

The Leading Lady

By GERALDINE BONNER

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STORY FROM THE START

While despondent over the enforced hiding of her fiancé, Jim Dallas, slayer in self-defense of Homer Parkinson, member of an influential family, Sybil Saunders, popular actress, is engaged to play Viola in a charity performance of "Twelfth Night" on Gull Island, on the Maine coast. After the play, which is a big hit, Wally Shine, official photographer, learns something of the jealousy existing in the company.

CHAPTER I—Continued

The photographer shouldered his camera and went toward the house. He skirted the side balcony, the wide-lung doors giving a glimpse of an entrance hall, and turning the corner emerged upon the land front of the long capacious building. Hayworth showed across the channel in a clustering of gray roofs from which smoke skeins rose straight into the suave rose-washed sky. The water rushed between, a swollen tide, threads of white dimpled eddies, telling of its racing speed.

The door on this side of the house opened directly into the living room. No hall within or porch without interfered with the view; the path ended unceremoniously at the foot of two broad steps that led to the threshold. On the lower of these steps Shine found a lady sitting smoking a cigarette. This was the Marlin of the cast, Mrs. Cornell in private life. Shine had found her as easy as himself, good humoredly loquacious and not involved in the prevailing discord. An admirable person to clear up mysteries. He sank down beside her on the step and took the cigarette box she flipped toward him.

"Wouldn't you think," she said, "a man as rich as this Driscoll would fix up round here better?"

Shine, who had artistic responses, had long learned not to intrude them on the uninitiated.

"I guess he liked it wild," he suggested, and lit a cigarette.

Shine had been in the grove of pines, a growth of stunted trees filling in a hollow. He had followed the path through it, up the slope to the summer house and beyond to where the bluff dropped away in a sheer cliff to the channel. They called the place "The Point" as it projected beyond the shore line in a rocky outthrust shoulder, gulls circling about it, water seething below. He looked there now, let his glance slip along the curve of headlands till it reached the two girls, perched on a boulder like a pair of bright-plumaged birds. He was thinking how to approach the matter in his mind, when Mrs. Cornell went on:

"I don't see what anyone wanted to build a house here—for cut off this way. It's too lonesome. With the tide at the full as it is now you can't get ashore without a motor boat. You know that current's something fierce."

He looked down at it, its rushing corded surface purple dark.

"Looks to be some current."

"It would carry you out and 'Good night' to you. Gabriel who runs the launch told me. Set's right out to sea some way. And the rise and fall to it—I couldn't tell you how many feet it is, but you'll see for yourself tonight if you're awake—all the channel bare, nothing but rocks and mud. And across the middle of it to Hayworth, a causeway. That's the only way you can get ashore at low tide. High or low you're pretty well marooned. It's seclusion, all right, if that's what you're after."

Shine was after information and with the talk running on tides and causeways he saw no chance of getting it. So he tried to divert the garrulous lady:

"That's Miss Saunders and Miss Tracy out there looking at the sunset."

Mrs. Cornell answered with emphasis:

"Yes, they're friends."

"Aren't you all?"

"Some of us knew each other before we came here," was her cryptic reply. Then she added pensively: "Six months ago you'd never have found Sybil Saunders looking at a sunset. She was the brightest thing!"

"Awful misfortune that what happened to her."

She gave a derisive sound at the inadequacy of the world:

"Hah—awful! Took the heart right out of her. If you ever saw a girl in love it was she—bound up in him. Everything ready, the wedding day set, the trousseau made." Tears rose in her eyes and she dove into her tight-fitting bodice for a handkerchief. "Never to be worn, Mr. Shine—that's life."

Shine gave forth sympathetic murmurs and Mrs. Cornell, dabbing at her eyes, furnished data between the dabs:

"Two men drinking too much and then a fight, and before anybody knew, murder. If there hadn't been a brass candlestick near Jim Dallas' hand it would never have happened. Honest to God, Mr. Shine, there was nothing evil in that young man. But the Parkinson family are camped on his trail. The evil's in them, if you ask me, with their rewards and detectives."

"I wonder if she knows where he is."

"I guess there's more than one wondering that," the lady murmured.

Shine looked at the page's figure on the rock. She carried the thing stamped on her face. He had noticed

it particularly where he had taken the photographs of her in the living room. Once or twice the mask had been dropped and he had seen the drooping lines, the weariness, and something like fear on the delicate features.

For a space they smoked in silence. Round the corner of the house the tall figure of Stokes strolled into view. At the sight of them he nodded, walked down to the wharf and dropped on a bench.

Shine lowered his voice:

"What's the matter with him?"

Mrs. Cornell met his eyes; her own were narrowed and sharp.

"What makes you think anything is?"

"His whole makeup—something's wearing on him."

She blew out a long shoot of smoke and, watching it, murmured:

"Yes, it's out on him like a rash. He's crazy about Sybil, if you want to know what's the matter with him."

"Oh!" It came with an understanding inflection, the haggard glances rising on Shine's memory.

"Can't hide it, doesn't want to hide it. There's no shame in him, tracking after the girl. And it's not as if he got any encouragement. She can't hear him; that's why she has Anne Tracy out there, afraid if she sits alone five minutes he'll come loping up. You'd think if he didn't have any pride he'd have some feeling for his wife. She's half crazy with jealousy, burning up with it. These purple passions are all right in books, Mr. Shine, but believe me they're not comfortable to live with."

"I felt it."

"I guess you would, it's in the air. All of us cooped up in this place where you can't get off. Sybil and Joe Tracy ready to fight at the drop of the hat and Flora going round in circles and Stokes like one of those fireworks that starts sputtering and you don't know whether they're going to explode or die on you. I tell you I'll be glad when we get out of here tomorrow morning."

There was a footfall in the room behind them and Mrs. Cornell turned to see who was coming.

"Oh, Flora," she said. "Come out and take a look at the sunset. It's something grand."

The woman stepped out and stood beside them. She had changed her costume and her narrow blue linen dress outlined her too slender figure. Shine thought she would have been pretty if she had not looked so worn and thin. He noticed the brightness of her dark eyes, brilliant and quick moving as a bird's. There was red on her cheekbones, a flushed patch that was not rouge. Mrs. Cornell's expression recurred to him, "burning up"—the meager body, the hot high color, the dry lips resolutely smiling, suggested inner fires.

"Yes," she answered, "it's a wonderful evening."

"Take a cig." Mrs. Cornell offered the box.

"Sit down, there's plenty of room." Shine moved up.

"No, I can't sit down. There's something about the air that makes you restless—too stimulating, maybe." She raised her voice and called to her husband, "Alec, aren't you coming in to change your clothes?"

Without moving, the man called back:

"Not yet. There's no hurry."

She turned to Shine with a little condoning air of wifely tolerance:

"Mr. Stokes has been shut up so long in town he can't get enough of the fresh air."

"He's enjoying the scenery, too," Shine answered, and saw her eyes travel to the two figures on the rock.

"Oh, that of course—that's the best part of it." Then in a tone of bright discovery: "Why, look where Anne and Sybil are! Have they been there long?"

"Ever since I've been here," Mrs. Cornell's voice was more than soothing, bluely reassuring as the voice of one who tells a child there is no ghost. "And ever since Mr. Shine got through the pictures! Wallowing in the beauties of nature like the rest of us."

"Won't you wallow, too?" Shine indicated the long unoccupied space on the step.

She shook her head:

"I like moving about. Something in this place gets on my nerves, it's like being in a jail." On a deep breath

she shot out, "I hate it," and stepped back into the room.

"Going?" Mrs. Cornell veered round to follow her retreating figure.

"Yes, I enjoy the scenery better when it hasn't got people in it."

They looked at each other; a still minute of eye communication.

"She's all worked up," he murmured.

Her answer was to point to the two girls and then to Stokes:

"Now she'll keep her eye on them from somewhere else—probably the side piazza. That's the way you are when you're jealous—the sight of it kills you and you can't stop watching."

"Lord!" whispered Shine into whose life no such gnawing passions had entered. And he thought of the girl in the page's dress who was afraid to sit alone, and the man on the wharf brooding within sight of her, and the woman who was hovering round them like a helpless distracted bird.

CHAPTER II

The launch was on its way back for those of the actors who were leaving. Gabriel, squatting by the engine, calculated the distribution of his time. After he'd taken them across he'd have his supper and then go back for Joe Tracy, who was leaving on the seven-fifteen for his vacation. When Joe was disposed of, Gabriel was to meet two Boston sports who had engaged him for a week's deep-sea fishing at White Beach, twenty-five miles down the coast. It was a strenuous program for the old man and he grumbled to himself about it, the grumbling gaining zest by anticipations that some of them would be late. By the time he drew near the island he had grumbled himself into a state of irascible defiance against anyone who would dare upset his plans.

To warn them of his coming he sounded the whistle and its shrill toot acted like a magic summons. A group of men, bearing suitcases and bags, emerged from the entrance and ran down the path, Bassett following.

Gabriel quieted down—they were all ready and waiting—and then saw Joe Tracy come round the corner of the house in his Sebastian dress. The old man muttered profanely—why wasn't the d-d cab getting ready? And as the boat made its landing, he called out:

"Say, you'd better be gettin' them togs off. I'll be back here for you at a quarter to seven."

The boy, leaping lightly from rock to rock, grinned without answering. The picturesque dress suited him, he looked almost handsome, and with the feathered cap on his golden wig set rakishly astant, he moved downward with a taunting debonaire swagger. Gabriel didn't like him, anyway, and now his impudent face, framed by the drooping blond curls, looked to the launch man malignantly spiteful.

But Gabriel wasn't going to go till he'd made things clear. He appealed to Bassett, whom he had privately sized up as the only one of the outfit who was like the rational human males of his experience. Besides he had seen that Joe Tracy respected, if not feared, the director:

"I'll be back here at quarter to seven for the Tracy boy, and I'm tellin' him he's got to be ready. I can't waste no time settin' round waitin' and if he's not here on the dot—"

"That's all right," Bassett put a comforting hand on his shoulder and turned to Joe. "You heard that, Joe?"

The boy answered with his sneering grin:

"What's got the old geezer? Does he think I'm as deaf as he is?"

Gabriel's weather-beaten visage reddened. He was not in the habit of being called an "old geezer" and he was not deaf. But the actors, all in the boat, were clamoring to start. They had a train to make—get in, ancient servitor, and turn on the current. In a chorus of farewells the boat chugged off.

The three men left on the wharf went up the path to the doorway where Shine and Mrs. Cornell had resumed their seats. Shine was struck by their difference of type—if you went the world over you couldn't find three more varied specimens. The only one he liked was Bassett, something square and solid about him and a good straight look in his eyes. And he'd a lot of authority—the way he managed this wild-eyed bunch showed that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Material Needed to Make Up Square Meal

The familiar expression "a square meal" may be adapted to represent a complete diet supplying all the material that the body needs, say R. H. A. Plimmer of the University of London and Violet G. Plimmer in Hygeia Magazine. The center of the square is filled with the fat, carbohydrate, mineral salts and water; the corners are filled respectively with vitamins A, B and C and protein P.

The corner A represents both the fat soluble vitamins A and D which are found in the same foods. Foods from the same corner may be used alternatively, but a food from one corner is not a substitute for one from another corner. A square meal consists of food from all four corners in suitable proportions.

Some of the foods in the A corner are butter, cod liver oil, milk, egg yolk and liver; in the C corner are fresh fruits, especially citrus fruits, tomatoes and green vegetables either raw or very slightly cooked; the B corner contains whole meal cereal products, dried peas, beans and lentils and nuts; corner P includes meat, eggs, milk and cheese and fish.

Talent Not to Be Hidden

There is no man so humble as not to have received some legacy, some talent, which properly developed will be valuable to himself and a blessing to his fellows. Every man owes it to himself and his fellows to make the most of his talent.—W. Pitt.

Wave of Crime in the United States Distinctly on the Wane

By BANFORD BATES, President American Prison Association.

THE general volume of crime is on the downward trend in the United States, though the crime-dealing machinery of today should be reorganized to meet the changed conditions of modern life.

The so-called crime wave has not increased in the last ten years. There are certain spectacular crimes, such as bank holdups, but the general volume is decreasing. There has been a diminution of vagrancy and drunkenness.

During the last fifteen years, the number of automobiles has increased many times and the revolver has been circulated widely. This is no reason for the American public to become terrorized, because there are a great number of law-abiding citizens.

The freedom granted the youth of today and the liberties allowed by new inventions are blamed for crime conditions.

New inventions are breeders of crime. Intelligence and discretion, with the American public keeping its feet on the ground, will aid in combating lawlessness.

Comparing the criminal of the past and present, there are bold criminals in the United States today, but none come up with Jesse James. The characters are different and methods today are dissimilar to those employed by old notorious criminals.

Hold Firmly to Beliefs and Doubt Doubts, for Constructive Character

By REV. DR. WILLIAM CARTER, Presbyterian, Brooklyn.

Young people cannot help but have their doubts, but, thank God, they cannot help but have their beliefs also. The perfectly natural thing to do is to believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts. Do not doubt your beliefs and believe your doubts.

The proper thing to do with a doubt is to starve it. The proper thing to do with a belief is to feed it.

Doubt never comforted a man, helped a man, saved a man; but belief will. Doubt is destructive, belief constructive, and it is the constructive we need in our religion or it will not amount to much.

Many foolish people believe doubt is the sign and imprimatur of highest intellectualism, but it cannot stand the test of logic or experience. Doubt is suspended animation of the mind. Belief is the active and motivating process.

Economic Truth That Europe Must Learn From the United States

By REV. WINNINGTON-INGRAM, Lord Bishop of London.

Europe must learn from America that high wages, besides being an index of prosperity, are an actual economic stimulant.

We in England have had the wrong idea all the time. While you people have been "digging in" to produce, we have been wasting time in petty bickerings over the exact division of factory profits. Here everybody works hard and there is plenty for all. In Europe each class views the other with suspicion, and, consequently, all are impoverished.

The one thing I shall carry away from my visit to the United States is the American conception of prosperity as being induced by high wages and short hours of labor. Whatever efforts are made to secure larger wages seem to be based on the intention also to produce prodigiously, that there will be a larger share for all.

Increased Development of Self-Control One of Modern Generation's Needs

By DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Ex-Princeton Professor.

The modern generation has advanced much in justice and human kindness, but has dropped behind in the third essential of goodness, self control.

I certainly do not fear that humanity is stricken with a mortal disease.

If we look to science for explanation of the method of development of life, and to religion for the origin, there should be no clash between church and laboratory.

When I go on a vacation I always take a Bible and a rod. I used to hunt, but not now. You know, I don't like the accusing look in the eyes of the dying animal whereas the eyes of fishes don't say anything.

I'm getting old, but that has nothing to do with fishing.

Hygiene Powerful Agent in the Promotion of Peace in the World

By DR. ANDREW BALFOUR, London, England.

Hygiene is one of the most potent powers to promote world peace. The word "health," has proved a talisman that has unlocked many foreign doors to the international health board of the Rockefeller foundation in their efforts to eradicate yellow fever and hookworm.

Hygiene is a world force comparable with the pursuit of wealth and the quest for knowledge. The epidemiology service of the health section of the League of Nations that keeps a watchful eye by wireless on the plague spots of the world, the worldwide consideration of quarantine measures, the tremendous sanitary feats accomplished by Great Britain in her overseas possessions, the similar labors of the Dutch in the East Indies and France in her colonies, are illustrative high lights.

Proper Vocational Education the Birthright of Every American Child

By DR. JOHN T. TIGERT, Commissioner of Education.

Vocational education in America must develop an adaptable worker and not a automaton.

We must see to it that every child acquires to the limit of his ability, facility in the use of those tools which are fundamental to human social intercourse. Facility in the use of the fundamental tools of language and number are the chief means of occupational freedom. We are to help children to find themselves vocationally and to give them the means of climbing the occupational ladder as universally creative qualities are evidences and recognized by those who need workers.

Why He Succeeded

Ignored politically and professionally, during his lifetime, Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose picture appears here, made a success few have equalled. His pure herbal remedies which have stood the test for many years are still among the "best sellers." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a stomach alterative which makes the blood richer. It clears the skin, beautifies it, pimples and eruptions vanish quickly. This Discovery of Dr. Pierce's puts you in fine condition. All dealers have it in liquid or tablets.

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Chinese Language

The Chinese writing is not reckoned, as is ours, from an alphabet. There are approximately 5,000 characters in the Chinese language.

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To what deep gulfs a single deviation from the track of human duties leads.—Byron.

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