

A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

The man writhed in a vain endeavor to free himself.

"Hit it before I caught sight of you!" he gasped; "the tube is just outside . . . we shall both be blown to hell!"

Chipstead briefly hesitated, while the terror of the man threatened to rob him of sanity.

"You blasted fool! Take me away! Take me away!" he shrieked hysterically.

Even then Chipstead did not reply. This man might be a consummately clever actor. He was taking no chances.

"I'll carry you out," he announced. After all, he had obtained what he personally wanted and was quite ready to go.

Without wasting any more time he picked up the man, who must have weighed at least two stone more than himself, and commenced to walk up the worn stone steps of the cellar. On arrival at the top, he caught an acrid smell of burning.

"Quick! Quick!" screamed the man.

Chipstead hurried now in real earnest. Unable to use his torch because both hands were occupied, he lived through an eerie experience. The only thing to guide him was his sense of direction. The weight in his arms became heavier every moment, threatening to drag him down. By the time he reached the ground-floor rooms, his breath was coming in short, staccato gasps. He was almost spent with exhaustion.

Still he kept on. He had to save this man as well as himself. His burden now lay passive in his arms, whimpering like a child. The ordeal had seemed to turn his brain.

Just as Bunny felt he could go on no longer, he saw across the room the window through which he had entered the house half an hour previously. Lurching now like a drunken man, he flung himself through this with his burden, and the two rolled down a grass bank into the jungle-like grounds.

One moment of blessed rest, and then he had picked up the man again. Progress now was exceedingly difficult, but he did not stop until he had reached a high wall bordering the street. Scarcely had he flung himself down beneath this before a terrific explosion shattered the silence, like the crack of doom. The night sky was lit up by gigantic tongues of flame, and the air became full of flying fragments.

When comparative stillness had come again, Chipstead turned to the shivering man crouched by his side.

"I'm going to let you clear off now," he said, "because the police are bound to be here soon, and they may ask some awkward questions."

This fellow might be a hirceling of The King, and therefore a danger to society, but he had gone through sufficient that night. Untying the silk handkerchief that bound the man's wrists, Bunny wished his companion in that strange adventure good-night and slipped away. As he dropped quietly over the garden wall, there came to his ears the hurrying footsteps of an approaching crowd.

CHAPTER XXX

Lord Belshaven put down the telephone received with a jerk. He was considerably perturbed. The world seemed to be going mad that morning, and the information he had just received from Roughmoor had spoiled an unusually good appetite for breakfast. He had barely reseated

himself at the table before a footman, after uttering an apology, brought him in a card.

"The gentleman said he must see you at once, your lordship," stated the man.

The face of the Foreign Secretary cleared as he noticed the name.

"Show Mr. Chipstead in here immediately," he ordered.

The famous politician shook hands warmly with his early visitor.

"I hope you haven't breakfasted, Chipstead?" he asked. "Everything seems to be going wrong this morning, and your company will be welcome."

The visitor's reply was brisk and businesslike.

"I'll drink a cup of coffee, and, if you don't mind, I'll talk whilst you have your meal, Belshaven. I've come on here from Sir Robert Heddingley. He tells me that your secretary, Miss Margery Steers is still missing."

The politician paused in the act of pouring the coffee, and the cloud returned to his face.

"Yes," he replied. "I have appealed to the police, but they have given me no help. By the way, you remember that young fellow Creighton—the man who created the disturbance in this house the night of the reception?"

Chipstead nodded.

"You mean the man who is supposed to have murdered Sir Simon Baste? Yes, I remember him very well."

Lord Belshaven frowned.

"Well, he's disappeared too. I must explain that I took the law into my own hands in connection with Creighton. After being arrested by the police, he made a sensational escape. Whilst working his way to the Kentish coast, with the intention of crossing to France, he took refuge in a barn at my country place, Roughmoor, which is not far from Hythe. He was disguised as a tramp, and my servants were going to deal summarily with him, when I gave him the chance of telling me his story.

"It was an amazing story—so amazing that I knew that he could not possibly have invented it. It appears that, being very down on his luck through being swindled out of five thousand pounds, he inserted an advertisement in the Personal Column of the Meteor offering to sell his life! He received an answer through the telephone, and got in touch with a man whom he referred to as the Colossus—quite evidently a very dangerous criminal. He was taken blindfolded to the London house of this man, and there saw my secretary, Miss Margery Steers! What Miss Steers could have been doing in this house I have yet to discover, but from Creighton's statement it would certainly seem that by some extraordinary means the man had some hold on her. It was a peculiar household, apparently, for another member of it was a particularly hideous dwarf."

"I think I may be able to help you, Belshaven," he put in. "I haven't told you before, because Heddingley wished the matter to be entirely private, but I have been working on this Cabinet Blackmail Scandal."

Lord Belshaven softly whistled.

"A very terrible scandal, too, Chipstead," he commented. "It has already killed two of my colleagues, whilst the Prime Minister himself is daily expected to collapse.

ple who carefully guarded the secret.

The Gershwins had a piano hauled up to the room and spent the summer at work—George on the score, Ira on the lyrics.

Relatives of the Gershwins live here, and Ira once visited them. George came here once with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. Casting about for a quiet place to work on "Of Thee I Sing," it was only natural that this city should come to mind.

However, even their relatives did not know they were here at

But what has that to do with the Creighton affair?"

"A great deal, unless I am mistaken. The evidence is pretty strong that both Miss Steers and Creighton became entangled with the very gang we are running this audacious blackmail business. The dwarf you just mentioned is employed by this gang, who used to meet at a house in Highgate called The Mount. This was blown up last night, and I—with a somewhat grim smile—"nearly went up with it."

"I called there," continued the speaker, "in the hope of getting information. You say you have a place in Kent, Belshaven—is it anywhere near an old castle known as Wildwood?"

Lord Belshaven nodded.

"Roughmoor is only three and a half miles from Wildwood Castle," he replied.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because," replied the Secret Service man slowly, "I think that Wildwood Castle will have some interesting disclosures to make to us. I shouldn't be surprised, moreover, if your missing private secretary, Miss Margery Steers, is being kept a prisoner there at the present time."

His host sprang up.

"And the man Creighton, too," he said. "I was going to tell you just now that after Creighton—who unless I am very much mistaken, is in love with Miss Steers—had told me his story, I was convinced not only that he was innocent of the murder of Sir Simon Baste, but that he had been made a cat's paw by this man he referred to as the Colossus. Instead of handing him over to the police, as I suppose I should have done, I decided to help him. Engaging him as an indoor servant, I resolved to keep Creighton under cover at Roughmoor until the real murderer had been discovered. Just before you called this morning, I received a telephone message from my butler at Roughmoor saying that Creighton had gone for a walk last night—and had not returned. It may be, assuming that your surmise is correct, and that Creighton, wandering near Wildwood Castle, fell again into the hands of his enemies. The thing is, what are we to do? The police—"

Chipstead waived the suggestion aside.

"Believe me, Belshaven, this is not a matter for the police," he said, so seriously that the politician stared at him: "I am going to follow your example and go outside the law for once. I shall spend the rest of the day hunting up a number of men whose assistance Bob Heddingley has placed at my disposal. These fellows can be relied upon, all of them being in the Service. But we shall want a G. H. Q.—"

This time it was the Foreign Secretary who interrupted.

"Allow me to offer you Roughmoor, Chipstead, and if I'm not too old and too far gone in the wind, I shall be delighted to serve under you. I am not only very fond of Margery Steers, but am anxious to see that young Creighton gets a fair deal. What time do you intend to start?"

Bunny Chipstead smiled at the boyish eagerness in the tone.

CHAPTER XXXI

"You sent for me, princess?" Margery gaped with her hands for the chair which was behind her. She was thankful for this support.

"Yes," she replied. "Mr. Zoab, there are some important questions I must ask you and which you must answer me."

The dwarf inclined his huge shaggy head.

"I have already told you, queen of my heart, that it would be better if you did not know certain things," he said. "Soon, as I have promised you many times, we shall be away from this place, away from all its associations . . .

separate and distinct from the bisque dolls which are still imported although to a very much lesser extent, into this country. This composition has wood flour, cornstarch, and glue as its principal ingredients. The composition is placed in moulds which are subjected to heat, and in this fashion the doll head, body, arm, leg, or other part, is formed. It is then dipped in a special flesh enamel, with the final finish of lacquer enamel being applied through an air brush.

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and we will never talk of it again."

The small hands that were clutching the back of the chair tightened their grip. Margery realized that only by means of self-control and feminine strategy could she obtain the vital information but the mental torture she was undergoing was agonizing.

"Yes—yes," she murmured quickly, "but there are some things I want to know now, Mr. Zoab. If you have any regard for me, if—"

"I place my life at your service, princess," the dwarf interjected.

"Then you will tell me?" she pleaded passionately.

Zoab made a gesture of reluctant submission.

"Ask me what you want to know, princess."

But now that the promise had been made she felt too afraid to ask. Already she was convinced, from what the dwarf had previously told her, that Martin Creighton was not only in the castle, but was a prisoner like herself. For the third time he had endeavored to help her, but luck must have been against him. Her heart seemed to rise in her throat as she recalled the well-remembered face of the man she now knew she loved. Perhaps even at that moment this face was twisted with pain . . .

"I am waiting, princess."

She tried to rally herself, conscious that the dwarf was watching her closely. What a mockery it was that not only the entire future happiness, but the very lives of Martin Creighton and herself depended upon the will of this malformed creature! Thrice hideous became this mockery at the thought, which now flashed through her mind, that it was this human oddity's passion for her that had placed both of them in this position of peril.

Falteringly she found her voice.

"When you were here just now, Mr. Zoab, you mentioned a young man—Mr. Creighton, I believe his name is, I mean," she went on, conscious that her words must sound very confused, "the young man who was at that house of—did you say the name was Juhl?"

The dwarf nodded. In some subtle way Margery felt that he had changed.

"And what about that young man Creighton, princess? Did you not tell me when I was here before that he had never made love to you? Why are you showing so much interest in him?"

With a stab of apprehension she felt that at any moment she might make a fatal slip—perhaps she had already done so.

"Mr. Creighton did me a splendid service once," she contrived to reply. "Perhaps you do not know, Mr. Zoab, but the man Juhl was beastly to me. He got to know that my father was doing something . . . something which—which was not quite right, and he threatened to expose him unless I stole some papers from Lord Belshaven's private safe. Lord Belshaven was my employer—I acted as one of his private secretaries."

The dwarf made no comment. He did not appear interested. Yet she had to continue in the endeavor to gain his sympathy, and the soul-panic, which increased every minute, made her further words ring with dramatic fervor.

"I want you, Mr. Zoab, to try to realize the embarrassing position in which I was placed. In the particular night of which I am now going to tell you, the man you call Juhl issued to me an ultimatum: either I was to bring back from Lord Belshaven's London house a copy of the new French treaty, or he would hand over my father to the police."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Political Warfare Is Resumed

From the New York Times.

With all the inter-party courtesies of the past few weeks, some innocent persons may have supposed that democratic lions and republican lambs were to lie down together in Washington until winter long. A glance at the first page of Tuesday's Times will convince them that this is a delusion. It is obvious that "normalcy" has returned to the capital, that democrats have resumed fighting republicans and that republicans are not avoiding the encounter. Despite the amenities of the White House conference between "the two presidents," and the polite speech of democratic leaders departing from the presence of Mr. Hoover the day thereafter, all the Richards have become themselves again.

"Senate Will Reject Hoover Appointees at Short Session" is the heading over a Warm Springs (Ga.) dispatch, in the course of which Senator Robinson of Arkansas gravely explains that it is the "custom" not to load up a new administration with appointees of the old one whose doom has been written by the people. "Hoover Vetoes Peril Roosevelt Program; Extra Session Seen" is the caption of a telegram from Washington which quotes republican Senators as pointing out that the president has no intention of acting as Mr. Roosevelt's rubber stamp during the dying days of the Seventy-second Congress. Since Mr. Hoover's vetoes require a two-thirds vote to nullify them, and the democrats have nothing like two-thirds in either branch, it is clear that the weapon the president holds is no tin sword.

There are also echoes of the partisan debate which Speaker Garner and republican leader Snell are conducting sotto voce. Together as recently as last Friday on the plan to put a prohibition repeal resolution through the House on its opening day, December 5, the champions have been drawing apart since Mr. Snell paid a visit to the White House and otherwise refreshed his memory on the terms of the president's speech of acceptance which disapproved the submission of flat repeal without a qualifying section to "prevent the return of the saloon." If this rift grows, or even remains, the brethren will make their differences strongly audible when the House assemblies and the flat repeal resolution is offered, which the speaker understood the republican leader to favor.

Prosperity may not be "just around the corner." But partisanship unquestionably is. And the corner is near and visible.

OLD HOSPITAL BEING RAZED

Milwaukee — (UP) — Johnston Emergency hospital, once the pride of Milwaukee, is being wrecked following its sale for \$201.

During its 37 years of service its walls housed many of the city's tragic and dramatic incidents. Through its doors, which never once were locked, passed high and low, pauper and former president.

Theodore Roosevelt, leading the Bull Moose movement in 1912, was brought to the hospital after he had spoken two hours at the auditorium with a would-be assassin's bullet in his body.

Victor L. Eerger, famous socialist leader, was treated here in 1929 after he had been knocked down by a street car.

Victims of some of the city's greatest fires were given aid at Emergency hospital. Fifteen firemen injured in the Davidson theater fire, when nine others were killed, were brought here. Firemen injured in the Johns-Manville fire of 1913, which killed five firemen and an employe, were treated here and numerous firemen and victims of other disastrous fires received medical aid here.

But the last recorded case of the hospital was less dramatic. It reads: "Bentley Redford, 21, unmarried, Resene Mission, treated for bronchitis."

Woman Watchman Causes Controversy

Tamaqua, Pa. — (UP) — A woman caused the controversy between New Ringgold Borough, near here, and the Reading company, when the town authorities opposed installation of modern grade crossing protection and insisted on retention of the old-fashioned gates.

The woman is Mrs. Carrie Knittle, widowed mother of three children and the only known woman crossing watchman in the state.

When her husband died in 1919, the railroad company placed her to protect the crossing. Now the company seeks to abolish the gates, remove the watchman, and substitute electric blinkers.

The plan aroused the borough to defend the woman's job. They pointed to her record of never having been absent nor tardy on her job and of never having had an accident at the crossing.

More than that, they claimed gates provided better protection than lights "for a sharp curve near the approach to the crossing makes lights unsafe."

Bucknell Announces Entirely New Curriculum

Lewisburg, Pa. — (UP) — Bucknell university announced an entirely new curriculum for the future beginning with the 1933-34 term, with the four-year college period divided into two two-year groups.

Under the plan as announced by Dr. Homer P. Rainey, university president, incoming students will be required to take a general liberal

Coed Takes Father's Place as Undersheriff

Cordell, Okla. — (UP) — A shining gold star, ready six-shooter, boots, 10-gallon hat and a commission as undersheriff are the equipment and means of livelihood of a former University of Oklahoma coed here.

Wilma Hines, 24, was brought home from school by the death of her father, pioneer peace officer. She received her father's commission from the hands of his friend, Sheriff Philo T. Lambert, and the

arts course for two years and professional and major work during the last two years. The new ruling will apply to every department of the school except the engineering courses.

"The idea toward which we are working is to try to place all professional training on a graduate basis," Dr. Rainey said. "We are hoping to free the first two years of the four for a general education and to concentrate one pre-professional and major work in the last two years."

PILOT FOR 30 YEARS RETIRES

Milwaukee — (UP) — Capt. William Gnewuch, 77, veteran Milwaukee harbor pilot, looked back on three score years of service on Lake Michigan, during which he towed more than 100,000 vessels into port here when he retired.

When he retired his command as master of the tug Conrad Starke Captain Gnewuch was the oldest pilot on the lake in point of service. He brought his tug to aid in the rescue of more than 300 wrecks and stranded ships and figured prominently in the rescue in the single survivor of the waterworks crib disaster, in which 15 men drowned.

Gnewuch left school at 17 and served his apprenticeship on a lake schooner. He received his first master's license and command when he was 23. Forty years ago he began his service in Milwaukee harbor.

"Towing was different in the old days," Captain Gnewuch said. "Vessels are bigger and harder to handle now. The big freighters carry 10 times as much as the old windjammers did. Back in the 90s, a good day's work was towing in 25 or 30 boats. Now we do well if we bring five into harbor during the day."

Machines, Weighing Tons, Break Atom

Berkeley, Cal. — (UP) — He's little, but plenty tough, is this fellow, Lithium Atom.

So tough, in fact, that Dr. M. Stanley Livingston, of the University of California, had to design machinery weighing tons to smash him.

Shooting atomic bullets from Dr. Livingston's machine with an energy of more than 700,000 electron volts, three University of California scientists, Dr. Livingston, Dr. E. O. Lawrence and Milton G. White, recently succeeded in breaking the atom into two alpha particles of ionized atoms of helium gas.

This confirmed work done by British physicists, who used low energy protons as the bombarding projectiles and found that protons shot at lithium atoms combined with them and released energy.

Not satisfied with handling the atom such a job, Dr. Livingston announced he had a larger machine containing one of the world's largest magnets, which is now producing hydrogen molecule ions with an energy of 3,600,000 volt-electrons.

job as deputy in charge of the office.

Undersheriff Hines died following a stroke of apoplexy brought on by a struggle with a prisoner.

On and On.

Lecturer (who has spoken for two hours): I shall not keep you much longer. I am afraid I have spoken at rather great length. There is no clock in the room, and I must apologize for not having a watch with me.

A Voice: There's a calendar behind you mister!

Scores for Show Hit

Written in Houston

Houston, Tex. — (UP) — "Of Thee I Sing," the musical satire on politics, has won a Pulitzer prize but few people know its words and music were written in a Houston hotel room.

The fact has just come to light that the brothers Gershwin, George and Ira, spent the summer of 1931 here, with their presence known only to three or four peo-

ple who carefully guarded the secret.

The Gershwins had a piano hauled up to the room and spent the summer at work—George on the score, Ira on the lyrics.

Relatives of the Gershwins live here, and Ira once visited them. George came here once with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. Casting about for a quiet place to work on "Of Thee I Sing," it was only natural that this city should come to mind.

However, even their relatives did not know they were here at

that time. Mrs. Harry Greenfield, a distant cousin, recently received a letter from George in which he revealed all and apologized.

He explained that if he had been threatened with recognition he would have assumed the name of Throttebottom, the now famous vice-presidential candidate in "Of Thee I Sing."

Q. Of what composition are unbreakable dolls made? A. B.

A. All dolls of domestic manufacture are today made of an unbreakable composition which is entirely

separate and distinct from the bisque dolls which are still imported although to a very much lesser extent, into this country. This composition has wood flour, cornstarch, and glue as its principal ingredients. The composition is placed in moulds which are subjected to heat, and in this fashion the doll head, body, arm, leg, or other part, is formed. It is then dipped in a special flesh enamel, with the final finish of lacquer enamel being applied through an air brush.

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