

# THE WAMP CAPPER

Can a Girl Win at Cards and Be Lucky in Love Too?

By LAWRENCE PERRY  
Illustrated by EDWARD BUTLER

MID-AFTERNOON in August, a high blue sky with just enough clouds to give it character. The ocean serene, whispering where it broke into fragile foam of romance and beautiful mystery and elusive inspiration. A long, chastely elegant hotel veranda, exclusively for guests; huge steamer chairs, tea-tables sedately occupied; lawn and formal garden discreetly shrouded from passers-by on the board-walk. In all her vivid dreams Letty Larendon had never pictured a setting so delectable for that which was now beginning to happen.

And her sense of mastery over the situation was complete—amazingly so, unbelievably so.

When first she caught the man's eyes she had looked away hastily, her face cast in a vacancy designed to suggest that her glance had been inadvertent, or at least casual.

She heard approaching footsteps. They paused. By the shadow at her feet she knew he was confronting her. Her breath came quickly. Why should she be panic-stricken now? Absurd! Thus gearing herself to the issue, she looked up, flushing, but smiling calmly.

"I don't wish to annoy, or offend you," he said, rather awkwardly. "I'm lonely as the deuce. Just got here this morning. I'm wondering, if you went on to the golf club later for tea? That is," he concluded lamely, "if there's no reason why you shouldn't."

Letty smiled easily. "Does any reason occur to you? Have we met?"

"Why—why, I don't think so, Miss—"

"Larendon," she supplied, not unadvisedly.

"Well then—my name is Noakes. So now you see, Miss Larendon,—he smiled infectiously,—we have met, haven't we?"

"Why, so we have!" She studied him amusedly, thereby increasing his discomfort. He bowed.

"So then, may I pick you up, say here, at 4:30?"

"Why—I think so." "Thank you very much."

The girl watched until his figure swung around a corner.

"So that," she said, "is that."

"Well, Miss Larendon, very neatly done."

Mrs. Delancey Canby was cool, serene, majestic in her white lace frock, her uplifted chin, florid face and broad, rakish hat; very much, Letty had already decided, in the vogue of Sir Joshua Reynolds' great dowagers.

In the brief time Letty had been at the hotel Mrs. Canby had been very agreeable to her. The woman had impressed her as knowing everyone worth knowing and in this way the girl had placed her definitely.

"What must you think of Mrs. Canby? But really it—it wasn't as bad as it looked."

"Do you know"—the older woman sank into a chair at Letty's side, surveying the girl critically,—you're like something-out of a Greuze canvas."

"That's awfully nice of you. But I want to explain about—"

"Not nice, merely; I'll confess a quotation—although, of course, I subscribe to it. Halsey Hartshorne said it—the man with whom, perhaps, you saw me at luncheon."

"Really?" The girl sat bolt upright, her cheeks flaming.

"Now you may explain about Mr. Noakes."

"Oh, you know him then?"

"No, I know of him. At least I think I do. Isn't he one of the Noakeses of Connecticut? Cotton mill?"

"Yes, Padernarum. You—you see, I'm living in Padernarum, too."

"Oh, of course. Yes, yes. Then you—"

"I'm—the village librarian at Padernarum."

Letty surveyed the woman with widening eyes.

"Really?" The girl's lips were parted. "Mrs. Noakes—Jerry Noakes' mother—comes into the library a lot. She loves romantic fiction and so do I. Really, she's not an old woman—and awfully young in spirit."

"Good enough. And now, Jerry Noakes?"

"He was a football player at Yale until he graduated two years ago. You—you could see him going through the village in his roadster, sometimes with friends, visiting him you know, and sometimes alone."

"And he would come into the library, too?"

"Oh, yes, quite a lot. But he never came to the desk. He'd dash in and sit at the table awhile where the magazines are, then dash out. He never saw me. And I never looked at him."

"Why not, pray?"

"You see, I was awfully busy, usually. Letty hesitated. She had no intention of confessing that in her romantic dreams she had been so often in his arms, so often gazing up into his love-haunted eyes, that when he actually appeared in the library she hadn't the face even so much as to gaze furtively in his direction.

man and I'll tell him to expect Mr. Noakes."

Later, when Letty came out of her room, she was wondering as to the precise influence of clothes upon human psychology. Certainly, just now in her fragile sea-green hat, her dainty sea-green frock, her sea-green stockings and her black-satin slippers, she felt herself another being; just as she had on the veranda when she had faced Jerry Noakes coolly and calmly and made him seem like a schoolboy.

But so far as Noakes was concerned, she was worried; or at least

been claimed as partner by Mrs. Canby and they were opposed to Hartshorne and Mrs. Lorin Drew.

After the points were counted the New York banker handed Arbutnot \$300. As the girl stared at him, he handed Letty \$150.

"But—but—I didn't understand we were playing for—"

"It has been a wonderful evening, Mr. Hartshorne," she said to her host, having not the slightest intention now of even intimating that playing

"Yes—keep cool. Swim with it." But with a cry Hartshorne launched sideways, fighting and clawing at the water like a madman. And evidently he was near the edge of that deadly outward sluice that forms so suddenly in the sea upon this section of the coast, for with a shout of relief he found himself out of the grip of the swift waters and began to make headway toward the beach, calling loudly for help.

"Jerry!"

"It's all right, Letty. Can you keep swimming? We'll have to follow it out."

more reasonable than that? In a re-valuation of feeling, Letty smiled.

"At all events," she said, assuming that poised indifference which she found she could so readily assume with him and was so delightful.

"Yes," he said, "and a dinner to-night at my cottage in celebration. At least, I'm fair to assume you will permit Mrs. Canby—or perhaps Noakes—to bring you. That is to say, it's assumed Noakes will come, this being a celebration, I'll ask him. Well, here we are."

Next morning Mrs. Canby introduced the girl to several swagging young college men and by evening she had come to be the reigning belle of the hotel. And in some manner, of which she was not fully sensible, everything trended toward the Hartshorne cottage, where in the next three days there was a luncheon, dinner and, of course, always cards.

She never lost and her winnings amounted to over \$500.

So dazzling was every sequence that when the next to the last night of her vacation period arrived Letty was startled. Time, space nor any of the

ing on. Before I do anything, I'm going to talk to Mr. Hartshorne."

Hartshorne himself came to the door.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise! Do come in, Miss Larendon."

"Mrs. Hartshorne," she said coolly, "Mrs. Canby and I have just been having a talk. She suggested that it would be good for me if I didn't go home tomorrow. She would gladly have said all she said without your permission, wouldn't she?"

"All she did say?" Hartshorne raised his brows. "Just what did she say, pray?"

"Why, about bringing men here to play cards and getting a commission on your winnings."

"Why—He gestured toward a lounge. "Sit down, won't you?"

"No, thank you, I mustn't stay. You realize, of course, I hadn't the slightest idea what I was doing."

"By Jove!" He came close to her. "I don't think you did. Letty, you're captivating, do you know it?"

"I caught her hand, she made no effort to withdraw it."

"It—it was so surprising I haven't had time to think about it really."

She smiled bravely at the man. "But—but—Mrs. Canby told me I had made a lot of money for you."

"Well, you have, my dear. His fingers tightened upon her hand.

"Have my commissions amounted to \$500, do you think?"

"Let's not talk specific terms to-night."

"I want to be specific, Mr. Hartshorne. She laughed in a strained manner. "To be frank, I need \$500 very badly, right away."

"What do you want it for?"

"I owe it, Oh, please don't question me." She stamped her foot nervously. "Well, I want it now. It's awfully important."

"Here you are. Are you see," he said, holding them out to her, "how easily money may be earned, if one knows how."

"I—I do see." She placed the bills in her pocket. "It's fascinating. Thank you."

"But you're not going just yet, Letty."

"Please, I must— Before she knew it Hartshorne had her in his arms, his kisses showering upon her lips and cheek. So powerful was his grip upon her that she could not move, could hardly breathe. It was not, in fact, until he himself paused, looking down into her wide, staring eyes, that she found herself able to break from his arms."

"Mr. Hartshorne—"

"Don't be silly, Letty. I'm human, you know, and you're not a fool. You've got tangled up here to the tune of five hundred and I've helped you out. You know I would. You came here with your eyes open. Let's abandon pretense, you little devil. You're the most fascinating—"

He moved toward her and she thrust forth her hands with a little cry.

"Mr. Hartshorne, don't. Not now."

"Nonsense. His dark eyes were gleaming. "I'm the best pals and you'll have more money than you ever dreamed."

He was drawing her to him when a thought occurred to her. Desperately she seized upon it as she broke from his grasp.

"If you don't let me go I shall call

Mr. Noakes. He came with me, you know. He's waiting outside."

"Eh?" He regarded her a moment through narrowed eyes. "Is that really so? Well, well, that was thoughtful of you." He laughed. "It would have been more courteous for you to have brought him in with you. I'll remedy the omission—always provided he hasn't got tired waiting and gone away. Somehow the suspicion comes to me that he has. Well see."

"No one here," he grinned amusedly at the girl. "Perhaps a call might bring him. Oh, I say, Noakes—Noakes!"

"Hello, what do you want?"

"Jerry! Letty darted out of the door, which slammed behind her.

Seizing Noakes by the arm with both hands she let him lead her in silence down the steps and thence to the sidewalk. There she stopped. A convulsive sob shook her. She stood crying like a child. Noakes regarded her for a full minute. Then he took her by the arm, shaking her gently.

"What were you doing in that waiting for you. What were you doing there?"

"Jerry!" She fumbled for the bills Hartshorne had given her. "Jerry, I've been an utter fool! An idiot! I didn't know he—that man was gambling. Tonight I learned from Mrs. Canby he had won \$1,000 from me. So I—I—went right there and made him give me \$500."

"You did?"

"I did, yes." She paused to fight down a fit of sobbing. "I made him do it because I owed it to you. I mean \$1,000. Here are \$500 and I have another \$500 in my room. She cried aloud as she stepped back, shaking his hand. "You've got to take it. I'll die if you don't."

"What else happened in there?"

"Noth—I—I—mean he kissed me."

"Is that so?" Noakes turned abruptly and started toward the cottage, but she caught him by the arm.

"Jerry, don't. Listen. I want you to know. I—I—I'm not the girl you thought I was."

"Eh?" He came close to her, his face working. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I'm the librarian at Padernarum and—"

"Oh, so that's it." He laughed. "Why, I knew that all the time."

"You—you—knew—"

"Certainly I knew. That's why I used to come into the library for—really. To see you. And I just had to go every day, because you were such a corker and I was so gone on you. And—he faced her desperately—I—I—never dared look at you."

"You— Suddenly her arms went out to him. "You great big darling idiot!"

(Copyright, 1925.)

Lecture Course Arranged. Humboldt, Neb., Feb. 21.—The First Presbyterian church of this city has arranged with Dr. S. S. Milscher pastor of the Second church of Lincoln, for a series of Biblical lectures beginning March 3 and continuing 16 days.



He handed Letty \$150. "But—but—I didn't understand we were playing for—"

she was speculating about an additional thought. Clothing aside, was some lingering impression of Halsey Hartshorne coloring her attitude toward the younger man?

"Isn't this rather a new role for you to play?" she asked when tea was served on a terrace where they could see the players participating in a local tournament coming in to the 18th green. "I mean," she smiled as she looked at her inquiringly, "that you play golf, don't you?" She knew he did.

"Oh, a little. Do you play?"

"I used to at college. But not a great deal since—in fact, very little."

"I see." He studied her a moment, then averted his eyes. "Curious thing about your name. There's a girl in the library at home, Padernarum—Connecticut, you know—named Larendon."

"Really?" Letty's voice was indifferent.

"Miss Larendon." The man's voice was slightly husky. "I'm not much of a snake, you know. Never was. But—but—you hit me between the eyes. I'd—see, I'd like to know you."

"That was a beautiful putt." Letty's eyes were upon the green.

"Oh, what a dreadful miss! Can you imagine anything more irritating than to hit a two foot putt?"

Noakes rose.

"Let's get out of here," he growled. She rose obediently and fell into step at his side, mischievously keeping to the subject of golf, which he did not wish to discuss. It was delicious fun handling this big boy, sending him as she willed into grousches, then lifting him to the heights.

Reaching the hotel, his mood turned suddenly abysmal when in response to a tentative query as to dinner she said she was dining out.

"Well, you're going too." She was looking up at him impudently. "You know, you're invited."

"Invited! Where?" He stared at her, as if bewildered. But his eyes were gleaming.

"Why, Mrs. Delancey Canby—that is, Mr. Hartshorne is giving a dinner and bridge at his cottage. Mrs. Canby appears to be arranging it. She asked me and they needed an extra man. I took the liberty of accepting for you."

"Hartshorne?" Noakes started. "Do you know him?"

"Jealousy, eh? Letty smiled. "No, I don't know him. But I know Mrs. Canby."

"Of course, if you don't want to go, I'll have to let Mrs. Canby know at—"

"Certainly I want to go."

Noakes was not to have the privilege of taking Letty in to dinner, as it happened. Hartshorne claimed this honor. Everything that his appearance had suggested to Letty he seemed to be. His demeanor was perfect and Letty had never imagined that a savor faire could be so nicely exemplified in a living person. And he suggested—oh, so graphically—brave moments in which he would be the cool, dominating central figure.

She could not but regret the note of dissonance struck by Noakes. He had taken Mrs. Canby in and while it would have been unjust to call him gauche—Letty had begun to find it necessary to interlard her thoughts with just the appropriate Gallic expressions—at least, the girl decided, she was a bit awkward and something of a morose rather than an attentive, or interested, listener.

After dinner she found herself at cards as partner with Mr. Arbutnot, a glossy, sublimed man, playing against a New York banker and his wife. Noakes, Letty noticed, had

criticize a status, even granting he would not be acceptable as a model for one. And that was the main thing. Brains—wit—culture! People in the last analysis are but racks for clothes. Men don't live in bathing suits."

The three plunged into a wave together. Hartshorne, she noticed, had an engaging overhand stroke. Noakes swam steadily upon his side. She was between the two.

Letty had a sense of swimming better than she had in her life, more swiftly.

Suddenly, as she ceased for a moment to swim, she felt herself going along just the same.

There came an exclamation from Hartshorne.

"Noakes, we're caught in a sea

"I could, but I'm frightened—" Her voice broke in a half-laugh, half-sob. "That's all right. Put your hand, your left hand, upon my shoulder and stroke with your right."

She did so and felt a warming relief in the feel of the big muscle working so evenly beneath the palm of her hand.

"But, Jerry, we're getting so far from land!"

"I know. But the lifeguards are launching their boat. Just hold up and that'll be all that's necessary. But you mustn't talk. You must save your strength."

On they went in silence, and the feel of that restful drag upon her body was terrifying in its silent, ruthless power.

Then at length she cried aloud, as she felt a cessation of the drag upon her.

Letty waited for Noakes to come up on the beach.

"Of course you know how I feel, Mr. Noakes. I can't begin—"

"It was—it was Jerry out there—"

"So it shall be here, Jerry. By the way, Mr. Hartshorne is having an other dinner in celebration of our deliverance tonight. You'll come of course?"

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll come till midnight if you'll come to the dance with me then."

It proved to be a stunning party. At the end Letty found herself the gainer by \$50 and she saw Noakes writing another check.

Later, when she and Noakes were dancing at the hotel, he turned to her in the middle of a waltz.

"Letty, do you like Hartshorne?"

"I think he is the most fascinating

ordinary—impressions of life, had seemed to mean anything to her. But now, when with a start she saw Padernarum looming and the return to drabness and humdrum routine, she shuddered, uncertain whether she had drifted, but aware she had drifted far. Far from Jerry Noakes, certainly, far from everything she had ever known. As for Noakes, he had been distinctly irritating in his attempts to arrange her life here in accordance with his own ideas. There had been virtually a quarrel. She had not seen him in the last 24 hours and he had slipped from her mind.

And Hartshorne—what of him? She could not say definitely. In truth she seemed to have lost the power of definite thought in any direction. She found herself staring eyes, that she found herself able to break from his arms."

"Mrs. Canby,"—Letty gestured dramatically—"don't speak of it."

"Then why go back now, it at all?"

"I've never had such a wonderful time in my life—that's certain."

"Not only that, you've made a lot of money and you are certain to make a great deal more, my dear."

"Mrs. Canby,"—Letty stared at the woman—"I don't think I quite understand."

Mrs. Canby laughed.

"Halsey Hartshorne is a very gifted bridge player, my dear, and he has one or two associates here equally gifted. You will always win when you play at his house. And, since you've been so very nice about bringing men to play you already have earned an attractive commission."

Letty stared, something within her seemed slowly turning into ice. The older woman waited a moment then went on.

"Halsey Hartshorne is a man of rare attainments—who happens to prefer an honest game of auction to any other means of livelihood. You are not wealthy, you know. You are out in the world. He is attracted by you as no other girl ever has attracted him."

"I see." Letty's voice was hard, strained. "Without really knowing it I have been turning men to play cards against a professional. And you think I might keep on in that business?"

"Don't call it a business—say, rather, a pleasant mode of existence. You have given men who love to play cards an opportunity of playing under the most charming auspices. And don't fancy for a moment that Hartshorne is a trickster. Nothing of the sort whatever. So you need have no moral misgivings."

"No." Letty frowned thoughtfully. "No, I suppose not." She hesitated a moment. "And then, of course, all these men have money. I—I don't suppose, for instance, that Jerry Noakes has lost more than he can afford." Her voice broke into a low laugh. "I'm wondering just how much he has lost!"

"Oh"—Mrs. Canby shrugged—"\$1,000 at the most. In fact, Halsey told me tonight it was just that."

"Yes." The girl paced thoughtfully to and fro for a moment. "Mrs. Canby," she said at length, confronting the woman, "I appreciate very kind to me and I appreciate it. I can't think what I shall decide about stay-



She felt a warming relief in the feel of the big muscle working so evenly beneath the palm of her hand.

"Jerry, we're out."

In another minute the sturdy lifeguard had heaved it alongside and he and Hartshorne, who had clambered aboard, were pulling her into the boat while Noakes began to swim toward the distant beach.

Hartshorne touched her upon the shoulder. Letty had just the slightest feeling about him. His reactions in the sea, pus, most certainly, had been, to say the least, selfish. But the power of his sophisticated dark eyes held her, and moved her, as they had from the first.

"I saw the boat upon the beach, Miss Larendon. I'm not a very strong swimmer and I was going in to get it when, of course, I saw that the lifeguard was on hand and was com-

ing. "Noakes, we're caught in a sea

What could be clearer, fairer of

my feelings. But I've just got to tell you, Letty." His voice caught.

"A quick compression filled her. Not an hour before, Hartshorne had caught her hand, gazed at her with all a meaning, masterful smile. It had all happened and was over in a moment. But in that time she had lived, as it seemed, an eon of emotion and experience, felt as though she had emerged utterly, completely, a woman of the world. She laid her hand gently upon Noakes' arm.

"Let's go in and dance, Jerry. That music is delightful."

## We want you to make this test

WE want every weak, puny, fagged-out man and woman in America to make this test; buy one bottle of Tanlac at your druggist's, take it according to directions for one week and see how quickly you get started back to full strength and vigor.



We know what we are talking about. Tanlac has helped millions. In our files are more than 1,000,000 letters of praise from grateful users.

Don't confuse Tanlac with ordinary patent nostrums. It is Nature's own tonic and builder, compounded from roots, barks and herbs that we gather at great expense from the four corners of the earth.

Tanlac goes straight to the seat of your trouble; cleanses and purifies the blood stream; puts your digestion in proper shape. First thing you know you have an appetite like a starved child. You rest at night and your whole body begins to feel the stir of strength and energy.

Don't—you be discouraged. Don't put off testing Tanlac and TAKE TANLAC VEGETABLE PILLS FOR CONSTIPATION

## TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

## TO TAKE OFF FAT

New French Formula Reduces Pleasantly, Safely and Surely.

If you are suffering from excess fat; if your heart, lungs and liver are affected by the burden you are carrying; if your joints are stiffened with rheumatism, or if you are a victim of high blood pressure due to obesity, you can now be relieved. No matter how little or how much you want to lose, and no matter all the pills, creams, diets and exercises you have tried before, SAN-GREI-NA, a new discovery of a French scientist, is guaranteed to relieve any fat man or woman, of your money is refunded.

SAN-GREI-NA is the formula of a French physician. It has been used in Europe by millionaires, actresses and hundreds of fat men and women, because it is simple, easy, pleasant and sure. If you are burdened with excess fat, make this test to-day. First weigh yourself, then go to any good drug store and get a box of SAN-GREI-NA, take two small tablets before each meal and watch your fat disappear. One French woman, now in America, states that she reduced 30 pounds in eight weeks with this marvelous discovery, and has never regained one pound since. You do not have to follow any diets or exercises, but be sure and get the right tablets, called SAN-GREI-NA, as nothing like it has ever before been offered to the American public.

Sherman & McConnell's, Beaton's, Lenoeker's, Ringler's, Lane's, Brandeis', Haynes' and Rialto's Pharmacy