SWALLOWED UP

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Illustrated by R. W. Satterfield

CHAPTER XXX.

The straggling procession of Main Street, which is the Merrick Road, was almost ended; that white ribbon of macadam and oyster-shell, with one village shirred on to another as it follows the windings of the South Shore, was about to fray out into the asphalt threads of the city.

Charlie's mercurial spirit was overcast with misgivings, shadowed by the perturbing claims of his responsibility.

"Jamaica!" He pointed to a hillside ahead, with scattered lights oper it, as he turned back to Hope and Kelsey. "I'm going to stop here and telephone. And you'd better gag William the Silent there, and sit on him, while I'm about it. We don't want to attract such attention as he'd love to create, if he had half a chance."

Choosing an inconspicuous place to stop beyond the Peace Monument, Charlie drew up to the curb and hurried into a drug store. After an interval, he reappeared, much of his customary jauntiness restored.

"You can draw your own conclusions, when I tell you I was exchanging a few remarks with a lawyer whose name begins with H."

Charlie was back in his seat again by this time. "We've got to be on our way now."

But when he attempted to drive on, the starter wouldn't work. For several minutes he fussed with it, following various suggestions from Kelsey and Hope; but it was plainly out of order, and he was anxious to avoid further delay.

Muttering anathemas on the balky device, Charlie clambered down again, and went to the front of the car to crank up.

His experience at cranking had been hitherto confined to flivvers. He did not reckon on the superior horse-power of the limousine. On the second revolution the engine backfired, hurling him into the middle of the street.

He picked himself out of the mud. All his debonnair complacency had vanished. He stood beside the running board, his face twisted with pain, gingerly holding his right arm.

Unnoticed by either of the men, Hope had slipped past them and run to the from of the car. She grasped the crank which had proved so vicious to Charlie, and with a deft turn or two had caught the spark. Now she came back.

"I'll drive the rest of the way to town," she said. "We'll get along perfectly."

With the car once more in motion, and the difficulty apparently smoothed away, Charlie began to talk of his own accord.

"You see, Bill," kindly, "if you're counting on any one having listened in on my talk to Higby, you're going to be fooled."

Their prisoner roused up at this, and bent forward. "How's that?" gratingly.

"Why, Higby of course wanted to know just where I was, and how long before I'd arrive, and how I was coming, and all that. So, just to be on the safe side, I am doing exactly the opposite of what I told him."

He hardly stirred again; but all the way through Brooklyn lay in that state of collapse, one arm hanging limply out of the window.

And now the skyscrapers of Manhattan loomed before them across the river. Soon they were over the Williamsburg bridge; and through the East Side streets. Hope drove towards Fifth Ave.

Spying the green lights of a police station, Kelsey called Charlie's attention to them.

"Let's get rid of our passenger," he proposed. "We don't want to spoil the homecoming with him."

"Good Lord!" Charlie spoke irritably. "Thats the one thing that's been goose-fleshing me all the way, the fear that we might fall into the hands of the bulls. Figure it for yourself. Lieutenant at desk looks up. 'Why, Alderman Higgins, what's this?' They all know him.

"'I've had an awful time, Lieutenant,' says Bill. 'These three lunatics capture me by a trick, and have been dragging me all over Long Island. The woman thinks shes the missing Hope Ranger.' What's the result? We three are locked up. Bill calls a taxi and rides away."

He gave a convulsive start, and stared over Hope's shoulder into the mirror at the side of the windshield.

"My God!" He whirled on Kelsey. "What are you doing back there? Can't you see the old devil is playing 'possum on you? He' been signaling out of the window with his hand. Didn't make any difference to him which way we came. He can raise a bunch of gunmen in any part of town.

"Our adventure is just beginning," she murmured.

"Look back and see if theres any one after us!"

But before Kelsey could do so, Hope, whose eyes were on the mirror, gave a cry.

"There's a touring car full of men just turned in from Rivington Street."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Steadily, surely, the gunmen's car was creeping up. At Washington Square it had been more than the width of the park ahead; now, the distance was less than two blocks.

As she came abreast of the Library, the colored moons of the traffic tower at Forty-second street flashed from yellow to red to green. She had lost the right of way. All over now! It would be madness to think of trying to dart through that closelocked line of cross-town travel.

Charlie had a sudden inspiration.

"Feel in Higgins' upper, left-hand vest pocket," he shouted back to Kelsey, "and see if he hasn't got a police card!"

Quick to catch the cue, Kelsey leaped at Higgins, and rifling him, thrust two or three square bits of pasteboard through the front window.

Shuffling them rapidly, Charlie sang out in triumph.

"I've got it! Keep on moving, Sister."

He held it out to show the signature of the Police Commissioner, as an angry traffic cop came bellowing toward them, and as if by magic, the way opened.

"And now for home!" breathed Hope.

"No; this way out!" Charlie waved imperatively to the left on Forty-fourth street. "Don't think that Bill's Sunday school class will lay down as easy as that. I'll bet that the telephone wires are buzzing right now to the uptown bunch. There'll be a gang at either end of the block where your father lives, waiting for us. I'm going to take you to some people I know on the West Side until I'm sure of a clear track."

So, under his direction, Hope drove to the apartment on Central Park West, which housed the Greenbergs.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg, the Princess and Miss McCarthy, the ladies in gay evening wraps, were disappearing through the doors, while Mr. Leffler was holding a light to the cigaret of Mr. Dave Greenberg, who was just about to drive the family car to the garage.

"Greenberg! Wait!" Charlie hailed; and jumping from the limousine as Hope drew up, rushed toward the two men.

"Listen fast, boys," he said. "We've got Hope Ranger here, and want your bus to get her home. Greenberg, you drive us. There's a crowd of gunmen after us. Leffler, are you game to scoot our car four or five blocks away, anywhere, and leave it?"

For the rest of his life Charlie retained an inordinate respect for those two young men. They took the situation standing. No running around in circles of excitement. No fool questions. They had been in the war, and understood the value of quick thinking and immediate action in a surprise attack.

They spoke in one joyous breath, and with brevity.

"Sure," said Mr. Leffler.

"Get in," said Mr. Greenberg.

Hope who was close behind Charlie sprang into the Greenberg car; and Charlie and Kelsey, aided by Mr. Leffler, dragged out Higgins, a dead weight on their hands, and hustled him in after her. Kelsey followed, and Charlie scrambled up beside the driver.

Higgins stretched out his hand and clawed at Charlie's arm.

"A hundred and fifty thousand a piece, if you let me go."

"Why, Bill," Charlie spoke in pained surprise, "you're a piker after all. Our price is just double whatever you've got."

Greenberg swung into Fifth Avenue, and Charlie drew his first long breath since they had started. Also, for the first time in his adventurous career, he felt a warm, emotional regard for the police.

They were sprinkled up and down the thoroughfare, guarding it for several blocks from the Ranger home.

The long strain was over for all of them. Kelsey, sitting beside Hope, felt a vast relief and at the same time an infinite sadness.

The curtain was falling, and his heart ached. She was safe among those who loved her, a great heiress slipping into another world than his. He was an unknown, poor young man.

Already the car was drawing toward the sidewalk.

"I want to say goodbye before you reach home." His voice was shaky.

She loved him; so immediately she divined his trouble.

"George!" She looked at him with a quaintly mischievous smile. "I didn't know you were shy. Are you afraid of my father and mother?"

It hurt, that light tone. "The adventure's over," he said, stoically calm. "I couldn't take advantage of your—your—"

Her lips brushed his cheek.

"Our adventure is just beginning," she murmured. "A beautiful one this time."

(The End.)

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A vice-presidential candidate does well to present himself as prominently as possible. Whether his ticket succeeds or not, he is rehearsing for a long silence.—Washington Star.

Solomon's 777th wife: "Sol, are you really and truly in love with me?" Solomon: "My dear, you are one in a thousand!"

Aren't the girls delightful in the water? Yes, and what a relief to have their legs out of sight.

Unique Fair of Artificial Silk Opens in Britain

New Fabric Termed One of Great Achievements of the Chemist

An artificial silk exhibition recently opened in Manchester, represents an important milestone in the history of this industry, being the most comprehensive demonstration of the fabrics that has ever been assembled in England. Many leading manufacturers contributed to the display. The range of fabrics and colorings was striking.

At the opening ceremony, Lord Colwyn said: "This industry has come to stay and it will make its mark upon the world. And we are not alone. Other countries have got this fine artificial silk business. I see that Japan is growing and developing. Italy made in 1927 22,000 tons of artificial silk and they employed 35,000 workpeople; Japan is doing one-fifth of that now, nd those of you who know what Japan is and the power and enterprise of that little country know that they will develop it.

BRAZIL STARTS FACTORY

Brazil has started manufacturing artificial silk. They imported it up to last year, but now they are making it themselves. Norway, where we get the wood-pulp from to make artificial silk, has started to make it herself. Little Greece has got an artificial silk factory. Great Britain is not going to be behind in this great art and the fabrics which are on exhibition I think cannot be surpassed in the whole world.

In opening the exhibition Dr. Pickard said: "Speaking purely as a scientist, I can only express wonder at the results that are on exhibition here. On perusing the various exhibits it is extraordinary how the fabrics, both those composed of art silk alone and those composed of more than one textile material along with art silk, have improved within the last twelve months.

TRIUMPH FOR CHEMIST.

"The industry of artificial silk is one of the achievements of the chemist, at any rate the chemist made the initial discoveries, but we must not lose sight of the achievements that were necessary before the industrial development of the factory could produce the results which we now see before us. When you realize all the properties which go to make an acceptable fabric not only the lustre and the appearance but the 'feel' and the way in which they can be varied with the extent that is possible, one is lost in admiration at the success of the workers in this field."

Seniors or Juniors Play These Games

They Add Fun to Field Day Sports

Several days ago, Pearl Poirier of Plantagenet, one of the senior Corner members, wrote for a leaflet telling of interesting games which might be played at her school's field day sports.

Since we did not have a leaflet all ready to pop into an envelope, we had to do quite a bit of remembering and hunting up. In case other nieces and nephews are interested, we are giving below part of the answer to Pearl, describing games, novelty races, etc.:

WALKING RACE IS FUN.

Are you having a "walking race"? One of the most amusing races I ever saw was a "walking race" at my University Field Day Sports. Those taking part were unusually tall students. Of course it is against the rules to break into a run, but it is a great temptation when backers of your rivals run along beside you, pretending to hurry you up, but really tempting you to break into a trot.

DIVING THROUGH BARREL

Another race with lots of laughs for the spectators is an "obstacle race." In the one in which I took part, the contestants were obliged to lie down with bodies away from and heads on starting line. At the signal "Go" we sprang to standing position and ran 15 yards to barrels. We were expected to "dive" through these. We ran five yards farther and crawled through a large net. Five yards ahead we had to climb over a pile of sticks, etc., which made a great bonfire after the sunset for the campfire sing song. We continued 15 yards—with our scratches—and were obliged to crawl through rungs of a big ladded, then get into sacks and race 15 yards to the finish line.

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Death

"I have been half in love with easeful Death."—Keats

I have seen houses lone and desolate:
Regret seemed still to linger at the door;
Windows were eyeless; all ash-strewn, the grate;
While trackless ghosts met on the dusty floor.

But I have seen faces that Death left smooth
From wrinkles dug by Care. . . . .
Where did he find
The twenty years Time lost somewhere since youth,
So that forgotten features came to mind?

And I have thought—if thus the body fare,
Death to the soul of man a good must be;
All stains removed,—what beauty must it wear;
What shadowless peace enjoy, when it is free!

And at a door where Doubt stood with a chill,
I found Death left a smile upon the sill.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

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Para, Brazil.—Reports of the presence of "White Indians" in the Amazon Valley have been revived by newspaper dispatches published here telling of the discovery of such Indians in the Arayguaya and Tocantins regions.

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