

Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by MAY TUTELLE

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Illustrations by
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SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Louie are left orphans. Their property has been swept away by the death of their father and they are compelled to cast about for some means to earn a living. Louie answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position. Louie advertises for a position as companion, and Mrs. Hazard replies. She offers Louie a position as her "secretary of frivolous affairs." Her chief work is to steer Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Louie talks baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Laura Hazard. The Duc de Trouville is believed to be interested in Laura. Mrs. Hazard gives a big reception and Louie meets many people high in the social world. Natalie Agazitz, to whom Hap has been paying attention, loses an emerald bracelet during the reception. She declares there is not another like it in the world. It develops that Natalie has lost several pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Louie to the baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalie and has been cured of his infatuation. The scene changes to the Hazard country place, where many notables have been invited for the summer. Louie and Laura visit the farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author, in whom Laura takes considerable interest. Duc de Trouville arrives at the Hazard place. Louie hears Winthrop's motor boat out late at night. Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several nearby homes. Natalie accuses Louie of stealing her ruby pendant. Mrs. Hazard assures Louie of her confidence in her. Hap declares his love for Louie. She reciprocates, but will not admit it as she fears what Mrs. Hazard will say. Louie is excused from dinner on account of a headache. She is bombarded with notes from Hap imploring her to see him.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"That's Winthrop, isn't it?" Hap asked.

"I think so. He's coming pretty fast, isn't he? He doesn't always race like that."

We could only see a searchlight faintly, for the moon was so bright. It was coming toward us steadily. When almost opposite our landing the boat swerved and came directly head on. It stopped with a snort and a puff, the searchlight was snapped out, and some one landed, tied up the boat and straightened up against the moonlight.

"Hello, Winthrop!" Hap called.
"Hello, old man," Winthrop answered. He came toward us. "Is it Miss Codman? Did you see me coming? I can run away from anybody on this shore. Well!" He dropped down on the sand, took off his cap and turned his face to the breeze.

"Were you running away from anybody?" I asked.

"Yes, I think I was. Funny thing happened. I was away up somewhere along the beach there in front of Hemmingway's or that old General What's-His-Name? Schuyler, when my carburetor balked a bit. I shut her off and started to see what the trouble was. I must have drifted in shore, for the first thing I knew three men ran down the beach, yelled 'Hands up!' and I was rather startled when I saw by the moonlight that they meant me."

"A hold-up!" Hap ejaculated.
"Why, I didn't have anything to steal," Winthrop laughed. "But I decided I didn't want to put them to the trouble of finding that out. If I had had anything but my bare hands and a monkey wrench I might have given them a turn; instead, I gave the engine full power and came away from that place. One of the foot-shots at me—got me in the sleeve."
"Shot you?" I cried.

"Just my sleeve," he answered.
"Made a hole in it. Daring! a thing like that. It's bright as day and early, too—not ten o'clock. Well, it's an interesting thing to be shot at."

He sat up suddenly. Another searchlight swept the water and another boat came toward us at full power.

"We have grand-stand seats tonight," Hap remarked flippantly.

The other boat behaved curiously. It made for the shore while still above us and slowed up at all the landings as it came to them. We watched it. At our landing the boat stopped, the occupants talked excitedly for a while, and one by one came ashore. There were three of them.

"Hi, there," called Hap. "What do you want?"

"We want you," a heavy voice answered. They came toward us with assurance.

Hap settled his shoulders and I felt sorry for somebody. Winthrop arose. "What's the trouble?" he asked quietly.

"This young fellow"—indicating Hap—"has just robbed a house and shot General Schuyler. I'm here to arrest him."

"Rats!" Winthrop said. "That's Mr. Hazard. He has been on the beach here. That's my boat."

"Then you are the man we want. Look boys, there is blood on his hand. No monkey business now, young fellow. I'm an officer of the law. Just oblige me by holding out your hands."

Something gleamed, snapped. I put my hands over my eyes.

"Are you afraid to go back to the house alone, Louie?" Hap asked quietly.

CHAPTER XV.

The Box of Jewels.

I did not look back as I sped across the lawn, skirted the tennis court, and reached my room the way I had come. I heard the sputter of the motor-boats as they moved away, mingling with laughter from the drawing-room below.

I was in my room, sick with the fear of impending disaster, while the two boats were being tied up at Winthrop's landing. Five minutes later the lights were snapped on in Winthrop's big living-room.

"Gentlemen, be seated," Hap remarked flippantly.
"Cut out the comedy, young fellow," commanded the heavy voice as Jim and the other detective snickered.

The heavy voice was accompanied by a heavy mustache, a heavy number twelve boot, and a heavy derby hat. A half-smoked, fat, black cigar was rammed in his teeth, and he chewed on it as he talked. The other two detectives called him Chief.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" Winthrop asked.

"Just hand over the sparks," the chief answered, "and be quick about it, too."

"I have none," Winthrop told him. "Will you please fasten these things"—meaning handcuffs—"while I get my dress?" He wiped the blood from his fingers.

"I guess not," answered the chief.

"You shot General Schuyler; that blood is evidence."

"You fool, this is my own blood," Winthrop said quietly. "It's running down my arm."

"Search him," directed the chief.

The other two detectives fell upon Winthrop, slapping him gently first in search of a weapon, then poking fingers deftly into pockets like ferrets after a rat. They straightened up empty-handed.

"Satisfied?" Winthrop smiled.

"You had 'em," insisted the chief. "You've got 'em, unless"—he smashed a big fist into the palm of a coarse hand—"unless you gave 'em to this young fellow."

"Hands off me," Hap said, "or arrest me first. And I dare you to arrest me!"

The chief puffed, then swallowed hard.

"Feel him over," he directed.

"Not until you arrest me."

"Well, if you ain't got 'em," demanded the chief suspiciously, "why do you object to being searched?"

"General principles," Hap retorted with a grin. "I have no objection to being arrested. Go to it!" He held out his hands invitingly. "Now, suppose you take those handcuffs off Mr. Abbott and we'll attend to that wound before we do anything else."

"Get a basin of water," the chief blustered, "and bring it here. We'll see where that blood come from."

"Get a basin, Hap," Winthrop requested.

Hap went out, returning immediately with water and bandages. The wound was trivial. The chief looked at it and grunted. The bullet had just nipped the flesh, but Winthrop was full-blooded. Hap washed it and bound it up, while the chief's puffy eyes were fixed on space, and he sat forward in his chair, with a hand on either knee. It was his attitude when in deep thought. He slapped his knees finally.

"He must have 'em!" he exclaimed.

"No, Mr. Officer," Winthrop said, as Hap eased the coat sleeve over the wounded arm. "You've got the wrong pig by the tail this time. I was fixing my carburetor when you brave officers of the law pounced upon me. I hadn't the slightest idea why, unless you were trying to rob me. I haven't been anywhere, and I assure you I haven't stolen anything. I certainly

have not shot anybody. You see I haven't a gun."

"Easy to get rid of that," argued the chief. Suddenly an official forefinger was thrust into Winthrop's face. "Young man, you've been snooping up and down this shore in that boat all summer. We know that long-nosed boat of yours. And them robberies have been happening just the nights you've been out. We've been hiding in the shrubbery ever since the first one; you've run away from us twice when Dave there didn't keep his eyes open. But we've got you now! You're a darned fool trying a thing like that when it's as bright as day, and we've got you!"

"And now that you have me, what are you going to do with me?" Winthrop inquired.

"Take you to jail," the chief replied succinctly. "Cough up the sparks now, like a good fellow."

"I haven't them," Winthrop denied.

He went to the desk and rang up John Crowninshield. I saw John when he ran out of the house, jumped into the car Vincent had brought around, and disappeared down the driveway. I even knew where he was going.

Just as John turned through the iron gates into the road Winthrop gathered together and shaped neatly the sheets of the novel that lay upon his desk, made a note in a book, arose, taking the manuscript with him, and knelt before the safe. He worked the combination and pulled open the door.

"What you got there?" asked the chief suspiciously.

"A novel," answered Winthrop.

The chief was regarding the open door of the safe with a cunning eye.

"A safe!" he ejaculated. Then he caught his breath with a puff: "Sort of careful of what you write, ain't you?"

"Well, rather," Winthrop laughed. Then, to Hap: "Hap, I may want this if I'm tied up in jail. See, I'm putting it here."

The chief's hands gripped his shoulders and whirled him half-way across the room, while Jim and Dave closed in on either side of the safe.

"We'll just take a peek at that safe. Full of novels, I guess? Well, I just want to see. You know them robberies have been going on all summer."

Winthrop looked on, caressing the wounded arm. It was uncomfortable, and he had struck it against a table. His face was white, and he dropped into a chair while Hap put a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

"He's got no right to search without a warrant," Hap insisted.

"He's doing it," Winthrop replied.

The search revealed nothing but papers, contracts and such, until, just as John slapped on the emergency at Winthrop's door, the detective Jim held up an inlaid box, beautifully fashioned and somewhat heavy.

"Looks suspicious," he remarked and passed it to his chief.

The chief took it and shook it inquiringly.

"Well, we'll take a look at this," he remarked.

Winthrop's figure stiffened, but he did not arise. He pointed a forefinger first at the chief, then at the inlaid box in the chief's hands.

"Crowninshield," he directed, speaking to John, who had appeared in the doorway, "make a note of the contents of that box and hold that man accountable. He has no search warrant!"

John didn't even blink. He came forward, taking a fountain pen and notebook from his pocket. The chief had given the inlaid box a blow against a table and the top of it had fallen open. There came a little cry from everybody, all differently intoned, except from Winthrop and from John, whom nothing could surprise.

The two detectives, Jim and Dave, gasped with astonishment, and the chief growled in satisfaction.

"Diamonds, eh?" he said. "And rubies, and—other things." He slapped the lid shut suddenly.

"No, you don't there," John said sharply. "We'll make a note of everything."

"I know my business," snarled the chief.

"And I know mine. I'm John Crowninshield of Crowninshield & Peabody, attorneys for Mr. Abbott. We'll make a note of everything, my good man, including the fact that you are proceeding without warrant of law."

There's nothing that so awes a detective as a lawyer in evening dress with his hat off; with a clear, cool voice, and truculent eyes. The chief, after a puff, slowly opened the lid of the inlaid box and put out the jewels, one by one. Finally he held up a bracelet; an old-fashioned affair, set heavy with emeralds. "Not another like it in the world!" Natalie had said "or so many emeralds matched so perfectly."

Hap rose suddenly, overturning his chair, and John paused just the barest fraction of a second before he made the entry.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Midnight Visitor.

It was not very long before Hap came. I knew it was he, for instead of going into the house and ringing for the gray car like an orderly, well-behaved person, he stood on the terrace and yelled for it. Strangely enough, no one realized that anything had happened. The piano tinkled, I could catch bits of conversation from the bridge players, the click of billiard balls sounded, and there was a rattle of chips from the cardroom upstairs. Hap had disappeared into the house, but presently, when Vincent brought the gray car in front, he came out, climbed into it, threw in the gear with

a clatter that made me shiver, and he, too, disappeared down the driveway.

A knock came at my door, and Burrows was there with a note. For the fourth time that evening I opened a note from Hap and read it:

Dear Louie—Winthrop has been arrested, as you know, and the pig-headed fool of an officer won't listen to reason. We've got to find a judge and get him out on bail. It's an awful mistake. Don't get uneasy, John will straighten out everything. The old general isn't badly hurt. It will be in the newspapers. I don't think any power on earth can stop it, but I want to ask you not to believe it, and don't tell Laura unless you must. HAP.

I had barely finished reading when Laura knocked and came in. I crushed the note in my hand.

"What's the matter with everybody?" she asked. "John went away, after a mysterious message, and now Hap has gone, and you're here looking like a ghost. What is it? Has Natalie lost anything else?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I haven't seen her."

"I didn't dare come up until I saw your light still burning, and I thought, perhaps—have you and Hap quarreled?"

"No," I said. "Why should I quarrel with Hap?"

"Something has happened," she insisted. "You look queer, guilty. Has Hap been proposing to you?"

"How absurd you are," I smiled. "Don't you think of anything, dear, but love and proposals and marriage?"

"Perhaps I don't," she replied slowly. "No one will let me think of anything else. Louie, I'm sick of it all," she burst out suddenly. "I've made a fool of myself. I expected Winthrop tonight; I even waited at the gate,

alone. I'll be up early. Stay I kiss you goodnight!"

She laughed, kissed me and started out; then she paused and turned back. "Don't you worry over what Natalie said. It's perfectly silly." And she was gone.

I noticed that the telephone was ringing insistently on Mrs. Hazard's desk. I answered it. It was long distance, wanting Mrs. Hazard. I sent for her, fearing, dreading what might come over the wire. I was so ignorant of what could be done to Winthrop. I lingered only with the idea of being able to help her.

"Yes," she answered. "Is that you, John? . . . Wait up? . . . What is it you want me to sign? . . . Oh!" She held the receiver to her ear a long while, but she didn't say anything else except, "Goodby."

"What is it some one wants you to sign?" Laura wanted to know.

"I don't know," she replied. "It was John. I shall have to wait up and see." The tone was casual; so casual that Laura went back to her room without another question.

I was just getting into bed when a knock came. It was not Laura's decisive tap, nor Nellie's inquiring one. I threw on a dressing gown and opened the door. Natalie stood there, her tall, slim figure gracefully outlined against the lighted corridor.

"Won't you come in?" I asked mechanically, falteringly. I was amazed. What could have brought her?

"May I?" she smiled droopily. "No, I won't sit down"—as I snapped on the lights and indicated a chair—"I just wanted to say something to you. I couldn't sleep until I did. I want to apologize to you, to tell you that I spoke in haste about that—lost ruby. I'm sorry. I know that you couldn't possibly have done such a thing, couldn't possibly. I made a frightful mistake. I shall also apologize to Mrs. Hazard. Do you believe me?" She suddenly put out a slim hand, and I remembered the time when I was adrift and that hand had been a protecting one. A little wave of friendliness swept over me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There's Nothing That So Awes a Detective as a Lawyer in Evening Dress.



sure of him, and he didn't come. Does he think that's the way to win a woman? Then when I came back, Charley Ayer made a fool of himself. You've been neglecting him lately, and he had to turn to me for consolation, so with Benny Bliss, and now Charlie—!"

"It's in the air," I said, and the tone was tragic, although I intended to be flippant.

"Even His Grace has been considering me," she went on, "ever since Mrs. Higginson let it drop how much I was worth in my own right. Of course, he's after money, and I could be the Duchess de Trouville if I beckoned, notwithstanding all that devotion to Natalie. I have more money than she has. I've been wondering tonight if I'm not all wrong, if it isn't wiser to marry some one who wants me rather than some one I want." She suddenly covered her face with her hands.

"Don't dear," I begged. "Winthrop loves you. He's working for you."

"Is he?" she asked, and her hands fell to her sides listlessly. "He hasn't told me so. A woman wants something to go on. A woman wants a man to take her and keep her and let nothing matter but that he loves her. That's what a woman wants, isn't it? He would come if he cared. He would come to me to marry him if he really cared."

"Perhaps he couldn't come," I said. "I heard him go out in the boat while you were at dinner. Perhaps he intended to get back and his naughty heroine kept him. You know he solves knotty places like that, and he's trying so hard to finish. Laura, you know he loves you."

"Yes, I suppose so," she agreed. "I can't see it that way tonight. I'm hurt and I've drifted dangerously near a precipice. Charlie Ayer nearly pulled me over. After all, I couldn't be so desperately unhappy with Charlie."

Perhaps it needed only a word from me to fulfill my duty to Mrs. Hazard, but I couldn't say it. I seized her hands in my own and with a vehemence that surprised both of us, I said:

"Don't give up the man you love, dear. He needs you, he's going to need you more. Love him, believe in him, and whatever happens, keep on believing in him."

"What's wrong with you?" she demanded. "You are not yourself. Is anything troubling you? Not that silly rube? Has John's going away anything to do with it?"

"No, dear, there's nothing wrong with me."

"You haven't been—been arrested?"

"No, of course not. But I'm dead tired. I think I've let myself get hysterical. Perhaps the summer had been more wearing than I thought. I'm going to sleep now; I'll be all right tomorrow."

"You're coming with me," she said. "No, not tonight. I want to be that

Man of Necessity Is Made of Right Material When He Can Rise Above Depression.

Some people are thrown off their balance the moment anything goes wrong with them. They do not seem to have the ability to overcome impediments and to do their work in spite of annoyance.

Anybody can work when everything goes smoothly, when there is nothing to trouble him; but a man must be made of the right kind of stuff who can rise above the things which annoy, harass and handicap the weak, and do his work in spite of them. Indeed, this is the test of greatness.

As a matter of fact, the greatest achievements in all time have been accomplished by men and women who have been handicapped, annoyed, persecuted, misunderstood, criticised. But they have been great enough to rise above all these things and to do their work in spite of them.

A tremendous power permeates the life and solidifies character from holding perpetually the life-thought, the truth-thought, the cheerful-thought and the secret takes hold of the very fundamental principles of the universe, gets down to the verity of things, excludes all kinds of errors and lives in reality itself. A sense of security, of power, of calmness and of repose comes in the life that is conscious of being enveloped in the very center of truth and reality which can never come to those who live on the surface of things.

Try to visualize the condition of health, happiness and plenty which you long to be yours. The actor does not think that he will sometimes become the character he impersonates, but he assumes that he is the character now; he makes himself feel that he is the character. He actually imagines that he is living the life of the character.

The Code Feminine.

As soon as Mrs. Granger was fairly past, Mr. Compton heard an irritated "There! I knew it!" from his wife, and turned to see what was the matter.

"She's just as provoked as she can be to think that Mrs. Lombard and I didn't ask her to go out with us to see the Williams baby!" said Mrs. Compton. "She thinks that it was on account of her having said that she didn't find three weeks' old babies very interesting, when of course she'd make an exception of Lena Williams' baby. But that wasn't the reason we didn't ask her; it was because we decided to go in a hurry, and there was just time to catch the train. She's made up her mind she won't propose our names for the book club!"

"How do you know she thinks all these things?" inquired Mr. Compton.

"My dear, didn't you see the way she bowed?" asked his wife in a pitying tone.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Compton. "I thought she gave a rather more pronounced bow than most women do, and smiled quite brilliantly."

"You dear thing," and Mrs. Compton patted his coat-sleeve, "of course she did! That's how I knew exactly what she was thinking."—Youth's Companion.

An Escape.

"It's useless to urge me to marry you. When I say so I mean no."

"Always?" "Invariably." "And can nothing ever break your determination when once you make up your mind?" "Absolutely nothing." "Well, I wouldn't care to marry a girl like that, anyhow."—Boston Transcript.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 29

THE VICTORIES OF FAITH.

READING LESSON—Acts 7:9-16; Heb. 11:20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT—"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith." I John 5:4.

The reading lessons for today are a New Testament commentary upon the past quarter's work. The first lesson is taken from that marvelous defense of Stephen the first martyr. As he traces the history of the people of Israel, he shows God's continued activities and purposes from the hour he called Abraham until the holy one of Israel came to fill to their fullness all of these same activities and purposes. Stephen also shows us that alongside God's activities was the equally persistent disobedience of the people which culminated in the betrayal and murder of that holy one. In the portion selected he sets before us how Joseph is sold into Egypt, yet God was with him and delivered him; how the famine came and Jacob is thereby brought into Egypt only later to be carried back into the land of promise.

Teach Faith.

The second lesson is taken from that great catalogue of heroes as recorded in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here we have set before us the fact that God's eternal purpose with man is ever that of faith. Isaac, Jacob and Joseph are here mentioned and the faith of each set before us.

Leaving out the Easter lesson we have covered a period of about 50 years, eight lessons dealing with Joseph, and four with Jacob.

Attention has been called to Joseph as one of the most remarkable types of Christ to be found in the Old Testament (see comments on lesson of April 27). As we have also suggested Jacob is not so grand a character as Abraham yet is much more like the average man.

It is interesting to go over these lessons and follow God's purposes and to observe how like Christ Joseph was.

In LESSON I we behold Jacob at the instigation of his mother deceiving his poor old father and being compelled to fly that he might save his life. Rebekah thought she could execute God's purposes; but it is never right to do evil that good may result.

In LESSON II Jehovah appeared before this conscience smitten refugee and again promised that the blessing, yes, his own divine purpose, would be worked out in Jacob's life. This is a lesson on the grace of God.

LESSON III sets Jacob before us after twenty-one years' service and separation from his brother Esau. This is a great lesson on God's desire and transforming power. He transforms Jacob to Israel a "prince" and softened the heart of Esau. Faith overcame and is strengthened and confirmed.

In LESSON IV, we first behold Joseph particularly loved and favored and as bitterly hated; he was thrown into a pit to die but is taken up (typical of the resurrection) and sold into slavery. The development of envy and the persistent, delivering purpose of God are here presented in strong contrast.

LESSON V, shows Joseph's entering that dark maze beyond which God was to highly exalt him. By faith he overcame that fierce temptation and his treatment of his fellow prisoner was God's useful agency though it seemed accidental and insignificant.

God's Continued Purpose.

LESSON VI is the completion of Lesson V, and in it we see Joseph seated in the place of power, able to save the country and also his brethren.

LESSON VII shows us God's continued purpose and the beginning of the fulfillment of his word that the descendants of Abraham were to dwell in captivity (Gen. 15:13).

LESSON VIII is a continuation of Joseph's dealings with his brothers in which their guilty consciences are still further pricked and God reveals to us his immutable purpose.

LESSON IX is a tender one of the meeting of Joseph and Benjamin while at the same time it suggests to us the certainty of the fact that we may "be sure your sin will find you out." Unless covered by his forgiving blood our sin is mercilessly upon our track.

In LESSON X we behold Joseph made known to his brethren and those in fear are urged to draw near. Joseph's faith in God saved him from arrogance and retaliation and inclined his heart to tenderness and love in his dealings with his brothers. Even as Joseph revealed himself to his brothers so will Christ reveal himself.

Joseph's provision for his fathers and his brethren, LESSON XI, is a rich suggestion of our father's bounty and care for all who are "in Christ Jesus." By faith Joseph who had become great in a strange land, identified with all of its power and splendor makes provision that when God's purpose shall be executed and the sons of Israel shall be delivered from Egypt, his bones shall be carried into the land of the people to whom he belonged and from whom he has so long been separated. Faith is the secret of victory. Joseph as a type teaches us the lesson of faith.