

VALIANT DUST

By Percival Christopher Wren

SYNOPSIS: A strange chap, opera singer, juggler, lion tamer, soldier of fortune, becomes a favorite of the officers in the Foreign Legion's desert post near Meknes, commanded by Major Napoleon Riccoli, who dreams of a career such as his illustrious namesake. This Riccoli also "shines up to" Otha Bellome and his three English "buddies." Meanwhile Riccoli is concentrating his command at the post—and perhaps recounting in his mind the incident long before when La Sage of the French Secret Service had found out too much about him, and had forced him out of the army—and into the Foreign Legion.

Chapter 7
BOMBELLI'S GUESSION
ONE moonlight night, as Otha sat leaning against the guard-room wall, thinking, as usual, of England, Home and Beauty—home at Yelverbury Castle and the beauty (mind, body and soul) of Margaret, a 16-glorious, walking delicately, came and seated himself beside him.
"Hot," he said. "It makes da sweat. Pout."
Bombelli again.
"You lika get outa dis?"
"Wouldn't you?"
"Sure t'ing. Me, I t'ink I got outa dis."
"What do you mean?"
"I go on pump, I maka da promise. You deserta wit' me?"
"No, thank you."
"Why you not?"



"Did you ever hear of Philo Vance?"
"Not such a fool. Nor such a swine."
"By an', perhaps, when good chance come? I gotta da dollara. We get clean away."
"Shut up."
Bombelli laughed, fel. silent and lit a cigarette.
"Say, Britisher, don't get high hat. I only maka da joke. I play fool."
"You certainly do."
"I don't t'ink you deserta wit' me. I tell you trick worth better dan dat. You betcha life."
Otha yowled no reply.
"Lookit," continued Bombelli. "You wanna make good? You wanna get in good wit' Vittorelli? Wit' Vittorelli and da Major?"
"Why?"
"Because I can show you how, I got Vittorelli in my pocket, see?"
"No."
"Well, I have. And Vittorelli got Big Boy Riccoli in his pocket, see?"
"No."
"Well, he has. Like you got your three English frien' in your pocket. See? Lookit. Where you go, the other t'ree go too. What you do, the other t'ree do. You come in wit' us and bring them in too. Then you get in good wit' Vittorelli."
"What are you driving at? What's the game?"
"Big game, Riccoli's game. You lika to be a Rajah?"
"Why, going to India, are we?" Bombelli glanced anxiously round, placed his lips close to Otha's ear and whispered.
"India? No, Morocco. See? You lika to be a Kaid? Big man... officer... money... freedom... rank... wine... horses... women...?"
"Call me Marguerite," yawned Otha.
"What you mean?"
"Ever read Faust, my cheap Me-histopheles?"
"Talk sense."
"Same to you."
"Lookit, Bellome. Will you come in wit' us and bring Mummy, Bossum, Harris and Tant de Solf, Pous-sin, Petrovitch and the rest of your gang? Bring them in wit' us and all

CHICAGO'S GREAT P. O. DEDICATED

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—(AP)—The world's largest postoffice, costing \$16,000,000, was dedicated yesterday. Dignitaries of the national, state and city government aided in the ceremonies. The building towers high above the union station's maze of railway tracks at Van Buren street and the Chicago river.

BANDITS TORTURE VICTIM WITH FIRE

TUCUMCARI, N. M., Feb. 15.—(AP) Two bandits sat on the desolate prairie early today and watched complacently while their penniless victim, Lee Marshall, 50 year old homesteader, sizzled in flames after they

Seattle Theater Damaged By Bomb

SEATTLE, Feb. 15.—(AP)—An explosion partially wrecked the Winter Garden theater here early today, in what police said apparently was a bombing by labor racketeers. No one was injured.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Old Family Custom!



BOUND TO WIN—Love and Kisses!



THE NEBBS—Don't Tell Me!



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THE NEBBS—Don't Tell Me!



THE NEBBS—Don't Tell Me!



THE NEBBS—Don't Tell Me!



THE NEBBS—Don't Tell Me!



THE NEBBS—Don't Tell Me!



BRINGING UP FATHER



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BRINGING UP FATHER



COMMITTEE OKEHS FARM RELIEF PLAN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—(AP)—The domestic allotment farm relief plan was favorably reported to the



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