



# PRISONER IN MAJORCA

By  
**BENTLEY RIDGE**

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**PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS**

**ROGER KENT:** Young, ambitious private secretary to E. C. Smallbridge, a business magnate.  
**KITTY SMALLBRIDGE:** Daughter of Roger Kent's employer. She is somewhat spoiled and very obstinate, but charming in her more rational moments.  
**GEOFFREY PAISH:** Kitty's cousin and accomplice in rash exploits.  
**CAPTAIN CULLEN:** Master of E. C. Smallbridge's yacht, "Glorious Kate."  
**"CHARLIE":** Cullen's 17-year-old assistant.

**CHAPTER XVII—(Continued)  
HOUR OF RECKONING**  
Kitty told him. She began from the point when Roger had bearded the "Glorious Kate", and disputed her right to the yacht.  
"So I gave him a push," Kitty said dolefully. "And he fell overboard."  
"Was that all?" said Smallbridge.  
Kitty ignored him. She described how Roger had made her stay on board and how they had set out for St. Raphael.

"He was absolutely staunch," said Kitty with tragic solemnity. "Your interests were his interests. Nothing would make him swerve from his loyalty to you!"  
"That's very gratifying," said Smallbridge looking at her with the twinkle of an age old wisdom in his eye.  
"But in the end he did swerve," said Kitty, yet more solemnly. "I turned him aside. I put it to him that he owed a larger loyalty to humanity to use the yacht as we wanted him to. It was conflict of principles."  
"And you won?"  
"I?"

"Yes, what you're trying to tell me is that you did all you could to make him do as you wanted him to and that you turned his head and he did it!"  
"No, no, it was a matter of principle. It was an ideal!"

"Yes said Smallbridge. "You were the ideal and after that, what?"  
Kitty began to sniff again.  
"Well if I was the ideal then, I'm not now!" She went on to tell him how he had sailed for Majorca, and how they arrived off Manreal. At the mention of Gavin Erdhart, Smallbridge's cynicism fell from him.  
"What?" he said, astounded with a complete change of face. "It was to save that boy that you wanted to go to Majorca. Why didn't you tell me it was Gavin Erdhart?"

"We were supposed to keep his name secret."  
"But you should have told me!" protested Smallbridge, red in the face with concern. "Why—why—why, if I had known that I might have given my permission at any rate made some arrangement to assist in rescuing him myself. Gavin Erdhart! What happened? My dear Kitty, my dear girl—did you rescue him?"  
Kitty looked at her father knowingly with a certain acid pleasure.  
"You're just like the rest of us were," she said. "You get just as excited there was no Gavin Erdhart. It was all a hoax to steal the yacht."

Fortified by a whiskey and soda, Smallbridge heard the rest of the story. Kitty explained how they had been imprisoned in Manreal. When she came to the shooting of Juan Cruz and the scene in the barracks afterwards, words failed her for a moment, and she stared at him hollow-eyed.

Smallbridge too, could find little to say. Much that he had been going to say about the criminal folly of risking the safety of the "Kate" suddenly went out of his head.  
Kitty went on to tell him what she had heard from Cullen and Geoffrey about Roger's escape from the barracks, and his recovery of the yacht; and of her last blunder in letting Captain Ratchett tow it off the sandbank.  
"As soon as we got to Marseilles this afternoon I went to M. LeMann, and he sent me to his own lawyer. Captain Ratchett was more amenable by then. It had all been bluff on his part all along, I'm sure. He agreed to take fifty pounds to be paid at the end of this quarter—my allowance, if I'm to get it, father. He signed a paper releasing the "Kate" from any further claim."

"Humph!" said Smallbridge, noncommittally.  
"I felt worse about that than about anything else," she said. "I had to release the "Kate" from that claim. To have landed Roger Kent with it after everything that had happened already—!"  
Smallbridge looked at her narrowly. "And what does he think about it all?" he asked abruptly.  
Kitty drew a deep breath.  
"He hates me!" she took a restless turn up and down the room. "He won't forgive me for having persuaded him to betray your confidence in him. He

despises himself, I can see even though he has put things right. He despises me, too utterly!"  
"Is that so?"  
"What are you going to do?" Kitty faced him anxiously. "What do you think about it?"  
"I think that this is the first time I have ever seen you in a rational or reasonable mood," replied Smallbridge, and that was all she could get out of him.  
She asked if he meant to sack Roger. Smallbridge refused to make any definite reply.

"Please, father," pleaded Kitty. "Don't be hard on him. Look what he went through to get the "Kate" back for you!"  
"Persuading people again?" said Smallbridge, with a severe look which reduced her to shamed silence.  
"But what are you going to do?" she dared to ask him again.  
He looked at her with a hard eye, and said he would think it over.

**CHAPTER XVIII  
"I RESIGN!"**  
At seven a.m. on the following morning the "Glorious Kate" limped into harbour. Her starboard engine was out of order until Cullen could obtain a spare part which seemed assured of being able to get her from Milan.

If a spare part could have been supplied from Milan to repair the damage he had done himself in Smallbridge's estimation Roger would have been relieved. As it was his early morning walk through St. Raphael to the Villa appealed to him as being not unlike one of those early morning parades which used to go forth from the Tower to Execution Hill.  
The air about the Villa was sweet with the smell of citrus trees and the terraced garden was a sea of flowers through which he walked resolutely to his fate.

Smallbridge was breakfasting on the terrace when Gullick ushered Roger out there. A half empty coffee cup and a cover laid for a second person on the table showed that he had a companion; but Smallbridge was alone.  
He had a pair of binoculars in his hand; he had Roger guessed been looking through them at the "Kate" where she lay in harbour below.  
He put them down, peered at Roger fiercely from under his shaggy brows and said:  
"So here you are!"  
"Rather late, I'm afraid," said Roger drawing a long breath. "I've brought back the "Glorious Kate".  
"So I see!"  
"I'm afraid she's rather a patchy looking job, just at the moment!"  
"She looks like a Jersey cow!" said Smallbridge acidly.  
"You've seen Kitty—Miss Smallbridge?"  
"Yes, I've seen her."  
Roger relaxed a trifle.  
"Then you've already heard most of the story?"  
"Most of it," Smallbridge waved towards a chair. "Sit down!"  
It was difficult to tell from his manner what he was thinking. It was terse. One couldn't tell what kind of fury was simmering behind it, ready to boil over.

Roger pulled out a chair from the table and sat down.  
"I've come to deliver the "Glorious Kate" and to resign my job," he said quietly.  
Smallbridge merely regarded him with an uncompromising stare.  
"I couldn't have carried out the job you gave me much worse than I did," Roger went on. "I admit that, and I have no excuse."  
"None?" Smallbridge's tone was a sarcastic jibe.  
"None."  
"I gather," the jibing voice went on, "that you were trying to play the hero in front of my daughter?"  
Roger winced.  
"She said so?"  
"Not in so many words."  
"Your daughter, sir, has as much reason to dislike me as you have to despise me!"  
"Is that so?"  
Roger rose abruptly his face rather white.

"I've brought the yacht back sir. I have already made arrangements to have her cleaned up and repainted. There are some repairs to the starboard engine which Cullen is doing at my expense. The ten thousand francs you gave me is here." He laid the roll of notes on the table. "I resign my job from to-day. I think that's all there is to be said."  
"You take the matter out of my hands, don't you?" said Smallbridge, gruffly.  
"I don't see any other way. You see, I can't even apologize sincerely. If the same circumstances were to arise again, I would behave in the same way." Surprise upset Smallbridge's terse

composure for an instant.  
"You would?"  
"After we discovered that the business was a hoax I felt very much in the wrong in having yielded to persuasion to go to Majorca. I'm afraid I let your daughter know it too! After being a prisoner in Manreal I was converted to her view of the matter—one would have to help any other Englishman in the same jam. I'd be jolly certain that it wasn't a hoax, but I would do the same again in any genuine case!"

"You would?"  
"I would have to, sir."  
"Good god, you talk like Kitty herself!"  
"It wouldn't convince her, I'm afraid sir. She thinks me every kind of a worm!"  
Smallbridge pocketed the notes and made no comment whatever. He thought for a moment. His next remark was irrelevant.  
"Were you able to recover the jade paperweight that was stolen from the yacht?"  
"There wasn't a chance of it, sir."  
"Well you'd better go over the yacht and find out if anything else is missing. Better go along now and go into it. As you don't know what was on the yacht before you went to Majorca, and what wasn't, Kitty had better go with you."  
"Kitty is here, sir?" Roger tried to keep the eagerness out of his voice.  
"She came last night!" Smallbridge jangled his bell. Gillick appeared immediately.  
"Ask Miss Kitty to come here."  
"Yes, sir."

A dead silence fell. Roger walked up and down. He ran his tongue along his lower lip, dry with fatigue and worry. The interview was no worse than he feared. And Kitty was here still. This opportunity was more than he had hoped for.  
**"I WANT TO MARRY YOU"**  
Kitty came a little pale perhaps but as fresh as a daisy in white linen slacks and coat with an azure blouse. She nodded Roger a greeting. A flush of embarrassment came into her cheeks and he felt painfully constrained himself.  
"Kent is going down to the yacht to see if there is anything missing besides that jade of mine," Smallbridge said briskly. "Will you give him your assistance?"  
She looked a trifle surprised. She gazed at her father searchingly, then said faintly:  
"Very well!"  
Smallbridge took up the paper at his side.  
Roger followed Kitty out. They didn't speak until they came to the garage.  
"I'll take you down in the car," she said.  
When she had backed the car out on to the road she said in an unhappy voice:  
"If there is anything else missing I'll replace it."  
Roger made a negative gesture.  
"Did he—did he fire you?" She glanced at him with her fine dark eyes full of apprehension.  
"Not exactly," said Roger, smiling. I resigned.  
"And he accepted that?"

Looking back, Roger couldn't recall that Smallbridge had actually made any comment.  
"I take it that he did."  
During the rest of the five minute drive to the harbour they said nothing. In funeral silence they went aboard the yacht. Cullen and Charlie were busy in the engine room.  
"Five days ago I came aboard," thought Roger. "Heavens what a lot has happened since then!" He thought of the greeting the girl had given him, and the blood quickened in his veins. And now, dash it, he was aboard for the last time. He would go away probably never see her again.  
But for Kitty that whole five days might have been a dream. It was all real enough as he followed her humbling task. She opened lockers and drawn silently.  
"There's nothing gone in here!" she burst out at last in the saloon. "Why did he want us to look? Does he want you to pay for anything they may have taken?"  
"That would be reasonable enough," said Roger, unsteadily.  
"It's not reasonable! It's my fault—my fault! I've told him again and again!"  
She swung round. Tears were near the surface. Roger caught at her blindly . . . found his arms about her, her convulsed face pressed against his coat.  
"You ought to loathe me!" he stammered. "I was so damned ungenerous."  
"I've lost you your job," sobbed Kitty to a clear realization of what had happened. Consciousness that he held her loveliness in his arms went through Roger like flame and then she drew hastily away from him.  
He held her hand. They faced one another confused by their mutual outbursts of emotion.  
"I want to marry you!" Roger said.  
"Yes?" Kitty smiled breathlessly.  
"But I'm nothing," he told her steadily. "I've nothing to offer you now."  
"That's my fault."  
"You're fault be damned. But I can't ask you. I'll have to get on my feet first."  
She drooped; hope sang in him wildly as he crushed her hand.  
"You have so much!" he said.  
She lifted her eyes with a brave smile. "I'm not going to try to feud you into anything against your judgement this time!"  
He searched her face with anxious eyes.  
"But you do—you would—?"  
"I would—when you feel that you could!"  
Her docility the completeness of her surrender to his will went to his heart. Half an hour later they were back at the villa. They went slowly up through the garden to the terrace together. Kitty stopped by her father's chair to say:  
"We looked through the cabins. The silver tankards had been taken from the gallery. Well replace them daddy!" She cast a smile of sympathy and encouragement at Roger, and went on

into the house. Smallbridge followed her with his eyes, then looked penetratingly at Roger over the top of his Anglo-French newspaper. His first inquiry was unexpected.  
"Did you two make things up?"  
"Why, yes—as a matter of fact we did," replied Roger.  
"Humph!" Smallbridge glared at him expectantly.  
Roger grasped the fact that Smallbridge was not nearly so much in the dark about the situation as he had fancied. He coloured and faced his chosen father in law determinedly.  
"I would like to marry Kitty, sir!"  
"You've asked her?"  
"I don't expect it to meet with your approval, but I told her that I wanted to ask her some time when I'm in a better position. She said she would wait."  
Smallbridge folded his paper decisively, frowning.  
"You've resigned your job as my secretary—" he began.  
"And I'm out of a job, and I need expect no reference from you, sir!" Roger cut in. "I know it. My prospects aren't of the best—"  
Smallbridge shook his head.  
"Not at all," he said. "You're wrong there. I was thinking that I would offer you the London managership!"  
"You—what, sir?"  
"You're the only man, Kent who has ever reduced Kitty to a reasonable frame of mind. Smallbridge explained. "If you can manage Kitty, you can manage the London branch. When Kitty came back last night I knew you had her beaten."  
"But sir—" Roger found himself smiling broadly in his relief. "I don't know what to say! You're too generous. I feel that I let you down badly over this last affair."  
"You may not have done what I told you to do," said Smallbridge. "But you seem to have put every ounce of guts in you into retrieving the situation. Besides, you can manage Kitty, and that's enough for me!"  
He jangled his bell.

"Ask Miss Kitty to come here," he said, when Gullick came.  
Roger walked up and down in a state of elated thankfulness.  
Kitty came in a matter of seconds. She walked straight up to her father's chair. A change had taken place in her manner. Her face was a beautiful mask of mercileless determination.  
"Did he tell you?" she demanded.  
Smallbridge lost his geniality and instinctively took up the defensive.  
"Tell me what?" he countered.  
"That he wants to marry me and I want to marry him!" She lifted her head proudly and threw a flashing glance from one to the other. "He wants us to wait, but I won't wait. I've been thinking about it. It's all nonsense about waiting. Roger went through torments to get the yacht back for you! You're going to give him back his job. Father—yes, and give him a better one!"  
"But Kitty!" began Roger.

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Opening of N.O.S.S.A. Basketball Schedule  
The Porcupine division of the High School boys' basketball league got off to a flying start in the Schumacher High School gymnasium Friday night when Schumacher High defeated Timmins High and Vocational School 28 to 21.  
Timmins, on a strange floor, were slow to start, and Schumacher had scored several points before the locals struck pay dirt. A strong come back in the second half when Timmins were trailing 19 to 8 resulted in their picking up 13 points while Schumacher worked hard for an additional 9.  
Bill Carson was high scorer for Timmins with one point in the first half and five in the second. Both Moro and Burnette had an off night, the former making one basket and the latter two—all in the second period. Jack Carson with five points, Don Billinger two, and Dick Romualdi two, completed the total for Timmins. Wally Faulkner, John Boychuck, Eric Mills and Ted Fitzgerald made up the remainder of the Timmins team.  
Pataran, with 16 points to his credit, and A. Narduzzi, in his strong defensive work, were outstanding for Schumacher, while Heath and A. Cripps, on the wings were effective in setting opportunities for their high scoring centre. The remainder of Schumacher's points were made by Heath four, A. Cripps four, and A. Narduzzi four. D. Turcott, Kovich, M. Narduzzi, P. Laine, Montigny and Flowers completed the Schumacher lineup.  
Referees: Messrs. Slias and Durban.

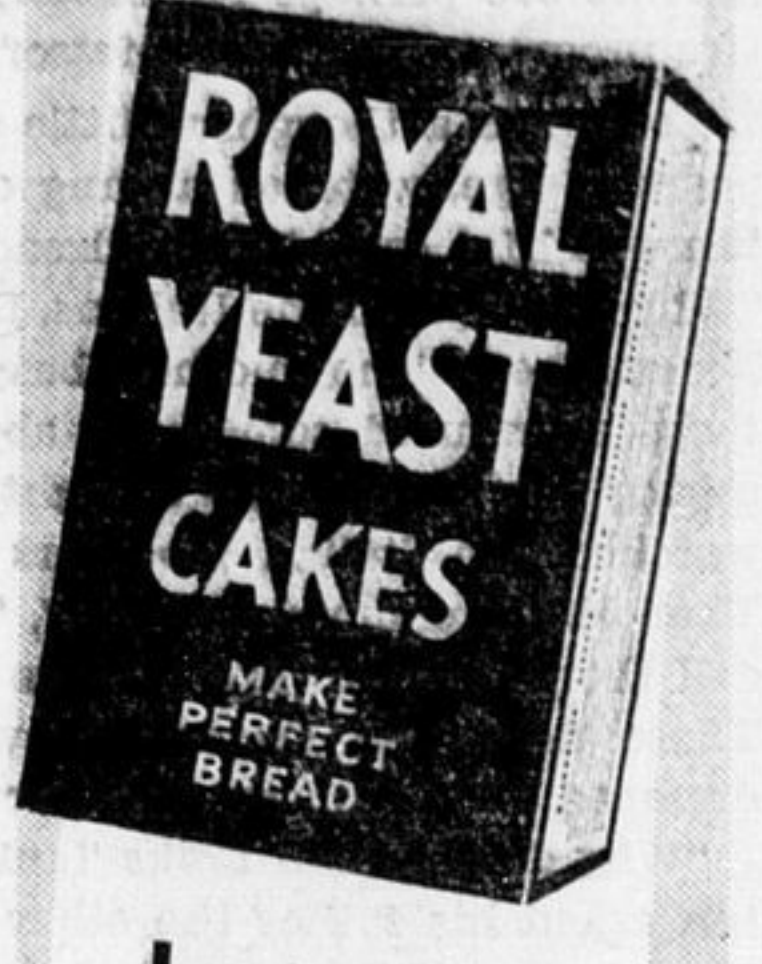
"No don't try to stop me!" she said. "I'm quite right in this! I insist on it."  
Smallbridge yal back in his chair. One hand he placed over his eyes the other he waved feebly at Roger.  
"You win," he said. "You manage the London branch. But I lose! there's not a soul on earth can manage Kitty!"  
(The End)

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.  
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