

muttering, "Later, later."

Hal's head. "Don't you?"

the truth

"Yes, you do," said Hal.

CHAPTER IV

Thursday.

TTAL had some difficulty reach-

through an old snapshot negative,"

He Looked Expectantly at Barry.

slowly; then the sprawl of a city

#### SYNOPSIS

Following his father's bitter criticism of his idle life, and the notification that he need not expect any er, finds himself practically without funds but with the promise of a situation in San Francisco, which city 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 ness, gradually and in disorder. he finds a fellow man-of-the-world, whom he takes at once. Hal is finds his intimacy with Kerrigan ister. ripening, and he makes a little progress with Barry.

#### CHAPTER III-Continued

"What business is it going to be?" Kerrigan asked; and Hal liked the here." implication that the more important things between them would come in their own good time.

"Air business," said Hal. "Expect to be started cleaning boundary lights at the field."

"Envy you," said Kerrigan. "If I had a son, I'd put him in that. night breathless, the pavement still er of the intangible defenses. But Twice a year I give myself a good kicking for not having gone into ity-when they rolled into Cadillac start?" railroads, at your age." He looked square.

expectantly at Barry. Her eyes were incurious-as if she hadn't till then thought of anything she could want to ask. And then, without more than the most superficial apology in her tone, she Hing his friend next morning, Hal's arm, and he crooked it as they said, "Please don't answer if you'd and it was nearly one when he took a slow step or two away. rather not. The reason I'm asking- brought Kerrigan down from their the reason stops and I forget I had room to see what he'd got. it, whether you tell me or not. Are

you Frederick Ireland's son?" He tried to force from her clear, said Hal. "Your eyes do better if polite look a hint of why she want- you take these things gradually." mentous to her.

"Yes, I am," he said.

Hal swore he would find out why made its venerability that of an want to hurry?" ders till she told him. No, not shake shake them. And it should be tin day-bomber without the wings?" before the last day, too. I wonder, he said to himself, if you'd tell me why you wanted to know that, without my even asking you. If you weren't so good to look at, Miss Trafford, you probably wouldn't be making so much trouble for yourself.

"I've met your father," said Kerrigan, without special significance. "Have you?" said Hal. "Where?" "In Paris," said Kerrigan, "When Wilson came over the first time.

Were you with him?" "No," said Hal; "I wasn't."

But Hal was wondering why, when it had never come hard to take challenges, he should shy at the prospect of later pretending to this girl that he was in love with her. She knew her way round; he had never seen her before and would probably never- Hal interrupted himself with a fresh wonder: why couldn't he easily conceive of not seeing her again? A little more than twenty-four hours it was, since they'd started: he didn't even know what she looked like with her hat off. Oh, the h-1 with it: just remember how easily she can make you mad and don't go Travelers' Aid till you have to.

. . . . . . . Straight roads long-laid across the flatness of Ohio, with the sultry, flat afternoon in a hazy layer be-"Detroit" on a signboard at less child. Look at that upholstery." than a hundred miles. Perhaps two of relief was rolling in now with said. "They left the engine in it, I do you?" every mile, the thing to do was spose. But why Texas license push straight on without stopping, plates?" whether stark hunger overtook the Pulsiphers or not.

"Say," came Crack's drowsy, con- from Michigan to California with fidential whisper near Hal's ear. Texas plates and a New York driv- casual look at Kerrigan, and Hal's saw him." Hal turned his head a little, his at- ing license. But the motor's sweet obstinacy rose. tention in alert suspense. "We could | -sweet's a nut." eat in Detroit," Crack said in softly | The solid, multiple chunk of the Kerrigan interrupted, "Here he impish conspiracy. "Run right closing door drew an exclamation of comes." one." Hal made himself ignore the ing up so high?"

said, "Good idea." country," said Hal. could be made uneasy, there must a wonder we're alive. Tell me more: have you been?"

fluence than Hal liked to allow. | for it?"

even the cigar lighter."

Widow's walk?"

"No, that's the laundry yard," you so well, I'd almost think you swer was slow comin' back." were making fun of-of. . . .

"Chucho! there-y'see?" said Kerrigan. "You've gone and bought us a car and don't know what to call it. S'pose the others had come before it was named. The ignominy! horn from the quart an old dogfancier left in my pocket this morning. Got to christen it."

"Drink?" said Hal. "At noon? Kerrigan, what d'you think I am?" Kerrigan's eyes were merry. "Just about what you seem," he said, taking Hal's elbow and turning him them Hal leant a little toward round.

Kerrigan and murmured: "Is there "Rasputin" had become the car's anything about that fella that-" name by the time the travelers were He thought he saw understanding ready to start. They were shown immediate financial assistance, Hal in Kerrigan's eyes and turned back Rasputin in his timeless green-and-Ireland, only son of a wealthy bank- to the road without finishing. But Kerrigan said, "Which fella?" ily, rocking back on his heels as if curiously. Hal glanced at him again he were taking the air on the deck he must reach, from New York, quickly: the brown eyes still seemed of his yacht; and Mrs. Pulsipher within a definite time limit. He takes to understand what he meant. And made a little exclamation of sur-Hal dismissed the subject gingerly prise, clasped her hands in front of her as if to be sure she wouldn't Across the Maumee and through touch the paint, and gave Hal a the fringes of Toledo. It grew dark look of interest and respect.

"Oh, it's elegant," she said, "Oh began to infringe upon the open- my, it's beautiful."

Barry and Sister Anastasia came "Dearborn," Crack suddenly whis- up and Barry's look ran out to Hal pered, and Hal wondered why it in unguarded confidence. She came unable to shake off a feeling of uneasiness. He distrusts Crack, but sounded exciting, even faintly sin- to his side to admire, and her low voice said, "Ah, it's a sweet old "You sorta feel things goin' on thing."

"Like it?" said Hal, showing her here," said Crack, quietly behind his pleasure.

"Mm," she said. "It'll be fun, "I like Detroit," Crack said in won't it? And we can light the litshy complacence. "I used to work the carriage lamps sometimes, can't we?"

Hal had a quick curiosity to Hal chuckled at her more delightknow what it was Crack had edly than he meant to. "Bet we worked at; but something suggest- can," he said. "And you shall have ed that if he had asked, the lazy, 'em-to keep-when we get there." She looked at his lips, then up at immature voice wouldn't tell him bis eyes-securely, expectantly, on It was nearly ten o'clock-the the point of letting him pass anoth-

remembering the sun's complacabil- then she said only. "Why don't we "Because that miserable fella Crack isn't here," said Hal, and the brief confidence that had lain be-

> tween their eyes lost itself. Barry turned her back on the others, slipped her hand lightly inside

> "How long do you think it should

"Really ought to look at it first him. Hal returned the gravity of her eyes, all the while conscious of the casual resting of her hand on his Kerrigan. ed to know; but all he could see was It was a great locomotive of a car arm, as if sensation paused throughconfirmation of what she had said: -a certain high erectness, the small out his body except just there where desperation rising. "We left him she didn't ask out of idle curios. hubs and the spindly spokes pro- she touched him. And he wasn't behind. That driver. That Miller. ity, and yet the answer wasn't mo- claiming venerability; but deep sure he wholly matched her casual- Our fares." green and bright brass, the pale ness as he said: "I hadn't figured taupe of the upholstery, the min- it closely. It's about twenty-five She believed him, but it gave lature lamps beside the doors, with hundred miles. Six days would be Hal's possession of the fares-had her nothing to think about. And a little red star in each side-glass, fairly brisk. Why, Barry? Do you flown past John's ears, it turned

she had asked that of him if he had aristocrat who could ignore the Her look coolly disavowed any among eager oh's and ah's of unto back her into a corner on the fickleness of styles. Kerrigan looked plea for herself. "You won't say derstanding, Hal became aware that last day and shake her firm shoul- and his eyes softened affectionately. anything if I tell you why Sister he had undertaken responsibility of "Shades of Dempsey and Willard," Anastasia"-her low mention of it a sort here. Where, forty-eight them: hold them, perhaps, but not he breathed. "What is it? A Mar- was quite as lyric, tender, as the hours ago, he hadn't given a Connun's had been-"is going to the tinental whether any of them got "Nineteen twenty-three," said Hal. | Coast. She has a brother-at the anywhere or not, he was now be-Belonged to the mother of one of Santa Barbara mission. He's dying, ing trusted to land them all in Los He wants her there before he dies- | Angeles safe, soon, and at no furto forgive him for something wrong ther expense. It gave him an odd he thinks he did to her a long time feeling near the pit of his stomago. She's so patient, so good, so ach-not to be defined at all-before -humble isn't the word, because he forgot it. that sometimes means things not always brave and fine. She wouldn't shredded-cotton comforter of cloud say anything to you, but it's so much to her. I'm sure she hasn't heard anything for a long time. Indiana border there was a warm She doesn't know whether he's dead now."

touching his arm until he found make up its mind. And promptly the remark that would open some it made up its mind to drench wasmall slit of intimacy in her ter down upon the world. thoughtful, faintly anxious look. But all he said was, "D-n that Crack."

She watched him an instant longer, as if she expected him to say something else. Then she looked down at his mouth; her hand ther, bending forward to keep track slipped from his arm and she of the road's edge. Then, made

And d-n me, too, he said to himself, for letting that minute get away from me. What is it comes over you, Ireland, you yokel?

gested, the luggage was all up on less authority in that whisper as the widow's walk under a spanking he did it. The headlights thunnew tarpaulin, and still Crack dered past, and there in the rainhadn't come. Hal, squatting on Ras- streaked glare close ahead, a figure putin's roof, murmured down to in a gleaming poncho rode a bitween the land and the stubbornly the directors and never been driven Kerrigan, "H-1 with him, Let's cycle. Hal swung aside for him,

Kerrigan looked and stroked. Casually Barry said, "I don't himself he was finished with that hours more; and even if the ease "Kings ride on fabric less rich," he think that'd be fair-to leave him, uneasy premonition, that sense of

> make a couple of hundred miles be- did you see him?" Crack didn't an-"Only ones they had handy, fore bedtime, we might be one night swer at once; after a little, his Thought it'd be interesting to drive less on the road."

> > "But suppose-" Barry began, and

through, we could—not give this awe from Kerrigan. He said, "You Barry lifted Doc under her arm Palestine, and is a modern city, be-

bird another chance to try a quick don't think I'll be embarrassed, rid- and got into the car without hurry, ing little more than a century old. as if her stand about Crack hadn't From Mount Carmel, above the city, coincidence; he nodded briefly and "You'll find you see more of the really mattered to her. Hal vault- the view embraces half of Palesed to the pavement as Crack came tine, Mount Carmel was one of If Crack, basking in the secret | "Right over the heads of the up, and said to him, "Any day this the resorts of the Prophet Elijah, sunshine of his own little schemes, crowds that gather: true, true. It's week, young fella. Where the devil and on the mountain may be seen

be something more to Miller's in- how much does the museum want | Crack flushed. "Awfully sorry," partly artificial cavern, in which he said. "I got delayed, awful it is said the Holy Family rested In the next rising of talk behind "Three hundred. And the tires, sorry." His hand came from his on the return from Egypt.

look at the tires-made of rubber, jacket pocket and he dropped his they are, and practically new. And look modestly to watch the golfeverything works; the speedometer, ball fall to the pavement, and bounce up to his hand again. Then, "What's the railing up on top? as if Hal were the only one to share an understanding of the ways of the world, he said, "Had to telesaid Hal. "Colonel, if I didn't know graph New York. Business, The an-

He wasn't as young as he superficially looked, Hal decided; it wasn't only his old-fashioned airstraight-brushed hair and jacket buttoned high to the small opening-that gave him maturity. And We better go up and throw out a whatever bemused his light, drowsy eyes remained private to them not wholly through shyness. Telegraph New York on business and wait for an answer. . . .

It went through Hal's mind quickly and vividly, like something



'Had to Telegraph New York. Business. The Answer Was Slow Comin' Back."

he had thought of before and forgotten, and there was no pause before he said, "Get in. Your bag's

Crack looked up at the rack, then along the length of the car, immune to hurry.

"Nice car," he said shyly, as if he knew something about it that Hal didn't.

They had gone 20 miles westtake to Los Angeles?" Barry asked ward when Pulsipher gave a lost wail of dismay. "That man-thathat man,"

"Good Gad, sir, what man?" asked

"He's not here," John said, his

All previous discussion of the matter-of Miller's dismissal and out. And as Kerrigan explained it.

Dusk came early because of the low under the sky; and when they turned south at Coldwater for the rain-smelling breeze. It was agreed to push on a little farther, giving Hal wanted to keep her hand the weather of night a chance to

A pair of brilliant headlights moved toward them through the dark rain: a truck and trailer, enormous, with wide toplights and a line of little green crystals along its side. Hal eased the accelerator far startling as physical assault for all its quiet, Crack's whisper sounded behind him: "Stop it-brakes: easy!" There was nothing to see, but Hal gave the brake pedal inter-Lunch was not only eaten but di- mittent touches, cursing the groundmoving sun. Then Kerrigan saw over forty. Cared for like an only leave his bag and his fare and shove feeling a confused emptiness hold his chest for an instant, telling portent. He partly turned his "Why not?" said Hal. "If we head to ask Crack, "How the deuce whisper came, drowsing again in Conviction backed up Barry's shy satisfaction: "I-I just sorta-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Haifa Is Modern City Haifa is the principal port of the School of the Prophets, a large,

### CRIMINALS MADE OVER PHYSICALLY WHILE IN PRISON

If your nose is crooked and you yearn to be an Adonis, or you have a twisted leg, and fain would walk like other men, then rob a gas station or forge a check, and when-or if-you get out of state's prison you may have a Greek profile and two perfectly good legs.

That is, if you remember to comone convict puts it, with awe, staircase, "They're improving on the acts of God!"

had his face lifted, and there were building?" streaming headlines across the na-Cove. Men leave the prison so too bad."-London Tit-Bits. changed that their best friends don't know them.

Of course, there's one fundamental difference-that Dillinger had his physiognomy made over by quacks, to avoid the law, whereas the man in Wethersfield is reconstructed by the law itself, in an attempt to obliterate those stigmata that label him convict.

Penologists may insist that the "babyface" is equally as likely to be a killer as is the man with the bashed-in nose and the prognathous

jaw. But popular psychology still accepts ugliness as synonymous with turpitude, and distorted features as an indication of depravity. The man who is born with or acquires by accident the type of countenance that the law-abiding citizen associates with crime is licked before he starts. He looks like a criminal-Marian Murray in the American Mer-

#### The Ruins

The sad-looking man in the tenemit the crime in Connecticut. For ment area leaned over the banisters they're doing remarkable things in and caught the visitor before she the state prison at Wethersfield. As could disappear down a hole in the

"I wonder," said the visitor indignantly, "the landlord doesn't do John Dillinger, public enemy No. 1, something to repair this deplorable

"Well," said the slum dweller, tion's newspapers. But much more philosophically, "he was going to do fundamental plastic surgery is be- something about it until he went on ing done, unnoted, behind the tur- a tour to Naples and saw the ruins reted walls down on Wethersfield of Pompeii. Now he thinks this isn't

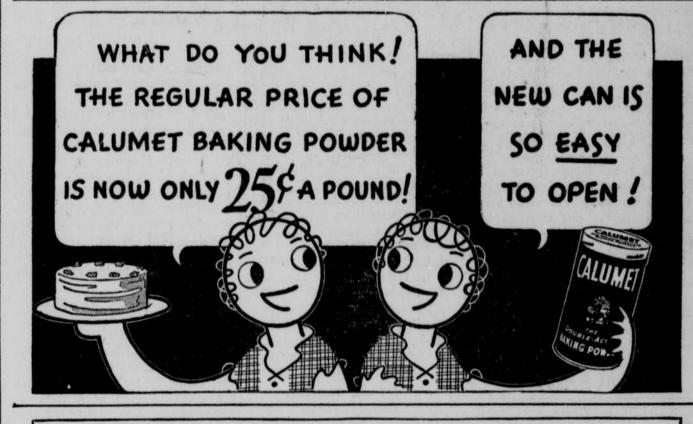






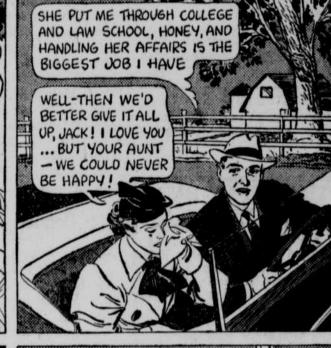
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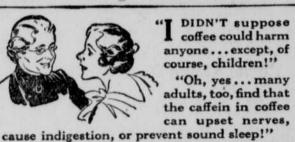












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