

SYNOPSIS

. . .

Following his father's bitter criticism of his idle life, and the notification that he need not expect any immediate financial assistance, Hal rigan's air of unacquisitive well-Ireland, only son of a wealthy bank- being, of confidence in the propriety his being quite civil to this quiet. er, finds himself practically without funds but with the promise of a situation in San Francisco, which he must reach, from New York, within a definite time limit. He takes passage with a cross-country auto par-ty on a "share expense" basis. Four of his companions are a young, attractive girl, Barry Trafford; middleaged Giles Kerrigan; Sister Anastasia, a nun; and an individual whom he instinctively dislikes, Martin Crack. Barry's reticence annoys him. To Kerrigan he takes at once. Hal briskly. A crack opened, revealing distrusts Crack, but his intimacy with Kerrigan ripens, and he makes a little progress with Barry. Exchanging reminiscences, she learns Hal is the son of the wealthy Frederick Ireland. Through a misunder-standing, that night, Hal is directed to Barry's room, instead of his own. Propinquity seems to soften Barry's apparent unfriendliness, and they exchange kisses. The following day Hal tells Barry he loves her. She only answers that she mustn't love him, without giving any reason.

CHAPTER V-Continued

"You don't have to tell me anything," said Hal, shocked by the quiet decision that was trying to rob him of this time he had so surely tooked to: "all you have to do is listen to me, to the things I must tell you. You can rest, listening to them-just up there, a little way, by the river. We'll sit against a tree, and when you want me to stop, I'll stop and you can sleep on my shoulder. I promise, if you tell me to, I won't speak again-not a word, not even what keeps on running and trembling in all my nerves, muscles, heart, tongue, everything: I love you. I love you so that-"

"Hal, don't, oh, don't, please, Hal darling." Her free hand gripped his "Want some bourbon?" rm hard, and he couldn't tell whether it shook to enforce what she said or whether the desperation that shivered under her voice was in her body, too. "Barry." said Hal in severe quiet. "You've got to listen. Why do you frighten yourself? Why do you try to frighten me-before you've let me say, before-"

THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

that unsubstantial whisper of pre- blue of his eyes. "No," he said monition somewhere near again; quickly, down at his golf-ball, "I Hal cursed it, and the interruption didn't know it."

that left him there alone with it. "Must have been a grand guy to get himself jailed in New York," Behind the screen the doorlatch Hal said to Kerrigan. clicked and there was a moment of

"Just a big crime-baby," said Ker silence. Then without surprise or pleasure, Kerrigan's voice said, rigan in quiet pre-occupation, Crack's quiet persistence-insinu "Why, hello there, Splash"; and he came back into the room looking ated even when he was slient-recgloomily thoughtful. Martin Crack cognized no finality at the table. In ambled after him, his smootha moment, "Say," he said to Hal, skinned face under tidy hair barely "it'd be fun to lay over more'n one stirred by the slight unassuming night in some of these towns-to smile. get acquainted. Comin' up the road

tonight, it looked like there was "Sit down, sit down," Kerrigan grumbled at him. talent here."

"Guess you could find any amount Crack's light-blue eyes sought Hal's - hopeful, it might have of it here or anywhere else," said Hal tastelessly, "if you felt like it." seemed, of some sign of pleasure, Crack's immature, faintly smiling though not counting on it. Hal wondered again why, under their lazy lips were undecided between embarhopelessness, the eyes should seem rassment and assurance. He had to know something that gave them the air of making remarks not so stiff, resentful drink and venting faintly mischievous amusement, much for the direct reply as for the seemed also to weigh the possibil- indirect reaction. "You-" he said his companion chose to talk about. ity of Hal's knowing what it was. insecurely, hopefully, "it don't seem "Hi, there," said Hal, nodding: like you felt like it very much." Hal gave him an honest, imperthere was always something stopped sonal look and said flatly, "I don't." to his soul of anything that might narrow little fella, Even as he turned to Kerrigan, he

knew Crack's speculation was still "Happened to see you come down here," Crack said, addressing himlazily upon him. But then Kerriment and left his uneasy brooding self to Hal without hurry, "and gan's expression was different; he thought y'wouldn't care if I came." was watching Crack with a severe He paused, as if on the chance Hal vigilance that seemed outright inimwould say it was all right. Then ical. Hal looked back quickly, to he turned to Kerrigan, less amiably. see what it was; the uncertain smile hadn't altered much; there was only "After you're through this round. reticent mischief in it again for his saving, "I guess maybe you got oth-"Nice of you," said Kerrigan.

"but we've got this bottle between er things on your mind." us. Welcome to help yourself." Hal barely heard the remark. "Nothing on my mind," he said, "except to make five hundred miles to-

morrow." He glanced at his watch "Late, Colonel," he added to Kerri gan. Kerrigan was still watching again, toward the fretful confusions Crack as if he'd seen him tuck a that hedged and tripped and bad- ace up his sleeve.

"You don't think maybe-" Crack the wonder of her straight, golden began with diffident care: "you loveliness. He could have escaped don't think maybe you'd feel difthrough Kerrigan for the time: but ferent if they wasn't somebody

wouldn't be any good to him.

of relish, to items in the day's journey. Crack sat unobtrusively enough, sipping his drink as if it

were some not unpalatable medicine, half attentive to what was

"Button it up, slipstream," said Kerrigan. "What?" said Crack, startled. "I know what you're going to say," said Kerrigan quietly; "you button it."

> Crack closed his fist loosely round the golf-ball, flushed again, swallowed slowly, and blinked once or twice as if his eyes stung. "I wasn't talking to you," he said, his voice cracking once, warmed out of shiftlessness. "You might's well keep out of my business."

> Kerrigan, his voice firm and too quiet, "I'd keep out of it surely . . . Plug your exhaust, splash, hear?" Moisture appeared round the new

SARTORIAL EVOLUTION

Our aboriginal forefathers were in need of abundant hair, for they hawk, the Cayuga and the Onondaga braved nature in the raw. Bodycovering was used only when necessary for protection against extremes of weather or against foes. Modesty in displaying one's limbs arose out of the fact that the habit of wearing skins gradually solidifled into a social custom; co-maturing with the clothes-habit was tonsorial affability. Whereas, formerly, body hair was a material advantage for the body, it slowly molded itself into an aid toward masculine and feminine beauty.

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ican ethnology, that many historical deductions previously made from these writings are incorrect. In writings of many historians of the tribes of the Iroquois there is a constant occurrence of the terms "elder" brothers, tribes, and nations; These phrases, Hewitt points out, have often been employed to show the tribal or racial descent of one Iroquois tribe or people from another. But Hewitt was able to demonstrate that the eldership or juniorship of tribes or nations or political brothers among the Iroquois peoples has

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dress of an institutional nature, which bars completely the historical inferences or deductions so frequently made from them.



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tobacco smoke beyond a screen, and a dim strip of face that held one steady eye. "Pete here?" said Kerrigan. "No."

"Like to see where he works," said Kerrigan.

his beleaguered gloom on whatever

But just in walking beside him, Ker-

happen, brought Hal's hopes a little

away from the dominion of baffle-

They went up the street. Down

half-respectable alley with a

wrecking car and some stacks of

old tires in it, they came to a door

that had "Office" printed on the

dark glass; and Kerrigan knocked

bright light on unstirred layers of

to wait.

"He don't work nights." "Frisby sent us. I've got his penny."

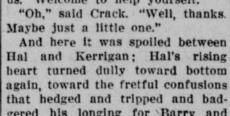
The strip of face vanished and the door swung wider. They sat down at a table, and a

dark, competent young man waited without speaking. Kerrigan turned to him pleasantly. "What's the bourbon sitchation?" he said. There was no particular in which you could have said the young man's expression yielded to Kerrigan's friendly ease, yet it did change; and he said, "We got some stuff here in Kentucky bottles, but you wouldn't call it bourbon."

Kerrigan looked at Hal. "Rye, then?" he said. "Fine," said Hal.

Kerrigan looked up and said, 'Rye."

The young man stood there watching Kerrigan steadily; he said, "Bourbon?" said Kerrigan, with just the right mixture of interest and incredulity.



I'll buy one."

gered his longing for Barry and

now there was only the bourbon, that's-" and he knew beforehand it

They went back, with a pretense

"If it was your business," said



Her exclamation was a whimper of fear, and she turned her frantic head toward the cabin. "Sister Anastasia !"

The door opened on the neat, lighted room of raw boards, with the nun's silhouette in the oblong. "Yes, sweet?" she said, her modest voice tranquil and soothing.

"Sister, I just wanted to know you were there. I'm coming now. Please wait for me." She bowed her head as if to see more clearly the joining of their hands in the dimness. "Good night, my darling," she said hurriedly. "I'm a coward-a coward, and I'm so sorry."

She had her hand away from him, and quickly she was at the nun's side in the lighted doorway.

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"I'll bet you," said Kerrigan, and the smoking cigarette end in the corner of his mouth looked short enough to burn him, "I'll bet you if we went in to town we could find a something would knock us out from under our hats."

"I'll bet you we couldn't." said Hal listlessly, the echo of Rasputin's long droning in his ears again. "I'll bet you two somethings we couldn't."

"Sir, a wager," said Kerrigan. "Do we ride or walk?"

"Walk," said Hal. "It's not far.' In spite of the fact that he had

no use for it, he felt the soft, impermanent refreshment under the stars. It was to him as if, out of a world murmurous with simple expectancy and unentangled pleasure in the hushed resting of the night, he were singled out for traffic with deviousness and complication. Put into plain order of words, it was all she indicated by every look, every gesture, every shading of her low were-or should be. If she wasn't him so; if there was a more definite barrier against her coming to him, it could harness that, even without could be spoken, faced, and-if not demolished - then circumvented. That was so simple. Barry was candid of nature, as honorable as her looking down at its ring-stained sur- Kerrigan. "Yeah," he said. "Was golden head, her lithe body, were face. "There's somebody wants in," lovely; yet she ran from him, left he said. "Says he knows you two." him to a darkened, indefinable com- He looked at Kerrigan. plexity in which he felt the restive nearness of fear and remembered ous expectancy, then up at the the prescience of something impendily to see its shape.

Kerrigan. Hal had started out with up reluctantly.

"Half a minute," the young man said crisply and disappeared through a door beside the bar.

"Now there you are," said Hal sincerely. "If I lived to be a hundred, I'd never have the gift. Here it is fifteen minutes after you decide you want a drink in a strange town, and you not only get it, but get something special, almost without asking for it. I need lessons." The young man came back with a veteran bottle, three-quarters full. Kerrigan read the stained label

reverently while they waited for glasses and water. It was bourbon, and not of this decade either; and even before they tasted it they had tacitly acknowledged that this time was ripe for something more than a nightcap. Kerrigan hooked a chair toward him with his toe and swung his feet up on it before said, half concerned with his own he said, on a relaxed key, "It's a drowsy speculations. Then in a good trip: and there's more of it pause, without stirring himself, he coming to us yet."

"Hope not more of it only," said way pretty well-livin' in N'York." Hal.

"There's a toast no bourbon's too to do in New York, you know," said good for," Kerrigan said quickly, al- Hal, looking at him briefly. most as if there were something a little foolish about saying it, "A Crack's fair-skinned face and in good trip," he went on, "in spite of his youthfully knowing eyes; the something funny, something queer golf-ball was motionless under his going on that-" He stopped as finger. Hal's look promptly sharpened. "But if you want good-lookin' "Maybe you know all about it," he babes and a good time, Broadway's said.

"I don't know a thing about it." said. said Hal, "but every so often it gives me a scunner, makes me feel felt a hypocrite. something might be going to happen."

"Y'know," Kerrigan began, watch- him, saying, "Did you ever go to a ing the young bartender pass to place called the Wrong Door?" answer a knock at the door, "we had gifts once, a couple of ten- himself add, "What's that?" thousand years ago, when we were roaring around Middle Europe in bearskins, looking out for ourselves street," Kerrigan interrupted, with and making darn few mistakes-we a short nod. "You a friend of Jed had gifts then that have got good Silver's?" so straightforward: he loved Barry; and rusty since. Sometimes we get some use out of 'em-in hunches, eyes uncertain, as if he'd been paid intuitions; sometimes one of those a compliment he didn't deserve. He voice that she was, at the least, rusty gadgets will get contact-try barely glanced at Kerrigan, at his ready to love him. So there they to do its job-and our civilized, so- golf-ball, then shyly at Hal as he called minds can't make out what said: "Well, I sorta know Jed. He's so sure of herself, she could tell that bumping is in the cellar; it sorta nice to me sometimes, when makes us uncomfortable. If you I'm in N'York."

> understanding it-" The bartender came to their table and leaned his hands on it, that he turned his indolent smile to

Kerrigan glanced at Hal in dubi- got a-" in stealth out of the future, vanish a shake that was not guite final, stripped the fixtures out, and put into it again when he looked war- "No. Tell him he's made a mistake; Silver on ice to wait for his rapor-wait, I'll look at him." He and not only for dry-law violation

Thank heaven for Kerrigan-good dropped his feet and heaved himself either."



"I Bet You Know Broadway Pretty Well-Livin' in N'York."

said to Hal, "I bet you know Broad-

"There's a couple of other things The inviting smile stayed on

a pretty good place to get 'em," he

"I've heard it was," said Hal, and

Kerrigan drew breath to speak but Crack-watching. Hal-ignored "No," said Hal dully; and made

"Well, it's sort of a-" "A joint on West Fifty-third

Crack's smile was modest, his

"See him this last trip?" Kerrigan asked in perfunctory interest.

That pleased Crack sufficiently so up there-talkin' with him an' all

Without triumph Kerrigan inter-

Crack flushed, and a sharp res-

him for the purpose of getting a Just talking about it had brought tiveness stood caged in the drowsy plants.

intensity of Crack's eyes, and blush ing besieged the roots of his straight, mouse-colored hair. "Keep out of," he suddenly re-

cited on a warning rise of tone. "Keep out of my business, you dang - old drunk." Hal, starting to his feet, had one

astonished glimpse of Kerrigan's face-older, less ruddy, gravely compliant, essentially inattentive to Crack's venom. Hal's chair bouncing over backward made Crack whip round and rise all in one startled motion, as if he had forgotten Hal was there. He was stumbling away sidewise before he'd well caught his balance, his golf-ball on the jump over the floor, as Hal went for him. Then the feel of his throat was between Hal's thumbs, fingers overlapped at the back, and it was

the best thing he ever remembered having in his hands. His teeth tried to push one another back into their

aching roots for that moment of fine squeezing. Somebody careened hard against him from the side and an arm, like the loop of a jerked

hawser at his midriff, swung him away, ripping off his hold. The dark, certain young man from behind the bar stood close beside him, watching him pant through his open mouth as if he'd had fifteen minutes' hard wrestling.

"Listen, friend," said the young bartender, quiet, unsolicitous, unresentful; "kill him outside, will you?" Hal, looking at him, grew steady at once, without surrendering a

single good fragment of his hate. The young man's hand was spread on Hal's moving chest.

'Colonel," said Hal in smoldering steadiness, "if it'll do your experience-museum any good to watch me, I'll be glad to kill him."

'Brother, listen," the young man went on surely, "we got a little business here, see? And it won't help it none to have bodies on the premises. I want you to kill him all right, if you wanta; but some place else, friend, hey? Some place else."

"All right," said Hal. "Let me talk to him."

The bartender's hand came down, and Hal walked toward Crack.

"You'll apologize," he said. He heard Kerrigan breathing beside him; he was sorry to make him stand listening to this.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Little Bluebill Duck a Diver Only a few American ducks are better known than the lesser scaup. coupla nights before we started." little bluebill, or little blackhead, He turned back to Hal. "He's says Nature Magazine. It is abun-

dant from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from Alaska to young man again. "Don't know any- rupted him again: "Guess you didn't Panama, breeding south to the cening, something that seemed to prowl body here," he said, giving his head know they raided his place in June, tral United States. Its frequent occurrence in numerous flocks makes it conspicuous. It is one of the typical diving ducks, and thus obtains its food of leaves.

seeds, and other parts of water

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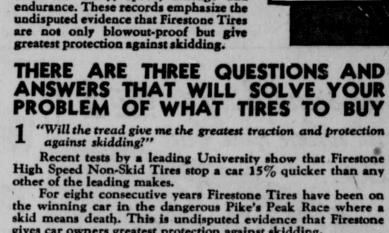
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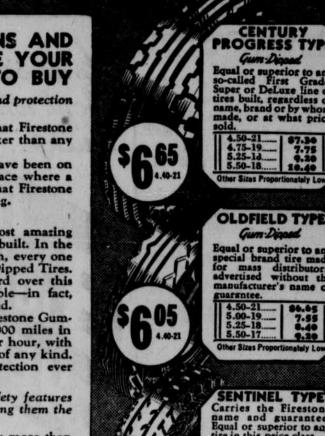
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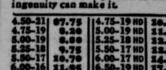
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