

"The Masked Hostess"

by BLAIR STEVENSON

CHAPTER VI

Although Sloan, in making good out of his own money the worthless check which Nathalie had given the hotel, had done something which no cool-headed lawyer would be likely to do, there were nevertheless the makings of a great lawyer in him. For he possessed in a high degree the faculty of reasoning to a correct conclusion any line of human conduct of which he was in possession of one or two important facts. So that although he had seen nothing of Nathalie since the moment when he told her to call on him if she found herself in difficulties, he knew almost as certainly what had occurred during her visit to Southampton as though he had been at her side throughout and watched it all.

He sympathized profoundly with the panic state in which she had cashed a bad check—realized the fatigue of mind and body she must have been in, and understood that she meant to cheat no one; and that as soon as a train could carry her there she would return to her aunt and make a courageous confession of the whole unfortunate business.

"I will hear from her by Monday," he said to himself as he walked uptown. At his apartment he called the managing clerk of his law firm at his suburban home and communicated the fact that he was in New York and not in Washington would be at the office promptly Monday morning. He rejoiced that one of those delays for which the law is famous had taken him to Washington so that he had been free to leave the capital city almost as soon as he had arrived there.

It had been of the train coming back that he had realized that he was in love with Nathalie utterly and that no other woman would ever mean anything to him. He had been conscious of it almost from the first moment he had ever seen her. His feeling of uneasiness about her when he began his journey to Washington had warned him of no truth, his relief when his Washington errand had been adjourned had told him exactly where he stood with himself.

Reaching New York, instinct rather than reason had taken him directly to the Waldorf-Astoria—and in time to render her an invaluable service.

He wondered, after he reached his bachelor flat, whether Nathalie had returned to Southampton direct and considered for a moment a plan of calling her aunt's house by telephone and leaving a memorandum of his own home address in case Nathalie should

require it. He decided finally that such a measure was unwise—that it might embarrass Nathalie or complicate her situation in some manner he could not foresee.

It was just as well that he took the negative course he did for she did not reach Southampton until Monday just before noon.

She had no plan at all when she left the Waldorf-Astoria. To the taxicab chauffeur who looked at her inquiringly as she stepped into his vehicle she gave the vague order.

"Around Central Park—afterward I will tell you where else," the man nodded and turned his cab into the heavy traffic of Fifth Avenue, but long before the park plaza at Fifty-ninth was reached Nathalie realized that her first need was rest and sleep. That if she did not have it her mind would never clear and she would never be equal to the difficult interview she had determined she must go through with her aunt.

So when the taxicab, in the course of traffic, was halted at a street corner in the middle forties Nathalie noticed a sedate-looking hotel a few doors east of the avenue, she had herself driven there and inquired if she could be given a room.

"A quiet one please," she explained. "I am so frightfully tired and wish to sleep straight through until tomorrow."

The clerk bowed. "I can give you a very pleasant one on the top floor. Do you wish not to be disturbed at all or shall I have you called at some hour in the morning?"

"No," said Nathalie. "I will rest better if I do not think about when I am to be wakened."

She registered as Olivia Swayne using her aunt's name so that she would not be traced to where she was from the Waldorf—when as she was sure it would, her deceit about the check would be discovered. In her innocence of business she did not know that even if Sloan had not "picked" her up he had checked it would not reach the bank on which it was drawn before Monday or possibly Tuesday. In her mind the streets were already filled with detectives looking for her and it was with the feeling of a hunted criminal that she wrote the name Olivia Swayne on the hotel register with trembling hand.

As a further precaution against being followed and identified she took the money she had received for her check upstairs with her instead of leaving it in the hotel safe and placed the roll of bills under her pillow.

"Perhaps I may be robbed of it

but that is a risk I have to take," she said as she slipped into bed and, closing her eyes for a moment, let herself enjoy its yielding comfort and the serenity of the room high above the city's traffic. Before she could open them again she fell into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

No one disturbed her and no one touched her money during the more than twenty hours that she lay sleeping, and she was greatly refreshed when at last consciousness returned to her. The maid who answered her call told her that it was Sunday afternoon and after three o'clock.

After telephoning to Pennsylvania Station and learning that no train would leave for the east end of Long Island before morning, she had a light meal brought up. At five o'clock she went back to bed again and to a sound sleep as before, after deciding that she would defer all thought about what explanation she would give her aunt, and what her aunt would have to say to her until during the three hours which would be occupied by the train journey from New York to Southampton.

She was the first person aboard the train when the gates to admit its passengers were opened the following morning, and throughout the long journey eastward she went over mentally, in every detail, what she proposed to say when she arrived at Mrs. Swayne's and virtually threw herself on that lady's mercy. She did not count on her aunt's charity or understanding. She knew Mrs. Swayne had no comprehension of the situation of anyone who was without money and did not know which way to turn for it. But she was sure that her aunt would make good a bad check in almost any amount before she would permit a member of the family to fall into the hands of the police and polite society chuckle over

the scandal. "I have spent hardly any of the money and will turn over The First to her besides," said Nathalie to herself when finally her train journey was over and a taxicab was taking her to her aunt's handsome house on the dunes. The First is only a burden to me but the moment she owns it, it will be worth a great deal of money. It has always been that way."

But at the house she was informed that her aunt and cousins were away and would not be back till after luncheon. The butler asked her if she would not have luncheon herself meanwhile. With her reply that she would he was about to give the necessary orders when another servant who had answered a ring at the main door of the house came and whispered something to him. The butler turned again to Nathalie:

"A person to see you, Miss Van Slack. A very dubious looking person who refuses to state what his business with you is. Do you care to speak to him or shall I send him away?"

Through a window curtain Nathalie looked out, and saw a man dressed in dark clothes and wearing a hard derby hat above a grim and inscrutable visage. A glance at him and in her nervous state she was sure of what he was—a detective—there could be no doubt about that. She clutched the butler's coat sleeve:

"Say that I'm not here—that I have gone to New York again—say anything you can think of."

And while the butler moved noiselessly to communicate her message and parry with the visitor after the manner of his kind, Nathalie ran from the house by one of its service doors and across the back lawn to a gate known of which led out into a side road.

(To be continued)

Dies in Prison

James Rae Clarke, former head of the New York banking house of Clarke Brothers, who died in his cell at the Federal Prison in Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Clarke who was 52 years old, was sentenced in August to serve a term of eight years for violation of the banking laws. The collapse of his banking house is said to have involved the loss of about \$5,000,000. Heart disease was given as the cause of Clarke's death.

This is the third death in the wake of the financial catastrophe. In the early part of the trial the first wife of Hudson Clarke, Jr., died. Shortly after sentence was pronounced on his three sons, Hudson Clarke, Sr., died.

It fixed definitely at 16 the number of persons who died in the wreck.

Because the chief officer went down with the passenger-freight boat, yesterday morning off this port, government Inspector Fred Meno of Detroit, said he did not think it likely the cause of the disaster would be ascertained.

LONDON IS MOVING TOWARD SEA AGAIN

LONDON (AP)—London has moved itself back to the ocean, where it used to be in the days of Drake.

By spring, when the next rush of trans-Atlantic tourists begins, traveling Americans will find they can sail up to London's very doorstep in the biggest and fastest ships.

World competition in the building of bigger and faster liners began to have its effect on London more than a quarter of a century ago. The growing number of passenger ships "too big" for the port of London began, in effect, to push London farther from the sea.

The new landing stage, which floats in the river a few hundred yards east of the lock, is 1,142 feet long and lies 170 feet from the concrete "shore" which has been built upon what used to be mud flats. Piled on 80 steel pontoons, the floating stage is connected with the customs halls and railway station by five bridges for foot and motor traffic.

A 750-foot drydock, capable of being lengthened to 1,000 feet without interference with operation, is also under construction and will be ready by spring.

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS. Temperature in Table Service.

WHY this restaurant has such a reputation for good food is a mystery to me," pondered the friend who had suggested it for dinner. It's a small place managed by two women, and located in a rather inconvenient section on the outskirts of the shopping district. When you read the bill of fare, you wonder why you're chosen to go here of all places. Because the food sounds ordinary. There's always the same hors d'oeuvre or a choice of soup. Evidently the owners know only two kinds of animals that are used for food—chicken and lamb, because I don't remember seeing anything else offered. Of fresh vegetables, however, there is plenty of variety—everything you ever heard of and occasionally some that are new.

On the whole, however, the food is simple and certainly would grow monotonous if one lived on it exclusively. Yet there is always the feeling of having a perfect dinner. True, the service is dainty—but not more so than dozens of other places. And in its ordinary way the food is well cooked. But what is extraordinary—most unusual even in all the high-type dining places—is that these women have made a rigid rule about temperature in service.

If the hors d'oeuvre is a fruit cup (which it almost always is) then it is well chilled, and comes in a chilled sherbet glass in a cold platter. The soup is served in a heated plate and the service plate beneath it is hot, too. And so on throughout the meal.

What a marvelous difference this small matter makes can only be understood when one deliberately notices it, and makes mental comparison of contrary bits.

One of the most common mistakes

Home-Making Helps

medium priced restaurants and happens in the expensive ones occasionally, too, is to serve a steak or a lamb chop on a cold plate. One of the incredible perversities that occurs regularly in a certain club these frigid plates, for the plates for the salad are always warm?

A meal is improved enormously if service plates of all kinds are heated in hot water for in the warm oven if they are to contain hot food, cocktail, salad or a cold dessert. Any plates or glasses for fruit cup, oyster, cocktail, salad or a cold dessert, are placed in the icebox a few minutes before use will preserve the cold essential after service. A cold jelly, custard or even ice cream served in a lukewarm dish is a culinary crime.

Some foods indeed require, not only that the plates be chilled but that they be served in a bed of ice. Oysters are in their perfect state raw only when they are served in a bed of cracked ice. If they are served on the half shell, then these little plates containing the oysters, sauce is placed in the middle. The cocktail sauce must be chilled on ice between the time it is prepared and the time it is served with the oysters. On no account should they be left lukewarm.

Fruits are at the best state if kept on ice until the moment before serving. But the addition of cracked ice to any fruit rather spoils the flavor. A bit of orange for juice should be kept on ice for at least five or six hours before using. Then the squeezed juice will be perfectly chilled. But to add the juice to orange juice is to spoil the flavor by dilution, and perhaps make it especially cold—too chilly to be enjoyed.

FOREIGN TRADE IS YET ON INCREASE

WASHINGTON (AP)—The combined volume of America's exports and imports for the first eight months this year is approximately \$500,000,000 more than last year.

Traded with every major geographical department figures, shows an increase this year over

last. The major divisions are Europe, North America, South America, Asia, Africa and Oceania.

Only 11 countries report small decreases in their purchases from the United States. They are Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, Dominican Republic, Colombia, Uruguay, British India, Japan, and the region of Hong Kong.

Nine countries report decreases in their sales to American consumers—Holland, Norway, Spain, United Kingdom, Central America, Mexico, Dominican Republic, Brazil and Ecuador.

PROBE UNABLE TO FIX WRECK CAUSE

KENOSHA, Wis., Oct. 31.—(AP)—A federal inquiry failed to ascertain today the reason why the steamer Wisconsin sank, but

POLLY AND HER PALS

"The Silver Lining"



IF YOU ASK ME, MAW, I'D SOONER BE SHOT THAN HAFTA WEAR THIS DANG STOVE-PIPE!

TILLIE, THE TOILER

"Not The Break She Expected"



THE BOSS WAS GONNA GIVE ME A RAISE, THEN HE CAUGHT ME ASLEEP AT MY DESK.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"Birds Of A Feather"



AFTER MRS. MEANY WENT TUMBLING DOWN THE HOSPITAL STAIRS IN AN EFFORT TO ESCAPE FROM HIM, OFFICER O'FLIAN SENT IN A CALL FOR THE WAGON TO CONVEY HIS WURLY PRISONER TO THE JAILHOUSE.

TOOTS AND CASPER

"On The War-Path"



IT WAS MORTIMER CLAMBY WHO CAUSED ME TO LOSE \$48,000.00 IN "ZIPPO MOTORS"!

How to Play BRIDGE

Series 1929-30 by Wynne Ferguson

Author of "PRACTICAL AUCTION BRIDGE"

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ARTICLE No. 8

If you are a fisherman, you have heard and told many a fish story and the biggest fish is usually the one that got away. If you are an auction player, you have heard and told many a story about the play and bidding of unusual hands. Here is a new one where the "biggest fish" was actually caught.

Example Hand No. 1

Hearts—none
Clubs—A, K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 4
Diamonds—none
Spades—Q, J, 10, 9

Y : A B :
A : Y B :
Z :

No score, rubber game. Z dealt and passed. A bid one trump, Y bid two hearts and B bid two no trumps. Z and A passed and Y bid three diamonds. B

Example Hand No. 2

Hearts—A, 2
Clubs—Q, 10, 7, 2
Diamonds—K, 5, 4
Spades—9, 7, 6, 4, 2

Y : A B :
A : Y B :
Z :

No score, rubber game. Z dealt and passed. A and Y passed and B bid one diamond. Z bid one spade. A bid one trump and Y bid two spades. B now bid three hearts, Z and A passed and Y bid three spades. B and Z passed and A bid four hearts. A and B easily made four hearts. Z opened the ace of clubs and followed with the eight of clubs which B won with the king. He now led the seven of hearts and forced Y in the lead with the ace of hearts. Y now led the queen of clubs and followed with the four of spades. B trumped with the queen of hearts and followed with the eight of hearts, winning the trick in A's hand with the jack. He now led the queen of diamonds from A's hand and whether or not Y covers, A must win the balance of the tricks.

This is a normal hand, well bid and well played with only one exception and that is Z's failure to bid as dealer. This failure to bid caused him and his

partner to lose the rubber. With a hand of this type, containing two quick tricks, one of which is at the head of a five-card suit, Z as dealer has a justifiable bid.

Just suppose, for example, Z bids one spade. A's hand is perfect in everything but spades so the chances are that A would pass. He is well satisfied with the spade bid and his heart suit is hardly strong enough to justify a bid. If A passes, Y's proper bid is three spades. B will then bid four diamonds and all will pass. With the club opening as before, A B can make four diamonds and so will fail to score game.

Don't pass a justifiable original bid if your hand contains the necessary values. The foregoing hand is a good example of what happens to the timid bidder. It is a well known rule of the game that if you are going to be an overbidder or an under-bidder, the former is the lesser of the two evils.

Problem No. 3

Hearts—J
Clubs—Q
Diamonds—K, 7
Spades—K, 8, 4, 2

Y : A B :
A : Y B :
Z :

Hearts—8, 6
Clubs—K, 7, 5
Diamonds—none
Spades—Q, 10, 7

There are no trumps and Z is in the lead. How can Y Z win seven of the eight tricks against any defense? Solution in the next article.

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

By BEN BATSFORD

By JIMMY MURPHY

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