



CHAPTER IX—Continued

"She's certainly kept nice and clean this way," said Hal, with a half laugh that somehow turned its taint back on himself.

"Of course it's she that's done everything," Kerrigan agreed. "To her this thing was all like the plot of a book she'd just finished; she knew what was going to happen; no excuse for her making any mistakes. Human beings don't make mistakes." Hal drew breath to interrupt, but Kerrigan tightened his calm as he went on. "You remember the time when we three were at lunch somewhere and she asked you if you were Frederick Ireland's son?"

"Oh, yes," said Hal drily. "There was some special innocent reason why she wanted to know, too, I remember."

"You told her you were Ireland's son. Did she ever show any sign of thinking you'd lied to her?"

Blandly Hal shook his head and said, "Quite the opposite."

"So then she told Crack you were Ireland. That's what made it so easy for you to bluff Crack, I s'pose."

Hal was scared then and he knew it; but there was still the necessity of getting away whole from the room before he beat down these swarmlings of fear.

The chill in Kerrigan's voice began to warm ominously now as he went on. "You come into Barry's life with enough sense—after a while—to know what she is; lovely as morning, brave as a bullet, honorable as a sword, chaste as water. You have the criminal luck to make her fall in love with you—the one thing that could happen to make her life about ten times harder to handle."

"What do you think about then? About the help you can give her? About the way you can bring her to her happiness, as well as yours? About the honor and consciousness and courage that's in her even to try to fight a thing she'd go to hell to get? No! You think about how unfair she is to you. You think you ought to walk in and wipe out twenty years of her father in a week, with the honor of a last promise to boot. You think she ought to see that your happiness is all that counts, all that makes the world fit to grow little apples in."

"She puts up with that—for the only reason under God's sky there would be for putting up with it. And you drive ahead between your blinders till you drive on to the last edge of the one thing she hoped to keep you out of. And when that one thing happens, too, what do you do? Like a shot. You leave her to stew. You let her kill her own heart so that you'll go on your way; and you go on it. Go on it with your head full of the most important things in the world, a fundamental of all decency outraged, all good in every ending—because you, you were made to look like a fool for a few days in another man's little mind. Ireland, you ought to lie down on that floor and die."

Hal's teeth were clenched terribly upon red anger, curdling shame, panic; and he turned so that Kerrigan shouldn't see those things stinging into his eyes. "So she had it happen," he said; "she had Crack catch me there—so that I'd be free, so that I'd—The urgency of his despair came thick into his throat, and he broke off."

Kerrigan's stillness filled the room—cool, steady, incriminating; and Hal had to keep his scalding vision on him so that something shouldn't snap in his head, a signal for madness. Dread braced itself hard in him as Kerrigan rose, a judge at Doomsday, with the extinct cigarette far from incongruous in the corner of his merciless lips.

"Vain," he said quietly; "Vain, stuck-up, self-indulgent, flabby, without faith except in the importance of money. Why did I think you weren't so cheap?"

The last word lashed Hal to his feet, and it took all his quivering strength to force definition upon the thick words that came of themselves: "Kerrigan, you're a liar. A G-d d-d liar! And if you were young—" Something was strangling him inside his throat.

It was as if torture, finally released upon him, came to full impact upon the numb obstinacy of his faculties, with a tautly balanced rocking to show that something must plunge massively away in the next second. Hal found his desperate voice again, and in a quicker anger he cried at Kerrigan: "You're

right. It's true—every rotten word of it's true."

He went to Kerrigan, took his big arm above the elbow, and sank his forehead awkwardly to the bulky shoulder. "Heaven forgive me," he said in the calm of an exhausted breath. "You, Colonel, you've got to forgive me, you—"

In a moment Kerrigan's hands came up under Hal's elbows and moved them gently. "I'm glad you didn't like it any better'n I did," he said, his voice low, untriumphant—deeply comforting around an odd sort of humility.

Like a divine intercession to spare them both an impasse of embarrassment, the telephone bell broke into it without looking at Kerrigan. It was Sister Anastasia—ready now to go.

"You'll call Barry up, Colonel," Hal said quickly. "To be sure she's there. You'll keep her there: do anything, tell her anything to keep her there safe till I can get to her, till—Hal's voice lowered to a pitch of bitter shame—"till I can kneel in dirt to her."

Kerrigan nodded, saying hurriedly, "Yes, but move: get back soon's you can."

"Six hours outside," said Hal, glancing at his watch. "Back by midnight sure. And, Colonel, look—do anything, anything to me, but don't ever talk to me like that again, will you?"

"D'you spec I could, even if I ever had to?" he said softly.

When Hal got to the place where Sister Anastasia was waiting, he felt he was somehow serving Barry in disciplining himself to the nun's service.

Anastasia said: "I did not know when I telephoned you: they've told me there is a train to Santa Barbara in twenty minutes; and they've given me money for my ticket, from your brother."

"Ah, but sister," said Hal in sincere reproach, "I was so happy to take you myself. I want to."

"I was 'appy, too," she said, keeping her eyes from him till she'd said it. Then, looking up at him with tranquil sureness: "But she is



"But She is Not 'Appy—Not at All."

not 'appy—not at all. You can do something for 'er—now, tonight—instead of taking me on this long journey."

"But at least I may take you to the station—see you on the train." He touched her arm to turn her toward the car, and she got in.

"Sister," said Hal, after he had started Rasputin into the traffic, "I have been a very great fool, and I have been near to being even a greater one. Now I see things clearly. Sister, I know who her husband is: I know he is evil. It doesn't matter how much I hate him nor how much I am ready to do to get her away from him. What matters is that whatever I do, I should be stronger and happier—for her, sister, and for myself—if you could tell me, as her friend and, I so much hope, mine too, that you also feel I must get her from him. It cannot be wicked to take evil from her life, no matter how it is done, can it? Even if she will not love me now, for the fool I've been and the wrong I've done, I know about that evil and, loving her, I cannot leave her with it, can I?"

Her eyes were on his—full of a frightened seriousness, a deeply fearful solicitude for what he had told her.

Looking at him—her eyes large, inarticulate in hopefulness, touched too with some long sorrow—she barely nodded, once, and then bravely said, "You should do something."

Hal burst into the room without knocking, hot for Kerrigan's word that Barry was at her hotel, that he could go straight to her now and humble himself irrevocably, before he went on to whatever else must be done in final swift. Kerrigan looked at him as if he didn't believe what he saw.

"She went by train," Hal told him quickly. "You called Barry. She's all right. I can—"

"I can't get her," Kerrigan said, "but she's been here. That envelope—she left it. I've been trying to think I ought to open it."

Hal snatched the envelope and tore it open, and fresh fear ran at his heart as his eyes began to follow the decisive lines.

"I shouldn't write, my darling, but I've got to. Being with you, loving you as I shall forever, has shown me my way out and given me strength to take it. When you get back from Santa Barbara, it will be done and there'll be no accident in trying to stop me. You mustn't try. I shall be all right. I'm so tired of trying to decide what's good, what's best. I can't have you, but I can have myself—free of badness, to remember you and beauty. I can't let you go away thinking I don't love you."

"He will find out soon that you are Frederick Ireland's son. But there will be nothing left to show any connection between you and him. So when you see tomorrow's papers, you must keep quiet."

"I love you. I didn't know it would be so much. Darling, forgive me for what I've done to you. Barry."

And in postscript: "I don't mean suicide. You'll know that if I couldn't break my bargain for you, I couldn't at all. I'm going to end it."

Starting for the door, Hal yelled at Kerrigan: "She's going to kill him. Almighty G-d, Kerrigan! She's killing him now!"

In his terror, Hal still had time to be thankful for Kerrigan's agility in pursuit: Kerrigan was behind him, struggling into his coat as they hurried down the hall.

Hal's mind was frantic with: Smug, criminal ass, to think I could do this to her, that she'd wait for my rotten apology. Oh G-d, if you're there and you're good, stop her, stop her, stop her.

"Battle of Blenheim! drive like a white man," Kerrigan was saying, as second speed began to scream under them. "Get pinched or piled up and you're useless to her—useless."

"Kerrigan, if she's not there, you find Crack and stick to him like a thousand leeches," Hal said gently. "I'll find her if—G-d!"

A man, unheeding, darted from among the parked cars at the right. Hal jumped on Rasputin's loyal brakes and felt them drag gallantly at the speed, in a desperate squeal of rubber. Then there was a crumpling slam of impact behind, and Rasputin lunged forward slewing, drunkenly careened by savage force at the rear. As the rigid sedan tipped past the point of recovery, tearing and splintering at the body of a parked car alongside, Hal flung himself upon Kerrigan and fought to make him duck. Then Rasputin's solid side smashed upon solid pavement with an abrupt explosion of showering glass. And that was all, except for a small, single tinkling, like a distant keyring, that diminished in whirrs of darkness.

CHAPTER X

Midweek

HAL was heavily sick—lying in a bed—and heavily sad. His mouth was dry as cloth, and his lips stuck.

There was an impression of having dreamed a lot of things, crowded close around him and very tiring because of their constant demand for effort. But he couldn't remember anything of what they were and it didn't matter.

There was Barry to think of. Her image appeared quietly in his mind, walking toward him with that straight-legged, inquiring, unself-conscious grace. Soon he would see her lovely face, her eyes lighted, smiling. It was good to see her walk because last time he'd thought of her—last time, she'd been sitting on the edge of a bed, knees clasped hard in her arms, her head bowed, her eyes—strange, sullen, dark with

Suddenly, before he knew what it was, Hal yelled her name and struggled against the tight-tucked sheet across his chest; and a dreadful avalanche tumbled memory and terror upon his beguilement. He had an arm free before the nurse could get to him. He was breaking the nurse's hold when a young man, in white up to the neck, appeared on the other side and forced him back to the pillow.

"Listen," said Hal, commanding the attention of the man's blue eyes: "I'm not delirious; I'm not crazy; you've got to let me up—right away. I'll come back afterward, but you've got to let me up. It's a matter of murder—murder—and I've got to stop it. I swear to you I know what I'm saying. Look in my eyes. I'm sane—sane as h—l. You've got to believe it."

The young man said in low assurance, "I believe you, but—"

"Then in G-d's name"—Hal struggled heedlessly against the sharp, thorough pain that held his other arm: "minutes, minutes count. Let me up. I've got to—d—n you, let me up or I'll—"

"Mr. Ireland!" the young man said sharply. "Listen to me." Then, slowly and significantly, "You've been here for twenty-four hours."

Hal knew it was significant even as he wondered why it was said so significantly. Then most terribly he saw; his shoulders fell away from resistance and all his breath went out in a broken cry of anguish and despair. On a swift shadow of hope he said: "But Kerrigan—where's Kerrigan? The man who was with me in the car. Please, you've got to find out. You will find out—quickly, quickly, and let me know. And another thing." What was the other thing? Good G-d, he had to hold on till he thought of it—something terrible. Yes! "Another thing," he said, exhaustion consuming the breath he needed to talk with: "a newspaper—one of the morning after my accident. I've got to see it. I'll go crazy—raving—unless I know."

"Yes, all right," said the interne.

After a word to the nurse at the door, he was gone and Hal rolled his head miserably, but in a minute a white jacket came between him and the wall, and a newspaper rustled. They held it over him while he searched the mess of the front page: headlines about Japan, divorce revelations, a single column head reading, "Man Slain in S. M'ca Blvd. Hotel Room—Seek Woman Companion of Martin Crack, Promoter—Clutched Golf Ball Crew?"—Wheels of light spinning against blackness closed over the page, and their soft buzzing faded behind thick, deaf cushions at his ears.

Spears, a vice president of the Old Man's correspondent bank in Los Angeles, gave Hal attention and incurious understanding. He came on unsolicited orders from New York, when Hal was finished with the delicious phantom of routed hope.

Hal held out his hand and forced the sadness and fatigue out of his own smile. "Thanks a lot, Spears."

"Very glad of the chance to help," said Spears, as though he was. "And what about your father? Shall I tell him anything—except that you're coming along well and will drop him a line any day now?"

"Oh, yes," said Hal, and tried to think plainly about that too. "Tell him the guy who telegraphed him about me was a nut, that he had nothing on me, that the whole thing's put to bed. Tell him I'm writing him everything and there's absolutely nothing to worry about. Remind him that I never said that before."

Then Spears was gone, and the nurse came in to see that Hal was comfortable. He told her he was Am. too, he said to himself, except for shock, slight concussion, compound fracture of arm, cut head, contusions of hip, d-d smell of ether, and—Dear God, what were they to the bitter, steady, excruciating, and just punishment of his soul?

The events of his anguish had occurred; they seemed sometimes unreal because his fancy couldn't compass a scene of vicious melodrama between the figure of beauty he knew and loved and the figure of evil he knew and hated. In the black, burning chaos of his delirium he had seen Barry standing in a room like the one in Saint George; a black automatic pistol, level in her hand, jogged to its own sharp spitting; and Crack stood before her with his bemused smile, nodding sly approval as each invisible bullet punched into him but never even made him drop his indolent golf ball. That was unreal, fantastic even in delirium. And yet now, with the delirium behind—marking off his new loneliness from his old folly—Hal knew something like that had happened.

His father had told him he needed to learn about life. He had learned something; he had learned that if you were a vain fool, life in one gesture could give you its lesson and snatch away your most happy chance to apply it, could mutilate you for good in teaching you to avoid mutilation. Did his father know that? Did Sister Anastasia know that? Had Kerrigan—O G-d, if Kerrigan were dead!

Then there was another long, haunted night maturing its crop of torment to roll Hal's head on the hot pillow, and snatch him from fitful sleep. And finally another morning came, with a new solidity of hopeless conclusion. The one slim sliver of recurrent hope, sharp and so very fragile, was still that Kerrigan might be with Barry. And yet if Kerrigan was well and free, he would have come here to Hal, or written, or something.

Later Hal was dozing when he heard the nurse saying something that sounded like, "It's your sister to see you." And the name Anastasia leaped into his mind like a cool jet of water. He turned his head so quickly that pain ran deep in his arm. "Show her in right away."

"She's waiting downstairs," said the nurse. "She'll be up in a moment."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

A Rogers Highway Our Policy? Here It Is Why Go to Town? To Discourage Vice

From Tulsa, Okla., in which state Will Rogers was born, J. D. Underwood telegraphs suggesting as

"the highest tribute and a lasting memorial to Will Rogers," that Highway 66, which runs from Rogers' new home in California to his old home at Claremore, Okla., be extended to New York, and the whole road named "Will Rogers Highway." If every American highway with friends of Will Rogers living on both sides from one end to the other were named for him, there would be many "Will Rogers" highways.

Thus runs the headlines: "ITALY BARS ALL PEACE TALK." "BRITAIN WEIGHS SANCTIONS. WANTS TO KNOW OUR POLICY."

If she wants to know the policy of 90 out of a 100 ordinary Americans, and 100 per cent of all common sense Americans, it would be this:

To mind our own business; let European nations, alternately murdering each other and robbing inferior nations, attend to their business in their way.

Our policy now, with Italy swallowing Ethiopia, should be exactly what it was when our British friends were swallowing the lands of the Boers, absorbing that country with its valuable gold and diamond mines. We did nothing then. Why should we invent a special policy for Mussolini now?

France and England "fear Mussolini may involve three continents in the Ethiopian war." Has Europe heard of the New England farmer who said: "I'm on my way to town to get drunk, and Lord how I dread it." He need not have gone to town. European nations need not be dragged into a tri-continental war if they don't want to be dragged.

A very old poker player of the New York Press club, when he "raised the pot," remarked usually: "The only way to discourage vice is to make it expensive." That idea seems to be working in Germany. Doctor Schacht, head of the great German bank, leading financier of the Reich, warns Germany that Nazi individuals indulging themselves in the pleasure of treating defenseless Jews brutally, are endangering Germany's prosperity. Such wanton brutality constitutes a great menace to German trade everywhere, according to Doctor Schacht, who knows.

Republicans report greatly increased demand for the nomination of Senator Borah, since the announcement that, if nominated, he will run. This will be mournful news for some Republican corporation-best minds, for whether they have to be "lashed with scorpions," or with something else, would make little difference to some of them who consider Senator Borah distinctly in the "scorpion" class.

An old gentleman of eighty-one strolled into a New York police station, remarking: "I have just walked from Kansas City and shall walk back again tonight." He was removed to a psychopathic ward. If he had substituted the verb "fly" for "walk," the police would not have disturbed him, for he could have flown in from Kansas City during the day very easily and flown back again at night. If 25 years ago he had said, "I just flew in from Kansas City," he would have been sent to the dangerous ward.

So there is progress.

At Verdovsk, Russian government engineers, digging sewers under the city, find gold ore that indicates a rich gold field underlying the town. The government owns practically all the city, and can easily take the rest, and a further increase in Russia's gold production, already more than three times as great as that of the United States, may be expected.

Those who believe in the wickedness of Russia may ask: "Why does Providence allow such wicked people to find so much gold?" One answer is, "The quickest way to make them stop their wickedness is to make them rich, and gold would do that." Gold might not change the existing government of Russia. But another generation will see another kind of government, and ownership of such a lump of gold, as we possess, might make that next Russian government consider Lenin and Stalin "old fashioned."

Providence works mysteriously. ©. Kline Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Mid-West Farmers Increase Incomes

Those Keeping Books Report Business Improvement Being Shown.

Farm earnings of 73 accounting farmers in several Illinois counties showed an increase in 1934 over 1933, the second consecutive year of their business improvement, according to a report of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, published in the St. Louis Milk Market Review.

Average cash income last year among the 73 farmers was \$2,715 per farm, and cash expenditures averaged \$1,500 per farm, leaving \$1,215 to meet interest payments and family living expenses, the report explains. Besides the cash income, an inventory increase of \$461 per farm was shown on account of rises in farm product prices.

The 73 accounts show an average net income in 1934 of \$1,043 a farm, compared with an average of \$259 in 1933 and an average net loss of \$542 in 1932. The data compiled, the report observes, is not representative of the average farm conditions, as the statistics were secured from large farms.

Of the farms considered, 33 were general and 35 dairy farms. "On many farms," the report states, "the cash received from benefit payments (AAA payments) will more than pay for the year's taxes. As an average for all the accounting farms, payments actually received were \$64 more than sufficient to pay 1934 taxes."

Caustic Potash Is Used to Remove Calves' Horns

The horns are usually removed from young calves by using caustic potash. This may be obtained in stick form at a drug store. The calf's horns should be treated with caustic potash as soon as the button appears, which will be possibly at two weeks of age, according to a writer in Hoard's Dairyman. The long hair around the horn should be clipped away with ordinary hair clippers or a pair of shears. A circle of vaseline should then be placed around the horn, making a considerable ridge above the eye so that no liquid containing the caustic potash will get into the eye. The stick of caustic potash is then dampened and rubbed vigorously on the small horn button until the flesh gets considerably reddened, although it is not advisable to rub it until blood appears. The person doing the work should protect his hands against contact with the wet caustic.

With increased interest in planting of trees, many farmers are planning to start shelter belts around their farmsteads. Only evergreen trees should be used for this purpose if best results are to be obtained. Little or no protection is afforded by deciduous trees which shed their leaves in the winter. Even when planted in extensive blocks they do not break the wind. Douglas fir, western yellow pine, Austrian pine, Blue spruce or White spruce if given proper care will develop enough in five years to give some protection, and by ten or twelve years will give adequate protection.—Prairie Farmer.

Trees for Shelter Belts

Grazing Lespedeza Land in winter grains on which lespedeza has been spring sown may be pastured after the grain is cut, without much damage to the lespedeza if animals are kept off when the field is too wet. This has been the result of experiments by the United States Department of Agriculture and the experience of farmers. It may be necessary to help the lespedeza get started by stopping pasturing for a short time after the grain crop has been grazed down or harvested.

Agricultural Notes

There are 827 licensed nurseries in Pennsylvania.

Few other crops leave as much organic matter in the soil as alfalfa.

The buckwheat plant has a leafy succulent stem and small root system.

Alfalfa thrives in semi-arid and arid climates where irrigation is practiced.

Pennsylvania farmers sold clover and timothy seed to the value of \$384,000 in 1934.

Three of every four acres of farm crop land are used to produce feed for live stock.

North Carolina apple growers say the codling moth is the greatest menace to their crops.

Despite national reduction in all livestock in 1934, horses and sheep increased in Oklahoma.

Good ventilation for the mechanical milk cooler makes the cooler more efficient and saves money.

In chopping, the long hay is fed into the cutter, like corn into the silage cutter, and the cut hay is blown into the mow.

Party Prize Frock for a Little Girl

PATTERN 9259



9259

"They all liked my new frock!" this little girl will be certain to say when she returns from the party—a triumphant little miss. For this dress is different. It boasts a double yoke. The second yoke is cut all in one with the plants. And puffed sleeves are a deliciously youthful fashion. Moreover, young mothers will find this pattern no trouble at all to follow—they'll probably make it up in several cotton prints. The cost will be nominal. We suggest a sprig print or possibly a small polka dot pattern—in gay colors! Bloomers are included in the pattern.

Pattern 9259 may be ordered only in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric. Complete diagrammed sew chart included. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE. Send your order to the Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth street, New York, N. Y.

Smiles

BREVITY

"You have to learn a great many initials." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "And initials save time. In a moment of great excitement a big 'D' may be made to cover the entire alphabet."

Big Bread-Winner First Boarder—The cockroaches in this house are a busy lot. They never quit work. Second Boarder—Well, you must remember that a cockroach can't afford to be idle. They say every one of them has a wife and about 10,000 children to support.

Half Started June—Then you think he hasn't the nerve to propose? Jane—Yes; asking pa's income and ma's disposition and my age seems as far as he dares to go.

Learned His Lesson "Have you ever had a lesson by correspondence?" "Rather—I never write to women now."—Stray Stories Magazine.

