

# EAST and WEST

BY TALBOT MUNDY

• TALBOT MUNDY—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"I'll talk English to His Highness," said Rundhia. "The old sheep shall do one useful thing before he dies. You have the poison ready?"

"Yes, but this is a crisis," the Bengali answered. "Are you in a fit condition to control a crisis? To me, you seem very nervous. Let me feel your heart-beat. Why not postpone this until tomorrow?"

"Because tomorrow the old sheep might change his will. I've had a warning from the Resident. By the day after tomorrow, they might already have vetoed my succession to the throne. If he's already dead they'll let me succeed, to save themselves trouble. So poison the old sheep tonight, and take your money and go to the devil. I hope I never see you again. If you fail, I'll take damned good care you hang!"

"There is no risk of failure, unless you are too excited and behave suspiciously."

"Yes, there is," said Rundhia. "You do as I tell you. Be a little late with his tonic, so that he drinks it greedily. I'm going in to see him now. After I come out, you wait until someone else goes in to see him."

"But if no one goes?"

"I will take care that someone does go. If you give it to him in someone else's presence, it will look more innocent. Will he be able to speak after he drinks it?"

"No. It will paralyze his nerves immediately."

"How long will it take him to die?"

"Perhaps ten minutes. Perhaps less. It will appear to be heart failure."

"Very well then. Where's your needle? Give me a strong shot."

"No. Not too strong. You must not get the habit. After this, you will need your faculties and self-control, if we are not to be found out. I will give you just sufficient to steady your nerves."

The Maharajah stared, noted the expression on Rundhia's face when he entered the room and made a warning gesture toward the Punjabi stamp salesman.

"Can he understand English?" Rundhia demanded.

"I believe not."

"Well, I will speak English. If he does understand it, it won't matter. I want you to call up the Resident and demand the immediate arrest of Captain Norwood!"

"Why?" asked the Maharajah.

"He has not only taken a bribe from the priests, as you already know—"

"I have heard it said."

"You know it's true. And now he has assaulted me. He knocked me out with a punch in the face."

"Were you drunk?" asked the Maharajah. And before Rundhia could answer: "It would be beneath my dignity to ask the Resident to take official cognizance of a brawl between two drunkards."

CHAPTER XX

Lynn changed from the Indian costume. She entered the Maharanees' boudoir in a chiffon evening gown.

"Please don't get up, Maharanees dear. You treat me as if I were royalty and you a subject or something."

"Why did you change your dress, Lynn? You looked so charming in—"

"Oh, this dress feels more honest somehow. I mean more like my real colors. Maharanees dear, I'm afraid I'm all upset. I'm not fit to talk to."

"Lynn dear, what has happened?"

"Rundhia made love to me, and I wasn't even polite to him. Captain Norwood came, and punched Rundhia—he knocked him off the wall. I thought he had killed him. Oh, why do I keep on getting other people into trouble!"

The Maharanees' worried face seemed to age under Lynn's eyes:

"Lynn, did he hurt Rundhia badly?"

"No, I think not. Rundhia walked away."

"Did you speak to Captain Norwood?"

"Yes, I insulted him. I did it thoroughly. I suppose I shouldn't have, since it was I who injured him. But I couldn't help it. He tore up my letter, so I tore up his. I am not meek by nature. I'm not good at pretending."

"And Rundhia wasn't hurt? You are sure?"

"Captain Norwood went down off the wall to look. It wasn't long before Rundhia walked away. I don't know why he didn't come back and face Captain Norwood, but perhaps he was too stunned by being knocked off the wall. Rundhia didn't behave very well."

"He needs you, Lynn."

Lynn laughed—bitter—contemptuous: "Needs me? I need a friend. Rundhia is—"

"Be strong," said the Maharanees. "I am your friend."

"Yes, bless you! Rundhia seemed strong," Lynn said. "And he talked like a perfect lover. I had almost begun to believe he can love. And

then something happened. There was shooting—perhaps nothing important—I don't know. I asked Rundhia, and I thought he was lying when he said he didn't know. After that—it was quite sudden—I didn't believe in him any longer. I can't explain it. Then Captain Norwood came."

A servant entered. He announced that Prince Rundhia was waiting.

"Lynn, will you see him?"

"Not alone," Lynn answered.

The Maharanees thought a minute: "It is against precedent, against custom. Lynn dear, will you be shocked if I ask Rundhia to come in here to talk to us?"

Lynn found a smile. "I suppose you're afraid he might brag! Let's risk that. I won't tell."

Rundhia strode in. He stood stock-still in the center of the room. He was wearing a blood-red turban and dinner jacket. He looked like the real Rundhia again. Easy to imagine him horsed and riding hard at an enemy. He gazed at Lynn a moment, then at the Maharanees:

"Has Lynn told you?" he asked.

"Yes, Rundhia. What did you do to make Captain Norwood strike you?"

Rundhia tossed his head. He looked like a man when he did that.

"Lynn saw. Lynn heard," he answered. "I went at once and de-



"Lynn dear, what has happened?"

manded Norwood's arrest. His Highness your husband, my revered and beloved uncle, refused. Lynn must decide."

"Decide what?" Lynn asked.

Rundhia looked strangely at her. "Does he live or die? It was because you were there that Norwood struck me. I hadn't offered to strike him. There is only one possible resort to that insult—unless you forbid. That is what you must decide now. Lynn, I have offered you my heart and the throne of Kadur. What is your answer?"

"Lynn," said the Maharanees—and stopped speaking.

There was a knock at the door. A servant entered:

"Captain Norwood sahib! He waits. He begs leave to speak to Her Highness the Maharanees. Captain Norwood says his business is very urgent."

"I will not see Captain Norwood," said the Maharanees. "This is no hour for me to receive him." She stared at Rundhia. Then, slowly, to the servant: "Tell Captain Norwood he should ask for His Highness my husband. I will send word to His Highness, asking him to receive Captain Norwood."

The servant vanished.

Lynn got up out of her chair. She looked desperate but perfectly calm.

"Lynn darling," said the Maharanees.

Rundhia interrupted: "Norwood's fate is in your hands. I will do anything for you—if—"

"If what, Rundhia?"

"If you accept my love."

"I don't love you," she answered.

"Accept my love. My love will make you love me!"

"If not?" Lynn asked.

"I will kill Norwood. After that, I will let happen what may. If my love means nothing, I will trample it into oblivion. Yes or no, Lynn?"

"Rundhia," Lynn's voice was as quiet and controlled as if she were facing death. "The barrier between you and me is your laugh when you boasted of Captain Norwood's ruin. You promised me that you would do your best to clear him. Did you?"

"No," said Rundhia. "But if you will marry me, I will. I will accept your promise. I don't believe you know how to break one. I will keep mine."

"Rundhia," said Lynn, "I will promise to marry you, if you will write, and sign, a retraction of any and all accusations against Captain Norwood. You must put it in the form of a letter to the British Resident, and it must be witnessed by the Maharanees and the Maharajah."

You must meet Captain Norwood in my presence, and the Maharanees, and you must say to him personally that you withdraw. I won't ask you to beg his pardon, because I won't do that. I won't speak to him. But I insist on your behaving like a man."

The Maharanees spoke suddenly with a ring of command in her voice:

"Rundhia, go to the table and write!"

Rundhia went to the table. Lynn sat down beside the Maharanees:

"Maharanees dear, you must be my wise friend, for I am all in the dark. I feel so western and so lonely, and I don't know whether I am doing right or wrong. But I will do my best."

"Lynn—"

Lynn interrupted her: "Will you make me a promise? Will you never, never tell Captain Norwood why I married Rundhia? Will you keep it a secret?"

The Maharanees was silent for nearly a minute. She was not quite dry-eyed. She spoke suddenly, low-voiced:

"Lynn, do you love Captain Norwood?"

"Maharanees dear, I have promised to marry Rundhia."

CHAPTER XXI

Norwood stood stock-still, beneath a Tibetan devil-mask, between two suits of ancient Indian armor. He had sent up his card to the Maharanees with a request for an immediate interview. It was an outrageous request, and he knew it. The palace chamberlain approached him, stared—stared harder—hesitated, and then:

"Captain Norwood? We had heard you are dead!"

"Yes, I have been wondering who is sorry I'm not dead. Has the Maharajah heard it?"

"No, I believe not. He is rather inaccessible this evening. And it was only a rumor, unconfirmed yet. It was thought best not to mention it to him prematurely. May I congratulate you on your escape. It was said that criminals attacked your camp. I am sincerely—"

"Thanks."

"Your business at the palace? I think the Maharajah might be pleased to see you. He has a document—"

"I have asked to see the Maharanees."

"Oh, impossible! Captain Norwood, please. We have been very unconventional of late, but—"

"Here comes the servant," said Norwood.

The servant delivered his message: the chamberlain accompanied Norwood upstairs as far as the anteroom that led into the Maharajah's study:

"I am sure His Highness will be glad to see you, because of that new document he has discovered. The attendant in the anteroom will announce you. Hee-hee! You may believe it or not, but I wouldn't dare to do it."

"Don't mention my name," said Norwood.

"I wouldn't think of it. The doctor and I are not cronies. I will simply say someone went in. I believe you will be admitted. His Highness spoke of you. I think he really wants to see you."

The chamberlain left him. Norwood was announced. The Punjabi stamp salesman was dismissed, smiling as if he had done good business. The door closed, and Norwood was alone with the Maharajah.

At last the Maharajah spoke: "I am pleased to receive you, Captain Norwood, even though the hour is unusual. You came to speak to me about the—ah—boundary dispute? I

have news. Since I saw you, my secretary has found a document which seems to me to make the priests' case so ridiculous that—"

"Oh, I expect to find in the favor of the priests, Your Highness. Those documents may interest lawyers. I am only concerned with the boundary line. I have been accused of accepting a bribe from the priests—"

"Oh! Captain Norwood, you astonish me. Who is your accuser?"

"I supposed you already knew. He will tell you. As a matter of fact, I called on Her Highness the Maharanees. I want to speak to Miss Lynn Harding. I have reason to believe that without the Maharanees' advice she might refuse to see me until perhaps tomorrow. I need to see her tonight. I hoped to persuade the Maharanees to arrange the interview, but she refused, so I came to you instead."

"Is it urgent? Won't you please be seated? Won't you read this document?"

"Your Highness, do you think I would disturb you at this time of night if it wasn't urgent!"

"Oh, well, possibly an interview can be arranged. I will enquire presently. Won't you read that document?"

Norwood smiled agreeably: "I will. As you have reason to know, sir, I'm a bit slow at reading this ancient script."

"I wouldn't care to let that out of my possession," said the Maharajah.

"Suits me," Norwood answered. "I ask nothing better than to sit here for the time being. You will learn why, later."

The Maharajah looked up sharply, but Norwood raised the document between them. He couldn't see Norwood's face:

"You flatter me," he said after a moment.

At last came a knock at the door. The Maharajah tapped the gong with his fingers and the Bengali doctor entered, making his suave professional bow. He was followed by the Maharajah's personal attendant, carrying a big blue goblet on a silver tray. The Bengali eyed Norwood with horror.

"You are late," said the Maharajah. "Why are you late?"

"I was delayed, your Highness."

Norwood had laid down the document. He rose from his chair. He stepped behind the Bengali. He held his right fist ready for emergency and seized the goblet in his left hand. The Bengali stepped back, out of reach of the fist. The Maharajah made a sudden exclamation, not unlike a sheep's bleat. The white-clad servant backed away, showing the whites of his eyes. Norwood held the goblet toward the Bengali:

"Drink it!" he commanded.

The Bengali was speechless. It was several seconds before he could stammer: "Sir, are you mad?"

The Maharajah, with his elbows on the desk, and one hand within reach of the drumstick of the golden gong, leaned forward, staring.

Norwood spoke again quite calmly. But it was a deadly calm. It frightened the Bengali:

"You are, aren't you, the doctor who poisoned Mrs. Harding's toast?"

"Sir, beware whom you slander!" The Bengali appealed to the Maharajah: "Is your Highness pleased to hear me slandered by a madman who is known to have been bribed by—"

Norwood interrupted: "Cut that! You heard me. Drink it!"

"That is His Highness' tonic."

"Drink it!" said the Maharajah. He looked almost happy. He sounded quite calm. But his fingernails drummed on the desk. Not a sign of humor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

'Algae' Worry Scientists Seeking Pure Water Supply

Supplying pure, good-tasting water to a modern city has its ups and downs. One of the biggest "downs" is the sudden appearance of a small or taste suggesting moldy basements, cucumbers, pig pens or long-dead fishes. This means that algae is in the reservoir and instead of calling the police with a drag-net, the trouble shooters at the water works go hunting with a microscope.

Algae are the simplest and most ancient forms of plant life. They do not bother drinking water as long as they behave themselves. Usually they are taken care of by filtration and other purification. But, like any crowd, there is always a smart aleck or two. That is when the superintendent of the reservoir has his worries.

Nearly every city water system that draws its supply from surface reservoirs must be guarded constantly against sudden invasions of such algae and their relatives, writes Walter E. Burton in Nature Magazine. The chemist at the water works keeps a rogue's gallery of photomicrographs of the offenders. Once they are identified he

starts in to round them up—and out. One of the most offensive algae—Reservoir Enemy No. 1—is Synura Uvella. He is a two-tailed creature that likes to travel in gangs of 50 or so. Such a bunch, magnified 600 times, makes a spot about the size of a quarter. Three of these gangs in a gallon of water will make it taste pretty awful—some say like geraniums; others like dead fish. Synura loves the cold, so is especially offensive in winter.

Anabaena is good-looking algae—under the microscope—with cells arranged in graceful curlicues. However, it creates an odor and taste described as "grassy, moldy and vile." Asterionella adds the delightful touch of a pig-pen odor to the reservoir water, and it, too, is pretty, with its cells arranged like a star.

These and other public water enemies are one reason why you have a water bill to pay. Just as you need a police department to protect you, so you need the men at the water works, particularly the trained chemists, to keep the water pure and tasty.

## Comfort, Style, Color, Novelty In New Spring Shoe Fashions

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS A prologue to the season before us the National Shoe fair, held in Chicago recently, launched many new styles for the Easter parade, and for the spring and summer months to follow. It is not possible to tell of all the shoe fashions exhibited, so in the next few paragraphs we will cite a few outstanding highspots.

First, one is impressed with the striking originality that marks the styling of shoes this season. The big news is the swing toward back decoration. The newest models are styled with all sorts of fancy cutouts in heel and side-back sections. Open toes appear in a substantial percentage, with good taste using a restraining hand.

In leathers there is decided ingenuity in combinations, especially with fabrics. In the forefront are leathers from the reptilian family. Patent is a top-honor contender, dividing its style prestige with gabardine. Suede is also definitely in the picture. The steps are prime favorites. The majority of these, and of pumps, carry elasticated sections.

For the initial purchase smart women will select black or the new bluejacket blue, a dark navy. Malibu beige is also a color you will be parading. Gray is due for a decided revival.

Heels introduce more novelty in their heights and shapes than in

any previous year. They will "click" from flat platforms to new spike altitudes. Wedges in medium and high heel versions promise a great vogue. When you see the new play shoes you won't be able to resist. Wedge shoes with soles in brilliant red kid and tops of Paris blue, buck piped in red, with a red drawing around the top will embark you gaily on that all-American spring which fashion advises will be here, with patriotic colors flagging interest from head to foot.

Ready to step out for spring are bluejacket pumps with bows and moccasin-effect fronts edged in white as shown to the left in the picture, worn with a navy and white print frock and navy and white accessories. Gay stripe wool for coats is a spring promise. To wear with your striped coat choose shoes such as accompany the coat illustrated.

Describing the shoes shown in the inset, beginning at the top, No. 1 is the new double platform type. The alligator pumps next below are real smart. They are in the new taupe gray, have the latest square toe and beel design, with stitching in brown. Shown next is a significant style forecast. It combines alligator with suede or gabardine. Two pert bows of alligator add swank. Comfort plus style is the very important message conveyed by the shoe that concludes the group.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Pastel Blouse



A sheer crepe blouse in monotone pastel, pale blue, muted pink, grayish green or the new wheat color with a dark skirt of rich fabric is a dress formula that carries style conviction. The blouse pictured observes the newest styling details. High neckline, long generously full sleeves, the wide corselet effect that gives a nipped-in waistline, they are marks of fashion-wise dressmaker touches. A matching turban is late fashion decree.

Nepotry is launching new styles in chemisier blouses, making them of silk or cotton novelty shirting and trimming them with old-time featherstitched braid and nacre shell-shaped buttons.

Milliners Turn Out Cunning Spring Hats

A pastel felt or a gay fabric turban make good "starters" for spring. The sailor theme is a most important one. As for turbans you can wear no smarter headpiece. The latest is to have a turban match either blouse or bag or match something that has to do with your costume.

The outstanding feature about the cunning hats that tilt over the face, some not much larger than the palm of your hand, is that they all throw the spotlight on back views. Milliners have devised all sorts of schemes in the way of snoods and fitted deep bandeaux and ribbon cap-fitting contrivances not only to insure a comfortable fit on the head but to give chic and charm to back views.

House Coats to Fit Your Personality

House coats and hostess gowns, like all other costumes, should be chosen to match your personality. Once in a while the tall, stately woman may find it amusing to go frilly and feminine at home and the hoyden may try her hand at elegance, but these are the exceptions rather than the rule.

Ordinarily the woman who spends many hours in her home likes pretty, cheerful pastels, while the career woman who keeps an eye on the practical side chooses the darker red, wine and blue shades.

Wet Day Ensemble Chic and Sensible

Copper and white are attractively combined for a rainy day ensemble. A trench coat of copper-toned gabardine is teamed with white rubbers and a transparent copper-toned umbrella. The umbrella has an old-fashioned ivory tusk handle. An amusing lapel pin for this coat is a pair of white celluloid ducks.

## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—In war, both the Poles and the Russians seem to suffer from incurable romance. The Poles cling to their picturesque cavalry against all the hard-boiled military advice in Europe, and their horses made beautiful targets for machine-gun bullets. The Russians in the latest emergency sent in, not a strategist in modern war, but their most romantic cavalry general, Marshal Simon M. Budenny, and reports of disaster follow swiftly. News stories chalk up another "dismal failure," in the general's latest assault on the Mannerheim line.

In the late summer of 1919, when the cables brought the news that the Bolsheviks were whipped and in flight, and that the White Russian Denikin held all of southern Russia, Budenny galloped through the steppes, recruiting his army of wild horsemen. He was a Cossack, from the Don region, gaudily apparelled, and with a huge blow-torch moustache that flared magnificently in the wind. His little bands of free-booters grew into a huge cavalry army. It swept back, not only Denikin, but his ally, Wrangel and stopped the Poles until the French came to their aid.

The general was enshrined in legend. He became the hero of folk tales and songs throughout the land—his wife, too, who rode and fought with him. Lenin later put him in command of all the Russian cavalry. He is a man of extraordinary energy. "Proletarians, to horse!" was his rallying cry, as he became one of the country's main inciters of patriotic enthusiasm. He had all Russia thinking or at any rate feeling that the answer to all its troubles was in getting everybody on horseback.

He was a peasant, without schooling. And there is no available record of his having had any training or experience in mechanized warfare. He was a private in the Russo-Japanese war and a petty officer in the early stages of the World war. His wife, said to have been the best rifle shot in Russia, killed herself accidentally while cleaning a gun, in 1925. He married a famous actress of the Mali theater in Moscow, and their joint histrionics have continued to thrill the Russians. He has maintained a horse-breeding farm and encouraged his countrymen to do the same, evidently on the theory that a good horse and a good proletarian slogan would make any Russian unconquerable.

MANY years ago, this writer shared an apartment with the late Willard Huntington Wright. If the Empire State building were an ivory tower, Prof Doubles as it would not be a philosopher and have been tall Author of Thrills Mr. Wright is those days. He was an aesthete, fastidious in dress, multi-lingual, a postgraduate of many European salons, a distinguished art critic and a precisionist of ideas, to whom a primrose by the river's brim was a simple primulae and nothing more. I began to feel the altitude, and one day dived out of a 90-story window. It was not until several years later that I learned Mr. Wright had done the same and, conversely, had become S. S. Van Dine, authoring bell-ringing murder-mystery stories to the end of his days.

Somewhat similar is Dr. Rudolf Kager's ambidextrous life as a philosopher and writer of detective stories. As he is hired by the New York World's fair—they may need to have a philosopher around by next spring—it is revealed that this Kurt Steel who has been keeping us awake nights with "Judas Incorporated," "Crooked Shadows," and the like, is none other than Dr. Kager, associate professor of philosophy at New York university. At the fair he will work as a philosopher rather than as a detective, pulling together a lot of educational loose ends and ravellings which, it seemed, got into a somewhat untidy state last summer.

His detective stories started as an antidote for a feeling of loneliness in the groves of Academe—as in the case of Mr. Wright. In 1930, he had prepared his doctor's thesis on "The Growth of F. H. Bradley's Logic," and had climbed where few or none could follow. He was all fagged out, and any two-dollar word made him shut his eyes and duck. A friend suggested that he bang out a murder story—anything that came into his head. "Murder of a Dead Man" was his first extra-curricular workout. The publishers yelled for more.