

Starring **DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.** and **MADELEINE CARROLL**  
 Novelized from the Paramount Picture by Edward Churchill  
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CHAPTER I

Two worlds were coming together as Baron Charles de Courland's sleek white yacht, almost as big as an ocean liner, cut a path through the Atlantic toward the African shore. De Courland, European tycoon and big game hunter, dressing in his master's cabin, represented civilization. The jungle, unbroken and reaching down almost to the waters' edge, issued to him its primitive challenge.

The captain, in immaculate white uniform on the bridge, peered at the green band of vegetation between water and sky, directed the man at the wheel to change his course, and then picked up the intercommunicating telephone.

He pressed a button labeled "Owner."

"Captain Van Huesen, sir," he said. "We are in sight of the river entrance. We'll anchor off M'Pola in an hour."

The baron, who had slipped into a silk lounging robe, thanked him. He was a man of medium height, dark of hair, perhaps forty years old. He was marked not by his even teeth, his unlined skin, his hair which had not yet turned gray even over his temples, or his dark, intelligent eyes so much as by the ego, the self-assurance, the commanding poise which seemed to buoy him even when he was alone.

When he had thanked his employee he continued to hold the instrument to his ear. He in turn pressed a button. A smile of happy anticipation lifted the corners of his mouth.

In another stateroom, sheer feminine garments were scattered over the rich, modernistic furniture. From the bathroom came the sound of a shower, almost drowning out the insistent summons of the buzzer. And at the same time the outside door opened. Fay Thorne, blonde, tall and shapely, dressed in cool pajamas and wearing sandals on bare feet, breezed in.

"Linda!" she called. "Linda!" Where are you?"

From the bathroom came the voice of Linda Stewart.

"Cooling off for dinner, dear. What is it?"

"Africa!" Fay exclaimed. "And I've you to thank for it. The baron wanted to relax, asked you to come along—and I'm stuck with the job of chaperone!"

Linda emerged from the bathroom with a huge crash towel covering all of her save her shapely shoulders. She had honey-colored hair which seemed to shimmer, bright blue eyes, a perfect oval face, a clear soft skin. It wasn't hard to see why the baron had asked her on the voyage.

"Where?" she asked. "Right outside your window," Fay told her mumbling.

"Porthole, dear!" Linda corrected. She looked out, exclaimed: "You can't see the jungle for the trees. I must call Charles! He'd expect it. He's very proud of Africa!"

Fay asked, sardonically: "Does he own that, too?" Linda lifted the telephone. She parried the baron's invitation to come on deck with:

"But I'm not dressed . . . No, dear . . . Fay's here."

Then she put the phone down and

leaned her head against the porthole, letting the breeze blow through her hair, her mood reflective. Fay ventured:

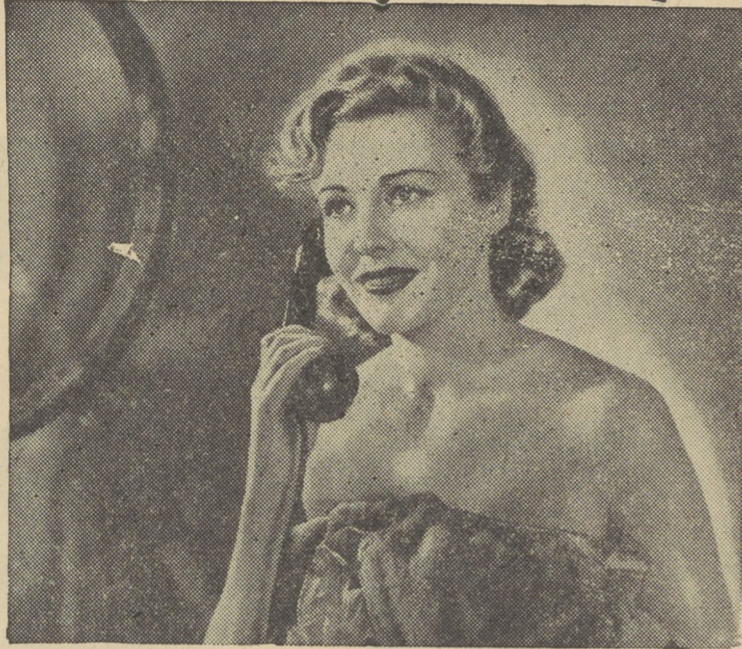
"You don't mean a word of it. Not a single, solitary word."

"I didn't say anything," Linda smiled.

"Your voice did. Your voice said you loved him."

"That's what I want it to say, Fay," Linda told her.

"You don't love His Nibs!" Fay shook her head. "You may kid yourself—you may kid him. But you can't fool me."



Linda emerged from the bathroom with a huge crash towel covering all of her save her shapely shoulders.

"I'll be happy with him!" Linda was almost defiant. "And I'll make him happy, too!"

Fay picked up a cigarette, concentrated on it.

"What about Bill Jeffrey?"

Linda got herself a drink of water.

"Bill was turmoil—and tempest. Charles is peace and security. He's got an office and a home—not an airplane!"

"Yes—and a yacht—and a cha-teau—"

"All right!" Linda admitted. "He means luxury, too."

"Maybe he's not just my type. But I don't see him the way you do. He scares me. Every time he snaps his fingers the way he does to get service, I jump."

"He never snaps his fingers at me. He asks me—even when he doesn't have to."

"Bill always told you what to do, Linda. And you did it. You loved Bill."

"He told me he was going to fly down to Spain," Linda said bitterly. "He was going to look around. He told me to wait for him. And I did. Then, one day I received a copper box—neatly labelled—the ashes of William Jeffrey, killed in action."

She took a deep breath. "I'm through with ashes, Fay! I've earned peace and security. I'll make Charles a good wife to get it."

"When and if he asks you—but he won't!"

"Why not?" Linda's eyebrows lifted.

"Why does any man ask a woman to marry him?" Fay countered.

"I suppose he's afraid that if he doesn't someone else will beat him to it."

"There's your answer. There isn't anybody else. And there won't be I'm afraid. Not while you wear that big sign: 'No Poaching . . . Private Property . . . Charles de Courland.' What you need, my dear, is some man to stir up a little competition for your lily white hand. Then you'll get action."

"Perhaps," assented Linda, "you have something there."

Later, on deck, when the baron came up to her as she lay on the

curved stern divan, she didn't turn. She let him stand behind her, close to her. She put her head back against his shoulder.

"How quickly it got dark," she said softly.

"There's no twilight here," he replied.

"I think I like your darkest Africa, Charles," she told him. "It's beautiful at night! Warm—gentle—"

"You'll like it in the day time, too. It's primitive. And you'll like that. Midday in the jungle there's not a sound. The world seems hardly to have begun. Come with me on safari, Linda. All your life you

COUNTY FARMERS BELIEVE U. S. NEED NOT FEAR WORLD FAMINE

American agriculture, which has produced abundant supplies of food and fiber, will be in a position to be of the utmost service to a suffering world when and if "the most serious famine in world's history" actually strikes Europe next winter, according to the Luzerne County Agricultural Conservation Committee.

Cleaners Uncover Forgotten Clothes

Williammee Lists Articles Pupils Forgot

The staff cleaning the Dallas borough school buildings after the close of school has uncovered many articles of clothing, left in the basement, the cloak rooms, the shower rooms or the lockers by forgetful students, and T. A. Williammee, supervising principal, has asked owners to call for them.

The articles may be called for July 1 or 2 or on the morning of July 8 or 9. Articles not called for will be disposed of later, since there is no place at the school to store them. The following pieces of clothing are awaiting claimants: 22 gym suits, nine sweaters, four boys' undershirts, 12 blouses, three sweat-shirts, 16 pair sneakers, two girls' jackets, one lunch box, one suit case, one pair of girls' shoes, six pair of overshoes, three belts, seven hats, five coats, 12 pair of socks, five pair of gloves, four handkerchiefs, one book bag, one towel, one clown suit and two umbrellas.

The work of preparing for the 1940-1941 term of school is now in progress, Mr. Williammee reports. Supplies will be in early next month. Most of the books have been ordered and will be received during the next few months. The work of changing the fifth and sixth grades to the temporary building and the first and second grades to the first floor of the frame building is moving along rapidly.

would remember it. I have three weeks away from the pressure and work. I would miss you terribly if you did not come with me—"

Linda smiled.

"You've never had a chance to miss me, have you Charles?" she asked. "Maybe that's a good idea."

She sat up suddenly. "I'll not go. I'll be here when you come back. You see, I want to be missed."

Fay interrupted their tete-a-tete by joining them.

"Don't look now," she warned, but we're being boarded by pirates."

The "pirates" turned out to be the port physician and old Jack McPhail, a thin, grizzled Scotchman, wearing a wrinkled seersucker suit, and speaking with a brogue that was almost un-understandable.

McPhail turned out to be the agent to whom the baron had written ordering that the safari be organized. He accepted a cocktail, reached

"The opinion seem to be widespread in the United States that Europe in the coming months will see the most serious famine in the world's history," a spokesman for the committee told The Post this week. "In view of this fear, attention should be called once again to the abundant supplies of food and fiber in this country."

"Already we are co-operating directly with the American Red Cross in its humanitarian work of sending supplies to Europe. As far as available funds will permit, it is our hope to continue. The people of the United States approve aid of this kind to the innocent war sufferers. But refugee relief is only part of our problem. We must remember that in our country we still have millions of our own people who do not have adequate diets. Every effort must be made to expand domestic consumption of our surplus farm products."

"Never have the farmers of the United States been in such a good position to produce to the limit with the minimum of labor. Both our soils and our methods of agricultural management have been greatly improved in the past several years. If labor should ever run short in the cities, there is a great reserve supply on the farms which can be drawn on."

"This can be done efficiently and without hysteria by means of the community and county committees. Because of our organization, our agricultural efficiency and our great supplies, we will not need to plow the hills and the great plains as we did in 1917 and 1918."

Receives I. C. S. Diploma

Jean Edith Nelson of Dallas received honors this week for completing the accountant secretarial course, it was announced by R. T. Strohm, dean of the faculty of the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. A diploma was awarded to Miss Nelson by Dean Strohm.

for another when no invitation was forthcoming.

The baron was upset when he heard that Jim Logan, the guide, McPhail had selected, had not returned to M'Pola to start on safari in the morning.

"Don't fret yourself, mon," McPhail admonished. "The seventeenth is no' tull tomorrow, and the night's ma birthday."

"Congratulations—but what's that got to do with my hunter?" the baron asked, irritated.

"It means Jim Logan gets back to celebrate wi' me. Ya hae ma personal guarantee."

(To be continued)

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