

No use of arguing with Bill, though. He strode belligerently into the station.

Two minutes later he was out again, unescorted by any minion of the law, unscathed and with a broad grin on his face.

"Did you knock him out the first smash, or was he grateful because you were instrumental in saving him from his just deserts?" I queried.

"Grateful?" Bill chuckled. "He hasn't got nothing to be grateful for. He's getting his just deserts, all right."

"Don't forget that you shoved those maps into his package in place of the phony money," I reminded him.

"I know why Dame Justice wears a blindfold," interposed Bill irrelevantly. "It's just so's to prevent cinders from getting into her eyes. It's easier and quicker for her to lift a blindfold once in a while than to gouge out cinders."

"The old dame sure had some cinders in her eyes a little while ago when

she let Ed McWhortle get loose," I pointed out.

"Well, he ain't loose now," chuckled Bill reminiscently. "A cop has him in his clutches in there, waiting for the patrol wagon to rumble around."

"Did he swindle some poor cripple out of his life's savings, after all?" I demanded indignantly.

"The poor cripples will be safe for a while," grinned Bill. "Ed will get sixty or ninety days at the very least." He slapped me gleefully on the back.

"A guy that insists on passing phony money is bound to get—"

"He wasn't trying to pass any phony money," Bill interrupted. "They've nabbed him for peddling without a license—he was trying to sell maps to people in the station!"

"Nothing the matter with Dame Justice's eyes, at that," I conceded solemnly.

"Nor with my appetite either," chuckled Bill. "Come on, let's eat."

THE END.

### U U U

## *The World's Largest Tree*

THE largest tree in the world is not one of the huge Californian redwoods as most Americans believe, nor the giant chestnut at the foot of Mt. Etna, but the colossal cypress near the little town of Santa Maria del Tule, State of Oaxaca, Mexico. The cypress is famous throughout Mexico as the great tree of Tule, its species being known by the Mexicans as *ahuehuete*.

This enormous tree is one hundred and sixty feet in height. Four feet from the ground the circumference of the trunk is one hundred and sixty-five feet and the spread of the giant branches is about one hundred and forty feet. It requires twenty-nine persons with outspread arms to encircle it. It is supposed to be more than two thousand years old. Cortez and his troops paused to rest beneath its shade some four centuries ago and commented upon its vastness. Baron von Humboldt, the German naturalist, on his visit to Mexico in 1803, was so enthusiastic over its Gargantuan proportions that he placed upon it a bronze tablet inscribed with his name. This now is so overgrown as to be almost unreadable. Even ancient trees, it seems, do not stand still in the march of Time.

*Gerald FitzGerald.*

*The Latin glared as the young officer bowed to the girl*



## Those Navy Ways

*A binge ashore, a señorita in red, a Central American dictator's vicious scheme — those were the elements that made Lieutenant Ellsworthy's future in the Navy as precarious as was his present existence in a seething tropic port*

**By LIEUT. JOHN HOPPER**

*Author of "The Jungle Arena," "The Wild Pitch," etc.*

*Novelette—Complete*

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SEÑORITA IN RED.

WITH annoyance Lieutenant Jack Ellsworthy, U. S. N., looked up at the black waiter standing close beside his chair. It was the third time the fellow had joggled his elbow.

"What the devil do you want?" demanded Ellsworthy. "What's the idea of nudging me like that?"

The waiter's thick lips parted in a wide grin, displaying a double row of large, gleaming white teeth. When he spoke, his voice betrayed that cockney accent common to the Jamaica Negro servants in the tropics.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir. A leddy gives me this fer yer. She says fer ter be careful in the openin' of it so that nobody sees yer. Thank yer, sir."

Below the level of the table, a small, folded square of paper passed from a black hand to a white. Ellsworthy kept watch upon his white-uniformed brother officers who sat at the table with him. They were too busy having a good time to notice the small by-play.

"What the devil!" he breathed to himself. Involuntarily, his eyes strayed across the tiny mirror of a dance floor. For a moment, they rested upon the face of the slender, dark-haired girl in red evening dress. His pulse quickened. Could it be possible that she had