

# James Montgomery Flagg

In  
Words and Pictures  
I Should Say So!!



CARICATURE OF THE AUTHOR AND ARTIST BY HIMSELF.

## The Call of the Sex

Here It Is, Hot From the Fountain Pen of the Grand Past Master of the United Order of Writers of Sectional Fiction

THE gripping fiction of James Montgomery Chambers needs no introduction to our 8,427,967 GUARANTEED readers. Here we have SEX, rampant, rampageous, quivering, yea, snorting. Who but this master of Sectional fiction could have conceived and executed this stupendous Story of Passion, abysmal, chaotic, typically American, yet virile? In this story we have exponents of two of our leading SEXES — the hairy, primeval Man-in-Khaki; the yielding yet submissive Woman. Before the reader's protruding eyes these two pawns of Destiny are hurled pell-mell into a seething maelstrom of pulsing Passion. Go to it!—The Editors.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY CHAMBERS, Author of "Will She?" "Can She?" "Did She?" "She Did!" and "Then Some." Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

The ardent Cuban sun shone down through the pall of smokeless powder that floated over the soldiers of Weyler and Shafter. From the palm-clad hills above the stricken valley sounded the steady rasping bark of eight thousand merciless Krag-Jorgensens. Overhead could be heard the passionate shrieks of bullets tearing their way through the male and female eucalyptus trees.

The Americans had been momentarily repulsed.

Captain Cortlandt Schuyler, a descendant of a number of

New York's most tiresome families (called by his regiment "The-Hairy-One" as a slight testimonial to his extreme masculinity), was poking his sword impartially into the calves of the legs of his demoralized boys and cursing them into condition for the next attack on the Spanish blockhouse.

Schuyler needed no orders, nor did he wait for those he did not need. He knew all about War, as he had slept in Brooklyn for years and had an office in New York.

Had you asked him what Fear was he would have looked at you in a dazed way, scratched his head and laughed foolishly. "Damfino."

Taking from his pocket a massive solid gold cigarette case—it had been a present to his great-great-grandfather, the Admiral, from the Maharajah of Poo—he drew out a gold-tipped cigarette, marked only with his initials and a simple coronet, and nonchalantly lighted it. Although a member of an old New York family, Schuyler knew instinctively that that was what a cigarette was for.

Now, flicking the ashes from the weed, he gave the order to advance on the double-quick through the tangled Perfecto bushes toward the enemy.

The Intrepid Youngsters Followed Him Blithely.

The intrepid youngsters fol-

Now that all of our leading mucks have been thoroughly raked, one cannot see what will hold the public, unless it is Sex. Of course, in a year or two it may be Humor or Religion, or Athletics, or Astronomy—but the latest thing is, no doubt, Sex. History has produced several instances where the influence of Sex might have been distinctly noticed even prior to that Edenic affair, but the thing has not had the popular attention it deserves until recently.

lowed him as blithely as if headed toward the Polo Grounds, instead of possible annihilation. What was good enough for The-Hairy-One was good enough for them.

At the head of his men he rushed down into the valley, followed closely by his kinsman, Lieutenant Murray Hill. But suddenly, as Captain Schuyler was in the very act of leaping over some dead Spaniards that had not been cleaned up after the last battle, Lieutenant Hill saw him stop and stiffen.

"For heaven's sake, Cort, are you hit?" cried the Lieutenant.

"Hit?" repeated the Captain, with a mysterious laugh. "Yes, Murray, but not in the way you mean. I can't go on. You must take my place, old man."

"What is it? Sunstroke?"

"No, no! I can't explain. It is a weird, imperative summons from over there—beyond—beyond!"—He pointed waveringly in eight or nine directions.

Then, as his men swept by him in a cloud of dust, the Captain wheeled dizzily to the left and staggered off into the jungle. As he disappeared Lieutenant Hill, who stood frozen in amazement and horror, thought he heard a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as is seldom heard outside the passionate pages of a Sex Story. But was it a laugh, or was it the cry of the amorous Panatella, circling high above?

### CHAPTER II.

In one of the noisome hospital tents Nurse Van Lithe, with a pan full of sterilized instruments, stood at the surgeon's side. A young trooper was about to have his leg amputated at the wrist, and the beautiful and pure young nurse throbbed with deep yet perfectly proper sympathy. (But just you wait!) She was quite unconscious of the charms of her voluptuous figure as revealed by the alluring, low-necked, pink chiffon

nurses' uniform she wore, as prescribed by the Army regulations. From somewhere outside on the terrace were wafted from the muted violins of the Hungarian orchestra the sensuous cadences of "Lion de Bal."

The young but susceptible surgeon, Catesby Farquhar by name, was waiting for her to hand him his instruments. A strong sense of the strange fascination of this pure though chase-me-boys girl was upon him. He did not look at her, but he knew that her mane was tawny and curled in little watch springs at the back of her neck; that her eyelashes made a slithering sound when she lowered them, slowly, like Venetian blinds; that she looked as if the blood of her face had all been squeezed down into her red lips, moist and luscious—those coral colored invitations to forget your higher self. He knew but too well, poor wretch, that she was anything but helpful in the fever ward.

But Catesby had work to do—Man's Work. So he gritted his bridgework and turned toward her with expectant, outstretched palm.

As he did so he was horrified at the girl's expression.

She was standing there in all her soul-withering voluptuousness with uplifted head and a look in her unseeing eyes of a blend of primordial passion, far-focused tenderness, unholy fanaticism with a dash of hypnotic hysteria! "My word!" murmured Catesby. "Can this be she?"

The pan of instruments dropped from her nerveless though beautiful fingers.

"Are you sick?" Catesby's voice was hoarse with emotion.

"Never felt better in my life," Miss Van Lithe smiled unsteadily at him.

This rather got his goat.

"Then pick up those instruments!"

I wish to remark at this jun-



"SHE MADE A CARMEN MOVEMENT AT HIM WITH HER HIPS."

ture that as a surgeon young Catesby Farquhar was all to the Adhesive Plaster, but on the Virile, Red-Blooded, Carnal Man proposition he left large wads to be desired. At this crucial moment he allowed his professional instincts to dominate him and completely forgot the alluring charms of Nurse Van Lithe. Of course, the girl didn't know she was seductive or anything; she was too pure to notice it anyhow. But there she stood, with undulating and creamy skin gleaming wherever there wasn't any pink chiffon uniform. Her white rounded arms with the diamond bracelet pushed up as far as it would go on her perfect forearm, with that gentle heaving of her super-wonderful — You see what I mean—he was a boob.

She gave him an enigmatical look and said, "Pick 'em up yourself ma—I'm off!"

"You're off! Where?" The much-lacking surgeon was dumfounded.

"I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way—some-

thing calls me—something from over there—beyond—beyond!" She pointed waveringly in eight or nine directions. She swayed a little, still smiling.

"Woman, are you crazy? Have you been hitting the wood-alcohol? Don't you know this poor fellow's life depends upon us?"

She shrugged her shoulders prettily and made a Carmen movement at him with her hips, and glided from the tent like a panther.

### CHAPTER III.

Stumbling crazily over the twisted vines and beating aside the affectionate tropical undergrowth, Captain Schuyler moved toward his unknown goal, humming, "Love Me and the World Is Mine!" through his heavily scented blonde mustache. He had forgotten everything — War, the United States, Duty, his pipe, his solid gold cigarette case, the monograms on his shirt sleeves—indeed everything of any moment, except that he was a gentleman.

He never could forget that under the most trying circumstances, thank you.

His only thought was that something called him. It was a command.

As he came to the end of the noxious jungle he spied something through the leaves—something that drew him convulsively, in jerks, suffocatingly, madly, joyously forward. He instinctively took a perfumed breath tablet as he galloped perspiring toward his magnet.

He paused only a moment, to Blanco his white buckskin shoes from the little can he always carried with him in an embroidered satin bag. Noblesse, Oblige! On again, though the thorns ripped his fair, boyishly white young flesh. He should worry!

Rushing bubblingly at him with a lovely feminine lope, unmindful of the sad havoc the briars were playing with her pink chiffon frock, which had been almost torn from her back in her sprint, came Nurse Van Lithe. It was indeed no other. In all Cuba there was nothing like her—nay, in all fiction there was no chicken that had anything on her for pippiness. Oh, Gosh! She was Ger-and!

He bounded over the last rubber plant on the edge of the clearing. She, also, with the glad sweet cry of the homing pigeon, bounced steamingly at him.

"Oh Man-in-Khaki," she cried.

They met in mid-air. That was some meeting. The Merrimac and the Monitor's was an anaemic affair alongside of it.

They landed on a soft rock, clasped in each other's arms, just as if they had been properly introduced.

And as they sat there, he holding her by her shell-like ears, the low, sweet moans of a Cuban love song were wafted toward them from a shepherd's hut nearby, where some one played upon the sexaphone.

(To be continued in our next.)

"IT IS A WEIRD, IMPERATIVE SUMMONS FROM OVER THERE—BEYOND—BEYOND!"



THEY MET IN MID-AIR.