

# EAST AND WEST

BY TALBOT MUNDY

TALBOT MUNDY—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

At the foot of the stairs, Norwood pulled out his cardcase, produced a card and gave it to one of the palace servants: "Send that up to Miss Lynn Harding. Say I will be waiting outside. I will meet her near the front steps."

He walked out. Under the glare of the portico light he pulled out his handkerchief, raised his right arm and waved it.

O'Leary's shrill whistle answered: long-short, long-short—"Order received and executed—okay!"

O'Leary had released the Bengal doctor.

CHAPTER XXII

Lynn looked like a ghost in white chiffon. She turned instinctively to the right and stepped into the darkness. She stood within a few paces of the spot where, one night ago, she had bridled at Norwood's blunt comments. It seemed as if a whole lifetime had passed in the interval. The guitar and the songs on the wall were a far-off memory.

Norwood strode out of the darkness. "Silence!" he said. "Not a word. Nothing so easy on the nerves as saying nothing."

They continued walking until they came to a moonlit lotus pond and stood together staring at the reflections of trees. A little animal jumped into the water and swam. They watched the ripples spread until they reached the marble banks. At last Norwood spoke:

"Feeling better?"

"I can't analyze it. I suppose I'm feeling guilty."

"Want some more silence?"

"No. I would rather you'd say what you think."

Norwood chuckled: "You remember the parrot. I draw extra pay for thinking and not talking. I have only one virtue."

"You say only one virtue? What is it?"

"I never use double meanings."

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Yes."

"Good. Then please say what you think of me, straight, without any double meanings or reservations. Let's get that over with."

"Very well, Lynn. But are you quite sure you won't be belligerent about it? I didn't bring you out here to start a fight."

It wasn't the first time he had called her Lynn, but she noticed it. When Rundhia first called her Lynn she actually hadn't noticed it.

"I never am belligerent," she answered.

"No? What a pity. Of course, I don't expect to be shot but I don't even want to make you really angry. You're a bit angry now, aren't you?"

"Yes, but with myself. I'm not angry with you. Go ahead, punish me. I'll take it. Say what you think."

"Do you promise you won't hit back, or make a scene, or accuse me of hidden motives?"

"Captain Norwood, kindly go ahead and tell me. I've treated you very badly and you're entitled to revenge. I will listen. And won't answer back."

"Don't promise."

"Say what you think," she insisted.

"I think the same now that I did when I first saw you."

"What is it?"

"Perhaps I'm not being quite accurate. It wasn't until that astonishing picnic at the palace that I made up my mind to marry you. I fell in love with you at first sight, without guessing who you were, when I saw you with the Maharane in the carriage. When I saw you on horseback in the early morning, it was all over as far as I'm concerned—nothing further to argue about. I've committed myself to the hill. How about you?"

Lynn caught her breath. "I—I never dreamt of it!"

"I know you didn't. And you're not dreaming now. We're both of us stone-cold sober and wide awake."

"Do you always make love like this?"

"I don't even know the first rules of the game. I'm a chronic bachelor, suddenly converted."

"But Captain Norwood—"

"The only girl I ever fell in love with calls me Carl or else calls the police."

"But—" Lynn laughed. "Are there any police?"

"Try. Shout for them. An Indian night is as full of eyes as the sky is of stars."

"But I wouldn't know what to say to the police. I'd better call you Carl."

"And now to use one of your phrases, let's get this over with: I'm a pauper. I've four hundred pounds a year and an Engineer Captain's pay."

"Carl, I hope you don't think I'm wealthy. I haven't a cent in the world. I've been disinherited."

"You have? Is that an actual fact?"

"Yes. Auntie hasn't even left me a reputation."

That's marvelous! Oh, my God, what luxury! I was scared stiff."

"You? Scared?"

"Yes. Scared of you. Afraid you'd think I was after your money."

"Carl, I haven't a cent."

"All right. More preliminaries. Mostly I live in a tent. My servants are scandalous rogues, who know nearly as much as I do about crime and treachery and worse."

Lynn laughed: I never lived in a tent, and I've been kept away from sinners. I'm a very ignorant person. You'd better think again, hadn't you?"

"No. I've finished thinking about that. But how about you? It's your last chance. Lynn, you're on the edge of the abyss of—"

Any questions?"

"Millions of questions! Billions! I don't even know you. I'll ask them afterwards."

"Good. That's the style. There'll be lots of time afterwards. Well, you've refused to call the police, and you've promised not to talk back or make a scene. So I'll be damned if I'll wait any longer. Lynn, I love you."

The Indian night and the Indian stars; the perfumed silence and the moonlit lotus pool all merged into

one consciousness of love—one moment of eternity that swept away the past—one moment of unself-conscious mystery in which the lover and the loved were one and all life was their realm, all values were in true perspective. Love was real. Everything else was illusion and unreal. Until gradually, even in Carl Norwood's arms, Lynn's awareness of earth resumed its spell and she looked away at their reflections in the moonlit lotus pond.

"Look, Carl. See us! Look."

"Shadows." Then he spoke strangely: "Shadows of reflections that reflect what? You and I are shadows. We move in response to something else. What is it?"

"Carl are you real? Is that you talking?"

"I suspect it's the real me talking to the real you. Lynn, I'm steeped in eastern thought. Life's good. We're growing—getting wiser gradually. That's why I spared Rundhia. He'd have been hanged if I hadn't done what I did. Now he'll get some money from the Maharane and live in Europe."

"But Carl—" Lynn hesitated.

"Perhaps I shouldn't say it."

"All right, I'll say it for you. He'll go to Europe and do it again. And blots of women won't have sense enough to stand him off until he's ruined them and sneered and gone."

"Yes, I was thinking of that. It was a mean thought."

"No, it wasn't."

"The way I thought it, it was mean. Carl, I believe you because I can't disbelieve you, not for any other reason. It seems impossible. How can such a man as you are, with such thoughts as you think, possibly love me? I believe I deliberately tempted Rundhia. The Maharane—"

Norwood chuckled. "All right, I'll say that for you, too. She said he really loved you. He'd be a fool if he didn't. The trouble is, he is a fool. So it won't last. Not that it makes any difference."

"But if I've made him wretched—"

"That's his business. Each of us pays for his own mistakes."

"But that was my mistake."

"Your end of it was yours. But you paid cash. Rundhia doesn't. He lets the bill run at compound interest. Everybody makes mistakes. Nobody's worth a damn who hasn't made 'em."

"Bad ones?"

"The worse the better. The rule is, learn and don't repeat. On that condition there's no aftermath. You pay once and that's all."

"Carl, do you mean that a person's past isn't—"

Norwood laughed: "Sink of iniquity, Lynn, unchastened Jezebel, come to think of it, I left your past history seated on a trunk on the path outside the guesthouse. What with the mosquitoes and her temper she'll be cooking up a future unless we go to her rescue."

"Carl, I'm shameless. I really am. I'd forgotten Auntie."

"Did you ever have toothache? One forgets that, too, afterwards."

"But this isn't afterwards. You don't know Auntie. Carl, I'll go to her. You mustn't come. Please, really, you mustn't. She will say things that I don't want you to hear. They're not true but she'll say them."

"Are you sure?"

"You mean, am I sure they're not true?"

"I mean, are you sure she'll say them?"

"Yes. She always does when she's angry."

"Let's find out."

"Carl, I'm—"

"You're embarrassed. So'm I. It's good for both of us, so let's do it together."

They took their time, strolling along shadowy moonlit paths toward the guesthouse, too interested in each other to notice voices until they were quite close up beneath the darkness of the overhanging trees.

The trunks no longer stood in a row on the garden path. There was a light in the servants' pantry at the rear, and a smell of cooking. Light poured through the living-room window.

"Fush," said Norwood. "Listen. Rule number one is don't talk in the dark. Rule number two is listen and learn, but never tell tales."

The Maharane's voice came quite distinctly through the open window: "If I, who am broken-hearted, can forgive my nephew Rundhia—"

An unmistakable voice interrupted: "You're being silly. Don't be sentimental. You probably ruined Rundhia by being sentimental. At your age you ought to know better. You should have spanked him when he was young, and kept him short of pocket money when he was older. I neglected to spank Lynn. That's the trouble and I'm ashamed of myself. Are you sure you know where she is? Are you quite sure? Who told you she is near the lotus pond with Captain Norwood?"

"Six servants," said the Maharane, "and one gardener. Also the Chief of Police very kindly took the trouble to phone me about it."

"Imagine the impudence of that girl!"

"But I haven't noticed that she is impudent."

"If she was in love with Captain Norwood she should have told me."

"Do you think she knew it?" asked the Maharane. "I knew it, late this evening. But do you think that Lynn knew it?"

Auntie Harding cackled a chair-woman's ladylike laugh on two notes, politely derisive: "Knew it? Maharane, what this younger generation knows is more than you and I ever will know. They're incorrigible. That girl has more whalebone in her will than there are cents in a dollar. It isn't brittle. You can't break it. It's resilient."

"Yes," said the Maharane, "this generation has its own ideas. It goes its own way. Lynn will go far."

Oh, officers' wives get puddings and pies And soups and roasts and jellies, But poor Tommie's wives get sweet—

[THE END]

Fire Built by Indians Most Impressive of Signals

The Indians, lacking our modern telephone, resorted to a number of significant signals for use, especially in mountainous country. Some conveyed good tidings, others denoted bad news. Here are a few of them, according to a writer in the Washington Star.

One of the most impressive of all Indian signals was the fire which the tribe successful in combat with an enemy, built on a high bluff to notify the encampment of their feat. The thin wavering wisp of smoky line that the women and older men in camp looked for and sometimes saw, was perhaps the best news of all. Carefully built so the smoke would show against the blue of the sky on the horizon line, even a small fire would notify careful watchers miles away of the good news. Thus the camp often knew of the result of the combat hours before the remaining warriors came wearily home on foot.

When stalking a herd of buffalo, an advance warrior would announce discovery of the animals by waving a robe or blanket in front of him. Although only one or two other Indians might see him, they would, in turn, tell their comrades in like fashion and a concerted attack result in but a few minutes, even though the hunters were spread over a large area.

What the white man often took to mean surrender was a signal translated by the Indian merely as peace or a peaceful purpose. This signal was given by a single Indian who advanced slowly with both arms raised above his head, palms forward. On the other hand, the

flat of one hand placed against the forehead and rotated to the right and left meant danger. For this denoted anger, and well it behooved the enemy or white man to interpret the sign properly.

The command "Halt!" was given without words by raising the right hand, palm forward, and moving it quickly forward and backward. The fate of the person thus commanded who failed to obey depended upon the seriousness of the occasion and the attitude of the one giving the order.

Many years ago a pioneer learned the significance of another Indian signal. This hardy man was acting as sentinel for a small group of trappers and hunters in a wild, mountainous region, abounding with Indians. He was well hidden in a clump of brush.

Suddenly, without warning of any sort, an Indian brave stepped into view atop a low bluff not 50 yards away. He was apparently the advance guard for others to the rear. His quick eyes perceived a moving figure in the white man's encampment or his keen sense of smell gave him warning. For a few tense moments he stood motionless, apparently sizing up the situation. Then he formed a circle with his thumb and index finger and moved it quickly back and forth toward the enemy camp. A moment later he dropped as quickly back out of sight again. And when the sentinel mounted the rise, gun handy, every one of the redskins had vanished. They evidently concluded the odds too great and beat a hasty retreat. Thus the finger-thumb circle, moved back and forth, meant danger.

Auntie coughed drily: "Go far? She will go to the devil, I don't doubt. But I have this consolation. If what you say is true, she has disgraced herself with the only gentleman I have met in India."

The Maharane protested loyally: "His Highness my husband—"

"Oh, kings don't count," said Auntie. "They're middle class nowadays. I can't forgive kings for the way they've sold out to the politicians. I never will forgive them. I'm a Democrat and I'll die in my boots."

"But you'll forgive Lynn?"

"Getting back at me, are you? A little sarcasm, eh? Maharane, if I can get that minx Lynn to forgive me before—"

"—had time to slander me to Captain Norwood, I'll think I'm lucky. I'll be a wizard—or is it a witch?"

"Or are you a little wiser than you were?" the Maharane suggested.

Norwood whispered: "How much did you bet? Are you still scared?"

Moses Lafayette O'Leary's whistle piped from the nearby shrubbery a few notes of a private signal: C, D, F—C, D, F—C, D, F—C. It startled Lynn.

"What was that? It sounded like someone in hiding. Are we being watched?"

"Yes, the night has eyes in India. They're a saying here that even diamonds see in the dark. That's a very rough diamond informing me that all's clear and he's off home. You go in. I'll follow you presently. I want to speak to him."

Norwood walked alone into the shrubbery. He almost walked into Moses O'Leary.

"I warned you," said O'Leary, "about women. By the hundred they're all right. One's a problem. But you wouldn't listen. I suppose you'll get yourself a new man now, to say yes to you and tell you you're Solomon. But Solomon had him a thousand wives, and concubines on top o' that. So put that in your pipe and smoke it. Am I out of a job?"

"Where's your horse?"

"Tain't a horse. I rode your baby mare. She's near the gate."

"When you get back to camp see that she's rubbed down carefully and give her a light blanket. Stand by and see it done. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir, Captain Norwood."

"Here's the key to the whiskey. Help yourself. You've leave of absence until noon tomorrow. Turn up sober or I'll—"

"Is the Government broke?"

"Here are ten rупees. But that's not Government money. It's personal. Don't get into trouble with it."

"Well, sir, I've seen miracles in my day. I've seen you pick winners. Maybe she's as reliable as she is good looking. Here's hoping. I'll say a prayer for you."

"Don't keep that mare standing. Good night."

"Good night, sir, and here's hoping."

Moses Lafayette O'Leary strode away into the night, until the sound of his footfall ceased on the dusty path and there was nothing more heard of him but the tune that he whistled:

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for March 3

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IN THE UPPER ROOM

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 26:17-30. GOLDEN TEXT—This do in remembrance of me.—1 Corinthians 11:24.

Men sometimes stand at the crossroads of destiny quite unaware of how much hinges upon their choices and actions. One wonders whether the disciples realized that as the Passover drew to its end and the great memorial feast of the new covenant was established, they were witnessing the end of the old and the beginning of the new. It is certain that Jesus did realize the high import of that hour. He knew He was about to go to the cross, toward which the Passover had pointed throughout the centuries and back to which cross we in the Lord's Supper continue to point as we remember His death until He comes.

We are indeed on holy ground as we go with Him then as He meets His disciples alone in that upper room for a time of fellowship with them as He observes

I. The Last Passover (vv. 17-20). "Here we see the perfecting and the passing of the old economy and the beginning of the new. The Passover was observed, the feast of deliverance from slavery, the feast of the exodus, the feast of hope. Men had kept it fitfully through the long centuries, regularly at first and then occasionally through the age of decadence. The King sat down to keep it as one of the nation and the people. That was its last keeping in the economy of God, because all that had foreshadowed was fulfilled as He sat at the board, and all that had pointed to found the ultimate fulfillment in Him. He completed that of which the exodus had been the preparation. The final exodus came by the way of that cross to which He was going" (Dr. G. Campbell Morgan).

II. The Betrayal Predicted (vv. 21-25). What precious fellowship the twelve and their Lord must have had around that table in the upper room as they celebrated the great feast of their people. Think what a shock came to them as in the midst of this fellowship Jesus quietly and solemnly made the astonishing prediction, "Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me."

Their joy was changed to exceedingly great sorrow as they asked, "Lord, is it I?" Apparently Judas had maintained such outward conduct as to turn no suspicion in his direction, even though all along he had in his heart the blackest of treachery against his Lord. It is a sad and soul-searching fact which is here revealed, that it is possible for one to make a high profession of faith in Christ and even so to live as to give no cause for criticism, and yet to be unregenerate and in fact the enemy of Christ.

Observe (v. 24) that while Jesus was betrayed and went to the cross in fulfillment of prophecy, that fact did not in the slightest justify His enemies who brought it about (see Acts 2:23, R. V.).

III. The First Communion (vv. 26-30). Taking the unleavened bread and the unfermented wine of the Passover, which had just been observed by Him for the last time, Jesus established a new feast, the Christian feast of remembrance, which we commonly call "communion" or "the Lord's table."

As we have already suggested, it is a feast of remembrance. "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup ye do show the Lord's death till He come" (1 Cor. 11:26). At the Lord's table His followers find spiritual strength in remembering His death for them, and they also find joy as they remember that He is to come again. In doing so they testify to the world that they believe in and cherish these truths.

This feast is also rightly called "communion," for down through the ages and until He does come the saints of God have at His table sweet communion, first of all with Him, and then with one another.

We also note that our Lord spoke of the cup as "my blood of the new testament." The word "testament" means "covenant." The Lord's table therefore speaks of our allegiance to Him, of our loyalty to our Lord, and our devotion to His service. The Christian church therefore speaks of the communion service as a sacrament, a word taken from the Latin sacramentum, meaning "oath," and essentially an oath of allegiance.

His body was broken for us, His blood was shed for the remission of our sins. We are bought with a price, we are not our own. Therefore we are to glorify God with all that we have and are.

Examples Wanted

Whether in the home or in the church, exhortation to goodness is about the most idle waste of breath. People do not want exhortations. They want examples.—Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Pastels, Prints and Tweeds on Easter Parade Fashion Program

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SEEING that the calendar registers an early Easter, the earliest in years, the problem of what to wear becomes a matter for Dame Fashion and the weatherman to figure out between themselves. It's safe to say that the deciding vote will be cast by the latter.

Sunshine or shadow, snow, sleet, rain or the gentle zephyrs of a balmy spring day, be assured that the new fashions are "all set" for come what may. Two trends that may be depended upon to carry the message of style at the same time that they fling a defy to the thermometer's ups and downs are the chic suit versus the gay little frock (notably pastel or navy wool or a bright print) worn under a smart topcoat.

The suit theme is exciting this year in that there is such a riot of types from which to make choice. Designers are playing suits up in every expression from stunning utilitarian well-tailored three-piece ensembles that give you a jacket, a skirt and a long coat of handsome tweed, as shown herewith in the illustration, to soft little dressmaker types (especially bolero models) that make feminizing flattering detail most interesting. There is certainly good logic in buying a suit as pictured, for while it makes its debut in the Easter style parade, it also serves as a perfect foundation on which to build a spring wardrobe that offers endless possibilities for mixing and interchanging, so as to tune to occasion.

There is no question but what you will be smart in tweeds but you will be equally as chic in the new casual suits of endless variety that top cleverly flared skirts (gored, pleated or circular-cut) with contrasting plaid or striped wool jackets. However, by no means will the tweeds and jacketed skirts capture all the honors for on the horizon looms a rival contestant. It's the suit, coat or entire ensemble that flares the vogue for navy blue in big headlines across the spring bulletin. Watch for navies!

Suits, however, are not going to have it all their way for hosts of

fashion followers will no doubt decide that a gay little print or pastel frock worn under a smart and protective topcoat is the ideal solution of the Easter dress problem. It adds to the glamour of prints this season that they are styled so fetchingly with emphasis on pockets that give the coveted "new" look. The dress shown to the left will slip under your coat most graciously for it is made of 100 per cent pure silk crepe print that patterns a maize colored ground with brown polka dots—a very smart color combination stressed this season. The diagonal pockets in the skirt together with centered front fullness achieve the very fashionable peptop silhouette.

The fashion of the simple basic dress that transforms into a glamour costume under the magic touch of different accessories still holds good. New for spring is the basic dress done in "delicious" monotone pastel colorings that are typically Easter in their refreshing loveliness. See the costume in the foreground to the right in the group. Here a yarn turban, a well-tailored pastel frock, spanking fresh gloves and a peplum belt bespeak the Easter costume ideal. The rediscovery of peplums adds zest to the current mode, and the fact that you can buy separate peplum belts, such as this fashion-alert young woman is wearing, makes the idea even more intriguing, for it can be worn again and again with different dresses. Of suede soft as a pussy willow this peplum belt by Criterion has a graceful sweeping line, the fluting on the edges giving it a decidedly dress-up air.

The modish young lady centered in the picture encircles the waistline of her simple basic dress with one of the new pretzel-twist patent leather belts by Criterion. Note that the hat that crowns her stylish head carries out the pretzel treatment of the belt.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Snoods Just Now Milliners' Delight

For drama in fashion, study back views of head and hat. Snoods are the milliners' delight, and the more fantastic the more in keeping with the style trend. Many of the newer tiny hats plunge forward over the forehead and you wonder how they stay on until the back view comes into sight. Greets the eye snoods of versatile type, that anchor the wee hat firmly, or ribbon bandeaux and bows that girdle the head and the most whimsical of contrivances that creative genius can devise.

Subtle Designs in New Spring Prints

Prints with an oriental inspiration show subtle harmonizing colors on olive green or deep blue backgrounds. These prints in bold designs have a diffused coloring that is difficult to identify. They are an effective contrast for plain dark furs and may be worn with a wide variety of accessories.

A pictorial print in blue, yellow, red and green without a definite pattern creates a Persian effect that is lovely with either brown or black furs.

Paris Set

Jet for your necklace is latest style message from Paris. Many jet-embroidered gowns were shown for evening wear, also blouses sparkling with jet beadwork or jet sequins.

Lace Fan and Bag



So great is the favor for handsome lace in fashion's realm it receives accent at every opportunity that presents throughout both day and evening modes. A fetching idea in evening fashions is an accessory ensemble that partners a lace bag done over white satin with a matching lace fan for midday to manipulate with devastating glamour in flirtatious moments. The bag is large enough to hold all the beauty aids and gadgets that might be needed for a complete conquest. Lace mantillas worn a la Spanish senorita also are worn at evening functions, thus giving accent to the importance of lace in the present vogue.