



The story of the 20th Century-Fox picture starring Madeleine Carroll and Freddie Bartholomew with Tyrone Power, Sir Guy Standing and C. Aubrey Smith

(Will Be Shown Soon in Picture Form at El Portal)

#### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Jonathan Blake, boyhood friend of Admiral Lord Nelson and of Lloyds of London, insurers, in the syndicate headed by John Angerstein, went to France in the troubled years under Napoleon to spy out information for Lloyds. Fearing discovery, he plans to flee when he witnesses the arrest of a beautiful English woman. He aids her to escape the military police, and the two set out for England in a small sloop. Neither Jonathan nor the woman knows the identity of the other.

#### CHAPTER TEN

The little sloop was more than half way across the English channel and the white chalk cliffs of Dover were plainly visible when the girl awakened. She sat up and gazed aft at Jonathan, blue with cold, then without saying a word, she began delving into a large sea chest she found amidships. She produced a loaf of bread, a small cheese, a bottle of red wine and a bottle brandy; she filled a glass with the brandy, came aft and handed it to Jonathan. She then returned to the chest and ate breakfast, after which she came aft again.

"Show me how to steer, Jonathan," she suggested softly. "I'm sure I can manage while you partake of some food and snatch a few hours' sleep. Poor man, you have had a hard night."

He instructed her how to steer by the compass in the binnacle; then he, too, ate. "Call me if the weather changes, Elizabeth, please," he warned her.

He had about two hours of sleep and relieved her at the tiller, in response to her call. A tall, seventy foot gun British man-o-warsman, with every sail set, was bearing down upon them, and Elizabeth had become alarmed as to the danger of a collision. Jonathan luffed the sloop into the wind and she lost headway and lay with her sails shivering as the man-o-warsman came ramping by not thirty yards off the sloop's bow. She was glorious. Walking backward and forward on her poop was a slight man in the uniform of an officer; he came to the rail and looked down at the sloop; he waved a greeting to them.

"There," said Elizabeth, faintly excited, "is the youngest admiral in our navy. I have heard his superiors say that he is destined to a glorious career. His name is Horatio Nelson."

Jonathan stared after the ship,

but her tall stern-castle had blotted out the slight figure on the poop. "We were inseparable friends when we were thirteen years old," he told Elizabeth, "and I have never seen him since. We corresponded frequently, however. Horatio is a tireless letter-writer and much interested in some work that I am doing, which, in a small way, is of aid and benefit to our country."

"You are a professional man, Jonathan?"

"I am connected with Lloyds of London. I am the inventor of and the head of their intelligence or rather their communication system. Horatio called at Lloyd's once years ago to see me, but I was in Germany. Later I went aboard his ship at Plymouth, but the vessel had just been de-commissioned and Horatio had been retired temporarily and was visiting his people at Burnham-Thorpe," and he went on to relate to her the details of the boyish pact that had existed between him and Horatio Nelson. "He often refers to it jestingly in his letters; he has demanded that I follow him into the navy. Of course I have refused, so, under the terms of our pact Horatio has the privilege, when we meet again, of striking me on the jaw."

"How gladly you would present your jaw for the accolade if that would speed your meeting, Jonathan," she suggested. He thrilled at her understanding and continued to watch Horatio's ship until it disappeared in the mist down channel.

"I saw Admiral Nelson a few months ago at a reception in Naples, at Sir William Hamilton's villa," she added. "Nelson was the hero of the hour, yet he impressed me as the most unhappy man I have ever seen. He is so deeply, so tragically in love with Lady Hamilton. He couldn't conceal his feelings if he tried."

"He was always a poor hand at dissembling, Elizabeth. Poor Horatio! How dreadful to be in love with a woman one can never hope to marry." Involuntarily his alert gaze swept her hands seeking a wedding ring. They were gloved. She sat down beside him on the stern sheets and they chatted as the Dover cliffs came closer and closer. They glided into the little harbor about ten o'clock — a fast passage. Jonathan sailed the sloop alongside a private wharf; at his command the girl cast off the hal-yards and the sails came down by the run. Jonathan ran forward and tossed a line up to a man on the dock, who grinned and made it fast. "From Calais, sir?" he queried.

Jonathan nodded.

"We had the news last night that Napoleon was arresting all Eng-

lish subjects in France, so I dare say you got out just in time. What shall I do with this sloop Mr. Blake?"

"Tie it up here until I send for it. I'll have it sent back to France as soon as it is safe to do so. Be good enough to summon a carriage, Henson."

Jonathan turned to Elizabeth. "I daresay you plan to proceed to London on the coach?" Then: "Shall I reserve a seat for you tomorrow? I think you should remain here today, have a good rest tonight and then proceed to London."

She handed him his great coat. "I shall not need this longer," she reminded him gaily. "And shall have to buy some new clothes before I proceed to London. You forget that I left my wardrobe in that hotel in Calais. I left rather hurriedly."

He grinned, and when the carriage arrived, handed her in and together they dove to the best hotel in Dover, where Jonathan engaged a room for the girl and another for himself. He had bought his portmanteau up from the boat and was thus enabled following some six hours of refreshing slumber, to array himself in the habiliments of an English gentleman. He sent a note up to Elizabeth's room and asked her for the pleasure of her company at dinner; to his surprise she came down into the lobby to answer him in person.

"I shall be delighted to accept your invitation," she told him, "provided you will be good enough to loan me twenty pounds. Those soldiers managed to steal my purse in Calais last night and I am quite without funds to purchase new clothing."

"Delighted," he replied, and handed her the money.

"And now, Jonathan, it becomes necessary for me to know your last name, in order that I may repay this loan as soon as I reach London."

"Jonathan Blake. Address me at Lloyd's."

"I am profoundly grateful, Mr. Blake."

"Jonathan," he reminded her smilingly.

"Oh, that was last night," she reminded him, and ran up the stairs.

They dined together at eight; when they rose from the table at ten Jonathan Blake was as deeply in love as he believed it possible for a man to be. With hands that trembled he picked up two candles from the table in the hall and lighted her up the stairs to her room. His own room was just across the hall. As they reached her door and he handed her her

candle he said

"Upon my return to London may I not have the privilege of calling upon you?"

She looked up at him and he read concern in her lovely eyes. "I—I fear that may not be possible," she murmured. "And," she added "from the bottom of my heart I am truly sorry." Her glance fell; without apparent volition on his part, Jonathan placed his right arm around her, drew her gently to him and kissed her on the mouth. For a moment she yielded to him returning the pressure of his lips with the same ardency before thrusting him almost violently away.

"I love you," he said, "I never knew it was possible for a man to be able to say that to a woman after having known her less than twenty-four hours. But now I know that such miracles can happen. I think that so long as I live I shall never cease to love you. Tell me I may have the happiness of paying my court to you—"

She shook her head sadly.

"Would to God we were man and wife," he said huskily, for he was profoundly moved.

"That," she whispered, "can never be. And I am so sorry too. Goodbye, my friend."

She turned quickly into her room and closed the door behind her. Jonathan stood staring at the portal for about a minute, then a slow, happy smile broke over his face, in the knowledge that he was far from unacceptable to the girl. She was right, he told himself. "I have been too precipitate. What does she know about me? The social side of marriage is an important one . . . Ill talk this over with John Angerstein."

A glow of happiness enveloped him. No thought of defeat in the suit he contemplated crossed his mind. He set the candle on the table threw up the window and bared his hot face to the chill October night; far out in the channel he saw a blue light arch into the sky. He thought: "Well, we're still doing business at the old windmill outside Calais!"

He wanted to shout with joy as he undressed. Instead he leaped high in the air and landed with a prodigious thump in the middle of the bed, which buckled under him and hit the floor with a frightful crash. A minute later the innkeeper thrust his nose into the room.

"Wot's happened, sir?" he asked.

"Clear out, or I'll throw my boots at you," Jonathan cried happily.

"Yes, sir. Quite, sir. Thank you, sir."

The following morning he was up

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