LADYFINGERS

By JACKSON GREGORY Copyright, 1921, by Chrales Scribner's Sons

THIS STARTS THE STORY

safe has been cracked and the has escaped. Ambrose, a deteccalls on Joe LeBrun, gangster orook, and demands to know who it. LeBrun tells him that oney" and "Frank" know nothing at it, and denounces Ashe, others "Ladyfingers" as the criminal, twith or without evidence, the agree to fasten the orime on him. this point, Polly, daughter of Brun, appears in nightdress attire, explains that she is thirsty and come for a drink. Ambrose has a rm regard for Polly, but is suspius of her preference for "Ladywers." A stranger, diaguised to the is announced. "You are Brun! And you, Lieutenant Amsel" he says, "I want to talk with a about a man named Ashe a se". "The newcomer had ken off abruptly, his cycs running k and forth between Ambrose and Brun. Neither of his listeners de any reply to his rapid words as th waited for him to go on.

**My reply to his rapid words as oft scaled for him to go on.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

**KNOW something about this man I Ashe." he continued, his voice ill at ease than before. 'I selem the words, 'of you, too, Mr. Le under the words, 'of you, Lieutenant into the words, 'of you, Lie

riving at?"
The newcomer, seeming on the verge if speaking, closed his thin lips, ran he tip of his tongue back and forth etween them, then stepped to the table ad poured out a small glass of whisky. Its nervousness had grown so that now is hands were shaking.

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Ambrose went to the hall door and coked out. He had formed his own opinion of the stranger and retained his suspicions of Polly.

"That's right," their visitor said.

"We want no witnesses. There is no need for a long discussion of the status suo. It is enough to repeat that Ashe is a criminal and that you don't harbor any friendly feelings for him."

He drank his whisky hastily and wiped his lips with a clean, white handkerchief; Ambrose, with shrewd, keen eyes, noted that the bit of cloth was of fine texture and a trifle dainty for a man's. He judged, too, from a little fleck of color in the cheeks and a slight alteration in the voice, that the man was not given to alcohol.

Ambrose, a little theory already forming in his brain concerning this man, looked down at his shoes. They were fairly new, but they were not "in

ferming in his brain concerning this man, looked down at his shoes. They were fairly new, but they were not "in style" and they had not been shined for several days. They were comfortable looking, strong, square-toed.
"Timid sort of guy," he meditated swiftly. "Status quo is Latin. Wears good clothes, but doesn't think of getting his shoes shined or his pants pressed. He ain't a city man; country

a charge to send him to the peniten-tiary for not less than ten years you can come to me for \$5000."

CHAPTER III Ladyfingers

The story of the robbers 'broke" too late for the morning papers; but the entras got it and made much of it. The newsboys made a lively din with their

tagious smiles filled his eyes with shining merriment.

Mr. Hamilton Hamilton, of Woodward, Haynes & Hamilton, of New York, was in the West on business for his firm, one of international note as the manufacturers of the W. H. & H. Ampliton, going down to breakfast as usual at 9 o'clock, found on his table all of the morning papers and all of the extras. He gave his attention to the sugaring of his grapefruit; then he glanced at the news. Thereoftes he issued at the news. tras. He gave his attention to the suparing of his grapefruit; then he planced at the news. Thereafter he ale abstractedly and ten minutes later.

"There'll be new stuff ou

Hamilton nodded toward his typist, whose machine was clicking like mad. "Placards are out already," he said, "More are going out as fast as they their way and more are coming. I've their way and more are coming. I've pet fifty kids on the streets with dodgers and you can look up fifty more. We the the demonstration right away:

Lieutenant Ambrose came within the streets with dodgers and you can look up fifty more. We she the demonstration right away; here's a dray carting a safe to Mandel's new department store on Market. We're leased the building for three lays. Now "get busy! We're shout due to sell safes faster than the old folks at home can turn 'em out." Right-o!" said Ripley Rush. And edd not wait for the somnolent ele-

if a publicity campaign: just the mashing crescends for the finale. Hamlion had planned his demonstration for saturday. a week from today. But ha Ambrose took no care to lower his voice as he answered. Ashe laughed as the words came to him.

"He's a damped crook!" exploded the officer. "There's not a worse in the country. He's a man with a new name and store in time to successful and the country. He's a man with a new name country. He's a man with a new name and store in time to successful and the country.

He arrived at Mandel's empty department store in time to superintend personally the placement of the big safe. It is the placement of the big safe. It is stributing his handhills. He noted sollecting about the store. He heard "Bead in the papers what they did the placement of the bigs in the papers what they did to the placement of the bigs in the placement of the bigs after the store. He heard "Bead in the papers what they did the placement of the bigs after the placement and the bigs after the placement and the bigs after the big

A young man had slipped through be crowd and was standing at his side.

alling pleasantly. Hamilton stared at the unfamiliar face, and turned away, sping crisply:

an't you see that I am busy? Hay.

don't want it down there. Get it up on that platform. I don't care if it is heavy. Get it up there."

He shouldered his way forward: the young man kept close to him. When Hamilton grew silent, watching the carrying out of his orders, he was reminded of the other's presence.

"May I have that word now, Mr. Hamilton?"

The voice was decidedly pleasant; the smile which Hamilton whirled about to see, was the same pleasant smile.

"Well?" demanded the steel safe man, "What do you want?"

"That's simple," laughed the other. His words, very distinct, were clearly meant for Hamilton's ears alone. "I want to save you \$5000 if you don't mind. And I'd like to make a like sum for myself."

Hamilton, the most matter-of-fact man to be found in a day's search, stared at him wonderingly. The young man met his gaze frankly, his lips twitching as with amusement.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Hamilton.

A neatly engraved card, eminently

Hamilton.

With men like Hamilton "money talks." The bill in his own hand he regarded Robert Ashe keenly and with growing interest. After the big safe was properly placed, the other safes could be entrusted to Harley and Rush. So after a few more words he and Mr.

could be entrusted to Harley and Rush. So after a few more words he and Mr. Ashe stepped into Hamilton's car and drove back to the offices.

The distinctive thing about this young man, Hamilton told himself as they sped down Market street, was that he wore gloves at this time of day. You might go a dozen times up and down San Francisco's main thoroughfare and not chance upon another gloved man. In the private office, however, fronting each other, he saw that there were many distinctive things about this well-groomed, handsome young fellow.

He had said something idiotic about poetry. "Damn it." thought Hamilton was concerned, poetry was pretty closely

For, so far as Hamilton Hamilton was concerned, poetry was pretty closely synonymous with slush, drivel and a vast mental vacuity.

The large eyes, soft for a man's and luminous, were those of a dreamer of dreams; the tender mouth, the eager face alight with the gleam of joyous youth, were those of a poet. As immaculate as a fashion plate, as suave as a politician, as handsome as a Shelley, as proud as Lucifer.*

such an anomaly was Robert Ashe, ex-

swiftly. "Status quo is Latin. Wears pool clothes, but doesn't think of getting his shoes shined or his pants pressed. He ain't a city man; country preacher or a country lawyer. * * * I think you want to make us some sort of a proposition." he prompted. "Let's have it if you mean business!"

"Yes, yes," eagerly, "let's get it over with. I don't want to ask any quesitions and I won't answer any. I * * * " Good morning." And then, "It's a shame to disturb you so carly since you didn't get much sleep last night. But if you'd care to call at the offices of Woodward, Haynes & Hamilton, you might be interested in a little private demonstration of their latest burglar-proof safe. Yes; this is Ashe."

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stooping to read the legend upon the heavy door. "Just like the one at Mandel's, only smaller?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"If you'll put that hundred-dollar bill in it," returned Ashe, "the one I oill in it," returned Ashe, "the one I oaned you, I'll take it out!"

"You will, will you?" grunted Hamilton. And then, a bit suspiciously "Who was that you just called up?" One of the young fellow's rarely con-tagious smiles filled his eyes with shin-

tions commonly actuating us in the performance of even a very ordinary sort of act is generally absolutely impossible. I am not keen on analysis, anyhow. I'd of act is generally absolutely impossible. I am not keen on analysis, anyhow. I'd say I asked him to come so that he might Rush, was with him and taking his orders, nodding in approval.

"Keep the story alive," commanded Hamilton. "There'll he was suffered to the story alive," commanded Hamilton. "There'll he was suffered to the story alive," commanded the suffered to the story alive, and suffered to the story alive, and suffered to the story alive.

Hamilton a business man, sober-mind-ed, matter of fact. His visitor had this thing for the evening papers. We want it on the front pages. We want it on the front pages again in the morning. It's got the juice in it to go big if somebody gets behind it. Buy some drinks. Rin. and spend some voung man were bluffing.

oung man were bluffing.

The hundred-dollar banknote was still "I'm on," answered Rush, reaching in his hand. He swung the safe door open, dropped the note inside, busied himself a moment with the combination, and the same and look as a machine was still in his hand. He swung the safe door open, dropped the note inside, busied himself a moment with the combination, sheltering the mechanism with his most marking the might direct

Lieutenant Ambrose came within something less than five minutes. Hear-

something less than ave minutes. Hearing a knock at the outer office door Ashe said coolly:

"If you'll welcome him, Mr. Hamilton, perhaps he can satisfy any curi-

"Right-o!" said Ripley Rush. And ledd not wait for the somnolent elements was by no means the beginning of a publicity campaign; just the mashing crescends for the first Hamilton, going to him, said sharply:

"There's a man named Ashe here. He claims he can open one of our safes. It's nonsense of course, but safes. It's nonsense of course, but safes. It's nonsense of course, but the first Hamilton, going to him, and sharply:

"There's a man named Ashe here. He claims he can open one of our safes. It's nonsense of course, but safes the course of the the course

into the private office.

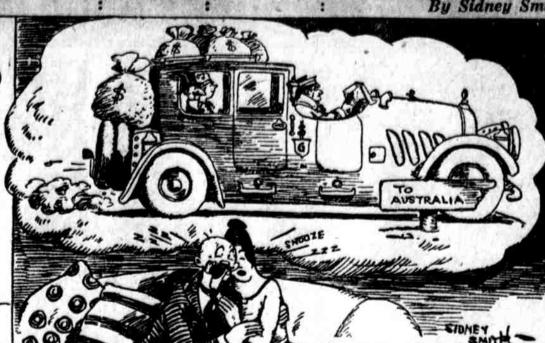
"What are you up to now?" he asked harshly. "What are you doing here? After last night * * God! The nerve of you!"

"You see," laughed Ashe into Hamilton's puzzled face, "I'll bet you a hat he thinks I am the man who cracked that safe last night!" (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS-The King Passes

WELL- THERE GOES THE KING OF AUSTRALIA - THERE GOES OUR FUTURE PROSPECTS -- JUST AS SOON AS THAT HIPOW GRABS HIM SHELL STICK HER FOOT ON THE SAND LEVER AND WELL BE JUST POOR RELATIONS - THAT'S ALL WE'LL BE --PUT THAT LITTLE HANGER IN THE GOWN- LAY IT AWAY- SOME TIME IN THE PIM FUTURE YOU MAY HAVE USE FOR IT - COURIN AMY IS ENGAGED - MAYER WE'LL GET AN INVITATION TO THE WEDDING-

OH WELL - SWEETHEART -HAPPINESS - WE LOVED EACH OTHER BEFORE WE map a dime- well just mg dandelions, mck MUSH ROOMS - WE'LL STAY ON THE GROUND - WE'LL HOT PICK STARS OUT OF THE SKY- JUST BE HAPPY OLD DEAR -



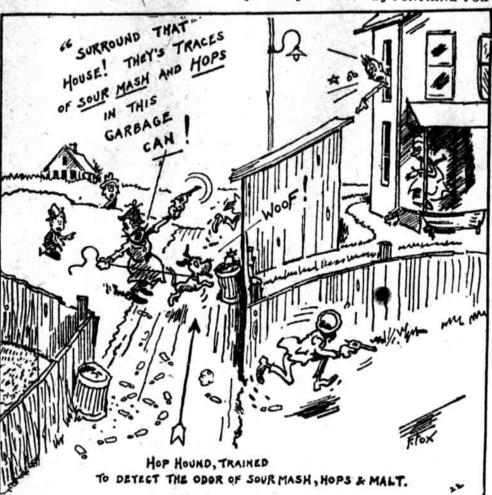
SOMEBODY'S STENOG-A New Bottle of Ink



:

The Young Lady Across the Way

By FONTAINE FOX -1-



SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY-Worse and Worse

keep still.

The young lady across the way

says she should think the man ar-

rested for uttering a bad check

would have had sense enough to



- I HEARD ANOTHER GOOD ONE YESTERDAY -- IT SEEM A MAN-ETC! HA - HA-

By C. A. Voight -OH, MR BROWN IT MUST BE TERRIBLE TO BE A PROFESSIONAL HUM-ORIST AND HAVE TO THINK UPJOKES EVERY DAY -HOT NEARLY SO BAD AS LISTEN-ING TO EM-CAVOISE

THE CLANCY KIDS-Story Without Words



By Percy L. Crosby