

## COURT HOUSE

**Defendants Default**  
In the partition suit of Anthony Kohne against Leo G. Kohne and others, all defendants, except the Department of Financial Institutions, called and defaulted.

**Motion Submitted**  
In the liquidation of the Peoples Loan and Trust company, a motion to strike out the petition of Hugh Daniels was submitted and overruled, to which ruling of the court the department excepted.

**Estate Case**  
A petition was filed by the ad-

ministrators of the estate of Lawrence C. Waring, for the authority to join in the settlement and compromise of the claim due the Old Adams County bank by the decedent, Phil L. Macklin and F. S. Manley. The petition was submitted and sustained, and the administrator authorized to join in petition and compromise of the claim as asked in the petition.

**Case Dismissed**  
The complaint on account of the Graham Manufacturing company against Adam J. Smith, of the A. J. Smith Lumber company was dismissed and the costs paid.

**Case Venued Here**  
The limited separation suit of

Florence Schabacher against Herbert Schabacher was venued here from the Allen circuit court.

**Real Estate Transfers**  
Claud A. Harvey to Doris Nelson, 20 acres of land in Washington twp. for \$1.  
Doris Nelson to Claud A. Harvey et al., 20 acres of land in Washington twp., for \$1.  
Levi Johnson to Emma Teems, in-lot 15 in Monroe for \$1.  
Claud A. Harvey to Doris Nelson, 76 acres of land in Monroe twp. for \$1.  
Department of Financial Institutions to Jessie F. Burdge, in-lots 892 and 891 in Decatur for \$2,648.52.

Jessie F. Burdge to Home Owners Loan Corp., in-lot 891 and 892 in Decatur for \$3,000.  
Jesse L. Singleton et al to Frank J. Singleton, part of the east half of the southwest quarter in Root twp., for \$1.  
William J. Archbold et al to Frank Mann, part of the east half of the southwest quarter in Root twp., for \$1.  
Shelby Vance et al to Frank J. Singleton et ux., the east half of the southwest quarter in Root twp. for \$1.  
Frank C. Mann et al to Frank J. Singleton et ux., part of the east half of the southwest quarter in Root twp., for \$2,400.  
Samuel C. Schwartz to Daniel S. Wickey, 20 acres of land in Washington twp. for \$1,200.  
First Joint Stock Land Bank to Samuel C. Schwartz, 80 acres of

land in Wabash twp. for \$4,000.  
First Joint Stock Land Bank to Walter W. Steffen et al, 140 acres in Kirkland twp. for \$11,200.

**Test Your Knowledge**  
Can you answer seven of these ten questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

1. In which National Park is Old Faithful Geyser?
2. Where was Alexander Graham Bell born?
3. What is the legal definition of a day?
4. Which is the principal river of Indiana?
5. What is a chattel?
6. What instrument accurately records altitude, flights or aircraft?
7. Who was the greatest "Ace" in the World War, and how many

planes did he destroy?  
8. What is quicksand?  
9. Name the capital of Florida?  
10. Who was the founder of the American Red Cross?

**Wound Pains After 27 Years**  
Dain's, Tex. (UP)—George C. McCutcheon of Kerrville, Tex., is recovering from an operation to remove a dog's tooth from his hip. McCutcheon had carried the tooth since 1908, when he was bitten by a hound while hunting near Forest City, Ark. The wound did not start hurting for 27 years.

**School Organizes "Court"**  
PAINEVILLE, O. (UP)—Boys and girls of Harvey High School have organized a student court composed of seven "justices." The

court will try complaints arising out of decisions by the student council.

**MARKET REPORTS**  
DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS  
Brady's Market for Decatur, Berne, Craigville, Hoagland and Willshire. Close at 12 Noon.  
Corrected February 29.

No commission and no yardage. Veals received Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

100 to 120 lbs.	\$ 9.30
120 to 140 lbs.	9.50
140 to 160 lbs.	9.95
160 to 230 lbs.	10.35
230 to 270 lbs.	9.95
270 to 300 lbs.	9.75
300 to 350 lbs.	9.55
Roughs	8.25
Stags	6.25
Vealers	10.00
Ewe and wether lambs	9.00
Buck lambs	8.00
Yearling lambs	5.00

**FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK**  
Fort Wayne, Ind., Feb. 29. (UP)—Livestock:  
Hogs, 10c higher: 160-180 lbs. \$10.55; 180-200 lbs. \$10.45; 200-225 lbs. \$10.35; 225-250 lbs. \$10.25; 250-275 lbs. \$10.10; 275-300 lbs. \$9.70; 140-160 lbs. \$10.15; 120-140 lbs. \$9.90; 100-120 lbs. \$9.65.  
Roughs, \$8.50; stags, \$6.75. Calves, \$10.50; lambs \$9.00.

Corrected February 29.

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better	94c
No. 2 New Wheat, 58 lbs.	93c
Oats	29 to 22c
Good Dry No. 2 Yel. Soy Beans	72c
New No. 4 yellow corn, 100 lbs.	53 to 68c
Rye	45c

**CENTRAL SOYA MARKET**  
Dry No. 2 Yellow Soy Beans—72c (Delivered to factory)

"Crash Basin" Guarded

**PALEO ALTO, Cal. (UP)**—A "crash basin" for harboring a fleet of high powered motor boats that will dash to the assistance of any wrecked airplanes will be established on San Francisco Bay. The speedboats, of a newly developed type, are capable of 30 to 40 miles an hour.

**Scrapbooks Her Hobby**

**SEATTLE (UP)**—Mrs. Harry Usher, one of the nation's leading scrapbook makers, has started a new series on King Edward VIII. She filled 39 books on the activities of Franklin D. Roosevelt since 1933, and received an autographed picture of the President in recognition.

**Weather Data Upset**  
**TOLEDO (UP)**—Toledo's meteorologists are puzzling over fluctuations of the breezes. Normally, Toledo's winds blow from the southwest. Data compiled by the city's weather bureau reveal that with the exception of one month, the winds of 1935 blew from every direction but the southwest.

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE**  
In the Adams Circuit Court  
Case No. 14672  
STATE OF INDIANA  
COCKEY OF ADAMS, SS:  
John M. Young, receiver of Old First National Bank and Trust company of Fort Wayne vs Helen Thompson, Administratrix of the Estate of Morton E. Andrews, Deceased et al.

It appearing by affidavit that the above named Helen Thompson is indebted to real estate and to foreclose a mortgage upon the following described premises in Allen County, Indiana to-wit:

10 feet West of the East 57 feet of Lot Numbered Fifty (50) in Bowserville being a subdivision of Out Lots 8 and 9 laid out by Samuel Hanna in the Northwest fractional quarter of Section 2, Township 36 North, Range 12 East, Adams County, Indiana, and it further appearing that the defendants Margaret R. Andrews, Kendal M. Andrews, Constance Sybil Andrews, Carolyn Andrews, Charles Yates and David Henderson Yates are all non-residents of the State of Indiana.

Now therefore, said defendants and each of them are hereby notified to appear in the Adams Circuit Court of Adams County in the City of Decatur, Adams County, Indiana, on May 2nd, 1936, and answer or demur to said complaint. Failing to do so, judgment will be taken against them by default.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court at Decatur, Indiana, this 26th day of February, 1936.

Clerk of Adams Circuit Court  
Robert Keegan, Clerk.  
1108 Old First Bldg.  
Fort Wayne, Ind. Feb. 29, 1936

**LEGAL NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING FOR NO. 100**  
Notice is hereby given that the Local Alcoholic Beverage Board of Adams County, Indiana, will, at 9:00 A. M. on the 10th day of March 1936 at the County Commissioners' room in Auditor's Office, Court House, in the Town of Decatur in said County begin investigation of the application of the following named person, requesting the issue to the applicant, at the location hereinafter set out, of said applicant, and the propriety of issuing the Permit applied for to such applicant at the premises named.

Dewey S. Van Lear, 12501, 12501, (Decatur Package Store), 130 E. Monroe St., Decatur—Liquor, Wine Dealer.

Said investigation will be open to the public, and public participation is invited.

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE COMMISSION OF INDIANA  
By: R. A. SHIRLEY, Secretary  
PAUL P. FRY, Excise Administrator  
Feb. 29-36

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS BUSINESS CARDS AND NOTICES

## FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Michigan Johnstons, Wagners, Spies. Bring containers. Roebuck, Pleasant Mills.

FOR SALE—Good used machine. H. F. Gilpin, Adams and 14th Sts. Eves.

FOR SALE—Good used Sweeper. Reasonable. Feb.

FOR SALE—A good cow, old, with calf by side. John E. Durr, Decatur route.

FOR SALE—Chester White pig, 14 weeks old, weighs 18 lbs. from a litter of 10 pigs. 248.

FOR SALE—40 acre farm, black land, 2 miles north of east of Ossian. Price \$2,500 cash, balance can be paid year, no interest charges. a good buy. See Roy Peoples Loan & Trust Bldg.

FOR SALE OR RENT—farm, good buildings. March 1st. Address Box X of Democrat.

FOR SALE—One Guernsey Holstein cow, also fine gobblers. Sherman Arthur, house south of Pleasant Mills.

RECEIVED large shipment modern bed room suites, room suites, mattresses at attractive prices. Open at Stuckey & Co., Monroe, Ind.

## WANTED

WANTED—A second hand buggy in good condition. 517.

WANTED TO BUY—Yeast Bull, weight about 100 lbs. Write or Ed Schiefelbusch, 1, Decatur.

WANTED TO BUY or RENT—In Decatur, Modern or semi. Address box 44, c/o paper.

## FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Modern apartment uptown. Also rooms for two gentlemen. at 127 N. Third st.

FOR RENT—5 room modern plex. Inquire 1139 W. St. Phone 544.

Boy Chassis Hospital G. LORAIN, O. (UP)—Any day you can hear small children's ward of St. hospital. It comes from year-old boy who calls him "gloom-chaser." He is seen and plays the harmonica, phonograph, guitar, accordion, etc.

**Father and Sons on Team**  
Sanborn, N.H. (UP)—A plenty of teamwork on the basketball team. The team composed of Selectman bott and his four sons.

**Blind Aided by Blind**  
Los Angeles, (UP)—Earl C. blind, has been permanently pointed senior social case for the 2,201 other blind receiving county aid. The system enable him to perform duties.

**ROY S. JOHNSON AUCTIONEER**  
Office, Room 9  
Peoples Loan & Trust Bldg.  
Phones 104 and 1022  
Decatur, Ind.

Mar. 2—Wm. Kichewitz, mile south of Rockford, O., mile out sale.

Mar. 2—Henry Yack, 5 miles south of Decatur, 2 1/2 mile south of Decatur, north of Kirkland high school.

Mar. 3—D. J. Barkley, 2 1/2 mile south of Monroeville.

Mar. 4—David Bollinger, 1 mile south of Monroe on No. 27.

Mar. 5—Shand, 10 miles west of Ohio City.

Mar. 6—David, Riverside Mar. 7—Dewey Plumley, 1 mile south, 1 1/2 mile east of Decatur, Mar. 10—B. F. Barfield, 1 mile west of Monroeville on a road.

"Claim Your Sale Date" Every service includes looking over every detail of your sale more dollars to you the day of your auction.

**N. A. BIXLER OPTOMETRIST**  
Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted  
HOURS  
8:30 to 11:30 12:30 to 2:30  
Saturdays, 8:00 p. m. Telephone 135.

## "More Money" by CHARLES GRANT

## SYNOPSIS

Jasper Ingram, wealthy promoter, takes his secretary, lovely Cathleen McCarthy to his "Grangeland" estate so he can transact business while attending the charity garden party given by his wife, Laura. Cathleen, the sole support of a large family, is fascinated by the surrounding luxury and wishes she could attend the party. Marian Alspaugh, the gold-digging wife of Homer Alspaugh, Ingram's confidential secretary, is cigarette girl at the fête. She flirts with the Marquis d'Alhues, Mrs. Ingram's special guest. Seward, Ingram's son, is infatuated with Arline Martin, an actress, but the ruthless Arline—realizing the senior Ingram could be more helpful in furthering her career—tries to impress the latter.

## CHAPTER VIII

"My dear girl, you mustn't take anything I say too seriously," Ingram said, as they took the path toward the lake. "After all, I'm not in the profession. Still I think there are points of technique, tricks of the trade and a certain smoothness that you've yet to learn—how to make your effects with less effort. The essentials, however, you seem to have—beauty and true voice. More important, still, you are able to warm a whole scene and keep the audience interested, less by what you do than by yourself—dynamic and glowing in yourself."

The gray of her eyes was a pale blaze behind their darkened lashes as she looked up at him. "It's as though you were pouring wine into my veins!" she cried with rare originality. "No, not wine, something headier and sweeter—what's that liquor with little spots of gold in it?"

"Eau de vie de Dantzig?"

"That's it! And the specks of gold are little electric sparks of excitement! I'm ambitious, Mr. Ingram. I want to get on. I feel that I have something to give. I'm not just one more silly stage-struck girl—I'm not!"

"The helping of talented youth was one of Ingram's hobbies, but he kept such benefactions as secret as possible, both out of delicacy and to escape the importunities of the unsought-after. He felt strongly disposed now to help Arline, and was already thinking how amusing it would be to enter a contest with her name in electric lights outside, and watch her make her effect—foretold by him—on New York's tough and wary critics."

"I should be glad to help you if I could," he told her. "Just at present I see no way. If I knew of a really fine play-script I might even be inclined to assist in its production."

A wave of excited color rose into Cathleen's face. "Do you mean that, Mr. Ingram?"

"Certainly. I don't say I'd be willing to back you in just any play—even in an ordinarily good play."

"But, Mr. Ingram, I know of a really great play."

"Indeed?" he said, not too optimistically.

"Oh, there's no doubt about it. I have the script. It was written by a man I know, a terribly brilliant man. He's had things in the New Yorker, and a short story in the American Mercury."

"Mr. Ingram, please—please read it! Or, I wonder, would you, could you come to my tiny apartment and let me read it to you?"

She felt him stiffen in instinctive refusal and added quickly:

"If I send it to you, you may never find time to look at it. A play doesn't take long to read—no intermissions, no business. And my place is quite near your building—in the east forties."

Ingram, however impersonal his desire to further youthful talent, shared the almost universal masculine taste for the secret of attractive young girls. He thought that he might spend a pleasant hour listening to Arline read the play in which she so completely believed. He hoped, sighing, that he shouldn't

have to disappoint her by condemning it.

"It's impossible to refuse you," he said smiling at her. "Some day next week—suppose we say Thursday at about half-past four?"

"Thursday at half-past four," repeated Arline. "You angel!"

"Ah, but whether I am going to be an angel or not," he said dryly, "is just what remains to be seen!"

Arline Martin had spent the entire morning in frantic preparations for Ingram's visit. Then after luncheon, she rested, bathed, set her wave, gave herself a facial treatment and slipped into jade-green hostess pajamas. She telephoned the reception clerk a peremptory order to send up to her apartment no one except Mr. Ingram. Then she got out the script and studied its best scenes in an effort to allay the nervous suspense of waiting.

So much depended on the impending interview! If he liked the play, if he stuck to his promise, she would arrive in one bound at her goal, and the author of the play also would arrive. They were lovers; hence his success meant almost as much to Arline as her own. When the buzzer at last announced Ingram, she approached the door to admit him, tortured with stage fright.

This nervousness fell away from her as soon as he was in her presence. Ingram saw a poised and well-mannered young woman, who said coolly, "How good of you to come!" She led him in and with charming insistence made him comfortable on her long, wide sofa.

"You must be perfectly comfortable, so nothing will distract your attention as I read."

She purred about him, offering another pillow, a light for his cigar, a whiff of Feu Follet and at the same time affording him a series of enchanting close-ups of her face and rippling, undulating figure.

Disappearing for a moment, she returned with a cocktail shaker briskly in action, whence she poured him a cold and well-mixed Clover Club. While he drank, she amused him with half a dozen clever imitations of well-known actresses, so skillfully done that the chuckling man instantly recognized them.

"And now for the play—" she said.

He gave her grave attention as she read. The exhibition of Arline's own talent and versatility, for she read well, interested him more than the play itself, which, though better than he had dared expect, struck him as considerably below her claims for it.

When she had finished he lay back against the cushions, pondering, turning the play over in his mind. Arline sat perfectly quiet, not daring to break in on his thoughts. He said at last that he thought the play promising.

"Not great, no; but not hopeless. If the author—what's his name?"

"Charles Gresham."

"Well, if Gresham will take the advice of an experienced playwright with whom I can put him in touch, and then rewrite his play, I'll read it again."

Arline's brows drew together in distress. "Charles won't do that, Mr. Ingram. It's no use talking at him. He won't change his play to please the box-office. He believes in it, just as it is—and so do I."

"Then all he has to do," Ingram said dryly, "is to find a producer."

"He's tried to do that for nearly two years! Mr. Ingram, won't you, just this once, gamble that an artist is right, that he knows best about his own work? I'll give all that's in me to make the play a success."

It appeared that Ingram had definitely decided against the play in its present form. Arline looked at his set mouth, his unwavering eyes. In a moment he would get up and walk out.

At that, as she saw her great chance slipping away, desperation dictated her actions. She darted across the room, settled on the edge of the sofa and leaning toward him said, "Do this for me! And I on my side will do anything—You do like me a little, don't you? Perhaps..."

Ingram was startled at the sud-

den change in the girl. Her face was within six inches of his own, and her whole fragrant person was alive with seductiveness. "This wasn't what he had intended, not in this sudden, impetuous way. Why must a girl young and lovely, be so crude, so devoid of imagination and a feeling for romance?"

Did she take him for some callow boy to whom physical sex was a new and exciting adventure? He was so disappointed, so chagrined, that he did not attempt to rise or disengage her arms, and the pleading, passionate tones of her voice persuaded either of them from hearing a timid knock at the door.

But Jasper Ingram did hear the door open, and raising himself to look past the girl's bowed head, he saw the convulsed angry face of his son.

Furiously he thrust Arline from him. Damn the girl! He remembered that he had seen infatuation with her in the boy's whole attitude at the garden party. It was the sort of thing he would have given a fortune to undo. Arline might have had the money to stage her half-baked play, if she had behaved herself, if Seward had found her sitting on the little chair where she belonged, with the play in her lap.

"I guess I'd better apologize," Seward said, in a shaking voice. He leaned against the door, one hand behind him on the knob. The elevator boy said I was to come right up. I see now that you were the Ingram she was expecting."

"Seward!" Ingram cried. "Stop that. You don't! He struggled to rise, but he had stretched almost supine, and Arline thought repulsed, was still in his way. Before he could get to his feet, Seward banged the door behind him.

Ingram, catching up his hat, hurried after his son. Leaning over the well of the stairs Ingram heard Seward pounding down them, and yelled again, "Seward, wait for me. Wait. I tell you."

The footsteps raced on. He put his finger on the elevator bell and kept it there till a car rose for him. When he reached the street floor, Seward had disappeared.

There was no use trying to find the boy now. He wouldn't know where to go. Also, it was getting late, past half after six, and he had to get to Grangefields, dress and drive with his wife to Southampton. He'd have his reckoning with Seward later.

When Seward Ingram reached the street, he walked away with long strides, blind to the course his feet followed. The picture of this girl in his father's arms went with him, maddeningly vivid. How often had he imagined kissing her himself, her body sweet and lax against his, her throat arched and her chin upflung in the offering of her lips. It turned him dizzy, even now to think of it.

He was through with women. They were all alike. Except his mother, of course. And Millicent Hinshaw, maybe. She was a bishop's daughter and ought at least to be decent. But what of it? Who cared how the Millicents conducted themselves?

He could swear that Arline was innocent, too, last week when he met her. The glamour of his father's wealth and power had overwhelmed her. All that strength and personality which Seward himself felt in his father would be irresistible to a young girl like Arline. At the thought, he hated his father. His fingers twitched with the mad urge to hurt him. He could feel his father's thick muscular throat as his fingers dug into it. The physical satisfaction of this imaginary conflict calmed him.

Because he was rich, because he was middle-aged and had no one to call him to account, because he was Jasper H. Ingram, he thought he could go around as a playboy.

Maybe his father had the right idea at that. Maybe, since the world was what it was, the thing to do was to go ahead and enjoy yourself. Why sentimentalize about women? Love 'em and leave 'em. That was the only way. He had learned his lesson. He was through with women.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1932, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## SYNOPSIS

Jasper Ingram, wealthy promoter, takes his secretary, lovely Cathleen McCarthy to his "Grangeland" estate so he can transact business while attending the charity garden party given by his wife, Laura. Cathleen, the sole support of a large family, is fascinated by the surrounding luxury and wishes she could attend the party. Marian Alspaugh, the gold-digging wife of Homer Alspaugh, Ingram's confidential secretary, is cigarette girl at the fête. She flirts with the Marquis d'Alhues, Mrs. Ingram's special guest. Seward, Ingram's son, is infatuated with Arline Martin, an actress, but the ruthless Arline—realizing the senior Ingram could be more helpful in furthering her career—tries to impress the latter. Later, he calls at her apartment to listen to the reading of a play, the success of which means the arrival of herself and its author—the man she really loves. Failing to interest Ingram in the play, Arline tries to win him over by flirting boldly with him just as Seward arrives. The boy leaves in anger.

## CHAPTER IX

He went to his club and had a plunge in the pool. That, and a couple of drinks from a bottle in his locker, gave him an appetite, so he dropped in at Tony's, where both the food and drink were good, and sat at a small table near the bar.

Some fellow he had passed on the way in raised a hand and nodded to him. He returned the salutation curtly; but— who was the man? Presently he identified him as one of his father's self-satisfied yes-men, a bird named Aldrich or something like that. Celebrating, he said, a girl with him, not his wife either. That past he had seen at the garden-party was his wife.

Seward was disgusted. Same situation everywhere—beautiful girl, beaming at an old goat for what she could get out of him. But how could any girl like this Aldrich?

Alspaugh, that was the name. Yes, there he was, chattering and smiling and pretending she was having the time of her life.

Seward had an idea he'd seen the girl before sometime, but he couldn't remember where. Anyway, Alspaugh was a good picker. Of course at his age, he would go for some body young and fresh. You didn't often see a girl with a prettier complexion. Made all the other women in the room look shriveled, pasty. She had other charms, too; her eyes, even at this distance, sparked blue fire; a lovely soft shadow moulded the round chin; shapely shoulders, and a gallant carriage of the head. Then he noticed, with a curious sense of relief, that she was the only woman in the room not smoking.

At that he played with a sudden impulse to go over and join them. He was the boss's son, so Alspaugh wouldn't object. Before he could act on the inclination, they got up and went out. Now he would never see her again. What the hell! Girls were all alike. They only brought you grief.

A little before noon the next day, Jasper Ingram called up Grangefields and asked to speak to Mr. Seward.

"Do you wish me to wake him, sir?" the butler asked. "He came in late and was looking—very tired then, sir."

Jasper hesitated. To be jerked from sleep after a night out was what the boy deserved, but why be brutal. "Don't wake him," he said, "but when he comes down, tell him I should like to see him at my office as soon as possible."

It was nearly three o'clock when Seward arrived at his father's office. With the recuperative power of youth, his appearance in no way suggested a night of drinking. A thrill of pride stirred Ingram as he thought, for the thousandth time, "He's a handsome devil!" Handsome, yes, in spite of the fact that his usually smiling face was now set in severe lines and reproach and anger were in his eyes. There was no cordiality in his voice as he asked:

"You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Yes. About yesterday," Ingram said. "You're entitled to an explanation."

"I had legitimate business with Miss Martin. She had a play that she thought I might back. It's no good. When she saw how I felt, she used the silly tricks women of her kind think are sure-fire. That's one of the catches about being rich—and the quicker you know it, the better. Understand?"

"It looked to me like fifty-fifty," the boy said steadily.

"Looked to you? Indeed, I know how it looked to you! Your lack of control made that plain. Gentlemen, with intelligence, acquire just a trifle more poise."

"Different? I wouldn't know about that. She's in the profession, she's independent, and probably," he added dryly, "not above doing a little gold digging."

"All right," Seward said. "Have it your way. I don't want to talk about her, if you don't mind. So if that's all—"

"I've told you the truth, son, which carries with it a sort of an apology. At least a 'sorry.' Have you nothing to apologize for?"

At that Seward's self-control slipped and the show of decency that had been maintained until now was shattered by something resembling an explosion.

"Apologize for saying you keep a harem? It's true, isn't it? Then I won't apologize!" He realized he was shouting and lowered his voice, but he could not steady it. "You can keep mother in the dark, but I'm a man. I get around. I've known about you since I was a kid at Groton."

Ingram was dumfounded. The worst of it was, of course, that part of what the boy said was true, which made it extremely difficult to answer this straight-laced Victorian.

"I don't want to discuss my personal affairs with you, Seward. In spite of the fact that you 'get around' it's just possible you are still too young to get my viewpoint. Certainly I don't mean to defend myself. But I do