



BLUE BOOK



MARCH, 1934

MAGAZINE

VOL. 58, NO. 5

A Spirited Novel—Complete

- Blood Brothers** By George Allan England 100
A tremendous adventure in search of buried Mayan gold, by an able writing man who has himself led a buried-treasure search in the jungles of Yucatan.

Specially Attractive Short Stories

- Round the Clock** By Leland Jamieson 4
A stirring story of the air mail in winter, by the pilot who wrote "Lost Hurricane."
- The Garden of T N. T.** By William Makin 14
An Intelligence officer defeats a plotted wholesale murder in the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah.
- Tony, Mario and Zeke** By Robert Mill 27
A lively story of the State police by the man who gave us "The Wild Man of Wolf Head."
- Killing No Murder?** By Percival Christopher Wren 60
The famous author of "Beau Geste" is at his best in this powerful drama.
- Black Lightning** By Jay Lucas 72
An engaging story of the range country, and of friendships among horses and men.
- Mr. Jennis Disappears** By Clarence Herbert New 78
A mystery of the Sea by the author of Free Lances in Diplomacy.
- Wrong Number** By Arthur K. Akers 91
A dark and desperate man turns a street-sweeping machine into a war tank.
- Fists Across the Sea** By Charles Layng 135
Wherein a searchlight battalion entertains an angel unawares.

A Much Discussed Serial

- After Worlds Collide** By Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie 36
This unique novel grows in power and fascination with each chapter.

Prize Stories of Real Experience

- Twenty-four Days Adrift** By Theron Bean 140
Suppressed by the war-time censors, the story of the Dumaru's destruction and of the dreadful open-boat voyage of the survivors can now be told.
- The Crevasse** By Mrs. Imogene Humphrey 144
A woman mountain-climber is carried away by a landslide.
- The Graveyard Shift** By Brendish Harrison 145
An oil-refining expert's terrific experience in a Rumanian still accident.
- Mars Ahoy!** By Robert De Vines 147
The unexplained result of an attempt to signal another planet.
- The Land of the Long Night** By Charles D. Brower 148
The foremost of Arctic pioneers brings his record down to date.

Cover Design

Painted by Henry Soulen

Except for stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events.

THE McCALL COMPANY,

William B. Warner, *President and Treasurer*
John C. Sterling, *Vice-President*
Francis Hutter, *Secretary*



Publisher, The Blue Book Magazine

DONALD KENNICOTT, Editor

Published monthly, at McCall St., Dayton, Ohio. Subscription Offices—Dayton, Ohio. Editorial and Executive Offices—230 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE—March, 1934, Vol. LVIII, No. 5. Copyright, 1934, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as second-class matter, November 12, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription Price, \$1.50 per year. Canadian postage 50c; foreign postage \$1.00. For change of address, give us four weeks' notice and send old address as well as new. Special Note: Each issue of The Blue Book Magazine is copyrighted. Any republication of the matter appearing in the magazine, either wholly or in part, is not permitted except by special authorization. Special Notice to Writers and Artists: Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in The Blue Book Magazine will be received only on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.

Killing No Murder?

By PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN

A powerful drama by the author of the world-famous "Beau Geste" and "Valiant Dust."

THE dawn "hate" began again, from the few dozen Arabs whose job and ambition it was to get McSnorrt and me and our machine-gun.

"If they were half the de'ils they think they are, they'd rush us," growled McSnorrt.

"Not till the gun jams and they know it," said I.

"No. Probably the idea is to make us use it till it does. Well, we won't, till they rush. Veecious circle. . . Ah!"

A deep grunt of satisfaction from McSnorrt. "Got him!"

And undoubtedly he had; for a body on the mountain slope opposite to our machine-gun nest (of two) fell sidewise from behind a rock and slid clattering down the slope.

We could hear the fall of dislodged shale and pebbles, and the crash of the rifle that dropped over a small precipice.

The morning hate died down, it having been established to the Chleuchs' satisfaction that we were still in our little defended cave, watchful and wary, if not merry and bright.

"How many does that make now?" I asked McSnorrt.

"Here, this week, d'ye mean?"

"No, your grand total."

"Grraand total! Huh! God knows."

"Did you ever kill a man in cold blood?" I inquired as I cleaned my rifle while McSnorrt kept watch across the narrow valley.

"It depends on what ye call 'cauld'," was the reply.

"Well, in private life—as a civilian."

"Oh, aye. Whiles. Now and again."

"Again?" I asked skeptically, hoping to provoke Mac into a story.

He turned and looked at me.

"Did you ever hear o' a certain pamphlet, written, I believe, in the lascevious days o' the Restoration, or some other time, called '*Killing no Murder*'? I tell ye, laddie, a man can make worse

slips than killing, whether ye call it murder or not. Why, half the folk ye meet would be better dead. Some—'twould be a mercy to put them out o' their misery; some—'twould be a good deed on behalf of the community. Aye, when the warrl'd's more civilized, there won't be so much trying o' so-called murderers just to see whether they should be hanged. More often 'twill be to see whether they shouldna be given something out o' the poor-box—something substantial. Have ye never met a man ye wanted to kill?"

"Many," I truthfully replied.

"And why didna ye do it? Because ye hadna the guts. Did I tell ye about yon time I hurt a chiel from Peru?"

"You did not," I replied.

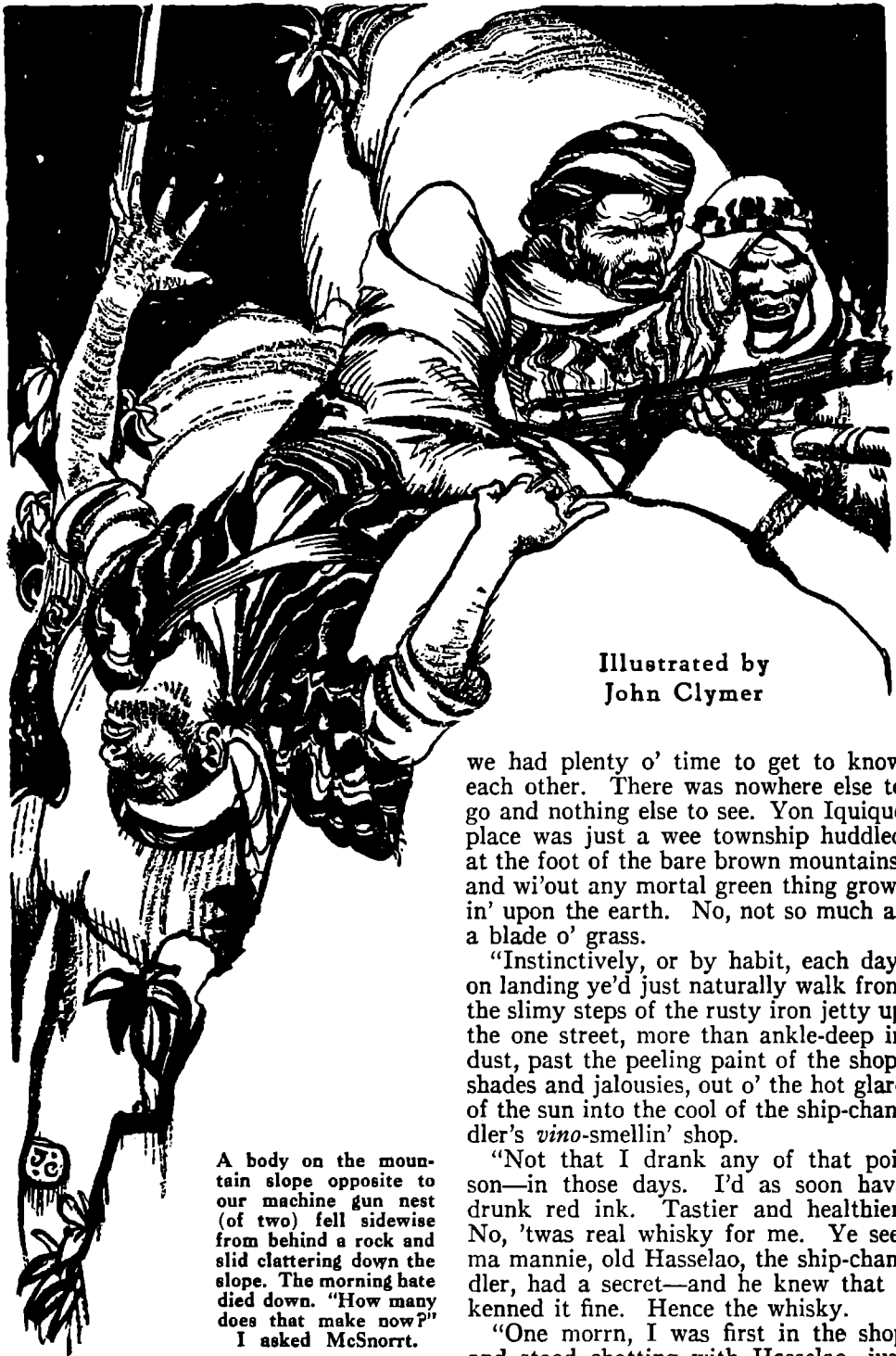
"Did ye ever hear of Iquique?"

I nodded. "Chile way."

McSNORRT cleared his throat. "Engineer, I was. In the *Stourbridge*, commanded by the grraandest man that ever trod a deck—yon Bobby McTavish. There's haverin' fules that say oil and water willna mix, and so there can never be real friendship between the blue-water man o' the bridge, and the black-oil man o' the engine-room. Bilge! Look at Whisky Bobby and Whiskier McSnorrt, as they call me.

"The *Stourbridge* was the only steamer lying at Iquique, and among all the skippers and mates that met in the room behind the ship-chandler's shop I was the only engineer, and although they were stick-and-string men, and forever cracking the old windjammer gag about 'giving up the sea and going about in steamers', never a wry worrd did I have with any of them.

"Mind ye, laddie, it needs a *real* man to bring one o' they lofty skysail-yarders round the Horn, outward-bound. They carry no bonny engines to take them against the storms, and within his particular limits, I count the best of the



Illustrated by
John Clymer

A body on the mountain slope opposite to our machine gun nest (of two) fell sidewise from behind a rock and slid clattering down the slope. The morning hate died down. "How many does that make now?" I asked McSnorrt.

windjammer captains something nearly as good as a chief engineer—*nearly*, I'm sayin'.

"Aye, they were braw lads and mostly Scotch, ye ken, and in those days o' waitin' for cargo and leisurely loading,

we had plenty o' time to get to know each other. There was nowhere else to go and nothing else to see. Yon Iquique place was just a wee township huddled at the foot of the bare brown mountains, and wi'out any mortal green thing growin' upon the earth. No, not so much as a blade o' grass.

"Instinctively, or by habit, each day, on landing ye'd just naturally walk from the slimy steps of the rusty iron jetty up the one street, more than ankle-deep in dust, past the peeling paint of the shop-shades and jalousies, out o' the hot glare of the sun into the cool of the ship-chandler's *vino*-smellin' shop.

"Not that I drank any of that poison—in those days. I'd as soon have drunk red ink. Tastier and healthier. No, 'twas real whisky for me. Ye see, ma mannie, old Hasselao, the ship-chandler, had a secret—and he knew that I kenned it fine. Hence the whisky.

"One mornn, I was first in the shop and stood chatting with Hasselao, just haverin' all about nothing.

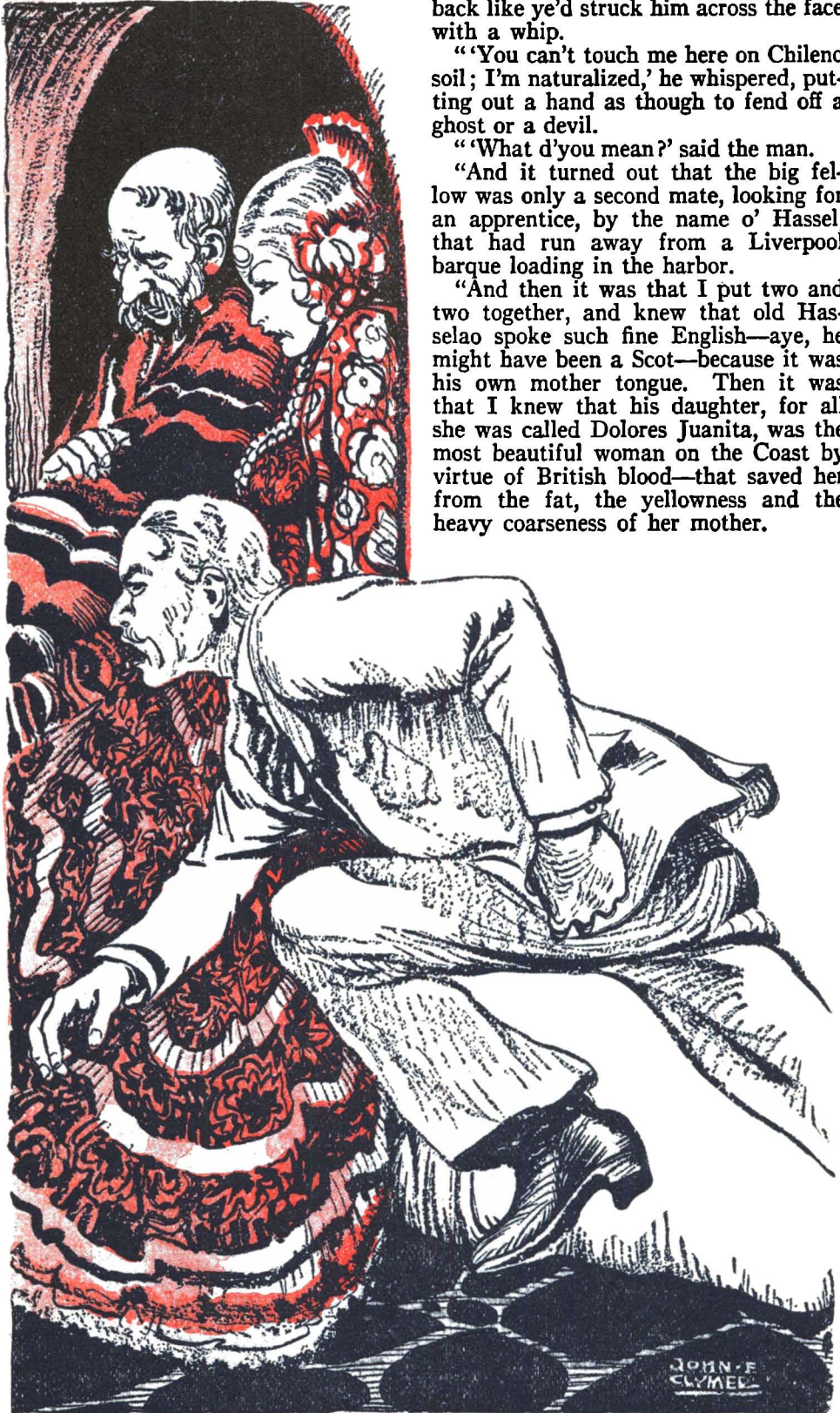
"All of a sudden, a braw big man, that might have been a police agent, shoved his ugly head in the door and says sharp-like:

"'I want Hassel.'

"Old Hasselao went white, and shrank



"He gave a graand exhibition of a bare-fist boxer



back like ye'd struck him across the face with a whip.

"You can't touch me here on Chileno soil; I'm naturalized," he whispered, putting out a hand as though to fend off a ghost or a devil.

"What d'you mean?" said the man.

"And it turned out that the big fellow was only a second mate, looking for an apprentice, by the name o' Hassel, that had run away from a Liverpool barque loading in the harbor.

"And then it was that I put two and two together, and knew that old Has-selao spoke such fine English—aye, he might have been a Scot—because it was his own mother tongue. Then it was that I knew that his daughter, for all she was called Dolores Juanita, was the most beautiful woman on the Coast by virtue of British blood—that saved her from the fat, the yellowness and the heavy coarseness of her mother.

dealing with a man armed with an ugly long knife."

“So ye’re an Englishman—for all ye call yourself Señor Don Juan Hasselao, are ye?” thought I to myself, eying the old man. ‘And Dolores Juanita is half English, is she, eh?’

“I’m tellin’ ye, yon lassie was bonny to look upon, and many o’ they captains used the room behind the ship for little else than to look upon her; and with that little they had to go empty away. Speeritually empty, I mean. Not speeritously, ye ken.

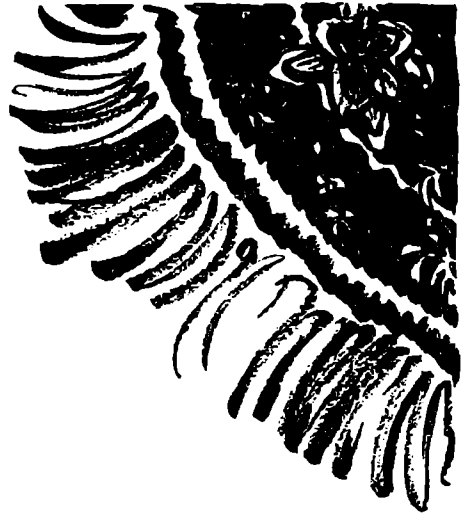
“Ye see, not only was there a lover in the offing: but he was living in the same house—Dolores Juanita’s lover. I wouldna say he was the perfect lover; but ma certie, he was the perfect ship-chandler’s clerk. He would board an inbound ship in the strongest gale that ever blew, and well before she had her anchors in the water. No, there was never any doubt that the trade card o’ Señor Don Hasselao, ship-chandler and purveyor o’ fresh meat, would be the first to reach the hand of the steward, along wi’ a few good cigars, or maybe something better.

“To give him his due, there’s no doubt that the dark Spanish eyes and golden English hair of the lovely Dolores Juanita counted more wi’ him than did her father’s fine business. All the same, him having no son and no chance of one, old Señor Don Juan Hasselao was pleased enough to think that one day his fine indispensable clerk should marry the lassie and inherit the store.

“In fact, it suited him fine; but it wasna all plain sailing. For this clerk of Hasselao’s, who’d put to sea in a leaky dinghy and a raging norther, while as competent a boatman and ship-chandler’s runner as ever lived, was just about as competent at wooing a lass as the marble statue o’ a moderator of the kirk.

“Mind ye, he was something very like a man, this Herman as he called himself; a tow-haired, blue-eyed giant he was, and said he was a Dane, which he wasna. He could speak a dozen languages, lift a weight that would scare a Chileno stevedore, break a man across his knee, or knock a mad fightin’-drunk fo’c’sle-bully stone cauld—but he couldna make love to a lassie.

“And mind ye, no woman is content wi’ what a mirror tells her, however flattering be the tale. She wants a lover to tell her too. And though puir Herman knew a dozen other languages, he didna know the language o’ love. He was



dumb in all senses of the word, and could only look at her—dumbly.

“And as each fresh admirer, observing some graand feat of strength staged for his benefit, wisely agreed with himself that perhaps Herman was the very man for her, the lazy smile of the lovely Dolores Juanita barely moved her beautiful lips—and she herself didna seem quite so certain about it.

“ONE day when I was about tired watching Herman’s foolishness and longing to urge him to pick the wench up and spank her, tell her she was the loveliest thing God ever made at His best, put her under his arm and take her off to the Church, the de’il himself sent his own brother to Iquique. Aye, Pat Morophy surely was the de’il’s own twin brother—unless he were his favorite first-born, and the only legitimate son of Satan.

“Like Herman, he was a huge big blue-eyed fair-haired man. But was he tongue-tied, too? He wasna!

“Now the warrld’s a small place, lad-die, as ye may have heard, and as luck or fate or the de’il would have it, there was a captain then in Iquique who knew all about Pat Morophy—or a whole lot about him. And this captain, the fule, drank *vino* and when he was up to his Plimsoll mark in *vino*, he’d talk, and one night he talked about Pat Morophy. Told us he’d come out to either Chile or Peru to a job on the railway—whether plate-layer or ganger or engine-driver, he didna ken. Belike, it had been a job where there was graft—conductor, selling tickets at what he thought the ignorant peasant could afford to pay, and



"Yon audience was under a spell, for, wi' all her swift and intricate steps and heel-tappings, her head could have supported a full glass of whisky and never spilt a precious drop."

charging according to a tariff of his own, for freight.

"Anyhow, he made money, bought nirate land, and made a fortune. Started bad and grew worse. The richer he grew, the wickeder. And he was a man that loved playing wi' fire, and to him women were fire, and according to our informant, he feared nothing that walked on two legs; and ye might find him one day a debonair and bonny gentleman, and, another day, a dommed low scoundrel.

"Whatever he wasna, he was—experienced. And whatever he didna know, he knew—women.

"WELL, just imagine him matched against dumb Herman, and think what a revelation to a buried-alive untutored lassie was Pat Morophy with his rascally grace and his mischievous wit, the wild wicked Irishman.

"Before long, there was a total eclipse of the moon-calf Herman. And what did he do?

"Yon Morophy was politeness and good manners incarnate and I'll wager my pay-day that he never allowed himself one word o' love to Dolores Juanita—until the day he took her away.

"No, there was no need for speech between those two; for, within a week o' getting sight of him, Dolores was his slave and couldna keep the love-light from out her glorious eyes. And Pat Morophy smiled kindly at Herman and just copied his strong-man tricks of liftin' full barrels of salt pork and the like: for what the puir Herman could do, Pat Morophy could do, and one better.

"One night, he showed more than strength. He showed his fighting skill; for a Chileno came into Hasselao's shop full of *vino* and began to make trouble. He called puir old Hasselao names; put his fist under the señor's nose; bawled and shouted and threw things about; and then pulled out his knife.

"Puir old Hasselao backed into the room where we were, and Pat Morophy went to it. I willna say that with one drive o' his right he knocked that Chileno from the back door of the shop clean through the front door, knife and all, but it looked like it; and he gave a ggraand exhibition of a bare-fist fighting boxer dealing with a man as big and strong as himself, armed with an ugly long knife. A ggraand sight!

"And when Herman came in, he didna really enjoy Dolores Juanita's account of the matter.

"The next day Pat Morophy was gone—and so was Dolores Juanita.

"When I arrived at the store, I found Hasselao alternating between raving, chattering and gesticulating like a maniac, or the Dago he pretended to be, and fainting away like the blue-lipped corpse that he looked.

"And believe me, the most unconcerned man in Iquique was the deserted lover. When Hasselao screamed:

"Her-man . . . Her-man! Like hell you're her man, Herman! Her man! Why, you aren't a man at all!' Herman would only shrug and smile and say:

"I wait, Señor Hasselao, I wait. She go of her own free will. One day she will need me, and then I shall go to her. I shall do nothing while she think she need this Morophy! . . .

"Before the *Stourbridge* sailed, Herman had drawn his money from the Bank of Tarapaca and left the puir lonely old Señor Don Juan Hasselao.

"And being then young and inexperienced, I thought that, with that tame ending of the matter, I'd seen and heard the last of a lovely and misguided lassie.

"NOW marrk the mysterious workin's o' fate and let it be a lesson to ye, ma mannie.

"Two years later, at Marseilles, a waiter of Pete's American Bar in the Cannabière, opened the second act of this drama without knowing he was playing his little part.

"Why, I ask ye, should this little rat pester me about Spanish dancers? I told him that he could keep them all, provided he brought me Spanish wine—when the so-called American Bar lacked good Scotch or Canadian rye whisky.

"*Ah, mais écoutez, Monsieur le Capitaine,*' he'd gabble, not knowing a third engineer from a first mate. 'The fandango you have seen it many times, but nevair, as rendered by this so beautiful Carmelita Concepcion, a Spanish girl with golden hair—at the Palais Regina. But think of it, monsieur! Black eyes and golden hair. But think of it!'

"And the dirty little worm kissed his bunch o' black-nailed fingers and flicked them open toward the ceiling.

"I did think of it. Black eyes and golden hair. Spanish Carmelita Concepcion. And I thought o' Spanish Dolores Juanita wi' her black eyes and golden hair. I felt it in my bones, wi' absolute certitude, that that night, if I went to the Palais Regina, I should see

—an English-Spanish girl from Iquique, a girl who'd been the Señorita Dolores Juanita Hasselao.

"I went, though grudging the time when I might have been sitting round a bottle.

"At the Palais Regina every seat was occupied; but there was a wide promenade on each side, and by a little judicious use of my weight, even in those days considerable, I was able to find standing-room by the starboard end of the front row.

"'Tis little I remember of the lassie's dancing, but I can tell ye that yon audience was under a spell, for, wi' all her swift and intricate steps and heel-tappings, her head could have supported a full glass of whisky and never spilt a precious drop throughout the performance.

"And almost before the long roar of applause had ended, an attendant passed along in front o' the stage, came down, and handed me a note.

"*'Meet me at the Bristol at ten,'* it said.

"She had seen me and recognized me, for mine is a face ye remember, laddie.

"In the lounge of the Bristol she was waiting, and she gave me both her lovely hands, and sat me down beside her on the settee.

"*'I knew we should meet again,'* she said, in English. . . .

"'Twas a long talk that we had, and she told me many things—many and sad. How Pat Morophy had taken her to Lima and left her there, stranded, when he was tired of her: how nearly she died o' misery, starvation and a broken heart: how she cried the eyes nearly out of her head to think that for such a man she had left her father and puir Herman, whose little finger was worth a hundred such men as the one who'd left her: how, rather than creep back, shamed and disgraced, to Iquique, she had 'appeared' in a Callao café cabaret-show: how an agent had offered to have her taught to dance if she'd tour the cities of South America with him.

"**T**WAS that or starve, or worse; and she danced in Panama, Cristobal, Manáos, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Mendoza, Rosario. Aye, the whole lot of them. And then he brought her to Europe.

"And in Europe, her dancing having improved until she was a wonder, a bill-topping star-turn, she danced in Lisbon,

Madrid, Barcelona, Marseilles, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and finally London at—what would the place be? The 'Empire,' was it? Well, no matter; but supping one night in a restaurant, whom should she see standing at the far end of the room, but—Herman!

"Aye, Herman himself, there in London; and evidently in some employment in that hotel. She hid her face behind her hand or the menu-card, or something, and didna linger; for she was ashamed. The sight o' Herman's face had brought it all back. Her home—her puir kind old father. . . .

"Though, mind ye, the life she'd lived, dancing for a leevin' in the wickedest cities of the warrld, hadna made Dolores Juanita any younger or softer, or a better woman. In fact, by the time I met her there in Marseilles, she was—well, a verra experienced dancing-girl; and I wouldna say that she wasna a schemer, a designing minx, weel knowin' on which side her bread was buttered—and verra ready to butter the other side too.

SOON it transpired she hadna sent for me because of my *beaux-yeux*, as the French call them. Or would they call them just that? . . . No, what she wanted was for me, when next in London, to go to that same restaurant—Romani's, we'll say, for it wasna Romani's—and spy out the land.

"Weel, in due course we made the Port o' London, and to Romani's I went. And there I found Herman—aye, and right glad to see me. Squeezed my wee hand to a jelly, he did.

"Now diplomacy was never my long suit, and barely had we feenished the fine dinner he gave me in his private den, than, plump out, I asked after Dolores Juanita Hasselao, and whether he had ever heard what became of her.

"He gave me a long and thoughtful look.

"*'You are the first person to make that kind inquiry,'* he says, very supercilious and suspicious.

"*'I apologize if ye're affronted or hurt. 'Twas a natural question,'* I said.

"*'Well, as you knew Dolores and know me, it's not a natural question, from you,'* he growled. *'But don't let us quarrel.'*

"And so ye've never married,' I observed more as a remark than as a question.

"*'Ja,'* said he, grinning on one side of his mouth. *'Married this place. 'Tis all*

the wife I've got, or likely to have, and it's my own.'

"Ye've made money, then, Herman," said I, thinking of my own bank-balance that wouldna have balanced the off hind leg of a fly had ye dropped it in t'other scale.

"Made some of it," said Herman. 'Poor old Hasselao died and left me the store and his savings, and I sold the business well. . . . Then bought a dirty old black ship and sold it as a clean new white one; bought a total wreck after a norther, had her afloat in a month and made a jug of money—went into the hotel business in Valparaiso, sold out, and came to London, tired of the sun and the spigs. . . . Came to London.'

"And lived happy aver afterward," I observed.

"Happy! Do I look happy?" he asked.

"Ye do not," I said, and full well I kenned why.

"Herman," said I at long last, the time being come, 'I've seen her.'

"And he jumped as though he'd been shot.

"Seen her in Marseilles," I said, 'alive and well and like you—happy.'

"Happy? Like me?" he said softly, when the breath came back to him. 'And what's she like, McSnorr? Does that same smile play hide-and-seek between her lips and her eyes?'

"An' if it does," said I, 'tis little thanks to you, Herman. Did ye no' leave her to sink or swim, without lifting a hand or asking a word of inquiry, when she went off with yon Irish de'il, Patrick Morophy?'

HHE looked at me—dangerously.

"Well, didna ye?" I asked.

"I did what I thought best," he said. 'She chose. . . . And if she didn't know the real Morophy, she knew the real Herman. She knew she'd only to turn to me for help if she needed it.'

"Eh?" said I. 'If she didna know her Pat Morophy she knew her Herman, did she? An' did this same Herman know Dolores Juanita? Did he know she'd sooner have died in the gutter, rather than turn to the man she'd left, and who never lifted a finger at her leavin'?. . . . The brave dreamin' chivalrous *caballero*, witless and gutless, who couldna fight for his own and didna trouble whether she lived or starved. D'ye think Dolores Juanita, wi' her English and Spanish and Inca blood, would

whine to ye for help? Man, ye were the last last person in the whole wide warrld to whom she'd have appealed.'

"Herman drew a fine handkerchief from his breast pocket o' his dinner-jacket, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"If ever I saw a man in pain, I saw one then. Not pain of body, mind ye, but agony of the soul; and that's a million times worrse, for the pain o' his mind racked his body till the sweat ran down his face.

AND after I'd quite finished talking to Herman for his good, Herman talked to me.

"Aye, ma mannie; and, ere long, 'twas my turn to suffer. And d'ye know what hurt me most and first? 'Twas learrnin' what I'd never guessed—that this big graand man, Herman, had admired me as a hero, loved me as a brother, looked up to me, copied me, aye, and sworn by me—*me*—as the man the like of what he'd love to be. Think o' it! To this day I feel ashamed.

"An' then he told me the truth, until I felt smaller than the insect that a crawl-in' ant looks down upon.

"Me an' my admonitions o' the witless gutless deserted lover who couldna lift a finger to save his woman and his honor! Listen. . . .

"He had spent his money like water, to trace Dolores; and had found her at Lima, just as she'd been deserted by the scoundrel who'd seduced her. An' mark the noble chivalry o' the man. Never did he let her know that 'twas his help, his money that saved her. No idea had Dolores Juanita that Herman's man had bribed the café proprietor to employ her. Never did she dream that 'twas Herman who brought yon agent from Valparaiso to offer her her chance; have her taught to dance; and take her on a tour of the cities. Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine that 'twas Herman who arranged her European program.

"Aye, 'twas Herman an' none other that guaranteed the agent's commission and her salary. Dolores Juanita could go her ways, but if the lovely woman stooped to folly 'twould not be for need. She had thrust herself into a bad man's arms for love; she needna do it again—for money.

"Dolores was what she was, and would be what she would be—but all of her own free will. To the agent (whom he knew and trusted) Herman said:

"I fainted with my left and hit him with my right—a blow that shook him from head to foot."



"Do as I say, and while Dolores Juanita Hasselao lives, you have a living, and a good one. Cross me, cheat her, be dishonest, and I'll follow you and kill you with my bare hands."

"In point of fact, the man had found, in Dolores Juanita, a gold-mine; keep-in' strictly to the letter and the spirit of his agreement with Herman, he had made a fortune.

"But why this secrecy for so long, man?" I asked Herman, after I had abased myself in apology before him; had taken his hand and begged him to forgive me, which he had done right handsomely. 'What I canna understand is why, when all was well with the

lassie, ye didna follow her, go to her, tell her everything, and ask her to marry ye.'

"'As a reward for my noble doings?' he sneered.

"'No, to take her from yon hectic life o' dancin'.'

"'And shut her up in this—cage?' he asked.

"'But man,' I expostulated, 'common sense! Could ye no' go and see her, for auld sake's sake?'

"'And beg her to marry me in return for the money I had spent on her—or for the money that I've got?' he asked bitterly.

"'Look you, I'll tell you the real reason. . . . A man's mind is his mind; his thoughts are his thoughts; his ways are his ways; and 'tis in my mind and thoughts that Patrick Morophy, the man who decoyed her from her father's house is, in the sight o' God, her husband. He is her husband; and while he lives, I cannot marry her. I mean, I cannot ask her to marry me. I cannot make love to her. I look upon her as his wife.'

"'Heard ye ever the like o' that, for a fool; a daft conscience-ridden wrong-headed grraand-minded *Quixote* of a dommed fool?'

"'An' if ye could make this Patrick Morophy marry her, would ye do it?' I asked him.

"'I would,' said Herman.

"'Say it again, man,' I begged. 'Say it again, plain an' slow and clear. If you and Patrick Morophy stood in the same room wi' Dolores Juanita Hasselao, and she looked at him and she looked at you, and swithered between ye, between the bad man who'd ruined her and the good man who'd saved her, would ye open your mouth and say to her:

"'Dolores, marry yon scoundrel, Patrick Morophy?'

"'That I would,' replied Herman, without any hesitation. 'I would, for I regard him as her husband. She loved him; she went away with him; she lived with him as his wife. . . . That no priest blessed her going, makes no difference. She went as his wife; she was his wife; she is his wife. . . . And while Patrick Morophy lives, I will not make love to Dolores Juanita.'

"**T**HAT was that. And nothing I could say would shake him.

"'Nothing, and I tell ye, laddie, I filled myself to the brim wi' the finest Scotch whisky, neat, until I was as eloquent

as Demosthenes, and spoke wi' the tongue o' man and angels. I wouldna say I didna weep, even. I begged, I prayed, I besought; I wrestled wi' the stubborn chiel the whole night long, and Herman remained the stubborn chiel he was. Not while Patrick Morophy lived would he stoop to seek his own happiness and salvation, or the woman he loved far better than life itself.

"'And now mark ye the ways o' Providence. Mark them and tell me whether 'twas the hand o' the Lord or the cloven hoof o' the de'il that appears in what I will tell ye the noo.

"**I** WENT my ways and, in time, they led to the wicked city o' Naples—and wicked it is. Some talk o' Port Saïd, some o' Barcelona. Some there are that say Marseilles is the wickedest city on airth; but give me Naples, laddie, every time. Aye, Naples for naughtiness; the assorted naughtiness o' mankind from the days of the knowledgeable Nero.

"'And who was the idol of the theater-going, or the music-hall-going, public of Naples, at the moment? The Spanish dancer, the Señorita Carmelita Concepcion, better known in Iquique as Dolores Juanita Hasselao.

"'Aye, my wee mannie; and who d'ye think was the fattest moth desiring the star—the moth that had beheld its bright beams from afar, and had heard the loud word of its fame? Why, the moth that had not singed its wings at the flame of the poor little candle in Iquique, but had beaten out the candle's light. . . Patrick Morophy, nitrate millionaire!

"'The hand of the Lord, or the cloven hoof of the de'il, I ask ye?'

"'Patrick Morophy.

"'His great white yacht had put in to the port o' Naples and tied up not far from the *Stourbridge*. Owing the warrld, patronizing the Mediterranean, taking his ease like a fat lizard in the sunshine o' Taormina, Capri, Amalfi, the fine big fella had looked in at Naples—had heard o' the wonderful dancer; had gone to the Scala to see Carmelita Concepcion and, his eyes popping from his head, had beheld none other than Dolores Juanita Hasselao, the little Dolores whom he'd loved and left in Lima.

"'And what did he do?'

"'What would sic an animal do?'

"'Sent a bouquet as big as himself, a ring with a diamond as big as the top of his finger, and his card, to Dolores Juanita's hotel next day.

"And what did Dolores do? What did she do when she saw the flowers, and the princely gift and the printed name o' the man who'd ruined her, broken her father's heart, broken her lover's heart? Guess what she did, ma mannie, and then learrn o' the ways o' women.

"Invited him in to supper!

"Aye, and when I spruced myself up and went to call on her at the Excelsior Hotel—she told me all about it. Told me she'd met an old friend. An old friend, marrk ye!

"'An old flame, belike, Dolores?' said I quietly, hiding the raging turmoil of my thoughts, for I could see the face of puir Herman as she spoke. 'An old flame, eh?'

"'Flame? Yes! Hot enough to be called that,' she laughed.

"'Aye?' I said. 'Aye. Journeys end in lovers' meetings, eh?'

"'Lovers?' quoth she. '*Amore de asno coz y bocado*—the love of an ass is a kick and a bite.'

"'Aye! He kicked ye and bit ye, once upon a time, Dolores,' said I.

"'Well, he shall marry me this time,' she answered, 'and make up for it. He's a millionaire. That's his yacht down there at the quay. The *Moonbeam*.'

"'Ye'd marry him, would ye, Dolores?' I asked.

SHE laughed. 'Wouldn't any danc'er marry any millionaire?' she asked—so far down the road of knowledge and wisdom had the simple Dolores Juanita of Iquique traveled.

"'But this millionaire won't marry a danc'er, Dolores,' said I.

"'Won't he, my dear?' laughed Dolores. 'You wait.'

"'I'm going to wait,' said I.

"And I waited, night after night, between the Excelsior Hotel and the *Moonbeam* yacht.

"At last I met him, face to face.

"'Twas between three and four in the mornin', and there were more moonbeams than his about, for 'twas a glorious moonlight night.

"'Mr. Morophy, I think,' said I, stepping out from the shadow o' the Customs shed and confronting him: a graand figure of a man in his evening dress wi' white waistcoat, white tie, opera hat and wi' diamonds in his shirt-front and on his finger.

"'Mr. Patrick Morophy,' I repeated.

"'I am,' said he, 'but I don't think I know you, my man.'

"'Aye, I'm your man, all right,' said I, 'and ye're going to be mine. . . . Put your fists up and fight.'

"'What for?' he growled.

"'For your life, ye dog,' said I, 'and for Dolores Juanita Hasselao, that you took away from Iquique.'

"And I feinted with my left and hit him with my right—a blow that shook him from head to foot and settled the fight.

"He was game, and he fought like—an Irishman; but I was in grraand fettle with harrrd worrk and harrrd living, and he was soft with no worrk and soft living. And that crushing blow on the point of his jaw had knocked him silly, had knocked him out, on his feet, knocked him out, though he didna fall.

"Aye, but he fought, even so, and I didna have it all my own way. Dinna think it. His diamond ring gave me this mark, just here, above my right eyebrow.

"But while I was yet fresh, unwinded, and going strrong, he was breathing like an asthmatic, pale as a ghost, sagging at the knees, and the lovely white front of him a gory mess, from his beautiful tie to the big blue sapphire buttons of his white waistcoat.

"Suddenly he dropped his fists. Whether to give me best, to ask for mercy, or because he could hold them up no longer, I didna ken. But e'en as they fell from before his face, I hit him.

"Man, 'twas a smack that resounded o'er that sleeping city—and it knocked Patrick Morophy clean into the harbor.

"And like a log o' ebony he sank.

"They found him next day under a sewage-barge—a fitting place.

"And earrly that mornn the *Stourbridge* sailed."

WHAT about Herman?" I asked.

"He read o' the sad accident in the papers; and straightway he went to Naples, for always he knew where Carmelita Concepcion was performing.

"They were married in London.

"An' noo I'll tell ye the most interesting thing of all, laddie, the thing that shows ye that the very wisest of us never know: *They are happy*.

"I visited them in London at their fine hotel, and if ever I saw a happy couple in my life, 'twas they. Happy as the day is long.

"An' that's a thing to ponder on, ma mannie. . . .

"Murder? Oh, aye. Perhaps."