

The JADE GOD

Mary Imlay Taylor

CHAPTER IV SYNOPSIS

Released from prison after serving fifteen years for a crime he didn't commit, Mark Grant goes to the office of a lawyer named Fosdick to collect a legacy left him while he was in prison. When Fosdick tells him he will have to wait, Mark accepts an invitation to a party to help Teddy Banks win a \$1,000 bet with Archie Landon. Mark is to get \$500 and new clothes. Although Mark has told him his real name, Archie introduces him to his hostess, Mrs. Lynn, as "Stewart Bryam." Mark meets and falls in love with Pamela Rodney. Jealous of Mark's attentions to Pamela, Archie calls him an impostor and Mark returns the money but remains at the party. He learns that Burleson, the man who sent him to prison, is at the party, but Burleson does not recognize him, and all is well until Mrs. Lynn suddenly asks him if, by any chance, he was at Stella Byram's wedding.



"With Romeo it was love at first sight."

Mark lifted his head. "No, I don't know her, Mrs. Lynn." His hostess looked perplexed. "But she should be your cousin; there are so few Bryams. You must come in on the Tom Byram side?"

Mark caught the gleeful malice in Landon's eyes.

"No," he replied flatly, "not on any side. You're mistaken, Mrs. Lynn. I'm not related to the Utica Bryams."

She was a little taken aback. But a woman of the world passes such things over lightly; she turned the conversation swiftly, though her eyes flashed one keen question at Landon. He reddened and moved uneasily in his chair. It was Pam who spoke softly to Mark.

"I'm so glad! Those Utica Bryams are so today, I can see how you could belong."

"I might be a hop out of kin, you know," he answered quickly, and then, in an undertone: "Suppose I'm not a Byram at all; what then?"

"Oh, but it's your name!" she laughed, as if at a huge joke.

She lifted her shining eyes, mischievous in them. "What was it Juliet said? 'A rose by any other name?'"

"Do you remember about that?" he asked her daringly.

"The play?" she laughed outright; "of course I do!"

"With Romeo it was love at first sight," said Mark.

Again the flame that played in her eyes held hers. She drew a deep breath, smiling, clinging delicately to the conventions. She did not know that prison had made a pagan out of him, like a pagan he was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstayed the other guests. There was music and a little dancing again. Burleson took off a few to the opera. Pam escorted ballroom. Landon had been carried off against his will, by Burleson. Mrs. Lynn was in the drawing room.

"I can't see where you could have been!" Pam laughed. "Why, you know steps I never heard of—and not one I know!"

"Nonsense! I had only one—the lockstep"—Mark replied relentlessly.

"We stayed too late in Lynn's entrance."

"I'm not a Utica Byram because of something of a man. She was a woman enough under her dress to be a little thrilled."

"Before she knew what she was doing she had told him she was at home."

"But, of course, Archie will bring you," she ended, suddenly cooling.

Pam said nothing. She had told him all these things already, and another—she was in the habit of riding her pet horse in the park, mornings. This was something Archie Landon did not know; she did not want Landon and Banks there! It was after he left the house that Mark had his bad quarter of an hour. He had gone there as an impostor, under an assumed name. It would be black enough for a mere joke, but he was an ex-convict. Given that, and they found him out, he would deserve something worse than expulsion.

"A man does mad things when he's in love!" he thought.

But it troubled him. He tramped the streets, thinking of it, wretched at heart. It was past midnight when he went in search of Teddy Banks. He wanted his own clothes. Besides, it was part of the bargain to report to the young scapegrace. He found Banks alone and sulky—his rooms, a bachelor's suite, thick with cigarette smoke.

"I won," said Mark, beginning to take off his coat.

Banks stared at him, biting his cigarette.

"I know! (Archie's been here, ripping mad. What the duce did you do there, anyway?"

"Got asked to dinner. Did he pay his wager?"

Teddy nodded. "He did, and swore he'd like to murder me! Come, what happened? Tell me! It's beastly to be shut out of

the fun and only get a ragging from a chucklehead."

"Nothing happened. I was well received and asked to dinner."

"By the great lady herself? Teddy slapped his knee, laughing uproariously. "What did I say? Any fellow with a clean shirt? I got my money out of Archie!"

He went over this again and again, giggling at it. Mark, sick with disgust of him, soiled by the thought that this boy had opened the door of love for him, changed back into his own rough suit, flinging the borrowed raiment down. The violence of his action drew Teddy's eyes.

"Archie says you threw back five hundred dollars. Why?"

"You'd better ask me why I took it in the first place," Mark retorted bitterly. "I think I was mad."

Some remnant of conscience stirred in young Banks.

"It was only for tonight!" he called after him thickly. "Only for tonight; that's flat, remember—you can't go back there, you know!"

Mark thought the boy had been drinking again. He did not answer. He shut the door on him and went out to walk the streets all night. There was even an exhilarating freedom in doing it.

Presently a glow showed in the eastern sky; against it the skyscrapers were blocked out in strange pyramidal shapes. The city lights went out; the day dawned.

It was nine o'clock when Mark Grant, sleepless and breakfastless, went back to Fosdick's office. Today he would receive his aunt's legacy. It would give him the means to go away. He remembered his relief at that thought yesterday; today it meant exile!

Fosdick, coming in to find him there, waiting, was no more cordial than on the previous day. But he took the matter up; it was apparent that his idea was to get done with Mark.

"You'll have some papers to sign," he said bluntly. "Come over to the courthouse; there are formalities."

Fosdick showed scant courtesy, but the money was intact—thanks to the little lawyer's scrupulous care.

"I wouldn't have let her leave it to you if I'd had my way," he said bluntly, as they closed the business up.

Mark reddened in spite of himself. "Mr. Fosdick, do you remember Herbert Burleson?"

The lawyer shot another look at him. "Sure, I do! He's the great Burleson, now. Why d'you ask?"

"I saw him yesterday."

Fosdick started, and then he remembered that it might have been the merest chance. He nodded. "Very likely. He's got a kind of palace here."

Mark, folding some papers in his pocket, assented thoughtfully. "He was with my uncle that last day; he knew there was no quarrel between us. He could have testified for me."

Fosdick drummed on his desk. "It's late to think of that," he said coldly.

"I tried to bring it out; no one believed me."

Fosdick shrugged. "Are you trying to imagine Burleson will clear you now?"

Mark rose. He had money in his pocket; he looked grimly down at the sneering little man.

"A man has a right to fight for his life, Mr. Fosdick. I'm young still. I've got red blood in me—I'm going to fight for my life."

Fosdick looked him over thoughtfully. For the first time

he seemed to realize the man who had come back. There was power in the figure and the face; Mark stood up, unshamed. In spite of himself the little lawyer was impressed. But he fingered the papers on his desk impatiently; he was not one to admit he had been touched by anything.

"Better go west and live it down," he advised dryly; "no easy thing to dig up evidence after fifteen years. It would take your twenty thousand all right, I suppose—when you find the evidence." He grinned — "you'll set up your claim to the Barton fortune."

"Yes," said Mark slowly — "then I might—but not until then. Goodday, Mr. Fosdick."

The lawyer nodded curtly, but he turned in his chair and followed the young man with his eyes. For the first time a doubt had stirred in him. Plenty of innocent people suffered—but, pshaw! This boy had been fairly tried. It was a plain murder for money. He was hard up at the time, and he was his uncle's heir. Fosdick pursed his lips. He had not tried to claim the fortune yet; it was rolling up; but he would—of course he would! He nodded to himself and went back to his work. He had always believed Mark guilty.

Mark had set his face westward. It seemed the natural destiny of men such as he. Perhaps that vague country which used to be termed "out West," by easterners, was not longer vague and no longer offered as great opportunities for rehabilitation; a man could scarcely expect in these days, to get out of touch with the things he left behind him, and there were no more great fortunes within easy reach of pick and shovel, but there would be a great space to breathe, to look around, to live down the past.

He went steadily about it; he had long ago half shaped his probable course. Now he looked up localities, recalled the advice that his friend, the warden, had given him, and even went so far as to inquire the price of railway fares. Yet he did not go. Days had passed and he had held to his resolution. He had never returned to the Burleson house. Better that Pam should think him uncouth, uncivilized, than that he should transgress again. The thought of his reckless entrance there, his violation of all the amenities of social life, made his cheeks burn. He loved the girl; it was no romance of a day; and because it was real, because it was a thing above and apart from the rest of his life, he would see her no more. The surprise and annoyance might be hers, but she would soon forget! He would not go there, but he could not go away. Each day he said to himself, "tomorrow!" Tomorrow he stayed. Night after night he walked around the square on which the Burleson house stood; day after day he put off his journey. It was folly—it was idleness—but the spell held him. Pam's eyes, her voice, the touch of her small hand, haunted him. To go away from the city where she dwelt would be evil. There was always a chance here of a glimpse of her, himself unseen. Once he did see her. She was going out with Mrs. Lynn, in the Burleson car. He glimpsed her face, a little pale, framed in a great hat, the furs muffling her; he saw her pass and the day was changed for him. After that, he did not plan to go for three days. Once he saw Landon going to the house,

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MEAT GO FURTHER

Meat Cut	First Meal	Second Meal	Third Meal
Roast Brisket	Beef Brisket with Beans	Broiled Toastwiches	Stuffed Green Peppers
Blade End of Pork Loin	Roast Pork with Dressing	Barbecued Pork Slices	Pork Shortcake
Lamb's Shoulder	Cushion Shoulder with Corn Stuffing	Pasties	Scotch Pancakes

Friction authorities say that the American Housewife's job of feeding her family is one of the most important in the war effort. For nourishing food is going a long way toward building strength and morale on the home front.

At the same time, women are being called upon to conserve food as a wartime necessity. This means they must use every ingenuity to eliminate waste and get the most out of the food they buy.

How to make their meat go further seems to be a subject of especial interest, since building meals around this food is an American tradition. So home economics experts have come to the rescue with all sorts of ideas and recipes designed to extend the meat purchase as far as possible.

Here are a few of many practical ideas along this line.

BLADE END OF PORK LOIN

First meal. Blade end of the pork loin is excellent for a roast. The end cut is lower in price than the center cut. Roasting is easy when a few simple rules are followed. The roast should not be covered and no water added. A low temperature saves both meat and fuel. A bread dressing, shaped in balls and placed around the roast half an hour before it is done, will extend the servings. This roast requires 33 minutes per pound.

Second meal. The cold slices of roast pork are delicious heated in barbecue sauce.

REEF BRISKET

First meal. Brisket cooked with beans is a delicious dish for the first serving. The beans are soaked overnight and brown sugar, onion and seasonings added, then placed in a covered kettle with brisket on top. Brisket and beans should be covered with water and cooked in

a moderate oven for about three hours.

Second meal. Broiled toastwiches suggested for the second meal, are prepared by slicing left-over brisket and making into sandwiches. The sandwiches are dipped in beaten egg and milk and broiled until brown.

Third meal. The left-over meat from the brisket may be ground and combined with boiled rice and seasonings to make a stuffing for green peppers. These are baked in a hot oven until done—about 45 minutes.

LAMB SHOULDER

First meal. A stuffed lamb shoulder is a thrifty roast. The shoulder may be used to season vegetables or to make soup stock. A stuffing is made for it by combining whole kernel corn, cracker crumbs, seasonings and minced green pepper. The roast is placed on a rack in an open pan and about 40 minutes per pound allowed in a hot oven.

Second meal. For the next night main dish, combine cubes of cold roast with left-over vegetables as enough gravy to hold together. Place mounds of the mixture on squares of pastry and fold over to make a triangle. Pinch the edges together. Brown in a hot oven. These are called Pasties.

Third meal. The remaining lamb "bits" may be ground and mixed with cooked oatmeal, an egg and seasonings to make Scotch Pancakes for supper or for breakfast.

Third meal. The trimmings from the roast make a surprise supper dish when combined with cream sauce and served between layer and over the top of biscuits as Pot Short Cake.

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Of course everybody gets SOME vitamins. Surveys show that millions of people do not get ENOUGH.

A pleasant, convenient economical way to be sure that you and your family do not lack essential B Complex Vitamin is to take ONE-A-DAY brand Vitamin B Complex tablets.

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Important — Get your money's worth, always compare potencies and price.

QUINTUPLE CHEST COLD

relieve coughing of

At the first signs which may warn of a cold—the Dionne Quintuplets' chests, throats and backs are rubbed with Musterole—a product made especially to promptly relieve coughs due to colds, make breathing easier and break up local congestion in the upper bronchial tract. Musterole gives such wonderful results because it's MORE than just an ordinary "salve". It's what so many Doctors and Nurses call a modern cough-irritant. Since Musterole is used on the Quints—you may be sure it's just about the BEST cold-relief made!

3 STRENGTHS: Children's Mild Musterole for children and people with tender skin. Regular for ordinary cases and Extra Strength for stubborn cases.

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SUCCESSFUL PARENTHOOD

By MRS. CATHERINE C. EDWARDS, Associate Editor, Parent's Magazine

One of the most serviceable tools you can give your child is a good vocabulary.

A good well known educator says that there is a definite relation between large vocabulary and high intelligence is generally conceded, but the belief that by building up a person's knowledge of words, the chances for that individual's success are increased is a comparatively recent contention and one which cannot fail to interest parents. And aside from this practical value a feeling for words can bring rare pleasure to living.

Now we aren't saying that parents must provide their children with an adult vocabulary while they are still young. But it is in childhood that a love of words is awakened. Walt Disney has brought this out delightfully in Bambi when each new word Bambi learns enchants him. Moreover, there is an immediate reward, for it has been proved that children having a wide-range vocabulary encounter fewer difficulties with their studies.

To illustrate this point, here are few answers from a State Regents Examination in all of which and he hated the boy for it. "He has no right there—after what he did!" Mark thought hotly, and grew hotter when he realized the part he himself had played. Once he saw Pam on horseback in the park. Screened by the trees he watched her in the sunshine and thought her the most beautiful thing in the world! That day he nearly broke his resolution. It seemed as if he must speak to her. That night he summoned himself to the bar of his own judgment and condemned himself. No honest man would have gone into another's house under a false name and made love to an innocent girl. He would go West in the morning.

As one means to building a child's vocabulary every family should cultivate the dictionary habit. Why do you so often find the dictionary on the most inaccessible shelf of the library, and why is there such a "get-yourselves" attitude about looking up a word? If you once acquire the habit of reading the dictionary for pleasure, instead of just consulting it as a last resort, you'll discover that it contains more possibilities for games and family fun than any other household possession. One of the most fascinating is that in which children hunt for words with unusual origins. A prize is offered each week to the child in the family who discovers the most in-

teresting word history. The radio has brought back many of the word games our grandparents enjoyed. Listen to them as a family and continue after the broadcast is over with word lists of your own chosen to fit your child's school age.

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THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

INCOME TAX, HUMPH! WOTTA NUISANCE-- AND WOTTA WHALE OF A TAX T' PAY..... POOR MR. AVERAGE GUY!

SET ME STRAIGHT ON SOMETHIN', WILL YA POP?

ARE TH' DOLLARS YOU PAY FOR INCOME TAX TH' MONEY TH' GOVERNMENT USES FOR SHIPS, GUNS AND TANKS....

AN-AN-IS IT TRUE POP THAT ALL OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS IN GUADACANAL, AFRICA AN' ALASKA SUK US T' DO FOR 'EM IS T' KEEP 'EM WELL SUPPLIED WITH THOSE 'HINGS... HUH POP...

IS THAT ALL THEY ASK?

W-H-M-Y-AH-- THAT'S RIGHT

I JUST PAID MY INCOME TAX JOE, AN' I HAVE SOME MONEY LEFT OVER-- GIMME A FLOCK OF WAR SAVINGS STAMPS!

Invest AT LEAST 10% EACH WEEK IN WAR BONDS!

By MAC ARTHUR

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