

# WATCH the CURVES



BY RICHARD HOFFMANN  
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## SYNOPSIS

Following his father's bitter criticism of his idle life, and the notification that he need not expect any immediate financial assistance, Hal Ireland, only son of a wealthy banker, finds himself practically without funds but with the promise of a situation in San Francisco, which city he must reach, from New York, within a definite time limit. He takes passage with a cross-country auto party on a "share expense" basis. Four of his companions excite his interest: a young, attractive girl, Barry Trafford; middle-aged Giles Kerrigan; Sister Anastasia, a nun; and an individual whom he instinctively dislikes, Martin Crack. Barry's reticence annoys him. In Kerrigan he finds a fellow man-of-the-world, to whom he takes at once. Hal is unable to shake off a feeling of uneasiness. He distrusts Crack, but finds his intimacy with Kerrigan ripening, and he makes a little progress with Barry. Exchanging reminiscences, she learns Hal is the son of the wealthy Frederick Ireland.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

It was near ten o'clock when they came to Huntington and they would have been ready to spend the night there even if, at the first corner, they had not seen a white sign proclaim "Tourists" on the lawn of an old house. The cheerful, untidy young woman told Kerrigan in loud surprise that she had two double rooms and three singles and failed to keep entirely calm before the coincidence that these accommodations would fit them. With the luggage down and in, Hal managed to divert her mind to thoughts of where the nearest garage was—one where he might find a mechanic and a grease gun.

"I'll be right back," Hal said to Kerrigan. "See that everybody gets settled and book an early call—five-thirty, say."

But he wasn't right back. The elderly night-man at the garage found everything pretty dry and was delighted to have some one to talk to. Hal got away in just under an hour. The rain had stopped; the air was refreshed, good, almost cool, and the waning moon rode silent over the last hurried shreds of cloud. Hal found himself possessed of a juvenile eagerness to get back to the house—an eagerness out of all proportion to the chances of Barry's being up, out of proportion to the importance of any slight scene of challenge and adroitness that might be between them if she were.

He tried the door and found it locked. A dim figure came toward the net-curtained window, and Hal had to put down a quick resurgence of excitement. The door swung timidly open and the untidy young woman's stage whisper scraped round its edge: "They're in bed. I waited up for you. I'll just lock up and show you where your room is. I was telling Daddy how lucky it was you all could just fit, some of you married and all. Daddy's a great one for talking. You'll see him in the morning. He likes strangers. Oh, no, but you're going so early, aren't you, you won't see him." And so on halfway up the stairs, where she suddenly interrupted herself to hiss a harsh "Shhhhh" at Hal.

There was a low light over the landing. Eyebrows raised, head nodding, she stabbed her finger several times at the first door. "Good night," she whispered loudly, like a conspirator.

Hal wished he weren't so wide awake; he'd be sorry in the morning. He opened the door gently, hoping Kerrigan was too deeply asleep to be disturbed. But the light from the street lamp, striking upward on the white ceiling, revealed a broad and unoccupied double bed against the wall. Good, thought Hal: I'll read. He pressed the door shut with less care, shot the bolt under his hand, and found a light switch on the wall at first stroke. The light clicked on, and only then he heard a breath quickly caught behind him in the room. He turned, and Barry's blue eyes, with a gleaming rim of wet around each lower lid, were wide and anxious on him.

Alarm—of a curiously profound and quiet kind—deepened the clarity of her look as she got up, turning one hand against her breast to hide her crumpled handkerchief. Her golden hair was as Hal had hoped: the burnished vigor of it flowed through full, deliberate waves to end in a rich thicket of half-curled, their ridges simply disciplined at the edges by her smoothly modeled cheeks. There was new, mature loveliness in her straight body—under deep-green satin, fitted to her firm waist, spreading to a full skirt, and tapering above to her straight shoulders.

And she stood there—straight, beyond common loveliness—and watched him leaving her as if she were sending him away.

"Good night," he said, and it sounded utterly casual.

Her frank lips, which already he couldn't believe had been under his moved over a "Good night" which he didn't hear. He swung the door open and went out, down into the dark house, past hope of sleep for the confusion into which his thoughts and feelings and desires had been so abruptly tumbled.

## CHAPTER V

Friday.

SLEEP trapped him as that confusion had—without warning. And he woke with a start that nearly slid him off the horsehair sofa. Fresh sunlight blazed into his face through the fern-blazed window, and he wasn't sure where he was at all, only that he was wide awake and filled with a fine, sourceless joy for the day and for something that had happened. He lay happily for a moment while the circumstances of his being here found themselves in his head.

First remembering the transport of Barry's sheer loveliness in his arms, he stretched himself luxuriously, a bath of rich content tingling through his body. He snapped off his stretching suddenly to look at his watch, but his wide smile remained. Think of feeling so well at quarter past five.

But what the dickens had been all the trouble last night? All that momentous entanglement with chivalry and speechlessness, just because the break had come before he had expected it? He had done a very sound thing; he had saved himself from a premature enthusiasm that would have mixed up the rest of the trip a good deal; but there was nothing so very momentous about it. It was enough for one evening to see her defenses go down; her trust of him, taken

himself to the ground.

"Morning," said Hal, and swung himself to the ground.

"Morning," said Crack quietly.

"Sleep good?"

"Fine, thanks," said Hal. "You?"

"Fine, thanks," said Crack.

Listen, d—n it, Hal charged himself; there's no special meaning in that tone of his; it's just his way of saying things. "Good," he said aloud, without looking at Crack. If the man did know already by his own devices that Hal hadn't slept in a bed, what was there in it to amuse him so shyly?

They had run along some twenty smooth miles when Barry's voice came low, slow, sure, and Hal listened to the measures of it without especially heeding the words. She said, "That sign said ten miles to Logansport; that might be the very place for breakfast."

Hal thought of her as he had left her last night, head up, hands behind her back, one satin leg a little bent; and he remembered suddenly that she had been crying when he came in. The memory pricked him—like the quick recollection of a promised kindness which it is too late to perform.

They drew up before the shining white-tile luncheon room toward which Mrs. Pulsipher had thrown a yelp of hungry approval, and Hal sidd out to stand by the door. Barry leaned forward to get up, and Doctor Caligari, held in the crook of her arm, was brought closer to Crack for a moment than he seemed to like; he bared his teeth over an ugly, rising growl. "Deed!" she said in quick censure. Hal took the dog from her. And when he met her eyes, they had in them the hurried end of last night's solemn alarm.

D—n it, I don't want her to take back what she said, Hal told himself inside his closed mouth; I don't want her to be in love with me. All I want is . . .

Crack gave an uncomfortable laugh as he got out, and a faint blush deepened his old-fashioned youthfulness. "I guess that pup don't like me so very well," he said. He smiled shyly at Hal, as if hoping for some other explanation from him; but then his eyes drifted lazily away again, undisappointed.

The morning lay hot and long over the flat croplands of Indiana and Illinois. Rasputin ran like an aristocrat, granting an aristocrat the privilege of metallic song in the gearbox and a disinclination to compete with low-price upstarts at a change of traffic light. And before Mrs. Pulsipher could come to the fidgeting preliminaries of lunch-hunger, they were crossing the Illinois river into Peoria.

Barry saw the sign on a cafeteria in a side street, "Air Cooled and Conditioned." And there was a chorus of grateful exclamation and a struggling into jackets as the almost-chilled draft swept up the stairway. Down in the bright bustle of the cafeteria itself, Sister Anastasia suddenly sneezed, then looked at Barry with a pretty expression halfway between amusement and apology. Barry's hand went to her arm, her clear face lighted with quick, humorous sympathy. Kerrigan took the dead cigarette from his lips and, with an air of awkward courtliness upon his bulk, said to her, "We'll all catch the Russian gripe in here. Sister, allow me to take you somewhere else."

the false moroseness of the brown eyes. "Whose room did she try to stick you in?"

"I don't know," said Hal. "Didn't wait to find out."

Kerrigan watched him an extra instant, then dismissed the last of his concern. "How's your body?" he said.

"Fine," said Hal. "Gosh—well, fine, as I said. How's yours?"

Kerrigan's look was amused and curious. "Like the bottom of a stove."

"And how's that?"

"Grate," said Kerrigan. "Come on, let's go out and have a snort of the ay em."

Hal was up on the widow's walk stowing luggage when Barry came out the door—refreshed, immaculate, fully awake. She didn't look for him nor show any trace of consciousness that he might be there, and Hal smiled to himself as he drew an end of the lashing round the rail.

He stayed on the roof purposely until she should get in. She came toward the car without looking up; and when she was close under him at the door, he said, "Hello there," in low pleasure. She glanced at him then, as if she had to see him before she knew who had spoken. "Hello," she said pleasantly, echoed nothing but the same pleasant hello. Then she got in.

Even as his smile widened, Hal's memory hurried back to last night to make certain there was nothing he'd overlooked. It was she who'd made it so serious, her eyes held in alarm, her head carried as if there were something to be brave about. Well, said Hal to himself, ignoring a certain inconclusion about it: I can pretend nothing's happened, too; but you can't make it a fact by pretending, my beauty.

He was about to vault down from the roof when something drew his eyes to the high stoop. Crack stood there, drowsing in his amiable half-dream of something satisfactory and private as he hoped for Hal's look.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

**GOLDEN PHANTOMS**  
Fascinating Tales of Lost Mines  
by Editha L. Watson  
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## DUTCH-IRISH MYSTERY

FORT COLLINS, COLO., was really a fort in early days, and the soldiers of that era were much like those of today—intensely interested in the curious happenings that came to their attention.

So when an Irishman and a Dutchman came to Fort Collins with a load of gold and proceeded to go on a lively spree, the soldiers noticed it, and when this was repeated several times they began to wish that they knew the source of all this wealth. They even went so far as to hire an Indian to follow the pair on their next trip out.

One day the partners set out up the Cache-la-Poudre, and their red shadow lurked behind just out of sight. The Indian had made one mistake—he had not figured on a long journey, hence had not taken much in the way of provisions with him. After three days, the smell from his quarry's campfire grew to be entirely too tantalizing; the Indian took time out to hunt a deer and prepare a square meal for himself, and while he was following this new trail a deep snow fell, blotting out all signs of the two miners.

On a later visit to Fort Collins, the odd pair invested in a burro to carry their packs, and a little later they disposed of the small beast and bought an ox. Apparently, business was good. Then, one day, they came in on foot, tired and disgruntled, and said that a bear had killed the ox.

It was during this visit that the Irish and Dutch temperaments began to pall on each other. They fought, and the Dutchman went down, and died as a result of his wounds.

Now was a splendid chance for the soldiers to satisfy their curiosity, and they grasped it eagerly. The Irishman was a murderer, and must be punished—unless he might be persuaded to tell the secret source of the gold. With a rope around his neck, he was harangued by the men in uniform.

Perhaps the prisoner felt that he could out-bluff his captors. No, he shouted, he would tell nothing! He would die rather than let them know the source of his gold!

"Let's hang him a little, boys—give him the feel of the rope. Maybe that will loosen his tongue," was the suggestion, and the unfortunate Irishman was hoisted into the air. "Now let him down," and the rope was slackened. But the experiment failed; excitement, fear, and rough handling had proved too much, and the Irishman was dead.

Billy Melins left Nebraska in 1889 and went to Fort Collins to haul lumber for a sawmill on the Cache la Poudre. He often stopped at a mining camp, halfway on his route, called Manhattan. One Saturday night he heard that some tourists were anxious about their son, who had ridden away on his pony and had not come back. Melins joined in an unsuccessful search, but the lad showed up next day, and he had a strange story to tell.

He had become confused the afternoon before, he said, and when his pony started to follow an old trail near nightfall, he was glad enough to give the animal its head. The trail led to a deserted cabin, where the bones of an ox lay before the door, and some specimens of ore sat on a shelf inside.

Melins was interested. This must be the lost mine that the Irishman and the Dutchman had worked. He found an old prospector, a half-crazy soul whose mind had gone wandering into the mountains, and the two set out to find the cabin, guided by the boy's story.

Sure enough, the cabin was there as he had said, and a dim trail—evidently the trail to the mine—led back up the canyon. The old prospector lost all sanity at the sight. He rushed up the path, and Melins hurried after, in time to see him dash into a tunnel and almost immediately dash out again, followed by a bear! The crazy prospector was wild with rage. In his fury, he leaped at Melins, and it was all the younger man could do to protect himself and get the old fellow back to camp. After that Melins made no more trips in search of treasure.

Previous to this time there had been a large number of murders on the old Overland trail. Men returning from California, bringing sacks of gold "to show the folks back East," had been waylaid and killed, and their valuables taken. The criminals had never been caught.

But, with the death of the quarrelsome partners, the depredations ceased. Some one who had a mind for adding two and two, began to investigate, and this is what he learned:

There never was a mine. The boy and his pony, and Billy Melins and his crazy prospector, either told fables or were part of the legend themselves. For the source of the Dutch-Irish gold was in no Colorado ore, but in the pockets of the murdered travelers.

## WHY FIRST DAY IS LORD'S DAY

Gradually Supplanted the Jewish Sabbath.

Adoption of Sunday as the Christian Sabbath was gradual. The word Sunday, which occurs nowhere in the Bible, is derived from Anglo-Saxon sunnandaeg, day of the sun, the first day of the week having been dedicated to the sun by the pagans. The fourth commandment—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"—referred to the ancient Jewish Sabbath, which was the seventh day of the week. That the New Testament writers clearly distinguished between the Sabbath and the first day of the week is shown by several passages in which the first day is mentioned as following the Sabbath. Although Jesus himself observed the Sabbath, St. Paul seems to have placed observance of this day among the customs not obligatory on Christians. He says in Colossians 2:16: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days." This passage has been taken to indicate that the question of the Christian's relation to the Jewish Sabbath was raised at an early date, although it is not certain that the passage refers to the weekly Sabbath. From the beginning, many Christians commemorated the first day of the week as Resurrection day, the day on which Jesus rose from the dead. "Lord's day" first occurs in Revelation 1:10. I Corinthians 16:2 seems to imply some sort of observance of the first day of the week. There is evidence that the first day was originally intended as a substitute for the Jewish Sabbath, but it seems that most of the early Christians observed both the Sabbath and the Lord's day, and this was the tendency as long as the Christians were composed chiefly of former adherents of Judaism. In the first century St. Ignatius wrote that Christians no longer observed the Sabbath, but the Lord's day instead, and St. Justin, in the second century, was probably the first Christian writer to refer to the Lord's day as Sunday. As centuries passed and the church grew in strength the majority of Christians paid less attention to the Sabbath and more attention to the Lord's day until in time the Sabbath or Sunday supplanted the Sabbath in their eyes.—Indianapolis News.

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