

# SLUMBERING GOLD

by Aubrey Boyd AUTOCASTER SERV.

## SECOND INSTALMENT

Maitland knew nothing of the game but was fascinated by the movement of his companion's hands while dealing. The fingers that moved so supplely over the keys of an accordion, seemed to lure music of another kind from the smooth cards, as he riffled and snapped them into place and shot them out with clean precision, dropping the last of the round and the three cards of the widow almost in one gesture.

He won the next bid with a heart. This time his opponents did not conceal their conviction that the game was unsound. But before they had recovered from that certainty, he had made his point by a shrewd handling of low cards. The sweet singers took a firmer grip on their cigars and settled into the game.

Stakes began to climb. Frog bids vanished. Onlookers edged in from other groups to watch the play—among them a burly red-faced man who stood obscurely at the rim of the circle with his eyes fixed intently on Speed's face and hands. The gambler remained calm and composed as a deacon, playing good hands and bad with equal devoutness—or rather making bad ones good, for the cards were running hard against him.

"Wouldn't surprise me a whole lot to hear you'd played this game afore," the man declared, as he lit a cigar before picking up a new hand.

Speed was busy arranging his cards and did not answer. When he raised his eyes it was in a preoccupied way in Maitland's direction, but they rested instead on someone else in the crowd. One of his eyelids flickered slightly, as to evade a wreath of cigarette smoke. From the gold he had collected, he transferred two handfuls to his pockets. The remainder of the pile he pushed out to center.

"This stack says I don't take a trick," he observed. "I'm goin' misere."

Had Maitland been watching closely, he would have noticed a slight shifting on the part of the red-faced man among the spectators. He might have remembered that skill in this game was one of the few identifying traits of the bandit, Buck Solo—if he had not believed the bandit to be a captive in the Okanagans. He might have noticed, too, that in a lazy upward glance that seemed to take cognizance of nothing, this fact had been caught and registered by the man under observation. But no one's attention is sharpened by watching a game he does not understand, and Maitland's interest had begun to stray. He elbowed his way out of the circle to ramble over the ship.

Most of the passengers having chosen a position amidships, he found that the crowd thinned as he went forward of the main cabin. At the forward rail, a lookout stood alone, peering into the blanket of mist ahead. They were now in the outer waters of the Sound; the traffic had dwindled and the hooting of sirens was muffled in far distance.

"How does she lie?" he asked the lookout.

"Off Port Townsend," the man said, without turning.

The boy stood by the rail awhile, eyeing the dim froth of water below, and that gray essence of things unseen and unforeseen through which the steamer was cleaving her blinded course.

He was not conscious of a contradiction in his advice to the Westerner about gambling, though it ran deeper than his mere presence on the George E. Starr. The men of his name and blood had raced for cargoes in the days of the clipper ships, and later plunged the winnings into deep-bottomed carriers—to lose them finally in wilder games of chance with the sea.

His father had gone down in a storm with two of their ships. This tragedy had caused his mother's death when he was born. The remnant of the original stakes left in paly had been involved by a defect in the underwriting of the lost cargoes.

His earliest memory was of a small schooner which his grandfather had managed to salvage out of the general wreck. From the old man he had learned, along with a knowledge of ships and water. After his grandfather's death, he had found employment with a firm of underwriters' agents, reporting on wrecks and salvage. It had led him into the study of admiralty law—a vocation his sea-going fathers would not have admired.

He was sent west to investigate a wreck off the Farrallones, near San Francisco—his first important commission. But he had found the owners in a position rather like that of his own people when they crashed. His sympathy and the rights of the case were with the stranded adventurers as against the bankers. He had wired a report as fair to both sides as he could make it.

The return wire had virtually accused him of being bought by the owners. In a gust of anger he had resigned, though the whole structure of his plans went foundering on that reef. He was unwilling to return home till he had regained his footing, but his career was not an easy wreck to salvage.

world like a rocket—promising him a means of recovering more than he had lost.

"If you wasn't a gambler, Bud . . . Something the Westerner had said recurred to him now. He had been careful in buying his outfit, weighing the value of every purchase against his resources. His having drawn a passage on this derelict side-wheeler was a queer mischance, but he believed the old tub was a little stancher than she looked. Whether it was a wild gamble depended rather, he thought, on himself.

The pistol shot that cut the thread of his reverie came from the region of the ship where he had left his pack. As he turned, he obtained a sheer view of the ship's side, and saw, sharply outlined in the fog, the figure of a burly, red-faced man who was peering over the rail with a smoking revolver in his hand.

Someone touched his elbow. "Man shot your partner," a voice said. "He's overboard."

He picked up the words on the wing and shredded them for sense. A handful of cards held by one of the watchers at the rail gave him the inkling of an answer. A gambler's quarrel—quick fingers not quick enough—a shot, a rush . . . He had often seen men take that plunge for much less, but this man—?

Heads were craned back toward the blank space the ship was leaving. "Wounded? Probably not much of a swimmer, if he came from inland. The boats would be slow . . ."

Maitland's leap from the rail was so swift that the engines were not reversed for a minute after he dived. When he came to the surface, hard-

ly knowing in that gray murk whether he was breathing fog or sea, the steamer was out of sight.

Unable to see through the blur of spray and fog, he paused to listen for a cry. Relaxing was an effort; the cold brine had teeth of fire. Soon he caught a splashing sound not far ahead. Swiftly as he went, the sound receded. He stopped again. Hearing a sound once more, he shouted.

There was no answer, and he kept on, losing count of the space he was putting between himself and the steamer. The gambler, if the sound he heard was his swimming, might either be trying to make his way ashore, or might have lost his bearings in the fog. It seemed more probable that he had drowned.

He halted to tread the water in the icy swell and shouted. The cry rasped in his throat. This time he seemed to hear an answer, but in the same instant his body was pierced by a searing stab. The muscles of his back twisted in a paralyzing knot that stopped his breath. Though the cramp was unbreakable, he fought it with every reserve of will, as it dragged him down, impotent, into shadowed, swirling, freezing depths. His lungs heaved; drums roared in his ears; his heart seemed to wedge in his throat.

"Shadows" dissolved around him into misty daylight. Something was supporting him, choked and numb, on the summit of a swaying world of waters, and he heard a voice saying between breaths:

"Well, I'll be doggoned. So it's you . . . you ornery young son of a sea dog. Last dive most got me . . . winded . . . Reckoned you was the deputy."

Even the sight of the gambler's drip-

ping face failed to make this clear. "Don't figure I could swim ye ashore," the voice continued. "And I'm loosed if I call that boat." Yet this was exactly what Maitland heard him do a few moments later, but there was no answer.

Maitland knew too well the disadvantage of a buoy as a refuge for drowning men in a fog. Passing ships gave it as wide a berth as possible. With this thought he realized the full irony of what had happened. His attempted rescue was worse than useless; he was actually dragging down the man he had tried to save. That final detail struck him as unfair.

He tried to wrench himself free. But though the gambler's hold wavered, he could not loosen it. When he struggled to speak the arm only gripped him tighter. Then everything was drenched in a fantastic ether, through which floated images of boyhood things long forgotten, and he sank into a billowing haze of darkness.

He was recalled to semi-consciousness for the last time by what sounded like a cry from the other; then he heard waves slapping against the hollow prow of a small boat, and the familiar creak and thump of oarlocks.

When he opened his eyes, the gambler was sitting at a table with a steaming cup in one hand and a cigarette in the other, watching him. He found himself swathed in blankets in a dim enclosure. The floor rolled slightly and at first he did not know whether he was dizzy or at sea.

Before he had time to observe more, the gambler was handing him a cupful of hot wine with the cheerful suggestion,

"Hoist yourself round this." The drink helped clear his head. "Where's the steamer?" he asked. "Hell and gone by now," said Speed, watching the boy's face darken and then light again with an illusory hope. Maitland stretched himself painfully. "Whose boat is this?" "Some frog fisherman from Seattle

## Alice's Victory Smile



FALL RIVER, R. I. . . Alice Moberly of Omaha (above), whose "upside down stomach" operation here was quite successful, is now up and about playing with her Easter gifts.

was headin' for the halibut banks when the fog stopped him. He pulled in close to the buoy to be clear of the ship-pin track. Now he says he'll take us ashore when he gets a wind. Don't reckon he'll get one for a piece, but it won't hurt ye none to thaw a while."

A dark wavering in a shaft of light that fell into the cabin from the cockpit caused him to look up. Through the aperture two heavy sea boots came into view, followed by a pair of corduroy trousers, a blue, close-fitting jersey with shrunken sleeves and a plump and swarthy face, bluish around the chin where the beard was

shaven and topped by a black cap with a shining visor. "How does she blow, Boss?" asked Speed, as the man entered. "Ze win' he draw ver' slow. I tek you ashore, fifteen dollar. Non?" "No," was the gambler's dry comment. "With the price of wind goin' up this way I reckon we'll stay where we set." The fisherman sprayed his hands. "C'est la blague quel? I mek ze feesh-eeen' one, two, zree day. B'en," he added in a quieter tone. "I ten you back to Seattle, feefy dollar." "Go on, you horse thief," Speed answered good-humoredly. "You've got chuck enough in this wagon to ride us to the fishbanks and back, and it wouldn't cost you five dollars. How'er we ain't goin' to Seattle, or fishin' neither."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Florida Governor Signs New 90-Day Divorce Statute

Tallahassee, Fla., May 10—Florida made another bid for tourists today as Gov. Dave Sholtz approved a measure for 90 day divorces.

His signature put the state squarely in the market for some of the quick divorce business now going to Reno and Little Rock, where six weeks' residence is required.

A variety of grounds ranging from adultery to too close kin, are deemed cause for action under state laws.

Habitual indulgence in violent and ungovernable temper, habitual intemperance, natural impotency, desertion for one year, all may be claimed. Or the complainant may bring action on the grounds his mate had a husband or wife living at the time of the marriage. A divorce in any other state or foreign country could be advanced as a reason for the separation.

# COMING ATTRACTIONS AT PALACE THEATRE

## "HANDS OFF"! FIELDS WARNING TO SPECIALISTS

"If I ever flop in films now," declares W. C. Fields, starred in Paramount's "Mississippi," coming Monday and Tuesday, May 20-21 to the Palace Theatre, "it will be my own fault and I'll have no kick coming."

Now that Fields, the acknowledged dean of Hollywood comics, has again climbed back to the peak he once oc-

## Advance Program

From Wednesday, May 15th To Tuesday, May 21st

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15th  
Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen in "The Great Hotel Murder"  
Big V Comedy: "Once Over Lightly"  
Morning Matinee: 10:30; afternoon: 2:15-3:45; evening: 7:15-9:30. Adm. 10-26c

THURSDAY, MAY 16th  
Frankie Thomas, O. P. Heggia, Helen Parish and "Lightning" in "A DOG OF FLANDERS"  
Broadway Headliner: "In The Spotlight" March Of Time.  
No Morning Matinee; Ladies Matinee 3:15-5:00; evening: 7:15-9:30. Admission 10-26c

FRIDAY, MAY 17th  
Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante in "CARNIVAL"  
Episode No. 4 "Tallspin Tommy" with Noah Berry, Jr. REKO Novelty: "Art For Art's Sake"  
Morning Matinee: 10:30; afternoon: 3:15-3:45; evening: 7:15-9:00. Admission 10-26c

SPECIAL SHOWS  
FRIDAY NIGHT AT 11:30  
SAT. MORNING MATINEE 10:30  
Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, Harvey Stephens in "Baby Face Harrington"  
Laurel and Hardy in "Tit For Tat"  
Box office opens Friday night 11:15; picture 11:30; All Seats 26c  
Box office opens Saturday morning 10:15; picture 10:30. Adm. 10-26c

SATURDAY, MAY 18th  
John Wayne in "RAINBOW VALLEY"  
Mirthquake: "Little Big Top" Terrytoon Cartoon: "The Black Sheep"  
Continuous Shows Starting 2:30. Admission: 10-26c

MONDAY & TUESDAY  
MAY 20 And 21st  
Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett in "MISSISSIPPI"  
Paramount Headliner: "Feminine Rhythm" Paramount Sound News  
Morning Matinee: 10:30; afternoon: 3:15-3:45; (No Matinees Tuesday); evening: 7:15-9:00. Adm. 10-26c

cupied, he wants to explain how he fell off, how he got back and why he's going to stay there. Fields sums up all his trouble in one, short phrase, "Too Many Specialists."

"When I first came to Hollywood," explains Fields, "I was taken gently but firmly to one side, and spoken to in a fatherly tone. I was told that my days of worry and toil were over. Hollywood, it seemed, was a community of specialists—specialists who did nothing but sit down and think of plots for stories, who embellished these into screen plays and more specialists to think up funny situations.

"All I had to do was to go out and play golf. When they were ready for me, I would come to the studio, make a few faces, say a few previously-written remarks, and I would be paid regularly.

"I tried it," says Fields, "and in six months I was out of a job."  
Came the depression, the stock market plunge and the crash of various banks, and Mr. Fields was practically broke. Then he got a break in "International House." Paramount went after him with a contract, but Mr. Fields was leery.

"They told me the same things I'd heard before," said Mr. Fields, "and I balked. I would sign, I told them, when I was permitted to do what I had done on the stage.

"I wrote my own acts, had my own ideas, figured out my own gags, and constructed my own dialogue. The people must have liked it, or I wouldn't have stuck around as long as I did."

## SPECIAL SHOWS:

FRIDAY NIGHT AT 11:30  
SATURDAY MORNING AT 10:30

Meet Willie, the desperado who puts gloom on the spot!

**BABY FACE HARRINGTON**

with CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, UNA MERKEL, HARVEY STEPHENS, EUGENE PALLETTE, NAT PENDLETON

Box office opens Friday Night 11:15; picture 11:30. All Seats 26c. Box office opens Saturday Morning 10:15; picture 10:30. Admission: 10-26c.

n't have stuck around as long as I did."

In "Mississippi" which stars Fields with Bing Crosby and Joan Bennett, the comedian plays the same type of role as that portrayed in his recent hits, "The Old-Fashioned Way" and "It's A Gift." A film which portrays the old South of crinolines and sideburns, "Mississippi" gives Fields the role of the old commodore who frightens dueling terrorists and aids young romance.

## JOHN WAYNE COMING IN NEW DRAMA

Popular demand of local theatre goes brings John Wayne to the screen of the Palace Theatre Saturday May 18th in his latest smash hit, "Rainbow Valley." Enacting the role of a fearless government agent assigned to break up the activities of an outlaw

Friday, May 17th

**CARNIVAL**

IT'S GOT EVERYTHING!

THRILLS!  
Lee Tracy as the wine-crazer who loved 'em and left 'em!

ROMANCE!  
Sally Eilers as the girl who just couldn't help lovin' that man!

LAUGHTER!  
Jimmy Durante as the answer to a maiden's nightmare!

It's Got Everything!

LEE TRACY  
SALLY EILERS  
JIMMY DURANTE  
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Story and screen play by Robert Riskin  
Directed by Walter Lang

Morning Matinee: 10:30; Afternoon 3:15-3:45; Evening 7:15-9:00 P. M. Admission 10-26c

**China Day At Palace Theatre**

Beginning with Wednesday, May 15th, our regular Family Day prices will be discontinued, reverting to the original prices of 10-26c.

In the future, WEDNESDAY will be known as CHINA DAY, and we will give to each lady attending the theatre, a piece of Monax China, such offer to apply only to ADULT tickets. This policy will be continued long enough for each lady to obtain a complete set of this lovely china, America's most beautiful tableware

**See It in Our Lobby--You'll Adore It!**

band, he risks not only his life but also his reputation and the regard of the woman he loves to accomplish that end.

Wayne voluntarily goes to prison to obtain evidence against the gang. Proceeding to Rainbow Valley, he opposes the bandits in a series of breath taking encounters which result in his finally being selected to a position of trust and responsibility by the townspeople. A colorful climax finds him suspected from the antics of George Valley of having been a convict, and obviously to be working for the good of the outlaws. Attaining the confidence of the gang, Wayne works a clever ruse which causes them to bring about their own downfall.

Many good laughs may be expected

from the antics of George Hayes, the cowboy comic, who assists Wayne to punctuate the tense moments and the swift flowing action of the story with nicely balanced comedy relief. Also included in the supporting cast are Lucille Brown, LeRoy Mason, Buffalo Bill, Jr., Bert Dillard, and Lloyd Ingram.

## "Dog Of Flanders" Is Colorful Production

Some of the most colorful costumes, settings and scenes of the cinema year will be found in "A Dog of Flanders," film version of "Ouida's" famous novel showing at the Palace Theatre on Thursday May 16th.

MONDAY & TUESDAY, MAY 20 - 21ST

Hear Bing Sing "Soon" "It's Easy to Remember"

Adolph Zukor Presents

**BING CROSBY  
W. C. FIELDS  
JOAN BENNETT**

In Paramount's Musical Knockout

**"MISSISSIPPI"**

The greatest show to travel the Mississippi since I took it away from the Indians. Col. Crosby's right on deck with new songs and Joan Bennett's handkerchief and heart are fluttering from the shore.

with  
Queenie Smith · John Miljan · Gail Patrick  
Fred Kohler and the Cabin Kids

Morning Matinee 10:30; Afternoon 3:15-3:45. (No Matinees Tuesday.) Evenings 7:15-9:00 P. M.—Admission 10-26c