

he popped like a hunted animal into it's hole. "Home," he shouted to the driver.

By the time he had gotten home his panic stage had given way to a cold rage. He was not and never had been remotely in love with his wife; he had married her for the huge fortune he knew she would eventually come into. (Indeed it was not possible for him to be remotely interested in anybody but himself.) But he held Elizabeth responsible now for his predicament and his humiliation and he was resolved to waste no further time getting down to brass tacks with her. He found her in her little private sitting room upstairs and saw, by the cool, contemptuous glance she gave him, that she was neither frightened nor intimidated. This knowledge took him down a little bit.

"Well," he charged. "Well, well, madam!"

She laughed coolly and softly. "Are you going to send your friend—assuming you have a friend—to Mr. Blake with your challenge? I believe that is quite the proper gesture for an outraged husband to make—in your set."

"I must ignore the incident," he protested virtuously. "I cannot make my wife the object of the scandalous gossip of London town."

"Then, why the well, well, well, madam?"

He said lamely: "This must not happen again."

There was no mistaking the genuine heartiness of her mirth this time. "Well, of course, Everett, if you had ever been remotely worth loving; if I knew you to be the possessor of a spark of decency, or animal courage, I should have respected you and the marriage vow to the point of refraining from admitting my love to any man no matter how dearly I loved him. Love, Everett, is something that happens, and sometimes, when one is as loveless and unhappy as you have made me, love gets out of control."

"You admit, then, that you love this fellow Blake?"

She nodded. "And I am not even ashamed to admit it. I have been unfaithful to you in spirit only, however."

He saw that he was not going to make any satisfactory progress by condemning her and he was es-topped from proceeding legally against her, for he knew that if he did, Jonathan would proceed legally against him. So, deciding on a bit of drama, he sat down, covered his face with his hands and moaned a little. "Elizabeth," he said presently, "I must be financed. My creditors are after me and I am threatened with the debtors' prison unless I make a substantial payment on account within thirty days and pay the balance within one year."

"How much do you owe?"

"Fifty thousand pounds."

"As a matter of fact the sum is thirty-two thousand pounds, according to your money-lender creditors, who have been after me to pay the score. I have declined. Indeed, even had I been willing to pay you out, I could not have done so, since I have only the income from my father's estate and the expenses of our establishment both here and in Sussex, plus spending money for you, quite uses up my income. It will only be a month, however, until my late father's solicitors make over the principal of his estate to me, and at that time I will be willing to make a deal with you,

Everett."

He saw she was in a mood to bargain with him. "Well, what is your proposition?"

"It is my intention to sue you for a divorce. If you will agree not to defend my suit, I shall; the day the decree is given me, pay your debts and settle upon you an annuity of five thousand pounds."

"Not enough—by half," he protested.

"Then the offer is withdrawn and the battle is on."

"But you can't do that to me. I'm stony—"

"I'm giving orders, Everett. You do not have to obey them, of course, but my solicitors will file the suit within three days. And they may, as trustees of my father's estate, delay the distribution of the principal to me indefinitely, if they so elect."

"You win," he said brokenly. "I agree to your proposition. And if you will give me five hundred pounds now, on account, I will pack and leave at once."

"I will give you a draft on my solicitors. Thank you, Everett, for the only decent act you have ever done. I am grateful that you are giving me a chance for happiness. Incidentally, I have enjoyed this passage at arms."

He had nothing to say. He could only fume inwardly in the knowledge that he was trapped and could do nothing about it. Well, things had not turned out so badly as they might have. The threat of an indefinite sojourn in Newgate prison made him by the money lenders was no idle one—and, after all, he could live rather well on five thousand a year. And he was still young and there were other heirs-

esses! As Jonathan came through the coffee room to the boardroom the following morning he was vastly amused to observe Old Q leaning over the counter at Polly's stall, in confidential discussion on some subject to which Polly was lending an indifferent ear. He was about to salute Old Q and spoof him on his infatuation, when the rapid ringing of the bell in the boardroom caused him to dash hurriedly inside. The incessant ringing of the bell—something that had never hitherto occurred in Lloyd's could mean but one thing. Bad news piled upon bad news to the point of panic! Old Watson, the one-legged clerk of the Angerstein syndicate, who had practically been retired for years, was stumping toward the rostrum . . . Jonathan saw him silence the waiter frantically pulling at the bell rope and hold up his arm for silence.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen: Your attention, please. Two hundred and forty-five vessels of the British merchant fleet from the West Indies, in convoy, were surprised off the Azore Islands by the French fleet. Sixty-three were sunk and the remainder captured."

He paused and in the silence Jonathan could hear his own wild heart beats. Watson continued. "The following is the list of vessels . . ."

Jonathan listened dully as Watson recited the long roster of names . . . a hand touched his elbow and old John Angerstein spoke:

"I'm afraid, lad, that Lloyd's may have received a knockout blow. I know the Angerstein syndicate is down for the count. We issued war risk insurance and charged ten per cent extra premium for the added risk. And now the fortune we made by that daring innovation is gone and with it the accumulated profits

of a life-time."

Jonathan gazed, with bleak eyes, upon his old friend and benefactor. "I'm sorry, sir. C'est la guerre." Six feet from him an underwriter cried out in sudden pain, his hand clawed at his heart and he slumped to his knees and rolled over sideways, his dead eyes upturned accusingly to Jonathan. The dead man was old Jukes, the miser . . . terrible to be born with a soul like that . . . unable to face the music when the notes went sour . . . he wondered how the devil old Jukes had managed to get into the board room . . . in the excitement, of course . . .

"We will, of course, sir, pay to the limit of our resources," he said to John Angerstein. "At least when we petition in bankruptcy we shall have the respect of our creditors."

"Naturally, Jonathan, naturally. However, it will be quite a while before these losses are officially confirmed and proved; in the meantime we will admit nothing. Business as usual, lad." A pistol shot echoed through the boardroom and an underwriter slumped over on his desk, a suicide. "We will," said John Angerstein, "continue to run with a high head and a merry tail. Defeat is not always the portion of those who refuse to admit it until they have fought themselves out."

"The boardroom should close for days, during which no new business should be transacted, while Lloyds takes stock of itself and sees where it stands," Jonathan suggested. "As one of the oldest and most prominent members I think you should make the suggestion. Our clerical force can start figuring out where

our syndicate stands. Meanwhile—"

He sighed deeply and with white set face walked out into the coffee room and through to the street. As he passed Polly's counter a sort of disembodied portion of him heard Old Q cry out irritatingly: "Friends with you, my dear! What silly rot! In all my life I have never been friends with any woman, and damn me if I'll change my habit at seventy. Pol! you're a disappointment and I bid you a very definite farewell."

Jonathan could hear the old fellows talking along behind him; he hoped the aged Marquis would not accost him. It would be like Old Q to greet him heartily, back him in a corner and relate the latest bawdy tale picked up at Lady Masham's gambling rooms. Jonathan could not bare to speak civilly to old Q now. He was crushed, confused, but not despairing. Nevertheless, he yearned for comforting and only in the presence of Elizabeth Stacy could he find it. He would ask Clementine to come with him in his swanky yellow dog cart, drawn by a tandem team of high steppers driven by himself . . . a drive into the country with her . . . damn the world and its gossip . . .

(Continued Next Week).

THE CONSTANT LURE

It might even be said that Roosevelt always is willing to go more than half way, especially if there is fishing enroute.—Glendale, Calif., News-Press.



First automobile to be driven far north of the Arctic Circle was this 1936 Pontiac Eight of Harry C. Lassen's, of San Jose, Calif., who drove it 355 miles beyond to the northernmost shore of Finland as the chief destination of a 35,000-mile tour through Europe last year.