music. Plus a check in three agures and of the local physicians loyally turned it right over to Johnny, but if it was a major operation, "Fair" was called upon

any more than he could comprehend the

nad to be civil.

"Boo," Susan said cheerfully, "I'm not the least bit scared, and he doesn't bite, Lloyd. Stay and have supper with oite, Lloyd. Stay and have supper with us, Johnny? I promise not to do tricks

on the chandelier or turn handsprings. And Daddy's tied up at the health fac-

tory—thanks to you!"
Johnny flushed. He had forgotten it

was Thursday, and Country Club din-ner night. For nine years now he had

after hour in the emergenc, operating room, piecing together shattered fragments of young neu from 25 down, who had not yet learned the simple we of gravity in relation to speed, gasoline, two for glory. Together they spelled tragedy
"It's your stint, John," "Fair" said
firmly. "I took all the bad end of it—
the pneumonia and scarlet fever and
whooping cough and masto.ds. Winter
in Connecticut isn't pie for a doctor!"
"You take half the time stint on this
Nomad Tour so I can play in the tournament or I quit!" Johnny blazed.
"A doctor," "Fair" reminded him icily
"can't quit! He belongs to humanity!"
A soft, dulcet voice Interrupted the
battle; iron-gray head turned at the
same moment dark, rumplec one cid, and sometimes four! No, Johnny was justly tritated, beyond doubt.

Then there was this last, this crowning straw. The golf tournament was to be held in September and, simultaneously, the State motorcycle clubs were to bring their famous "Nomad Tour" to Linwood County in the final big week-long race and stunt circus of the season. Separate, they spelled hard work for Johnny Hard work night after night, practicing for the tournament; and hard work hour or three cylinders and a country road-

like a dryad. Then it occurred to his methodical scientific mind that all sport was a fine sense of rhythm and there

was nothing in the sporting world Susan

without working much, either.

Laird hadn't tried-and

He was startled to discover she danced

Home," and Johnny stood up.

Susan Laird came in.
Johnny's face darkened to further disgust. It would have to be like this She'd have to look like that—and be "Fair" Laird's daughter!

The last time he had seen Susan Laird was six years before and she had been a scrawny, skinny, bony child with a bright badge of freckles decorating her brief, straight little nose; a bright mane of hair drifting to her thin shoulders and a voice that was husky and slurred softly,

baseball teams for the way she could fan the biggest rival out of their horizon without harf trying. She had been, in fact, Doc Laird's awful tomboy daughter who'd come to no good end. like a young boy's.

She had been violently addicted to dungarees, old sweat shirts, sneakers and swim suits that made the rockingchair brigade gasp in startled shock then. She had been a crack rifle shot, an expert rider and the idol of the sand-lot

hoped the motorcycle races wouldn't come here another year," Laird said blandly. Johnny glared and hunched WHO talks about quitting, and why? before the startling blue of her eyes and gold wires on her teeth her smile was something to launch a few naval fleets. "Dr. Benedict was just saying that he the the further discovery that minus

elegantly, "when I was 10, my life ambition was to own one and do tricks on the handlebars at fifty miles an hour—or "I think they're swell," Susan said in broad shoulder.

looked everywhere for you, honey-where have you been, listening to that

That was it, Johnny thought sav-

bird's operations?"

-" Johnny maybe I mean ninety?"
"Oh, ninety, by all means

agely. He was old. Thirty-seven. And lost in his profession, while that youngster—22 or 23, most likely, and a reckless, hare-brained daredevil.

been missing seven out of ten of these weekly Thursday night banquets, and for nine years it had rankled. Now op-

portunity virtually battered the hinges off his door. And with Susan Laird—daughter of the cause of all his head-

clothes. It annoyed Johnny invariably He was suspicious of a man who made such a point of wearing dress clothes on every required occasion. The men he liked didn't. They wore them under and a sandwich in the lunchroom, and "Fair" Laird went to change into evening He went on duty, stopping for coffee protest-violent protest, and they wor a martyred air with them invariably.

good-a

particularly

The food was

rich, rare roast beef, with

lent salad, new peas, peach shortcake and fine coffee—and Johnny had forgotten how good fine food can be or how much it can do to a time.

stomach. The orchestra played "Beau-tiful Lady," and Lloyd promptly danced

the number with Susan; then it began playing "When My Dreamboat Comes

THE tournament began next day, and the Nomad Tour got under way the same morning. He met Susan driving Lloyd's bright, shining new motorcycle on the way to the club, and she looked about 16 in her white aviator's breeches gold blazer and gold bandeau tying down her flying curls. She waved a sauntleted hand at him and roared past, merging into a cloud of dust a few hundred feet past him.

His game was bad, and he left early disgusted. In the hospital dressing room 'Fair" cornered him, armed for argu-

Benedict, no reason why play in that tournament ""See here, Benedict, no reason why we can't both play in that tournament if we get together on it," he began per

They returned to the table, Susan's long slender fingers laced carelessly with his, and Captain Sellers looked slightly dashed, slightly displeased as he stared intently at him.

Johnny's lips set in a thin line and his gray eyes darkened ominously.

"I'm playing," he warned Susan: father flatly.

gruffly told her he had to leave.

"I have to relieve your father," he ex-

plained.

A T 10 Johnny led Susan out on to the

See here, John, you take over here and let me play in the first bracket; then I hurry back here and you get out there "So am I," blandly retorted the wily old practitioner, "we budget the thing in time to play in that last group."

She slipped her fingers into one big palm and was silent. A dozen confused thoughts raced through his mind, but

aren't you?" Remembering that she had

been wild to own and stunt one when

she was 10!

"Meaning-Lloyd is a glamorous hero

"Susan," he said diffidently, "you're crazy over this motorcycle affair

none of them took form.

was a disease with him. If he scratched you you fell by the wayside, victim of his poison. picion warning him that never, not even once, had "Fair" Laird propositioned him or anybody else without swindling him right out of business-it Johnny stared hard at him, sus-"Meaning nothing of the sort," he said sruffly, "you've known the man a matter of hours, Susan. But the races—I've got to play in the tournament. I've practiced all Summer for it—and you want to see the Nomad Tour."
"I'll manage," she said calmly, "don't

"O. K.," he said briefly, "but no tricks mind you!"

"Fair" smiled thinly, shrugged. "Tricks?" he said blandly.

Johnny's anxiety grew. Supposing to 'Fair" stayed right in to the last to bracket? And what if the group got down to three or four players? It coundly and stalked off.

The tournament got under way, and as the field of players dwindled off, each Johnny swore cutting down the ankle," "My dear round worry, Johnny. And it doesn't take nours, you know—a matter of seconds is sufficient. I thought you knew that." She slipped her fingers out of his and hurried lightly back to the clubhouse Johnny heard Lloyd saying eagerly, "I've

first?" Johnny inquired meekly.
Susan grinned. "We'll see when
we are out of this institution of "Could I maybe have a small kiss moans and groans"

idewalks were so crowded. And over it all roared the steady, rhythmic thunder of the motorcycles, ripping and roaring tround the three-mile course roped and taked off from ordinary roads. The town overflowed with people, and sedestrians walked in the roads, the lways the least expected players who nanaged to stay in to the final playoff On the other hand, the Nomad Tou vas turning Linwood into a madhouse The town overflowed with people, and

ital.

There was the afternoon he passed he two still forms in the hall on his way in and the shock that gripped him when he saw the eyelid of one of the Sooc

motorcycle.

down to his boots when he saw the battered, broken, bleeding face of Lloyd AT MIDNIGHT the ambulance droned to the door and internes raced out Sellers. with

the interne explained.

He stepped into a booth and Patty Hanlon's number. Susar He

there at a party, and Pat's affairs never broke up until morning. Briefly he

such occasion and, despite his seasoned sperience with both, flinched and winced at the fresh shock of youth-ind they were so young—meeting grim eath in such inexorable fashion.

ooys twitch spasmodically. He bover him, touched the slender wrist.

A doctor spoke at his elbow. "Not a possible chance; ruptured liver. Machine went out of control and he went up a hundred feet and came down on a fence post. Poor kid." He was 19, and he had loved his bright, beautiful new

multiple lacerations. He worked fast and prayed silently. He turned from the stretcher being wheeled out to one coming in. A patient of two days ago—blood transfusion might save the boy. He examined the test readings and nodded Johnny cursed impotently and stalked Everything preparation-fractured shattered thigh bone and the operating room. Began work. i into

Susan was turb him unless it was an emergency, the call board said.
"Call him!" Johnny ordered grimly

He met disaster and tragedy on Johnny dreaded going into the hos

He beni

bank and climbed a guard rail, tore through a pile of boulders and rocks," the interne explained. "Fraid he's a "Machine left the road at the big

"But Dr. Laird left word not to dis-"Call Dr. Laird!" Johnny snapped.

outlined the state of affairs, and a thin sheath of ice formed around his heart at Susan's broken wail of despair.

thunder, lightning and rain, he saw what he was waiting for. Sighing gently, he lifted the lids of the boy and studied the eyes briefly, and then stepped quietly into the hall.

Susan grabbed his arm. "Johnny," she cried, "Johnny, tell

-will he-live?"

"I'm coming, Johnny," she gasped
I'll be there as soon as ever I can!"
"Fair" stormed in, fuming, glared at ohnny when he recognized the blond oung man lying unconscious, merciully, on the stretcher.
"Why bother me?" he said testily

Dully, he nodded.
"I think so—now," he said.
"Johnny, you were wonderful, magniff-cent!" she breathed.

"How did you know?" he inquired

briefly.

Aren't you capable?"

"It's a spinal, Doctor," Johnny said seadily, "and I've never done but a few fone like this—there are three fractured ertebrae.

"Dad—Dad was furious He swore you'd murdered the boy. And when Father persecutes some one, he's afraid of him—afraid he's better than Dr. Fairchild Laird!" Susan stated simpl, "I'm glad you saved him, Johnny. He's an awfully sweet boy."

They came out two hours later, drip-oing with perspiration, while nurses wheeled Lloyd to the elevator. "Fair" shrugged into a polo coat and was driven nome to sleep, and Johnny took up expertly, "All right-we'll try," he said. "Fair" cursed softly, expent over the X-ray plates.

"Happy? Me? With Lloyd Sellers? Johnny, are you utsnay? Lloyc s engaged to marry a little girl back home in his

own town. She's a telephone operator and they went to high school to-

gether!"

"I hope you'll be very happy together," Johnny said, stiffly. Susan stared at him,

owl-eyed.

"You—you mean you're not crazy over him, or in love, or anything?" Johnny blurted, certain that lack of sleep was impairing his faculties.

"I'm certainly not in love with a motorcycle racer," Susan stated firmly. or something without adding sheer insanity to the list!"

"Worrying," Johnny repeated slowly, doubtfully, "did you say worrying, Susan? Because if you did, maybe you mean."

"Worrying," she said firmly, "but some of it I can evade by being tough, Johnny Benedict. Home for you, young man, and twelve hours of sleep, and I stand guard all the time! Then a bath, HE REMEMBERED Susan some time later and went down to the waiting cale, wan and wearing purple shadows around either frightened eye. She wore trailed to the floor, and her slippers had gay rhinestone buckles and a cluster of gardenias wilted on her shoulder She stood by the big window, a green brocaded satin dance gown that Beneath her lip rouge her mouth was gray and her face white and terrified.
"Johnny—Johnny, there's a chance?"
The whispered. He nodded bleakly.
"About one in ten thousand, Susan, ne said quietly.

"It's bad enough to worry about a person dying of overwork or catching infantile

"Save him, Johnny! Oh, don't, don't let him die! He was so sweet, so dear and gay and foolish!" she gasped. He nodded silently, turned back to

the private room where Johnny was waiting for death to make the first move and whispered a low question.

"Last day of the tournement—are you still in, Benedict?"

Johnny's face was blank. He had forgotten! Why, the tournament was a million light years ago. What did it che vigil before him. At 12 Dr. Fairchild Laird came into

and Semple, the two stars from Still-brook and Wayne Harbor, would win it probably. They were shooting nothing million light years ago. What did it matter that he was third in the list now? That Laird was fourth? Kirker probably. They were shooting notining short of inspired golf these last few

"and I'm playing Semple first. If you want, I'll fix things so we can go through "Kirker's out," "Fair" went on softy days of the meet. with it."

The "we" decided Johnn

Then, just as the Summer tempest broke over Linwood, ending tournament and tour in a blaze of ripping, roaring brandy. He stood by the bed or sat in the stiff chair and his eyes never left the face of the boy, his fingers never left the Twice he paused to reach for the tray containing the adrenalin and needle; twice he wavered and did not use it.

a shave, some eats. .."
"Could I maybe have a small Kiss first?" Dr. Benedict inquired meekly Susan grinned.

"We'll see. When we're out of this institution of moans and groans. And wait till you see the paper, Johnny. Is my parent's nose out of joint? For once in his life some one told him where to

head in and got away with it. Furthermore, you were right.'
"Of course I was right, the old...
peach," Johnny amended hastily, recalling his applied psychology, third year, "but after all, precedent lesson ten, "bu

"Of being the older man and selling the world the notion that nothing new is any good until it's very old." Susan said sweetly, meshing gears and heading out home with relief.