was within easy reach of his, and was smiling with the greatest happiness she had ever known as his fingers imprisoned hers.

"Never happier!" she assured him. "And, Ward—"

"Yes?"

"Let's not bother about dinner. . . ."

(Continued from page 19)

"Do you think that I'll remain placidly by and watch you drive that dagger into the heart of the woman I love? Y'sang, I'm warning you! Make *one* more step, and you'll never cease to regret it—not as long as you live!"

Y'sang's lips curved in a sneer of disdain. He drew back the dagger and advanced the fatal single step . . .

GUY LATHROP stalked up and down the simple waiting-chamber in the home of Lama Y'sang. It was with some difficulty that he had obtained the privilege of a short interview with the Lama; it seemed that Y'sang had purposely done everything in his power to evade the issue; a clear indication of a guilty conscience and fear of foreign complications, Lathrop decided.

That Bayard was already a dead man,

he had little doubt; but he swore inwardly that, evidence or no evidence, he'd see that Lama Y'sang paid the penalty. Bayard had been a fool, of course; he admitted that freely. But, even so, Bayard was an American citizen, and it was Lathrop's duty to see that he was properly accounted for.

Forty-eight hours had elapsed since Bayard was alleged to have stolen into the great stone house of the Lama. He had never returned from his mission. Circumstantial evidence was sound enough to convict the Lama in Lathrop's judgment!

A white-robed Thibetan entered the room and signalled to him. The Lama was prepared to receive his very good friend, Guy Lathrop.

He nodded, and followed the obsequious attendant into the presence of the Lama. Y'sang was seated on the ebony Peacock Throne, clad in his customary silken ceremonial robe—but to Lathrop's intense surprise the heavily veiled Lotah lounged on a huge ottoman drawn very close to the Throne!

Lathrop decided to hurl a rapid accusation into the very teeth of Y'sang. Such a course would perhaps take the wily Lama off his guard, as he was no doubt prepared for a series of insidious questions, or a diplomatic cross-examination.

"Greetings, my friend." The Lama raised his hands in blessing.

"Greetings, Y'sang." Lathrop stood directly before the Peacock Throne and levelled his stare at the eyes of the Lama. "I have come for the body of Bayard Borden!"

"His *body*?" Y'sang's eyebrows lifted. "Thy friend Bayard Borden is not dead, Guy Lathrop. Thou shalt be obliged to wait for many years if thou wishest his body!"

Lathrop was conscious of a rush of blood to his cheeks. "Where is he, then?" he demanded. "I warn you—"

"Save thy threats for other than a holy Lama," Y'sang interrupted softly. "Thy

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friend had defamed the honor of my sanctuary, and has been found guilty of attempted robbery. He has been legally tried by a fair court, and sentenced to solitary confinement beneath this very roof." He paused, and a smile flitted over his visage. "I fear that he is a demented creature, this Bayard Borden. He howls like a desert jackal, and swears by all he holds holy that he is in reality the Lama Y'sang!"

Lathrop's anger mounted. "You've filled him with a drug that will deprive him of his sanity!" he accused. "I demand to see him at once; refuse me, and I shall notify my government!"

Y'sang remained cool and aloof. "Thou art a fool to accuse a Lama of evil intent," he said gently. "*Diabolo!* Could I be guilty of so great an offense, my friend?"

The familiar expression of Bayard Borden drew Lathrop up with a start. He stared harder into the deep brown eyes of the Lama, and watched him with a strange fascination as his fingers traced out the outline of a tiny white scar at the corner of his left eye.

Y'sang spoke again, this time even more insidious in tone. "Come, now," he argued. "Thinkest thou not that thy friend should be punished for his importunate act? *Diabolo!* His intentions were vile!"

Lathrop nodded, but his tongue was in his cheek. "I am wholly in accord with you, Y'sang," he agreed. "If I were you, I'd keep him in solitary confinement for years to come!"

"I intend to do so," replied the Lama; "because I am wholly content to spend the remainder of my days in Lahang, and were I to release him, it might prove dangerous to my beloved ward—Lotah!"

And Latham watched the delightful exchange of glances between the "Lama" and his "ward" . . .

(Continued from page 14)

and reaching for the light switch. But a satin arm had encircled his neck, a soft,

cuddly head was on his shoulder, a warm, pliant form was snuggled into his embrace. He dared not put on the light and make uncertainty surety. It would be too much of a good thing to explain after everything else. There would be plenty of time for that in the morning.

In spite of himself, his arm tightened about the alluring form. The somnolent figure was clasping him tightly, soft lips were very close to his, his heart thudded with the soft warmth of the enticing form in his arms. His veins tingled with the delicious remembrance of the mad moment when he had put Eileen to bed—he sighed luxuriously, comfortably, happily. He could not, did not dare to snap on the light. This was a moment when it was well not to—to be too sure.

THE SUN streamed into two bedroom windows. Outside an oriole swung on a branch and sang insistently. Lute Armstrong opened his eyes and stretched cautiously. He tried dimly to recall what had happened, since that last hand—four hearts, doubled. There were hazy recollections of certain mad moments—the room in which he woke was unfamiliar. Then he looked over and saw Eileen's blonde head on the pillow by his side. He stretched, comfortably. Anyway, it was a' right.

In the next room, Bob Morrison woke enough to realize that it was broad daylight—well into the morning. Sharply the uncertainties of the night came back to him. For a moment he lay, hardly daring to open his eyes. What would he find—whom would he find? No use to put it off longer. He stared about him, and caught his breath with a sharp intake.

The walls were not the golden tan of his own room, but the blue of the guest-room!

He lifted himself on one elbow. This was a fine mess. There would be a lot of explaining to do at the breakfast table. Then his heart skipped a beat.

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The head on the pillow was crowned by Marjorie's dark permanent. She lay sleeping with a happy smile on her faintly parted lips.

Like a movie flash-back came a momentary recollection of the grouping on the staircase. Those two nightgowned forms—the whispered giggling, their sudden flight, as the two husbands stumbled up the stairs. What had those girls been up to?

Bob shook his head solemnly. He never could be quite sure—and it was just as well not to be. It was all a part of the game, he consoled himself, especially when you bid four hearts, doubled.

(Continued from page 9)

winked mischievously, as the powerful motor roared!

DON BOYLAN, undressing preparatory to taking a shower and getting into his evening clothes, sat on the edge of his bed unlacing his shoes. A cigarette drooped from the corner of his handsome mouth.

"Did you have a pleasant day, honey?" he asked.

"Fine!" replied Janet, stripping off her stockings. "I was out in the speedboat, as usual!"

"Anybody with you?"

"Peggy came along!" She strolled over and sat beside Don, sliding a bare arm across his broad shoulders.

"Where to this time?" he inquired.

"Oh, down the Hudson! We stopped for a while off Inwood Park and I had a sunbath."

"Peggy, too?"

"Not that little girl!" Janet laughed. "She doesn't want the sun to spoil that milky skin of hers."

Don's lips traveled over a smooth shoulder and lingered in the throbbing hollow of her neck.

"Don't ever let it spoil yours!" he murmured.

"You needn't worry!" she smiled, melt-

ing her scarlet mouth into his in a kiss in which a warm tongue played an important part. "I haven't got that sort of skin, thank heaven!"

Don placed a hand beneath a gorgeous breast and kissed its toothsome tip. Then he grinned:

"You've been swimming!"

"How can you tell?"

"I taste salt!"

"Clever deduction!" Janet patted his cheek. "The water was grand, and, listen!" She put her lips to his ear, whispering: "I took off my swimsuit!"

"Naughty girl!" he scolded. "Some day I expect I'll be getting a telephone call at the office from the police, what with you driving the car at sixty miles an hour or . . . or . . . swimming in the nude!"

"I've escaped so far!" she boasted, crossing her fingers.

"Did Peggy go suitless?"

"Of course, darling boy!" Janet rolled her eyes. "And she's one perfect dream *that way!*"

"Such wild goings-on!" grumbled Don, smiling. "You girls should be made to control your mad impulses."

He finished the sentence with his lips buried in the downy recess under her shoulder.

"Do you think swimming like that is very naughty?" she breathed.

"It's against the law!" he reminded her.

"So is cocktail-drinking!" she snickered, and then she quivered to the thrill of his kiss, now coursing all over the swelling firmness of a breast.

"Do you begrudge me my excitements?" she whispered.

"Not at all, honey!" he stated. "Providing you don't get into a jam some day."

"I'll try to be careful!" she promised, biting the lobe of his ear, but he heard her chuckle incorrigibly as she said it.

"Are you sure nobody saw you this afternoon?"

"I don't *think* so! . . . But a tugboat passed just before we drove off."

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Don shook his head. "What a blonde daredevil I married!"

Janet sank back on the pillow, pulling him with her. "Are you very sorry?"

He almost smothered her with a kiss that demonstrated the extent of his infatuation. "Sorry!" he echoed. "With all your wild escapades, I still think I'm the luckiest man in the world!"

The chemise was giving way to the insistent manouvering of masterful fingers, and his kisses followed its downward path. . . . The brightness of pink nipples grew brighter, and their texture hardened into bits of crystal!

Janet tenderly ran her hands through his hair, basking in the torrid flood of his caresses.

"Do you . . . still . . . taste salt?" she whispered, smiling.

"Everywhere!" he muttered.

"Then let me jump into a perfumed tub!" she suggested. The sound of rushing water in the bathroom came to their ears.

"Why?" he asked, straining her to him.

"Wouldn't you like it better?" she murmured, pressing his face into the narrow valley between the breasts that were aching for endless kisses and caresses.

"Never mind the perfume just now!" he told her, hoarsely. "Your skin is so warm tonight! . . . And the salty tang of it . . . it's . . . it's sort of *different!*"

Janet sighed, utterly content to lie in his arms!

AN HOUR ATER, Janet was sitting before her mirror in a negligee that trailed its laciness from her shoulders in precisely the manner to enhance her bewitching bloneness. Her arms were upraised, her fingers arranging the golden skeins of her hair so as to achieve the ravishing effect that she desired.

Don was warbling a song in the bathroom, to the accompaniment of a shower. He didn't hear the ring of the telephone, and Janet quickly picked up the receiver, an extension instrument by the bedside.

"Hello!" she answered, in a guarded voice.

"'Lo, angel!" a masculine voice replied.

"I thought it was you!" she said. "Aren't you taking a chance in phoning me at this time of evening?"

"Why, is it so dangerous?"

"Fred Paxton!" Janet scolded him, but she was smiling. "You know that Don is . . ."

"Is he at home now?"

"Right in the bathroom, within ten feet of where I'm sitting!" The thought of his proximity sent an excited thrill shooting through Janet. It added a large measure of spice to the situation!

"Well, if he discovers you, you can pretend it's Peggy!" Fred laughed.

"You've had a highball!" Janet accused.

"Several, sweetheart!" he retorted. "I hear that you took my wife gallivanting this afternoon!"

"Where's she now?"

"In the next room, dressing for the dance!"

Janet experienced another thrill at his reply. . . . Pepper was being added to this spicy dish!

"Better ring off, Fred!" she said, tapping a restive foot on the rug, and listening for the signal that would warn her of Don's imminent return to the bedroom.

"How many dances do I get tonight?" Fred pursued.

"I promised you a special one!" whispered Janet. "See you later!"

"One isn't enough!" he argued.

"You're a greedy boy!" she smiled. "Hang up that telephone!"

"I won't until you promise me . . ."

"Good-bye!" she cut in, giggling.

"Promise . . ."

"Here comes Don! . . . 'Bye!"

(To be continued)

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(Continued from page 2)

Dear Editor:

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I notice a few of your feminine readers are asking for pictures showing the male form. It's too bad you cannot oblige them.

If any girl writes to me I'd be glad to answer.

Will you please publish this, as I'll be waiting for the letters to come in.

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. C. R. Drake.

Co. B, 21st Inf., Schofield Barracks, T. H.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading all your four magazines for a very long time and will continue to keep on reading them. They are the best magazines published and can't be beat.

Pep and Spicy are great. I enjoy them very much—keep up the good stories.

I would like to have some Pen Pals; would very much like to hear from some of the girl readers. I am 24 years old, blue eyes, blond hair, and single. I promise I'll answer all letters I receive and would write interesting letters. Would also exchange snapshots with anyone who cares to write to me. Hope I hear from some one, as I like to write.

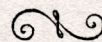
Lots of luck to all your magazines,

Yours sincerely,

Joseph Velk.

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P. S.—Would Dolores Reid of Albany, N. Y., please write and give your right address? I wrote to you but my letter came back.





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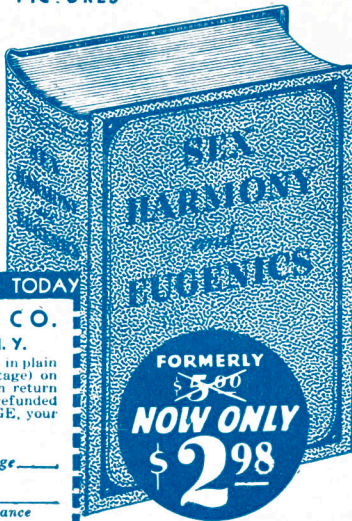
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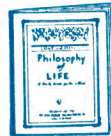
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