

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR

By THAYER WALDO
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WNU Service.

WITH Margaret on his arm, Ward strode proudly into the Purple Hat. It was thickly peopled, for he had purposely chosen the busiest luncheon hour.

Half the men in Hollywood had been trying for a date with the little aristocrat from Kentucky ever since her arrival, and his success was worth a flourish.

Ward paused just inside, ostensibly seeking a table.

The golden-haired beauty beside him clung close with gratifying familiarity. Suddenly he saw a man emerge from a nearby booth and come toward them. It was Al Alberts of the scenario staff at Zenith.

Ward started a cordial greeting but checked it at sight of the other's unsmiling face.

Alberts confronted him and said evenly:

"See here, Ward; you're trespassing. Miss Blair promised me a luncheon appointment today."

Ward laughed shortly.

"Don't be absurd, old fellow," he rejoined; "you're just trying to attract attention."

"No; I'm entirely serious. I must ask you to withdraw."

From the corner of his eye Ward could see a number of persons watching interestedly. Among them he recognized the film editor of a leading afternoon paper. A wild impulse was born. He glanced swiftly at the girl; her cheeks were coloring and a haughty little scowl crinkled her forehead.

That decided him.

Snatching a napkin from the nearest table, he wheeled and slapped it smartly across the Alberts face.

"Take that, you insolent whelp!" he shouted with unnecessary volume.

"This affront to mademoiselle can only be treated as an affair of honor."

Eyes blazing, the scenarioist cried: "Very well, sir; I am at your service."

Silently Ward applauded the speech, it fit the scene he had attempted to create with nicety. He made a brief stiff bow and said:

"Excellent. I invite you to come with me at once and make the arrangements. This must be kept private to avoid interference."

"Good; I accept."

Ward faced Margaret Blair.

She was large-eyed now, and he thought he could detect excited approval in her expression.

"Will you," he asked, "have the goodness to forgive me if I leave you with a friend here and go? My hot blood can't tolerate such insulting conduct."

"Oh, surely!" Her tone implied full understanding. "You'd have to do that now, of course."

Approaching the newspaperman, Ward said:

"Melvin, I'd be deeply obliged if you'd see that Miss Blair has lunch and gets back to the studio."

The editor rose, beaming. "Okay—be very happy."

Ward about-faced and with Alberts matching step, stalked from the place, happily conscious that all eyes followed.

Fifty paces the two men marched in silence; then:

"Have you ever handled a sword?" Ward demanded bluntly. The other shook his head.

"Never even held one."

"Neither have I. We'll have to figure some way around it. That was too good an act back there not to carry on."

"I'll say so! How did you happen to think of striking me with the napkin? That was real genius."

"Oh, because Maggie Blair was there, I guess. Old southern gesture, and all that. But the best thing was the way you approached me. What suggested that?"

"Well, she really did promise to have lunch with me; and then, I saw Melvin and thought how he'd like a nice spicy story."

"I got it. Same reason I challenged you. Now I've been considering, and here's what I think might work out best. . . ."

Al Alberts gave scrupulous attention. When the other concluded, he stated with emphasis:

"Great! That's the one plan that can save our faces and still be straight. Let's get 'em right now, and then we can go to my apartment for the art work."

"Right." Ward glanced back, made certain they weren't followed, and hailed a cab. Both men got in. Ward told the driver:

"Great Western Costume company."

Five minutes' ride through the scant midday traffic reached the place. Entering, they went at once to a long desk just inside; over it was painted a sign: PROPERTIES RENTAL DEPT.

"We want," Ward said to the man in charge, "two duelling swords. One day's rental; you can pick 'em up tomorrow at Zenith."

With professional disinterest the clerk made out a slip, got Ward's signature, and disappeared into a rear room.

Shortly he returned, bringing a paper-wrapped parcel from which protruded two gleaming hilts. Alberts tucked it under his arm and they left.

An hour later, seated before a win-

dow that overlooked the wooded flanks of Laurel canyon, Ward was giving himself careful scrutiny in a hand mirror.

The countenance it showed had undergone a gaudy transformation.

Spotches of mercurchrome were spaced by court plaster patches; the effect was something between a major surgical and a severe case of scarlet fever.

"Thanks; practically perfect, seems to me," he told the other at last, putting the glass down. "And you—well, that mug's enough to strike awe in the hearts of strong men, if I do say it myself."

Alberts chuckled, stood up, and clicked his heels together.

"Honored opponent," he said, bending forward at the waist; "may I tender my respects at the close of this epic struggle which has ended in a draw? Let us hope our sons copy our virtues bold."

"Secured. What this world needs is more virility and less shoddy humbug. . . . Say, what about the swords; think they ought to be unwrapped and done up in different paper?"

Alberts gestured carelessly. "No; that guy'll never notice details. Come on—let's have dinner sent up. I'm starved and we don't dare go out. But tomorrow we'll reap the rewards of valor. And remember—it's to be fair competition for Margaret Blair, and may the best lar win!"

. . . and so, after ten minutes of terrific fighting with no advantages on either side, I finally began to force him back step by step." Ward paused; through the knot of auditors clustered about he glimpsed, across the lot, a similar group surrounding Alberts.

"I only hope," he stated stiffly, "that that gentleman over there is rendering me my just due, as I am his to him. . . . Let's see; where was I?"

The spectators were drawing back to make way for some one.

In an instant the eagerly concerned face of Margaret Blair appeared.

"Oh, my dear! she cried at sight of Ward. "Yoah so heroic lookin'! What happened?"

He smiled upon her with expansive delight.

"Well, I was just explaining. We had a titanic battle, but at last I made one lightning lunge and—"

Again slight commotion as another newcomer shoved through the press from behind and tapped Ward's shoulder.

He turned sharply, frowning, and recognized the fellow from the costumers.

"Those swords," the fellow said; "where are they? I gotta have 'em right away."

Ward waved him impatiently aside.

"Yes, yes; not just now. Can't you see I'm busy? . . . Well, he tried to parry the thrust, but—"

"Hey, I tell you I can't wait. It's important."

Drawing himself up, Ward swung full upon the man with a fearsome glower.

"I said later! Certainly you don't need them badly enough to warrant—"

"Yeah—I do, though." The property man's tone was doggedly persistent.

"I just got a call from Paramount for two rubber swords, and those are the only ones we have."

Religious Liberty in Old Maryland Colony

It is not surprising that the colonists who founded Maryland sought religious liberty for themselves, but it was a novel proceeding that, in an age when Christendom was torn by fratricidal strife because of differences in creed, they should promise to give the same privilege of freedom of conscience to all others that came to live with them.

While as yet there was no spot in Europe or America where men's religious convictions were too sacred to be invaded by tests of state or assailed by the forces of bigotry, Lord Baltimore's first order to his colonists was that there should be no difference on account of religion.

The records show that at first both Catholics and Protestant sects used a community church; that a proclamation was issued in 1638 for the suppression of "disputes tending to the opening of a faction in religion." And an act of the assembly declared that "no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ shall be troubled, molested, or discountenanced, for, or in respect of, his or her religion."

Thus Protestant and Catholic dwelt together in harmony, neither attempting to interfere with the rights of worship of the other, and "religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Marys."—Bulletin National Geographic Society.

Storm Prevents Battle

At one time during the World war Britain's grand fleet and the German high sea fleet were only 42 miles from each other, each arrayed for battle—a battle between two mighty fleets which never occurred because the German commander in chief, relying upon vital wireless information from a certain alrship, scurried back to shelter, the alrship in question having been compelled to turn aside from her course to avoid a thunderstorm and unable to secure the information wanted.

Conditional

"And what is the rent of this room, including the use of the piano?" inquired the long-haired one.

"Well," suggested the landlady, "perhaps you'd be so good as to play me something first."

Ocean to Yield Up Wealth?

Extraction of Bromine, of Immense Value in Industry, Now Being Carried On, and Scientists Are Promising Other Miracles.

Ten years ago commercial extraction of any of the score of valuable elements present in the ocean was as impossible as alchemy. Today it is an accomplished fact in the production of bromine, a vital ingredient in the manufacture of anti-knock gasoline.

"And I feel safe in predicting that within the next decade—and possibly within the next year—we will be able to recover gold, silver, radium and all the other untold wealth from the sea," says Thomas Midgley, whose research promises this modern miracle.

Midgley, who received the William H. Nichols medal of the American Chemical society for his discovery of knockless gasoline through the application of tetraethyl lead, then continued: "Now that we have made one dream a reality, it is only a matter of further technical development and refinement of processes before we make the sea loosen its hold on fortune so fabulous that it staggers the imagination.

"The process for taking gold from sea water is no more difficult a problem today than was the task of extracting bromine ten years ago. Tomorrow we shall probably be wondering how we overlooked some simple discovery that will unlock the door.

"In fact, the sea is the greatest storehouse of wealth on the earth. Once the secret of tapping it is known, it will give man an inexhaustible treasurehouse of riches he will be able to draw on for thousands of years without striking bottom."

Bromine is used in synthetic chemistry, medicine and the color industry, but its chief value at present is in the manufacture of what motor-

ists know as "ethyl."

It is a dark reddish-brown non-metallic liquid never found free in nature but occurring in spring waters, salt deposits and certain silver ores in addition to sea water. Heretofore it has been commercially prepared from bittern, the residue left after salt has crystallized. Midgley's company has been working for years on the problem of producing bromine directly from sea water, its logical source.

One factor making the extraction of gold at the plant a probability of the near future is the theory that in extracting the bromine, the gold content in the sea water becomes ionized, or electrically conductive. Gold, being in the form of a colloidal suspension, is much more difficult to remove than bromine, but if it becomes ionized, it could be filtered by making it adhere to some cheap chemical substance.

One of the chief obstacles to the

profitable extraction of gold from sea water has been the prohibitive cost of pumping. With the water already running through the plant for the elimination of bromine, gold could be made a by-product. The water pumped up in the course of one day in the bromine process contains more than \$1,000 in gold. It also contains, in varying quantities, radium, silver and many other valuable elements.

There are 600,000,000 pounds of bromine in a cubic mile of water. In the plant, 15,000 pounds a day are removed from 30,000,000 gallons of water, or approximately \$2,000,000 worth of bromine annually. In that same cubic mile of water there is \$10,000,000 in gold and there are approximately 300,000,000 cubic miles of water in the oceans of the world. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

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It is my belief that the most important time for education in fundamental habits, especially social habits, is the pre-school period; and the kindergarten training should be, and perhaps is, the most important formal training that the child gets during his whole educational period. —J. H. Sinclair, department of education, Occidental college, Los Angeles, Calif.

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