

them while you're gone and then I'll hear you recite whenever you're at this end of the division."

"Do you really mean that?" Bert asked.

"Sure I do."

"Gosh," said the brakeman.

They were holding hands in rapt silence a few minutes later when the porter came and announced that compartment B. was in order. He stood aside to let the girl pass and she did so without a look or a word to Bert.

When she was gone, the porter faced Bert with a furrow in his forehead.

"Listen, boss man," he began. "I been doin' some thinkin'. Is dat lady gonna report me? 'Cause I don't want her to. I's got a good job heah an' I hate like hell to lose it. I done thought you was kiddin' me when you tol' me to make up dat be'th."

"Forget it, Jeff," said Bert magnanimously. He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a one-dollar bill. Jeff accepted it with glowing eyes.

"Thank—ee, suh!" he said emphatically. "Thankee. Boss man, I wants to 'pologize fo' bein' so crusty wid you."

"All right," said Bert impatiently. "Now you beat it. I'm in love and I want to be left alone. And you be good to that girl when she gets off the train."

"Yassuh," Jeff assured him as he departed.

Some time later when No. 2 was stopped under the train shed at Summit, Jefferson Johnson stood on the platform beside his car and grinned after the retreating figure of a brakeman carrying a hat box and traveling bag and escorting a young lady stationward.

As he looked and grinned, Jeff carefully wrapped the one-dollar bill that Bert had given him around a five which the girl had handed him just before the train stopped.

"Lawd gosh," said Jeff as he pocketed the money, "ain't love grand?"

#### THE END



### *Dead Man's Island Goes*

**B**EFORE long Dead Man's Island, so rich in fragmentary history dating back to Spanish explorations along the Pacific Coast, will be no more. Located at the entrance to San Pedro—Los Angeles—harbor, the island is now being blasted away because it is a menace to harbor shipping.

The island was originally known as "Isla de los Muertos" among the Spaniards. Its present name is said to date from the burial of a sailor on the island, the sailor having died on a trading vessel that put in to the port. It is also credited with being the resting place for the remains of an English commander of a small merchant ship.

During Commodore Stockton's expedition against the Spaniards at Pueblo de los Angeles in 1846, one detachment engaged with a Spanish force and had to retreat. The American detachment fell back to San Pedro, taking with it the dead and wounded. Isla de los Muertos was the burial place for five of the expedition.

That the island deserved its name on several separate counts is indicated by another story that early Spaniards found the body of a dead seaman on the island. This seaman was supposed to have been a smuggler or pirate.

Besides those already mentioned two passengers off a Panama ship and a woman were also buried on the island, making ten in all.

*Harold J. Ashe.*



## The Screen of Ice

*Gillian Hazeltine prosecutes outside the law to prove to lovers the adage:  
"What a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."*

By **GEORGE F. WORTS**

### CHAPTER IX (Continued).

#### FANTASIA.

**G**ILLIAN HAZELTINE had once seen a motion picture called "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," in which all architecture and furniture were lop-sided, topsy-turvy, and cubistic. This medical amphitheater reminded him of that picture.

The lines of the room ran at all sorts of crazy angles. The seats themselves were unnatural. They weren't seats; merely benches of stone or concrete, one above the other, running upward in a semicircle from the pit. Fat brass rails gleamed. They were for visiting doctors and students to lean on.

He shuddered.

"I suppose I can't smoke," he said to the watchful orderly who sat beside him, indifferently looking down.

"No, sir."

Minutes passed. The pretty scrub nurse, he had noticed, went briskly and efficiently about her business. Gillian resented her briskness. Oh, well, to these people a human life, a personality athrob with being, was nothing but "a case." He supposed they had to be hard boiled.

A man in white entered the pit. Gillian had never seen him before. He was blond, bald, pink-skinned, blue-eyed, about forty.

"That's Andover," the orderly whispered in a tone as reverential as one he might have employed in saying,

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