

# The AUCTION BLOCK

## REX BEACH



### SYNOPSIS.

Peter Knight, defeated for political office in his town, decides to venture New York in order that the family fortunes might benefit by the expected rise of his charming daughter, Lorelei. A well-known critic interviews Lorelei Knight, now stage beauty with Bergman's Revue, for a special article. Her coin-tossing mother outlines Lorelei's ambitions, but Lorelei, the press agent, later adds his information. Lorelei attends Millionaire Hammon's gorgeous entertainment. She meets Merkle, a wealthy dyspeptic. Bob Wharton comes uninvited. Lorelei discovers a blackmail plot against Hammon in which her brother is involved.

A few years ago New York City—the whole country in fact—was deeply stirred by a series of sensational murders and a consequent shaking up in the police department. For one of these murders four gunmen and a police officer went to the electric chair. Here is related the details of the kind of dirty work some of the gangsters and their political friends accomplish in the metropolis.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

The Judge had enjoyed the scene. He chuckled; he clicked his loose front teeth like castanets. Bob turned at the sound and regarded him with benign interest, his attention riveted upon the old man's dental infirmity. "You're quite a comedian," Rogan wheezed.

"Click 'em again," said Bob, pleasantly. "Wonderful! Age has its compensations. Play 'Home, Sweet Home' when you get 'em tuned up. Or perhaps they are for sale?"

Lorelei secured her number and was surprised to recognize her brother's voice. She made herself known, to Jim's equal amazement, and then inquired:

"Is Max there?"

"Sure. He's outside in the automobile."

"Call him, please."

"What do you want of him? How do you know I was here?"

"Never mind. Call him quickly."

At last Melcher's voice came over the wire, and Lorelei recited the message. There was a moment of silence, then she explained how she came to be talking instead of Lila.

He thanked her, and she heard him muttering as he hung up. She turned to find her annoyances nodding with satisfaction.

"Splendid! I thank you; my father thanks you; my family thanks you. Now where would you like to dine?"

"How can a person get rid of you?" she inquired stily.

"I'm sure I don't know—it isn't being done. But I'll try to think. Wear your prettiest gown, won't you? for I intend to engage all the other fellows."

She turned with a shrug of mingled annoyance and amusement, and he called after her:

"The Judge's teeth will entertain me till you come. I'll be waiting."

Miss Lynn, as she dressed after the performance, was still in an evil temper; but she thanked her roommate for siding her; then, as if some explanation were due, she added, "That note was from Jarvis."

"You puzzle me, Lila," Lorelei told her, slowly. "I don't think you care for him at all."

Lila laughed. "Why do you think that? I adore him, but we had an engagement and he broke it. Men are all selfish; the bigger they are the more selfish they become. They never do anything you don't make them."

"He can't sacrifice his business for you."

"Sacrifice! It's women who sacrifice themselves. D'you suppose any of those men we met last night would sacrifice himself for anything or anybody? Not much. They are the strong and the mighty. They got rich through robbery, and they're in the habit of taking whatever they want. They made their money out of the blood and suffering of thousands of poor people. That's what it is—blood money."

"Is that why you're planning to blackmail it out of him?"

Lila paused in her dressing and turned slowly, brows lifted. Her dark eyes met the blue ones unwaveringly.

"Blackmail? What are you talking about?" Mrs. Croft went pale, and retired swiftly but noiselessly into the lavatory, closing the door behind her.

"What did Max tell you over the 'phone?" asked Lila, sharply.

"Nothing."

"Then where did you get—that? From Jim?"

"Jim's pretty bad, I imagine, but he keeps his badness to himself. No, I've overheard you and Max talking."

"Nonsense. We've never mentioned such a thing. The idea is absurd. I got mad at Jarvis—he's enough to madden anybody—perhaps I'm jealous, but blackmail? Why, you're out of your head."

Lorelei delayed her toilet purposely,

and finally dismissed Croft. When quiet had finally descended she opened her door cautiously and peered out. Robert Wharton sat on the top step of the stairway near at hand, but his head rested against the wall, and he slept. Beside him were his high hat, his gloves and his stick. As Lorelei, with skirts carefully gathered, tiptoed past him she saw suspended upon his gleaming white shirt bosom what at first glance resembled a foreign decoration of some sort, but proved to be Mr. Regan's false teeth. They were suspended by a ribbon that had once done duty in the costume of a coryphoe; they rose and fell to the young man's gentle breathing.

Lorelei telephoned to Merkle on the following day, and about the close of the show that night his card was brought up to her dressing room. A moment later Robert Wharton's followed, together with a tremendous box of long-stemmed roses. She went down a trifle apprehensively, for by this time the current tales of Bob's drunken freaks had given her cause to think somewhat seriously, and she feared an unpleasant encounter. More than once she had witnessed quarrels in the alleyway behind the Circuit, where pestiferous youths of Wharton's caliber were frequent visitors.

But Mr. Merkle relieved her mind by saying, "I sent Bob away on a pretext, although he swore you had an engagement with him."

"I'm glad you did. I left him asleep outside my dressing room last night, and I almost hoped he'd caught pneumonia."

Beside the curb a heavy touring car was purring, and into this Merkle helped his companion. "I'm not up on the etiquette of this sort of thing," he explained, "but I presume the proper procedure is supper. Where shall it be—Sherry's?"

Lorelei laughed. "You are inexperienced. The Johns never eat on Fifth avenue, the lights are too dim. But why supper? You can't eat."

"A Welsh rabbit would be the death of me; lobsters are poison," he confessed; "but I've read that chorus girls are omnivorous animals and seek their prey at midnight."

"Most of them would prefer bread and milk; anyhow, I would. But I'm not hungry, so let's ride—we can talk better, and you're not the sort of man to be seen in public with one of Bergman's show-girls."

The banker acquiesced with alacrity. To his driver he said, "Take the Long Island road."

The machine glided into noiseless motion.

"Why do you choose the Long Island road?" asked Lorelei.

"It's pleasant," responded Merkle. "I ride nearly every night, and I like the country. You see, I can't sleep unless I'm in motion. I get most of my rest in a car; there's something about the movement that soothes me."

"How funny!"

"Peculiar, perhaps, but scarcely humorous. I'd be dead or insane without it."

"Well, naturally, Hammon began to consider himself another Napoleon, and his accomplishments were in a way quite as wonderful. He even confided to me once that his idol surpassed him in only one respect—namely, the power to relax. Jarvis had never taken time for relaxation, and he was beginning to wear out; and so—deliberately set about learning to play. The emperor of France, so history tells us, took his greatest pleasure in the company of women; therefore Hammon sought women. He doesn't know the taste of defeat, so the result was foreordained."

"But surely he thought something of his family," protested Lorelei. "Didn't he consider them?"

"I fancy he wasn't well acquainted with his family. I'm sure he never enjoyed any home life, as we understand it. He lived with a rich old woman who bore his name but scarcely knew him; his daughters were grown women whom he saw on rare occasions and whose extravagant whims he gratified without question. But there was little real intimacy, little sympathy. This was his first taste of youth. But—he was not Napoleon. As you've noticed, he's quite mad on the Lynn woman. He's no longer himself. He has been drugged by her charms, and now he's paying the price. I wanted you to know the story before we went any further. Now tell me what you have learned."

"I'm Terribly Sorry, Miss Knight."

out an automobile. I keep four French cars in my garage, all specially built as to spring suspension and upholstery, and I spend nearly every night in one or the other of them. So long as I'm moving fast I manage to snatch a miserable sort of repose, but the instant we go slow I wake up. I used to sleep at twenty miles an hour; now I can't relax under thirty. Forty is fine—sixty means dreamless peace."

"It does, indeed, if one happens to have a blowout," laughed the girl. The car was now darting through unfrequented side streets, where the

self doesn't know who is behind him." "Why don't you warn Mr. Hammon at once?" Merkle rolled his head loosely. "You don't know the man. He would laugh at the idea of a plot against him." Merkle dozed again, half buried in the cushions. They had passed Jamaica, but it was not until it had swept into the Motor parkway that the chauffeur let the machine out. Over the deserted plains it tore, cometlike, a meteor preceded by a streamer of light. The causeway leaped into view and vanished beneath the wheels, like a tremendous ribbon whirling upon spools. Merkle lay back listlessly, lolling and swaying to the side-thrust of the cushions, but Lorelei found her fists clinched and her muscles hard with the nervous strain. Finally she pushed the shield forward, and leaning over the front seat, stared at the tiny dashboard. The finger of the speedometer oscillated gently over the figure "60," and she dropped back with a gasp. They had been running thus for a long time.

"No. I can't be a hired spy." "You said over the 'phone that you had learned something."

"I have. I believe there is an effort on foot to get some of Mr. Hammon's money dishonestly. I have a reason for wishing to prevent it."

"I knew I wasn't mistaken in you," smiled Merkle.

"Oh, don't attribute my actions to any high moral motives! I'm getting a little rusty on right and wrong. Personally, I have no sympathy with Mr. Hammon, and I don't imagine he acquired all of his tremendous fortune in a perfectly honorable way. Besides, he's a married man."

"It isn't alone Jarvis or his family or their money that is concerned," Merkle said, gravely. "Great financial institutions sometimes rest on foundations as slight as one man's personality—one man's reputation for moral integrity. A breath of suspicion of any sort at the wrong time may bring on a crash involving innocent people."

"Hammon at this moment carries a tremendous top-heavy burden of responsibilities; his death would be no more disastrous than a scandal that would tend to destroy public confidence in him as a man."

"Doesn't he know that himself?"

"Perhaps. But his infatuation overlooks him at an age when a man is a fool. Young men are always objects of suspicion in the financial world, for their emotions are unruly; but when old men fall in love they are superbly heedless of the consequences. I promised to tell you something about Jarvis, and I will, since you spoke of his married life. From the time he could walk he never knew anything, never heard anything except steel. He became a rolling-mill superintendent almost before he was of age. They say he never did less than two men's work, and often more; but he could make others work, too, and there lay the secret of his success. His mill held the tonnage record for years."

"When the corporation was formed he played a big part in the deal and got a big slice of the profits. He went into other things than steel, and he prospered. He never failed at anything. Jarvis had no vices and but one hobby—at least his vices were neutral, for he had never taken time to acquire the positive kind. His hobby was Napoleon Bonaparte. He read everything there was to read about Napoleon; he studied his life and patterned his own on similar lines. Do I bore you, Miss Knight?"

"No; go on. I'm tremendously interested."

"Well, naturally, Hammon began to consider himself another Napoleon, and his accomplishments were in a way quite as wonderful. He even confided to me once that his idol surpassed him in only one respect—namely, the power to relax. Jarvis had never taken time for relaxation, and he was beginning to wear out; and so—deliberately set about learning to play. The emperor of France, so history tells us, took his greatest pleasure in the company of women; therefore Hammon sought women. He doesn't know the taste of defeat, so the result was foreordained."

"But surely he thought something of his family," protested Lorelei. "Didn't he consider them?"

"I fancy he wasn't well acquainted with his family. I'm sure he never enjoyed any home life, as we understand it. He lived with a rich old woman who bore his name but scarcely knew him; his daughters were grown women whom he saw on rare occasions and whose extravagant whims he gratified without question. But there was little real intimacy, little sympathy. This was his first taste of youth. But—he was not Napoleon. As you've noticed, he's quite mad on the Lynn woman. He's no longer himself. He has been drugged by her charms, and now he's paying the price. I wanted you to know the story before we went any further. Now tell me what you have learned."

"I'm Terribly Sorry, Miss Knight."

CHAPTER VII.

By the time Lorelei had completed her recital of those occurrences that had excited her suspicions the car was rolling out the roads leading toward the Long Island plains, and with headlights ablaze, was defying all speed laws. Merkle had drawn the conversation shield rearward, and in its shelter leaned back with eyes closed. He seemed asleep, but after a time he spoke abruptly:

"Melcher is a shrewd man. He wouldn't tackle a blackmailing job of this size without protection; otherwise I could put him out of the way very quickly. I dare say Miss Lynn her-

self doesn't know who is behind him." "Why don't you warn Mr. Hammon at once?" Merkle rolled his head loosely. "You don't know the man. He would laugh at the idea of a plot against him." Merkle dozed again, half buried in the cushions. They had passed Jamaica, but it was not until it had swept into the Motor parkway that the chauffeur let the machine out. Over the deserted plains it tore, cometlike, a meteor preceded by a streamer of light. The causeway leaped into view and vanished beneath the wheels, like a tremendous ribbon whirling upon spools. Merkle lay back listlessly, lolling and swaying to the side-thrust of the cushions, but Lorelei found her fists clinched and her muscles hard with the nervous strain. Finally she pushed the shield forward, and leaning over the front seat, stared at the tiny dashboard. The finger of the speedometer oscillated gently over the figure "60," and she dropped back with a gasp. They had been running thus for a long time.

"No. I can't be a hired spy." "You said over the 'phone that you had learned something."

"I have. I believe there is an effort on foot to get some of Mr. Hammon's money dishonestly. I have a reason for wishing to prevent it."

"I knew I wasn't mistaken in you," smiled Merkle.

"Oh, don't attribute my actions to any high moral motives! I'm getting a little rusty on right and wrong. Personally, I have no sympathy with Mr. Hammon, and I don't imagine he acquired all of his tremendous fortune in a perfectly honorable way. Besides, he's a married man."

"It isn't alone Jarvis or his family or their money that is concerned," Merkle said, gravely. "Great financial institutions sometimes rest on foundations as slight as one man's personality—one man's reputation for moral integrity. A breath of suspicion of any sort at the wrong time may bring on a crash involving innocent people."

"Hammon at this moment carries a tremendous top-heavy burden of responsibilities; his death would be no more disastrous than a scandal that would tend to destroy public confidence in him as a man."

"Doesn't he know that himself?"

"Perhaps. But his infatuation overlooks him at an age when a man is a fool. Young men are always objects of suspicion in the financial world, for their emotions are unruly; but when old men fall in love they are superbly heedless of the consequences. I promised to tell you something about Jarvis, and I will, since you spoke of his married life. From the time he could walk he never knew anything, never heard anything except steel. He became a rolling-mill superintendent almost before he was of age. They say he never did less than two men's work, and often more; but he could make others work, too, and there lay the secret of his success. His mill held the tonnage record for years."

"When the corporation was formed he played a big part in the deal and got a big slice of the profits. He went into other things than steel, and he prospered. He never failed at anything. Jarvis had no vices and but one hobby—at least his vices were neutral, for he had never taken time to acquire the positive kind. His hobby was Napoleon Bonaparte. He read everything there was to read about Napoleon; he studied his life and patterned his own on similar lines. Do I bore you, Miss Knight?"

"No; go on. I'm tremendously interested."

"Well, naturally, Hammon began to consider himself another Napoleon, and his accomplishments were in a way quite as wonderful. He even confided to me once that his idol surpassed him in only one respect—namely, the power to relax. Jarvis had never taken time for relaxation, and he was beginning to wear out; and so—deliberately set about learning to play. The emperor of France, so history tells us, took his greatest pleasure in the company of women; therefore Hammon sought women. He doesn't know the taste of defeat, so the result was foreordained."

"But surely he thought something of his family," protested Lorelei. "Didn't he consider them?"

"I fancy he wasn't well acquainted with his family. I'm sure he never enjoyed any home life, as we understand it. He lived with a rich old woman who bore his name but scarcely knew him; his daughters were grown women whom he saw on rare occasions and whose extravagant whims he gratified without question. But there was little real intimacy, little sympathy. This was his first taste of youth. But—he was not Napoleon. As you've noticed, he's quite mad on the Lynn woman. He's no longer himself. He has been drugged by her charms, and now he's paying the price. I wanted you to know the story before we went any further. Now tell me what you have learned."

"I'm Terribly Sorry, Miss Knight."

CHAPTER VIII.

By the time Lorelei had completed her recital of those occurrences that had excited her suspicions the car was rolling out the roads leading toward the Long Island plains, and with headlights ablaze, was defying all speed laws. Merkle had drawn the conversation shield rearward, and in its shelter leaned back with eyes closed. He seemed asleep, but after a time he spoke abruptly:

"Melcher is a shrewd man. He wouldn't tackle a blackmailing job of this size without protection; otherwise I could put him out of the way very quickly. I dare say Miss Lynn her-

"Humph!" grunted Jim. "What d'you suppose ma'll say to this—what all right with a man?"

"What are you doing? Who are those people?" she retorted. "Never mind. But say—I don't like the looks of this affair."

For a second time Merkle appealed to Jim. "If you can't take your sister home I'll have to telephone for another car."

Jim's tone was disagreeable as he replied. "You two don't look as if you'd been wrecked. Where's your driver?" Merkle's fist clenched; he muttered something, at which Jim laughed harshly.

"Now don't get sore," said the latter; "I'm not going to make trouble, only I want to know where you've been."

A bareheaded man came running across the lawn and flung himself into

"They Got Us Into a Private Room, Then Took a Flashlight."

the waiting automobile. One of Jim's companions called his name sharply. "Will you take me home?" his sister implored.

"Can't do it. I'll see you later, and you, too, Merkle." His last words, delivered as he swung himself upon the running board of the car, sounded like a threat; a moment later, and the machine had disappeared into the night.

"Hm-m! Your brother has a suspicious mind," Merkle said. "I hope he won't make you any trouble."

"He can't make trouble for me," Lorelei's emphasis on the last word made her meaning clear; her companion shrugged.

"Then there's no harm done, I assure you."

They turned in upon the driveway, walking silently, then as they neared the Chateau they became aware of an unusual commotion in progress there. Men were running from stable to garage, others were scouring the grounds; from the open door came a voice pitched high in anger. The speaker was evidently beside himself with wrath. He was shouting orders to scurrying attendants, and abusing the manager, who hovered near him in a frantic but futile effort at pacification.

The enraged person proved to be Jarvis Hammon. He was hatless, purple-faced, shaken with combative fury. At first the two newcomers thought he was dangerously drunk, but, as they mounted to the tiled terrace which served as an outdoor eating place they saw their mistake. Recognizing Merkle, Hammon's manner changed instantly.

"John!" he cried. "By God! you're just in time."

"What's happened?"

"Blackmail, or worse, I hardly know, myself. These ruffians put up something on me—they're all in it, even the manager."

The latter, a sleek Frenchman with ferocious mustaches and frightened eyes, wrung his hands in supplication. "M'sieu 'Ammon," he bleated, "you ruin me. Su-h accusation is terrible. But wait. Calmness. The man will be caught."

"Caught!" roared the steel magnate. "You know who he is. Give him to me." A uniformed doorman appeared with a smoking lantern in his hand, and Hammon wheeled upon him. "Well? Did you find him?"

"We can't find nobody. There was a car outside the grounds, but it's gone now."

Merkle interposed. "Will you tell me what has happened?"

"It is terrible, incredible. M'sieu," wailed the manager.

"Same old story, John. I came out here for a quiet supper with—a lady. I've been coming here regularly. They got us into a private room, then took a flashlight, and—there you are. I made a rush for the waiter as soon as I realized what had occurred, but he'd skipped. Everybody's skipped, photographer and all. Nobody knows anything. Blameless bunch of idiots I ever saw." He ground his teeth.

Lorelei, who had remained in the background, turned suddenly sick at memory of that mysterious party at the gate; she understood now the significance of the man with the box and of the fleeing figure that had come through the darkness.

The terrified manager continued his heartbroken lament, and Hammon seemed about to destroy him when Merkle drew the latter aside, speaking in an undertone.

Hammon listened briefly, then broke out: "Nonsense. I'd stake my life on her. Why, she's prostrated. It's either pure blackmail, or it's my wife's work. She's had detectives on me for some time." Merkle murmured something more. "Oh, come now! I know what I'm talking about, and I won't stand for that," cried Hammon.

Merkle shrugged; his next words were audible, and they were both sharp and incisive.

"The harm's done. They got away clean. Now we've got to kill the story and kill it quick in case they intend it for the papers."

"My God! Newspapers—at this time," groaned the other. "It couldn't be worse."

"Right. We must move fast. Is your car here?"

"Yes."

"Get it. We'll go in with you. I had an accident to mine."

"You'll see for yourself you're wrong—about the other." Hammon jerked his head meaningly toward the house, then strode away to order his motor.

Merkle favored his young companion with a wintry smile.

"It seems we're too late."

Lorelei nodded silently. "Don't tell him who spoke to us out there. Not yet, at least. I—can't see him go to jail."

"Jail? There won't be any jail to this—there never is. Jarvis will have to settle for the sake of the rest of us."

Hammon's limousine rolled in under the porte-cochere, and a moment later the owner appeared with Lila.

Lorelei stared at her friend in genuine surprise, for it was obvious that Lila was deeply agitated. Her face was swollen with weeping; she verged upon hysteria. No sooner were the four in the car and under way than she broke down, sobbing wretchedly.

"It's all my fault. I might have known he was up to something; but I didn't think he'd dare—" she managed to say.

"He? Who?" Merkle asked her.

"Max Melcher. He as much as told me. If I hadn't been a fool I'd have guessed, but he— Oh, I could kill myself!" She burst into strangling sobs and hysterical laughter.

"Why did you let him come to the dressing room?" Lorelei inquired.

"He's been doing it for years. I've always—known him. We were—engaged."

Hammon verified this. "That's right. They were engaged when I met her. She didn't know the sort of ruffian he is till I proved it. She's afraid of him, and he knows it."

"I tried to break with him, but he wouldn't let me, and I've had to be nice to him. He'd have murdered me if I—"

"Rot!" Merkle exclaimed, testily.

"Rot, eh?" Jarvis answered. "He's done as much, more than once; but he's so powerful that nobody can get him. He's the king of his ward; he keeps a gang of gunmen on the East side, and he's the worst thug in the city."

Hammon soothed his charmer in his clumsy, elephantine way, showing that, despite Merkle's recent insinuations, he still trusted her. "This is the only woman who ever cared for me, John," he explained, after some hesitation, "and we're going to stick together. We have no secrets."

"Your little Fifth avenue establishment rather complicates matters, doesn't it? What are you going to do about that?" Merkle inquired.

"This thing—tonight—is likely to settle the matter for me. You know the kind of home life I've led for twenty years, and you know I wouldn't regret any change. When a man goes ahead and his wife stands still the right and wrong of what either chooses to do is hard to settle. At any rate, it has ceased to concern me. I want a few years of happiness and companionship before I die. I'm selfish—I'll pay the price."

They rode on in silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Lorelei awoke on the following afternoon her first inquiry was for Jim; but he had not come home, and her mother knew nothing of his whereabouts. Lorelei ate her breakfast in silence; then, in reply to a question, accounted for the lateness of her arrival by saying that she had dined with Mr. Merkle.

At the name Mrs. Knight pricked up her ears; she undertook to pick out of her daughter all that had occurred, down to the most insignificant detail. Lorelei had always made a confidante of her mother in such cases; but this time the latter's inquisitiveness grated on her, and she answered the questions put to her grudgingly. She could not help likening her mother to a magpie, although the thought shocked her. There was the same sly angle of countenance, a similar furtiveness of purpose; the very expression of Mrs. Knight's keen, hard eyes was like nothing so much as that of the prying bird's. Displeased at her own irritation, Lorelei made the excuse of a shopping trip to escape from the house.

At the nearest news stand she bought the afternoon papers, and was relieved to find no mention of the incidents of the night before. It appeared that Hammon and Merkle had succeeded in their attempt to suppress the story—if, indeed, there had ever been any intention of making it public.

Do you think that Merkle has fallen in love with Lorelei and really wants to marry her?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)