

The JADE GOD

By Mary Imlay Taylor

CHAPTER I.

"So you've come back, Mark Grant?" The old lawyer swung around in his swivel-chair and looked the young man up and down with an eye as cold as a lizard's.

Mark laughed. Liberty was sending bold buldozes through his veins; it was easy to laugh.

"I behaved well, Mr. Fosdick," Mark said, his tone defying criticism, challenging; "they let me out a few months ahead of time."

"Humph!" Fosdick grunted as he stretched out his big-veined hand to take a cigar and clip the end off. "I've no use for new-fangled notions in prisons," he remarked dryly; "hot air, that's all; a man should serve his time."

Mark's blue eyes mocked, but he kept his face. Fosdick had not offered him a cigar, nevertheless, he found a cigarette in his own pocket and lit it coolly.

"You've never been in prison, Mr. Fosdick," he said. "When you've tried it you'll be quite favorable to new-fangled notions. I know!"

Fosdick's gray face twisted into a grim smile. "I don't think I'll try it—not in your way. Let me see; how old were you when you went up?"

"Seventeen."

"Seventeen? Gosh!" The lawyer stared at him for a moment, incredulously. "I'd forgotten. A boy—and convicted of killing that old man, your uncle—to get his money, too!" he added reproachfully.

Mark's face sobered. His eyes darkened. "Convicted?" You call that travesty a fair trial?"

The old man recoiled slightly, but he steadied himself to face the young fury in Mark's glance. "It was a fair trial; I always said so; you appealed, too," he maintained anger aside with a gesture. "I've his point dryly; then he put Mark's no time to take that up. I dare say you've suffered for it."

Mark did not answer this; he had set his teeth hard to keep back the torrent of his anger. He looked over the gray little man's head, out of the window; the sky scraper commanded a glimpse of the river, the sight of water had a strangely tranquilizing effect.

His silence bothered the lawyer. He turned on him raspingly. "What do you want, Mark?"

The young man put his hand in his pocket and drew out an old letter with Fosdick's name in the corner. He laid it on the desk.

"That says that Aunt Hurley left her money for me when I came out, and you have charge of it. 'I'm out, Mr. Fosdick.'"

Fosdick glanced at the envelope out taking it up.

"I see! Your Aunt Hurley's money brought you here mighty quick!" he remarked grudgingly. He had never forgiven the boy for Grant Barton's death. Of course he'd done it for the uncle's money. The motive was as plain as the nose on your face! "I drew that will. Her friends advised against it, but she would have her way. She always believed in you."

"God bless her!" Mark broke out, suddenly devout. For a moment he seemed to dwell on this silence, then he said: "The will was proven, of course; you say as much in this letter."

The lawyer assented grudgingly again; it was plain he had been among the friends who "advised against it."

"It's not much," he said tartly, "about twenty thousand." This time Mark smiled amusedly.

Fosdick drummed on his desk again; then he swung his swivel-chair back to its place with an air of dismissing his visitor.

"Come around tomorrow morning and I'll have the papers ready. The money's in deposit at the bank here, waiting."

Mark rose, but stopped with his hand on the back of the chair. "It's early yet, Mr. Fosdick, and I'd be glad to draw some of that money. I'm short."

The little lawyer whipped around in his chair and stared at him, then away. "The fellow's a giant!" he thought uneasily, remembering old Grant Barton's end. Money in that, too!

"I can't help it," he said testily; "there'll be formalities. Come tomorrow. The bank closes at three; we couldn't get through in time. I'm busy; good-day!"

Mark stood a moment longer, looking down at him. He saw the little man's hand shake as he grasped his pen and pretended to write. Mark knew he was afraid of the ex-convict; he threw back his head and laughed again, his laugh startling Fosdick as much as a blow; it was so hearty, so care-free, a boy's laugh.

"You seem to find it amusing, sir," he said tartly.

"I do!" Mark turned, picked up his hat, a new one, the warden had fitted him out, and went to the door. "Good-day, Mr. Fosdick," he said, still smiling, and went out.

By the regular life that he had led in the jail he had grown up at regular intervals, by the clock; he had been hungry now for hours. The sensation was new and not without zest; it was part of his freedom. He threaded his way through the crowded streets with the awkward feeling of a recluse, suddenly thrust out into the world. But the sights and sounds had an



"You've never been in prison, Mr. Fosdick."

intoxicating effect; he felt like a man let loose into a mad indulgence.

He had tramped miles; he was up-town before that insistent, by-the-clock hunger began to clamor again. He smiled to himself; eighty cents would not go far to appease it here. But there must be a cafe or a tearoom where he could get a cup of coffee and a roll, hot tea and a muffin. He remembered, in dim perspective, that muffins were heavy and "filling." He had turned the corner into one of the more sedate streets and was passing the entrance of a fashionable clubhouse—the name was on the door over a brass knocker—when two young men suddenly emerged. Their exit was so abrupt that they nearly collided with Mark, and they both stopped short, staring at him with the eagerness of men seeking a long lost acquaintance.

"Stewed!" Mark thought, and pursued his way, looking for a restaurant.

He found one at the other end of the street, with a teapot on the swinging sign. It was down a few steps below the sidewalk, and as he descended, he was surprised to find the two young men at his heels. He annoyed him as it could not annoy another man; he recalled the forgotten days before his arrest, when he was "shadowed." He took a seat near the door and ordered his tea and muffins. The heavy things would at least assuage his hunger. But he felt resentment when he found the two young men had seized upon the table next to his and, without much pretense of eating, themselves, were unquestionably watching him drink his tea and eat his muffin.

They were both young, one big, about his own build, the other small and fat with red cheeks, and they were both fashionably dressed; they were evidently disputing something between themselves, and Mark got the impression that he was their chief interest. It nettled him; he hurried his food down, drank his tea and paid his bill. It left him twenty cents. As he counted his change and thrust it back into his pocket he laughed bitterly to himself. How would Fosdick like to face his night in the city with twenty cents? He was just rising from the table when his two young neighbors suddenly rose, came over, and pulling out the two empty chairs opposite, sat down, uninvited, at his table.

Mark looked at them coldly, appraisingly; their effrontery began to amuse him; he was no longer minded to go, but sat still, thrusting his hands into his pockets he stared at them.

The stout young man leaned forward confidentially, his red cheeks growing redder.

"Pardon me," he said courteously, smiling across at Mark; "It's a wager—my speaking to you, I mean. If you've ever made a wager, you know how a fellow feels. I hope you don't mind our butting in this way. You see, it's all part of a bally bet I've made with my chum here."

"I see," Mark still studied the pair. "I don't mind. In fact, I rather like it. What's the bet?"

"Oh, it's a thousand dollars."

"Shut up!" Archie broke in suddenly. "you're only babbling, Ted. Let's get to business." He turned a little laughily and faced Mark. "It's this way. My pal here has been getting into trouble with a lady, an elderly and

exclusive lady, one of the smartest of the smart set, she won't have a man in her house who drinks too much, or gambles, or—he shrugged—"you know the usual things! Ted's a prime favorite, but she caught him gambling, and then he got stewed, two of the cardinal sins. She's forbidden him the house, and he's sore. There's going to be an exclusive afternoon today, a big affair. Ted has no card. He's raw about it, and he's laid a wager with me that she'll all bunk about her rules that she doesn't really know what her guests do, that any fellow—the first man we meet in the street—given a clean shirt could pass muster. I've taken the bet. I don't believe she'll receive anyone without credentials, she'll find a way to freeze the newcomer out, even if a fellow took him in, unless she knows he's all right. Ted's bet me a thousand dollars that he can pick up the first man he meets outside the club, give him the clothes and get him in—if I'll take him past the door and simply say: 'This is Mr.—oh, any old name! Now, do you see?'"

Mark nodded. "I see!" he said, and laughed. There was vigor in his laughter, a jubilant ring of freedom.

The sound startled Archie, he looked up sheepishly, but Teddy looked on in the laugh.

"I met you first outside the club," he said, "that's the whole of it. It's a wager—" he made a boyish grimace—"I don't want to lose my thousand dollars. Archie, here, is a bit stiff-necked about it. You—I wonder—" he leaned back, thrusting his hands into his pockets and jingling his money rather obviously—"I wonder if you'll help me out? It's only for one afternoon, you know, at a tea, there'll be dancing, no end of fun, but the test will be the dinner afterwards. She only asks the elect to that—the sons of Colonial dames, I call 'em. I bet she'll ask you."

"What do I get?" asked Mark.

Archie frowned; it was plain that the wager had been made in a rash moment; doubtless the clubhouse luncheon had not been entirely dry, and the exhilaration of the moment was disappearing. Archie began to see objections to his part in it, but his younger companion was eager to pay off his score; his eyes sparkled.

"I believe you'll go," he said gayly, "you look game! I'll tell you—if you carry off well, if you get invited to that precious dinner afterwards, I'll give you half—five hundred dollars."

Mark shook his head. "That's conditional. Your friend here has given me to understand that I'll fail anyway; be frozen out by the lady. In that case, I'd get nothing—according to your conditions. I won't go a step unless I get the five hundred down and my clothes. I've none for the occasion, gentlemen," he added with a twisted smile that the older one caught with some uneasiness.

Teddy laughed boisterously. "You're right, old thing; that's fair; I'll put up the stakes and I'll get you rigged out; now, what about it?"

Mark looked from one to the other thoughtfully. "One thing more who's the lady?"

"I don't think you've any right to ask yet!" broke in Archie.

"I don't go unless I know," Mark retorted tersely.

"Oh, come on—he's got to know!" Teddy said. "It's Mrs.

Which Are You?

I DON'T LIKE TO WALK TO WORK OR GIVE UP OUR PLEASURE DRIVING, BUT IF OUR FIGHTERS NEED EVERY DROP OF OIL AND GASOLINE THEY CAN GET TO LICK HITLER AND HIROHITO, THEN

I'LL WALK AND LIKE IT!!



I DON'T LIKE TO DO WITH OIL BUTTER OR PRUNES OR SO! OF THE CANNED GOODS OR OF FOODS WE'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO, BUT IF OUR BOYS NEED MORE FOOD TO DESTROY THE BEASTS OF BER AND THE THUGS OF T— THEN

I'LL GLADLY WITHOUT A NOT HO! FOOD!



HEETS—!!! OIL!!! THIS RATIONING OF GAS AN' OIL AN' RUBBER IS NOTHIN' BUT A RACKET! THEY CAN'T TELL ME WHEN TO USE MY CAR! WHAT GAS I USE WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE! SMART GUYS LIKE ME CAN PUT ONE OVER!

I'M GOIN' TO GET MINE!!



HUH—!!! OIL!!! FOOD RATIONING IS RIDICULOUS! THEY CAN'T MAKE ME DO WITHOUT!!! I'LL HOARD ALL I CAN! MY HANDS ON—WHAT DO I CARE FOR ANYBODY ELSE ANYHO!

I'M GOING TO GET MINE!!

SIX INCH SERMON

REV. ROBERT H. HARPER

Jesus the Great Physician.

Lesson for January 24: John 5:2-17.

Golden Text: John 5:6.

In the preceding lesson we thought of Jesus, winning souls in Yynn, she was a Vanderers Now, do you know? Mark shook his head. I'm not up—in Burke's Peerage." Teddy laughed boisterously. "She's Burleson's sister-in-law; she receives for him—Burleson's the millionaire." Burleson? Mark Grant stared at him. How small the world was! This man had been one of his dead uncle's close friends, he had even testified at the trial! Archie looked at him curiously. "You know the name?" Mark nodded; the idea caught him; to come face to face with his own old world again! But he answered laconically. "I've heard it." Teddy was getting anxious. "Now you know—is it a bargain?" (TO BE CONTINUED)

cases where no ills of the body were present. Today we think of him saving souls through saving the bodies of men, in healing them, gaining their confidence and love, and then leading them to the cure of soul. Beyond the relief of the manifold distresses of men and the improvement of conditions, we have the blessed work of helping Jesus, through deeds of mercy, to heal wounded souls. As Jesus moved the sick beside the pool of Bethesda, each hoping to get down into the water for healing, he found a poor fellow whose desperate condition prevented his getting into the pool but was lying there day after day, somehow hoping that in some way he might get into the pool. And Jesus said unto him, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk." In what better contract with the gracious work of Jesus was the condemnation of his critics because he profaned the Sabbath by healing. When they first questioned the healed man, he did not reveal who had healed him. Afterward, when he saw Jesus again and learned who he was, he "told the Jews that it was Jesus who had made him whole." Sometimes in this day, in the midst of alien circumstances, we need a fearless witness to the things we have seen and heard.

The only answer Jesus made his critics (verse 17) indicated that he claimed oneness with God.

and would not be deterred by earthly opposition. And may we the pool of Bethesda, each hoping to get down into the water for healing, he found a poor fellow whose desperate condition prevented his getting into the pool but was lying there day after day, somehow hoping that in some way he might get into the pool. And Jesus said unto him, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk."

MAKE EVERY PAY DAY BOND DAY

JOIN THE PAY-ROLL SAVINGS PLAN

LIST YOUR TAX IN JANUARY

List your TAX this month and avoid the penalty which will be imposed on every one who have not listed Tax, by February 1st, 1943.

1 PER CENT PENALTY TO ALL WHO HAVE NOT PAID TAX BY FEB. 1ST.

A 1 per cent penalty will be charged to all who have not paid their 1942 Tax by February 1st, 1943. Pay your Tax now and avoid the penalty.

Have your crop report made out and save time because this is going to be a very busy month for the List Taker and such a short time, is going to require staying on the job all the time.

List Early And Avoid The Rush

J. C. JENKINS, TAX LISTER

By MAC ARTHUR

BUY... WALDENSIAN PRIZE WINNER BREAD

Enriched With Vitamin B-1, Containing Approximately 450 International Units Per Pound.

Freshness Guaranteed

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

1. "I DIDN'T WANT TO BAKE BUT I KNOW OLD JOGGISH HECTOR WILL POUT IF I DON'T HAVE SOMETHING SWEET FOR HIM ..."

2. "...THE OLD BEAR IS GETTING TOO FAT ANYHOW... THE ONLY WAY HE SHOULD BE SERVED A CAKE IS TO BE HIT OVER THE HEAD WITH IT....."

3. "WELL YOU DID BAKE A CAKE... Y'KNOW DARLING, I CAN JUST SEE YOU SAYING TO YOURSELF 'HUBBY ENJOYS A SWEET SNACK SO MUCH THAT WHEN AS BUSY AS I AM, I WILL FEED HIM ONE!'"

4. "ISN'T THAT EXACTLY WHAT WENT THROUGH YOUR DEAR LITTLE MIND, WIFIE?"

5. "I'LL JUMP OVER AND TANT THE OTHER EAR RED TOO IN JUST A SECOND—HEE, HEH!"