

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By A. E. THOMAS

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THE STORY

Jim Stanley, New York business man, orders his desk telephone taken to his home, intending to finish his dictation there. Rollo Waterman, his partner, comes in. Both are in love with Doris Colby. Stanley proposes to Doris to determine which shall first propose to Doris. Waterman wins. Nina Morgan, Waterman's secretary and mistress, has overheard his conversation with Stanley and resents Waterman's plan to desert her. Waterman says he is penniless and must make a rich marriage. He urges Nina to tell Doris that Stanley has wronged her (Nina). Doris admits to her father her interest in both men, but is unable to decide which to marry. Nina tells Doris her story, exacting a promise from Doris that she will not tell the source of her information. Doris is convinced of Stanley's duplicity and is broken-hearted, realizing that it is Stanley she loves. Waterman proposes and Doris accepts him. Stanley accepts the situation, and as a wedding present gives his share of the business to Waterman. He resigns from his secretary, Frank Wilson, to take charge of his other business interests. He is going to India. Doris tells Waterman part of Nina's story and he promises to try to find the girl. Pressed for payment of a big gambling debt by Bromfield, Waterman quits his work with his engagement to the wealthy Doris Colby.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"In the first place to get the news. In the second place to have a little understanding with you."

"Such as?"

"Such as this. Stanley and I are a good deal alike in one respect. We're both of us sick of business. He's going to retire, and so am I."

"You're going to leave the office?"

"That's right. Why should I go on working at a job I hate now that I'm going to have a steady income?"

Waterman considered. "All right," he said. "Probably it's just as well. The less I see of you in the future the safer it will be for both of us. Now listen to this. I saw Miss Colby this morning. She swallowed my story last night, but today she's not so sure about it. She wants the thing investigated."

"And who's going to do it?"

"I am."

Nina laughed. "Gee," she said. "You're a wiz."

"All the same," said Waterman, "the sooner you change your address the better."

"Right," agreed Nina. "I'm tired of the Bronx anyhow. I'll hunt up an apartment tomorrow. And now we've got to come down to vulgar mercenary details."

"Shoot. How much?"

"Got anything to write with?"

He detached a silver pencil from his watch-chain and tossed it across the table. Nina wrote briefly upon the back of the menu card, and flipped it over to him.

"Um," said her victim as he gazed upon the statement. "You're doing yourself rather well, aren't you?"

"Aren't you?" said she.

Stanley left the Grand Central station the following Wednesday afternoon, bound for Tibet. He sailed from San Francisco at ten o'clock the following Monday morning.

He did not see Doris Colby again. He called at her house on the Tuesday before he left New York, at an hour when he knew she was almost always in. He was a little surprised when the butler told him that she was not at home.

"I'm sorry not to see her. Barker," he said. "Be sure to tell her that. I shall not have another chance, as I leave New York tomorrow afternoon for a long journey."

Stanley was, on the whole, relieved. He had no wish to see Doris again. For him the final interview was bound to be a painful thing. He could have no notion that it would also have been painful to her. He was glad that he was able to avoid it. From San Francisco he sent her a farewell telegram:

"Good-by." It read. "and all the good luck in the world to both my pals."

That was on a Monday morning. On the following Tuesday morning Wilson, returning hastily over the pages of his morning paper, came upon the following paragraph:

"Mr. Alexander Colby of 1086 Fifth avenue, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Doris Colby, to Mr. Rollo Waterman, of 587 Park avenue."

CHAPTER VIII

It should have become fairly obvious by now that Jim Stanley's conception of Rollo Waterman as simple, direct, ingenious sportsman, had many points not consonant with the truth. Waterman's life, in fact, had for so long been filled with twistings and turnings of various sorts that for him the shortest distance between two points had become the devious route of a corkcrew. The impulsiveness for which Stanley admired him and on account of which he made so many excuses for him was wholly on the surface.

No sooner had Jim Stanley sailed from San Francisco than Waterman (forgetting that Nina Morgan had left the city, removed from her for-

mer address, and that the private detectives whom he called in had been unable to trace her.

The Waterman-Colby wedding was what is called a Society event. That is to say, it took place in St. Bartholomew's church under the auspices of the bishop of the diocese and the rector of the parish, harmonized by the boy choir, beautified by the ritual of the church, and witnessed by an assembly of persons whose names were prominent in the social and business life of the city.

It was witnessed also by Nina Morgan. She insisted on having a card of admittance, and though her presence was not noted by any other of the hundreds who were in the church, she was to the bridegroom the most conspicuous person there. Despite all his poise, as he stood at the altar with Doris at his side, he felt like a man who rather expects to be shot in the back at any moment. But though Nina's presence was noted by

those by secretaries who have been "getting careless lately," and whose employers are glad to see them leave the office.

The wedding journey was brief, being limited to six weeks at Palm Beach, on account, said the society paragraphs, of the extensive business interests of the bridegroom. These business interests were practically in the hands of Wilson during these six weeks; that is to say they were managed precisely as Stanley would have managed them had he been there. Upon Waterman's return he tried to replace Wilson as promptly as possible, but the men whom he tried out as Wilson's successors turned out to be somewhat unsatisfactory, ever by Waterman's not altogether elevated standards. Consequently Wilson held on.

Now that his word was law in the business, Waterman began to allow his instincts free play. At heart a gambler, it was not long before he had pretty thoroughly identified the interests of his business with his own personal commitments in the Street, a thing which had been impossible as long as Stanley had remained at the helm. It is true that in those days Waterman had managed to involve himself in various speculative enterprises which turned out badly, but they remained his own. The position of the firm was in no way affected by them. Now it was different.

Wilson had ventured to file various respectful protests from time to time as he noted the course which events were taking. His objections had been waved aside—pleasantly at first, but finally in a way which silenced him.

"Wilson," said Waterman, on the occasion of his last protest, "I have kept you in the office to assist me, not to advise me. If you're content with this arrangement, I shall be glad to have you stay until I can replace you. If not, you had better go at once."

Wilson accepted the rebuff and stayed. He thought vaguely that possibly his continued presence might in some way be useful to the absent Stanley. But there came a time when he felt that merely from the standpoint of self-protection he must get out. That moment came when he realized that Waterman's business fotheadiness had become something worse. He discovered that securities belonging to customers, and left in care of the firm for safekeeping, had been hypothecated by Waterman as collateral for certain speculative ventures of his own. This did not shock him, for by this time he thoroughly understood Waterman's character—but it surprised him. For the risks of this sort of thing were so great, so pregnant with disaster, that he had not thought the man would have assumed them. However, there it was. Wilson made up his mind that it was high time to go.

So one morning he entered Waterman's private office and took the bull by the horns. "Mr. Waterman," he said, "I should like with your permission to sever my connection with the office at once."

"And why, may I ask?" inquired his employer.

"I prefer not to go into that."

"But my dear man you know well that it will be most inconvenient for me if you quit like this. McKane has scarcely been here long enough to carry the ropes. In a month or six weeks you can go without inconveniencing me. In the least, but now it will be a nuisance."

"Nevertheless, I feel I must go at once."

"Perhaps you'll tell me your reasons?"

"If you insist I will, but I would rather not."

"Insist? What's this?—Of course I insist."

"I disapprove, on principle, of the way in which you are running this business."



"All the Same," Said Waterman, "the Sooner You Change Your Address the Better."

no one inside the church, with the distinguished exception of the bridegroom, it was distinctly observed by one of the numerous individuals who crowded the sidewalk outside the door to watch the wedding party as it came from the church.

Frank Wilson was not invited to the wedding, but he went, none the less, as far as he could go without a card of admittance, and he was, to say the least, interested when he saw Nina come out. He had noted with surprise the withdrawal of that young woman from the office, but its exact significance he could not fathom. This event had occurred before the publication of the Waterman-Colby engagement. That announcement had interested Wilson even more keenly in view of the continued absence of Miss Morgan, so that he made bold one day, shortly after, to speak to Waterman about it.

"Oh, yes," said Waterman, "she's gone for good."

"May I ask if you dismissed her?" inquired Wilson.

"Oh, no," responded Waterman, "got another job somewhere, I believe. Glad she's gone. Been getting a little careless lately."

Now Wilson reflected to himself, as he stood on the edge of the crowd that gathered about the striped awning that led from the portals of St. Bartholomew's to the curbing, and noted the exit of Nina amid the throng of wedding guests—knowing that the entrance to the church had been strictly by card—he reflected that the weddings of Wall Street business men are not commonly at-

Insanity Not Often Caused by Overstudy

"It is a fallacy to believe that over study causes insanity. Overstudy like any mental overwork causes a state of exhaustion and brain fog. Too much study, which prevents the enjoyable realities of play and recreation, will not cause a mental breakdown in a person who is not liable to insanity," states Dr. Alexander S. Hershfield, Illinois state alienist.

"It is admitted that among those students who devote too much time to earning and to making high grades there are many who are normal mentally. Mental disease and overstudy are common enough to be found to either occasionally a well-balanced boy or girl finds sports, friendships and sex of sufficient importance to act as an antidote to overstudy and

general school grind. In fact, it is normal for youth to find study irksome when it interferes with his fun. "Insanity" resulting from overstudy is merely a coincidence, and close examination of such a case will usually show other causes."

Remarkable Fellow

Teacher asked the children individually to name the prominent person they would most like to see.

Some said the king, others Charlie Chaplin, and many of them mentioned famous athletes.

"After a time, one small boy shouted out: 'Please, miss, I'd rather see my father's boss.'"

"Well," replied the teacher, "I should hardly think one would class him as a prominent man; but let us hear why you would like to see him."

"Because," was the answer, "I've heard father say that his boss has got 203 hands."—Montreal Star.

Specialized Farming

"The only thing that Jim Jenks, the laziest farmer in twelve counties, ever raises," sez his neighbor Nat Nolan "is a hue and cry when advised to go to work."—Farm and Fireside.

"In what particular, may I ask, if you will be good enough to tell me?"

"Yes sir, I will. There have been in our possession for some time a large number of shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway company belonging to Mr. John W. Weeks, one of our customers. These shares have been used to finance the purchase by this firm of a large block of the common stock of the Eastern Oil company."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, if you do not see what I mean."

"I do not. You must be more explicit."

"I think you know perfectly well that no such operation has ever before been carried on in this office, at least not in my time. I think you know perfectly well that it is a thing that Mr. Stanley would never have countenanced."

"Are you done?"

"Then let me say this. This is no longer Mr. Stanley's business. I am responsible for the operation to which you object. I am accountable to Mr. Weeks for the stock of which you have spoken, and I shall meet my responsibility."

"Very good, sir," retorted Wilson. "When I take it, it will suit your convenience if I leave on Saturday night?"

"Leave at once, if you like."

"Very good, sir. I shall write you a letter of which I shall keep a copy stating in detail my reasons for retiring."

"As you please."

So Wilson retired to the suite of offices he had already engaged in a neighboring skyscraper for the conduct of the affairs of Stanley.

Now, when Waterman told Wilson he would hold himself responsible for the securities left in his care he meant exactly what he said. He had no feeling of dishonesty about it. He was using Mr. Weeks' property for his own purposes, it is true, but he would find a way to make good when the time came to do it. He found himself for the moment in one of his tight corners, and he was merely borrowing the C. P. stock to help him out of that corner. He had been in many tight corners before now—perhaps not as tight as this one—but he had always found a way out, and he would find a way out now. Mr. Weeks would not lose anything, and in the meantime would have assisted him, in a lullingly to be sure, to escape from this present dilemma.

As a husband Waterman was at first not unsuccessful. He devoted himself to pleasing his wife with an assiduity which, considering his innate selfishness, was extraordinary. But there came a time, some six months after his marriage, when his financial perplexities became so great that he had no longer attempted to conceal them from his wife. In fact, with some profanity, he allowed her to guess them.

"What's the matter, Rollo?" she said to him one night when they had returned to their Park avenue apartment after a dinner party. "You seem awfully down."

"Oh, nothing much," he answered.

"I know better. Anything wrong in business?"

"Well, the fact is, I've got into a pretty tight one, awfully good and does get. But it's broadened out so much that I find I haven't quite the capital to swing it. If I had it would be all and more than I had hoped, but I can't get it. I shall have to sacrifice everything that I've put into it."

"How much do you need?"

"Well, forty thousand dollars would see me through."

"Let me do it."

"No, really, I don't want to drag you into my business affairs."

"But I insist. Besides, it's only a temporary loan. It isn't as if I were saying good-by to the money. This will see you through, you say, and turn a losing venture into a profitable one. That's simple."

"Well," he said feebly, and her cheek came to him next day.

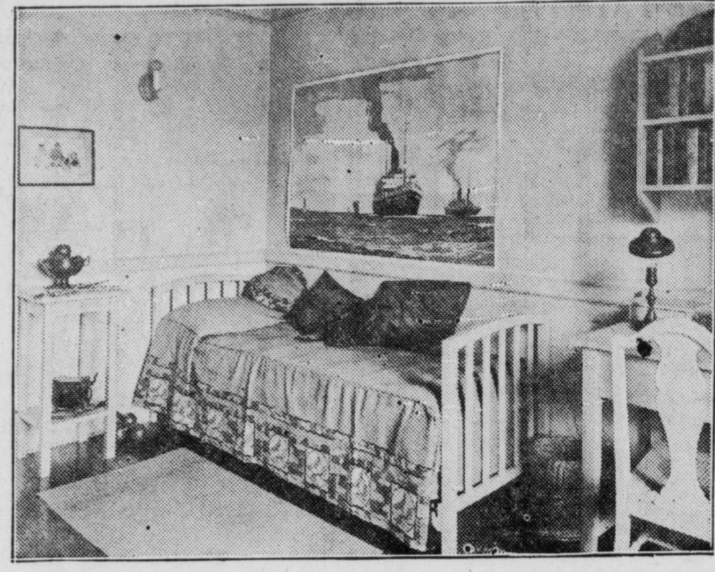
What Waterman didn't tell Doris was the fact that the forty thousand dollars was needed to replace the Canadian Pacific stock which belonged to Mr. Weeks who had suddenly, and with entire lack of consideration, demanded the possession of his property. This he received, thanks to Doris' check. Waterman met his responsibility to Weeks, as he had assured Wilson that he would. But his difficulties with reference to the Eastern Oil deal remained as great as before.

This was a fair example of the sort of thing that now became frequent in the Waterman household. Waterman was too clever ever to ask his wife for money, but the time came when the technique which he employed in the Weeks matter grew a little threatening.

It will have been observed that Doris was no fool. She admired her husband. She had an affection for him. If he did not thrill her as she had hoped and expected, she was not unreasonable. She felt, it is true, a vague disappointment, but she brought her common sense to bear. She said to herself that her romantic ideal had perhaps been based too much upon her youthful fancy, that perhaps there was really no such thing outside the world of fairy tales and dreams. At all events she could make a comparative success of her marriage even if it turned out to be not exactly thrilling, and this she set herself to do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROOM SUFFICIENTLY ATTRACTIVE FOR BOY



The Osanburg Couch Cover in This Boy's Room is Especially Practical.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A boy wants a room sufficiently attractive to bring his friends to, and sufficiently plain to seem masculine and businesslike. He will leave all the pastel colors, fussy draperies and light-weight, decorative furniture to his sister, in favor of surroundings that will stand a little friendly "rough-house" or pillow fighting once in a while, and require very little care or attention. A good many boys enjoy the feeling of order and neatness about them, but at the same time they are quite likely to throw themselves down on a couch or bed to read or study without thinking to remove their dusty boots. A "dressed-up" looking bed that prevents a boy from using it in this way may be enough to keep him out of his room entirely.

Osanburg was selected by the bureau of home economics for the couch cover

in this boy's room, to match a slip cover on an easy chair and plain window hangings. Osanburg is a natural-colored rather coarse cotton material that has recently become known for household furnishings. It has a slightly irregular weave which is artistic and attractive, and it can be laundered easily. It is preferred in darker shades, it takes dye well. To relieve the plainness of the couch cover and draperies, bands of bright-colored cretonne have been used. One of the cushions is covered with osanburg and cretonne.

The simplicity of the other furnishings in the room is in keeping with a boy's taste.ENAMELED furniture with plain lines was chosen because it could be easily kept clean. The book rack and desk light are compact and convenient for study. Suitable pictures have been selected. The washable rag rug for the otherwise bare varnished floor is appropriate.

DRESS FOR PLAY OR SCHOOL WEAR

Most Little Children Love New and Pretty Things.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

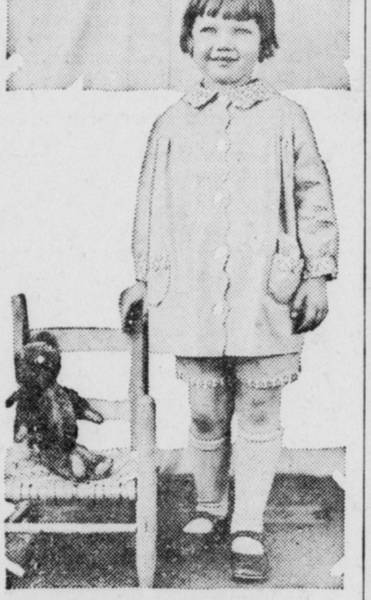
A few new school dresses are needed by every child in the fall, whether because of unexpected growth during vacation, or because of a depleted wardrobe, or just because most little girls love new and pretty things, especially when starting out in a new class with a new teacher, and perhaps some other new conditions.

At the beginning of fall and winter these school dresses are most practical if made with long sleeves. In many climates cotton wash fabrics are preferred for school wear throughout the year, until the children reach the upper grades, and even in the colder states cotton may be worn late into the fall until the last "Indian summer" interval is over and the first snow is on the ground.

This little school dress of blue cotton pongee was chosen by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture as a very practical style. Call it a "smock" dress if it will make the little girl

happy to have a garment corresponding to mother's or big sister's. It is trimmed with a printed material of blue, rose, and black, on a white background. The collar and the trimming on the pockets carry out the scalloped design of the front. Slashes at right angles to the armhole in both front and back give a yoke effect and are a means of adding fullness. Set-in sleeves are required for this style. Straight-legged panties to match adhere to the simplicity of the whole effect. They may be made by taking enough width from the bloomer pattern so that no gathers are required. Any commercial bloomer dress pattern with set-in sleeves and a plain shoulder may be adapted to this style by simply cutting extra width toward the underarm seam from the point where the slash is made.

Little dresses that open down the front are so easy to put on and take off that they can be planned for very tiny girls between two and three who are learning to dress themselves. Like all coat-style dresses, this one is easily ironed.



For Play or School.

TRAPPING HOUSE FLIES MADE EASY

Logical Method of Control Is to Prevent Breeding.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

While the logical method of fly control is to prevent the multiplication of these pests by proper disposal of or treatment of their breeding places, some degree of control can be maintained by the use of traps. Both the house fly and blowflies may be captured in traps, according to the entomologists of the United States Department of Agriculture, but the character of the bait and the location of the traps are important considerations in trapping the different kinds of flies.

Farmers' Bulletin 734-F, "Flytraps and Their Operation," by F. C. Bishop of the bureau of entomology of the department, gives directions for constructing a number of different kinds of traps, the same general principle being used in all these flytraps though they appear to be different. The flies are attracted into a cage through a passage, the entrance of which is large and the exit small. Once inside there is little chance that the flies will find the way out.

Light is an important factor in the success of all flytraps because flies have a tendency to go toward the light, after having been attracted beneath it by the odor of the bait or after entering a room in search of food.

It is important to use a bait suitable for the kind of flies to be caught. For house flies, a mixture of cheap cane molasses with three times as much water is one of the most effective and economical baits to use. Blowflies are more readily attracted by animal matter. Around slaughter houses, markets and butcher shops where blowflies are troublesome, such baits as mucous membranes which form the linings of intestines of cattle or hogs are suitable.

A copy of the bulletin may be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Different Juicy Fruits Used for Summer Ices

Blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, and any other juicy fruits may be used to make summer ices, suggests the bureau of home economics. The proportions below will be found satisfactory. If more acid is preferred in any ice, lemon juice is added.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 2 1/2 cups fruit | on juice, strained |
| 3 cups | 1 cup sugar |
| 5/8 cup water | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 3 tablespoons lemon | |

Crush the fruit and heat it for about 2 minutes, meanwhile stirring and pressing so that the juice runs freely. Strain through a thick layer of cheesecloth and to the juice add the sugar, water, lemon juice, and salt. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, and pour into a freezer. Use a freezing mixture of 1 part salt to 4 or 6 of ice. Turn the crank of the freezer slowly. After freezing remove the dasher, pack the freezer with more ice and salt, and let the fruit ice stand for an hour or more to ripen. This will make about 1 quart.

Place for Equipment

Keep all household equipment off the floor as much as possible. Put a screw-eye in the tip of the handles of brushes and brooms and let them hang instead of stand on the floor.



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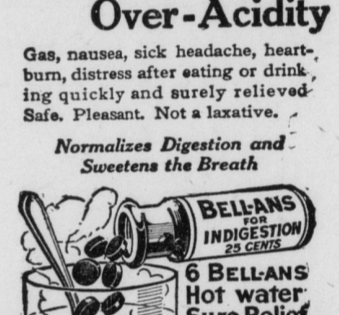


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Might Be Eggspccted

"Can I get some eggs from your folks, my boy?"

"Nope, our hens has gone dry."

It May Be Urgent

When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when colic pains buffet the baby, or colic pains buffet the mother—never without a remedy; some mothers keep an extra bottle unopened, to make sure there will all ways be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



Fletcher's CASTORIA

By PE