

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

1. How long is a generation?
2. Name the winged horse of Greek legend.
3. Is aluminum a conductor of

electricity?
4. Who wrote, "The Avenging Twins?"
5. Of which U. S. Territory is Juneau the capital?
6. From which country did the U. S. acquire the Virgin Islands?
7. What is a "shavetail?"
8. On what island is the volcano Mont Pelee?

9. In which country is the city of Bologna?
10. When and by whom was the mouth organ invented?

College Graduate Scores
Toledo, O.—(UPI)—City Manager John N. Edy put a college graduate to work only a few minutes after he had entered city hall. He

"liked the looks" of August Schneider, and hired him as "temporary office assistant" at \$100 a month.

Mules Fall 85 Feet, Live
Grants Pass, Wash.—(UPI)—Two pack mules, frightened when one of their mates fell off a six-foot embankment and was killed, reared and plunged off an 85-foot cliff and escaped unhurt. The animals landed on their backs.

Kiss Costs \$50

Sudbury, Ont.—(UPI)—It cost Christopher Rowles \$35 and costs of \$15, or one month, to kiss Miss Alice Simard. Miss Simard told the court Rowles stopped her, spoke

CHAPTER XXX

Homer sank onto the chesterfield and read the letter again. Then he began to laugh.

Once he had begun to laugh, he found it hard to stop, for the more he thought about the whole situation, the funnier it seemed. Doubling up on the sofa, Homer emitted cackles and snorts for some moments, while Marian's letter drifted to the floor.

Jasper motioned impatiently for silence. That private bank account, a small anchor to windward, was swept away; so much the worse. But he had no time to be moan it, nor any mental energy to punishing him.

He remembered the man's wife—pretty, vapid, greedy. Poor devil! He'd only done, in his small way, or tried to do, what Jasper himself was doing—playing for the big stakes, taking long chances, snatching at any opportunity he was capable of recognizing or creating, to get hold of money, more money, always more and more, in a kind of obsessive madness...

Not that Marian could possibly know about the evening he spent with Dot Whiting. Yet if she had no suspicions about that, why should she be leaving him? And leaving him at a time like this when he needed her most. When he needed some one to soothe him, stroke his hair, comfort him.

All right, he knew where to find some one who would do these things—make him feel he was a person of importance. He thought of the evening he had spent with Dot Whiting as the only pleasant interlude in his months of harassment. He took a couple of stiff drinks, called her, and found her sweetly agreeable.

But Arline's representative had a speech of enunciation that amazed Ingram. Keeping abreast of Jasper as he strode out of the building, crossed the pavement, and got into the waiting car, he delivered himself of an impassioned harangue.

"Do you want it told on the front page of every newspaper in New York, what happened on a certain afternoon in my client's apartment?" he said. "Go to them. If you molest me again, I'll have you arrested."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ingram said. "Kindly get out of my way."

"You mean, you think I stranded her in the country on purpose? Is that what you mean?" demanded Seward. His manner continued suave and mild.

"You rich guys think you can get away with murder!" said Joe, his voice rising. "If you'd had a rich society girl with you, you'd brought her home on time all right!"

"If I'd had the leading Class A debutante with me," Seward retorted, "I couldn't have done any differently than I did in your sister's case. Nor should I have wanted to, because naturally I do not see any difference between two nice girls!" The thing was my fault, and I was sorry as hell about it, but, after all, it happened weeks ago.

"If you McCarthy men took it to heart such a lot, why didn't you look me up sooner?"

"I didn't have time before. I'm a working fella. And I thought, maybe we'd hear from you first," said Joe.

"Hear from me? What d'you mean, hear from me?" asked Seward.

"Well, you done the girl wrong. And done wrong to her family through her. There's one way to make it up."

"I'm afraid I don't get you at all," said Seward.

"Did you ever hear of one fella paying another fella damages? Damages is what I mean. A big lump of money. Say, five thousand dollars, and we'll say no more about it."

"Damages... Good God!" muttered Seward, passing his hand up over his brow. "Oh, my poor Cathleen! I don't ask you if she knows you're here and what you came for. I know damn well she doesn't. And I don't believe you're her brother at all. She couldn't have a brother like you!" But he approached Joe, who backed a little, gazing at him closely. "You look a little like her, though, more than a little bit. I wish you didn't."

Suddenly his hand shot out and he seized Joe's coat lapel. "Now I have it!" he cried. "You're the hopeful lad that pawned the bracelet! Got it away from her somehow and pawned it—why, that explains everything! Did you or didn't you? Of course you did!"

Joe's face confessed it, though his lips strenuously denied. "I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't come here to talk about bracelets."

"I'd give you five thousand dollars to tell me it was you, if I weren't certain of it now. Cathleen is an angel and you're a dirty little black-mailer."

"You can't prove it!" Joe shouted.

"Don't talk so loud, man—my mother may be in any minute. I don't have to prove it. I know it. And now as to your other proposition, it's out before it's in. Go climb a tree. Go boil your head. I'm awfully glad you dropped in this evening, McCarthy. No kidding, I am really—but it's time now for you to be on your way."

"I don't stir out of this house until you come across with five grand!" said Joe.

"Listen, dope," said Seward.

"You can't stick a fellow up in his own house. Don't you realize I only have to press a button and you'll go out on your ear? All sorts of nuts try to get in to see my father. There are about six hussies on this floor, trained to give them the bum's rush. I don't want to seem inhospitable or anything like that. I think it would be a whole lot nicer all around if you'd just walk out quietly."

(To Be Continued)

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