

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By A. E. THOMAS

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THE STORY

Jim Stanley, wealthy young New York business man, unable to concentrate in his dictation to his desk audiphone, has the machine taken to his home, intending to finish his work there. Rollin Waterman, his business partner and closest friend, comes in. Both men are avowedly in love with Doris Colby. Stanley proposes they toss a coin to determine which of them shall, that evening, first ask her to marry him. Waterman wins. Nina Morgan, Waterman's secretary, also his mistress, has overheard his conversation with Stanley and resents Waterman's plan to desert her. Waterman tells her he is practically penniless and must make a rich marriage. He urges Nina to go to Doris and tell her she (Nina) has been wronged—but by Stanley. The girl consents. Doris admits to her father her interest in both Stanley and Waterman, but is unable to make up her mind which to marry. Nina goes to Doris with her story, securing a promise that Doris will not reveal the source of her information. She convinces Doris of Stanley's duplicity, and leaves her broken hearted, and realizing that it is Stanley she really has loved. Waterman that evening asks Doris to marry him, and she accepts him. According to the arrangement, Stanley accepts the situation, and as a wedding present gives his share of the business to Waterman.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Looking back upon that night in later years Stanley could never remember exactly how it passed. He had a confused recollection of the streets of New York gleaming wet and lustrous under the lamps—a panorama of faces at the club, sounds of more or less familiar voices, the flick of cards, the tinkle of glasses—a night of troubled dreams and restless sleep, of pacing to and fro, of the pale advent of dawn through his eastward-looking windows, a hasty breakfast scarcely touched, the sound of the early church bells pealing over the chimney tops, automatic donning of his clothes—finally the office.

Nothing in New York is so greatly changed in outward aspect as the business district on Sunday. All this struck Stanley forcibly as he walked leisurely southward from his two-room apartment in Greenwich village on his way to keep this most unusual appointment with his employer.

He found Stanley already at his desk, engaged in sorting out a heap of papers.

"Sit down for a bit, Frank, I'll be ready for you in a moment."

Immediately Stanley knew that something unusual had happened. When Stanley was concerned he had an extra sense, for Stanley was his god. The younger man some years before had rescued him from the heap of human wreckage wherein he struggled, like a sort of human jackstraw, and had given him for the first time in his life a sense of security and peace. It had been done originally upon a whim, but it had been the best thing that had ever happened in Stanley's sordid, unhappy life, and it had also been a very good thing for Stanley. Few men are so lucky as to possess the concentration, whole-hearted unselfish devotion of another human being. In Wilson, Stanley possessed this jewel. And to do him justice, unobserving though he was in many ways, he knew it.

To Wilson, Stanley was just about the whole of life. Stanley was his guide, philosopher and friend, and as such he had devoted his life to the study of that friend. Therefore it is not strange that he could gather instantly from Stanley's voice and manner the conviction that something was wrong. He sat down feeling rather queer. In a moment Stanley pushed away the heap of papers.

"Frank," he said, "I want you to know from me before you hear it from anybody else, that I am going to quit the business." He waited, but Wilson said nothing—he was too shocked to speak.

"Yes," said Stanley, "I have had enough of it. It bores me. I want a change, a great big change, and I'm going to get it right away. I'm going to quit the business. What's more, I'm going a long way off—to India, to be exact."

"India?" said Wilson, finally finding his voice. "Why India?"

"Why not? Anything wrong with India?"

"No," said Wilson vaguely, "not that I know of. I don't know much about it."

"Neither do I," said his employer, "but I mean to. One thing I do know about it—it's different from New York, and that's the main idea."

"But I haven't asked you to give up your Sunday and come down here to the office merely to tell you this. I have asked you here to tell you that during my absence I want you to remain in my personal employ. As you know—no one better—the affairs of this firm are but a part of my business. I shall need some one to represent me while I am gone, and I have selected you."

"Mr. Stanley!" gasped Wilson. "Yes," went on the other, "if you will be so kind. You've been with me for five years now, and no man ever had a more intelligent or a more devoted servant—I use the word in its best sense. If it weren't for you I couldn't go away as I am going, but I know that with you on the job I can go in perfect security."

"But," objected Wilson, who had now recovered his ability to think, "I should fancy that perhaps Mr. Waterman—"

"Not at all. Not at all. Not that under some circumstances I might not have chosen him for this responsibility, but, as it is, I think not. You see, he will have enough to do to run this business."

"Oh, he's going to run the business?"

Had Stanley been less intent upon his own affairs he would have found



"You See, After Tomorrow, the Business of This Firm Will Belong Entirely to Waterman."

occasion for reflection in Wilson's tone. As it was, he missed the eloquence of the infection and went on:

"You see, after tomorrow, the business of this firm will belong entirely to Waterman."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I've arranged with Atherton & Brownell over the telephone to send their head clerk to the office this morning. We'll go over all the books with him, so that when the office opens tomorrow morning, the necessary documents can be drawn up and the whole transfer of my interests can be completed before the close of business tomorrow afternoon."

"Isn't this," said Wilson feebly, "rather rushing it?"

"Perhaps, but under the circumstances it is necessary, because I leave on Wednesday."

"How long are you to be gone?"

"I have no idea. I shall stay until I am homesick. If ever that happens now I suppose that for a time you will have to stay on here in this office. For the moment there is no substitute for you. You really know more about the details of the business than any body in the place, including both partners. Waterman will need you for a time. In the course of a few months doubtless he will have been able to break in somebody else. When that happens, if you wish, you may leave the office and devote yourself entirely to my affairs. Of course you'll have to rent an office of your own in some building convenient to the Street. But I needn't go into details about that. Your judgment is bound to be good."

Big Python Resented Invasion of Poacher

There is at least one bushveldt farmer who is not so keen on poaching as he is used to be. One afternoon he fancied a little venison, so he set off with a gun but no license—and disappeared.

It was not until the following Sunday afternoon that a search party discovered his legs protruding from an ant-hill hole, and extricated him, more dead than alive.

He had wounded a stembok, and the animal had made a dive for the shelter of the ant-hill hole. The hunter followed, and, with his head and shoulders underground, just managed to grip the animal.

A frantic jerk on the buck's part however, wedged the hunter tightly and his struggles only shifted the loose red sand, so that he was trapped. The most he could do was to twist slightly, allowing a little light to penetrate—wherein he was able to see a python coiled up within a few feet of his face.

The python attacked the strange vis-nor, but the hunter kept it off by throwing sand in its face, while his efforts to coil itself round him were foiled by the fact that he was tightly wedged in the opening.

and you may do precisely as you please.

"I shall, of course, give you my power of attorney, and the first thing tomorrow morning we'll go to the Gotham Trust company and arrange things so that you shall have access to my box in the safety deposit vault. I don't know yet exactly what my forwarding address will be, but that I can always send you by cable."

"Oh, yes, and another thing. I shall give you a salary in keeping with the new responsibilities which you will have to shoulder. I've been thinking that perhaps ten thousand dollars a year might be all right, if that's satisfactory to you."

The little clerk, with a gesture so unusual that it indicated the depth of the perturbation with which he suffered, ran both hands through his grizzled hair.

"Ten thousand a year!" he gasped.

For the first time Stanley smiled. "What's the matter," he said, "isn't it enough?"

"Ten thousand a year," repeated the other. "Why, it's ridiculous."

"Well," grinned Stanley, "make it twelve."

"That wasn't what I meant at all, sir. Never in my life have I dreamed of so much money."

"Well, don't dream now. Take it and shut up about it. I'm not exactly a poor man—nobody knows that better than you. For the management of such a property as this, ten thousand a year is little enough—so we'll say no more about it. Your salary begins tomorrow—in addition to which, of course, Waterman will continue to pay you your present salary as long as you remain with him."

But the little man continued to stare at his employer with open mouth. Ten thousand dollars a year! When he first met Stanley he had been employed as a cashier in the Bon Ton restaurant at Third Avenue and Forty-sixth street, and he got each week the magnificent sum of twenty dollars and his food—and very poor food it was.

Nevertheless, overwhelmed as he was at his sudden rise to affluence, the little clerk's heart sank within him, for he loved his employer and he knew instinctively that something had gone very wrong with him. Instinctively, too, he connected it with Waterman. He hazarded a question.

"I hope, sir, that nothing has gone wrong?"

"Wrong? No—no indeed. I'm just bored, bored with business—sick and tired of New York. I want a change—I'm going to get it. That's all."

Wilson was not convinced. A man may laugh and chaff and even sing, but he cannot fool his dog. If he is unhappy the dog knows it, and Wilson knew that Stanley was unhappy. But he did not pursue the point further, reflecting that it would not be long before he learned the truth.

"Well, sir," he said, "I'm going to miss you, if you'll allow me to say so. You're about the only friend I have in the world, you see."

"Thanks, Wilson, thanks. I shall miss you, too, but the knowledge that you're here on the job will nevertheless make me very happy."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir."

"Don't do it, don't do it. Don't waste your time on such silly business. If there is any balance of gratitude in the matter it's all on my side. I have taken you a little too much for granted. I am afraid, but as I look back upon the last few years, I suddenly realize all that your intelligent devotion has meant to me. I'm not going to thank you for it, I'm just going to hope that what I am doing now will make you see once and for all how much I appreciate it."

The little man rose and turned away. The truth was that he was

very near to tears. Stanley saw it, and did the tactful thing.

"Well, come now, we've got a lot to do," he said briskly. "Let's get at it."

A little before this time Rollin awoke. The first thing he was conscious of was that his head ached abominably—the next thing was that he knew perfectly well why. Conscious, as he left the Colby house the night before, of an overwhelming need of some sort of refuge from the torments of conflicting thoughts that were sweeping over his brain, he had found that refuge in a way that of late had grown increasingly common. In short, he got drunk.

In spite of his throbbing head, he could not suppress a feeling of satisfaction as he realized that so far his schemes had succeeded to a perfection he scarcely dared to hope for. Not only was he engaged to Doris Colby, with all that meant in the way of social prestige and pecuniary advancement, but most unexpectedly he found himself, as the result of Stanley's generosity, the sole possessor of a valuable business in which previously his ownership had been nominal. It was too good to be true.

Nevertheless, self-centered as he was through the years of growing and habitual concentration on his ego, he was even now conscious that for this success he had paid a heavy price. Nor was the payment complete. There would be further installments. There must come a time, he vaguely guessed, when Doris must acquire some inkling of his character. There were certain heavy obligations which he must shortly meet. Most of these he expected to be able to discharge through the profits of the business of which he was now sole owner. There would be further installments of the debt that must be paid to Nina Morgan. If Nina Morgan was under few illusions regarding Waterman's character, Waterman was under even fewer illusions about hers. He called her a business woman, and he knew that she was all of that. She would demand her pound of flesh. Well, he would pay it. On the whole, as he mentally balanced his books, he was not ill-pleased with the situation.

For the most part he was not a conscious rogue. It was vanity and not evil purpose that had brought him to this pass. He had been born with Rolls-Royce tastes and a flivver income. He was gifted with uncommon good looks, great surface charm of manner, a conspicuous position in society, and he had for years strained every point to live up to them.

He had always been a front-page character and he loved that position. Wherever the limelight fell there was Waterman. The sailing of the newest, fastest liner on her maiden voyage, the debut of the latest operatic star, a Duse first night, exhibitions of visiting royalty—no such function passed without the decoration of his presence. If anyone had a social shop window to decorate he used Waterman if he could get him. All this was breath to his nostrils, but he had found no way in which to make it remunerative.

His telephone tinkled at his ear. Turning on his elbow he took the in-

strument from the little maple table which stood beside his bed and the voice of Doris said:

"Good morning, Rollin, did I wake you?"

"No," he said, "I've been awake some time."

And at the same moment Mr. Jones was in deep conference with a friend at Merchant and Bishop streets. He declared, very confidentially and not for publication:

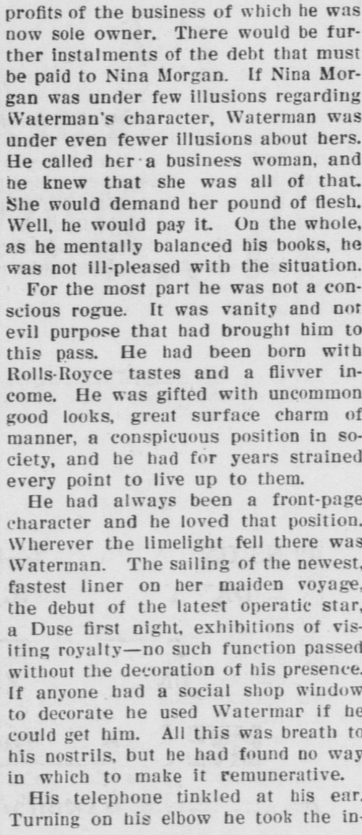
"Yeah, it's sure wonderful how quick they can dig a big hole in the ground like that. I see they're putting in the foundation already. Wonder how they are going to get rid of that water, though?"—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

Don't Mention It

Clarence—Mr. Jones, I certainly don't want to thank you for consenting to my marriage.

Mr. Jones—Don't thank me. Marjorie's mother was behind the curtains waiting to crown me if I'd said so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"No," He Said, "I've Been Awake Some Time."

Test Tubes of the Scientist Have Done Away With All Fear of Famine

By DR. H. E. BARNARD, Industrial Chemist, Chicago.

SCIENCE has solved forever the problem of providing teeming human population with food, no matter to what number they multiply. Even if the world's population continues to increase at its present rate until, 500 years hence, there is only one square yard of arable land left for each human being, man will be able to nourish himself with food synthesized from the sunlight, the atmosphere and the fathomless reservoir of the sea.

For his proteins, the future man will turn to the yeast plant instead of beefsteak. Thirty men working in a factory the size of a city block can produce in the form of yeast as much food as 1,000 men tilling 57,000 acres under ordinary agricultural conditions.

For his carbohydrates, man will turn to new types of vegetation that will store up solar energy with the same efficiency that coal has done. He will grow these in the Sahara desert, where a section forty miles square receives in six hours as much solar heat as is produced by all the coal burned in twenty-four hours throughout the world.

For his fats and sugars he will, if necessary, turn to shale oil, coal, sawdust or petroleum. And even the mysterious vitamins which are necessary for growth and health will be synthesized in the laboratory.

Long before the globe becomes overcrowded legislators will limit the number of new human beings who can be brought into the world.

Proper Conscience Training and Obedience Necessary in Child Development

By MRS. JOHN D. SHERMAN, President Women's Clubs.

Good children will become good citizens. A child whose conscience is trained from its earliest days will know right from wrong instinctively, before it is grown up.

Another point is the insistence of obedience to recognized authority, whether it be that of the mother or father or teacher or traffic policeman. Not senseless subservience of a child's whole individuality to superior force; that is degrading to both children and parents, but obedience, based on the recognition that regulations are made for the benefit of all concerned, and for the sake of the common welfare must be observed.

Finally, children must be given the habit of religion. It is the greatest and most essential factor in training of young people.

A great deal is said about the disrespect and disobedience of the whole younger generation, but I believe the boys and girls of today are as sound, fundamentally, as they have been in any generation.

Disillusioned, utterly frank and utterly intolerant of their elders, yes. But what has made them so? Are not the parents responsible for the very faults we find in the children? Have they given to their children absolute honesty, spiritual leadership in its highest sense, sympathy that strives to understand, an example of loyal obedience to established laws and above all, a love and comradeship which cannot be doubted? If they have not let them be careful in denouncing their boys and girls.

No Reason to Assume World Is Worse Today Than It Has Been in the Past

By RIGHT REV. CHARLES H. BRENT, Buffalo (Episcopal).

Although I wish I could believe a reconciliation between Christian religion and science has been reached, I cannot find that to be the case, despite the existence of a better understanding.

The world today appears worse than formerly because society now lies before us like an open book. We know more about the whole world today at any given moment than we once knew about our own country.

It is true, I suppose, that our day has struck a disturbed path of history. At any rate, suppressed disorder has burst through the surface of things. The responsibility for the eruption rests squarely on the shoulders of all the people, the rich, the educated, the privileged being the most culpable.

All the ninepins of life have been knocked over by our own bowling. We are now engaged in the effort to set them up again, though half expecting some one will send another ball hurling down the alley of time and mess up the human situation again. Be that as it may, we have no cause for complaint or dismay.

Literalism in Religion Makes Spiritual Greatness Impossible to Attain

By DR. KARL REILAND, New York (Episcopal).

Literalism is a vicious, aggregating and degrading thing in religion. It is responsible for more sordidness, sorrow and crime than religion cares to recognize. It makes little men and little minds and cramps spiritual greatness wherever it is imposed. You have it finely in Shylock's pound of flesh.

Literalism is the refuge of cowardice, not the shrine of courage. It is a fetish either in a code or in a creed, a commandment or a canon. Jesus broke with it in a thousand ways, and because His followers set it up in the Holy of Holies of their temple the blight of medieval malaria sickened both science and religion for ten hundred years and even today inhibits religious progress from achieving its shining privilege.

Give us "spiritual men who are mad and prophets who are fools," to use the ancient taunt—and let these poets and seers cut the leash of literalism, free the spirit of Jesus from the custody of perversion and give liberty of the spirit to all them that are by the letter bound.

Use of Newspaper by Merchants and Manufacturers Only in Its Infancy

By G. ADOLPHE WIEDEMAN, Philadelphia Publisher.

Merchants and manufacturers have only begun to "scratch the surface" in their efforts to harness the newspaper as an advertising force. The newspaper is more powerful than school or college, because it serves as the university of the people. American newspapers have made the masses of the American nation the best informed and instructed peoples of the world.

Correspondents of the Associated Press, on the job daily in all parts of the world, as well as other news-gathering organizations, make it possible for the newspaper reader to see almost eye-to-eye what they see and learn.

Receives Recognition From German University



Mr. William E. Weiss.

The University of Cologne, Germany, has just paid to Mr. William E. Weiss, of Wheeling, W. Va., one of the founders and General Manager of Sterling Products (Incorporated), and now Vice-President and General Manager of Drug Incorporated, an unusual distinction by bestowing unanimously upon him the title of Doctor Philosophiae Honoris Causa.

Mr. Weiss is the first and only American to be so honored by this world famous German institution. This mark of preference came to Mr. Weiss in recognition of his efforts to further the industrial relations that have extended over more than a decade between the Directors and Scientific and Chemical staffs of German and American Pharmaceutical firms that are prominent in international industrial affairs.

During the past few years Mr. Weiss has been a frequent visitor to Europe and is a recognized link in strengthening commercial friendship between the old and new continents, a truth emphasized by the action at Cologne.

Unafraid

Little Susan stood looking with round, staring eyes at the visitor's new cloche hat.

Eventually the lady turned to the little girl and asked her whether she liked the hat she was staring so hard at.

"I do," Mrs. Mugge," came the innocent reply. "Mamma and Auntie Milly said it was a perfect fright the other day, but it doesn't frighten me the weebest bit.—London Answers.

Study Made Pleasant

"How's your class in literature?" "Enthusiastic. We now analyze movie plots."

Dolls of Felt

Imported dolls are made of felt with amazingly lifelike faces and the most modern of clothes.

When you are "unfitting," how much of anger and how much of love is there in it?



MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word genuine printed in red? It isn't the genuine Bayer Aspirin without it! A drugstore always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box:



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monoaceticester of Salicylicacid

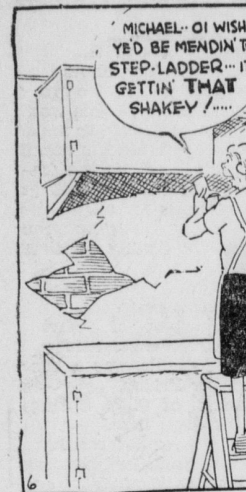
PARKER'S HAIR BALMSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and \$1.00 at Drug Stores
Hesse Chem. Works, Patheville, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Alcock Chemical Works, Patheville, N. Y.

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FINNEY OF T



MICHAEL—O! WISH YE'D BE MENDING STEP-LADDER—GETTIN' THAT SHAKEY!

NOT RUDE, BUT THOUGHTLESS! HE SMOKES STONIA CIGARS IN STUFFY SEDANS! DO YOU KNOW ANY "FUNNY FOLKS"?



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THE FEAT



The Clan Kids

He Ha Big

By PERCY L.

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