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CHAPTER 5

What Has Gown Baron

Jim Carmichael, young prospector, without knowing her identity, falls in love with Swan, who runs a table at the notorious gambling den, the Bella Donna. Finding her in the gambling house, he strikes his mother's fortune at her wheel, losing it all. Meanwhile, trouble is brewing for Swan and her partner, Louis Chamalis. A mine has been killed for protesting the wickedness of the play, and the honest citizens of San Francisco are up in arms.

THE VIGILANTES

Jim's presence at the Bella Donna was a fresh drop of poison in Swan's bitter cup. "I don't want you around here," she said, when she discovered him installed as waiter. "If you don't mind," Jim answered stiffly. "I'd like to work around here until I get enough money to get a boat back to New York. This is about the only job I could get. I'm not very talented." "Chamalis will take you to the gold fields, or I will do it myself." "Mr. Chamalis is the son of a gun, Ma'am, and so are you. But I don't think I have enough initiative to start putting around again in the sand. I've sort of lost my interest in gold. It's a troublesome possession. You could steer clear of harpies next time, Mr. Carmichael." "Someone would take it away from me," said Jim philosophically. "I'll give you your fare back," Swan said suddenly. "Back to Gramercy Park, Mr. Carmichael."

Lists that night Knuckles was walking toward the Bella Donna when out of the shadows three men silently came forward and walked beside him. Knuckles looked around quickly. He was covered with their guns. "Keep on walking, Mr. Jacoby," one of them said. "You're going to your trial." "Trial? What for?" Knuckles asked in alarm. "Murder!" the man answered. As they walked, others joined them, until they reached the front of the Clarion office, where the crowd came to a stop. The trial was short. "Is this the man you saw shoot down MacTavish and Col. Cobb?" the leader asked. "That's the man," a miner answered. "I will cross-examine the witness. Are you sure?" "Dead certain!" the miner answered. "Gentlemen, what is your verdict?" Then the chorus of voices answered: "Guilty!"

Later that night, citizens who had occasion to pass the "Clarion" office moved wide to the other side of the street. From the sign that hung over the door swung the body of Knuckles, limp and lifeless. The vigilantes had started to work. The body of the late-but-unnamed Mr. Knuckles Jacoby was still swinging from the signboard when Jim, unaware of the tragedy that was being brewed in the fog, prepared a second time to leave for home. It was, strangely enough, the unregenerate Old Atrocity who had come to his rescue, performing, as the old man himself admitted, the first decent act in his lifetime. "I found a bag of gold that you

dropped on the floor," Old Atrocity said. "Take it and leave. I hate to see you go, but I guess it's more suitable in the East."

"For points and failures," Jim said. "Can't I reward you, sir?" "I took the reward out in advance, son," Old Atrocity stated, unabashed. "Be's not to delay matters with any hickering."

The way was clear for Jim to leave; nevertheless he hesitated at the table where Swan presided, spinning the wheel for three doleful and not over-prosperous customers. Business had fallen off since the killing. Old Atrocity observed Jim staring. "Hey, Swan," he called out. "He's going away."

Goodbye. Jim walked over to her table and stood smiling. "Well," he said, "this is the second time we say goodbye. I'm sailing on the Flying Cloud after all, with the handful of gold this saintly gentleman rescued for me."

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The Trial. The bystanders, who had crowded to safety when the shooting began, now pressed forward around the dying old man, who addressed them as he would an audience.

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Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

The most densely crowded block in this teeming city, as determined in a study made by the mayor's committee on city planning, of which Bernard S. Deutsch, president of the board of aldermen, is chairman, is not down on the lower East Side but up in Harlem. In it live 3,871 persons—a population equal to that of many a thriving community. The most crowded block lies between Lenox and Seventh avenues and One Hundred and Forty-second and One Hundred and Forty-third streets. It presents a solid brick front, with now and then a dingy opening leading to a litiged back yard. Most of the tenements date back to the previous century. Windows look out on those trashy yards or into kitchens, with only the more fortunate having a view of the street. Since dumb waiters are seldom in working order, the shafts are used as garbage chutes.

With the exception of a few small shopkeepers, the population of the most crowded block is colored. The average wage of a colored man is \$20 a week. The average rental in Harlem is \$85 a month. That means boarders and roomers and doubling up. Hence, the reason why the most crowded block is in Harlem. More than half the residents, however, are on relief. Having nothing to do, they loiter about the fronts of the buildings or sit in little dark rooms. Mothers go out to work when they can find employment. Children go to school with keys of their homes around their necks. After school, no one being at home to look after them, they play in streets and alleys. What that may mean in the future is not a pleasant thought.

Occasionally, even in mad Manhattan, the more humble receives recognition when they pass on. For instance, Nicholas Zupo. He was only a hoot-black, yet government employees and newspaper men attended his funeral services. For 40 years, he had been the official shoe shiner of the Barge

office, which houses customs men. Coast guardsmen and ship news reporters. For 25 of those years, he had been the only person licensed to vend goods or personal services in the government buildings in Battery park. To one and all, he was "Nick."

Nick did his work well. He did more than that. If the shoes of a regular patron didn't need a shine, he gave them only a wiping off, for which there was no charge. When he wasn't busy in the Barge office, he went out into the park and picked up stray dimes. By his industry, he laid away a snug little fortune. His costume, summer and winter, consisted of lightweight trousers, a sleeveless blue denim shirt and a cap. But his patrons liked Nick—and those he served went to his funeral.

Mrs. George Bethune Adams, director of the Ellin Price Speyer Hospital for Animals, is eighty-seven years old, yet even the fiercest dog has no terrors for her. Recently when police of the East Fifty-first street station took into custody a large female bulldog, Mrs. Adams was notified. It was one o'clock in the morning, yet she arose and went straight to the station. There she learned that the dog had been captured by putting a long pole under its collar, unsetting it and lashing its feet together. The dog was in a cell with cops on guard with revolvers in their hands.

Despite protests, Mrs. Adams went into the cell, spoke to the growling dog and within a few minutes had won its confidence to such an extent that it willingly rode with her in a taxicab to the hospital. And Mrs. Adams won't talk about the incident—it was really nothing, she declared. But I'll bet the faces of those policemen were red when she went away with the animal that had made them draw their guns.

Plenty for Her. Brisk Salesman (in an electric showroom)—Perhaps madam would care to inspect a refrigerator? Backvelder's Wife (deceitfully)—No, thanks; we get all the music we want over the radio.—Capetown Argus.

HOT VALLEY MYTH IS NOW REVEALED

Tradition Shattered by Canadian Exploring Party.

Edmonton, Alta.—Another romantic Arctic tradition—the reported existence of a tropical valley in the Liard river area of the Northwest territories—has been shattered.

Returning from a 4,000-mile flight in the far north, Dr. Charles Camsell, deputy minister of mines in the Canadian government, reported the valley was a myth.

Doctor Camsell made the trip, which started at Prince Rupert, B. C., and ended at Edmonton, to inspect the work of several geologists' areas of Carstairs, B. C., the north arm of Great Slave lake and Beaverville, Athabaska lake, in connection with Canada's far north gold hunt.

Among the important geographical discoveries made during the flight is the settlement of the question of what becomes of the Rocky mountains north of the Liard river. The question has intrigued geographers for years.

Doctor Camsell said the mighty Rockies, which run northward from the United States through Canada, drop out of sight in the country north of the Liard and that they do not blend with the Mackenzie mountains, which are a separate range springing up in the Arctic country north of the tree line. He said the Rocky mountain range gradually sinks to rounded knolls north of the river.

The story of the tropical valley was originated by a trapper named Tom Smith, who said he had found a valley dotted with hot springs and palm trees. Smith was drowned while returning to civilization with his daughter, Jane, with a boatload of furs. Miss Smith escaped and came to Hay River, where she died last year, refusing to describe the mythical valley.

Doctor Camsell found Smith's cabin, with the roof fallen in and decaying. It was situated near a number of hot springs, with lush vegetation springing up from the sub-irrigated soil in the midst of a grove of spruce and poplar trees. The vegetation grew seven feet high, he said, but there

were no palms. Doctor Camsell attributes the rank growth to the sub-irrigation of the soil from the hot springs.

Sees California's Oil Resources Bared by 1960

Los Angeles.—The petroleum resources of California will have been completely discovered with 25 years, at the current rate of drilling, and in another 15 years the output of the state will have dwindled to insignificance, William J. Kennitzer, petroleum technologist, estimates.

His statement followed a detail survey of the petroleum reserves of the United States, revising his original estimates made in 1931 as co-author of "Petroleum in the United States."

Kennitzer said that by January 1 next California will have produced 4,500,000,000 barrels of crude oil, including natural gasoline, or 16 per cent of the 13,100,000,000 barrel output in the United States since 1859. Since oil was discovered in California, in 1861, he said, about 31,000 wells have been drilled, proving 158,000 acres or 245 square miles to be productive, out of the 158,000 square miles in the state, most of which is geologically impossible or unfavorable to the occurrence of oil.

Estimating that the present output of 200,000,000 barrels annually will be sustained, the survey predicted an ultimate total production of 11,000,000,000.

Salmon Fishing Beats Gold Mining for Profits

Seldova, Alaska.—Gold mining or fishing? E. Erickson and R. I. Mitby, decided to quit fishing for mining.

They started their fishing vessel for Red river beaches on Kodiak island to share in placer workings. En route they encountered a storm, and while waiting for it to blow over they tried their luck at fishing. They caught a heavy load of sockeye salmon.

Too busy fishing, they struck a silver pay streak instead of gold mining. As a result theirs was the heaviest catch of the season, netting them more than \$4,000.



Swan intervened to save the press

"I'm sorry," Jim answered. "But I've got some notions on the subject of handouts." "You mean," Swan commented bitterly, "that I'm not good enough to give you money?" "I mean, I'm not had enough to take it." Swan turned upon him wrathfully. "Well, if you don't hate me, I hate you, Mr. Carmichael. Because, with all your talk about being a post, you're small and you're mean and you're righteous — no different from the rest of them. Bring me my breakfast—some toast with butter on it, some jam and coffee—and, oh, yes, some lamb kidneys in wine sauce!"

Knuckles, strutting arrogantly down a street along the Barbary Coast, was confronted with a sign, tacked on a pole, which was for the first time a challenge to his unquestioned authority in that district. It read:

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