Passion's Price

A Serial by LOUISE CAMPER

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Dick Lee, a Baltimore youth, receives a letter notifying him that he has a half-sister, who has been orphaned in Chicago by the death of her father, Jim Scala. Scala was shot to death by a dying man who bore him an old grudge.

Dick, finally convinced that the girl is an illegitimate child of his mother's, sends for her to make her home with him. He finds that she is extraordinarily beautiful, slangy, a habitue of Chicago's dance halls, cabarets, and gambling dens.

Dick further finds that Luana has been swept into a life of passion with Joe Liebertini, white, of Italian parentage. He determines to try to save Luana from such a life as she has started to live and break the affair with Liebertini.

Dick's younger brother, Cutie Lee, introduces Luana to night life in Baltimore. They attend a party and Luana is brought home intoxicated. Frank Carson, a married man living in the same apartment house, seems very pleased to discover her weakness, but the fur coat he gives Luana afterwards doesn't help him any in his attempt to make love.

CHAPTER VIII

The mink wrap accomplished all that Luana Lee expected. It set her apart from all women. She was referred to as 'the girl in the wonderful coat.' Women of Washington, Philadelphia and New York gazed at her with eyes in which envy glittered.

The season in Baltimore was slow that winter, but what cared Luana Lee, who had three nearby cities in which to display her beauty, her vivacity and her mink wrap?

Then, softly and silently, in the wake of chilly rains, spring slipped in the cities. The trees in the parks and along the avenues were all a shimmer with tiny, new leaves the color of new spring, a delicate green. The odor of sap was in the air, a hint of buds about to burst, the smell of fresh breezes that floated up from a fragrant Southland.

Spring.—Love's season! Those already in love were doomed to fall under the seductive spell of the balmy weather.

In Washington, one couple had already succumbed, and had so far progressed beyond the mere stage of being in love that they were now planning for fulfillment—marriage.

The girl was tall, slim, and daintily attired. She belonged to a race of dark-skinned people but she was as white as a Swede, blue-eyed as a Viking's daughter, and as yellow-haired as the Deutsche Lorelei. She was beautifully dressed and carefully groomed, but not even the man who looked at her with the eyes of love could call her pretty.

As for the man, he was tall, also, but brown, and he wore a stiffly starched interne's uniform and succeeded in looking military in it. For the rest of him, he wore a terrific frown. And why not? Was he not in the unenviable position of wanting to get married and not having the necessary cash to do so?

Furthermore, and more painfully so, while his girl was drawing down a fat salary teaching in Washington, not to mention the fact that she was the daughter of Attorney Lewis, who ruled Washington with one hand and took care of all the properties in the Negro section with the other. He, that is, the poor interne, would soon be not even an interne. His year of service was coming to a close, and after that, it was a case of being all dressed up in a cap and gown and with three diplomas and nothing to do with the whole business.

The moonlight, the gleam of the lake, the nearness of Constance meant very little to Dr. Masson that spring night. What he was most interested in was where he was going to get the cash to furnish and maintain an office, and to furnish his interior with one meal every twenty-four hours.

"I'll swear I won't go to red capping," he remarked to Constance.

"You don't have to," Constance Lewis reminded him with a laugh. "Don't be discouraged before you start, Van, dear. You have hordes of friends right in Washington, and the hospital right here, too."

"That's just the trouble," complained her fiance. "This town is overrun with doctors who have built national reputations for themselves. Why, it would take me ten years to get a good practice here."

Not for nothing was Constance the daughter of the great Attorney Lewis.

"Well, then, you'll have to go elsewhere. How about Baltimore? Didn't you say you were going to ask an old friend of yours to look over the field in Baltimore?"

"So I did," nodded the doctor. "Dick Lee, my old classmate, can give me the lay of the land. I forgot all about writing him."

"Well, just make sure that you don't forget again. I'll write to him tonight. Come let's go home."

They strolled down the hill to the monstrous old house on Tea street, where Lewis dwelt. And while Constance wrote, Mr. Masson mused.

"Dick Lee is a good old pal, if ever there was one. A chap with a lot of good common judgment tucked back in his hard thinking old bean. Yes, Dick's the man who'll help me."

They took the letter and walked to the mail box on the corner. The arc light shining through the leaves of the old trees threw a lacy, fluttering shadow around them, and since there was no one there to see, Constance pressed the letter to her lips and murmured.

"Bring him luck."

If she could have seen the luck it was to bring him, she would have torn the letter to shreds and cast the pieces to the mild spring breezes.

It was Saturday, noon and June, when Dr. Masson presented himself at Dick Lee's apartment. Luana Lee opened the door for him. His very first impression of her was her remarkable resemblance to some great actress of the screen—Louise Fazienda, the comedienne.

Luana Lee was housecleaning, and she had on her armor of protection. She had rolled her hair in many small twists and had covered it over with a white cloth. Her head looked as though she had been badly treated by an army or hornets.

Her face was covered with a thick coating of cold cream, her hands were hidden in a pair of Dick's old gloves, her feet were incased in a pair of tennis shoes—last year's. She wore an old gym suit; one bloomer leg up, one down; and while the outfit may have added greatly to her comfort, it certainly contributed nothing to her pulchritude.

Dr. Mason just managed to keep his face straight at the sight of Luana, but he was not so successful with his eyes for they laughed out loud.

"He's laughing at me, the hungry looking high-brow," thought Luana. Aloud she demanded, "Well, what kind of life insurance are you trying to sell?"

"Go get your boss," said Dr. Masson, "and be quick about it or this time next Saturday you'll be on a brand new job."

"Outside, Longboy," said Luana. "We buy our patent medicines at the drug store."

"Kidly tell Mr. Lee that Mr. Masson is here," said the visitor with great dignity.

"Oh, you're Dr. Masson. Why couldn't you say so? Dick will be in soon. Sit down and preserve the arches of your feet."

Dr. Mason seated himself and Luana resumed her fight with accumulated dust and dirt.

Her thoughts ran something like this: "He's tall, and that's the way I like 'em; he's brownskinned, I like that, too. And he looks good, but not too pretty. Well, well, fate has surely delivered you into my hands."

What Dr. Masson thought of Luana had best remain unwritten.

But when Dick came in and introduced Luana as his sister, a look of amazement came on Dr. Masson's face. To think of a sturdy old chap like Dick showing such bad taste in selecting a sister!

Knowing that a new conquest impended, Luana made her toilette with extra care. She brushed her hair until it shone, her skin took on its golden color. She accentuated it with a frock of green that was cool, and green and lacy. And she was not above the baseness of wearing Liebertini's gleaming jewels.

When she stepped into the living room, Dr. Masson stopped in the middle of a sentence. His grave eyes met her half laughing ones and over his face spread a hallowed expression. It was as though somebody had suddenly spread all the crown jewels of Russia into his outstretched palms and he had thrilled and fallen silent before their beauty.

He arose as though he expected an introduction as she stood there until Dick reminded him saying.

"That's my sister, you remember. You met her this afternoon."

Dr. Mason reddened while Luana giggled at his discomfiture.

He and Dick resumed their discussion, but Luana, in her favorite posture in the easy chair, drew his eyes like a magnet draws iron ore.

Dick was all for a big start in an exclusive residential neighborhood.

"See here," he said, "you may as well start right. Take a chance. Borrow money to pay a stiff rental. In a couple of years you'll be fixed for life. Start with well-to-do people and in ten years you'll be chasing around with a collection book in your hand."

"That's good logic, Dick," said the physician. "The only trouble is that I don't want anything cut and dried. Nothing irks me like monotony. A batch of morning calls, back to a dull office, more calls, over and over again would be the death of me."

"I'd be willing to starve almost if I could now and then get a good lively bout with death and save some poor devil who hasn't had sense enough to get attention in time. I want to set up practice where I don't know what the day will bring forth so it brings forth something big. Now, I want you to tell me where to find such a location."

As the doctor talked both Dick and Luana turned surprised faces toward him.

Finally Dick laughed and said, "I see. You prefer thrills to food."

Luana's eyes and the doctor's caught and held an instant.

He thought, "She thinks I'm a sentimental fool."

Luana thought no such thing. She was thinking that she'd like to work by his side.

She volunteered, "Doctor, I know a section of the city that's just what you want. Where the children look like the pictures of the starving animals. It's right down in an alley back of—"

Dr. Masson and Dick joined in a shout of laughter.

"Well, I won't insist on an alley," explained Dr. Masson. "I'd be satisfied with a street that borders on an alley."

Dick knew the city intimately from his trips on the parcel post delivery. At last they considered a street in northwest Baltimore. It was thickly populated, showed tendencies of spreading out into blocks now occupied by white people, and was heavily trafficked.

It was a broad street and the houses were large and airy, but decadent. Parallel ran two alleys, one on each side. Every block or so it was crossed by small streets crowded with the type of folks that Dr. Masson seemed to hold dear.

"How's this for an avenue of thrills, medical and surgical?" asked Dick as they traversed its length.

"Good enough," answered the doctor. "This section looks about ripe."

With little difficulty they arranged to rent a "parlor". The room was deep with a high ceiling, and Dick began at once to measure it.

"Say, listen! I'm a good handy man. I can come around heer after work and put up a partition so that you can have a waiting room. Man, this is just the place. I think you'll make good here."

He was as happy a kid as some of his own lost ambitions came back to him.

"Don't go so fast, boy," cautioned Masson, "I haven't passed the Maryland board yet."

"O, you'll pass it, all right," said Dick. "You tackle that and by the time you get your license I'll have this place ready for business."

He was as good as his word, for when June went Dr. Mason had the coveted papers and Dick had his office ready for him.

"Now all you have to do is to hang out your shingle," said Dick, and Dr. Masson promptly and proudly did so.

"But something's still missing," mused Dick.

The desk was in place, piled with the doctor's heavy books; the operating table and white chair, the surgical cabinet and sterilizer, and even the well known picture of the skeleton were all there, all mute testimony to Dick's ability to outfiew the Abrahams of the second hand Gay street shops.

Masson passed an arm across Dick's shoulder. "You have stood to me like a brother, Dick I appreciate it."

"O, forget it," said Dick and looked out of the window.

"Say, I know what's wrong. Curtains," he ejaculated.

"You're right," said the doctor. "All offices have curtains."

"Yep," said Dick, and added, "And I'm hanged if I can make curtains. But Luana can, I suppose."

"No, no," said Dr. Masson with haste. "Don't bother her."

"Sure, I'll bother her," said Dick. "The more work she has to do, the less trouble she'll get into. And she has a God-given aptitude for mischief."

"You must make her stop drinking," the doctor cautioned Dick.

"Well, how did you know?"

"The signs are creeping on her," answered Dr. Masson. "In five years those shadows under her eyes will be pouches, and that little catch in her voice will be a croak. Make her cut out the liquor parties. That's one game that no woman can get away with."

"It will take time," was Dick's reply. "I have a theory. I'm trying to show her a side of life that she hasn't seen before. She knows dance halls, cabarets and dens, and she knows the thrill of being Queen of them all. I'm trying to show her another side of pleasure, innocent pastimes that exact no tol. If I cut her entirely from the first life—I'd lose her. This way, I'm sure to win."

Dr. Masson was not so sure.

"Her beauty is against her," he said. "She has a ruinous face, like Hewlett's Helen of Troy. She invites temptation. You may reform a plain woman, but men won't let you reform her," protested Dick. "I'm simply exposing her forces for self betterment, just as you would expose a patient to Violet-Ray lamp. Then I'll let her reform herself."

"I hope it works," conceded Dr. Masson. "Anyway, if making curtains will help any, let her come."

So Luana came to the office.

She not only made curtains, she reenamelled the chair and the table so efficiently that they lost that well known second hand look. She stained the floors, she rearranged the pictures. Dr. Masson found her there when he returned from the few calls that took him out of the office. He seemed embarrassed, sometimes, to find her there painting or cleaning or taking calls for him, but Luana seemed happy enough, so he thanked her and let her have her way.

She was there one afternoon when there came a terrific banging on the door. Dr. Masson opened the door. A woman rushed in. Her face was blanched and she was stricken dumb with fright. She thrust a screaming baby in the doctor's arms, and then she promptly collapsed on the floor.

Dr. Masson carried the livid baby to the waiting room door and called to Luana. Luana's eyes opened wide and she recoiled at sight of the fallen mother and the horrible child.

"The woman's simply fainted," said the doctor. "This child is burned. Get a clean sheet from the drawer and lay it on the table."

Luana did as he directed. The doctor laid the agonized child on the sheet and turned to Luana again.

"Now, see if you can get those clothes off while I get my things prepared."

Luana froze in terror. The child seemed to be one great raw wound.

She wanted to scream out, "No, I will not touch it," but she shut the words behind tightly closed lips.

With trembling fingers, she struggled with the crumpled, blackened clothing; with trembling lips she shrank from the cries of pain that her touch evoked. Half fainting she saw that tiny patches of skin clinging to the burned rags as she stripped them off.

It was with a mighty effort that Jim Scala's daughter, a child of dance and song, schooled her fingers to their terrible task. But Scala's sporting blood came to the surface and proved her game to the core, so soon the child was stripped of its clothes and covered with a sterile sheet.

What happened next was all a daze to Luana Lee. She saw, as in a dream, Dr. Masson's swift fingers working. She saw him snapping off burned flesh, applying hot wax which hardened into a protective covering; she handed him bandages, adhesives, scissors. At length she realized that the screams of pain diminished, and then ceased, and that actually the baby had found one unburned finger and suckled it.

Finally Dr. Masson finished with the pitiful little mite of humanity and Luana wrapped it in its clothes as best she could, and laid it in its mother's arms.

And so, as far as Dr. Masson was concerned, one more case was over. Not so with Luana Lee. She followed the mother to the door and said, "That'll be two dollars, please."

The woman reached in her pocket and smiled apologetically,

"I declare, I was so worried that I forget all about paying the doctor."

She laid the bills on the doctor's desk. He said, "Thought you were too frightened to ask for the money. I was going to collect later."

"I am never too frightened to get what's coming to me," said Luana Lee. "Another thing, I believe in collecting on the spot."

She might have added that in Scala's den one paid the house on the way out.

That night, Dick Lee looked across the table at her shining eyes and flushed cheeks.

"What have you been up to," he asked.

"Something wonderful," answered Luana proudly. "I helped to cure a burned child. Just imagine it, Dick. We fixed the kid up. Dr. Masson and I. I feel great. Great."

She stretched her arms above her head in a sweeping movement.

"I think I'll study nursing so I can be a real help to him."

"Don't waste your time," Dick advised her. "Masson will probably get married and save himself the trouble of hiring an office girl."

"Married!" ejaculated Luana. "Is he going to get married?"

"Most of them do," returned Dick vaguely.

"This was a new and disturbing thought to Luana Lee.

She decided then and there that if Dr. Masson needed helping that she would do the helping herself.

(To Be Continued)

MANNERS

Q. What two rules should be regarded as to the use of perfumed stationery? ?

A. Perfumed stationery is used by women only, and the perfume should be faint.

Q. Should friends or relatives in mourning be invited to a wedding?

A. Yes; it is both proper and considerate to extend the invitation.

Q. What type of tray should be used for tea?

A. A wood, silver or glass tray.

BEAUTY HINTS

By NINA TEMPLE

THE PERFECT FITTING HAT

What can give a woman more the feeling of assurance than a perfect fitting, and becoming hat? The woman thus equipped goes her triumphant and conquering way with the lissom tread of security and conscious power.

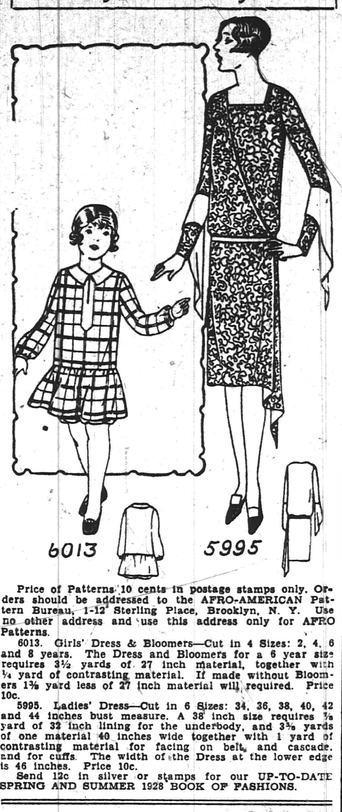
How does your hat fit? Too big in the crown, perhaps, or too drooping for your drooping face. Correct this. . . Take the scissors and slash that crown, sew it back overlapped until it does fit. If necessary, cover the seam with matching ribbon.

If the brim is too drooping, cut the brim off and put a new flat one in its place. To cut a brim is simple, but if you are afraid to attempt it, get help.

By all means, attend to it that your hat helps instead of hindering your progress toward beauty.

AFRO FASHION

By Aunt Dilsey



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Darker Baltimore

By RALPH MATTHEWS

Things are going on in the Baltimore dance halls. All sorts of things. For instance, the younger generation as we are won't to call those irresponsible imbeciles who shake a mean hoof when the lights are on and other parts of their—but why bother about that? Anyway, the younger generation is doing the Lindberg Hop.

"Lindberg Hop"

The Lindbergh Hop is merely a variation of the Charleston, Black Bottom, and resembles closely two people having an epileptic fit in partnership.

They are doing other things in the dance halls. For another instance, they are staging leap year dances. The girls pay their own way in as well as the way of the lounge lizard who accompanies them. Leap year dances are very popular, at least, with the lounge lizards.

Ernest Purviance, ever on the alert for something out of the commonplace, is also doing things. He is doing them at the illfated Club Arabia, which under his supervision doesn't seem so illfated. Ernest has transported Paris to Baltimore, via New York. They have different nights at the Club Arabianow. Sometimes it is "Moulin Rouge Nite", sometimes it's "Folies Bergere Nite", sometimes it's "Jordan de Dance Nite", in fact, sometimes it's almost any "nite" you can think of, so long as it's French.

They're doing bigger and better things than that in the dance halls. They are staging contests. Not the old fashioned waltz and Virginia reel contests like you and I used to take part in, but "Bobbed Hair Contests" "Best Dressed Woman Contests", best this and best that contests, and now rumor has it that they are planning a "Best Looking Man Contest." For heaven's sake!

THREE GOOD DAMNS

I sincerely hope that no ministers read this, especially Methodist ministers, and specifically no Methodist ministers who belong to either the Washington or Delaware Annual Conferences. They get alarmed so over the most trivial things. Ministers who belong to the Washington and Delaware Annual Conferences don't like the devil very much; consequently, they don't like anything that the consensus of religious opinion has branded as belonging to his Satanic Majesty. They don't like dancing, card playing and cussing, to say nothing of girls smoking cigarettes and rolling their hose, as ordinary stockings have come to be called.

The reason I hope no Methodist ministers who belong to the Washington and Delaware Conferences read this is because, several years ago I wrote a story, a very short story, telling about a dance that was given at Morgan College, which if you recall, is partially supported by the clergymen in question, and so sorely disturbed did these gentlemen become, at the very thought of such worldly carrying on at the old Biblical institute, that there was grave danger of them withdrawing their support altogether and leave Carnegie Hall to crumble in the dust. Better no college at all, they reasoned with their dwarfed intelligence, than one where such sinful and wicked pastimes were condoned.

It is with fear and trembling that I say this, fear lest these words result in disaster and terminate the existence of that venerable institution of learning.

Well, anyway, here goes.—In a play given by the Morgan College Dramatic Club, one of the actors said "Damn" three times, one of the girls smoked a cigarette right out in public, and somebody had a hip flask. That's out, now let the yokels howl.

OUR MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

Forgetting for a moment that he wants to be assistant city solicitor, E. Everett Lane is moving down in South Baltimore. He is going down there with Bob McGuinn. They are going to ply their legal or illegal professions down by the "Winegar Wolks".

Forgetting also for the moment that any pretense at education and the possession of a college, university, or Masonic degree marks one as fit prey for the rent victims of Druid Hill avenue and vicinity, the boys are turning their noses up at us residents of Strivers, or is it Starvers Row, and are going down South?

Jimmy Crooke is already down there among the boiler makers and sweetbacks from the sugar refinery. Jimmy is a physician and surgeon and the other pill titles, and, according to reports, is doing a great work for the Master's Kingdom, as they say in the missionary reports.

Everett is matrimonially cashed. Bob is an unknown quantity, and I hope I am not sicking any manhunting flapper, with a vacant spot on the third finger of her left hand, on Jimmy when I say he is a bachelor and has a darn good home, hardwood floors and everything, with no Moll to sit across from him each morning in a boudoir cap and spoil his breakfast.

I don't mean to be telling secrets, but if Jimmy grows fat and grouchy without smelling the aroma of bridal roses at his own execution, you girls can't blame me.

The Household Scrapbook

POLISHING WATER FAUCETS

Scour the water faucets with a slice of lemon, after the juice has been extracted. Then wash them and polish with a soft dry cloth.

HOW TO MAKE BAY RUM

To make bay rum, mix 1 dram oil of bay, 18 ounces of alcohol, 18 ounces of water. Then filter it through magnesia.

COFFEE AND TEA STAINS

Coffee and tea stains can be removed from silk or wool by rubbing the stain with pure glycerine. Then rinse in slightly warm water and press the goods with a warm iron on the wrong side.

Fifteen-Dollar Pie

½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1½ tablespoons melted butter
Juice 1 lemon
1 egg yolk
½ cup milk
1 egg white
Few grains salt

Mix sugar and flour, add melted butter, lemon juice, egg yolk slightly beaten, milk, egg white stiffly beaten, and salt. Bake in one crust, and cover with meringue or not, as desired.

BIG USED CAR SALE—PAGE 18

The Real Children's Hour!

With apologies to Longfellow, it's along about 4 o'clock when little bodies are being rebuilt with extra KOESTER richness.

KOESTER'S IS A MOTHER'S DUTY!

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Early June Peas.....No. 2 can, 10c
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Golden Bantam Corn.....can, 18c
Sunnyfield Pancake or Buckwheat Flour.....pkg., 10c
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Hecker's Pancake or Buckwheat FLOUR 2 pkgs. 23c

Morton's and Diamond Crystal SALT Plain or Iodized 3 pkgs. 25c

IVORY SOAP Medium Size Cake 6c

CAMPBELL'S or RITTER'S BEANS 3 cans 22c

SAUER-KRAUT 2 CANS 25c

Del Monte Asparagus CAN 35c

Red Circle COFFEE LB. 37c

CAMPBELL'S Tomato Soup 3 cans 25c

Iona Lima BEANS CAN 10c

Iona Brand CORN CAN 10c

Apple Butter LARGE JAR 25c

Del Monte Peaches No. 2½ can 21c

IONA COCOA 2-lb. can 25c

Macaroni and Spaghetti 3 pkgs. 25c

SUNNYFIELD CORN FLAKES 3 pkgs. 20c

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