

Storm Music By Doran Yates

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SYNOPSIS

John Spencer and his cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, are vacationing in Austria. Geoffrey is a gifted portrait painter but prefers to paint landscapes. While strolling in the forest, John hears English voices and decides to investigate. From safe cover he finds four men burying a man in green livery who, evidently, had been murdered. Pharaoh is the leader of the gang; the others are Dewdrop, Rush and Bugle. Unfortunately, John makes himself known to the assassins by dropping a letter with his name and address on it. He tells Geoffrey and his chauffeur, Barley, of his adventure. Geoffrey, realizing that John's life is in danger, declares he must vanish. Spencer discovers that the livery of the murdered man corresponds to the livery of the servants of Torick castle, and tells Countess Helena, mistress of the castle, what he had seen. With Geoffrey and Barley, John starts for Annabel, a nearby village. They encounter Pharaoh, in making their getaway they exchange shots with the gang, without serious result. They arrive at Plumage farm, on the York estate, where lady Helena had requested John and his cousin to meet her.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"I don't quite know," I answered. "We haven't found a place yet." The girl gazed into the distance. "I hope you'll stay here." "I could hardly believe my ears. "Here? At Plumage?" I cried. "I hope so. I can answer for the man and his wife: and you'll have a private here that you wouldn't get at an inn." "It's ideal," I heard myself saying. "Simply ideal. We'll be on the spot, yet in hiding. But why—I don't understand." "If you insist on fighting my battle, the least I can do is to billet you. Don't you agree?" I turned and looked at her, but though I think she knew it, she did not turn. "You're very generous," I said. Her eyes left mine—to light on the driving mirror, all splintered and starred. After a long look, they returned to me. "Was that?" she said, nodding, "a present from Annabel?" "Yes." "And you were driving?" "I was." "Tell me exactly what happened." When I had told the story, she drew a deep breath. "If you'd knocked on that door..." She shivered. "May I look at that letter of yours?" I put it into her hand. She examined the envelope carefully. Then— "Have you looked inside," she said, "since you got it home?" "I raised my eyebrows." "As a matter of fact I haven't. I never gave it a thought." She pushed aside the torn edges and drew out the shoemaker's bill. "The note on its back was printed and easy to read. Dear Mr. Spencer, The gentleman in green had done something which he must have known I should not like. That is why he was being buried, verbum sap. Yours very truly,

"Yes, you would," said Geoffrey. "I'm your keeper, you know: and when people like Pharaoh get going, ordinary people like us must pass by on the other side. The moment Barley comes back, we've got to locate these blackguards. First come, first served, you know." He drew in his breath. "We simply must find them, John, before they find us." With that, he insisted that we should retire for the night. And that was the end of that astonishing day, upon which by the merest chance my fortune was joined with those of the finest lady that ever I saw and one of the deadliest ruffians that ever drew arms. The one sought to preserve, the other to take my life; and I was of consequence to neither.

Sharply at eleven next morning Lady Helena York rode up to the farm. Her groom led two spare horses, for after we had consulted, Geoffrey and I were to ride to York for lunch. As I stepped to her side— "Nothing new?" says she. "Nothing," said I. "And you?" She shook her head. "Except that my brother's returning. I wish he wasn't just now, but it can't be helped. At least he's coming alone. He's very young, you know; and people spoil him, and—sometimes he makes the wrong friends. He brought two back last time. . . . One was French. He took to me at once. I think he's gone very well in some servants' halls." She laughed at the look in my eyes and swung herself off her bay. "Worries of a chateleine," she added. "If only I'd been the boy, and my brother the girl. . . . Where's Mr. Bohun?" "Map-reading," said I. "His man, with our big baggage, will get to Villach tonight. He's got to be met, of course. What Geoffrey is trying to do is to work out how we can fetch him without fetching Pharaoh, too. That show at Annabel's eaten into his brain."

"I wish it would eat into yours. Rush mayn't be there next time, to jog his superior's arm." Here Geoffrey walked out of the house and gave her good day. "And now tell me this," said he. "Had you seen Florin keys upon him?" "No," said the girl. "While he's within the castle, the night-watchman carries keys; but before he goes out, he leaves his keys with his mate." "Well, you beat them there," said Geoffrey. "Young Florin was killed for the keys which he hadn't got."

"I think you're wrong," said the girl. "To enter York won't help them. I'm the person that matters. They've got to bring me to my knees." Geoffrey looked at her very hard. Then— "Lady Helena versus Pharaoh and others. You know I can't help feeling that you ought to go to the police."

"Let's walk in the meadows," she said, "and I'll tell you one or two facts." In silence, we left the apron and took to the fields. . . . "My father," she said, "had vision. He knew the great war was coming and he saw that after the war the world itself would fall upon evil times. Mother had a very great fortune, and father was rich, and his one idea was so to invest this money that, while the lean years were passing, it would be perfectly safe. I think he really wanted it for York. Our motto is All things pass, but York endures. And he wanted to insure that York would always be maintained as it has been maintained for about five hundred years. Well, this idea obsessed him, and I think that my mother's death affected his brain. He threw back to his ancestors, and he put his whole fortune in gold. Golden sovereigns, mostly." She put her hands to her eyes. "I tell you it's the curse of my life."

"You don't mean—" began my cousin. "Yes, I do," said the girl. "Lying in the cellars at York is the best part of two million pounds. It's going, of course. We live upon capital. But even so it'll last for a hundred and fifty years. And long before that, of course, the idea was to change it back." "Good God," said Geoffrey. And then, "But what astonishing foresight your father had." "He was wise—in theory. But how would you like to have charge of two million pounds in gold? The only people who know are old Florin and I. I said it was in the cellars, but it's not as easy as that. It's in a private cellar, the way to which nobody knows. Once a month I take what I need to Salzburg: there's an old firm of lawyers there that sees me through. "But of course it was bound to come out. I've done my very best, but there's been a leakage somewhere, and Pharaoh knows. "Well, there you are. He obviously can't get away with a million pounds. He could never transport it, for one thing. Very well, what's his object? I imagine to levy blackmail. Of course I sha'n't submit, but I can't afford to let the position be known. That's why I can't go to the police." She struck the turf with her palm. "You know what gold means today. Its possession was always dangerous. Men buried it in the ground and misers counted it over at dead of night. But today they wouldn't dare count it. I'd be an outlaw tomorrow if people knew. Everyone's hand would be against me and half the thieves in Europe would be camping outside my gates." "The remedy's too obvious," said Geoffrey. "Why don't you get rid of the stuff?" "Because I have passed my word. My father made me swear that until

the world was settled I'd keep our fortune in gold. "And you've no idea," said I, "how Pharaoh will go to work?" "I wish I had," said the girl. "To give me away would be futile. I mean, it would kill the goose." Lady Helena laced her fingers about a delicate knee. "Well, now you know why Pharaoh the Great is here. He may prove hard to deal with, but I'm in no personal danger—I think that's clear." "This was too much. "Clear!" I cried. "I don't think it's clear at all. I think you're in very great danger, by day and night. The man is ruthless—you know it." "I entirely agree," said Geoffrey. "And I'll tell you another thing. In view of what you've told us this morning, I think it was no mere chance that sent John down to that dell."

York was like no castle that I have seen, for though it was moated, the moat was not under its walls, and the pile seemed to rise from an island which Nature had brought from a distance and set in a fold of the hills. We crossed the moat by a drawbridge that could no longer be moved, and a gravel road brought us up to the castle gateway, which must have been twenty feet high. This was now shut by vast curtains of silver-gray, and to my surprise, my lady rode straight between them, her horse's head and shoulders parting them as she went. We followed her under an archway and into a small courtyard. In the hall my lady left us, to go and change, and, when we had washed our hands, a servant led us to the terrace where a table was laid. The view from here was astounding, for we looked clear over the forest, which seemed spread out like a fan, on to the foothills and mountains which stood in their ancient order, the nearest some seven miles off. An Austrian lady joined us, a Madame Olive, who plainly lived at the castle for Lady Helena's sake. But though in this way convention was doubtless observed, as I have shown, my lady went unattended wherever she chose.

When luncheon was done, my cousin went off with Madame Olive to see the gallery of pictures, but Lady Helena walked with me round the ramparts, showing me certain landmarks and telling me the lie of the land. After a little— "Was that gray all right this morning?" "Yes," said I. "He gave me a lovely ride." "I thought he would. You shall have him to take you back. I shall keep three horses at Plumage as long as you're there. With a groom, of course. You may have news any mo-

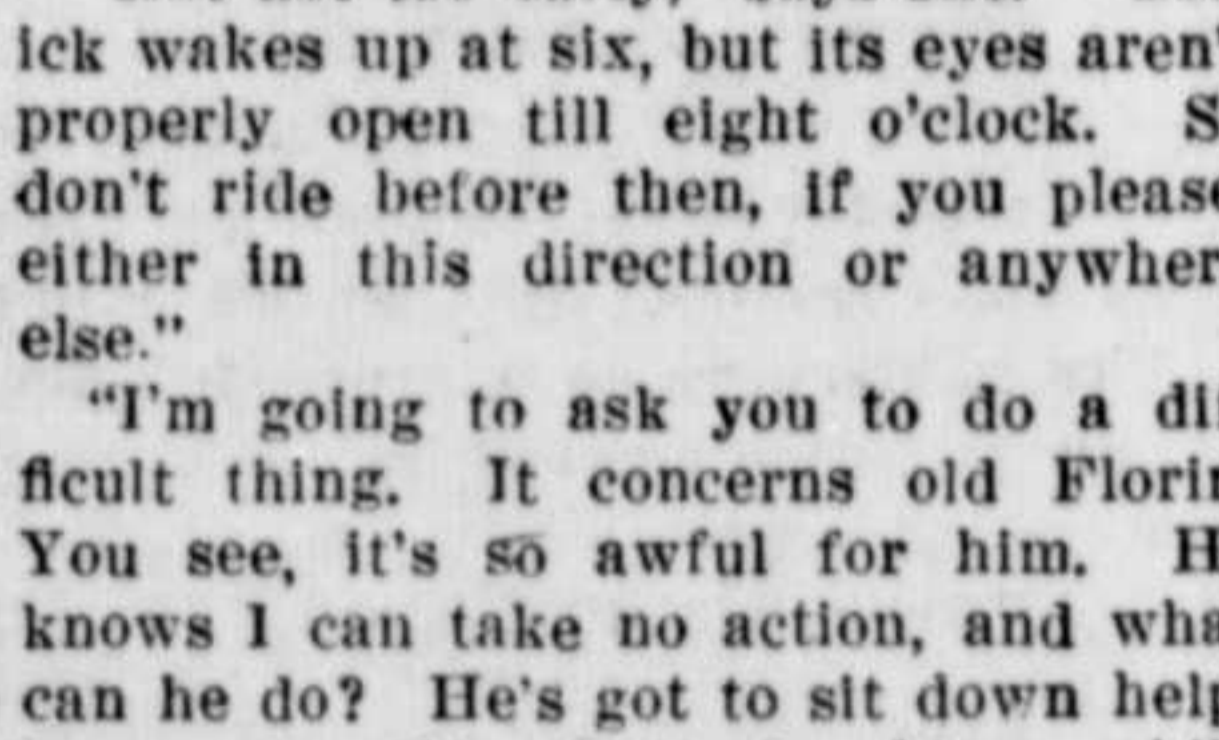
ment which I should hear. But please don't think they can only be ridden this way. They're for you and your cousin to use whenever you please." "I shall ride to York," said I, "to see how you are." "But not too early," says she. "York wakes up at six, but its eyes aren't properly open till eight o'clock. So don't ride before then, if you please, either in this direction or anywhere else."

"I'm going to ask you to do a difficult thing. It concerns old Florin. You see it's so awful for him. He knows I can take no action, and what can he do? He's got to sit down helpless under this shattering blow, while the men that dealt it go free. And so I want you to see him and tell him what you told me—that you are out to get them and to see that justice is done."

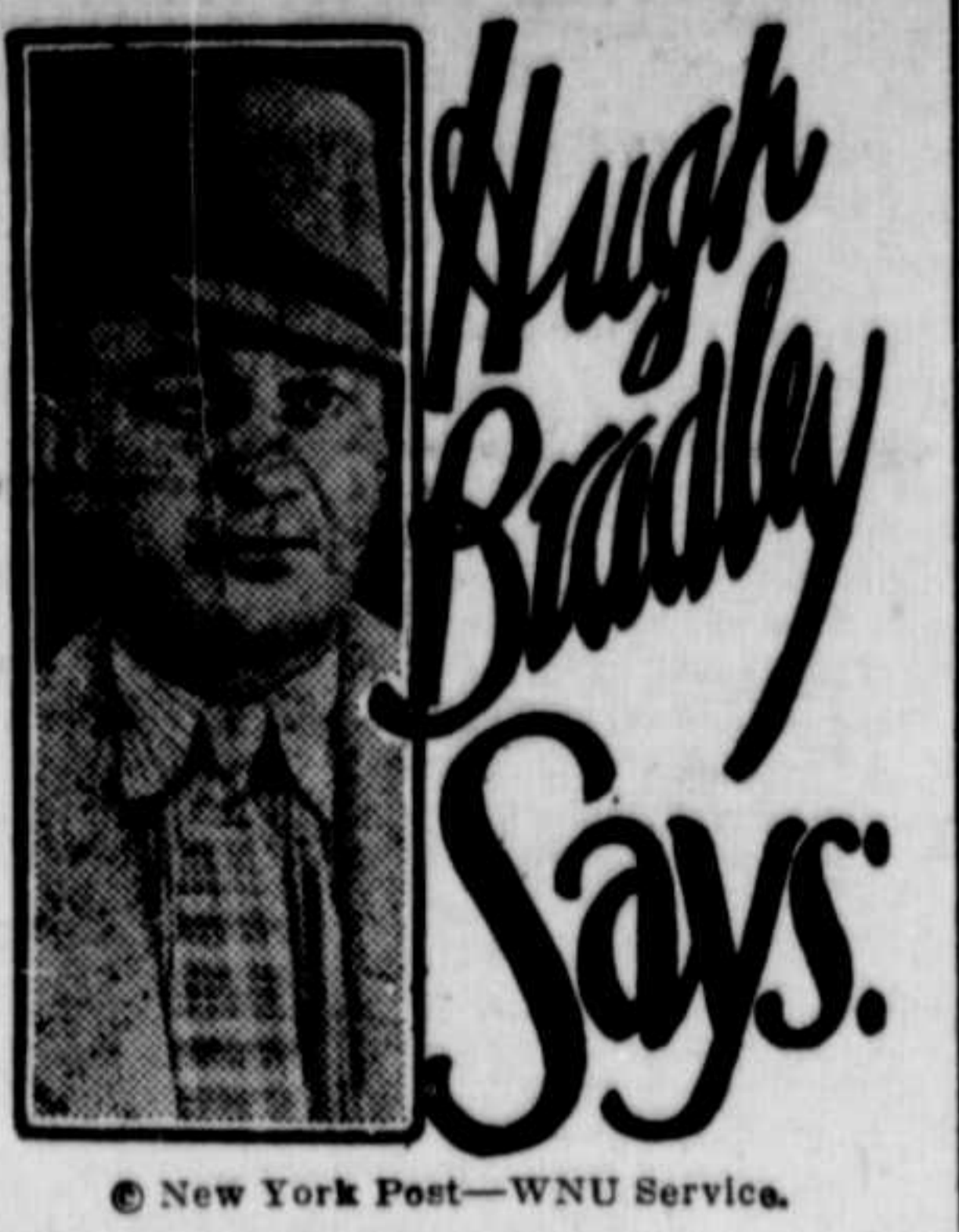
"With all my heart," said I. "Let me see him at once." Without a word she led me across the terrace and into a library. Then she summoned a servant and bade him ask the warden to come to her there. Two minutes later a man of some sixty summers was ushered into the room. Helena spoke in German. "John, this is my warden, Florin. This is the gentleman of whom I spoke." The warden bowed to me, and I went forward directly and took his hand.

"I can't bring back your son, Florin, but one day I'll show you his grave. It's a pretty place, far better than any churchyard, fit for a king. But before I take you there, I've some work to do. I'm going to find the fellows that took his life, and they're going to pay for it, Florin. I'll never rest till they're taken, alive or dead." (TO BE CONTINUED)

"This is the Gentleman of Whom I Spoke."



"This is the Gentleman of Whom I Spoke."



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Violets in 1929 Were 2nd Fiddle to Schoolboys

THINGS you ought to know about this game called basketball: The New York university-Baltimore university contest of 1929, which took place at Arcadia hall, Baltimore, was played preliminary to a high school tussle. Carleton college went through a winning streak of 64 consecutive home games, losing to Cornell, of Iowa, in 1935, by a score of 33 to 28. City college has used the same scorer and timekeeper for the last 13 years. In basketball play among the private schools of Massachusetts in 1910, each foul committed counted as a point toward the opponents' score, besides giving the foul shooter an opportunity of shooting for a one pointer from the free throw line. Five fouls disqualified a player. At the Olympic Games of 1920, which were held at Antwerp, two teams of the Scandinavian countries participated in a game that had 12 players on each side, composed equally of men and women.

Notre Dame participated in 48 scheduled contests during the season 1908-09. So strong and hardy were the six Michigan university passers of 1929 they went through the entire season with no other aid, earning the title of "iron men." Walter "Whitey" Budrunas, Marquette university center, scored nine points in 51 seconds against Grinnell college, of Iowa. . . . 1931.

The Friends school of Philadelphia, and Temple university, engaged in a 3 to 1 contest, each team using seven players on a side. . . . 1899. Pat O'Dea served as a referee in an open-five-weight San Francisco tournament and officiated at every one of the 105 games which were held over a 16-day period. . . . 1907.

In the Yale-Lafayette contest of 1930-31, not a penalty was meted out until 30 minutes of play had elapsed. Gilbert Reichert, eight-foot center of the House of David team, tips the scale at 290 pounds and wears a size 22 basketball shoe. Under the basketball rules in effect in Washington, D. C., in 1917, a goal that was scored immediately after a dribble play was considered illegal and was not regarded as a tally.

Basketball on Skates Was Garden Novelty

A basketball tournament on skates was held at Madison Square Garden during the months of July and August, 1903. The referees were not permitted to call any fouls. The Victoria Dominions, Canadian independent champions, and the Seattle Knights of Columbus, engaged in four extra overtime periods without breaking the tie score. The players became exhausted and quit for the evening. . . . 1935.

Things the Box Office Forgot to Mention:

The matrimonial clockers are whispering that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt did not establish a residence in California merely because he wished to be close to Discovery, his entry in the \$100,000 Santa Anita handicap. Instead, their information is that the youthful heir soon will gallop to the altar with the daughter of a western railroad magnate and. . . . But since this really is not a tipping bureau the Huntington clan can print its own announcements.

Even if the New York state athletic commissioners should become so daring as to meddle with the plans of the William Randolph Hearst A. C., it is unlikely that they could oblige their Cuban fellows by punishing anybody for that recent Havana fiasco. That is because the blighted Gastañaga-Louis venture was promoted by Mike Jacobs, who holds no boxing license of any kind in New York. When Mike and the W. R. H. A. C. promote in this state business is done through the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, Inc., of which William F. Carey is president and Tom McArdle matchmaker.

NOWADAYS you hear overmuch about a mysterious thing called form. Having become more than somewhat bulky in those spots where it can do the most harm to a golf stroke, I have ceased bothering about the thing myself, but it seems to have perturbed numerous readers. Scarcely a day passed without letters from some of them inquiring where they can learn to become diving girls (or boys, as the case may be) in six easy lessons.

Frankly, I have been unable to answer, because after interviewing numerous leading exponents of form I still do not know what the darned thing is. All that I can make out of the answers is that it is—doing things gracefully, according to the accepted pattern, looking pretty as a picture.

Naturally such an answer would be disheartening to the average man or woman. All of us do not have the bodies of Greek gods or the superb poise of a Lynn Fontanne. So, if we paid real attention to these replies of the masters, we might be too keenly aware of our lack of physical equipment, and thus give up before we reach the first tee.

That would be a mistake. You can do it wrong but—you can succeed. History was proving that in other ways long before the modern sports era began.

When they were fighting the Civil war it was the mode to imitate Napoleon. Many generals did well at it, but the man who got the verdict at the finish was U. S. Grant. He disliked reading about the Emperor, and his campaigns were vastly different from those which Europe had hailed as being in the very best style. But that did not keep him from trouncing the imitators of fashion.

It has been the same in sports. Al Simmons and that queer batting style of his have been written too much to mention now. Yet, it still seems strange to me that the experts should have been so deceived. Those who, years previously, had seen an awkward, bowlegged man performing in the Pittsburgh infield should certainly have known better. At the start, this awkward, bowlegged man seemed

to embody all the tenets of what not to do. That was at the start. Since then many competent observers have declared that Hans Wagner was the greatest ball player who ever lived.

Then there was another powerful fellow who played golf. He lurched at the ball, he was off balance, he did a few other things wrong (or so the stylists said) each time he went around a course. His name was Ted Ray. He won the British open championship in 1912 and the American open eight years later, a feat that few of the pretty-as-a-picture golfers ever accomplished. He knew that he was doing things wrong but it suited him, and the results indicate that he was right.

Greb Did Everything Wrong, But Won Fights

There also was Harry Greb. Few fighters ever have performed in as unorthodox fashion as did this lad who won the middleweight championship of the world, was seldom out of the big-money class and more often than not was called upon to defeat opponents who outweighed him from 10 to 50 pounds.

He never was a puncher, able to end a fight with one devastating blow, as was another ring marvel and ring freak named Bob Fitzsimmons. Largely Greb won because his only claim to fame was that he lacked all form. He swarmed all over opponents who, trained in accepted modes, were bewildered because he did not fight their way. I saw him one night—probably it was the time when he beat Gene Tunney—slapping, wrestling, hauling, doing everything wrong.

Time after time he started punches with his left, shifted in mid-air and landed with his right instead. To lead with your right is to disregard one of the strictest canons of the ring. When you do that you lay yourself open to a knockout, and I am not advising any one to try it. Yet, Greb did it that night, as upon many other occasions, and—he got away with it. Later I talked with him in his dressing room and made the usual bromidic statement about his doing everything wrong.

"Yeah," he said. "But I won, didn't I?" It was not a question; it was a statement. If it had been a question, I could not have answered it.

Neither could I answer it now. Somehow I cannot forget all those lads who did it wrong and went home with the titles just the same.

MORE things the box score never told:

Brooklyn fans continue to protest vehemently because of rumors that the National league president is insisting upon thrusting Cleveland's discarded business manager into their affairs. They argue, and for once it might be advisable for the Brooklyn owners to take note of the customers' objections, that the American league should take care of its own problems.

On the afternoon when various celebrated educators were telling the press and the customers how they should behave at football games 20 high school stars were assembled in the lobby of the hotel where the meeting was being held. They had been brought there by their coaches so that the college mentors might look them over and bid for them.

Pension Plan for Employees Announced by Wrigley Co.

Recognizing the advantage and fairness of social security to workers and being in favor of an old age pension plan, the Wm. Wrigley Jr. company, has announced a pension plan, for its employees, effective at once. More than 1,300 employees are affected by the move. Under the Wrigley plan the company and employees contribute for future service pension on a fifty-fifty basis. The plan provides for employees to be retired at the age of sixty-five.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Law of Progress

Progress invented the great loom, banished the spinning wheel, and the same law of progress has made the woman of today a different woman from her grandmother—both the best of their time.



JACK SPRATT

NOW EATS FAT AND NOTHING ELSE IN SIGHT! NO STOMACH SOUR CAN KNOCK HIM FLAT... FOR TUMS HAVE SOLVED HIS PROBLEM!

WHO ELSE WANTS TO FORGET SOUR STOMACH?

THE way to eat favorite foods and avoid heartburn, sour stomach, gas and other symptoms of acid indigestion is no secret. Millions carry Tums. Nothing to mix up. No drenching your stomach with harsh alkalis, which doctors say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Just enough of the antacid in Tums is released to neutralize the stomach-ach. The rest passes on inert. Cannot over-alkalize the stomach or blood. You never know when you carry a roll always. Use at all drug stores.



FOUND!

My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE "Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best. It is quick and gentle. Quickest because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgia, sciatica—perilous pains."

CAPUDINE

Lady Took Cardui When Weak, Nervous

"I can't say enough for Cardui if I talked all day," enthusiastically writes Mrs. L. H. Caldwell, of Statesville, N. C. "I have used Cardui at intervals for twenty-five years," she adds. "My trouble in the beginning was weakness and nervousness. I read of Cardui in a newspaper and decided right then to try it. It seemed before I had taken half a bottle of Cardui I was stronger and was soon up and around." Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them; if you does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong? Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

Rheumacide

Indicated as an Alternative in Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains AT ALL DRUGSTORES JAS. BAILY & SON, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.

CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND

For Coughs due to Colds, Slight Bronchial and Throat Irritations JAS. BAILY & SON, Baltimore, Md.