

# Storm Music

By Dornford 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 Yorick 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 Yorick estate, where Lady Helena had requested John and his cousin to meet her. She reveals to them that her father had converted his immense fortune into gold sovereigns and hidden them away in a secret vault in the castle. Knowing that his son, Valentine, Helena's brother, was incapable of controlling the fortune, he had revealed it to Helena alone just before his death. In some manner the news had leaked out, and Pharaoh is after the treasure.

### CHAPTER II—Continued

The warden lifted his head and looked me full in the eyes. Then he turned his head to his mistress and looked at her. Though he never spoke, he seemed to ask her some question, for after a moment she nodded and looked away. With his hand still in mine, the warden went down on one knee. "Your servant, sir," he said quietly. And then, "I am very grateful, sir. I cannot say more. But I beg you will be careful. My son will not rest in his grave if you come to hurt." Then he rose and turned to his mistress, and when she had smiled and nodded, he bowed to her and to me and left the room. As the door closed behind him— "He shouldn't have knelt," said I. Helena shrugged her shoulders. "That's his way. But please tell no one he did so. You and he and I know, and that's enough." Upon a sudden impulse, I put out my hand for hers. She gave it to me gravely enough. Then I went down on one knee and put the cool, slight fingers up to my lips. . . . As she caught her breath— "Your servant," I said quietly, "and you may tell whom you please."

Eight hours had gone by, and I was sitting at Villach, in the driver's seat of the Rolls. My cousin was on the platform, but the car was berthed in the shadows, perhaps a hundred yards from the station's door. The train from Salzburg steamed out. As its rumble faded, I saw a flash from a lamp, and thirty seconds later I drew up beside the pavement where Geoffrey and Barley stood. Without a word being spoken our baggage was lifted aboard, and as Barley climbed in among it, my cousin sat down by my side. "Let her go, John."

Two minutes later the Rolls stole out of town. . . . Ten miles on we pulled up by the side of the road. I felt my cousin nudge me. Then he lifted his voice. "Anything to report, Barley?" The answer came pat. "No, sir. Nothing at all." My cousin sat very still. Then he averted himself round in his seat. "That's strange," he said. "I'd half an idea that you might perhaps have seen someone—someone you thought you knew."

"No, sir," said Barley, firmly. "No one at all." "Look here," said Geoffrey, "before you left—"

A desperate voice cut him short. "Could I see you alone, sir, a moment?" "You can speak the truth here and now. Mr. Spencer isn't going. We're all three going to stay." "Very good, sir. Then I see Pharaoh. And Dewdrop beside. I'll swear it was them. In Salzburg; this afternoon. Come out of the station, they did, as I walked in."

### CHAPTER III

On Patrol. If Barley's news had given us something to go on, it pointed the wisdom of acting without delay. This for two very good reasons. In the first place, Salzburg for Pharaoh was dangerous ground, for anyone moving in Salzburg must plainly be under the hand of the Salzburg police; if, therefore, we could find him and then arouse suspicion sufficient to have him detained, although he might put up a

fight, his race was as good as run. Secondly, it seemed pretty certain that Pharaoh had split his force and that he and the fourth of the rogues were yet in the countryside; and that meant that if we could find them, we should only have two men to deal with, and those very ordinary thieves. (And here I will say that since I afterwards learned that the fourth rogue was known as Bugle, from now on it will be convenient to give him his name.)

I will not set out our discussion of these very obvious points, for fully three hours had gone by before with many misgivings our plans were laid. This may seem something foolish, but it must be remembered that we had a great deal at stake, and the fear of abusing a chance which might not return continually haunted our efforts to make up our minds. In the end, however, we came to certain decisions, and since we stuck to these, I will say what they were.

Early the following morning, Geoffrey and Barley and I were to visit The Reaping Hook; that Bugle and Rush would be gone, we had no doubt, but we had some hope of tracing the damaged car. If this should lead us up to the men we sought, we should at once give battle and do our best to lay the two by the heels; but unless by mid-day we had picked up some definite clue, then Geoffrey and Barley would leave for Salzburg by train, whilst I remained at Plumage, lying low during the daytime and patrolling the roads about Yorick from dusk to dawn. "And I give you my word," said Geoffrey, "if only you'll mind your step, I think you're more likely to get there than Barley and I. We've got to search a city, and we don't know where to begin. But your field is much more narrow. In the first place, Yorick's a loadstone, and Bugle and Rush will naturally turn that way. . . . But you simply must watch your step. You're out to get information, not to attack. If you find them, you must not strike; lie low and see them home, and then drive all out for Salzburg and Barley and me. Will you give me your word to do that? And always to be back at Plumage before it's light?"

I gave him my solemn word, but I knew in my heart that he would never have left me if he had thought it likely that I should find Bugle and Rush, and that, though he disliked the idea of my working alone, he was doing his best to choose the lesser evil and to keep me away from Pharaoh at any price.

Thanks to my lady's foresight, we could now send word to Yorick without any waste of time, and before we left the next morning our groom was on his way to the castle, bearing a note from my cousin in which he had set out our plan.

It was barely eight o'clock when we ran into Annabel.

By Geoffrey's direction I stopped the car at cross roads out of sight of The Reaping Hook; then he and Barley descended and walked as far as the forge which was walling one side of the forecourt that preceded the inn; and there Geoffrey stood by the corner, while Barley walked up to the house.

As luck would have it, a servant was washing the steps, and a word from Barley brought him to Geoffrey's side.

Then my cousin turned and waved, and I brought up the Rolls, for, as we had fully expected, the birds were flown. One minute later we were speaking to the host and his wife. . . . Now we had had no doubt that the moment we mentioned their late undesirable guests, the two would be only too ready to talk themselves hoarse; but we were not prepared for the spate of incoherence which our casual inquiry unleashed. The two were simply bursting to vent such a volume of grievance as I can only compare to the burden of Christian's sins. Since we were there to listen, there was clearly nothing to do but let the storm blow itself out, and when we had heard them in silence for what seemed a quarter of an hour and had inspected the spots at which violence had been committed, or damage done, we ventured to put the questions which we had come to ask.

What was the order of their going and what had become of their car? Our words might have been a spell. I have never seen human beings so suddenly change their tune. As though we had turned some tap, the fountain of talk stopped dead; all their excitement died an immediate death, and the two became as crafty and sullen as though we had come to trap them and do them some evil turn.

They had seen nothing at all. One minute the strangers were there, and the next they were gone. They had not seen them go; they knew nothing of any car; when we spoke of its being disabled, they glanced at one another and shook their heads. "Scared stiff," said Geoffrey shortly, and went off to prove the servants—to no avail.

In silence we returned to the Rolls. "And now for Plumage and Villach. At least, this means we can catch an earlier train." Four hours later I bade my cousin farewell. . . . Helena glanced at her wrist and folded the map. We were sitting by the water at Plumage, and had been for half an hour, for when I got back from Villach, a note from my lady was waiting to say that I might expect her at five o'clock. "Do you think you can find your way?" "I think so," said I. "By night, without lights, upon roads that you've never seen?" I swallowed. "If I make mistakes, it won't mat-

ter. When I've felt my way round twice, I'll know where I am."

"And then?" "I propose to watch certain points—the turning to Lass, for instance, and the copple that you call Starlight; that's where the road turns closest to Yorick itself."

"And the car?" "I'll find some track or other and park her there."

Helena drew in her breath. "And supposing they're there before you and watch you arrive. . . . They'll let you park the car and steal back to the road. They'll let you pick your position and settle down. . . . And tomorrow at dawn they'll be digging another grave."

"Be honest," said I, laughing. "Why on earth should Rush and his fellow be watching these roads?"

"I don't care," said Helena. "It isn't a one-man job. Mr. Bohun must be out of his mind. Will you take Sabre with you? At least, he'll give you warning if anyone else is at hand."

"I will, indeed," said I. "What time are you leaving here?" "About ten o'clock," said I. "Do you think you can find the mouth of the entrance drive?" "I can hardly miss that," said I. "Sabre shall be there tonight at a quarter past ten."

I laid myself back on the turf. "And I'm not to thank you," I said. "I stay at your house; I ride your horses; and now I'm to have your dog. As partnerships go, it seems to be rather one-sided."

"That," said my lady, "is foolish. What am I doing that, if you were placed as I am, you wouldn't be glad to do?" "That ought to be the answer," said I.

She was sitting sideways, propping herself on an arm; and either because of her pose or because her hair was tumbled, she seemed no more the fine lady, but only a beautiful child.

Suddenly I knew that I was in love.

That night was very dark, and I would have given a lot to have seen but once by daylight the roads that I was to patrol: quite apart from picking my way, I could see no track or turning until I was actually there.

It follows that after ten minutes the only idea I had left was to get to where Sabre was waiting at the mouth of the castle drive; and this, after great tribulation, I found about half-past ten. I overran it, of course. However, I knew I was right, so I stopped the engine and listened and then stepped into the road.

I was hastening back in the shadows when I suddenly found that something was moving beside me, and then, before I could think, the Alsatian was licking my hand.

At once I turned, to make my way back to the car, but the dog did not turn with me and when I put my hand on his collar, he would not move.

I had not begun my patrol: the Rolls was out in the open; and Sabre refused to move. If he would not come. . . .

I perceived that the first thing to do was to get the Rolls off the road. If Rush and Bugle were out—

Far in the distance I heard the drone of a car.

For an instant I stood spell-bound. Then I was out in the road and was whipping back to the Rolls. . . . Before I started the engine, I listened again, to hear on the road be-



The Drone of the Car Was Louder

hind me the footfalls of somebody running, but lightly shod. Then— "In you go, Sabre," said Helena, opening a door.

As the dog leaped in, she took the seat by my side. "A hundred yards on," she panted. "As quick as you can. There's a track on the right. I'll show you."

The drone of the car was louder—some car on the road ahead. As the Rolls gathered speed— "Now," said Helena. "Steady." I set a foot on the brake. "Put on your lights for an instant. . . . There you are."

As I left the road for the track, the drone of the car approaching turned into a snarl.

I stopped the engine and flung myself out of the Rolls. "Stay here," I cried, and darted back to the bushes that were edging the side of the road. The car was close now, and her headlights were on; but even as she passed me, her driver lowered his lights and slackened his speed. (TO BE CONTINUED)



## Let Dixie Mentor Tell About Sane Scholarship View

Some months ago there was a fluttering in the temples of higher education because one of the more important college groups had decided to take an openly sane attitude toward its football obligations. Hugh Bradley has asked a Southeastern coach to discuss the raps and breaks that have come from such an enlightened deal. For reasons—that, at least, will be apparent to most college presidents—the name used here is a phoney.

By T. H. E. McCoy

WHEN the Southeastern Conference took its stand concerning "paid athletes" I naturally was delighted. I still feel that way about it and so you have two very good reasons why I agreed to take over this space.

One of these reasons is that it provides the chance to get in the first blow before reformers commence classifying all "below the Mason-Dixon line" eleven as professionals. The other reason is that I may thus be able to offer some light and encouragement to those who see this new deal of 1936 as a truly forward step in intercollegiate athletics.

First it must be admitted that even the most self-righteous college in the country is not fooling anybody taking a stand against the Southeastern Conference regulation that prohibits the buying of football teams on the hoof. There are objections, certainly. One of southern football heard plenty in New York. But those are taken with a smile.

In the South we feel that the men in charge of our institutions—remember, this rule was not adopted by athletic directors or football coaches—wrote into the books of the Southeastern Conference a measure with vision when they legalized athletic scholarships.

### Says Scholarships Exist All Over, Though Denied

These scholarships are in existence in all parts of the country. Even though there will be denials, I say this. What is the result? Nothing more than a football coach, backed by business men with money, and free-spending alumni, going into the field and literally buying a football team.

Perhaps we of the South are more frank and honest in admitting the existence of this evil. And it is an evil, however no doubt of that. It prohibits the college which is not backed by "free-spending alumni" from fair competition. It engenders and encourages the paid athlete. This particular breed is not confined to the South.

Now just what will be accomplished by this new regulation which the Southeastern Conference adopted last month that furnished board, room and tuition for deserving boys even if they are athletes?

(First) It will completely eliminate the paid athlete.

(Second) It will bring aid to athletes under the supervision of the institution, thus improving the administration.

(Third) It will virtually end the competition for boys, turning one from a college he desires to attend to one in which he has no interest, because the latter's offer is better than the former's.

The first step will be accomplished by the simple process of sending all athletic scholarships through a faculty board that rules on all scholarships, regardless of the qualifications.

In the past, it is common knowledge, athletes have gotten into all manner of schools by the most devious routes because they were financed and sponsored by school supporters of great standing. In many cases men whose credits would not have gotten them by the admissions board in a correspondence school have entered and been "awarded" degrees from really first-rate colleges because they were talented football men.

### Academic Ability First, Then Athletic Prowess

In the Southeastern Conference this will not happen. A man's athletic qualifications will be judged only after he has proved to the faculty that he is a worthwhile prospect as a student and worthy of help.

Finally, there will be established through these athletic scholarships a means of admitting a boy who hasn't the means at his own command to attend the college he really wants to attend. All of us in our lives have known boys who went to one school when they really wanted to go to another. They went only because the undesirable college offered better opportunities for aid of athletes than the one which they wanted to attend.

THERE is something about a Brooklyn uniform that causes its wearer to stand out amid athletes who toll in less favored cities. Perhaps the player spends only a few days in Flatbush and improves that scant time by catching baseballs on top of his head, but no matter. From then on, wherever he goes, his faults are regarded with tolerant eyes. The axiom "Once a Dodger, always a Dodger" is his protection and his alibi.

Perhaps also it is his shirt of hair, but let us forget that. For some hours I have been filled with a vague unrest and now the cause of it becomes clear. The stamp is upon me. Once a baseball writer, always a baseball writer. I am pining to be off to Florida where 28 clubs soon will be training and where so many things happen that are not usually printed in the papers.

I want to find out, for instance, if there still are pitchers such as the one who trained with the Orioles years ago.

A lanky youngster from the Hookworm belt, this pitcher had shown great promise at the start of training, he had a fast one that made even Lefty Grove a trifle envious and when he bent a hook across the corner such celebrated hitters as Sherry Magee and Tilly Walker merely stood beside the plate and wondered what had happened.

### Homesick Rookie Lost Control; Got No Help

Then, little by little, he lost his control. Jack Dunn, the manager, fretted about this change in form but could not discover the reason for it. Neither could the rest of us. We knew that the pitcher was a "loner," one of those lads who keep strictly to themselves, but such types are not rare in the minors.

So, when night after night we would see him pick up a magazine and head for his room almost as soon as dinner was over, we decided that he was probably only a country kid who was homesick. Then we would start up our own card games, or other nocturnal business, and forget about him.

Dunn, though, couldn't forget about him. This was a challenge to the man who was winning more pennants and developing more big-time stars than any other minor league contemporary. He talked and talked to the pitcher. Each time the pitcher listened intently, promised to do better.

Next day he would look as bad as ever but when we watched him sweat we all felt sorry for him. We all knew this lonesome youngster was not kidding when he told about how hard he was trying to regain his control and make good.

One night, when the training time was almost ended, I drove with Dunnie out past the ball park. The moonlight sent vague shadows through the low-hung boughs of the trees which surrounded the one-room county jail a hundred yards away from the park.

It was a dismal scene. Fifty seconds later it became even more dismal—we started ducking bullets.

I don't like bullets but Dunnie was irritated. The Orioles were to play an exhibition game the next day and he didn't want anybody messing up his ball park. We investigated.

There on second base sat the county jailer, what was left of a gallon of corn whiskey, and the ailing pitcher.

The poor homesick boy had told us the truth. He had been trying hard. Each night, after he had taken his magazine and wandered lonesomely upstairs, he had sneaked out the back door. Then, for hours after that he would sit out there on second base with the jailer and the gun and the corn and practice control by shooting at the home plate.

### McQuillan's Alligator Got in Wrong Berth

Also I would like to know if train riders are as exciting now as they were years ago when the Giants left their St. Augustine camp with Zeke Barnes and his alligator.

Zeke took a lot of pride in this pet even though it measured only seven inches long and was not much for looks even for an alligator. He planned to give it a nice home out in Kansas after the season was over, and he probably would have done it, too. That is he would have if Hughie McQuillan had not also been a Giant.

Hughie had invested in the Florida staple, too, and alligator proprietors are just like horse owners. Whenever two of them get together there must be competition. So, since beauty contests and marathon dances were out of the question, they decided upon a race.

It was a prospect that stirred the speculatively inclined. Hot news from the paddock indicated that Zeke's alligator could break fast but tired badly in the stretch and preferred the going in hotel lobbies.

Bets were down and a pulse-strumming contest was in sight when the younger Barnes became worried. To convince himself that everything was all right he decided upon an early-morning workout in the aisle of the Pullman which was speeding through the cold, gray mountains of western Georgia.

Three minutes later the air was agitated by one of the most magnificent renditions of free and fancy comment that it has ever been the good fortune of any ball player to hear. The alligator had broken loose and had not shown much sense even for an alligator.

With 24 berths to pick from he had crawled into the one occupied by John J. McGraw.

### Major Monarchies of the World and Their Rulers

With the return of Greece to a monarchical form of government, the major monarchies in the world total 18. The monarchies with the names of the rulers of each are:

Great Britain, George V; Italy, Victor Emmanuel III; Belgium, Leopold III; Sweden, Gustaf V; Norway, Haakon VII; Denmark, Christian X; Greece, George II; Netherlands, Wilhelm III; Rumania, Carol II; Yugoslavia, Peter II; Japan, Hirohito; Bulgaria, Boris III; Siam, Prajadibphok; Ethiopia, Haile Selassie; Afghanistan, Nadir Khan; Albania, Zog I; Egypt, Fud I; Manchoukuo, Kang Teh.

The following monarchs were overthrown since 1910:

Mannuel II of Portugal, which became a republic in 1910; Emperor Pu Yi of China, abdicated 1912; Nicholas II of Russia, dethroned by the revolution, 1917; Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary, dethroned, 1918; Wilhelm II of Germany, abdicated, 1918; Sultan Mohammed VI of Turkey, deposed, 1922; Georges II of Greece, dethroned, 1924 (recently returned); Alfonso XIII of Spain, dethroned, 1931.

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