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Vol. 118, No. 8. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Kamp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Boehm, Y. L. Buntz, Peter J. Davenport, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Cheney, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secre-

tary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year \$2.00; two years \$3.00; three years \$7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonias, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage \$6.00 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United

States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us 60 days in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by all crossed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.



A DEAL WITH THE

DEVIL

BY LORD DUNSANY

ILLUSTRATED BY CONCETTA CACCIOLA

WE WERE talking about the Devil. We talk over a good many things at the Billiards Club and come to some interesting conclusions at times. One of our members had remarked that nobody had ever seen the Devil, and Jorkens looked up rather surprised and said that he knew a man who had certainly seen him.

"What was he like?" we asked. And Jorkens gave us a description full of detail that was of value when deciding upon the truth of the story.

"Did your friend do a deal with him?" one of us asked.

"Yes," said Jorkens.

"Did he put up his immortal soul?"

"That's always done," said Jenkins. "That's an understood thing. It's pretty well known by now that that's his price."

"What did he get in exchange?" asked Terbut.

"What he asked," said Jorkens. "Which was that he should be able to spot the winner of every race."

"Before it's run?" asked Terbut.

"Yes," said Jorkens. "I can spot them afterward, without offering the Devil my soul."

"He wouldn't accept it," said Terbut.

Whereupon Jorkens offered to buy Terbut's soul for cash, which he pulled out of his pocket; rather a regrettable thing to occur in a club, and all the more so considering the smallness of Jorkens' offer.

When they got back to the story it was this: Jorkens' friend Tifferley had met the Devil during a flash of lightning in a wood, after which they had talked in the dark. And Tifferley had asked for the power which I have mentioned, and the Devil had pulled out a parchment, and Tifferley had signed it with a fountain pen in the dark.

"How did he know what he was signing," asked Terbut, "if he was all in the dark?"

"The Devil told him," said Jorkens.

"Did he believe him?" asked Terbut.

"It didn't matter," said Jorkens. "You see, there's nothing worse than the bond that the Devil said he was signing. If it wasn't what the Devil told him it was, so much the better. He signed where the Devil told him he should, touching the paper with his finger and leaving a luminous line. And the Devil snatched the parchment away from him before the rain could wash his signature out, for the rain was falling hard from clouds that were full of thunder. Then the Devil vanished."

"And did he spot winners?" broke out from more than one of us.

"Certainly," said Jorkens.

"He must have made a lot of money," said Terbut.

"It was like this," said Jorkens. "He wired to a bookie, whose name and address he got from the back page of a

weekly paper, to put him £100 on the winner of the very next race, that is to say on the horse that he knew was going to win. And of course it did win, and at three to one."

"Then he made £300," said Terbut.

"No," said Jorkens. "You see, he had never done business with the bookie and the bookie knew nothing about him. He simply refused to accept the bet. And of course he was perfectly right."

We all agreed about that. Jorkens went on with his story: "Well, Tifferley was in London at the time, and he went round to see McPherson the bookie, and fixed up an account with him. He particularly asked the bookie if he had any limit and the bookie said no. So a day or two later there was a big race coming on, and Tifferley looked down the list of the horses running and hadn't looked far when he saw the winner: the name stood out from all the rest, blacker than anything else on all the page, and yet with a kind of glow on it somehow, as he told me, as though phosphorus was mixed with the ink. The names of all the winners always looked like that to him, ever since he did his deal: they blackened and shone at him from race cards, on papers, or wherever he saw them printed. He could tell even if the name was spoken: the name of a horse about to win a race had a kind of gonglike echo about it. Alhambra was the name of this horse, and he wired to the bookie to put on a hundred thousand."

"And did it win?" asked Terbut.

"Of course it won," said Jorkens.

"Then he made a hundred thousand at least," said Terbut.

"That was the trouble," said Jorkens.

"The bookie took no notice of the telegram, and Tifferley went round to see him again. McPherson said that of course he had no limit, but that a bet of a hundred thousand from Tifferley was absurd. What would he have done if he had lost? Could he have paid? Tifferley knew perfectly well that he wouldn't have to pay, but he couldn't tell the bookie that, and the bookie had a great deal to say to him. He explained that you couldn't do that sort of thing on the Stock Exchange, or anywhere at all, and that there was no one in England who would accept a bet on those terms. 'Ask anybody,' he said."

WELL, all of us agreed that the bookie was perfectly right. Jorkens went on: Tifferley made no trouble about it. He didn't really care. Telegrams only cost sixpence in those days and they were his only expense, and he calculated on making as much money as he wanted with no more trouble than reading the daily paper and writing a telegram whenever he might feel like it. Of course he had not parted from McPherson on very friendly terms, but he had got out of him that he would have considered anything up to one thousand pounds a reasonable sum. Well, another race came on in a few days, and Tifferley picked up a paper and spotted the winner, glaring at him very black from amongst the other names and at the same time faintly luminous, and wired to McPherson to

put him on a thousand. He sent the wire in McPherson's code, just the name of the winner and the one other word Giraffe. That was on the morning of the race. He didn't trouble to go and see it, partly because he was so sure he would win and partly because of the expense of the railway fare to Newmarket and back, for nobody had paid him anything yet. He bought an early edition of an evening paper instead, and sure enough he had won. But McPherson, although he lived by suckers, was not one himself, and those two wires that Tifferley had sent before he saw him were enough to show him that Tifferley was one of those men who "knew something."

The man knew something about two horses; that was quite enough for him. He wrote to Tifferley to say that his account was closed, and that he would have no more dealings with him. He had had to write such letters before, but not often. The letter reached Tifferley about the time he was expecting to get it. On the top of the envelope was printed in large red letters: SOMETHING FOR YOU FROM MACKY. This envelope always went out from McPherson's office to any who won a bet, and the clerk that addressed this one had evidently not been informed that there was not going to be any check inside it for Tifferley.

Well, all Tifferley did was to go to another bookie in London. And a day or two later he sent him a wire to back a horse in a race at 2:30 that afternoon, and to put on five hundred pounds. He had sent four telegrams now, and they were beginning to be a drain on him, so that he was especially glad when he read in his evening paper that his horse had won by four lengths. I didn't tell you that Tifferley was a bank clerk and lived in lodgings in London a couple of miles from his bank.

"The details are not important," said Terbut.

"As a matter of fact," said Jorkens, "they were." Bankers and clergymen, he continued, did more business with this bookie than you might have supposed, and neither one nor the other of them often won. If they did win, the bookie paid, but five hundred pounds was out of the ordinary altogether, and on this occasion the bookie pointed out that if Tifferley would not settle for a hundred and fifty pounds he would be compelled to inform the managing director of the bank in which Tifferley worked that he was gambling in large sums of money.

Tifferley was so angry that he would

not accept the hundred and fifty, but he didn't press for the five hundred either: he simply wasn't in a position to. He would have lost his job.

After that he gave up telegraphing; he decided to attend the race meetings himself. That meant that he could only do his betting on Saturdays, and only then on the later races. He had saved something every year, and he now had savings amounting to just on a hundred pounds. These he drew out and was off to the first Saturday race meeting within easy reach. A detective at the railway station watched him rather carefully, for he could recognize a very obvious furtiveness about Tifferley; but no one besides the detective showed the least interest. And the detective himself very soon transferred his interest to a man who was wearing a collar of an unusual cut.

TIFFERLEY arrived in time for the third race, the winner of which of course he knew; indeed the name of it glared at him out of his newspaper so obviously and so urgently that he wondered that other occupants of his railway carriage could not see it glowering there with the magnificence of a black thundercloud with the sun behind it.

The first thing he saw at the races was

a placard lifting over the heads of the crowd, inscribed with big capital letters saying: YOUR OLD FRIEND JOE. The third race was then just starting, and Alleluia was going to win it, so he gave Your Old Friend Joe his hundred pounds, to put on Alleluia at three to two. Then he strolled down to the railings to watch the race. To others it seemed a close finish, and there was considerable shouting, but, though any one

With this story of a man who struck a bargain with the DEVIL, COLLIER'S welcomes back to its pages the distinguished work of Lord Dunsany. Here again he brings us the subtle and ironic imagination of the renowned Jorkens, who, if you remember, is a fabulous liar—but one whose falsehoods usually end in some enduring truth. And so it is in this adventure

of three horses looked like winning up to the last fifty yards, with a fourth horse only just out of it, the race had no particular interest to Tifferley. He knew Alleluia must win, and Alleluia did.

Tifferley lighted a cigar that he had bought in London, feeling he could afford it for once, and strolled back to the bookies' ring. But Your Old Friend Joe had gone. Your Old Friend Joe had faded back into that great crowd, some of whom are in all professions and in all positions, with a very small proportion in jail, the men who cheat their fellows; and no more was heard of him under his old name. I wonder what he is doing now.

Tifferley wouldn't have bothered about a thing like that, for he could have got right on the next two races, but the

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During a flash of lightning in the wood Tifferley asked the Devil for the power. After he had signed for it, the Devil snatched the parchment away before the rain could wash the signature out

A Deal With the Devil

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trouble was he hadn't any money. And that trouble kept him in London for a long time. He managed to borrow a pound each from several friends, and he saved a little more, and waited till he could find a horse that was going to win at ten to one. That horse was Methuselah at Kempton Park. And away went Tifferley one Saturday afternoon to Kempton Park, with ten pounds in his pocket and a return ticket.

This time he paid no attention to the race, for he knew Methuselah must win, and he attended strictly to business, which he now realized that he had neglected to do last time; and, as a banker's clerk, he was rather ashamed of it, for he saw that he ought to have been watching the bookie, whose movements were not controlled, instead of wasting his time in gazing at the race, whose results he already knew. This time he indulged in no such absent-mindedness; and this time everything was all right. Methuselah won at ten to one, and Tifferley collected his hundred pounds. He had almost begun to have some uneasy suspicion about his deal with the Devil; but this bet dissipated all his suspicions, so far as this world was concerned. Well, there were three more races to be run, and Tifferley was delighted to notice that the winner of the next race was at five to one. A horse called Garia. So he handed his hundred pounds back to the bookie to put on Garia, and stood close beside him. A look of surprise came over the bookie's face when Garia won; the surprise of pure ignorance, as it appeared to Tifferley. And the man was perfectly honest and handed his winnings to Tifferley in fifty-pound notes.

AT LAST he felt that he was getting started, and decided to spread his next bet over as many bookies as possible, putting all he had got on Caraway, that was going to win at evens. Fifty he left with the first bookie from whom he had just received it, and with the rest of his five hundred pounds in his pocket he set out to look for more. As he approached a second bookie, a man came up to him with a pipe in his hand.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man. "Could you let me have a light? I'm not asking you for anything except a match. I've nothing except this pipe and a bit of tobacco, but I don't beg. Wouldn't even take money if you offered it to me. But a whiff of tobacco is a solace, when you're down and out."

Tifferley felt in his pocket for a shilling, which was about all he had except his £500; but the man would not take it. "No, sir," he said; "only a match. I don't beg. I was kindly given this fill for my pipe, but I can't afford a match. The thing to do, sir, if you're ever down and out like me, is just to bear it. And I find I can do that better with a pipe in my mouth. So, if I might trouble you for a match, it's all I'll ask you for, sir, and be very grateful for that."

Well, of course, Tifferley got out his matchbox; it was a little silver matchbox that had been given him by an aunt, and the man asked him if he would be kind enough to strike the light, "Because you shouldn't trust anybody at the races with a nice matchbox like that, and I wouldn't ask you to trust me."

So Tifferley lighted the match as he asked, and the man held the bowl of his pipe in both his hands while he got it lighted. Tifferley seemed sure of that, sure that he could see both the man's hands all the time. Well, Tifferley went on to the second bookie and said that he wanted to back Caraway for a hundred pounds; and he put his hand into his pocket, but there was no hundred pounds there, or any money at all.

"Changed your mind, have you?" said the bookie, as Tifferley stood there looking foolish.

"Yes," said Tifferley, "I've changed my mind."

There seemed nothing else to say. So he walked away from the bookie, and didn't go near any more of them. Sure enough, Caraway won the race. One good thing was that his fifty pounds had won with the other bookie, and not only that but he went and collected it. And with his hundred pounds in his pocket clutched firmly there by his fist, he expected to win enough on the last race to make his outing very well worth while. So he got out his race card and turned to the last race, but things were oddly blurred: at one moment he saw two names darkly gleaming at him, and then one and then the other.

THINKING things over he decided not to risk his hundred pounds on that race at all. So he went down to the railings and watched the race, instead of watching the bookies. And a very interesting race it was, two horses nose to nose, and a third hovering very near as they passed the post. The judges gave it a dead heat, and there was talk and argument all round Tifferley, and suddenly his own mind became quite clear about the whole thing, as a remark that floated up from a group beside him came to his ears, "The Devil himself couldn't tell which was first."

On his way back in the train, Tifferley began to think of his soul for the first time since he had done his deal with the Devil. Now that the dazzling part of the contract was bringing him as yet no advantage whatever, his imagination had leisure to perceive occasional glimpses of what may be called the Devil's side of the bargain. He began to be rather uneasy, but he could not yet have had any proper view of the horror of the situation, as he was still mainly concerned in his mind with getting the Devil to pay. And another thing, absurd though it may appear, that somewhat dimmed his view of the loss of his soul, was the £10 he owed to his friends. It wasn't that there could be any comparison between the two things; but the £10 was still so very much more immediate of the two.

Well, he bought an evening paper and looked up the winner of the first race that was to be run in the following week, and went round that very evening to see all his friends who had lent him a pound apiece. He had little bets with each of them, and on the next Monday evening, when the race had been run, he had of course won all his bets, and everything was settled up. He had not lost anything, but he had not made one penny; and he was down to the extent of his railway fares and the cost of his four telegrams, not to mention a good deal of entirely profitless work. But next morning he turned as happily as ever to the papers, and there were the winners of next Saturday's races glowering at him as usual with their strangely luminous frown.

Saturday came at last and, arrived at the racecourse, he went straight up to the first bookie, to put his hundred pounds on the third race, for which there was still time, on a horse called Melanesia at three to one. But the bookie looked at him with intense disgust, and turned away to another customer. Tifferley did not stop to argue, for there was not much time, but went up to the next bookie. But the bookie's clerk nudged his master, who looked up from his book and rudely told Tifferley to get out of there. Tifferley would have liked to have asked the reason of this extraordinary behavior, but to delay any

longer would have cost him three hundred pounds, and he hurried on to another bookie. But it wasn't any use, for the news had now slipped round ahead of him and, strange though it appeared to this obscure bank clerk, he was recognized wherever he went. This part of the story Tifferley told me later on with astonishment.

"I had had one or two bets," said Tifferley. But to be precise it was four bets with bookmakers in London, and more on the racecourse, all of them winners, and, in addition to that, the announcement of a winner to a bookie with whom he had intended to bet, but had not done so because his pocket was picked. Nine predictions in all, every one of them accurate, and no record of any failure. And that was leaving out the ten bets he had with his friends. It seemed a small thing to Tifferley, but to the men who lived among mugs, and lived upon them as a horse lives upon grass, it was the most interesting event in the history of the world. And now, once he appeared on a racecourse, there were as many as half a dozen men who never let him out of their sight.

FROM bookie to bookie went this obscure, unknown clerk, but a finger picking a nose, or a raised handkerchief would give the sign behind him, and he was met by bookies as though he had been the social outcast, the miserable pariah, of the crudest kind of fiction. "Been sneaking round the stables again, have you?" said one of them, as Tifferley tried to back the winner.

"What dirty work have you been up to now?" said the next.

And, after all, he'd done nothing worse than spot the winner, so far as any of them could know. But then suckers aren't supposed to do that. And, if he wasn't a sucker, what was he doing hanging around bookies, among those that were? That's what the bookies felt. To them he was what a bull in a sheepfold would be to a shepherd; a large and dangerous animal among a lot of quiet sheep just waiting to be turned into mutton.

They treated Tifferley as a criminal. He went from bookie to bookie, and wherever he went he met insults.

It took him all the afternoon to realize that he would have no more bets at a race meeting, but by the time the last race was over he understood. All the way back in the train he sat very thoughtful, and he came to the point at which a man asks for advice.

I was the man he came to. I knew him because I cashed checks at his bank, and often saw him when I went in. One doesn't as a rule talk very much to a man while cashing a check; there's hardly

time for it. But it happened once or twice that I wanted a bit of an overdraft; quite a small affair. And we sometimes had a bit of a talk over that. Well, he came round to me and asked my advice. Of course he didn't tell me then about the Devil; but he told me the little he thought it was good for me to know and asked me what he should do. I saw from what he told me, whatever the reason might be, that the bookies were evidently watching him. So I said to him, "My dear boy, it's perfectly simple. Bet with me instead of the bookies."

"Will you really?" he said, delighted. "I'll be glad to," I said. "Save me the trouble of going to a bookmaker."

Well, he was very grateful, and to tell you the honest truth, I didn't so much believe in his infallibility in picking winners. I had seen too many young men, and they all had the same idea. It seemed to me that by betting against any one of them I might make more money than by using my own wits. Not that I haven't made money at the races. On several occasions I have done very well indeed.

"Did you have a bet with Tifferley?" I asked.

"Yes," said Jorkens, "I had a bet. He put on his hundred pounds at three to one on a horse that was in a race that was coming on in a few days time. And I said that that would suit me very well. It didn't, as a matter of fact, because the horse won. Of course I knew nothing then about the Devil. Well, he came round smiling next morning, and I tried to smile, too. But, as things were just then, it happened to be one of the times when I couldn't readily lay a hand on three hundred pounds."

You know how it is—sometimes you can, and there is no difficulty whatever. And sometimes you can't; and then what are you to do? Well, I told Tifferley how I was placed, and said I was very sorry, and that I hoped the difficulty would blow over in a very few weeks. Do you know, a most ghastly look came into his face, and he said, "You're like all the rest."

And I am sure it was at that moment, and for the first time, that he realized that the Devil wasn't straight. It seemed to come to him all at once that the deal wouldn't work; not at his end, I mean. Of course it hadn't yet been working at all, but I don't think Tifferley had realized that, as yet, for one moment. He saw each case separately, a damned pickpocket, a welshing bookie, a disobliging one, and one thing and another.

"I see what it is," he said. "Don't mind. It's not your fault. I know you'd pay your debts to the last penny. But the Devil is in this, and there's no way of getting round him."

I had begun to see by now that there

was something more in this than met the eye, something more than Tifferley had told me.

"Yes," I said. "It looks bad, I admit. You know, I'm as sound as the Bank of England. But it's odd about the other fellows, and I see it looks queer to you. There may be something at the back of it all. Hadn't you better tell me the whole story?"

And with that he did. Shilly-shallied a bit, and said I would never believe him, and then told me the whole story. What he was doing in that wood at night he never told me, or whether he was alone. Up to the time that the Devil joined him, I mean. But he told me the wind gave one great sigh in the wood, and the thunder came up behind it and then the rain, and one great flash of lightning down through the trees, and there was the Devil in front of him. And the Devil had said to him: "Is there anything that you want?" Which is, of course, a pretty good opening for anyone out to buy souls.

And Tifferley told me about the signing of the parchment and everything else I have told you. I saw how it was at once. And I saw that it wouldn't work for me either, however good my intentions. And I thought it best to give him fair warning. "I always pay," I said, "like the Bank of England. You know that. But weren't you betting on a bit of a certainty, old boy?"

And he had to admit that that was so. Well, that put his bet with me on the same level as all the rest. What I advised him then was to cut his losses, to realize that the Devil had outwitted him, as he had done with others before, and to give up all idea of ever making anything out of it, and to concentrate on trying to get back his soul. But Tifferley had not yet given up hope, and wouldn't be bothered about his soul until he had been finally convinced by sheer facts that he had no chance of making any money.

Those amateur sleuths, he said, were not very sharp and could be easily fooled by a little disguise.

"Quite so," I said. "You may easily get past them and lay a bet, but the Devil will only get you in some other way; and besides that, however stupid they are, they'll find out in the end."

But I couldn't argue him out of going back to the bookies: it was too big a thing for him to give up. And he got back to them; his disguise worked that once. He was back on a racecourse the very next Saturday. I know that he knew it was no good, but he went. He got past the bookies' sleuths and laid a bet, and won as usual. But there was an objection, and the objection was upheld, and so he lost his bet.

HE CAME and told me about it that evening. He was frightened then. But there was another feeling in him besides fear: he felt that he was being cheated; and when he hadn't made a single penny out of the bargain, he didn't like the Devil to have his soul. But he was certainly frightened too, for when I said, "Damn it, it's not fair," he winced at the word damn.

At one moment, he was talking in a loud voice abusively about the Devil, in a way that can do no good, and at another he was imploring me to tell him what on earth he could do, so that I could see he had been drinking a little. Well, who wouldn't? And then I asked him if he had quite given up the idea of trying to make any money on the deal he had had with the Devil. And he said that he had. So I said: "Then let's get on to your soul. That's what you have to concentrate on now."

And he agreed that that was the thing to do. Whether I was right or wrong to do so, I gave him another drink, and waited for him to light a cigarette and get calm. And then I said to him, "I've

got an idea. You want to get your soul back; and quite right too, for you never got anything in exchange for it, which is not fair. Now, take your last bet; you lost that by an objection."

"I did," said Tifferley. "It was a perfectly sound objection. He ran right across the other horse, under his nose."

"Very well," I said. "Now if the Devil can lodge an objection, you can lodge one too."

"An objection?" said Tifferley.

"Certainly," I said. "You had an agreement whereby you parted with your immortal soul on account of very considerable advantages; and, however he may have kept the letter of that thing you signed, you had nothing whatever in exchange for your soul, and aren't likely to. On the contrary, you've lost money. That's the grounds of your objection, and very good grounds. Now, how shall we lodge it?"

"I don't know," said Tifferley.

"But I know," I said. "It's not a sporting matter. It's nothing for the stewards of the Jockey Club. It's not their affair. It's a religious matter. And you want to go to the proper authority. You want to go to the bishop of your diocese."

"He's an archbishop," said Tifferley.

exchange for it. That's surely good grounds for an objection. Anyway, get it lodged."

"I will," said Tifferley, "if I can get him to sign it."

"Of course he will," I said. "It's his job to save poor devils like you."

Well, Tifferley went mournfully away and, as a glance of mine fell on my newspaper and I remembered his recent words to me, I wondered for a moment if I should call him back and ask him which were the winners; but I realized that I should get no more out of them than he had got.

NO, THE Devil might or might not get Tifferley, but I didn't want him to have any dealings with me. I know what you are going to say, Terbut. Well, Tifferley went to his parson, and managed to get an introduction to the archbishop, without, I think, telling the parson what it was all about, but only telling him that it was sore spiritual trouble. The archbishop had refused to have anything to do with my strip of paper at first, and Tifferley had some difficulty in persuading me that he had actually signed in the end. For after I had written it out and given it to Tifferley I saw how unlikely

"So much the better," I said. "Well, all you have to do is this: Take this strip of paper to him and ask him to sign it."

And I wrote on the paper, "Objection lodged."

"You needn't trouble to write out what the objection is," I said. "It's a perfectly valid objection, and they will know all about it somewhere. Only you must have it handed in; and the bishop of your diocese is the right man to hand it to."

I was glad to see Tifferley's face light up, and there seemed hope in it for the first time since he had lost his earthly hope, which had left him without any at all, for the case of his soul seemed hopeless. But the light went out of his face as quick as a gleam of the sun on a rainy, windy day, when it flashes between two clouds that are almost touching; and he said: "It will be no use. He'll never sign a thing like that for me. He isn't a racing man, and he won't understand it."

"Don't you bother about that," I said. "It concerns your immortal soul, and it's his business to understand it. You've had a deal with the Devil and he hasn't kept his side of it. Any sportsman can see that. And surely an archbishop can see what a sportsman can see. You get him to sign it, and the objection's raised."

"He's kept to the letter of it," said Tifferley. "I can spot the winners. And that is all that he promised. I can spot every winner in that paper now."

"I know," I said. "You parted with what in the eye of the law is a valuable commodity. And I'm not implying it isn't. And you got nothing whatever in

it was that the archbishop would take it as seriously as poor Tifferley had to take it.

I gathered that Tifferley, who was at first kindly received, had sat a long time in a room at the palace, where the archbishop sat at a desk—a room with high mullioned windows through which light from a gray day shone in Tifferley's face, dim as his hopes of salvation, and yet shining. The archbishop gave him kindly attention. I think my bit of paper appeared to him pure nonsense. How could he have known otherwise? But the agony of Tifferley's mind was a real thing to him.

The archbishop was kind and consoling, but refused to look a second time at the strip of paper; and the more he looked away from it the more Tifferley's despair grew, and this was in the end, I think, the deciding factor. Tifferley said he gave a slight smile and signed it suddenly, and he thinks that he had convinced him of the whole story as easily as he had convinced me. But I don't think it was that at all.

I think that the archbishop saw, if not a lost soul, at least a mind straying lost very near to the edge, over which, if it went any further, it would lose the footholds of reason. And so he had smiled and signed and said goodby, and the chaplain had shown Tifferley out, clutching his absurd bit of paper; and Tifferley had hidden it somewhere in the cathedral. He wouldn't tell me where. Well, anyhow the objection is lodged; and how it will go we shan't know yet, if ever. I had done my best for poor Tifferley.

THE END