

a lot of high-sounding stuff out of some crazy sales course."

"You're a dear," said Pamela softly.

"In your case it's sentiment," Miss Whippel said tartly. "In my case it's business."

Teacup in hand, Miss Pamela Burwell persisted:

"It isn't. It may not be the same kind of sentiment but it's sentiment just the same."

Miss Augusta Whippel promptly arose and went through the obvious motions of discovering how late it was.

"You'll be sure to say that the reason you are breaking your engagement is because you feel he hasn't any fighting spirit?"

Pamela promised with a little nod.

"And you'll write the letter when I telephone."

"The very minute."

Miss Augusta Whippel nodded.

"Good-by, Pam."

Pam came around the chair and her very blue eyes were troubled.

"You're sure," she asked, "that Mr. Underwood won't get angry? He might not be feeling well—or something."

Miss Whippel, about to sniff, changed her mind, and a thin smile twisted her wide lips.

"The morning your young man comes to see him again he'll be in an extra special 100 per cent all-wool good humor," she promised.

Miss Burwell twisted her hands. They suggested her wonderment.

Miss Whippel let the smile ripple on until it almost reached the proportions of a grin.

"I'd tell you why I am sure," she confided, "except that you wouldn't believe me."

"I don't understand."

"You wait until you've been married for 18 years," said her guest solemnly, "and you'll understand perfectly."

MISS WHIPPEL snapped the rubber band on her notebook and stood up.

"If that is all I'll telephone Mr. Raymond. He wants to see you about the Sherman steel loan."

"Darn Sherman! Always taking up time. Why didn't Raymond speak about it yesterday? I saw him on the street."

"Mr. Raymond apologized for that," his secretary cut in, and a wisp of amusement danced in her lenses. "He said he didn't recognize you until he got past; he—he said your new gray hat made you look 20 years younger."

"Oh, he did, eh?"

Scarlet suffused the ocre of the little banker's face. He brought his fist down on the desk.

"I suppose that pleases you."

"The—the gentleman who sold it to me said that it was very natty," she remarked.

"Get out," roared the little banker, "and stay out."

"What's that, Reynard?"

A tall woman stood in the doorway. Tall and bulky. A silver fox fur covered her ample shoulders.

Miss Augusta joined a nod and smile in a pleasant little jerk.

"I was just telling Mr. Underwood how nice Mr. Raymond thought he looked in his new hat, Mrs. Underwood."

Mr. Underwood groaned.

That evening Miss Augusta Whippel called Plainville 74 and asked for Pamela.

"Send that letter," she directed curtly and hung up.

The next afternoon when the banking day had passed she took a brown paper package out of the bottom drawer of her desk and after opening one end so that part of its contents was exposed, carried it into the private office of Mr. Underwood and placed it, conspicuously inconspicuous behind a pair of rubbers in the closet.

Miss Whippel eyed the young man who waited to see her employer. He did not look like one of the nice young men you meet in



"There are two kinds of marriage," said Miss Whippel. "You have one kind in prospect. I'm married—differently; in a business way. Laying out letters instead of breakfast cloths."

the banking business. His jaw stuck out too far.

Miss Whippel smiled.

"How is the course in personality and salesmanship?" she inquired pleasantly.

The young man did not smile in return. In fact, he scowled.

"Mr. Underwood likes smiling faces," said Miss Whippel brightly.

Instead of projecting his personality, the young man clenched his hands and muttered something which sounded, across the room, suspiciously like treason; something like: "The deuce with what Underwood likes!"

"Still after the raise?"

The summoning buzzer cut off any possible answer. The young man rose. Miss Whippel nodded and pointed to the door. When it closed she smiled.

Mr. Underwood was at his desk. He was humming merrily.

"Morning, Carey. What's on your mind?"

Mr. Carey planted his feet firmly before the wide desk. He regarded the little banker intently.

"Don't stand there like a bump on a log," barked that gentleman. "I'm busy. And don't stare."

"I'm not staring at you," said Mr. Carey. "I'm telling you. About 10 days ago I asked you for a raise. I told you it was important."

"And I told you to take it or leave it."

"I changed my mind," went on Mr. Carey steadily. "I'm leaving it. I'm worth more money. You won't pay it. Now—now the money isn't so important. I'm through."

Mr. Underwood swung round in his chair.

"So! You're through, eh? Well, you can't bulldoze me, young man. You're fired! Now go and find somebody else and tell them what they need in the banking business."

"I'd rather tell you," said Carey, still steadily.

"I think the banking business needs fewer poisonous little men who think because they can crack the whip—"

"Get out!" shouted the banker.

"I'll get out when I please."

About to reach for his telephone Mr. Underwood swung back.

"I have it now," he snapped out. "There's a woman in this."

FOR the first time since the interview began the young man hesitated. A warm tide of color stole over his face.

Mr. Underwood noted it and grinned evilly.

"A meddling old fool," he went on, "who thinks because she's been here for 18 years and wet-nurses my whole family, that she can run this bank to suit herself. Well, I see through her little game and yours. You're through."

"You're crazy. For a moment I thought you meant—that is, I mean—I don't know what you are talking about."

The banker stared at him intently, stared and decided that he was wrong.

"I mean my secretary."

In spite of the letter in his pocket, young Carey laughed at that bitterly.

"But you blushed—" the banker probed.

But Mr. Carey was at the door leading into the anteroom. His hand was on the knob of the door. The diminutive president of the Fifth National Bank suddenly grinned.

"Come back here," he called. "I guess I made a mistake. Maybe you're—not just one of these nice young men you meet in the banking business."

Miss Whippel watched Mr. Carey step high over the threshold of her employer's office; stepped, Miss Whippel decided, for the nearest telephone.

"Well, I see you put it over," she observed.

Mr. Carey stared down at her. Personality was in his eye. Domination supported his chin. Confidence, aggressiveness, super-salesmanship and high purpose were all part of his smile.

Miss Whippel smiled, too, gently.

"How did you do it?" she asked.

Mr. Carey stopped the rush of words which were a part of the moment.

"It would be pretty hard to explain to a woman," he explained. "I just—well—a man would understand."

"Of course," she agreed.

At the door he stopped.

"There's one thing that puzzles me," he confessed. "Why is it that a man who is the head of one of the biggest banks in the Middle West and a director of a dozen large corporations gets so much kick out of a dirty old brown felt hat he discovers in his clothes closet?"

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Harrowing Adventures of Hunter of Buried Treasure

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with me as the guest of honor. I was calling at this Mexican rancho to get an old prospector who was there with an Indian to take me into the lava beds, where it was reported the Indians used to get gold. When I reached the rancho I found the old man in a very serious condition. One of his legs had been inoculated with some kind of poison.

"The old fellow was credited with having some \$20,000 in bonds which the Mexican and the woman wanted. Now they had been torturing him to find out where these bonds were cached. A tough pair, believe me! Seeing me without my gun, and believing I was interfering with their game they tried to murder me."

"The Mex rushed at me with a long knife, but I smashed a chair over his cabeza—his head, you understand. This made him retreat. I backed into a corner, snatched up a rifle standing there and snapped it at him. But the Greaser was born to be jailed, not shot, so the rifle happened to be unloaded. I jumped on my horse and made a hasty exit from the rancho, thankful to be alive."

"AND this Madre del Oro," I asked, "what is it—a long ledge, or something of that sort?"

"I believe it to be part of the same vein of gold that crops out for 50 or 100 miles right through that entire section. The Mother Lode, in other words. And a man who comes across it, well his worries are all over!"

It may be that the famous Kilburn Diggings are located along this same lode.

The Kilburn party, consisting of seven men and four women, were migrating in 1864 to this section of New Mexico, planning later to continue on to the coast. There was a doctor as well as a sculptor in the party. The doctor had taken care of an Indian's papoose, and in gratitude the Indian had led the party to a rich placer deposit.

"During this time," La Liberte explained to

me, "a cloudburst caused a landslide that ripped open the side of the canyon where Kilburn was prospecting. This slide exposed a gold vein that Kilburn described as 'sticking out like saw teeth in almost its pure state.' Over a period of 18 months they mined out 87 burroloads of gold. Figuring gold at \$240 a pound, a burroload of 250 pounds would come to \$60,000, and 87 loads would total \$5,220,000."

"Most of these unfortunate people, however,

were doomed never to enjoy their riches. Death awaited them."

"One morning they were attacked by a party of Apaches, led by a Mexican or a blackened white man. The entire party were left for dead, and their camp was set on fire. Mrs. Kilburn, however, regained consciousness after the attacking party had left. Seeing signs of life still in her husband, she dragged him out of the burning cabin."

Seeing Washington—Then and Now

Continued from Seventh Page

prismed chandeliers, flower-decked mantels, old blue china, the four-poster beds with their intricately knitted counterpanes, all have separate and personal appeal. The lady in tan pongee, who you probably would pick out as a New England school teacher, exclaims: "I do believe the four-poster in Aunt Hattie's room is exactly like the one in Gen. Lee's room, steps and all!" A young miss whose drawl indicates birth, far, far below the Mason and Dixon Line, is sure that the French gilt clock in one of the mansion's lower rooms is a copy, if not a replica, of the very clock that belonged to great-grandma and now graces the granddaughter's room.

But, above all, it is the small reed and bamboo "highchair" in the dining room and that ridiculously tiny escritoire in the room labeled "The Children's Room," that called forth most amusement and delight. It is not difficult to visualize the little children of the great soldier sitting primly at breakfast or studiously at the undersized desk. In fact, it would not be surprising to just run across the then Col. Lee and Mrs. Lee under the pergola or in the rose garden, just as they were, say, in 1859, when he was on leave of absence at Arlington, shortly before he captured John Brown at Harpers Ferry.

THE Episcopal Cathedral, the Catholic Monastery and Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, all have their quotas of religiously inclined sightseers. The vast new Shoreham Hotel, hanging as it were from the ledge of a cliff; Wardman Park Hotel, with "1,800 outside rooms," the Mayflower, where Dolly Gann and her brother, Vice President Curtis, reside; the Lincoln Memorial; the Million-dollar William Taft Bridge; historic Georgetown University; Dupont Circle, where children of the haut ton dig in the same sandpile along with the fat and engaging child of a household cook. These are the sights that the eyes of the travelers are aching for and when he entrains for home, about 4 in the afternoon, he has obtained what our tourist of 10 years ago would have labeled "an eyeful."

MANAGERS of local bus companies, custodians of buildings and Government offices and officials at the Union Station are all of one voice in declaring that Washington is the greatest sightseeing city in the world bar none. And are thoroughly agreed in the pronouncement that in 10 or 12 years there has been a drastic change, and for the better, in the type of tourists here, and probably elsewhere.

"Mrs. Kilburn lived for 30 years after this terrible experience. During these years she made several trips back to get some \$80,000 in easily accessible gold. The rest of it—over \$5,000,000—remains buried in that canyon today. "The place where it was hidden was unique in this respect—it had a huge crevice or chimney up the side of the canyon, the bottom part of which crevice was used by the Kilburn party as a fireplace."

"The cabin was built against the face of the rock wall. The sculptor of the party carved his wife's profile on one side of this fireplace, and Mrs. Kilburn's on the other."

"Well, then," I queried, "why wouldn't it be the best possible plan to try and locate a canyon with such carvings in it?"

"Exactly!" La Liberte agreed. "And that's precisely what I've now done. I offered a reward for information about any such carvings, and some time ago was told by a Mexican about a canyon where the sculptures were. I have all this data and with a little backing could relocate the mine. It seems to me the matter of more than \$5,000,000 buried there ought to be sufficient inducement for somebody with enterprise to help me go after it."

"I should say so!" I exclaimed. "If only some man with a desire for a corking adventure and a bunch of thrills would take hold of an enterprise like this, what a time he could have—to say nothing of the financial rewards!"

"Correct, amigo," said La Liberte. "And if there's such a man in this world I'm ready to talk cold turkey to him. There's another mine, too, that ought to make a dozen fortunes, or a hundred. It's known as the Adams Diggings, and was located in 1862 by the Adams party, which originally consisted of 23 persons. "All but three of them were wiped out by Apaches after having found gold in unbelievable quantities."

"I have in my possession the key to this marvelous vein of gold whereof the Madre del Oro, the Kilburn and the Adams Diggings are all part and parcel."