

A STORY OF MYSTERY, SUSPENSE AND LOVE

THE JOBB-SISTER

CLIFFORD WEBB
AND ROSE ELO

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WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
Diana Brooks, beautiful daughter of BOBBY BROOKS, owner and publisher of the *Catapult*, a chain of nine other newspapers, had been kidnapped and then released. She is engaged in a persistent fight against the corrupt administration of Indiana, and through the medium of the *Catapult* she is scolding attacks on politicians of the ring and deities the underworld.

A few days later Brooks himself disappeared. It was an attempt to locate him, DONALD KEENE, literary editor and FREDY HARRIS, a writer, who had been kidnapped and then released. He was engaged in a persistent fight against the corrupt administration of Indiana, and through the medium of the *Catapult* she is scolding attacks on politicians of the ring and deities the underworld.

Brooks reappears to find that his newspaper stock is being manipulated. He suspects JOHN W. WALDEN, member of a prominent law firm, of being involved in the plot to wreck the Brooks organization.

Don believes himself in love with LOLA MANTLE, Diana's cousin. He is accompanied by DANNY MORRISON, a young reporter in love with her. He is a dance given by Diana's social set at a country house. Diana, who is in love with her, is being wooed by a young man named JOHN W. WALDEN, who has long been in love with her. Diana, who is being wooed by a young man named JOHN W. WALDEN, who has long been in love with her.

CHAPTER XXI

The clubhouse, she figured was not more than half a mile distant at the most. She did not, however, remain on the highway but ran along the fields keeping a parallel course with the road. The moist earth of the freshly ploughed acres sunk under her feet. She lost one of her pumps, stumbled, almost fell, but fought forward through the darkness, desperately.

Her tulle frock was a shredded wreck by the time she glimpsed the lights of the clubhouse. The rear of the building apparently was deserted. Diana found a telephone in the butler's pantry. She gasped with relief as she heard a voice tell her to "hold the wire. Mr. Keene has just come home!"

Then at last it came: "Donald Keene speaking."

"Oh, Don—this is Diana! Walden got—nasty... I'm at the club house... Dress torn... I'm a sight... Can you come out?"

"I'll be out right away!" Don shouted back. "Where are you?"

"In the rear—come to the back door. I'll be waiting there. I mustn't let any of the crowd see me in this shape. Hurry, Don!"

The girl's lips were parched with the fever of drink and excitement. Her cheeks, in which the color came to her ears, she peered toward the pantry. Walden! He had followed her.

She cringed further into the darkness, hardly daring to breathe. She was in no immediate danger of discovery, but in the ballroom a few stragglers were still dancing, and she wanted to avoid the disgrace of a public altercation with Walden.

He seemed fired with a demoniacal purpose. After searching for awhile she heard him moving away toward the front of the building.

The wait for Don seemed endless. Fully twenty minutes must have passed before she heard the welcome sound of grinding brakes. In another moment footsteps crunched on the gravelled walk and she saw Don vaguely outlined beyond the screen door, barely a yard from her. She emerged and addressed him in a whisper.

"Don, I'm coming right out!"

He held the screen door open. Just as they descended the steps another figure sprang out from around the corner. It was Walden.

"She goes home with me!" He swore and lurched toward them grasping Diana's arm.

"No, she doesn't, Walden," replied Diana.

"You didn't do anything so awfully wrong," he assured her gently. "I didn't dream Walden was such a cad. Don't worry."

She stole a look at him. He was looking at her with a bantering smile, attempting to efface her remorse with small talk.

Diana listened, pondering at the

turned Don evenly. Then: "What in hell is the matter with you, man?" and he jerked the other aside roughly.

Walden struck out, the blow landed on Don's cheek, and hurt. Don returned the blow. The two men grappled.

Diana was panic-stricken, but still avoided an outcry. Walden was landing two blows to Don's one. He outweighed his adversary by fully forty pounds and the other was weak from his recent illness. Don, very apparently was fighting a losing battle.

Diana groped about for a weapon of some kind. She could find nothing. Then she remembered seeing a mop in the butler's pantry. She darted inside, snatched up the utensil and flew back to lend Don a helping hand. And a helping hand was what Don was needing at that moment.

The darkness made it difficult for her to distinguish between the two men until she heard a curse. For just an instant the two separated and she made out the form of her enemy.

The girl grasped the handle of her weapon with both hands. She raised it high and then with all her strength brought the soggy thing smashing down on Walden's head.

Fascinated she stared for an instant at the still form lying at her feet, terror-stricken at what she had done. Then she turned to the friend who had come to her rescue. Don, too, was looking down at his now fallen adversary.

"My God, Diana!" he gasped, "I hope you haven't!"

But she evidently hadn't, for at that instant the man on the ground emitted another grunt, rolled over and then sat up. His gaze fell on the girl standing a few feet away.

"Well," he articulated with slow deliberation. "I'll be—dammed! Huh?"

With that he climbed awkwardly to his feet, swayed for a second or so and then lurched off without another word or look at his erstwhile opponents.

The girl turned to her companion. "C'mon, Don!" she gulped, holding out her hand, "let's go!"

By the time Walden had reached his car standing at the side of the road the two were speeding safely on their way toward home.

"I've been a fool, Don," she told him. She was like a penitent child. "I realize now," she went on sadly, "that I behaved very badly to-night. You might say that Walden was partly justified in his beastliness. The whole thing is wretchedly disgraceful. I'm so ashamed." She was sobbing.

Don tried to soothe her.

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same time the difference in men. Don would not have taken advantage of her abandoned performance. How fortunate Lola was to have won the love of a man like him.

The rose-tinted fingers of dawn were just touching the horizon as they approached the Brooks' place. The first streaks of day replaced the arc lights of the street. The latter were extinguished as the two drew up before Diana's home. A milkman clattered past them.

"I'll leave the car here and walk up to the door with you. It's late. I mean you'd better go in as quietly as possible," Don explained.

Diana acknowledged his consideration with a nod.

They stood for a moment after reaching the door, gazing out on the seemingly lifeless landscape. The girl's oval face was pale, but calm like a summer moon in the woods. The night's terror had lent to her eyes a beauty almost fantastic.

In light moods those eyes were gray. Now they glowed black. Her bronze hair was swept back from her forehead creating a dusky frame.

"Good-night, Don—or shall I say good-morning?"

Her lips dropped sadly. He took her face between his two hands and looked down into the mystic depths of her sea-green-gray, dusky eyes. They were like live jewels.

Suddenly he bent over and pressed his lips almost roughly on hers.

Diana gasped. Don heard a brief, throaty laugh and the next moment he was alone. He turned and walked meditatively out to his car.

He had not planned to do this thing. Impulse ruled him. Why, hang it all, it was for that, virtually—what he had done—that Diana had jumped from Walden's car—that she had refused to ride with him.

All the Walden had been guilty of was an attempt to kiss her. About the only difference, after all, in his and Walden's act was that he had succeeded, whereas Walden had been knocked in the nose and finally knuckled cold with a dirty mop! Girls certainly were strange creatures, he reflected.

And Diana? What was she thinking of him now? He wondered.

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