THE GIRL WHO WAITED

A Short Story of the Dope Traffic in London England

Sally Deane hated Oscar Svensen, the giant Swede, almost as much as she loved and adored her absent sailor-boy, Peter West.

More than all, she was afraid of Chang, the fat, squat Chinaman, who was rich and powerful in Limehouse, and had a shop at the corner of the street where Sally lived, not far from the docks.

Every day, as Sally was either going to her work at the factory in the Commercial-road, or when she was returning home, she would see Chang standing in his shop door.

His almond-shaped eyes would glitter as they looked at her fresh young beauty, and he would crease his yellow face into a horrible leer.

"Longee waitee till best boy comee back again!" he would chuckle.

And Sally would feel curiously afraid, though she tried not to show it, and was always polite in her smiling answer.

But this morning, when he spoke to her, she was without fear.

"No more waiting, Chang!" she laughed gaily. "The Ocean Star comes into dock this afternoon. Peter wil be home this evening for good!"

"Chang welly glad!" grinned the Chinaman. 'Muchee nice boy, Peter West! You likee velly well, I see. But Svensen fellow likee you velly well also. Plenty talk about you to me."

"Oscar Svensen?" flashed Sally, tossing her golden curls derisively. 'He ain't in the same street with my Peter, Chang; and he knows it. Peter is coming home this time for good. Got a land job, and we're being married in a week or so."

"Allee same, my dear, Oscar Svensen he swear he mally you, and not Peter!" chuckled the Chinaman smugly, sending a chill of fear through Sally as she passed on.

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It was not by chance that Oscar Svensen was waiting outside the factory at the time when Sally would be making her way back home that night.

He stepped in front of her, a big and uncouth man with fair hair and cruel blue eyes.

Her mind was full of Peter—she would have passed him by, but he gripped her wrist and swung her round so that she was forced to stand beside him in a dark alley-way.

"You're in an almighty hurry, ain't you?' he sneered. "No time for me to-night—eh?"

"Never did have, Oscar!" retorted Sally coldly. "Let go of my wrist. I'm wanted home to get supper ready. Peter'll be back to-night."

"Will he?" snarled the other. "Maybe, and maybe—not. Supposing he don't come? Supposing he's been kept out in China?"

"Kept out in China?" laughed Sally. "Don't be soft! How'd that happen, I'd like to know?"

"It has happened, anyhow. Chang's seen to it all right."

"Chang—seen to it? What d'yer mean, Oscar" gasped Sally, startled by the queer certainty with which the Swede spoke.

"You remember, maybe, how the day after the Ocean Star left here this last time for China with your Peter aboard, the police made a raid on Chang's place?"

Sally nodded. The police had expected to find a big haul of cocaine, the drug popularly known as "snow," on Chang's premises. They had received information from someone to that effect.

But the raid had been without effect. Nothing had been found.

Afterwards Chang had talked a good deal about wanting to know who had reported him to the police.

He had mentioned the matter to Sally more than once, now she came to think of it.

"Well," laughed the big Swede harshly, "it was Peter who gave Chang away to the police, only luckily Chang had been cute enough to have the stuff hidden where the police couldn't find it. But Chang didn't forget. Being a Chink, he took care to revenge himself, you can bet. When the Ocean Star got to China this trip, and your Peter went on shore, he was met by some of Chang's friends and—that's the last to be heard of him. So you might as well make up your mind, Sally, that you'll not see him again."

"It's a lie!"

Sally was very near to fainting, so terrible was the fear that gripped at her heart.

She knew enough of Limehouse and Chinamen to understand that if Peter had given Chang away to the police the Chinaman was quite capable of acting as Svensen had said.

Peter, before leaving on this last trip, had been a good deal in Chang's company, and he had let drop in Sally's hearing some angry words about the traffic in "snow" which was going on. Peter had also been very friendly with Detective-Inspector Wade at the Limehouse police station.

Sally, trembling with a sudden dread in the darkness of the alley, tried hard to persuade herself that this story was not true.

"You're trying to frighten me!" she said, wrenching her wrist free from the Swede's hold. "I'm going home, and if Peter ain't there already I'm going to the docks to find out."

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But Peter was not at home when Sally reached the house, and, though her mother told her it was early to expect him as yet, fear took her straightway to the dock gates to find the Ocean Star and make sure if he was on board.

She did not tell her mother the story Oscar Svensen had told her, fearing to worry her until the truth was out.

At the dock gates, however, she was unable to gain admission, owing to some trouble with the dockers, who were striking.

But an official on the gate told her he had heard something about the Ocean Star coming back without one of the crew, who had been ashore and never rejoined ship. He believed he had heard the man's name given as West.

Blindly, with tears in her eyes, Sally began to grope her way slowly back homeward.

It seemed impossible that she would never see her Peter any more—Peter, with his brown curly hair and his laughing eyes, his tender but strong mouth, his heart of gold, his great love for her!

Reaching the corner where Chang's lighted shop stood, she saw the Chinaman inside, talking to the Swede.

The shutters had been put up, and he was ready to close the door. But Sally slipped into the shop.

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The Chinaman was asking Svensen to step down into the room beyond. Sally followed, determined to confront the Chinaman with his villainy and to bring him to justice.

Through the open door, she heard Chang speaking.

"You gottee new lot of 'snow'?" he was saying.

"You bet!" laughed the Swede softly, showing a large packet in a capacious pocket. "My pal on the Ocean Star dropped it me as they docked. I wasn't able to get a word with him, so I don't know if he's got any more. Look here! That's all right about West, isn't it. Your friends kept him back in China for good?"

"You tlustee Chang to see Mister Westee safe and soundee!" chuckled the Chinaman greasily. "Now you mally the pretty little Sally, you thinkee?"

"When she's got over the crying business. But meantime I'm off to get rid of the 'snow' up West——"

"No you ain'tt!" demanded Sally frenziedly, stepping into the room. "So you two are playing that game, are you? And because my Peter knew of it you've tried to get rid of him? But I'm going to the police. I'm going right away to Inspector Wade at the station—"

"You waitee!" Chang's squat figure prevented Sally from leaving the room, and she recoiled before his almond-shaped eyes. "What for you go to police, pletty little Sally?"

"To have you both put inside!" blazed Sally, aflame with hate and determination to avenge Peter. "To have that beast of a Swede caught with drugs on him!"

"Your Peter tellee police about me last timee ship in dock," said the Chinaman. "Mister Svensen know that for fact. Didn't you think if he give Chang away, Chang going to gettee own back? But Chang no murderer. You can't jrovee that to police Chang know nothing about what happen in China. Chang nice, kind, simple man. Chang velly fond of you. Likee mally you himself. You go to police if you like. Chang know nothing. By time you go police, Svensen hidee dlugs all away. Better wait a minute——"

Here, to Sally's astonishment and amazed relief, someone pushed a way into the room from the shop beyond.

She could scarcely believe her eyes. It was Inspector Wade himself, with another figure behind him.

"Hullo," he said, as he saw her. "You here, Sally? Hullo, Chang! Has our trap succeeded? Has the Swede another haul on him?"

Svensen, with a sudden cry, flung backwards, one hand held over his capacious pocket with its large packet of cocaine, the other fumbling at his hip. But Inspector Wade had suddenly drawn a gun.

"No, you don't!" said the inspector. "You're trapped, Svensen, and you may as well make the best of it. You've been playing a 'snow' running game for a long while, and we've been waiting to catch you. I've someone here with me who can give evidence against you."

Sally stared in greater amazement than ever.

From behind the inspector there appeared Peter—Peter, whom she had believed to be in China, and lost to her for ever!

In a moment she was enclosed in his arms, kissing him and crying with delight.

"But they told me at the dock gates that a man named West had been left behind in China!" she said, "but Svenson told me—"

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"There was another man named West on board," laughed Peter, "and Svenson believed I was to be left behind. But Svenson was wrong. He was told that by Chang."

"But Chang is in with him in this 'snow' business. I heard them talking just now!" urged Sally.

"You're wrong, my dear!" murmured the inspector. "Chang has been hand in glove with me since Svensen tried to put him under suspicion and got us to raid his place. For that is what happened, though he told Chang that your Peter had given him away."

"And Chang never forgives an enemy who stabs him in the back!" smiled the Chinaman inscutably, rubbing his lean hands together as the handcuffed Svensen was taken off by the inspector.

So the vengeance of Chang ended in a different way from that which Sally, safe in her lover's arms once more, had imagined possible.

A Big One in Dry Dock

SOME IDEA OF HOW BIG THEY REALLY ARE

The Giant Liner Berengaria as she looks when ashore for her winter overhauling. The vast size of the hull is indicated by the fact that two men working on the ladders are almost completely hidden by one blade of her stern propeller.

JUST THE THING!

Lady Bug: Look at the nice catepillar neckpiece I got for Christmas!

There were no bakers in the New Year Honors list. We are passing through a time, we might say, when knighthood is not in flour.

"So you want to marry my daughter?" "Yes." "Do you know much about business?" "Not much." "Do you know the difference between an asset and a liability?" "No." "Well, you will after you marry my daughter?"

"CHAPARRAL"

This ungallant verse appears in the Stanford (Kentucky) "Chaparral":—

If traffic's choked for many blocks,
If horns do sound and bumper locks
With bumper, you can bet your socks
A woman's at the wheel.

When taxi drivers dodge and sweat,
And big cops weep, and people get
All set to jump, then you can bet
A woman's at the wheel.

When a car leaps as if 'twere shot,
With gears that scream quite like a lot
Of dying men, then like as not
A woman's at the wheel.

A woman's voice and a woman's smile
May ease dull care, and a woman's guile
May bring us joy, but look out while
A woman's at the wheel!

Doctor: As I said, you've just regained consciousness after the crash. I'm Dr. Peter, and— Victim: Oh! For a second you gave me a shock. I thought you said you were St. Peter.

Success of recent experiments with a fuel consisting of mixed gasoline and alcohol indicate that the place for the latter is in the motor, not the motorist.

Sir Thomas Beecham Explains His Antipathy to Broadcasts

He Believes Radio Improves Jazz, But Tones of Great Orchestras Suffer if Wafted into Space as Ether Waves

Sir Thomas Beecham, British orchestral conductor, following his recent debut on the radio as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra over WOR, explained, in part, his antipathy to the broadcasting of orchestral presentations at which he officiates as conductor.

"The broadcasting of jazz over the wireless," said Sir Thomas, "may actually succeed in making it sound better from the loudspeaker than it would sound if one were present in person at the playing. However, orchestral selections may suffer a great deal by virtue of the very complicated nature of the tones from the many and widely different instruments that go to make up the great modern orchestral organization. When one hundred or more instruments are being played harmoniously the resultant tones are extremely complicated in structure. It follows that if they are taken out of their naural medium, the air, placed on a wire as electrical particles, then broadcast into space, they are bound to suffer in quality.

"It is unfortunate that orchestral music, which I consider the highest type of musical presentation, should so suffer in the transfer."

Sir Thomas likened the tones heard from the loudspeaker to one speaking through an obstructing medium so that the tone and modulation of the voice are rendered unnatural in quality. He likened the tones of complicated musical numbers to a maze of threads, all combing to produce the effect desired by the conductor, which are hopelessly thrown out of order by their transfer from their natural medium, the air.

"If a slight detrimental effect is interposed," he said, "the whole suffers."

"I am yet in doubt whether the effect on radio listeners is good or bad when the higher forms of music are put on the wireless," he said, after his debut with the Philharmonic musicians over WOR. "I shall have to listen to a concert in America when the opportunity presents before making a serious decision. Of course, I cannot decide for every one, but at least I can form my own impression of what one can hear over American wireless stations and compare it with what is heard when one is present in the music hall."

"The average Brtish listener," he said, "is phlegmatic, and therefore in many cases he may beu sing a radio receiver which is antiquated and not capable of intercepting and reproducing the radio waves with fidelity. However, I am told that many listeners in England have excellent receiving sets. The Briton is a great home lover. When he arrives in the evening he generally stays home. This makes for the general popularity of wireless receiving sets in England, which are generally found intercepting the lighter musical numbers. When a Londoner wants to hear orchestral or good musical numbers he goes to a music hall."

The Famous Quotation

Sir Thomas's famous quotation in regard to broadcast, made less than one year ago, was: "Ever since the beginning of the present century there has been committed against the unfortunate art of music every imaginable sin of commission and omission, but all the previous crimes and stupidities pale before the latest attack on ts fair name—broadcasting it by means of wireless."

Just before his radio debut in America he said: "In England I have never played for the radio because I felt that it had a bad effect on the radio audience. I feel that radio receivers are not capable of doing the best for the higher complicated types of music. Possibly radio is more advanced in America and may be capable of reproducing the concerts more faithfully. I may have more to say after I broadcast."

Sir Thomas stepped out on the stage at Carnegie Hall when he made his radio debut without the slightest resitancy at being placed, for the first time, within the hearing of the largest audience before which he had ever waved his baton. The presence of his avowed enemy, the microphone, apparently did not cause him the least bit of worry, for he conducted with vigor and even grasped the microphone stand between numbers.

During the intermission he made a brief address over the announcer's instrument and thanked the people of America for the wonderful reception that had been accorded him. "So far as I am concerned—I do not speak for the audience—the concert so far has been a complete success," he said.—(N.Y. Times.)

Britain's Dumb Dora

The shade of Dora (historians may remember her more official name of Defense of the Realm Act) still hangs over England. When the lovely lady first appeared to hold up a forbidding hand against the sale within certain hours of various commodities ranging from tripe to whisky sodas, there was a war. And, although Britons never will be slaves, they bowed to necessity and submitted to the petty annoyances prescribed by Dora with what grace they could. But when the war was over Dora remained and England has ever since rebelled.

The matter has just been again submitted to investigation and the Dora Committee has made its recommendations. It would not sweep away all the restrictions still left as war-time relics, but it does suggest certain concessions to British love of liberty. It would allow theatregoers to buy chocolates as late as the third act and permit vendors of spirituous liquors, within certain prescribed limits, to sell cigarettes, but it would by no means permit truly open shops—in a merchandizing and not industrial sense of the word. The London Times declares that the recommendations of the Dora Committee will be hailed with general relief," but the Saturday Review wants complete freedom and no compromise. "The majesty of the sovereign British people," it declares, "is indeed reduced to a low state if we are to imagine it purring with delight at these privileges."

In the campaign being waged against Dora there are certain vague reminders of the reaction to certain laws in this country. It is asserted that it is a restriction upon personal liberty, that despite the pettiness of the regulations imposed by the act an important principle is involved and that it results in contempt for the law.

We wish the English more power in their struggle for freedom and hope that they may uphold Anglo-Saxon traditions relating to the right to personal liberty with greater success than in certain cases we have succeeded in doing in this country.—N.Y. Times.

Natural Resources

Manitoba Free Press (Lib.): The Federal Government is to take up the question of the return of the natural resources to the Prairie Provinces. Action is long overdue on the part of the authorities at Ottawa and in connection with Manitoba the need for an early decision is particularly pressing. The Manitoba Government has asked for arbitration. The matter of right is so obviously on the side of the western provinces that the Federal Government would be well advised to get down to business without delay. The people of the West have had enough jockeying on this matter.

Try It, Men.

One woman writes that her husband is a model because when he is wrong he says so in plain English instead of hiling behind a bunch of roses or a box of candy.—Woman's Home Companion.

Incandescent I as.

Sometimes an idea is so brilliant that it makes people blink and the originator is penalized for not dimming his headlights.—Farm & Fireside.

A Sport Fast Becoming Popular in Canada

THE GREATEST THRILL EVER—STANDING ON AIR

A most unusual picture of two Swedish skiers just as they took off for the big jump on the famous torpet course near Stockholm. The finish of the jump will land them 160 feet below.