

SIX HOURS TO LIVE

Produced as a Fox Picture

with

WARNER BAXTER

MIRIAM JORDAN

JOHN BOLES



From the Fox picture, "Six Hours to Live"

"You're just a coward, Kellner," said Paul.

(left to right: Warner Baxter, John Davidson)

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Paul Onslow, head of the Sylvanian delegation to the Geneva Peace Conference, votes against disarmament and rouses widespread hatred. Baroness Valerie von Sturm, Sylvanian beauty at whose father's dwelling Onslow is staying goes against the advice of her parent and Karl Kranz, her sweetheart, to bring Onslow home. On their way back, their car is fired on. That evening the famous scientist, Professor Bauer, visits the Baron. Valerie tells Kranz that she loves Paul. Then she informs Onslow he must choose between her and his dangerous career.

Chapter III

AS he dressed for dinner Paul's mind was still confused with the tumult of his mixed emotions. This necessity to choose between the two dearest things in his life coming after a day so full of world-important events left him shocked and stunned. And before him was the midnight session at the Peace Conference where his country's fate would be decided.

Mechanically he took his tie from his valet, Ivan. Automatically his fingers adjusted it. The door opened and Kellner, Paul's secretary entered.

"The Police Commissioner is here," he said.

"What for?" Paul was surprised.

"To protect you sir. He's going back to the palace with you tonight. So they won't shoot at you again."

"I suppose you sent for him."

"No, no—I didn't," faltered Kellner. "This was true. Both Baron Sturm and Valerie had called the official. 'But you'll listen to him, Captain, won't you? Oh, please—I pray you.'"

"Ivan does all the praying for us."

"I wish that one prayer might come from you," interposed the faithful valet humbly. "It might help you sir, tonight of all nights. Won't you carry this?"

He extended his hand. Paul saw that it contained a little gold cross.

"Thanks," he replied, "but I've a more persuasive weapon." He nodded toward the revolver on his dresser. Ivan placed the cross by the gun.

Paul smiling turned to Kellner whose face was twitching with nervous spasms.

"You talk so strangely. Do you want to die?" he croaked, his voice scarcely audible.

"Want to die? Certainly not," scoffed his employer. "Life just began for me to-day. It gave me everything to live for—even love."

"Then I'll include you in my prayers," Ivan promised.

"All right," Paul laughed. "That's all." As Ivan departed he made the final adjustments of his jacket. Behind him he heard Kellner moving about nervously, muttering to himself. It made him impatient with the man. He turned:

"You're just a coward, Kellner."

"I know it," was the half hysterical answer. "That shooting in the car this afternoon unerved me. I'm afraid. I don't want to die. I don't want to die."

Paul caught hold of him and shook him.

"Stop it!"

But Kellner couldn't stop. "Once I saw my little brother, cold—stiff—he babbled. And the flowers covered him. I've smelled them ever since. I can smell them now—here—in this very room."

Paul's scowl disappeared. His eyes filled with pity. "Come on Kellner," he urged. "You've been working too hard. Get some fresh air." He forced the man's hand and stuck on him and walked him to the door. "You'll come back feeling a new man."

In spite of Kellner's nervous protests, Paul gently thrust him out. Then he walked back to his desk and seated himself before it. His face was very grave. After a long pause he drew a sheet of notepaper to him. His pen moved rapidly.

Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sylvania.

Honorable Sir:

With my final vote tonight I shall have served my beloved country for the last time. Will you kindly accept my resignation.

Without pausing, he signed his name.

Downstairs, unaware of the historic document being composed above them, Doctor von Sturm, Professor Bauer and the Police Commissioner were playing billiards. The officer had irritated Bauer by doubting his claims for his new discovery.

"You policemen are all alike," retorted the scientist. "You don't believe science."

"Go on Otto," urged von Sturm. "It's still your shot."

But the professor talked away. "Listen to me Commissioner. In the sphere of modern science nothing is impossible. Everything exists. Fantastic things are there just below the surface, ready to be fished out. That's how I found my new ray. Tomorrow you'll see for yourself. I can't fail, for already I've experimented with success on a guinea pig."

"That's all right," said the Commissioner unimpressed, "but there's a far cry between pigs and people."

"I'm not so sure," grunted Bauer as he bent to make his shot.

Back from his unwilling walk Kellner went softly by the billiard room and up the stairs. The stroll had not quieted his nerves. They were keyed up like violin strings.

He approached Paul's door and rapped softly. No answer. He repeated the knock. Silence. With hesitant hand he turned the knob. The door was unlocked.

Cautiously he opened it. The room was in total darkness. No sound came from it. His fears increasing, he moved into the room, groped toward the familiar location of the lamp and turned it on.

At first the glare dazzled him so that he did not see the overturned inkwell. Then following the ink stains on the carpet he saw that which stiffened him with horror.

By a toppled chair lay Paul Onslow. There was no mistaking his stillness for a faint. With a hysterical scream Kellner rushed for the stairs.

Soon the Commissioner, von Sturm and Professor Bauer were standing beside the body. Reverently Ivan draped a silk dressing gown across the quiet form. Over his wrist the Commissioner slipped a thin rawhide noose and pulled it tight.

"An ingenious weapon," he mused "silent—quick—certain."

"It killed more than a man," said Ivan bitterly. "It killed a country."

Von Sturm fell back into a chair.

"How can I tell Valerie," he mumbled. Then, "Go downstairs," he ordered Sturges. "Mention nothing of this to anyone—particularly the Baroness. And when M'sieur Kranz arrives—"

"When did he leave here," snapped the Commissioner.

"An hour ago," Von Sturm was startled. "Surely you don't suspect Karl. Why he and Paul were friends."

"And rivals." Then to Sturges: "Bring him up here as soon as he comes."

"I knew they'd get him," Kellner gibbered. "He laughed at death and now it's laughing at him."

"You've a grim sense of humor, my friend," said the Commissioner seizing him. "Why are you trembling so? Where did you go for a walk?"

"I don't know—I—I don't remember."

"You never left this room," the official snarled. "You were right here when he wrote his resignation. You crept behind him with this."

He shook the noose in Kellner's distorted face. The secretary tore away.

"No, no, I didn't," he shrieked. "Look! From the desk he snatched a packet of letters. 'Proof! Shows I didn't do it. Shows who did.'"

The officer took the letters, scanned them. "Death threats," he growled to Von Sturm. "There's enough evidence to hang a dozen men."

In the silence a light rap was heard on the door. A woman's voice:

"Paul, Paul dear."

It was Valerie.

(To be continued)

Interesting Origin of Legal Term "Indenture"

Legal documents of varied type and value have accumulated in the collections of the Business Historical Society of Boston. A recent bulletin of the society calls attention to the penmanship, especially the words, "This Indenture" with which a document, dating from James II, begins. The document gives rise to the bulletin's quotation from Adam Smith to explain intricate legal language:

"It has been the custom in modern Europe to regulate, upon most occasions, the payment of attorneys and clerks of court according to the number of pages which they had to write; the court, however, requiring that each page should contain so many lines, and each line so many words. In order to increase their payment, the attorneys and clerks have contrived to multiply words beyond all necessity."

The word "indenture" in law has an interesting use. Formerly, in executing a deed its counterpart, both parts of the document were on a single sheet with a blank strip left between them. The two parts were then detached or "indented" by being cut apart in an irregular line.

Ancient Belief in Luck of Four-Leafed Clover

The idea that a four-leafed clover will bring luck to the one who finds it is an ancient superstition, and there can be no way of learning for a certainty how it started. Old writers suggest that its resemblance to the form of the cross is the root of the notion.

"The person who carries a leaf of the four-leafed or crusiform clover about with him," asserts one of these, "will be successful at play, and he will dream of his beloved, or the maiden may, by slipping a leaf into her lover's shoe without his knowledge as he is about to set out on a journey, secure his sure and safe return to her embrace."

It may be noted that the three-leafed clover also had much virtue, because it symbolized the Trinity, and the tradition is that St. Patrick converted the whole Irish people to Christianity by showing them, through the trifoliate leaf of the shamrock, how the three persons in the Godhead might exist and yet be one.

Lyre-Bird Stamp

In reproducing the lyre-bird on the first of its new series of stamps, Australia has chosen at once, perhaps, the best known and most elusive of antipodean birds. Its greatest claim to fame lies as much in its extraordinary powers of mimicry as in its brilliant tail feathers, the shape of which gives the bird its name. It can, and does, imitate sounds, from the mocking laugh of the hookaburra to the sawing of wood, with the most deceptive accuracy imaginable. A curious habit of the lyre-bird is the building of "dancing mounds," on which it struts and minces while going through its program of mimicry. Probably the first white men to see a lyre-bird were members of an exploring party sent out in January, 1788, from the infant settlement that later became Sydney.

"Garden of Europe"

Almost every country of Europe has some spot which enthusiasts have called "the garden of Europe," like the lake region of Italy, or Devonshire in England, or Andalusia in Spain, or the Azure coast of France, but of all Europe, Holland strikes the eyes as a laid-out formal garden more than any other, especially in the spring when the bulbs are in bloom by the square mile.

Visit if you can the glorious land of flowers about Haarlem, at Boskoop, Naarden, Hillegom, Lisse, Sassenheim and Aalsmeer. No less than 12,000 acres are cultivated with bulbs in Holland and the annual value of their export to the world is about \$12,000,000.—Boston Herald.

Why Ship Never Landed

In September, 1930, the steamship, South Coast, with a crew of 10, left a Pacific port loaded with white cedar lumber. Nothing was ever heard of ship or crew until the other day when a catsup bottle with metal cap on it was picked up on the beach at Coos Bay, Ore. Inside was a note with this message:

"SS South Coast going down after explosion when boiler blew up rough seas 9:10 p. m. Good-by."

It is believed a terrific explosion occurred on the ship, sinking it within a few moments and leaving no time for the crew to escape—just one of life's tragedies that always face those "who go down to the sea in ships."—Capper's Weekly.

Useful Information

When H. G. Wells was attending luncheon at the Dutch Treat club in New York some time ago, along with Conrado Massaguer, the Cuban caricaturist, the latter was entertaining the others with swift thumb-nail sketches and merry patter. Speaking of his family Massaguer said:

"My people live in Havana. Eleven of my relatives are in jail there now."

Whereupon Mr. Wells, who was sitting on the other side of the table and had been taking no part in the conversation, pricked up his ears and said:

"Oh, I say! How does one go about getting one's relatives in jail?"—Capper's Weekly.

Natural Note

The maximum length of a box containing letters is about 16 feet.

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Honor Goes to Louisville
Louisville (Ky.) was one of the first cities to experiment with public evening schools. In November, 1834, a small public evening school was opened. In 1833 in New York some evening schools were opened which were free in one sense, but not exactly public. For this reason the credit is given to Louisville.

Remarkable Feat
Many of the huge slabs of stone, each weighing several tons, erected at Stonehenge by the Britons of nearly 4,000 years ago, were brought 100 miles across wild country from Wales.

Remembers the Worst
A psychologist informs us that the average man retains about one-fifth of what he hears. And that, we judge from our own observation, is the fifth that he might as well not remember.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

No Set Execution Time
Prisoners condemned to death are executed in the early morning hours primarily because it is the time of day when it will cause the least disturbance in the prison. There is no particular hour when all executions must be carried out.

