

Rollins College

## Rollins Scholarship Online

---

The Flamingo

---

4-1-1936

### Flamingo, April, 1936, Vol. 10, No. 4

Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.rollins.edu/flamingo>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

---

# THE FLAMINGO

A Magazine of the Younger Generation



Price 25 cents

\$1.25 a Year

Rollins College

Winter Park, Florida



Telephone Winter Park 66



## Eda's Beauty Shop

*Beauty is a Duty*

All branches of beauty culture by experts

SANITATION 146 E. PARK AVE.



## PHONE

Orlando 6065  
Winter Park 49

and I'll pick up  
and deliver ev-  
erything th a t  
you want dry  
cleaned or laun-  
dered.

*We serve  
Rollins  
Winter Park  
and Orlando*

JOE GUFFORD, *Agent*

AMERICAN LAUNDRY &  
DRY CLEANING CO.

ORLANDO, FLORIDA



## A Complete Laundry Service

FOR

WINTER PARK  
AND ROLLINS

*That the customer  
can depend on for*

SERVICE and  
QUALITY  
WORKMANSHIP

The Orange Laundry and  
Acme-Colonial Cleaners

Telephone W. P. 413

Orlando 7690

COMPLIMENTS

OF

# H. C. CONE

General Contractor  
and Builder



THE CONTRACTOR FOR  
THE FIVE NEW DORMI-  
TORIES AT ROLLINS  
COLLEGE.

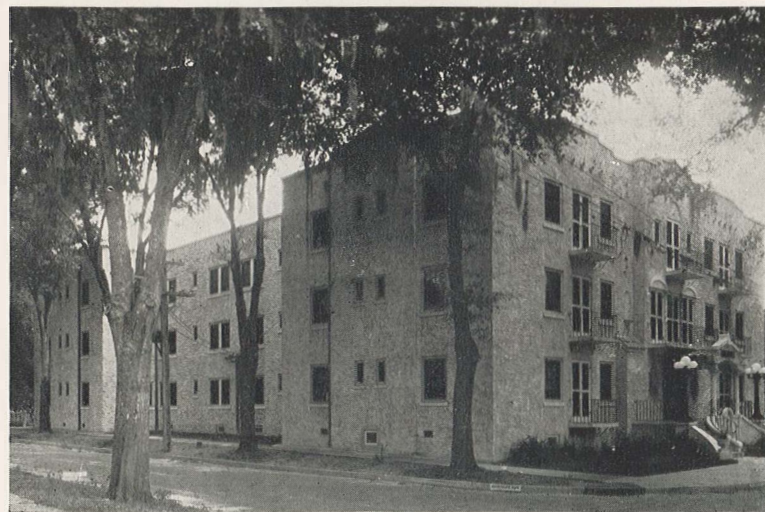


*Post Office Bldg.*

*Phone 427WX*

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

MODERN 42-  
Apartment  
Building, with one,  
two and three room  
apartments with kit-  
chenettes, fully fur-  
nished for house-  
keeping. Steam heat  
and hot water.  
Adults only.



## T H E L I N C O L N

Phone 416

Morse Blvd.

Winter Park

## F. E. BURKE

Wholesale Fruits  
and  
Produce

FARMER'S MARKET

*P. O. Box 3744*

ORLANDO

Serving the  
College Commons



THE STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

JOHN C. BILLS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JEAN PARKER

MARLEN ELDREDGE

FRANCES PERPENTE

ASSISTANT EDITORS

PATRICIA GUPPY

ALICE BOOTH

HELENE KEYWAN

LEWIS WALLACE

STERLING OLMSTED

SEYMOUR BALLARD

JOHN NICHOLS

ELIZABETH HANNAHS

ROBERT MACARTHUR

BUSINESS MANAGER

HORACE P. ABBOTT

ADVERTISING

COMMISSIONER

WILLIAM WHALEN

ADVISOR

EDWIN GRANBERRY

COVER DESIGN

DOROTHYLU GOELLER



TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Dead Grove .....	3
REGINALD T. CLOUGH	
Per Aspera ad Astra .....	7
PATRICIA GUPPY	
We Communists .....	9
JERE COLLINSON	
Succour the Widows and Orphans .....	15
JAMES F. HOLDEN	
Kashmir Robbery .....	17
MARLEN ELDREDGE	
South to Sonora .....	22
WALTER JORDAN	

THE FLAMINGO

*Wishes to announce that the winning stories of the prize short story contest will be published in the May issue.*

# THE FLAMINGO

*A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation*

VOL. X, No. 4

APRIL, 1936

PRICE 25c

## The Dead Grove

By REGINALD T. CLOUGH

JEFF NEVER knew why he came to Preston's to get drunk. He had never liked the man. There were usually three or four fellows here whom he did like, though. When Preston was absent, Jeff had a good time.

Two other men sat in the small, dirty kitchen that stunk of a combination of spoiled salmon and corn mash. Preston stopped keeping liquor in his house the year he got his third offense, but the place still smelled like somebody had just made a hundred gallons.

Sam Jones walked over to the sink to get a drink of water. He eyed the thin, little man sitting near the table.

"I need a drink bad," said Sam. "Wonder where in hell Preston could have gone to. He's been away over an hour. It most always only takes him twenty minutes."

"I don't care if he don't ever come back," Jeff blurted. "I need a drink bad, though. Wish we could get a gallon somewhere and didn't have to bother with Preston."

Jeff looked at the old man. The old man was sitting on a high stool, in the far corner of the kitchen. His corn-cob pipe had been cold for at least fifteen minutes.

"Want some tobacco?" Jeff asked him.

"Yes," came the reply. "Preston took it with him and didn't leave me none."

The sandy road extending to the main highway was lined with sterile, leafless, orange trees. The old man could remember building fires around those same trees to keep them from freezing. He never got much out

of them, but he always made enough money to feed his wife and two boys. His wife had died seven years ago. The other boy, Preston's brother, drowned just a few years before that. Now Preston was left, Preston and the orange trees. The trees weren't worth anything any more, and neither was Preston.

When Preston was twenty he started making liquor. Somehow he could make better liquor than any other person in the county. All of the old man's friends told him about it. Pretty soon he began to sell it to them. They told their friends about it, and gradually Preston stopped bothering with the orange trees. He had a big trade now. Of course, people could buy red liquor in bottles with fancy labels, but somehow Preston's clientele liked the home-made corn better. They all claimed the bottled liquor gave them headaches and the jitters.

Jeff liked the old man. He was some different from Preston. Jeff had had a little trouble with Preston lately anyway. Only two months earlier Jeff brought his girl when he came out to get some liquor. It was a bad mistake. The next time he came out, the girl was there with Preston. Jeff could never forgive Preston for that, nor the girl, either.

"I'll never have anything more to do with her," Jeff said to himself. "Still she was just about the best around here. I only drank once when I was with her. That was that Sunday out here. If she wants Preston instead of me, she can have him. Sometime I'm going to settle things with him. I'm going to find out what happened when she



came out here alone. I'll make Preston tell me, or I'll kill him."

The girl hadn't had anything to do with him ever since she had been with Preston. Preston hadn't had anything more to do with the girl, either. Jeff might have started a fight the last time he came up to that door. He would have if it hadn't been for the girl. He didn't want to cause any confusion in front of her. When she saw him standing there, she just laughed in his face. Preston hadn't said a word. He had just grinned and handed Jeff a half-gallon jug. Jeff really hadn't realized what it was all about until he had drunk part of the liquor. Then it was too late. He would wait until they were alone to even things with Preston. If he had a chance, he'd let Preston know a few things today.

"Here he comes," Sam said suddenly. "The damn fool's walking up the road, carrying two gallons of whiskey. He drove off in his car. Wonder why he's walking back? Do you know, Pop?"

"Nope," replied the old man. "Less the thing broke down some place." He had filled his pipe, but he hadn't lighted it. He knew Preston wouldn't give him any more tobacco for a while.

The three men inside the house didn't pay any more attention to Preston, who was walking along the avenue of dead orange trees. In a few minutes they heard loud steps, shuffling across the front porch.. Sam and Jeff had glasses and water ready so they wouldn't have to wait.

Preston entered from a door at the side of the house. He was a large, burly man, much heavier and taller than Jeff. Under one arm he had a jug of Florida moonshine. Another jug he carried by a string from his hand. His other hand rested on the door-knob. He hadn't shaved for a week. His eyes were red, as though he had already consumed plenty of the liquid fire. One pants-leg was torn from his ankle up to his

knee. His shirt was open at the front. There wasn't a button on it. Each place where a button should have been, a narrow strip was torn out. His shirt was covered with dirt. One side of his face was cut open with a long, narrow gash. It was not bleeding, but there were several bloody spots on his shirt. His hair was matted down with blood and sand. Other than these blemishes, he seemed all right. He leaned heavily on the doorknob, and the old man knew that Preston was drunk.

"What in hell are you doing out here?" he asked, as soon as he had noticed Jeff sitting beside the kitchen table.

"What do you think I'm here for?" was Jeff's question in return, as he walked over and picked up the jug. He poured out a half-glass of liquor, drank it, and wheeled around again. "Who'd you run up against, Preston?"

"I rolled over in that damn car," he said. "I was hurrying 'cause I wanted to get back to have a drink with Sam. The god-damn thing left the road just this side of Brent's place. It hit the slope and started to roll. If it hadn't been for that big grape-fruit tree, I'd still be rolling, I guess."

"Did it hurt the car?" asked the old man.

"Well, the insurance company can have it now. I don't want the thing any more. Some kids came along, and I gave them the tires. The best damn Ford they ever built, too. Glad I haven't paid for it. The garage can worry about that. Did you bring your lady-friend with you, Jeff?"

"Shut up, Preston," Jeff said, pouring himself another drink. The first one hadn't had any effect on him. The second he poured was somewhat larger. "I'll knock your head off," Jeff continued, "if you don't keep still about her."

"Only take about ten your size."

Jeff drank the liquor, and looked up. Preston was pulling off the torn shirt and pants.

Sam picked up an ice-pick and pried the cork out of the jug Preston had handed him. He tossed the pick on to the table. The implement struck upright, the sharp point sinking into the soft-cypress top.

Preston pulled off his shoes that had broken when he was thrown from the car. "Thought your girl would be back before now, Jeff," he muttered. "The way she acted the last time she was here, thought she'd move her things out, didn't you, Sam?"

"I sure did," Sam replied. "She only hung around for two or three days, didn't she, Preston?"

For a moment Jeff wished he'd never come out to Preston's. It was bad enough for a man like that to steal a person's woman, worse when he had planned to marry her. Preston had not only stolen her, he'd kept her out here for two or three days. Jeff had found out what he'd wanted to know. At least he had accomplished something by coming out here to drink.

Jeff and Sam Jones and Preston kept on drinking for the rest of the afternoon. The old man stayed in the corner of the kitchen. Once he lit the pipe filled with Jeff's tobacco. He smoked it for a few minutes, and then put it out. He didn't know how soon he could get any more tobacco. Once they heard an automobile outside. Preston went out to see who was there. While he was gone, the old man poured himself a drink from one of the jugs. That would keep him for the day because he couldn't drink with Preston watching him.

Preston came back into the house after finding out what was wanted. "Some kid wanted a pint," he said. "Kinda thought it mighta been Jeff's girl looking for him. Guess you don't see much of her any more, do you?"

Jeff picked up an empty pint bottle from the kitchen table and walked over near Preston. "If you don't keep your mouth closed about her, I'll—"

"Go on back and sit down, little feller," Preston muttered, "or I'll be apt to lose my temper."

As he spoke Preston stood up and stretched. His huge frame towered over the smaller figure standing beside him. Jeff returned to his place near the table. Instead of replying he reached to the floor and lifted up the jar, which by now had lost much of its former weight.

Sam Jones guffawed. The old man looked out of the window at the row of dead orange trees now barely visible in the darkening light.

Jeff could never understand later why he didn't go home. He had drunk all he needed. He didn't want anything to do with Preston or Sam Jones or the old man. Perhaps he stayed because he didn't have any place to go, or because he didn't want to see anybody. The three men drank for the next hour. Occasionally Sam and Preston would talk, but Jeff scarcely spoke.

Every few minutes Preston would talk to Jeff, but Jeff tried not to notice what was being said to him. Once Preston said something about the girl. Jeff stood up, staggered over to the other side of the room. He held the bottle in his hand. He lifted his hand above his head. Preston never moved from his chair. He reached up, seized the thin wrist that was descending, and gave it a sharp twist. The bottle fell to the floor and broke into hundreds of pieces. Preston lifted one foot, placed it in the middle of Jeff's stomach, and pushed. The lighter man went sprawling across the room, landing in his chair beside the table. Without saying a word, he poured out another half-glass of whiskey. After this last drink Jeff got up from his chair and started walking toward the door.

"Where in hell are you going?" Preston demanded.

"I'm just going out to walk around," he replied. "I'll be back in a little while."



Jeff went out into the field behind the house. He walked in the opposite direction from the road, down toward a lake about a half-mile away. Preston's liquor had not been mild. Jeff was not gleeful nor happy. He thought only of the man back at the house. He would have given anything to have licked Preston. How he would laugh if he could push the bootlegger across the room with his foot.

Jeff reached the shore of the lake. There was no moon, but he could see the reflections of a few stars in the water. The only sound that he could hear was the noise of an automobile coming up the road to Preston's. It was in second gear, and he could hear the wheels spinning in the soft sand. People couldn't get in or out of Preston's quickly. The car, he thought, must be about half-way between the house and the main road.

Jeff turned and started back toward the shack. Preston and Sam were probably laughing about him right now. He'd go back and have another drink. If Preston said anything more about the girl, Jeff would throw that bottle at him. He really wasn't afraid of Preston, Jeff told himself. It just seemed that he couldn't do anything to him, though. Nothing seemed to do Preston any harm. Even smashing up the car that afternoon hadn't bothered him at all. The garage owner was the only person who would lose by the accident. It wouldn't cost Preston a red cent.

Jeff arrived at the back side of the house about the time the car pulled up to the front. He walked into the kitchen just as Preston was going out to greet the visitor.

The old man was still sitting in the corner of the room. Sam was sitting in a chair on the opposite side. Most of the liquor in the gallon jug had been consumed, but Jeff found enough for a sizeable drink. Just as he finished it, Preston opened the door and staggered back into the room.

"It's your girl," he told Jeff. "She wants

to know if you'd object if she moved out here for a few days. I told her to come right in, but she says that she's got to have your permission first."

"Shut up, Preston, or you'll wish you'd never said a word about her," said Jeff, picking up the heavy, water glass on the table.

Preston reached out and opened the door. Standing in the doorway was the girl, Jeff's girl, whom he hoped to marry, the girl who had come to "spend a few days" with Preston.

Jeff looked up at her, as though he were going to speak. Sam Jones reached for the jug on the floor. The old man was looking out of the window. He was lighting the last bit of tobacco in his pipe.

"I thought you'd probably come back," remarked Preston. "After the last time you was out here, I've been looking for you every night since."

"Jeff seemed to think you were coming to see him," said Sam.

"Shut up, Sam," replied Jeff, still holding the empty glass clenched tightly in his hand.

"You don't mind if she stays here for a little while with me, do you, Jeff?" asked Preston, who had walked back to his chair. "Why don't you be more hospitable? Offer your lady-friend a drink, Jeff, or I'll have to show you how to act when we've got company."

The hand holding the heavy water glass trembled slightly. A dark, purple flush on his face was visible. Almost without looking up Jeff said,

"You son of a bitch, Preston, I told you not to bother me any more."

Jeff lifted his hand holding the thick, heavy, water glass. With all his might and force he threw the glass at Preston. It just missed the latter's head and went crashing against the wall behind him.

The old man was still looking out into the dark outside the kitchen window. He gazed

*(Continued on Page 26)*

## Per Aspera Ad Astra

PATRICIA GUPPY

ONCE, in a drear and barren country, over which eternally hung the blackness of night, lay a man who had fallen in the mud and remained there in numbness that was despair. Huge was his frame, but his tissues upon it had fallen to waste with self-abuse; his clothing was only miry rags, so begrimed that one could not see they had once been cloth of gold. So he lay like a beast, and like a beast grubbed for roots, nor tried to raise himself, nor look above him.

And so it fell that he lifted up his head once, and saw coming over the dark land towards him a gleam of light. He watched it dully, for it was long since he had seen a light in that dismal place; and as it came nearer he saw that it was a woman, carrying a lamp high in her hand. He marked her face, that it was serene and of a marvellous sweetness; her golden hair streamed back from her white forehead, and her white robe flowed around her feet, yet was not sullied by the mire of the way. So she walked on steadfastly, guiding her way by the light she held.

And she came near to him; and suddenly the brightness of the lamp bore upon him how deep was the darkness around. Then a horror seized upon him, lest that blackness should close in on him when the light had passed; so he threw out his hand and clutched at her skirt as she passed him. And she stopped and looked on him, and he looked up into her face.

Thus for a moment they gazed steadfastly on one another. And he said to her:

"Help me."

And she stretched out to him her hand and grasped his, and said,

"Come."

And he stumbled to his feet and stood be-

side her. Then she looked on him, and saying again, "Come", she drew him on.

And he looked up, towards the way they were traveling and at first he could see nothing, nor did he know how it was she guided her steps or directed her way. And then, as they went on further, he saw that the darkness lightened ahead. And the woman turned and smiled on him, and pointed onward; and he followed her half-unwillingly, for his eyes were yet blinded by the darkness.

And then he saw that the way on which they travelled turned upward, and seemed to become more rough and stony, so that it was harder to push onward; and he stopped, and said to his guide,

"I will go no further, this way is too difficult. Let me return whence I came."

But she pointed upward, saying,

"See, the light!"

And faint memories came to him of the place where he had once been, where it had also been light, and how it had been pleasant there. So he went on.

And as they continued, the light became clearer and clearer; but also the way became steeper and stonier, so that they had great difficulty in ascending. But the woman went up lightly, for she had long prepared her strength; whereas the man had wasted to nothing in the dark land, and was soon exhausted. So that he stopped, and cried,

"I will go no further! Why should I struggle on, when I see no end to this road in sight? I will return whence I came."

But she would not let go his hand; so he struck her, wounding her body, for his hand was still heavy, and turned to leave her. But it so happened that they were standing on a rocky ledge, and he, being unsteady on his feet, in turning almost lost his footing and would have fallen to destruction, had she not



cast her arms around him, and holding him upright, so saved him.

So he sank down upon the path, and she left him there for a space, till he regained his breath. Then she held out her hand to him again, and said "Come". And he was ashamed, and grasped her hand, and went with her.

And so they continued upon their way, which still was hard and rocky. And it so happened that at length he looked on her face, and into her eyes; and he saw reflected therein the destination of their journey. And like a flash of light he saw what it was and what it meant to him. And in that instant he looked about and saw that though the way still ran uphill, it was no longer stony, but pleasant with grass and leafy trees. And he looked at the woman and saw her calm, sweet smile; and the secret of life opened his heart, and he fell down on his knees before her and kissed her hands, bathing them in his tears; and she bent down, and kissed him on the forehead.

And from then on they went together, still pushing uphill, but with great pleasantness; for the way became lovely, and they both saw the light around them and ahead of them. And they looked on each other and were happy.

And the man ate of the good fruit that grew along the way, and with practice his muscles and sinews grew again to their former strength, so that he went on the road more lightly than the woman; till at last he held her hand for companionship only.

And finally, he began to perceive that they were nearing the ending of their way. And he ceased to look so long upon his companion, and strained his eyes ahead to see his goal; and he strode on hurriedly, striving to reach the top. Thus he did not remark that it was strange that the woman whose hand he held never faltered nor failed to keep up with his great strides; and only faintly did it touch his mind, from the occasional glances that he cast her, that a change had come over her

appearance. More ethereal had she become; her long light hair mingled with the pale gold of the sunbeams; and her white robe was one with the substance of the clouds in the sky, and she glided rather than walked along the path.

And at last the man gave a shout, and broke into a run, and reached the summit of the way. And he stood as on a mountain-top, and the free winds blew about him, and the sunlight streamed around him, and below him he saw all the world stretched as it were at his feet. And he lifted his arms above his head, and a great deep sound of gladness seemed to echo from all parts of earth and heaven, yet he thought it came only from his own heart.

And then he remembered the woman who had guided him on his way, and he turned to share his exultation with her. But lo, when he looked for her, she was gone, leaving no trace behind.

And he was afraid, and called her, and ran hither and thither seeking her; but in vain. She was gone.

And he returned slowly to the mountain top, wondering.

But then he looked forth once more, and saw the ways of the world and of the heavens stretched before him, and felt the winds blow upon his forehead, and he was glad, and remained there.

So he dwelt in that place; not staying still forever, for in his sinews was the strength of climbing, and even there was still place to move upward. And his strength increased; and only when he saw his face reflected was he saddened, for he perceived on his forehead the serenity which he remembered on the face of the woman, whom he could never quite forget.

And so, a long while after, it came about that he was walking at eventide among the pleasant fields near the place where he lived; and he saw in one of them a cottage, and near it a peasant woman gathering vegetables.

(Continued on Page 25)

## We Communists

a satire in one act

By JERE COLLINSON

SCENE: Curtain discloses a room of an apartment in one of the poorer districts of New York. There is a door upstage left, leading outside; a door center back, leading to the bedrooms, and a window down right opening onto the street.

A sink and a cabinet are up left with a cupboard to the right of the center door. There is a plain table in center of stage, partially set with remains of the evening meal. Four chairs are drawn up. A rather shabby easy chair is near the window. A decrepit hall tree is down stage of the outside door.

As the curtain rises Mr. Donely is seated in the easy chair attempting to read the evening paper, and to listen to his wife at the same time. He is a small unobtrusive man who is very obviously ruled by his wife; too tired to argue or even protest anything she does with him or the rest of the family. He is a typical white-collar worker who has sat on the same stool for twenty years at \$27.50 per week. At the opening of the play he is patently unhappy and uncomfortable about something.

Mrs. Donely is a very masculine woman who rules her household with an iron hand. She is rather contemptuous of her husband and treats him as a necessary nuisance. She is a born leader and a person of boundless energy. At the opening she is busy clearing supper.

May and Danny are still trying to eat, in spite of the fact that things are being continually whisked away from before them.

Danny—(looking around table, and eating with one hand. He speaks with his mouth partially full) Ma, you got any more beans?

Mrs. D.—No, you've had plenty. It seems to me that you could hurry up a bit. You know I've got to leave in a minute.

May—Goin' out tonight?

Mrs. D.—Thursday night is always a meeting of the "Enslaved People". You know that. You've got to hurry too, Danny.

May—Good Lord! You goin' out too?

Danny—(still eating) Yep!

May—What you doin' tonight?

Danny—Picketin'.

May—Gee, don't any of you ever stay home and rest?

Mrs. D.—Rest! There's too much to be done. It's nearly time to strike the blow for freedom. Hurry up, Danny.

Danny—Gosh, even socialists have to eat, don't they?

Mrs. D.—Don't say we're socialists. (she speaks the word with scorn) We're Communists.

May—What's the difference?

Mrs. D.—May!

May—Huh?

Mrs. D.—There's a lot of difference. Socialists are just half way folks. We believe in giving all or nothing. (proudly)

May—Sounds more like taking all or nothing to me.

Mrs. D.—May!

May—Oh, well. (looks at her father) Say, What's the matter with Dad?

Danny—(as if examining a fish in an aquarium) Looks OK to me.

May—No. See, he hasn't got his shoes off.

Danny—(as if it were of prime importance) Well, I'll be . . . Sick, dad?

Mr. D.—(looking up) Uh . . . yes, dear . . . What?

Danny—I say, are you sick?

Mr. D.—Uh . . . er . . . No. (tries to go back to his paper)

Mrs. D.—Henry! (Henry jumps a little)

Henry—Yes dear?

Mrs. D.—Henry, did you ask your . . .

May—(interrupting) Well, I gotta be goin'.



Gotta date (she rises)

*Mrs. D.*—May, don't break in like that. Who's your date?

*May*—Jerry Fisher.

*Danny*—My God! (slumps on the table in pretended disgust)

*May*—Shut up, you.

*Mrs. D.*—May. You know I don't want you going out with that boy. His father works in a bank, and besides that, he's a REPUBLICAN!

*Danny*—(imitating *Mrs. D.*) May! Tsk . . . tsk . . . tsk!

*May*—Oh, good Lord! I'm leaving. (she goes out)

*Mrs. D.*—May! (sees she is gone, and turns back to the more important subject) Henry!

*Henry*—Yes, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—Did you do what I told you this morning?

*Henry*—(trying to avoid the subject) What was that dear? (looking innocent)

*Mrs. D.*—Don't try to wiggle out of it, Henry. Did you?

*Henry*—(brightening as he sees a way out) Oh! You mean see the tailor about having my good suit pressed?

*Mrs. D.*—Henry, you know what I mean. Did you see your boss?

*Henry*—(still avoiding the issue.) Oh, yes, dear. He came in just after I did, and walked right by my desk. He even spoke to me. He said, "Good morning, Henry", just like that.

*Danny*—(snickers and then explodes into laughter as he goes to bedroom for his coat)

*Mrs. D.*—(frowning) Henry! Stop fooling! Did you ask for that raise like I told you?

*Henry*—(very uncomfortable) Ask who?

*Mrs. D.*—(exasperated) Your boss. That fat . . . plush ox!

*Henry*—(seeing it is useless to try to get out of it) Yes dear.

*Mrs. D.*—Well, what did he say? Did he give it to you?

*Henry*—(looking fixedly at the paper, then

helpfully) There's another battle going on in Ethiopia, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—(jerks the paper away and stands looking at Henry. Henry sits dejectedly in the chair, and looks at her from under his eyebrows, as he foolishly scratches his chin)

*Mrs. D.*—Henry! Did you get the raise. I told you they wouldn't dare refuse you. You've been with the company for twenty years. The big porpoise is making enough to double your salary and still not miss the money.

*Henry*—He said there was a depression on and . . .

*Mrs. D.*—Depression! (scornfully) That would be the line he used. It's only us poor folks that have any depression. Just some more capitalistic bushwaw! You can bet your boots they're making plenty out of it. *Henry*—(thinking he can get her off the subject.) Yes, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—(hardly noticing him and warming to her subject) Capital must be torn down.

*Henry*—But dear, the boss is a building contractor.

*Mrs. D.*—(missing the point) That has nothing to do with it. The age of ragged . . . rugged capitalism has passed. We have passed the time of leazy fairie.

*Henry*—(puzzled) What, dear?

*Mrs. D.*—Never mind. The masses of the workers will arise and pull the . . . (she seems to be searching for the words of some speaker. She finds them and pounces upon them triumphantly) bloated swine from their thrones. Our day will come.

*Henry*—Yes, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—(paying no attention) The down-trodden populous will no longer tolerate their overbearing tyranny. Down with Capitalism!

(She is carried away with enthusiasm and strikes a pose, waving a large mixing spoon. Suddenly she remembers the raise.)

*Mrs. D.*—Henry, you asked for the raise. What did you get?

*Henry*—I got the sack.

*Mrs. D.*—What!

*Henry*—We'll have to pay the rent with air now, and the grocer too. Because that's what I got from the boss.

*Mrs. D.*—The beast. The . . . (she pauses for a word venomous to apply) viper! How dare he fire you!

*Henry*—Oh, I don't know. It didn't seem hard for him.

*Mrs. D.*—No. I'll bet he enjoyed it.

*Henry*—He was very nice about it all, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—(scornfully) I'll bet he was. It's part of a deliberate attempt to starve us into accepting any wage. We must labor for nothing that he and his overfed wife may ride in a new Rolls Royce, paid for by our heart's blood.

(Henry looks distressed)

*Mrs. D.*—Wallowing in gold and orchids while we must bear their slavery in utter silence.

*Henry*—He told me times were hard, and he must let me go. He told me that everyone, including himself, was getting a cut, and . . .

*Mrs. D.*—Poppycock! Just some more talk to pacify the laborers, and to fatten his own purse. Believe me, at the meeting of the "Enslaved People" tonight I'll tell them about this fresh outrage. Fire you indeed! He has no right to do such a thing.

*Henry*—But, dear. He's the boss. It's his business.

*Mrs. D.*—He's only the owner of the plant. You and the others earning their measly pittance are the real workers and owners. Anyone can sit back of a desk and hand out orders.

*Henry*—Yes, dear. But times are hard.

*Mrs. D.*—Hard times! Just look at the headlines in the papers.

*Henry*—(picking up the paper) That's what I'm trying to do, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—Just look at the financial section. Everyone says times are getting better. And he fires you. He doesn't know what work

means. He's never had to live on twenty five dollars a week.

*Henry*—But, dear. The boss started from nothing and built up his own business.

*Mrs. D.*—All the more reason why he should share it with his less fortunate fellows. No man has the right to amass a fortune. One for all, and all for one.

*Henry*—But no one helped the boss get started.

*Mrs. D.*—That's different. There weren't as many people in those days, and besides nobody had heard about communism then. They just worked hard for what they could get and didn't know any better. Now we know!

*Henry*—(seeing argument is useless, goes back to his paper) Yes, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—(triumphant in her victory, subsides and goes back to her dishes, mumbling some phrases from communistic literature.) There is a call from the window next door, *Mrs. D.* goes to the window)

*Voice*—Bertha, are you about ready to go to the meeting? We don't want to be late.

*Mrs. D.*—I'll be right out, Maggie. What's happening tonight?

*Voice*—That smart Mr. Nitski . . . something is going to tell us about the Bleeding of the Masses.

*Mrs. D.*—That will be interesting. Wait for me. I don't want to miss anything. We workers must learn, and prepare for the great day when the plutocrats will be hurled from power, and the people will arise to take their rightful places.

*Voice*—Bertha, you're wonderful. You can think just like a real communist Russian. You certainly do your part.

*Mrs. D.*—(proudly) My Danny is going out tonight too, to strike a blow for the politariat. *Voice*—What's he doing?

*Mrs. D.*—They're going to picket that big theatre up town, and sneer at the bloated pigs in their silks and furs as they come out. I'll be right along and tell you all about it on the



way over.

*Voice*—I wish my boy could help. His job keeps him too busy though.

*Mrs. D.*—We won't let Danny get a job. The office says he's too valuable in the bread-lines and pickets. He's giving his whole time to the cause of the workers. (proudly) They say he's the best agitator they've got, and they couldn't spare him to work.

*Voice*—My, but I guess you must be proud of him.

*Mrs. D.*—I am that. I'll be right out.

(She goes to the cupboard and begins to take off her apron as the door opens and May rushes in all out of breath.)

*May*—Ma, you ought to see the swell big car out front of the house. It's got a chauffeur and everything. There's an awfully handsome man getting out. I saw him when Jerry and me was sittin' in the drug store gettin' a soda. (she goes to the window). Look! You can see it from here. Gee, it's swell. (Mrs. D. goes to the window.)

*Mrs. D.*—I wonder what he wants.

*May*—I don't know. (looks again) Hey! Ma. He's talking to someone and pointing his cane up at this window. Gee, is he coming up here?

(at her words, all is excitement. Danny, hearing the fuss, comes out of the bedroom.)

*Mrs. D.*—Are you sure, May? What could a man like that want with us. (a sudden suspicion strikes her. She looks at Henry who is showing some signs of interest and nervousness.) Henry!

*Henry*—Yes, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—What did you do this morning?

*Henry*—(not understanding) What, dear?

*Mrs. D.*—Henry, did you tell me everything?

*Henry*—(blushing) Why yes, . . . I think so.

*Mrs. D.*—Henry. What did you do? You didn't get mad and hit the boss or anything, did you?

*Henry*—(startled at the thought of such violence) Oh, my gracious, no!

*Mrs. D.*—(looks at him a minute and decides such a thing would be impossible for Henry) No, you wouldn't. What can he want?

*May*—(shrieking) Ma, he's coming in and everybody is pointing up here and waving.

(Henry turns pale, and looks as if he were wondering if he could possibly have done anything wrong. He looks around for a place to hide.)

*Mrs. D.*—He must be coming up here. (she flings into sudden action) Henry, put up the paper. We're going to have company. (she jerks the paper away and begins to tidy up the room.) Fix yourself up a bit. Henry! Do hurry! (Henry hurries)

*May*—(still at the window) Everybody's looking at the car. Gee, it certainly is pretty. I wish we could have one like that. He's come inside now. He'll soon be here. Dad, why don't you make enough so we can have a car like that?

*Mrs. D.*—(rising like a fish to bait) May. Don't talk like that. We don't want to barter our souls for the filthy luxuries of the rich. How many times do I have to explain that to you?

*May*—Just the same, it would be nice.

*Danny*—(as if ashamed) I'll bet it would be fun to drive. That chauffeur sure has a swell job. Just dress up and ride around all day in that.

*Mrs. D.*—Yes! Bowing and scraping for a lot of people no better than you are. He must be nearly here. (she looks around) I guess everything is ready. My, but this place looks shabby.

(there is a knock at the door. All is wild confusion for a moment, then subsides. Danny opens the door with a flourish)

*Mrs. D.*—(to the man at the door) How do you do. Come in and sit down)

*Lawyer*—Is this the home of Henry Donely?

*Danny*—(almost a whisper) Yes.

*Lawyer*—(looks at Danny, then turns to Henry) And you are Mr. Donely?

*Henry*—(Speaking before anyone has a chance to answer) I am Henry Donely. (he looks around as if afraid someone will deny it. No one does. All are awed by the poise and dignity of the well dressed stranger)

*Lawyer*—(coming into the room) My name is Johnathan Smythe. I have some very important news for you, Mr. Donely. It will take only a minute.

(he seats himself in the easy chair. All the family group around to listen. Even Mrs. Donely is quiet.)

*Lawyer*—First, I had better explain that I am the legal representative of the late Horace Quinby. Who, I understand, was your uncle, Mr. Donely.

*Henry*—(not understanding) Uncle who?

*May*—Uncle Horace.

*Mrs. D.*—(recovering and breaking in) Why, of course, Henry. You remember Uncle Horace.

*Henry*—Er . . . Yes.

*Lawyer*—(looks at Mrs. D., then continues) On July 17, tonight, the will of the deceased is to be read before the heirs. You, Mr. Donely, are one of the heirs to the estate of the deceased. Until tonight we have been unable to locate you.

*Danny*—Gee!

*Lawyer*—As the will is to be read shortly, I have come to offer my car to conduct you to the Quinby home.

*Mrs. D.*—Not the Horace Quinby? The railroad president?

*Lawyer*—The same, Mrs. Donely.

*May*—How much did he leave us?

*Mrs. D.*—May!

*Lawyer*—Unfortunately, I am not at liberty to divulge the contents of the will. But Mr. Quinby was a generous man, as his friends all know.

(Henry is speechless. Not so Mrs. D. She almost pulls him to his feet and hustles him into his coat.)

*Mrs. D.*—Hurry, Henry. You don't want to keep Mr. Smythe waiting.

*Henry*—(docily) Yes, dear . . . er . . . No, dear.

*Mrs. D.*—(to Smythe) This is naturally quite a blow to Henry. He is rather upset. (she pats Henry) Now, dear, come back and tell us all about it the minute you get out.

*Henry*—Yes dear. (he is in a fog)

(Mrs. D. herds them out the door. The minute it is closed there is excitement)

*May*—Gosh! Does he mean that we're goin' to be rich like those swells on Park Avenue. Do you think we'll have a million dollars? Won't that be grand!

*Danny*—I can't believe it.

*May*—We can have a swell car like that one, and you can drive it, Danny. You can even have a chauffeur to drive it for you.

*Danny*—Not much. If I get a car like that I'll drive it myself.

*Mrs. D.*—But May, you know it won't be long before everyone will be living like that. When the new order comes . . . (she seems to lack conviction)

*May*—Nuts! We've got our own new order handed right to us, and that's just what I'm goin' to do.

*Danny*—What?

*May*—I'm goin' to order. Tomorrow, I'm goin' out and order everything in sight. I'm goin' to buy and buy.

*Mrs. D.*—That's all just day dreaming May. We haven't anything and your father hasn't even a job.

*Danny*—But you heard Mr. Smythe say that Quinby was a generous man, mother. He must have left us a lot.

*Mrs. D.*—Yes. He did say Uncle Horace was a generous man. (thoughtfully) I don't know what to think of it all.

(there is a shout from down stairs)

*Danny*—Good lord! I forgot. That's the boys ready to start for the theatre. I suppose I'll have to hurry. (he does not seem very anxious to leave) We're supposed to picket from eight to twelve.

*Mrs. D.*—Yes. (pauses) You'd better start.



Do your best for the cause, son.  
(he goes to the door and opens it.)

*Mrs. D.*—Danny!

*Danny*—Yes?

*Mrs. D.*—(seems about to speak but doesn't seem to know just how to say what she is thinking) Nothing. Goodby.

(he goes out. There is a pause)

*Mrs. D.*—Oh, I forgot all about my meeting. I guess it's too late to start now. I kind of hate to miss it though. I really ought to go anyway.

*May*—I hope dad gets back soon and tells us how much we got. I can hardly wait.

*Mrs. D.*—It's too bad we never got to know poor uncle Horace better. We ought to have had him up to dinner. But I guess we couldn't—here. (she looks around the room with a new distaste in her gaze. She seems to see for the first time just how shoddy it is.)

*May*—Can I go to boarding school like the boss's daughter. I think I'd like to go to Vassar.

*Mrs. D.*—You wouldn't want to be a snob like the boss's daughter, would you?

*May*—How do you know she's a snob? You don't know her.

*Mrs. D.*—No, but all wealthy people are snobs. The hand book says so very definitely.

*May*—How do you know the handbook is right?

*Mrs. D.*—Well, the men who wrote it know all about wealthy people.

*May*—If they know all about them, then they must know the wealthy people personally. And if they know them personally, then they can't be such awful snobs or they wouldn't know them. That makes sense.

*Mrs. D.*—I never thought of it that way. You might be right.

*May*—Besides, if we get lots of money from Uncle Horace, we'll get to know the people he knows, and then they won't be snobs.

*Mrs. D.*—But then we might be considered

snobs ourselves.

*May*—No we wouldn't. Everybody we know knows we aren't snobs. So if we aren't when we're rich, then perhaps nobody else is. Why, the whole thing's so simple. It's a wonder someone didn't think of it before. There's no need for any communism then.

*Mrs. D.*—May. I declare, you sometimes surprise me.

*May*—Then I can go to boarding school and Vassar?

*Mrs. D.*—I think before we go into that, we'd better see about some new drapes and furniture for this room. It doesn't look very nice. You wouldn't want to bring your friends here. (thinking) I wonder if we could get a nice apartment further up town.

*May*—How about one of those swell places on Riverside. Or maybe, (she gasps at the idea) a pent-house on Park Avenue.

*Mrs. D.*—Vassar is a nice school, but I think Smith would be a better place for a girl of your temperament, May. Of course you would have to have at least a year at boarding school first.

*May*—And Danny could enter Harvard next fall. But what would you and dad do while we were gone?

*Mrs. D.*—(half to herself) I always wondered what it would be like to spend a winter in Palm Beach.

*May*—Maybe you could go abroad to one of those foreign resorts like the Riviera, or Havana, or Miami. That would be swell.

*Mrs. D.*—Don't say swell, May.

*May*—Why not?

*Mrs. D.*—It isn't (looks for the word) well bred.

*May*—Alright, mother.

*Mrs. D.*—It can't be possible. (she bridles for a moment her old self again) I'll bet it's just another capitalistic . . . (she weakens) It must be a mistake.

*May*—Why doesn't dad hurry?

*Mrs. D.*—I wish Danny hadn't gone out  
(Continued on Page 27)

## Succour the Widows and Orphans

By JAMES F. HOLDEN

INTER-OCEAN CITY seems just another ghost town of the Florida boom. Its canary-yellow buildings, once a retreat for millionaires and sportsmen, are still yellow despite a ten-year battle with wind and rain. Its streets, laid out in ordered squares and flanked with rusting arc lamps, merge gradually into a wilderness of shale and palmetto. Its drugstore, complete with mahogany fountain and mirror, offers haven to an army of rodents foraging amid syrup jars and paper cartons.

But here resemblance to other boom towns ceases, for the Administration building and hotel of Inter-ocean City are newly tenanted, their inhabitants devout members of the Household of Faith. Wooden shacks, scrupulously clean, have sprung up. Rooms in the main building, their walls decorated with scriptural mottoes, are furnished with home-made desks and book-cases. Packing boxes are the only chairs.

Thirty orphaned children from the mountains of West Virginia make their home in the "city" and attend school. A staff of twelve girl teachers, quietly assertive and confident in their blue-smock uniforms, serve without pay. Only through self denial, they believe, may happiness be attained.

An article in the Kissimmee, Florida, "Gazette" of January 9, 1936, under the caption "Million Dollar Gift to Training School", supplies the main facts concerning this unique institution:

"One of the largest land deals negotiated in Central Florida was consummated yesterday when the buildings and improvements at Inter-ocean City, six miles south of Kissimmee on state road Number 2, together with

five thousand acres of land were transferred to the West Virginia Training School by John W. Wile, a wealthy philanthropist of Thornton, Indiana."

The "Gazette" states further that the "West Virginia Training School is an institution which conducts an orphanage at Point Pleasant, West Virginia, and is allied with a religious cult or denomination known as the House of Faith with its following largely in the state of Ohio. It is a non-profit organization interested in promoting the Christian religion, and the town and lands are to be colonized by members of the sect or those interested in its work. Followers of the cult are already taking up residence in the town and a program of extensive improvements will begin at an early date."

"Inter-ocean City, a ghost town remindful of boom-day excesses, was purchased eleven years ago at a price of one million dollars and laid out for a large city by the Florida Tropical Development Company. Soon a mill-work factory had been built, an automotive truck factory and a large, flourishing hotel; stores, office buildings and homes were erected. Streets, sidewalks, and white ways, with costly lighting systems, were constructed during 1925-26, and the national campaign to advertise the venture at one time rivaled that of Coral Gables and Hialeah. In 1928, the undertaking hit the rocks with a crash and the original purpose, a custom-made city, was never accomplished."

"The large buildings, which have weathered the intervening years with remarkable durability, will be renovated and repairs made to streets and sidewalks. A new electric light plant will be installed. Application is on the



way to Washington for a United States post-office. The town will be known henceforth as "Intercession City."

"John W. Wile, the grantor, made concessions to the buyers because of his keen personal interest in benevolent projects and the Household of Faith. Among other philanthropies, he donated \$200,000 some years ago to construct a nurses' home in Indianapolis as a memorial to his father, Jacob E. Wile."

The "Kissimmee Gazette", however, fails to point out any strings on John Wile's "gift" of a ruined city and five thousand acres of ground. We do not quarrel with the 72 year-old Indianan's philanthropic intentions, but in this case he did require from the House of Faith an annual payment of \$3000 for the duration of his life.

This sum, Superintendent Osie England of the training school, is finding difficult to meet. She hopes to raise the money by selling lots at \$3.65 down and \$3.65 a year. Advertisements in newspapers and broadcasts over radio station WDBO, Orlando, summon the faithful to consider her offer. So far twenty families have founded homes in Intercession City and more are on the way. At present the project is entirely financed by voluntary contributions.

Superintendent England is an unusual woman. Past middle age, she is over average height. She has brown hair, a strong, firm-featured face lighted by kindly eyes and a ready smile. She speaks in terse, quick sentences and is logical and direct, never evasive.

Surrounded by a staff of teachers, including several ministers and their families, she cheerfully faces one major obstacle. For she must obtain a state license before she may legally operate her school. To this end she travelled to Tallahassee. State officials, without exception, frowned on and discouraged her.

"There are enough paupers in Florida

now", said one, "without bringing more in".

"The policy of the state of Florida," observed another, "is to board children in institutions only until they can be placed in private families. We countenance no deviations from this practice."

"But," insisted Miss England, "we train our boys and girls especially for mission work."

"No matter," replied the official, "I can make no exception in your case. I must refuse you a license."

The doughty superintendent returned undaunted to her flock. Each evening they meet at the vesper hour in a tiny, bare chapel. They open their tattered hymnals and sing fervently. Then, eyes fixed on a childish crayon portrait of the Christus, they pray God to intercede with the sovereign government of Florida. They know the Lord will answer their prayers, even if doing so involves red tape and recalcitrant state officials.

In justice to the state's policy, however, it must be noted that Florida has more than her share of paupers and orphans. To voluntarily shoulder an added burden seem to many an act of folly.

Townsfolk in nearby Kissimmee regard the Household of Faith as a queer religious sect. Superintendent England insists, however, that the institution is undenominational in character. Fourteen churches, she says, are represented among the faculty, staff, and permanent colonists.

The dominant belief, notwithstanding, is that of the Household of Faith. This embraces the earlier teachings of John Wesley. It requires a belief in the divinity of Christ and in his second coming. Wesley, however, was more liberal in his teachings than Miss England. An editorial, "Blind Guides", in a current publication of the Society defines her position:

"I shall disrobe some of the wolves who have been destroying some of the sheep in

(Continued on Page 27)

## Kashmir Robbery

By MARLEN ELDREDGE

MRS. ALLERTON had been writing steadily for some hours when a faint sound of wailing drifted across the lake. Probably the head cook on Carol's boat having another fight with the butler, she thought.

It was quiet there in the living room of the houseboat. The shrilling of locusts in chenar trees and croaking of frogs, drifted in to her on the iris-scented breeze. A faint clattering of pots could be heard from the cook-boat where the servants were preparing their evening meal. Through all these sounds penetrated the low wailing. It was louder now and if Mrs. Allerton had listened carefully she might have been able to distinguish separate voices, to catch their tone of fear and distress. But still she paid no attention.

Mary Allerton had been living in India since her marriage four years before, but the deep cross-currents of foreign life had scarcely touched her. She regarded all natives as a class belonging to a different world and treated them accordingly. When anything exciting or unexpected occurred, and she had a gift for running into such events, it was merely another incident involving the Hindus or Mohammedans that was dealt with efficiently, and forgotten.

A rather tragic person, Mary Allerton. She was forever in search of some real adventure, something to make life truly worthwhile, yet nothing thus far had measured up to her standards. Her friends could not understand how she was able to undergo so many varied experiences—experiences which would have terrified or thrilled them—and still remain unchanged.

Neither could they understand her desire to be alone. Of course, it was the custom during the monsoon for wives to leave their husbands in the plain-cities and come up to the hills with their children, but not to go

off alone on a houseboat with a baby and a gang of native servants who might be trustworthy but were more probably not.

At present her boat was moored alongside an island on Wular Lake, one of the most picturesque spots in Kashmir. Great snow-capped mountains tower above the lake, their thickly-wooded slopes shutting it away from contact with the increasing uniformity of the outside world. Tourists would come soon in great numbers but Mrs. Allerton was ahead of the throng. No other boat was near except that of her friends, which was tied up far across the lake by the highroad from Srinagar to Gilgat.

That was the direction from which the wailing was coming, louder now and more insistent. Above it rose shrill cries of "Memsahib, memsahib." Realizing at last that they must be coming to her boat, Mrs. Allerton laid down her pen with a slight sigh of annoyance and went outside.

It was a dark night and at first she could see only a lantern bobbing crazily above the black water. As it drew nearer she could make out dark shapes of people, could even distinguish the voices as those of her friends' servants. Suddenly the shikarra came alongside and she gazed down into brown faces of Indians picked out from the blackness by the orange glow of the lantern.

Her own servants came dashing along the shore and crowded behind her, excitedly questioning the people in the boat, who were all talking at once and gesticulating wildly. Mrs. Allerton turned on them fiercely, remembering her sleeping baby.

"Stop this foolishness at once. Missy baba is asleep. You will wake her up. Now, what do you want, coming over here at this time of night? You're supposed to stay on your own boat while your memsahibs are



away. Achmed, tell me, what is the trouble? And you others, keep quiet."

Achmed grasped the railing tightly as he leaned towards her. "Memsahib, you must come at once. We can do nothing."

"But why?"

"The boat has been robbed. All ladies' clothes are gone. We caught one man but he is Pathan. We cannot keep him long. Hurry, memsahib. Alas, alas, all is stolen. We will all be killed."

Seeing the sincere fear on his face Mrs. Allerton reached a quick decision. "Is there room for me?"

"Yes, memsahib." Eager hands reached out to help her over the low railing into the shikarra but equally eager hands pulled her back.

"Memsahib, it is dangerous—"

"You must not go. The baby will be left alone—"

"Who knows what may happen to us if you go?"

"Maybe they are not telling the truth—"

"Oh, memsahib, do not leave us. Do not go alone. Stay here."

She cut short the frightened clamoring of her servants. "Ayah, you stay with missy baba and don't go to sleep. You others, watch the boats. Mohammed Ali, bring me my coat from the living-room. I am going to see what has happened. There is no danger." Turning her back on them she climbed quickly into the shikarra, and they pushed off into the lake.

"Now what really happened?" asked Mrs. Allerton. "No, no, stop, don't all talk at once. Achmed, you are chief over them, tell me exactly what has terrified you so."

"Oh, memsahib, there has been much trouble. We could not help it, we are not to blame. We . . . yes, memsahib, I tell the story. Memsahib's friends, Miss-sahibs Benson and Donaldson, went early this morning to climb Nunga Parbat. They told us, 'Clean the boat thoroughly before we come back tomorrow night.' So we worked all

day and at night we were very tired. Some of us stayed on the houseboat to sleep.

"Two, three hours afterwards, something hit me. I grabbed at it. It was a leg, a man's leg. We fight, I yell, other servants help me and we tie him with our turbans. But all the rest of his friends escaped. We cannot keep Pathan like him by ourselves and needed white person. Then someone suggested Memsahib Allerton and we came for you."

"What did they take? Who were they?"

"Soldiers, memsahib, Pathan soldiers. They are going home this month on leave from their regiment in the valley. They are very wild, memsahib knows. Everything is gone—clothes, little statues of gods, lotas—only locked suitcases not gone. The man we caught had that." His story told, Achmed bent lower over his oar for they had not covered more than half the distance.

Mrs. Allerton glanced back, hoping to see the lights of her houseboat, but they were lost in the gloom. Overhead the sky was murky, obscured by clouds. Darkness seemed to close in on the shikarra with its one feeble lantern glimmering in the bow. There was no other light anywhere—only that faint glow moving steadily forward over the black waters.

Mrs. Allerton shivered and stared out into the dull blackness; then suddenly lights gleamed ahead, they had rounded a point of land, and in a few moments she was on the deck of her friends' boat.

Utter confusion greeted her. Furniture was upset, drawers gaping open, pieces of clothing scattered everywhere. In the front room the floorboards had all been removed and were stacked around the walls waiting for the servants to finish cleaning the space under the floor of that room. In the musty well of the houseboat, thus exposed, three servants were sitting precariously on a great bearded fellow, wound around with such quantities of cloth from their turbans that it seemed impossible he should escape.

Mrs. Allerton's first impression of him was of sullen strength, concentrated now in his black eyes glowering through the shadows. His proud defiance shriveled the men who stood up and pushed him before her, making them seem smaller and more cowardly than they really were. The lantern light flickering over his tall figure emphasized his savage incorruptibility. He was a man who lived by his code, who took what he pleased when he desired it, who could not be bribed, but who would stick to a promise, once given, no matter what the consequences.

His scornful glance was caught and held by Mary Allerton's firm gaze. For a long moment they stood measuring each other, while the voices of the servants sank to whispers, ceased. An intolerable silence grew in the room.

When Mrs. Allerton spoke, her low voice cut the taut silence like a knife.

"Why did you seek to rob this boat?"

"Who would not take what was so easily obtainable? These Hindus sleep like logs, and houseboats are never locked unless white people are on board. If I had not stumbled over that one who awoke we would have gotten away with all our loot and no one the wiser."

"How many were there with you?"

"Five, memsahib."

"What time did you come on board?"

"About two hours after sundown. You need not think you will catch my companions by such knowledge. They escaped safely or I would not tell you what I have. If you do not release me now they will return with others and it is you who will be captured."

"Pathan, your insolence is unbearable. You three down there, tie him to that post by the wall and make sure the knots are tight. Messua, bring me pen and paper." Quickly she wrote a note ordering the jemadar, native police official, to report to her, setting forth briefly the causes for her demand. "Now, Achmed, take this chit to the jemadar in Gilgat and bring him back with you at

once. Hurry up, I don't want to be here all night."

"Memsahib, I not want go alone. Jemadar live two mile from here. Maybe I meet other Pathans on way. Then they kill me."

"All right, take someone with you. Only go quickly. And the rest of you, take lanterns and look along the bank to see if you can find any clothes the thieves may have dropped. I will stay to guard the prisoner. One of you, give me that black suitcase he had."

"Memsahib will guard him alone?"

"Certainly. Go on now, move faster. Don't stop on the way."

She knew perfectly well what was in their minds as they crowded off the deck. Not one of them would have the courage to separate from the others; they would go in a body to fetch the jemadar. Only if they found clothes along the road would they pick them up.

Their lanterns had disappeared around a bend of the highway before she turned to examine the room. The furniture was jammed into a narrow space on one side, but a rocking chair and table stood out a little as though inviting her to use them. Picking up one of the two lamps which had been left with her, Mrs. Allerton placed it on a pile of boards above the prisoner's head. Then, locking the doors at each end of the room, she moved to the table and set the second lamp thereon.

Carol and Ann were certainly rash to leave all their money locked in a suitcase where the first thief would grab it, thought Mrs. Allerton bending down to set the grip on the floor. At the same moment she noticed a late number of the Saturday Evening Post in a magazine rack. That was fine, now she could finish a serial she had started earlier in the day.

Mrs. Allerton settled down to read, facing the Pathan, her back to a closed window. Soon she was absorbed in the story. Long minutes passed before the ignored man spoke.



"You are very confident that I will stay here until the jemadar comes."

"You will", she replied without looking up.

"I do not think so. I could break these wrappings with one movement—if I wished."

With her mind still on the story, she glanced briefly at him, noting the bulge of firm muscles under the heavy uniform drawn tight along his arms. "You brag more than any Pathan I have ever heard. Keep quiet. You disturb my reading."

His lips curled in quick resentment. "I will pay you back for that remark. No woman can treat me as you have and remain unpunished. In my tribe we have a way of dealing with such women that cures them forever. Then you will be sorry. Even should you turn me loose now, you would not escape my vengeance."

Mary Allerton did not bother to reply.

Anger at her calm attitude overwhelmed him. He took a deep breath and expanded his muscles, striving to break the loops of cloth, but they held firm. Again he tried, swelling his chest to its limit. Again he failed to stretch the ropes which cut him cruelly. Doubly furious, he tried now to find a weak spot in the knots tied tightly around his hands, twisting, tugging furtively at his bonds.

His labored breathing was the only sound in an immense stillness. Frogs and locusts had long since ceased their shrilling. Even the hoot-owls were silent. Quiet lapping of still water against the side of the boat accentuated the loneliness of the spot. The feeble lights of the housboat cast an ineffectual glimmer into the ominous darkness beyond which nothing was visible.

Mrs. Allerton read steadily, stopping occasionally to observe the prisoner. Wavering lantern light brought out the grim lines of his hooked nose and high cheek bones in sharp relief against the dark shadows around his eyes and beard. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead, so intense were his efforts to

break the knots. His anger was increasing steadily with his lack of success. Impatient, he jerked his arms savagely.

"Aren't you tired yet of trying to free your hands?" came the measured demand.

"Can a man not shift his weight in peace?" he retorted.

"Not such as you. Although you will not escape, I know no reason for allowing you to try further. A look at those ropes wouldn't hurt." She laid her magazine face down on the table to mark the place, descended a ladder of cleated boards into the dark well. The sullen savagery in his eyes increased as he watched her approach him. He was like a caged beast, ready to spring at her slightest misstep. Unperturbed by his nearness and any threat of danger, she tested each knot carefully. Her capable hands were small beside his strong brown ones which tensed into hard fists when she touched them. Neither spoke. Satisfied at length that he was well bound, she turned her back on him, climbed up the ladder without a backward glance, and resumed her reading. No sooner was she intent upon the interrupted story than he began his feverish efforts, staring boldly at her whenever she happened to look at him.

It was only when two hours had passed with no sign yet of returning servants that Mrs. Allerton grew impatient. At the sound of footsteps on the bank and gangplank she started to rise, then remained motionless, realizing that they were firmer and more purposeful than those of the boatmen. A brief glance at the prisoner to make sure he was still tied, showed him grinning malevolently at her. She did not realize that persistent straining at each knot had finally caused one to loosen and that fifteen minutes would set him free with vengeance in his heart, but it abruptly dawned upon her that his companions were outside, returned with reinforcements to free him as he had predicted, and her previous impatience at the servants boiled over into wrath at the Pathans.

Jumping up, she threw open the window and leaned out, her back to the captive.

In the first moment, she counted twelve fierce turbaned faces glaring at her and saw that each man held a lathi—a strong stick—one blow of which could have knocked her unconscious. Mary Allerton was too incensed to think of that. She glared back at them. "What do you want?"

Surprised to see a white woman facing them where they had expected several trembling boatmen, the Pathans hesitated. But noticing that she was alone, they muttered, "That man in there. He is our comrade. Untie him and let him go." Several shook their lathis menacingly. "We want our companion released, do you hear?"

"I certainly do hear", was the ready reply. "You think you can intimidate me into giving him up. Well, I won't. How dare you come here and demand that of me? How dare you rob this boat in the first place? By what right do you think you can loot any houseboat you choose? Soldiers who answer to no one, eh? You'll answer to the British government for this. How dare you threaten a white woman? It will do you no good to wave those sticks at me. Your comrade stays right where he is until the jemadar arrives. Then I intend to turn him over to that official and if you attempt to release him it will be the worse for you. Now get off this boat. Get out of here. You annoy me. Leave!" She stood leaning out into the semi-circle of amazed faces, thoroughly angry, ready to say more if they tried to protest.

Restrained by the fact that she was a white woman, a memsahib, and very determined; utterly cowed by her magnetism, her defiance, they drew off muttering.

While she was watching them move along the bank, a slight scraping sound in the room behind caused her to turn suddenly.

Instinctively her eyes sought the spot where the prisoner was tied. That was the post, there the lantern, but the Pathan was

nowhere in sight. Only a heap of cloth ropes remained.

The faint sound of scraping, like calloused skin against rough wood, reached her again. She tensed, her eyes searching for him in the shadows. He was not in the corner. She stepped out from the wall to approach the well of the houseboat. At that moment the Pathan's head appeared above the edge of the flooring.

"So you freed yourself after all. Why didn't you call to your comrades? You could have managed your escape—then."

"I am in no hurry. Before I leave, I have a score to settle with you, woman of the quick tongue." He came up the ladder viciously, hands reaching for the knife at his belt as his feet hit the floor. "It is good that I brought this today. I did not think to have need of it." He walked towards her, eyes glittering strangely, hands clenched about the haft of his knife.

Mrs. Allerton did not flinch. Straight and proud she confronted him, head thrown back. "Just exactly what need do you expect to have of that kitchen tool?"

"This is fine steel, Englishwoman. You will soon know its use."

"What will you do when you have settled your score with me?"

"Open the doors which you so carefully locked and rejoin my comrades."

"Have you thought what will happen then? You expect to be safe, to hear no more of this incident, do you not? But you cannot escape my presence. Marks of your fingers will be in this room—on that post, on the door. Your face is known to the boatmen. You cannot kill them all. The British government is not slow in punishing those who violate its laws. You will be followed, hunted down. Wherever you go, the vision of my face will lead you, the knowledge of my avengers on your trail will drive you. I will be with you at your every move. Day

(Continued on Page 29)



# South to Sonora

By WALTER JORDAN

*(The following excerpts are from a diary kept by the author while travelling on horse-back through Mexico.)*

## THURSDAY EIGHTH

It was just turning orange in the east this morning when I jumped out of my bed-roll. There was a light wind blowing in the north. The last quarter of the moon still hung in the sky and a few stars were yet burning. Everything on the landscape was dark grey, cool, and fresh. I was wide awake and the first one up. I made a pot of coffee and went for a long walk. There was a little trail leading out of the camp to the north so I followed it over a series of low rolling foothills. There were many new and interesting things to be seen in the grey of the morning as I moved through the low mountain brush. Birds were chirping everywhere about me. As I walked over the crest of the first hill I walked suddenly upon a few stray cattle. Frightened at my approach they tore away over the next hill with their tails up over their backs.

After breakfast everybody began preparing to go out along a certain aroyo to pan gold. Never having seen anyone pan gold, we decided to go along. We were given a pan. They had shown us the gold they had panned (a whole ounce of pure gold) so we trailed along through the brush behind everybody and the dogs, with visions of finding enough of the yellow grains in a half day perhaps to pay several day's expenses. It was fun and very exciting (at least at first) and our hopes were high.

The aroyo was not very deep, but the sides were rocky and the bottom sandy.

"This is the place," said the leader. He took our pan, scooped up some of the dry sand, and began shaking it in a revolving motion. The gold, heavier than the sand,

settles to the bottom of the pan. This at least is the theory. After you are sure all the gold is near the bottom of the pan, you scoop off the top layer of the sand, then sift some more. In fifteen or twenty minutes you get it down to a mere handful of sand and then your excitement increases and you begin scanning the bottom of the pan for gold. In the first pan-full he did indeed find two little grains, so tiny my eyes ached trying to see them; but the method had been revealed.

"See?" he said in broken English. "That's the way it's done."

Then he gave us back our pan and we set to work in earnest. We all worked out in the hot sand in the blazing sun, perspiring terribly, especially with all the pan shaking. In a very short while the edge of excitement had worn off; I was terribly warm; I handed the pan back to George and sat in the shade of a rock with exactly the same amount of gold that I had started.

George said, "What are you handing me the pan for?" and laughed.

I left him shaking the pan while I went down the aroyo to see what the others were doing. Ah, they have a machine to do *their* sifting. You have to turn a crank, but the machine does the shaking. It stands on legs and has a hopper at the top where the sand enters. The sand sifts down onto a wide canvas belt where it shakes until all the coarse sand and gravel drifts down over the edge on the lower side. The fine material caught in the bottom is then placed in the hand-pan and the gold is finally sifted out of that. With this machine one is supposed to be able to sift a great deal more with a lot less work, but after turning the crank for a while I decided that I would just as soon use the tin pan. Anyway, I saw at once that I

was not cut out to be a prospector. They all laughed when I told them how much gold I had found. Some of the men were down on their knees and elbows puffing in the crevices of the rocks. That seems to be still another way it is done. They showed me how and said maybe I would have better luck yet.

First, you find a place where you think there may be gold, then you get down on elbows and, with lips close to the sand, you give out a series of short puffs, all the while wiggling your middle finger in the spot where you are puffing. Eventually, if the puffer does not wear out, a particle of gold *may* turn up. In which case it is carefully placed in a tiny bottle, or in an old rifle cartridge. Most of the prospectors use a twenty-two shell with a cork in the end. I found a half dozen grains by the puffing method, then gave up for dinner. We all trooped back through the brush to the camp with practically none of the zest we started with. When I told them at camp what luck I had, they all said "Too bad, you'll have better luck this afternoon."

This afternoon! Little do they suspect! I have had enough gold panning to last me for the rest of my life. It's too much like fishing.

## FRIDAY NINTH

We rode along in the cool of the morning. The sun was bright, the grass glittering with frost. But following the chill came the heat, until it was a torture. My face was blistered, my lips cracked, and I had a headache from the glare on my eyes. Dust rose up about us as the midday drew near. We carry all of our equipment on our saddle horses now. We look like a couple of gypsies moving camp. George rides like a squaw and slaps his horse along all day. In the latter part of the morning a freight train approached us. We were following a cart road which ran between the railroad and a barbed wire fence. The train was loaded and was puffing a ter-

rific amount of black smoke. Knowing that George's horse was shy, I suggested he hold the reins close and get the animal away from the fence before the train got too close. As he gathered up the reins, on came the train. The beast pricked up its ears, reared up and sat back into the barbed wire. The barbs stuck him, he went wild. He reeled and fell, throwing George headlong into the wire. George scrambled through and came up on the other side. As soon as the horse got free, he sprang up and bolted, scattering equipment all down the road. I caught him a half mile away in some thorn brush. When I returned I saw that entire front of George's shirt was in shreds. Every button was gone, but he was not hurt. After it was all over I laughed every time I thought of the accident, then promised him that I would ride his horse when the next train came by.

As the sun sank low the mountains in the west turned many shades of blue while in the east they were gold, orange, and russet-red fired by the last rays of the sun. The air became still. The trail of dust kicked up by the horses hung about two feet from the ground, white against the dark brush in the background. It was a picturesque sight, hanging there a quarter of a mile behind us. We were terribly tired and thirsty and the horses were weary. We have passed only two little huts today, stopping at both for water. Soon after the sunset, we saw some mesquite corrals ahead of us. A man on a horse and a man on a burro passed us at a trot. The burro was loaded with two huge bundles of hay, on top of which sat a man. We could see only the burro's ears and tail. The riders turned in at the corrals, and we followed, tired and worn after a long day's ride. We have ridden twenty-one miles today.

Camou is the name of the ranch and the little station. As we rode in, we saw several men trying to rope some steers. Others were pumping water and smoking. We approached



and watered our horses, asking if we could camp there for the night. The foreman invited us in cordially. He helped us unsaddle and put our equipment in a spare room of his house. He is apparently very poor, but he is true-blue, with a heart as wide as the desert.

When the meal was over, we vanished to bed as soon as possible—not an easy accomplishment for they are always interested in what we Americans are doing, and how we do it. Most Mexicans think we are crazy. Perhaps they are right. As I speak very poor Spanish, I slipped away and left George to do the talking, while I went out to see if the horses were all right. I was shivering when I returned to the house, for it had already turned very cold. Our Spaniard holds the lamp while we undress and slip into our bedrolls.

#### SATURDAY TENTH

In the middle of the night, out toward the corrals where we had our horses, the dogs set up a terrific barking. One old black dog sleeping in the room with us kept going to the door and looking out, not barking, but at intervals uttering deep growls. As he stood there with his head and shoulders in the moonlight, I could see the bristling hair on his neck. Visions returned of someone stealing our horses while we slept. I was not so worried about the boys at the rancho but of strangers passing along the road. At last I could stand it no longer, so I slipped on my boots and jacket and went out to where they were. It was cold outside. I lifted the thong that held the gate and went into the corral. There were a half dozen other horses in there so I walked out among them that I might better see. A pang of terror leaped through me. A shiver ran through my spine. I did not see my horse. He was standing in the far corner behind a mule munching some hay. George's horse was lying down. When he saw me he came over and rubbed his nose on my shoulder. I was relieved to

find that both were safe and returned to bed. George was sleeping as sound as a log and never knew the dogs barked.

#### WEDNESDAY TWENTIETH

The sun came up this morning brilliant and before breakfast caused the whole countryside to dance to the tune of the breezy hills. A few wild flowers near by were bobbing in the cool breath of the morning.

It was 2:00 o'clock before we were ready to ride, we took the trail belting the mountain to the east. We were headed for the old town of Mores. This trail has been cut into the side of the mountain by natives. After a short while it became so narrow that one horse could not squeeze by without scraping our legs on the sheer rock wall. It was scarcely more than three feet wide and over the lip it fell away to a sheer drop of several hundred feet. We were told that three days ago a man, horse, and child had ridden off the edge while riding up from Mores at night. The child was caught in the top of a thorn tree and hung head downward until it was rescued by someone following later. The man lodged in some brush and received only a broken leg. Only the horse was lost. The gods of the mountain were close to him that night.

After an hours ride we came to the edge of a great valley. We dismounted and walked to a point of rock jutting out over the sheer wall. We looked out and down into the great Mayo Valley. We were both struck mute as we gazed out in silent wonder. It was truly the magnificent work of the gods. Yes, the Valley of the Gods, for only they could have worked such a creation. The Gods of the winds, and rains and violent storms. I am sure the gods of the Great Seras dwell here. Yes, we had quietly ridden upon their dwelling place. From here the river is but a small silken worm in a wide valley. We looked down from the canyons rim 3000 feet into the hot country. In three hours time we would again drop from the

cold night on the wind swept rocks to heat and humidity and again the barren desert growth.

To our right on far out in the fiery desert several pillars shot upward hundreds of feet. In the distance they looked like tall sky scrapers. They looked close together and separated only by streets. It was quiet except for the talking of Seamon. Over to our left and far up the valley stood a high mesa. It was named Sabastapol after the famous battle fought in Russia during the Crimean War. It picked up the colors of the desert and threw them high into the mountains behind us. We could see the imaginary doors and windows of the temple in the low sunlight. It looked like a great oriental palace in a jeweled city. Still farther to our left and nearer stood another bluff, dark red and foreboding. It was the only thing in the valley of that dark red color. Like a terrible bloody prison of the dark (el Carcel Oscuro.) I was moved and wanted to write but we could not spare the time. I think George was equally impressed. I took some pictures and we turned our attention to the descent.

Mr. Seamon showed us the trail we should follow far to the left. We could see it on the higher places as it rolled over the ridges and foot hills of the mountains below. He said we would pass through the arroyo and between the two great mesas, el Carcel Oscuro, and Sabastapol and then into the little town of Mores. He shook hands with us and wished us luck. Then we turned and began descending. We walked down for the trail was steep and our horses were loaded. Two hours passed and we were still dropping downward in a trot. It has become hot. Our clothes were wet with sweat. Occasionally the trail leveled out for a short ways only to descend again by leaps and bounds. By dusk we had reached the lower levels and were following the dry arroyo bed into town. By seven o'clock it had become so dark we could not see and had to leave it to the horses to

follow the trail. We gave them free rein. The river bed made a wide bend around a high group of cliffs. When we rounded them to the other side a most primitive beautiful sight met our eyes. The great walls of rock were filled with cliff dwellers. Fires were burning all up through the rocks and on the ledges. We could see the shadows of the women and children and goats as they moved about the fires. It was a colorful sight there, in the darkness of the starry sky. We rode by quietly and heard them talking and scolding the animals. Those near were dark with rich colors from the fires playing on their oily skins and their glistening black hair. "Buenos Noches", I said to one near a watering place." "Adios," she replied and we rode on into the darkness again. As we crossed the river bed my horse stumbled in the loose rocks and fell to his knees but I checked the fall with my reins and saved us both from taking a tumble. We overtook a man on a burro. The animal was loaded with sacks of corn and the man rode on his rump. It looked as tho the little creature could barely walk, but I have no patience with burros so I did not trouble myself with the man's shortcomings. I only asked if this was the right road to Mores. "Yes" he said, so we passed and soon left him out of sight.

#### PER ASPERA AD ASTRA

(Continued from Page 8)

And as he came near to her she stood up, and looked at him, smiling calmly.

And he stood as if struck motionless, for her face was the face of the woman who had guided him.

"You are the woman who brought me from the land of darkness", he said.

But she shook her head, "Nay, Lord," she replied. "You mistake me for another. I am only a peasant woman."

And he stood speechless, knowing not what to say. And at last his eye marked a scar on her body; and he pointed, saying,



"Where got you that scar?"

"It was a scratch I received while doing some household task, Lord. About my daily work I receive many such."

And she smiled at him serenely, her fair hair blown back by the evening breeze from her white forehead; and he could say no word.

And a child ran out of the cottage, and came to the woman's skirts, calling her "Mother"; and from the house came a man's deep voice, saying, "Wife, you had best come in, before the dark of night falls."

So she smiled once more at him, and picked up the child in her arms, and went from him into the cottage.

And the man returned slowly, saddened and confused, his eyes upon the ground.

And he came to the place where he dwelt, and slowly lifted up his eyes. And he saw far below him the world of men, and the houses in which the lights of evening were beginning to twinkle; and beyond and above him were the eternal heavens with the host of stars shining clear and brilliant.

And he stretched forth his arms against the wind to them.

#### THE DEAD GROVE

(Continued from Page 6)

up at the avenue of dead orange trees, thinking, perhaps, of the number of times on nights like this when he had stayed out with those trees until the early hours of the morning.

Preston stood up and walked across the room. Jeff also was standing. As Preston stepped near, Jeff shot out his fist, aimed squarely at Preston's jaw. The larger man caught the wrist, twisted it sharply and swung Jeff around.

Jeff winced with pain. Something snapped and he thought that his arm was broken. His light body whirled quickly in the grasp of the stronger man. He made another lunge at Preston. As he did so, Preston stepped aside and Jeff fell to the floor. He

had a sharp, prickly feeling. He could feel the glass from the broken bottle cutting his face, but he couldn't move. He was too drunk to get up quickly. As he tried to raise his shoulder, something struck his side, half knocking the wind out of him. Preston kicked him again in the same spot. Pain shot through his whole body. He tried again to get up but knew now that his right arm was useless. He dragged himself along the floor to the table. With his left arm he pulled himself to his knees.

Slowly he got to his feet. Preston's back was turned. He could kill him now, he thought, if he could hit him hard enough. Jeff hesitated for a moment.

"Look out, Preston," Sam said suddenly, "or he'll stick something into your back."

Preston turned around. Half-sneering, half-grinning, he faced the lighter, smaller man. With the little power he had left, Jeff threw himself toward Preston. His good hand seized the other man's throat. If Jeff could get a grip now, Preston could never break it. Preston reached up and grabbed Jeff's good arm.

With one motion Preston lifted Jeff and hurtled him against the wall. The body struck the wooden sheathing and crumpled. The glass in the window rattled.

"Now don't bother me any more, you little bastard," Preston remarked.

Jeff lay still. He hadn't been knocked unconscious but he couldn't breathe well now. He could scarcely see. He stayed near the wall trying to gather strength to move. He looked at his hand covered with blood. He had a sharp pain in the front of his head. His nose felt smashed. There was a deep gash in his forehead. Blood from his nose ran across his lips and dropped from his chin onto his wrist. His broken arm, twisted beneath him, pained him, but he couldn't move it. Pushing with his left arm, his body straining against the wall, he tried to rise. He couldn't move. One eye was partly closed

now. The flesh of his cheek and forehead was torn by the broken glass. Turning his head, he saw dimly the outline of the girl standing in the doorway. He tried to rise again. He got onto his feet. Dazed, he stood tottering, peering at the man across the room. He could hardly see him. He fell back against the wall, then leaned slightly forward. He looked at Preston. The latter had just poured a drink. Jeff started toward him. Preston put the glass back on the table.

"Have I got to kill the little fool?" Preston muttered.

Jeff lurched forward. He swung his one good fist at Preston's head. It struck him squarely in the jaw. Preston acted as though nothing had touched him. He grabbed Jeff's right arm, which was hanging limp at the little man's side. The pain was terrible now. In one instant Preston had twisted the broken arm and again swung Jeff around.

As Jeff was wheeled around, his left hand grasped the rusty ice-pick from its place in the top of the soft cypress table. Preston pulled him up close. The man holding his arm did not notice the ice-pick in Jeff's other hand. Jeff lifted his arm and shot it straight out. The ice-pick struck Preston in the temple. Jeff pushed it in as far as he could. Slowly he pulled the pick out of Preston's head. There was a loud thud as the heavy body slumped and hit the floor.

The girl leaped toward the door. Sam Jones put the jug back on the floor and finished the drink in his glass. The old man turned from the window and looked at Preston lying on the floor. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. Jeff looked at the old man, as if he were expecting some sort of attack from that source.

The old man spoke for the first time in several hours.

"He tried to kill you," he said. "He wanted to kill you, Jeff, and now Preston's dead."

#### SUCCOUR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

(Continued from Page 16)

leading the people to believe they are real when they are reprobates."

"One of these guides is Pastor Russell. Another is Judge Rutherford. His Watchtower program should be abolished from the air and his books should be burned and the ashes thereof strewed in the river." . . . "Time fails me to tell of King Ben of the House of David, Mary Baker Eddy, mother of Christian Science, which is falsely so-called, since it is neither Christian nor scientific, Darwin with his tadpole yarn, Boswick with his radio speels, the Black Man in New York who says he is Jesus, and S-A-Tan who in these last days has transformed himself into an angel to deceive, if possible, the very devil."

Statements like the above need no comment. We shall not regard their religious convictions too seriously when we realize Miss England and her flock give of themselves daily to aid the needy and unfortunate. They provide hungry children with food and a sound education. They receive no salaries. Their lives are "magnificent obsessions," dedicated to the service of others.

Amid the wreckage of a boom town, Sister England carries on. Children play in the old sub-divisions and tread barefoot the muddy roads and mossy bricks of Picolota and Pensacola Avenues, now partly reclaimed by the wilds they invaded. They swim, if they wish, in Lakes June and Alma. Only the lakes remain unchanged. Everything else takes on new significance. For through it all, a miracle of faith has come to be, a school in the ruins, a monument of love, humbly offered to the Lord.

#### WE COMMUNISTS

(Continued from Page 14)

with those boys. He might get into trouble. I don't want him mixed up in anything with the police.



May—I can't help wondering just how much we'll get.

Mrs. D.—I suppose Uncle Horace's fortune has shrunk quite a bit since the depression started. What with strikes and so much labor trouble. (she pauses a little guiltily) I never thought of it that way before. It must be hard to manage a company and keep up standards in these times.

May—I don't see how you could ever think any different.

Mrs. D.—Neither do I. Why, it's a shame that a man who worked hard to build up his business, can't keep it without someone always trying to take it away from him.

May—They didn't get much away from Uncle, did they?

Mrs. D.—Oh, I guess it will be enough for us to get started on, and then your father can put it on its feet. The most of the trouble was that Uncle Horace was getting old. You need a firm hand with the employees to keep them from acting up. (all her old vigor has returned, and she begins planning for the new life.)

Mrs. D.—May. Bring me the paper and we'll see what we can find in the way of a comfortable apartment up-town.

(as May does so, the door opens and Danny enters looking rather guilty.)

May—Danny! I thought you'd gone up town to picket.

Danny—I—I didn't feel like it. I got away from the boys and came home. I got to thinking. It doesn't seem right to picket a theatre just because some wealthy people go there. I guess they sometimes have a bad enough time inside, without being bothered when they come out.

Mrs. D.—I'm glad you're home Danny. I'll need you to help find an apartment.

Danny—What's the matter? Have we been thrown out?

May—Don't be stupid. We're moving up town. Park Avenue.

Danny—Whew! But what about the snob-

bery of wealth?

May—(airily) Oh, we've decided all that. (a gesture) They're all wrong.

Danny—I'm just as glad. I'd rather work anyway. You feel kinda' worthless standing round in a breadline with a bunch of old men who can't work, when you're young and know you could get some kind of a job if you really tried.

May—You must have read a book.

Danny—At least I can read.

Mrs. D.—Children (she has adopted an air of sophistication and culture) Don't fight. Listen to this. Here is a nice apartment advertised at 10 Park Avenue. Eight rooms. That ought to be just the thing for us to start with. Later we can build somewhere on Long Island. A summer estate.

May—Can we have a yacht next year?

Mrs. D.—We'll have to see about that. There is so much to be done. I wish your father would hurry. I have lots for him to do. We must move right away. I want to get you children into a proper environment.

May—(who has gone over to the window) Here comes dad now. He's turning the corner.

Danny—How does he look? is he happy? (he rushes to the window)

Mrs. D.—Don't run, Danny, it isn't nice. (she walks with dignity towards the window. She can hardly keep from running herself.)

Danny—To heck with being polite. How does he look?

May—He's smiling. It must be true.

(she and Danny clasp hands and begin to dance around)

Mrs. D.—Children!

May and Danny—We're rich! We're RICH!!

Mrs. D.—It must be even better than we expected. He seems so happy. Why doesn't he hurry?

(they all stand around the door expectantly. The door finally opens and they throw them-

selves upon poor Henry, bubbling with questions.)

Mrs. D.—Now sit down Henry, and tell us all about it.

Henry—Well, we drove up to this beautiful house. I've never seen anything so big, I thought it must be a hotel, but Mr. Smythe said no, it was a house and belonged to the heirs, and—(May screams with excitement)

Mrs. D.—Never mind that now, Henry. Did we get any money?

Henry—I should say we did!

May and Danny—Oh!

Henry—And just when I thought everything was going against me. Losing my job, and all that...

Mrs. D.—Never mind that, Henry. How much was there?

Henry—I'm coming to that. (this is his big moment. For once he is the center of attraction.)

Mrs. D.—Henry! For heavens sakes hurry!

Henry—It was much more than I ever expected. Now we won't have to worry about paying the bills anymore.

All—How much did we get?

Henry—Uncle Horace left us... Oh say, Bertha. I must tell you about that. There were about thirty heirs there and...

Mrs. D.—Henry!

Henry—Yes, dear?

Mrs. D.—Tell us how much Uncle Horace left us.

Henry—He left it to me, dear.

Mrs. D.—Alright, we won't argue about that. (Henry looks surprised) How much?

Henry—It was wonderful! He left me two hundred dollars!

(there is a dead silence)

Henry—(looking around) What's the matter? Isn't that wonderful?

Danny—Yeh! Simply wonderful!

May—You could knock me over with a pin.

Danny—Yeh! Pin money!

Mrs. D.—(she has been practically para-

lized since the announcement. Suddenly shouts) Two hundred dollars!

Henry—(jumps) What's wrong?

Mrs. D.—Was that all he left you?

Henry—All! Of course that was all. That was a lot. It's just like a gift from heaven.

Mrs. D.—Two Hundred Dollars! (she begins to get really mad) TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!! (pause) Of all the low down capitalistic swindles. Keeping the poor laborer satisfied with rosy promises, and then letting him down at the last minute. (gradually rising crescendo to the end) This is outrageous. It's high time they were dragged from their place in the clouds. Nothing but thieves and robbers, living in pleasure on the sorrows of the masses groveling at their feet. TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!! May! Get my coat!

May—Where are you goin'?

Mrs. D.—Going! I'm going to that meeting of the "Enslaved People" and tell them about this outrage. (she shakes her fist at the air) Capitalists... Monsters! (suddenly points at Danny who shrinks) and you are going back to that Picket and do your duty. Now Get!

(she pauses before her exit to stand facing the audience with chin out. She again shakes her fist this time at the audience and shouts.) DOWN WITH CAPITALISM!!

Curtain

#### KASHMIR ROBBERY

(Continued from Page 21)

and night you will have no peace of mind. What was nothing but a robbery with consequences of a few days in jail will become a deed of life and death for you.

"Think twice before you settle the score of your wounded pride with a white woman. If your anger still is senseless, do what you wish with me. I cannot escape. But remember my words. They have power to ring in your ears forever."

With eyes that never changed, Mary Al-



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ADDS AN ODD PIPE TO HIS COLLECTION

I PICKED UP THAT ANTIQUE PIPE IN ITALY FOR YOU. IT'S THE FIRST PIPE MADE OF STEEL I EVER SAW



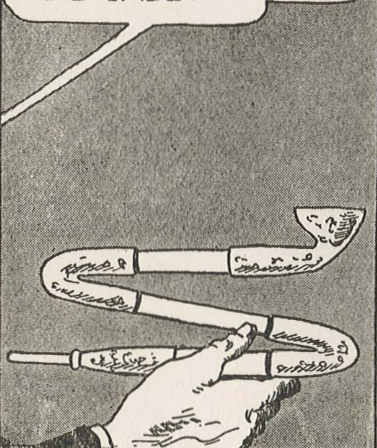
MANY THANKS, RALPH. I HAVE A FEW MORE METAL PIPES IN MY COLLECTION



TAKE THIS CHINESE WATER-PIPE, FOR EXAMPLE — A LOVELY THING OF SILVER INLAID WITH ENAMEL



—AND HERE'S A RATHER TRICKY JAPANESE PIPE, ALSO OF SILVER, BUT TRIMMED WITH IVORY AND JADE —



I'LL BET THAT COPPER PIPE FROM SUMATRA WOULD GIVE A MIGHTY HOT SMOKE



OPINIONS DIFFER ABOUT PIPES, BUT IT'S SMOKIN' PRINCE ALBERT REGULARLY THAT MAKES A PIPE ONE OF LIFE'S GREAT JOYS AND COMFORTS!

## THE BEST "BREAK" A PIPE CAN GET



Pipe smokers who make pals out of their pipes agree that Prince Albert is the tobacco for breakin' 'em in—and for forever after, too. P. A. is tobacco at its friendliest—cakes nicely in the bowl—smokes sweet and cool and satisfying. P. A. is

"crimp cut" for slow burning—does not bite the tongue. The big red tin holds 50 pipefuls. You needn't risk a cent trying this princely smoke. Just take advantage of our no-risk offer. And P. A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes.

## OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

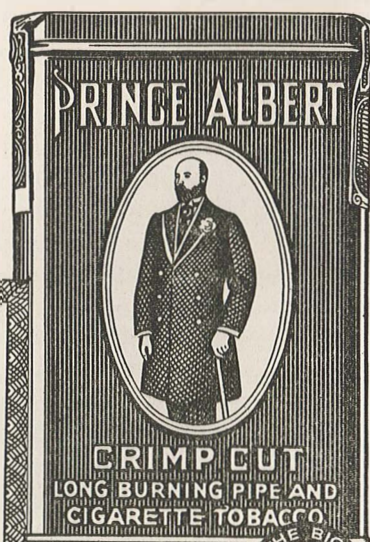
"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price,

plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

lerton looked steadily at the Pathan. Slowly his fingers loosed their hold on the knife. His arms dropped. The savage glow faded from his eyes.

"I cannot," he gasped. "My bones are water. I, the leader of my regiment, to be mastered by a woman! But you are like no woman I have ever seen, of my own tribe or of yours. Memsahib, I stay." Head lowered, he clambered down the ladder and sank heavily against the post where he had been tied.

\* \* \*

Fifteen minutes later the servants returned, escorting an imposing jemadar and two of his guards. He put on his most dignified attitude on seeing Mrs. Allerton, salaamed, and produced a folded paper from his baggy trousers.

"You have no doubt brought a statement already drawn up against the man and his companions?", she inquired icily in English. "I congratulate you on your speed and thought."

"It is a summons, yes . . . but . . .", he halted nervously.

"Read it to me." Mrs. Allerton scented mischief in the long delay and subsequent attitude of a man who should have been all deference.

"But I cannot translate quickly and the memsahib does not understand Hindustani."

"Read it anyhow."

"Very well, memsahib." He grinned to himself. Women were assuredly foolish. She could not understand Hindustani but still she wanted the summons read aloud. Well, that was so much the easier for him. He adjusted a pair of dirty horn-rimmed spectacles and began to read in a sing-song voice, head turning from right to left as his eyes moved across the page. Mrs. Allerton said nothing until he had finished, although she understood perfectly. Then her annoyance burst forth.

"So, you think to come and tell me that

I have no right to be on my friends' boat? You have the effrontery to trump up a charge against me stating that I am holding this man falsely and should release him. Why? Did you see his companions?"

"Ye-es, memsahib . . . Indeed, I could do nothing. I am but a poor man and they are strong. They would have killed me, memsahib. . . ." He was like a pricked balloon.

She cut him short. "I have heard enough. Jemadar, you will write out a correct charge at once stating that he was one of six who robbed the houseboat and giving true facts in the case. I turn this prisoner over to you to do with as you like. You are now responsible for him. I will come back tomorrow to see that you have performed your duty. What? I should say not. It is time for me to return. No, he is in your care. Good-night, Jemadar." She picked up the black grip and carried it out with her, placing it carefully on the seat of the shikarra.

The boatwoman and other servants crowded to the railing showering thanks upon her.

Their voices followed across the lake, finally becoming indistinguishable in the distance. To Mrs. Allerton the return trip seemed shorter than the first, for she slept most of the time. She was aroused by the scraping of the shikarra against the side of her houseboat. The boatmen helped her out and pushed off into the greyness of water and sky that foretold dawn.

\* \* \*

Late the next afternoon Mrs. Allerton resumed the interrupted letter to her sister. "A real melodrama took place here last night. Yesterday Ann and Carol went on the two-day trip up Nunga Parbat and late last evening their boatmen came over with a wild tale of the boat having been robbed. They were all shrieking and yelling at once—it was all I could do to find out what had happened. I had planned a quiet evening but of



**GROVER MORGAN**

336 E. Park Avenue

Watches Regulated Free  
Watchmaker — Jeweler — Engraver*Complete Line*Parker Pens — Ronson Lighters  
Hamilton and Elgin Watches

COLONIAL STORE PHONE 402

**Curtis & O'Neal Co., Inc.***"Orlando's Oldest Insurance Agency"*

EARLE DUKES, Manager

Phone 5012 : 37 E. Pine St.  
ORLANDO, FLORIDAYOU WILL HAVE MISSED OR-  
LANDO'S GREATEST TREAT IF  
YOU HAVE NOT DINED AT**SHARKEY'S  
Restaurant****THE GOWN SHOP**

OF WINTER PARK

*Featuring smart and distinctive clothes  
for the college girl*

Phillips Bldg. 358 Park Ave.

course when they appeared I felt I ought to go with them and see their captive. They had caught one of the thieves and were scared of him.

"He was striking—one of the finest Pathan soldiers I have seen—but frightfully insolent. I took charge of him while the servants went for the jemadar. While they were gone, twelve of his fellows came back and tried to make me release him. I was so angry I simply pitched right into them and told them to get out and stay out plus a good deal more. You would have laughed to see me.

"Just as the Pathans left, the prisoner broke his ropes and decided to get even with me for the way I had treated him. It took me some time to convince him that I had no intention of letting him settle any score with me, or of allowing him to depart. But he finally understood and behaved beautifully afterwards.

"It took the jemadar ages to come and he had a false summons the Pathans had made him write, turning all the facts upside down, so I had to straighten that out. Then I gave him full charge of the prisoner and went home. It was practically morning.

"This morning we recovered most of the stolen clothes strewn along the bank where the Pathans had dropped them in their hasty flight when their comrade was caught.

"I do wish I could get in touch with reality in India. I have been the length and breadth of the land but I never can seem to feel a part of it. These natives are in a continual state of excitement over some event that I am always having to straighten out for them. Goodness knows why they turn to me; there are lots of other women who have lived here longer and are much more in touch with the country than I.

Your loving sister, Mary."

**For Years —**

BAKER'S have had a part in outfitting the better dressed men on the campus.

We hope to merit the continued patronage of men who care and are particular about their clothes.

**R. C. BAKER, Inc.**

Shoes Clothing Furnishings

**LOUIS'**Ladies' Ready-to-Wear  
OrlandoWhere Low Prices  
Do Not Change  
Quality Standards  
In Distinctive Apparel**THE  
Gift and Antique Shop**OUTSTANDING GIFTWARES  
HOOKED RUGS AND MATS*A Fine Assortment of*BAGS, KNITTING AND CROCKETING  
MATERIALS

EARLY AMERICAN GLASS

"WHATNOT" PIECES

334 E. Park Avenue N. Winter Park

**LIFE-TIME FURNITURE**

In the course of our business history, our prices have frequently varied with buying and selling conditions. But NEVER have our quality standards been lowered to meet the demands of price hysteria!

*Dealer Member of the Grand Rapids  
Furniture Makers' Guild***Libby Furniture Co.**

Midway Between Orlando and Winter Park

*See the New Perrydell***FLOWER HOLDER***A distinctive Christmas  
gift, attractively packed*

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY

**PERRYDELL**  
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

TELEPHONE 5461, 22 E. GORE AVE.

*Florida's Finest Gift Shop***HART SWALSTEAD  
JEWELER**

SAN JUAN HOTEL BUILDING

Phone 7574 Orlando, Florida

*Our Stock Complete***DRUGS  
TOILET PREPARATIONS  
SUNDRIES****Elizabeth Arden**  
*Cosmetics*

**L**ARGEST and busiest soda fountain in town serving plain and fancy drinks—sandwiches—hot chocolate and that good Silix coffee made fresh every hour.

WHITMANS AND NUNNALLYS  
CANDY**Henry Lander**  
*The Smile Factory*

PHONE 101 FOR SUDDEN SERVICE



*Chesterfield writes  
its own advertising*

