

FLOWING GOLD



By REX BEACH

Printed by arrangement with Metropolitan Newspaper Service, New York. Copyright, 1922 by Rex Beach.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Calvin Gray, sworn enemy of Colonel Henry Nelson, is living in Dallas at the most expensive hotel. Gray falls in love with Barbara Parker, who buys land for Nelson. The Briskow family, friends of Gray, goes to the mountains where Allie, the daughter, has a tutor and a dancing master. Attracted by her money and her physical charms, the dancing teacher kisses Allie. Enraged at his advances, the girl throws the professor out of a window. He lands in a bed of thorns. Mrs. Ring, the tutor, resolves to resign. Allie is in love with Gray.

NO GO ON WITH THE STORY

"She chuckled the dancin' teacher out of a window," he repeated, blankly. "What for?"

"Goodness knows. Mr. Briskow! Something he said, or did—I couldn't make out precisely. I found her in a dreadful state, and I tried to comfort her. I did really, but—oh! If you could have heard her! Where she learned such language I don't know. My ears burn! But that isn't the worst; you should hear what—"

"He must of said something pretty low down," Briskow spoke quietly; his bright blue eyes were hard. "I reckon she'll tell me."

"You don't understand," chattered the woman. "She flung the man bodily out of the window and into a bed of thorns. It nearly killed him; he was painfully lacerated and bruised and—Right in the middle of a golf game! It did something dreadful—I don't know what—just as the world's champion caught the ball, or something."

"If he's crippled I'll get him that much easier," said Briskow, and at the purposeful expression upon his weather-beaten face Mrs. Ring uttered a faint bleat of terror. She patted at him as he undertook to pass her.

"Oh, my heavens! What are you going to do?"

"Depends on what he said to Allie." The woman wrung her hands. "What people! What—savages! You're going to shoot him. I suppose, just because—"

"Yes, sir," the father nodded. "You got it right, motif an' all. 'Just because—'"

"But it's murder! You—you can't mean it!" Moans issued from the speaker. "What ever possessed me to accept this position? It's unendurable, and I'll be involved—"

"I've saw your last raise, Miz' Ring." "Do you think I'd stay after this?" "It's bad enough to be made ridiculous—the whole hotel is in laughter; laughter at me. I dare say, as much as at her. Imagine! Hurling a full-grown man from a window—"

"I don't hear nobody laughing." Briskow swung his head slowly from side to side.

Going directly to the desk, he asked for the manager, then stood aside, hat in hand, until the latter made his appearance. The manager began a hasty and rather mixed apology on behalf of the hotel for what had occurred in the dancing room, but his tone of annoyance was an accusation in itself.

"Very—unfortunate," he lamented. "We haven't heard the last of it, by any means."

"Probably so," the father agreed. "An' I got something to say about it, too. Get that dancin' professor off the place quick or I'll kill him."

The manager recoiled; his startled eyes searched Briskow's face incredulously. "I—beg pardon?"

"I ain't heard my kid's side of the story yet, but I'm goin' to see her now, so you better get word to that jumpin' jack in a hurry. That is, if you want to see her."

"He is discharged, of course, for we tolerate no rudeness on the part of our employes—or our guests, for that matter; but I believe he is suffering some effects from the shock. I couldn't well ask him to go before—"

"I'll take me prob'ly twenty minutes, talkin' to my girl. That'll give him time, if he moves fast. But I may get through in fifteen."

At the door of his suite Gus Briskow paused to wipe his countenance clean of the expression it had worn for the last few minutes, and when he entered it was with his usual friendly smile. Allie and her mother were waiting; they were white and silent. Gus kissed his daughter before saying:

"Don't worry, honey; he won't bother you no more."

Allie averted her face. Mrs. Briskow inquired, "Did you see the skunk?"

"No. I gave him a few minutes to clear out."

"Haden't we better leave, too?" ventured Allie.

"Oh—h!" In Ma's eyes was such bleak dismay, such a piteous appeal, that Gus shook his head.

"What for? We got nice quarters and you, ma likes it here—"

"They're laughing at me. I heard 'em hollerin'."

Allie related her experience with Professor Delameter; she told it all up to the burst of shouting that followed her through the lobby. "You should of hear 'em yelling, clapping their hands—"

"You're just wore out, dearie," her mother said, comfortingly, and Briskow agreed. He assured her that all would be well.

All was not well, however. The next morning when Gus Briskow was about to leave the hotel as usual—Professor Delameter having departed hurriedly the evening before with fully four minutes of his twenty to spare—he was stopped by the manager, who requested

him to give up his rooms. The Texan was bewildered; he could not understand the reason for such a request.

"Ain't I paid my bill?" he queried.

The manager assured him that he had; he was profoundly regretful, as a matter of fact, but it so happened that the Briskow suite had been reserved early in the season, and the party who made the reservation had just died that he was arriving that day. He was a gentleman of importance—it was indeed unfortunate—the management appreciated Mr. Briskow's patronage—they hoped he and his family would return to the Notch sometime.

"Mebbe you got some other rooms that would do us," Gus ventured.

"It was too bad, but the hotel was over-crowded. Later, perhaps—"

Now at that very moment the lobby was filled with tournament golfers who were leaving on the morning train, and Briskow knew it. He studied the speaker with an expression that caused the latter extreme discomfort; it was much the same expression he had worn the night before when he had served warning upon Delameter.

It was with a heavy heart and a heavy tread that Briskow returned to his room. Ma took the announcement like a death blow, for it meant the end of all her dreams, all her joyous games of "pretend." Her mountains—those clean, green, friendly mountains that she loved with a passion so intense that she fairly ached—those and her caves, her waterfalls, her gypsy band, were to be taken from her. She was to be banished, exiled.

As for Allie, she told herself that this was the end. She had tried to make something of herself and had failed. She had crucified herself; she had bled her body and scoured her soul only to gain ridicule and disgrace. There was no use of trying further; Gray had been mistaken in her, and her misery, her shame at the realization was intolerable. There was no facing him after this.

Allie decided to do away with herself.

CHAPTER XV
A Friend in Need

Gus Briskow was waiting at the cashier's desk for his bill when the bustle of incoming guests told him that the morning train had arrived. Probably it had brought that "gentleman of importance" to whom the manager had referred.

Briskow's chain of thought was broken by a slap on the back that nearly drove him through the cashier's window; then by a loud, cheery greeting. The next moment he found himself actually embraced by—Gus could not believe his eyes—by Calvin Gray!

"Gus! You precious pirate! My, but I'm glad to see you! Ma and Allie are well, I know; they couldn't be otherwise here. Great place, isn't it? Nothing in this country or Europe that compares with it, and I've sent dozens of my friends here. I came north on business and couldn't bear to go back without seeing you. Come! Give me a welcome, for I've traveled across three states to get here."

In greater detail, Briskow made known the facts. When he had finished his halting recital, Calvin Gray's face was flushed with anger, there was a dark brown between his eyes.

"We'll see," he muttered. Wait here—or go back and tell Ma to commence unpacking. Then he was gone.

For perhaps ten minutes Gus waited nervously; he was amazed finally to see Gray approaching arm in arm with the manager; both were laughing, the hotel man's face was radiant with good humor. To the departing guest he said genially:

"You are not going to leave us, after all, Mr. Briskow. On the contrary, we are going to keep you at the Notch as long as you'll stay. Stupid misunderstanding on my part, and I apologize. I'm going to ask you to move, but into a better suite—the very best one we have. And the rate will be the same. Come! What do you say?"

"Dunno's I want to stay at all," Gus murmured, angrily. "We ain't no better'n we was a half hour ago."

"To be sure, but I've made you better known," said Gray. "You are too shy; you didn't afford my friend here the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and I had to tell him the sort of person you really are. Serves you right, Gus, for being so exclusive. Gad! I think I'll give you a few lessons in democracy. Now then, come along! I'm dying to see Ma."

As the father trotted down the hall beside his swiftly striding deliverer, he gasped: "How'd you do it?"

"Nothing simpler, I merely showed Mr. What's-his-name that he was making an ass of himself. I've spent a fortune here; know the owners, too. Nice chap, that manager, but he has no business running a hotel, and I so informed him." The speaker laid a finger up his lips; his eyes were dancing. He knocked sharply at the Briskow door and cried, "Baggage ready, ma-am?"

There was a stir within, the door was slowly opened by a bent, pathetic figure of grief.

"Ma!" Gray cried, and he held out his arms.

Perhaps it was his virile personality radiating confidence, security, or perhaps it was Gus Briskow's shining face that told the story; whatever the fact, Mrs. Briskow uttered a thin, broken wail, then walked into those open arms and laid her head upon Gray's breast.

"Oh—h-h! We ain't goin' away!" she said. "We ain't goin' away!"

"Of course not, Gus misunderstood. 'Or course merely wanted you to move—into a larger, finer suite, and he is positively distressed at the thought of your leaving. The poor man is dashing about collecting an armful of roses for you and Allie. He wanted to come in person and apologize."

There was another sound and Gray looked up to see Allie standing in the doorway to her bedroom; with one hand she clutched the jamb, the other was pressed to her bosom; she was staring at him as at an apparition.

It was several hours later. In the parlor of the new suite, a spacious, sunny room, fragrant with flowers and cheerful with brilliant certones, Gray and Briskow were talking. Allie and her mother could be seen in their bedroom, putting away the last of their belongings. Gray's eyes had been drawn, at frequent intervals, to the

younger woman, for the change in her became the more amazing the more he observed her.

Gray sent the father away on some pretext, finally; then he called to Allie: "Come in here and talk to me. I am a guest and I demand entertainment." He observed with silent approval her carriage as she entered the room and accepted the chair he offered her. Faint trace of the master's daughter here.

"I want a good chance to look at you." "Now then, do you like Mrs. Ring?" Allie nodded. "I like her, but—I hate her. She makes me feel awful mad because she can't understand that I ain't—I ain't not mad at her, but at myself. I don't hardly know how to explain it. If I was her I'd hate me, like I do."

"Would you! She knows everything, and she makes me learn. But she won't stay. I just found out that she's been quitting every few weeks, and Pa's been raising her wages. No, the disgrace, and our being thrown out—"

"My dear girl, let me assure you, once for all, there is no suggestion of disgrace about this affair. You behaved with spirit, and those who have heard about it admire you. I have talked with a number of them, and I know. I had a talk with Mrs. Ring also, and she will remain if you wish her to do so. Tell me, what are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Dunno! Allie looked blank. "I don't do anything but study. I s'pose I got to study."

"Nothing of the sort. You have circles under your eyes now from over-work, and this is your vacation. I am a visitor, a restless visitor; I abhor being asked to make myself at home, and I never do. I demand amusement. Do you know what I'd like to do best of all?" Allie did not know. "I'd like to sit here and smoke while you show me all your pretty dresses. You're dying to show them to me, aren't you?"

"Run along and try them on, then I'll borrow a pair of puttees and we'll go for a ride."

For the next two hours Allegheny Briskow was in heaven. Never had she dreamed of anything like this. To have Calvin Gray alone, all to herself—Ma, as usual, had disappeared—and to discuss with him exciting questions of dress and good taste that she could not discuss with her own people; to meet his occasional hearty approval—well, it was enough to make a girl drunk with happiness. Gowns that she liked became precious; she hated those that she condemned. Her fingers grew clumsy with haste, her cheeks burned. He said she wore her clothes well, that she carried herself well. He approved of her—liked her! God above! And to think that she had contemplated suicide!

"Where is Ma?" Gray inquired, when the last gown had been prided and when Allie appeared in her riding suit.

"Out with the fairies, I suppose. She won't tell Pa or me where she goes or what she does—says it's all foolishness."

"Perhaps she will tell me, for I believe in fairies," Gray said, seriously. Allie smiled at him. "I reckon she will. Folks tell you 'most anything you want them to, I reckon."

This was the busiest hour of the afternoon. Gray had purposely ordered the horses sent around at a time when he knew that the veranda, the walks, and the tennis courts would be filled, for ever since his interview with the hotel manager a plan had been shaping in his mind and already he had dropped a few words, a hint or two here and there, that were calculated to stimulate interest in Allie Briskow.

It gratified his craving for the

theatric now to lead the girl out before so many curious eyes. For himself, he knew that he commanded attention, and as he noted the lines of this young June he could not deny that in her that needed betterment.

Under cover, Gray noted Allie's effect upon her attentive audience, and she smiled. If only he could make her a woman to be sought after by some of the best people.

"We've been having supper in our rooms lately," she told him, when they returned at dark. "You're going to eat with us, ain't—are you?"

"I am, to be sure. But not in your rooms," he declared.

"You'd rather do exactly what would please me, now, wouldn't you?" "Yes, sir."

"Then run along and put on that dinner dress that I liked best. And tell Ma to look her prettiest, too. We'll not spoil this day; you're going to be seven-thirty when Gray, in

evening clothes, appeared at the Briskow suite. Allie told herself there had never been a man so handsome, so distinguished, so Godlike as he.

Allie wore an expensive black lace dress, sleeveless and sufficiently low of neck to display her charms. "Plain! A little too somber," Gray declared. "She can afford colors, ornaments. Jove! I'd like some time to see her in something Oriental, something barbaric. The next time I'm in New York I'll select a gown—"

Mr. Briskow entered at the moment, greatly flustered and extremely self-conscious, and here, certainly, was no lack of ornamentation or of color. Ma wore all her jewelry, and her dress was an elaborate creation of brilliant jade green, from one shoulder of which depended a filmy streamer of green chiffon. In her desire to gild the lily she had knotted a Roman scarf about her waist—a low, of purple, of blue, of orange—a very spectrum of vivid stripes, and it utterly ruined her.

"You said to look my nicest," she bubbled, "so I done the best I could."

"You are lovely, both of you, but—this is my party, isn't it? I can do anything I please!" Gray looked from one to the other in eager inquiry. "Then let me fix you my way. Ma Briskow, your face is so sweet, too gentle, to be spoiled. Your charm is in your simplicity. Here, I have it!"

With swift impetuosity he untied the scarf and whipped it from Ma's waist. "Watch me now and you'll see I'm right." With his penknife he cut the threads that held the chiffon streamer in place and removed it. "Voilà! Even so little, and we see an adorable, motherly person, richly but unostentatiously gowned. Don't you agree with me?"

Without pausing for an answer, he wheeled upon the daughter. Around Allie's hips he flung the scarf, drew it snug and smooth, then knotted it. Next he snatched the length of chiffon and bound it about her head. His touch was deft and certain; a moment and it had been fashioned to suit him.

This proved to be an evening when people really did turn their heads as

the Briskows were shown to their table, but for once Allie suffered no embarrassment, for she felt sure they were looking at Calvin Gray, and in the shining glory of his presence she knew that she and her parents were invisible.

It was the sort of situation in which Gray appeared to best advantage, so he talked incessantly during the meal, and in a key that kept his companions unconscious of their surroundings. On their way out they passed the entrance to the ball room and paused to look in. The beat of the music swayed Allie unconsciously; then, before she knew it, Gray's arm was around her out upon the floor.

About midnight Calvin Gray strolled outdoors for a breath of fresh air before retiring. He glowed with the consciousness of a worthy deed well done. He had come to the Notch expecting to spend one night, but events of the last few hours had induced him to change his plans, and he now made up his mind to stay several days.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



Yo ho, my lively buccaneers!
Hoist up the Jolly Roger!
You sails another prize of Grape
To keep our spirits in good shape.
We'll grab the captain by his nape
And sink the wily codger!

"Yo Ho, Another Treasure of Good-Grape"

—you, too, would scour the seven seas for this tangy, sparkling beverage

CAP'N Grapejack leads a merry life, scouring the seven seas in search of ships laden with treasures of Good-Grape. And when the Cap'n's binoculars spy one, the shout goes up from stem to stern of the bold pirate ship—"Yo ho, another treasure of Good-Grape."

one drink of this delicious, thirst-quenching beverage makes permanent friends for it.

Don't wait till tomorrow to try Good-Grape. Don't wait another minute. There's a place in your life for Good-Grape that no kind of soft drink has ever filled!

And the Cap'n's men—what won't those lads do for a satisfying swig of tangy, sparkling Good-Grape—its rich grape flavor derived, by a new process, from the fresh sweet fruit itself. There's nothing quite like Good-Grape. There's nothing quite like the way

drink **Good-Grape**
"FRUIT OF THE VINE"
5¢
Ice Cold—Bottles Only



Your Blood—the secret of Vitality!

YOU, too, may be more attractive. It is the blood that circulates thru your body and comes to the skin that makes the "glow." It is the rich blood that clears away pimples, skin eruptions and makes the skin youthful and clear. It is rich blood that feeds the flesh and rounds out the body naturally.

Then why not use this simple reasonable way to have more strength and more vitality and attractiveness that follows?

S.S.S. is one of the greatest blood-cell builders, body-builders and blood-cleansers of all time. Its medicinal ingredients are purely vegetable.

S.S.S., because of its blood-building powers, is a remarkable builder of firm flesh. It fills out hollow cheeks and beautifies the complexion as thousands of men and women can testify.

S.S.S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine