

They went out and got the necessary legal paper. Then the detective picked up one of his associates and they went to Marvin Turner's office. On the way they impressed a uniformed officer, to make sure of sufficient physical force, should their man be troublesome. Turner met them with a smile that faded, faded, faded as their mission came out. "I shall not submit to a search of my office," he growled. "Miss Harding, I am surprised—very much surprised—that you should attempt to disgrace me like this."

"She's surprised, too," put in one of the officers. "She thought her paper was good." He produced the warrant. "Get busy, boys. I'll take the inside room, there. You go through this one." The safe stood in the corner of the private room. When the officer saw it, he told Turner:

"Unlock it, you."

"I refuse."

"It won't do you any good to act that way. I'll get an expert; if I have to, I'll blow it." He walked over to it and twisted the handle. The door swung open. It had not been locked. Turner rushed toward it.

"Aw," grinned the officer, "chop it, I'll get them other fellows to do a little roughhouse work with you if you don't. I'm going through it now, see?" He stopped and began to haul out the contents. The stock book came to light after a moment's search.

"I guess this is it," said the man, opening it. "And now it's up to you to prove that this company exists legally. Otherwise, I can see a cell door swinging on you, up Ossining way."

Turner went white. Then suddenly he dashed out of the room and was making for the outer door, when the other two officers flung themselves upon him, bearing him to the floor. The girl watched, terrified.

"Will you make a complaint against him?" the detective in charge asked her. Turner stared up at the girl.

"Don't make the charge," he implored. "If you let me off I'll return every cent of the money. I'll give my check now."

"No," the detective broke in, looking at his watch. "It's five minutes of three."

Where do you bank?" He moved to the telephone.

"The Interstate National."

There was a rustling of paper as the leaves of the telephone book were turned. The bank's number was found and asked for. Soon the officer was talking.

"This is Mike Collins. Yes. Now listen. Is Marvin Turner good for two hundred and fifty thousand? Yes. Twice that? All right. Now make out a certificate of deposit for two hundred and fifty thousand in the name of Minna Harding and hold it for us. We'll be right down and bring Turner with us. Oh, it's all right. Have it ready. We want it to-day."

He hung up the receiver and turned to the men holding Turner.

"We're all going down to the bank now," he said. "If Miss Harding gets her money back, it's the best thing that could happen in this case. We'll get you on some other charge"—to Turner—"for a crook's a crook. You've probably done a lot more that will come out after a while. If you haven't, you will; and we'll get you in time. Let him up, boys, and come on."

Minna Harding went home that night with a little slip of paper in her shopping bag calling for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She was dazed but happy. And yet, overwhelming as had been her good fortune, she found her mind reverting again and again to the figure of a little blonde stenographer who sat in Turner's office and talked slang and chewed gum. And the following day that same petite figure flitted through her thoughts, chewing, chewing, chewing that everlasting gum. So Miss Harding ordered out her car and finally located the girl in Brooklyn.

"What would you like to have?" Miss Harding asked. "You know you saved me from being swindled."

"What I'm crazy about," answered the girl promptly, "is Harry."

Miss Harding smiled.

"But I can't get you him," she murmured.

"You don't have to. We're engaged already. But he ain't clear got yet, and you can't tell me about them men."

"Well," Miss Harding said, after a moment's reflection, "when you buy your wedding outfit go to McMurray's for it. They'll let you have anything you want, if you'll mention me."

"Oh," cried Miss Cummings, "thanks! That wedding dress had my goat, with me only gettin' eight a week."

After which Miss Harding stopped in at McMurray's and fixed it so that Miss Cummings could trade to the extent of five hundred dollars. And Miss Cummings plunged, for her. The bill was \$7.49.

Blood-Guilt

(By Frederick George Scott)

The brand of Cain is on your brow,
Emperor!
A crown of gold may hide it now,
Emperor!
But when the day of reckoning comes,
When flags are furled and hushed the drums,
When labor goes with bruised hands
To plough once more the blood-stained lands,
A people's wrath will rend the skies
And topple down your dynasties,
Emperor!

In vain you call upon the Lord,
Emperor!
You boast of honor and the sword,
Emperor!
What god will bless the hideous flood
Which drowns the world in human blood?

The vengeance of a broken trust
Will grind your empire in the dust.
Till Hohenzollern crowns are cast
Upon the refuse of the past,
Emperor!

The cries of multitudes unfed,
Emperor!
The curses of the millions dead,
Emperor!

Will these not heap on you the scorn
Of generations yet unborn?
Are there no murmurs in your ear
Of retribution drawing near?
The fingers of a hand that write
Inscribe your doom upon the night,
Emperor!

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