

| right. It's true-every rotten word

He went to Kerrigan, took his

Like a divine intercession to spare

"You'll call Barry up, Colonel,"

till"-Hal's voice lowered to a

ly, "Yes, but move: get back soon's

midnight sure. And, Colonel, look

-do anything, anything to me, but

"D'you spec I could, even if I

phoned you: they 'ave told me there

"I was 'appy, too," she said, keep

"But She Is Not 'Appy-Not at All."

something for 'er-now, tonight

-instead of taking me on this long

"But at least 1 may take you to

"Sister," said Hal, after he had

greater one. Now I see things

doesn't matter how much I hate him

ever had to?" he said softly.

Anastasia said:

don't ever talk to me like that

kneel in dirt to her."

you can."

them both an impasse of embarrass-

of it's true."

CHAPTER IX-Continued -16-

"She's certainly kept nice and clean this way," said Hal, with a big arm above the elbow, and sank half laugh that somehow turned its his forehead awkwardly to the taint back on himself.

"Of course it's she that's done me," he said in the calm of an exeverything," Kerrigan agreed. "To hausted breath. "You, Colonel, her this thing was all like the plot you've got to forgive me, you-" of a book she'd just finished; she takes. Human beings don't make didn't like it any better'n I did." mistakes." Hal drew breath to in- he said, his voice low, untriumterrupt, but Kerrigan tightened his phant-deeply comforting around calm as he went on. "You remem- an odd sort of humility. ber the time when we three were at lunch somewhere and she asked you if you were Frederick Ireland's ment, the telephone bell broke into son?"

"Oh, yes," said Hal drily. "There it without looking at Kerrigan. It why she wanted to know, too, I remember."

"You told her you were Ireland's son. Did she ever show any sign there. You'll keep her there: do of thinking you'd lied to her?" Blandly Hal shook his head and

said, "Quite the opposite." "So then she told Crack you were Ireland. That's what made it so

easy for you to bluff Crack, I s'pose." Hal was scared then and he

knew it; but there was still the necessity of getting away whole from the room before he beat down these swarmings of fear. The chill in Kerrigan's voice be-

gan to warm ominously now as he again, will you?" went on. "You come into Barry's life with enough sense-after a while-to know what she is: lovely as morning, brave as a bullet, honorable as a sword, chaste as water. felt he was somehow serving Barry You have the criminal luck to make her fall in love with you—the one service. thing that could happen to make her life about ten times harder to

"What do you think about then? is a train to Santa Barbara in About the help you can give her? twenty minutes; and they 'ave given About the way you can bring her me money for my ticket, from my to her happiness, as well as yours? brother." About the honor and consciousness "Ah, but sister," said Hal in sinand courage that's in her even to cere reproof, "I was so happy to try to fight a thing she'd go to take you myself. I want to." hell to get? No! You think about how unfair she is to you. You ing her eyes from him till she'd think you ought to walk in and said it. Then, looking up at him wipe out twenty years of her fa- with tranquil sureness: "But she is ther in a week, with the honor of a last promise to boot. You think she ought to see that your happiness is all that counts, all that makes the world fit to grow little apples in.

"She puts up with that-for the only reason under God's sky there would be for putting up with it. And you drive ahead between your blinders till you drive on to the last edge of the one thing she hoped to keep you out of. And when that one thing happens, too, what do you do? Like a shot. You leave her to stew. You let her kill her own heart so that you'll go on your way; and you go on it. Go on it with your head full of the most important things in the world, a fundamental of all decency outraged, all good in everything ended-because you, you were made to look like a fool for a few days in another man's little mind. Ireland, you ought to lie down on that floor and die."

Hal's teeth were clenched terribly upon red anger, curdling shame, panic; and he turned so that Kerrigan shouldn't see those things stinging into his eyes. "So she had it happen," he said; "she had Crack catch me there-so that I'd be free, so that I'd-" The urgency of his despair came thick into his throat, not appy-not at all. You can do and he broke off.

Kerrigan's stillness filled the room-cruel, steady, incriminating; journey." and Hal had to keep his scalding vision on him so that something the station-see you on the train." shouldn't snap in his head, a sig- He touched her arm to turn her tonal for madness. Dread braced it- ward the car, and she got in. self hard in him as Kerrigan rose, tinct cigarette far from incongru- have been a very great fool, and I ous in the corner of his merciless have been near to being even a

without faith except in the imporyou weren't so cheap?"

feet, and it took all his quivering be stronger and happier-for her, G-d d-d liar! And if you were must get her from him. It cannot back to the pillow. young-" Something was stran- be wicked to take evil from her life, gling him inside his throat.

It was as if torture, finally re- Even if she will not love me now, leased upon him, came to full im- for the fool I've been and the wrong pact upon the numb obstinacy of I've done, I know about that evil his faculties, with a tautly balanced and, loving her, I cannot leave her rocking to show that something with it, can I?" must plunge massively away in the Her eyes were on his-full of a next second. Hal found his desper- frightened seriousness, a deeply anger he cried at Kerrigan: "You're told her.

inarticulate in hopefulness, touched too with some longing sorrow-she barely nodded, once, and then bravely said, "You should do something."

Hal burst into the room without knocking, hot for Kerrigan's word me up or I'll-" that Barry was at her hotel, that he could go straight to her now and he went on to whatever else must been here for twenty-four hours." be done in final swiftness. Kerrigan looked at him as if he didn't believe

quickly. "You called Barry. She's all right. I can-"

-she left it. I've been trying to think I ought to open it."

Hal snatched the envelope and tore it open, and fresh fear ran at find out-quickly, quickly, and let his heart as his eyes began to follow the decisive lines.

bulky shoulder. "Heaven forgive shown me my way out and given me strength to take it. When you get back from Santa Barbara, it In a moment Kerrigan's hands in trying to stop me. You mustn't knew what was going to happen; came up under Hal's elbows and try. I shall be all right. I'm so no excuse for her making any mis- moved them gently. "I'm glad you tired of trying to decide what's good, what's best. I can't have you, but I can have myself-free of badness, to remember you and beauty. I can't let you go away thinking I don't love you.

"He will find out soon that you are Frederick Ireland's son. But startled clamor, and Hal went to there will be nothing left to show any connection between you and was some special innocent reason was Sister Anastasia-ready now him. So when you see tomorrow's papers, you must keep quiet.

"I love you. I didn't know it Hal said quickly. "To be sure she's would be so much. Darling, forgive me for what I've done to you. anything, tell her anything to keep her there safe till I can get to her.

And in postscript: "I don't mean suicide. You'll know that if I pitch of bitter shame-"till I can couldn't break my bargain for you, I couldn't at all. I'm going to end Kerrigan nodded, saying hurried-

Starting for the door, Hal yelled at Kerrigan: "She's going to kill "Six hours outside," said Hal, him, Almighty G-d, Kerrigan! glancing at his watch. "Back by She's killing him now!"

In his terror, Hal still had time to be thankful for Kerrigan's agility in pursuit: Kerrigan was behind him, struggling into his coat as they hurried down the hall.

Hal's mind was frantic with: When Hal got to the place where Smug, criminal ass, to think I could Sister Anastasia was waiting, he do this to her, that she'd wait for my rotten apology. Oh G-d, if in disciplining himself to the nun's you're there and you're good, stop her, stop her, stop her. "I did not know when I tele-

"Battle of Blenheim! drive like a white man," Kerrigan was saying, him the guy who telegraphed him European nations need not be up and you're useless to her-use-

"Kerrigan, if she's not there, you find Crack and stick to him like a thousand leeches," Hal said gently. "I'll find her if- G-d!"

A man, unheeding, darted from among the parked cars at the right. Hal jumped on Rasputin's loyal brakes and felt them drag gallantly at the speed, in a desperate squeal of rubber. Then there was a crumpling slam of impact behind, and Rasputin lunged forward slewing. drunkenly careened by savage force at the rear. As the rigid sedan tipped past the point of recovery. tearing and splintering at the body of a parked car alongside, Hal flung himself upon Kerrigan and fought to make him duck. Then Rasputin's solid side smashed upon solid pavement with an abrupt explosion of showering glass. And that was all, except for a small, single tinkling, like a distant keyring, that diminished in whirls of darkness.

CHAPTER X

Midweek. HaL was heavily sick—lying in a bed—and heavily sad. His mouth was dry as cloth, and his lips stuck.

There was an impression of having dreamed a lot of things, crowded close around him and very tiring because of their constant demand for effort. But he couldn't remember anything of what they were and it didn't matter.

There was Barry to think of. Her image appeared quietly in his mind, walking toward him with that straight-legged, inquiring, unself-conscious grace. Soon he would see her lovely face, her eyes lighted. smiling. It was good to see her walk because last time he'd thought of her-last time, she'd been sitting on the edge of a bed, knees clasped a judge at Doomsday, with the ex- started Rasputin into the traffic, "I hard in her arms, her head bowed, her eyes-strange, sullen, dark with

Suddenly, before he knew what torment to roll Hal's head on the "Vain," he said quietly: "Vain, clearly. Sister, I know who her it was, Hal yelled her name and hot pillow, and snatch him from fitstuck-up, self-indulgent, flabby, husband is: I know he is evil. It struggled against the tight-tucked ful sleep. And finally another mornsheet across his chest; and a dread- ing came, with a new solidity of tance of money. Why did I think nor how much I am ready to do to ful avalanche tumbled memory and hopeless conclusion. The one slim get her away from him. What mat- terror upon his beguilement. He had sliver of recurrent hope, sharp and The last word lashed Hal to his ters is that whatever I do, I should an arm free before the nurse could so very fragile, was still that Kerriget to him. He was breaking the gan might be with Barry. And yet strength to force definition upon sister, and for myself-if you could nurse's hold when a young man, if Kerrigan was well and free, he the thick words that came of them- tell me, as her friend and, I so much in white up to the neck, appeared would have come here to Hal, or selves: "Kerrigan, you're a liar. A hope, mine too, that you also feel I on the other side and forced him written, or something.

no matter how it is done, can it? the attention of the man's blue that sounded like, "It's your sister eyes: "I'm not delirious; I'm not to see you." And the name Anastacrazy; you've got to let me up- sia leaped into his mind like a cool right away. I'll come back after- jet of water. He turned his head ward, but you've got to let me up. so quickly that pain ran deep in his It's a matter of murder-murder- arm. "Show her in right away." and I've got to stop it. I swear to "She's waiting downstairs," said you I know what I'm saying. Look the nurse. "She'll be up in a moate voice again, and in a quicker fearful solicitude for what he had in my eyes. I'm sane-sane as h-1. | ment." You've got to believe it."

Looking at him-her eyes large, The young man said in low assurance, "I believe you, but-"

"Then in G-d's name"-Hal struggled heedlessly against the sharp, thorough pain that held his other arm: "minutes, minutes count. Let me up. I've got to-d-n you, let

"Mr. Ireland!" the young man said sharply. "Listen to me." Then, humble himself irrevocably, before slowly and significantly, "You've

Hal knew it was significant even as he wondered why it was said so significantly. Then most ter-"She went by train," Hal told him ribly he saw; his shoulders fell away from resistance and all his breath went out in a broken cry of "I can't get her," Kerrigan said, anguish and despair. On a swift but she's been here. That envelope shadow of hope he said: "But Kerrigan-where's Kerrigan? The man who was with me in the car. Please, you've got to find out. You will me know. And another thing." What was the other thing? Good "I shouldn't write, my darling, G-d, he had to hold on till he but I've got to. Being with you, thought of it-something terrible. loving you as I shall forever, has Yes! "Another thing," he said, exhaustion consuming the breath he needed to talk with: "a newspaper -one of the morning after my acwill be done and there'll be no good cident. I've got to see it. I'll go crazy-raving-unless I know."

> "Yes, all right," said the interne. After a word to the nurse at the door, he was gone and Hal rolled his head miserably, but in a minute a white jacket came between him and the wall, and a newspaper rustled. They held it over him while he searched the mess of the front page: headlines about Japan, divorce revelations, a single column head reading, "Man Slain in S. M'ca Blvd. Hotel Room-Seek Woman Companion of Martin Crack, Promoter-Clutched Golf Ball Clew?" -Wheels of light spinning against blackness closed over the page, and their soft buzzing faded behind thick, deaf cushions at his ears.

Spears, a vice president of the Old Man's correspondent bank in Los Angeles, gave Hal attention and incurious understanding. He came on unsolicited orders from New York, when Hal was finished with the delirious phantom of routed

Hal held out his hand and forced the sadness and fatigue out of his own smile. "Thanks a lot, Spears."

"Very glad of the chance to help," said Spears, as though he was. "And what about your father? Shall I tell him anything-except that you're coming along well and will drop him a line any day now?"

"Oh, yes," said Hal, and tried to "Get pinched or piled about me was a nut, that he had dragged into a tri-continental war nothing on me, that the whole if they don't want to be dragged. thing's put to bed Tell him I'm writing him everything and there's absolutely nothing to worry about. Remind him that I never said that before."

Then Spears was gone, and the nurse came in to see that Hal was comfortable. He told her he was Am too, he said to himself, except for shock, slight concussion, compound fracture of arm, cut head, contusions of hip, d-d smell of ether, and-Dear God, what were they to the bitter, steady, excruciating, and just punishment of his soul? The events of his anguish had

occurred; they seemed sometimes unreal because his fancy couldn't compass a scene of vicious melodrama between the figure of beauty he knew and loved and the figure of evil he knew and hated. In the black, burning chaos of his delirium he had seen Barry standing in a room like the one in Saint George; a black automatic pistol, level in her hand, jogged to its own sharp spitting; and Crack stood before her with his bemused smile, nodding sly approval as each invisible bullet punched into him but never even made him drop his indolent golf ball. That was unreal, fantastic even in delirium. And yet now, with the delirium behindmarking off his new loneliness from his old folly-Hal knew something like that had happened.

His father had told him he needed to learn about life. He had learned something: he had learned that if you were a vain fool, life in one gesture could give you its lesson and snatch away your most happy chance to apply it, could mutilate you for good in teaching you to avoid mutilation. Did his father know that? Did Sister Anastasia know that? Had Kerrigan known that? Had Kerrigan-O G-d, if Kerrigan were dead!

. Then there was another long, haunted night maturing its crop of

Later Hal was dozing when he "Listen," said Hal, commanding heard the nurse saying something

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mid-West Farmers BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

A Rogers Highway Our Policy? Here It Is Why Go to Town? To Discourage Vice

From Tusla, Okla., in which state Will Rogers was born, J. D. Underwood telegraphs

suggesting as "the highest tribute and a lasting memorial to Will Rogers," that Highway 66, which runs from Rogers' new home in California to his old home at Claremore, Okla., be extended on to New York, and the whole road named "W111

Rogers Highway." If every American highway with friends of Will Rogers living on both sides from one end to the other were named for him, there would be many "Will Rogers" high-

Thus runs the headlines: "ITALY BARS ALL PEACE

"BRITAIN WEIGHS SANCTIONS. WANTS TO KNOW OUR POLICY." If she wants to know the policy of 90 out of a 100 ordinary Americans, and 100 per cent of all common sense Americans, it would be this:

To mind our own business; let European nations, alternately murdering each other and robbing inferior nations, attend to their business in their way.

Our policy now, with Italy swallowing Ethiopia, should be exactly what it was when our British friends were swallowing the lands of the Boers, absorbing that country with its valuable gold and diamond mines. We did nothing then. Why should we invent a special polley for Mussolini now?

France and England "fear Mussolini may involve three continents in the Ethiopian war." Has Europe heard of the New England farmer who said: "I'm on my way to town to get drunk, and Lord how I dread think plainly about that too. "Tell it." He need not have gone to town.

> A very old poker player of the New York Press club, when he "raised the pot," remarked usually: "The only way to discourage vice is to make it expensive." That idea seems to be working in Germany. ning to start shelter belts around Doctor Schacht, head of the great their farmsteads. Only evergreen German bank, leading financier of trees should be used for this pur-Nazi individuals indulging them- tained. Little or no protection is selves in the pleasure of treating afforded by deciduous trees which defenseless Jews brutally, are en- shed their leaves in the winter. dangering Germany's prosperity. Even when planted in extensive Such wanton brutality constitutes everywhere, according to Doctor Austrian pine, Blue spruce or White Schacht, who knows.

> creased demand for the nomination twelve years will give adequate proof Senator Borah, since the an- tection.-Prairie Farmer. nouncement that, if nominated, he will run. This will be mournful news for some Republican corporation-best minds, for whether they have to be "lashed with scorpions," or with something else, would make little difference to some of them cut, without much damage to the who consider Senator Bozah dis- lespedeza if animals are kept off tinctly in the "scorpion" class.

> An old gentleman of eighty-one strolled into a New York police station, remarking: "I have just walked from Kansas City and shall removed to a psychopathic ward. If after the grain crop has been walk back again tonight." He was he had substituted the verb "fly" grazed down or harvested. for "walk," the police would not have disturbed him, for he could have flown in from Kansas City during the day very easily and flown back again at night. If 25 years ago he had said, "I just flew in from Kansas City," he would have been sent to the dangerous ward. So there is progress.

At Verdlovsk, Russian government engineers, digging sewers under the city, find gold ore that indicates a rich gold field underlying the town. The government owns practically all the city, and can easily take the rest, and a further increase in Russia's gold production, already more than three times as great as that of the United States, may be expected.

Those who believe in the wickedness of Russia may ask:

"Why does Providence allow such wicked people to find so much gold?" One answer is, "The quickest way to make them stop their wickedness is to make them rich, and gold would do that." Gold might not change the existing government of Russia. But another generation will see another kind of government, and ownership of such a lump of gold, as we possess, might make that next Russian government consider Lenip and Stalin "old fashioned."

Providence works mysteriously. O. King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service,

Increase Incomes

Those Keeping Books Report Business Improvement Being Shown.

Farm earnings of 73 accountkeeping farmers in several Illinois counties showed an increase in 1934 over 1933, the second consecutive year of their business improvement, according to a report of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, published in the St. Louis Milk Market Review. Average cash income last year

among the 73 farmers was \$2,715 per farm, and cash expenditures averaged \$1,500 per farm, leaving \$1,215 to meet interest payments and family living expenses, the report explains. Besides the cash income, an inventory increase of \$461 per farm was shown on account of rises in farm product prices. The 73 accounts show an average net income in 1934 of \$1,043 a

farm, compared with an average of \$259 in 1933 and an average net loss of \$542 in 1932. The data compiled, the report observes, is not representative of the average farm conditions, as the statistics were secured from large farms.

Of the farms considered, 33 were general and 35 dairy farms.

"On many farms," the report states, "the cash received from benefit payments (AAA payments) will more than pay for the year's taxes. As an average for all the accounting farms, payments actually received were \$64 more than sufficient to pay 1934 taxes."

Caustic Potash Is Used to Remove Calves' Horns

The horns are usually removed from young calves by using caustic potash. This may be obtained in stick form at a drug store. The calf's horns should be treated with caustic potash as soon as the button appears, which will be possibly at two weeks of age, according to a writer in Hoard's Dairyman. The long hair around the horn should be clipped away with ordinary hair clippers or a pair of shears. A eircle of vaseline should then be placed around the horn, making a considerable ridge above the eye so that no liquid containing the caustic potash will get into the eye. The stick of caustic potash is then dampened and rubbed vigorously on the small horn button until the flesh gets considerably reddened, although it is not advisable to rub it doing the work should protect his hands against contact with the wet caustic.

Trees for Shelter Belts

With increased interest in planting of trees, many farmers are planthe Reich, warns Germany that pose if best results are to be obblocks they do not break the wind. a great menace to German trade Douglas fir, western yellow pine, spruce if given proper care will develop enough in five years to give Republicans report greatly in some protection, and by ten or

Grazing Lespedeza

Land in winter grains on which espedeza has been spring sown may be pastured after the grain is when the field is too wet. This has been the result of experiments by the United States Department of Agriculture and the experience of farmers. It may be necessary to help the lespedeza get started by stopping pasturing for a short time

Agricultural Notes There are \$27 licensed nurseries n Pennsylvania.

Few other crops leave as much organic matter in the soil as alfalfa.

The buckwheat plant has a leafy succulent stem and small root sys-

Alfalfa thrives in semi-arid and arid climates where irrigation is practiced.

Pennsylvania farmers sold clover

and timothy seed to the value of

\$384,000 in 1934. Three of every four acres of farm crop land are used to pro-

duce feed for live stock. North Carolina apple growers say the codling moth is the greatest menace to their crops.

Despite national reduction in all livestock in 1934, horses and sheep increased in Oklahoma.

Good ventilation for the mechanical milk cooler makes the cooler more efficient and saves money.

In chopping, the long hay is fed into the cutter, like corn into the silage cutter, and the cut hay is blown into the mow.

Party Prize Frock for a Little Girl

PATTERN 9259



"They all liked my new frock!" this little girl will be certain to say when she returns from the partya triumphant little miss. For this dress is different. It boasts a double yoke. The second yoke is cut all in one with the pleats. And puffed sleeves are a deliciously youthful fashion. Moreover, young mothers will find this pattern no trouble at all to follow-they'll probably make it up in several cotton prints. The cost will be nominal. We suggest a sprig print or possibly a small polka dot pattern-in gay colors! Bloomers are included in the pattern.

Pattern 9259 may be ordered only n sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 21/2 yards 36-inch fabric. Complete diagrammed sew chart included.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

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BREVITY

"You have to learn a great many

initials." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "And initials save time. In a moment of great excitement a big, big 'D' may be made to cover the entire alphabet."

Big Bread-Winner First Boarder-The cockroaches in this house are a busy lot. They nev-

er quit work. Second Boarder-Well, you must remember that a cockroach can't afford to be idle. They say every one of them has a wife and about 10,000 children to support.

Half Started June-Then you think he hasn't

the nerve to propose? Jane-Yes; asking pa's income and ma's disposition and my age seems as far as he dares to go.

Learned His Lesson "Have you ever had a lesson by

correspondence?" "Rather-I never write to women now."-Stray Stories Magazine.

