## Road Closed: Detour By William Hamilton Osborne

## Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars, a Hero and Four Sweeping Hawks.

T 3 o'clock on a certain Saturday afternoon--a balmy day in early springa young man of the name of Elmer Quale stood bareheaded on the topmost step of the city hall in River City. His general appearance was that of a man who had been thoroughly through the mill. One arm was bound agross his breast. He had no eyebrows. His hair had been cropped very close, revealing to the public gaze a white, well-shaped poll. He was about 28 years old, of medlum height and weight. Save for his broad shoulders, was slender. He weighed, stripped, not more, perhaps, than a hundred and fifty pounds, It was a necessary part of his profession, for he had one, that he be of athletic tendency and Weeks before he had been a passably good looking chap. Weeks later he would once more come into his own.

He stood erect and straight, but painfully embarrassed, upon the topmost step. In front of him there stretched a knock-down speakers' platform-a small affair, with a floor surface ten by ten. Elmer Quayle was not the whole show here by any means. There was something else that made this particular occasion remarkably unique and curious. There was a mysterious mis-shapen object resting in the middle of this platform-an object hidden and concealed. Over this object an American flag had been thrown. Small boys in the secret knew well what was there, perhaps. But they couldn't see what was there. And most of the people didn't know.

The Honorable Sam Oliver, River County's genial, popular and eloquent prosecutor of the pleas, delivered the presentation speech. He was never tiresome. In this case he was brief and to the point. With a final toss of his lanky hair Sam Oliver reached his peroration-he thundered out his climax. Dramatically he motioned to a dozen little boys and girls. Scrambling eagerly across the platform, they drew away the flag. The crowd surged forward to catch the better glimpse of what lay there re-

The Honorable Sam Oliver turned to the bandaged youth beside him. "To you, young Elmer Quayle," he cried, "this hard carned heap of coin."

 It was a heap of coin—a heap of bills and coin. Pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters halves, silver dollars, dollar bills, twos, fives, tens, and so on up to fifties. Clean money, soiled money, thrown into a heap. Much money--twenty-five thousand dollars by actual count. Twenty-five thousand dollars in good American currency. And all for Elmer Quayle.

The silence was intense. Then, as in a flash, three diminutive cheer leaders sprang to the platform, raised their voices in sharp, metallic treble, and swung and swayed, and flung their bodies to the four corners of the wind. Shrill voices responded-young voices. Young voices were in the majority, young eyes glistened, young bodies-thousands of them-pulpitated and pulsated in that crowd. For the gift was the gift of the school children of River City to Elmer Quayle, the forlorn young hero standing there on the top step of the city hall.

It was the idea of the school children, this gift-an idea born and nurtured in their schools. In secret they had made their preparations for the tribute to their hero-for more than a month they had busied themselves about the great drive of their young lives. It was their own personal drive for their own personal idol. They had pestered the life out of River City business men-but with grave cautions to their contributors not to tell Elmer Quayle, nor any of his family, nor any of his friends about it. Elmer Quayle was not to know.

They had, indeed, intended great things. At the start they had thought of buying Elmer live in. They had thought of having built for him a twenty-five thousand dollar automobile. They had considered fitting up for him a twentyfive thousand dollar sporting goods store, where they could all rush in and spend much money all the time. Many of them had thought of many meritorious things. The inevitable result was clamor, internecine strife. And then from the very midst of these warring elements there rose a great genius, a spendthrift, a very human spendthrift. He opined that if he were Elmer Quayle he'd rather have the money. His chance remark was recognized as a flash of inspiration. Every youthful donor, every collector and dispenser of small coin, searched his own conscience and found there the naked truth. He would rather have the money, too. And then a young High School idealist-her soul attune with poesy-undertook to ennoble this idea. She capped the climax.

"The money-just as it comes in," she said. And there it was. It lay in front of Elmer Quayle, warm with the pressure of their youth-

Elmer Quayle glanced nervously about him. The crowd was not all composed of children. There were adults a-plenty. His own friends were there; others. Idlers, enthusiasts, hero worshipers. 5 School teachers, of course. There was one school teacher in particular in whose direction Elmer Quayle glanced from time to time-glanced as a man in deep trouble glances toward his friend. A wisp of a girl, this, younger than he-a girl with wistful, winsome eyes. She was a marked figure, too. For all about her, clinging to her, clutching at her skirts. using her slender figure as a pleasing prop and comfortable support, were many kids—just kids.

This girl returned Elmer Quayle's glance with interest; she was flushed and worried just as he was flushed and worried. She wanted help him if she could. In the midst of the hubbub Elmer Quayle tore his glance from hers and looked the other way. Elmer Quayle knew just where to look.

Leaning gracefully against a column, warm, rich furs about her neck, stood Zelda Lindquist. She was a woman, a grown woman, fair and young and supple, with the creamy complexion of the white peach, and with hair as fair as any viking's daughter. Mayhap she was a viking's daughter-at any rate, she looked the part. She was unusually self-possessed, serene, untroubled. She was there to see and to be seen. And she was seen; it was in her to attract attention. Once she had stepped out from behind that column, the male spectators of adult-or even adolescent—age shifted their glances from Elmer Quayle; shifted their glances from that pile of money on the platform. They looked at her. Boys from the high school looked at her. Prosecutor Sam Oliver, slumping into his platform seat, fixed his steady, curious, appraising eyes upon her; the fact that he didn't know er and had never seen her at any time before lent sest and spice to his curious regard.

This Zelda Lindquist had come to see. aw. She held her glance fixed upon one thing and one thing only-twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of good American money that was piled upon the little platform. As Sam Oliver d her, he saw that she was not alone. She had a male companion with her—a big man, stupid looking. This man was no viking, but he might well qualify as the vassal of a viking This man's eyes were small furtive. Greed shone from them. He, too, kept his eyes upon

Zelda Lindquist looked up at this companion. "Twenty-five thousand dollars." Sam Oliver heard her say to her companion, "It doesn't look

"It's money," chuckled her companion. He did something more than chuckle. Playfully he flipped her chin with a huge forefinger-did it with an air of intimacy that the woman seemed to resent. She reddened angras. Then, conscious, mayhap, that she was a center of



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her fine shoulders against the stone pillar, she tion of the U. Nobody, of course, could see leaned openly, gracefully, against this man. The men watched her-the woman watched her, too. Sam Oliver, a grim smile upon his line, watched the people that were watching her—the reflex influence of a woman of this type was to him more interesting than the woman was herself.

Then, as he looked about him, for the first time that afternoon Prosecutor Sam Oliver caught sight of Rossiter F. Jones. Rossiter F. Jones was one of the handsomest, and, in the estimation of Sam Oliver, one of the most dangerous gentlemen in town. Just why he was dangerous will soon appear. He, too, was a big man-bigger and far finer than the woman's escort. He was well dressed well groomed was Rossiter F. Jones. One of the remarkable characteristics of this man was that he looked like a million dollars at all times. He, too, was standing near a column, but at the moment he was not looking at the woman. Sam Oliver, however, saw her twice cast a woman's glance at Rossiter F. Jones. But for the moment Sam Oliver lost interest in the woman and her by-He concentrated, willingly and cagerly, upon this Rossiter F. Jones. And he perceived, as in a flash, that of all the people in that crowd Rossiter F. Jones was eyeing that luscious pile of currency with more genuine affection and regard, giving it more intensive thought and considerate meditation, than was anybody else.

Prosecutor Sam Oliver began to sniff the air. Silence was finally restored. The crowd gazed with expectation at their young hero,

Elmer Quavle. He spoke, "From now on," stammered Elmer Quayle, as though talking to himself, or perhaps, as though taking into his confidence the souls of those youngsters round about, "from now on-to do the right thing-at any cost.

The right thing-and nothing else." His chin quivered. His eyes filled. Then, suddenly he broke down and cried; cried like a little child: perhaps more like a woman.

"Gee," broke out a boyish voice, "that's just the way he blubbered when he brought 'em

was the way that Elmer Quayle had blubbered when he brought 'em down. Those who hadn't seen and heard him blubber when he brought 'em down, had read about it in the newspapers. money lying on the platform; by his singed hair and evebrows, by his dislocated shoulder, by his broken ribs he had earned it. In the sight of hundreds of River City school children he had earned it. He had earned it in a fire.

There were many witnesses to Elmer Quayle's heroic act. Elmer Quayle was physical training instructor in the River City schools. On the day in question, Elmer Quayle was drilling classes on the top floor of the high school. This school backed up against the Iroquois apartments on the street behind. The Iroquois apartments formed a rectangular U whose base fronted on the other street, whose uprights thrust themselves out toward the high school in the rear. The fire broke out on lower floors, seemingly in many places all at once. Smoke

enveloped the apartment house. Elmer Quayle was a regular human being. He suspended drill-his pupils massed themselves against the rear windows of the big room. They watched in interested silence. The halfshrick of a girl pupil broke this silence. Above the heavy pall of smoke, across the intervening space, she had caught sight of women at an upper window, signaling frantically for assist-

Elmer Quayle followed this girl's glance-he, too, saw the women. They were clustered in a attraction, she glanced upward once again, with too, saw the women. They were clustered in a saucy faile upon her lips. Tired of resting fourth floor window situate at the deepest por-

them from the street-owing to the heavy smoke, nobody could have seen them from the ground. Elmer Quayle noted the wisps of white vapor that curled from that window. He saw that one of the women was about to jump. He caught up a gymnasium shirt that wasn't working-he seized a megaphone. Across two hundred feet he called to them; called to those frantic women not to jump. They saw his signal—they heard his reassuring voice.

Elmer Quayle left the megaphone in the hands of a student-directed him to keep up the spirits of the women. Then he darted down the stairs. Reaching the apartment house, he found a fire escape that wasn't working. Through the smoke that enveloped it he wriggled his way upon the roof to a point above the women. He leaned far out over the edgespoke to the women, told them all was well.

They lifted scared faces to him-stretched out beseeching arms. Thin wisps of smoke curled up about those faces and those arms. These women were two floors below the roof. Elmer Quayle had brought no rope From his position on the roof he could offer them no ielp. Scurrying about he discovered a trapdoor and wrenched it open. From it he lowered himself into an unfinished low ceilinged attic. He made his way to a convenient window and found that he had called the turn. This window was just above the window where the women clustered. The distance between the bottom of his window and the top of theirs was short. His window sash he opened from the bottom-he directed the women to lower their window sashes from the top.

Then, while the high school megaphone cheered him on, he lowered himself into the room where they were gathered. He found five more than frightened—he found them desperate. And with good cause. His swift investigation proved to him that they were trapped. There was but one solution to the problem-the thing was up to him. He picked out the smallest voman of the bunch; gave her and the others brief directions. Then, with some difficulty, he swung himself back to his vantage point at the attic window up above. Once inside the attic, he leaned our of the window and stretched down his arms. The four women lifted the fifth until her finger tips touched Elmer Quayle's. Elmer grasped her firmly by the wrists and slowly drew her upward-a moment later she lay quivering beside him on the floor. But not for long, for Elmer Quayle had work for her

"Hang on to my legs," commanded Elmer Quayle. And showed her how. She hung on. adding her weight and her insignifiant strength to his. But she furnished leverage, at any rate, and that was what he needed. He fished another woman through the window-stopped for a moment's rest. Then, under his direction, the women hung to his legs—one leg to each. He fished a third—a fourth. Then came the tug of war-he knew it for the thing it was. Elmer Quayle weighed, stripped, 150 pounds. The last despairing soul remaining on the floor below weighed 200 if she weighed an ounce. Fortunately, this woman was a scrub woman of the place; her muscles were trained muscles; she was as brawny as she was big. And she had a pair of powerful hands and wrists. Obeying Elmer Quayle's instruction, this woman climbed, somehow, to the window sill of the room of which, now, she was sole occupant, half seated herself upon the lowered window sashes, and stretched her long arms toward Elmer Quayle. Inside the attic four women hung, in desperation, to the legs of Elmer Quayle-two women

much interested in the matter as was Elmer. She gripped him tight. Using his reserve strength, his second wind, using every trick and artifice known to the trained athlete. Elmer Quayle fought his way backward into the attic with that dead weight clinging to him. By hook and crook he got that woman in By hook and door to the roof. By hoof and crook he got them down the fire escape-safely down the fire escape. Safely, all save himself. On his last trip down flames burst from the

third story windows in the rear and robbed him of his hair and, temporarily, of his good looks as well. He dropped into the midst of the five women he had rescued-blubbering, un-

Five minutes after Elmer Quayle had snaked those women out fiames burst from the window where they had crouched. Ten minutes later flames burst through the attic and the roof. The fire escape down which the women clambered became impassable the instant they were safely down. Three-quarters of an hour later the walls of the Iroquois fell in. The high school was unsinged-the wind had blown the other

Elmer Quavle had accomplished the impo sible—he had saved five human lives.

And here he was, only half mended so far; and there lay his reward. He still was sobbing. Nobody seemed to know just what to do. Then a 13-year-old girl did it.

"A long life and a happy one, Prof. Elmer Quayle!" she cried, starting from her place in the depths of the crowd. She was a song leader and her time had come. With a catch in her fine young voice she started in on one of the sentimental ditties of the day. She knew her business. In another instant she had swung into the melody in full, rich tones. With a long line of singing boys and girls behind her she skirted the multitude, wound her graceful way to the place where the physical instructor satand kissed him.

The spell was broken. All was well, A few days afterward Zelda Lindquist was ushered into the private office of Eleazer Grindstone, one of the well known professional men of River City. With Zelza Lindquist was her huge escort of the city hall steps. If you wanted to accomplish the impossible and were not particular as to the means to be employed you went to Grindstone. He accomplished it. He did it legally and got twice as much-if not for you, then for himself

"I am Zelda Lindquist," said Grindstone's Eleazer Grindstone looked her over carefully. He nodded toward the damaged gentleman. "And you---?" he queried.

"He is my brother—he is Joe Lindquist," said the lady swiftly. She leaned forward. "Counselor," she went on, "I have work for

The old lawyer nodded. "A breach of promise case," he smiled. Zelda Lindquist gasped-she stared at him. "How did you know?" she demanded. Grindstone smiled quizzically. "You have not

She kept on staring. "How do you meanmuch time?" she echoed. Grindstsone looked her in the eye. "It was but a day or so ago they handed him the money," he reminded her. "Since then you have made the rounds of all the lawyers in

lost much time, my fair young friend," he said.

"How can you know that?" demanded the woman. "Only to be turned down," smiled Grindstone; "only to find out that our smug members of the bar declined to enforce a woman's rights against our local hero. And then you came

"You are a wizard," breathed the girl. "It is my business to be a wizard," nodded Grindstone. He leaned back in his chair and placed finger tips against finger tips. "What

"Much," responded Zelda Lindquist. "I have been engaged to Elmer Quayle for unward of a year. Now he has turned me down." "Engaged," mused Grindstsone. "How many witnesses have you got to back you up? What

kind of evidence can you present?" Zelda Lindquist shrugged her supple shoul"I do not need much evidence," she said. "I have this ring." She took it off—that ring—and handed it to Grindstone. The lawyer lifted from his desk drawer a magnifying glass, glanced at the inscription first, then at the diamond. "Four hundred and twenty-five dollars as it

stands," said Grindstone. Saying it, he slipped the ring into his waistcoat pocket, But why?" protested the lady.

"I shall retain it," smiled Grindstone, "as evidence, to be used upon the trial." "Oh, but you are slick," cried Zelda Lind-

"That's why you are here," said Grindstone. "Now, tell me this-what does this ring prove, save that you bought it and had an inscription cut on the inside rim-what else?

Zelda Lindquist was ready for that question. She produced a packet of letters, tied with a highly scented pink ribbon. "These else," she returned. She passed them over.

Grindstone read them over.
"Well," he grinned, "looks like he loves you and wants to marry you. Why don't you marry

"Because of-this!" exclaimed the girl defiantly. She produced another letter. Grindstone read it once, twice, thrice.

"Well," he said at length, "these couldn't have been better if you'd had 'em all forged for the purpose of your breach of promise suit. I'm obliged to tell you that your case is clear. You win. The gentleman has \$25,000 in the bankgood American money. It'll split up quite conveniently, it seems to me."

So much for Grindstone and his new client, Zelda Lindquist. A week after their presumably satisfactory interview two people entered the office of Sam Oliver, prosecutor of the pleas, Sam Oliver had quit for the day. He was lying back in his swivel chair, one foot cocked up, his hat drawn rakishly over his left eyebrow. He was ready to go home, but he lolled there. dreaming, gazing from his vantage point on Court House Hill over the first-class city that was his especial pride and care. That city was co-extensive with the county limits. As a county officer Sam Oliver had done his best to solve that city's problems-he had done his best to keep the city clean.

The two people that came in roused him from a revery. They did more than that-they aroused his immediate attention. He saw, as in a flash, their significance, their place in the scheme of things. To him they were great people, these two. Great people because they were great lovers. One of them was the still damaged Elmer Quayle-the other was the little school teacher of the city hall steps. Lovers, clearly, but not at peace. Trouble brooded over them, rested its burden upon their youthful shoulders-one of them a dislocated shoulder in the bargain. It helped, though, that they were bearing it together.

Elmer Quayle opened negotiations forthwith. "Prosecutor Oliver," he said, "I've come to you because you seemed, somehow, to really feel the fine things you said about me just the other day. Because of that and because I don't know where else to go. This is the first time I've ever been

"You are at law now?" queried Sam Oliver. "Much." returned Elmer Quayle with a grimace. "I have been sued for breach of promise by a woman. "Breach of promise!" echoed Sam Oliver,

bending his glance upon the little school teacher. "And-you have been served with papers in Elmer Quayle produced them, a summons

and complaint. He passed them to Sam Oliver. Sam Oliver read them through in silence. Then he shook his head. "This complaint," he mused, "carries its harpest sting in its tail." He placed his forefinger upon a typed named at the bottom of the

"How does that signify?" asked Elmer

"Mr. Eleazer Grindstone brings this

"It signifies." nodded Sam Oliver, "because Mr. Elegger Grindstone doesn't bring a suit unless he is sure of a satisfactory settlement or sure to get a verdict. He wins. He gets results."

"He can't win this case," cried the little school teacher. Sam Oliver smiled to himself and looked her over. "Needless to ask," he said to Elmer Quayle, "this is not the woman in the

"I should say not," returned Elmer Quayle, drawing the girl close to himself; "she's Peggy Warner. I forogot to introduce her. She's my flancee. We've sort of gone together all our lives Excent-"

Peggy Warner interrupted. "It was all my fault, Prosecutor Oliver!" she exclaimed con-"I thought a while back that Elmer was -well, sowing too many wild oats. And so I

turned him off." 'Wild oats-wild oats!" echoed Sam Oliver. "An athletic instructor in our city's schoolssowing wild oats?"

"Well." pleaded Elmer Quayle, "it's truebut it's all over now."

"I should have gone out and sowed wild oats with him," went on little Peggy Warner. "I should have stuck to him. Then this thing never would have happened."

Sam Oilver returned to a persusal of the papers in the case. "This Zeida Lindquist," nodded he, "says that you promised to marry her a year ago-says you have broken your promise. And she wants \$25,000 from you for the breach "

"How did you come to meet this woman?" he demanded of Elmer Quayle.

"She is-attractive?" asked Sam Oliver. "Very." returned Elmer Quayle.

"Oh, Elmer!" cried the girl. "I can't help it," repeated Elmer doggedly;

"she's attractive-she attracted me" "Tell me about her." demanded the prosecu-

tor. Elmer Quayle started in to describe the his description Sam Oliver held up his hand. "I know now-I have seen the woman."

nodded Sam Oliver; "she was on the steps of the "Yes," said Elmer Quayle.

The prosecutor tapped the papers with the back of his hand. "I take it," he proceeded, "that you stand ready to deny everything she sets forth in her complaint."

"Not so you can notice it." said Elmer Quayle. "You asked her to marry you?" "I did, and in a letter," nodded Elmer

'Why-in a letter?" queried the prosecutor. "I met her at dances several times," went Elmer Quayle. "She asked me my addressshe wrote me a letter asking me to come and see her. She wrote me letters frequently-love letters. I can see now that she wrote them for one purpose-one only. She wanted me to answer them-wanted me to commit myself in writing. She wanted letters to dream on, she told me."

both of us were of one mind. She kept away from me for a week or so. I had to write her. And I wrote. I promised to marry her and gave her a ring," went on the young athlete.

"And then-" persisted the prosecutor. "Then, for the fi st time, I told her the truth about my circumstances-told her that I had spent all my money on her. Told her that I had nothing but my salary as athletic instructor in the schools. I wanted her to marry me

"With what result?" asked the prosecutor, "None, save that she lost all interest in me and exhibited indifference toward me. You were quite right, sir. I see it now. She had made herself attractive to me until she had me. She still held me, though. She did not release

me. We just drifted on-I still spent money on

her. She still wore my ring. At times I gave her money. Then, somehow or other, I woke up. I came to my senses. I thought—the more I thought the more I didn't like it. I can't get this over to you just the way I want to get itbut I couldn't se this woman as the mother of a lot of children. I don't know just what she was made for, but it wasn't for a home. I told

"By word of mouth?" queried Sam Olives,
"I did it in a letter," said Elmer Quayle mis-

"How foolish, Eimer!" cried the girl.
Eimer braced himself. "Before I gave her ag
engagement ring," he said, "she was as fine as
silk. Things changed after that. I found her
emoking cigarets to beat the band. I'll stake my bottom dollar she's a flend."

"What else?" queried the prosecutor. "Tve got that down." "Cocktails—too many of them," nodded El-mer Quayle; "and she keeps a lot of bottles on tap in her apartment in the bargain. I know

she drinks too much."
"What else?" demanded Sam Oliver, making

more notes. "She goes to dances every night," said Elmer "she dances till the cows come home. And what made me sore was this: Before I was engaged to Zelda she danced all her dances with Afterward she danced not with me, but with the best dressed chaps with the biggest rolls of money in the room. If I got one dance a night I was a lucky man. She ignored me. She let me spend my money on her; she let me give her money. Actually, she threw me down. Only she didn't say so, like a man. In her heart she jilted me before I ever thought of

letter to her. And then, this fire, and now-" "Obviously," nodded the prosecutor, "the \$25,000 put a new light on the matter. That's neither here nor there. It was her good luck to have fate play into her hands. Now, listen, Elmer Quayle. Follow me. The record, as you've made it, stands like this: You courted this girl; you promised to marry her; you gave her a ring. You showered her with money, gifts, attention Then suddenly you jilt her. She may have jilted you at first, but the record shows you filled her. One of your strong reasons for so doing is that she dissipates, smokes cigarets, drinks cocktails

filting her. I couldn't stand it-I wrote that

"Now and always," returned Elmer Quayle earnestly; "I'm telling you the truth."

"Nobody ever drinks cocktails more than now and then-before a jury," went on the prosecutor. "And beside the cigarets and drinks she goes to dances all the time. Good. She'll admit most of these charges, if she's wise. They are probably susceptible of proof. Grindstone will set her straight on that. What does it amount to, Elmer Quayle? Over in New York there are mothers, grandmothers-staid, respectable women with large families-smoking eigarets, drinking cocktails, dancing every night. River City is a city-it's not so far away from the Borough of Manhattan. Hundreds of River City girls get married every year-a whole lot of 'em have smoked cigarets, drunk cocktails, gone to dances every night. Ten chances to one there'll be three men on your jury who met their wives at a public dancing place. That's what dancing's for. These wives of theirs are bringing up their children. How are you going to prove that Zelda Lindquist is any different

from these girls?" "I know she is," said Elmer Quayle. What else do you know about this?" quer-

ied Sam Oliver. "Nothing." said the athlete; "neither does anybody else. She came here from Australia five years ago, she says—she and her brother, Joe. They lived first in New York-then here.

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That's all I ever knew." Sam Oliver leaned back in his chair and thought about it hard. "It's bad enough," he said at length, "and you must understand just how bad it is. This is Elmer Quayle's townand Elmer is a hero. The children of the city place at Elmer's feet \$25,000 to do with as he will. A sacred tribute. For him to do with as he will. This woman comes along-this strange woman. They've never even heard of her before. She sets her velvet claws upon this pile and takes it for her own. Twenty-five thou-sand dollars raised for Elmer Quayle—presented to him by the kids with glowing eyes,

worship in their hearts. And then he hands it over to a woman of this type." "But she hasn't got the money yet!" cried Peggy Warner.

"Now you're talking," said the prosecutor. "No more post-mortems. We'll build up now instead of tearing down. Let everybody help." "I'll help," nodded Peggy Warner. "This case must be settled, and settled right away.

"How much money have you got?" queried "Twenty-five thousand dollars," responded Elmer Quayle forlernly, "and not a dollar more." "I have two thousand dollars of my own!"

cried Peggy Warner eagerly. Sam Oliver thought it over carefully. He didn't like it, but, after all, it was one way out. "Bring in your two thousand," he said to Peggy Warner, against the protests of Elmer Quayle, "and I'll go see Eleaser Grindstone right

He sat up that night till midnight preparing an answer that would put out the eye of any ordinary antagonist. Next day he took his answer in to Eleazer Grindstone, handed him a copy, and laid two thousand dollars on Elegser Grindstone's desk.

"Two thousand dollars," nodded Bam Oliver to Grindstone, "If your woman quits right now. Destroy these papers. Squelch the whole thing
—strangle it in its birth. That means a thousand to you, Grindstone-and a thousand more to her. A thousand for a few hours' work. That's

Grindstone picked up the answer and read it carefully. It was a formidable document, but Grindstone merely chuckled as he read it. "Not a farthing less than twenty-five." said

Grindstone. Next day the storm broke-the fight was on. Next day, too, Eleazer Grindstone sent for Zelda Lindquist. And Zelda Lindquist came. "Now, young woman," he nodded to her,

"I've sent for you to find out what you are doing with yourself." The Swedish beauty tossed her head. "I am doing as I please," she answered.

"Exactly." nodded Grindstone; "I supposed

so. Ten years from now you'll look back and wonder at your recklessness. You've been doing as you please too much. Your picture, lady, will be in all the evening papers. And from now on you'll do as you don't please.

"Keep under cover, don't be seen. Don't smoke in public, don't dance in public, don't drink in public. Don't be seen. Not here, at

Sam Oliver, on his own part, spent two sleepless nights in an attempt to solve a problem that somehow, in the nature of things, would not work out. His would be a superhuman taskit was up to him to make a jury see this thing in the same way that he saw it, that Elmer Quayle and Peggy Warner saw it. The evidence was all against him as it stood-he must have superevidence to combat it. There was nobody the woman in the case. Sam concentrated on the woman in the case. He had her reckoned up, carefully shadowed. He had her past, so far as it was known, investigated. And all without result. The woman had no record—she was an adventuress without a past. But she was an adventuress, and Sam Oliver knew her for the thing she was. He must trim Grindstone in this case, and with legal evidence. The more he thought about it the more he felt that somehow in the showdown, the woman in the case would yield that evidence. She must be made to give

it up. At two o'clock in the morning of his (Continued on Page Five.)