

"Pat," he said, "you must have prayed hard in that ninth inning."

"No harder than you did," I grinned. "The kid was all right, wasn't he, Hugh?"

"Nobody," Hugh said, "ever played in such luck before."

"Luck?" I said. "Oh. . . . Then you're turning him loose like you said you would? A hundred dollar bill and a ticket back to Paraminton?"

"Do I look like a dunce, Pat?" he growled. "He's terrible, kid, but he's got a load of what the Green Sox need. I'm keeping him on as a batting practice pitcher and pepper-upper. He's our good luck. The club secretary's drawing up a new contract at fifteen hundred iron men for the season."

"Not enough," I said. "Lem's worth twenty-five hundred."

He stared at me. "Says who?"

"Says me," I told him. "Lem's got new expenses now. There's an apartment to furnish, and a lot of other things. As Lem's manager I refuse to sign for a cent under twenty-five."

"Manager—?" he grunted. "Since when did you become Lem Bickel's manager, Patty?"

"Since," I replied candidly, "I became his wife three days ago. How do you like them berries?"

"His wife—" Hugh gasped.

"As sure," I said, "as my name used to be Patricia Helen Allen, the one and only daughter of Three-Fingered Allen!"

Cricket's Seek Sponsor

YOU may think you've heard crickets chirping, but until you've listened to them over the public address amplifying system of the American Museum of Natural History you have no idea what the sound is really like.

Installation of a microphone in the crickets' glass case in the insect hall did the trick nicely, and the world, or so it seemed to those attending the broadcast, was filled with music. At least with what crickets think of as music.

Amplification of the familiar sound enabled Dr. Frank Lutz, the museum's entomological curator, to discover that the chirp attains a note two octaves above High C, or quite a way north of Lily Pons. A single chirp, according to the human ear, turned out to be, of all things, three distinct chirps, all sort of run together. Each part of a chirp, Dr. Lutz explained, takes about one two-hundredths of a second. There are three fast chirps, three preparations and four pauses to be got through before the cricket has finished with a chirp. No coda, though. The average chirp has a rate of about four thousand vibrations per second. Since the chirp is produced by the insect rubbing its wings together, the phrase "Lively as a cricket," takes on a new significance.

The cricket's noise, Dr. Lutz declared, has no emotional overtones. The theory that it is a love call, according to the scientist, is untenable. The female cannot chirp back and in fact doesn't seem to pay much attention. So it would appear that chirping is just something a cricket does to while away the tedious hours. Unless Major Bowes gets to hear about it.

—Albert George



He kneeled beside the big gray and put his arms around its quivering, sweat-plastered neck

Grand National

By JUDSON P. PHILIPS

PHILIP JADWIN hated horse racing—particularly steeplechasing. Hated it for what it could do to the animals he loved. But nevertheless he found himself slated to enter the only horse in his stable at the Grand National at Aintree—and the stake was a million dollar wager!

Years before, Philip's father—the famous, fabulous Lucky Jadwin—had bet Sir Humphrey Tarrant five hundred thousand dollars against Sir Humphrey's estates that before ten years were past, he or his son would be the owner of a Grand National winner.

Eight of the ten years went by. Lucky died, leaving Philip his stables, his debts and the five hundred thousand dollars staked for the wager. Even then Philip might not have entered Gray Dawn—if he hadn't hated Guy Tarrant so. Guy's taunts and cold arrogance roused in Philip the same hot fury that Sir Humphrey's had in Lucky Jadwin, and Philip found himself rushing into a madman's attempt to win that wager.

PHILIP is too poor to pay the training expenses and upon the persuasion of Connie Heath, who loves him, he accepts

the offer of the *New York Globe* to back him in return for his exclusive story of the race. He had already refused racketeer Speed Carey's offer, because he didn't want the sort of crooked help Carey would give.

Later, Jessica Tarrant, violet-eyed and lovely, tells Philip that her brother has cut Carey in on the wager; and Philip knows that from now on he'll have to move with caution. Speed Carey makes his own odds.

THERE'S proof of this when an attempt is made to wreck Gray Dawn's motor van on the way to Dorchester. Connie's quick-wittedness saves the situation but Philip knows that Carey will try again. He has lunch in New York with Jessica who promises to help him in every way that she can. He is called to the telephone and when he returns, Jessica is gone. So is Speed Carey whom Philip had seen in the dining room a few minutes before.

Philip's fears that Carey may be holding Jessica prisoner are dispelled when Jimmy Baxter of the *Globe* tells him that both Guy and Jessica Tarrant have sailed back to England on the *Queen Mary*.

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