By Hayward

LADYFINGERS By JACKSON GREGORY Copyright, 1981, by Charles Scribner's Sons

THIS STARTS THE STORY THIS STARTS THE STORY

A sofe has been cracked, Ambrose, tective, and Joe Le Brun, gangster decive, with or without evidence, derook, with or without evidence, as "frame-up" that will fasten as erime on Robert Ashe, otherwise erime on Robert Ashe, otherwise Ladyfingers." Polly Le Brun in-Ladyfingers." Polly Le Brun informa Ashe of the scheme and reveals related for him, which he does not reprecate. Ashe could rob a safe or with a packet. He was a criminat eigrocate. Aske could rob a safe or eigrocate. Aske could rob a safe or ke a pocket. He was a criminal it no vandal, a thief but a gentle-it no vandal, a thief but a gentle-it no and a stranger disguised to the see offers Ambrose a reward of 5000 if he can produce evidence winst "Ladyfingers" that will send minst the send a scheme of her love, enters into a scheme of her love, enters into a scheme with Ambrose to get Ashe \$10,000 lik Ambrose to get Ashe \$10,000 lik At a social function Mrs. Rachel At a social function Mrs. Rachel etheril is to wear her famous telheril is to wear her famous send and Polly, little Polly Le un, asks Bobby Ashe if he will go ut for her. Ashe holds the diamond is one minute, when his hand is ill for her. Ashe holds the diamond of the minute, when his hand is ruck and the gem falls to the end. He escapes amid pistoles and Ambrose in pursuit, and ricing at a large house he tells of the theft, and revealing a detective's etheft, and revealing a detective's an obtains admission, unaware that the enterty is a grandnice of Mrs.

er, obtains admission, unaware that e exner is a grandniece of Mrs. telheril. He is about to get away a borrowed au.o when a muffled the nose man and Rachel Stetheril rives on the scene. "Do as I tell rives on the scene." You says the man to Ashe. "You to be my secretary, and ask no oys the man to Ashe. You be my secretary, and ask no is." Later old man Beeson, a of Mrs. Stetheril, tells he history, but he is uncertain. history, but he is uncertain the names he's trying to tell AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

NYWAY, Beeson was still in his own exclusive demesne. Rachel Stetheril married a man of whom Beeson ke with open contempt; the fellow ided when on the wrong side, that the under side, of forty. It was besen had been ashamed of him her than for any of the numerous sons set forward by rumor that chel Stetheril had resumed her own iden name after his death. Beeson longer showed his teeth upon making a point for obvious reasons; but ke it he still continued to do with phasis.

Dut for all that her father's name was Browdy and she was a servant and in the sort of literature which Evelyn affected she would have been known as Browdy in spite of her fresh cheeked prettiness and amazing dimples. **

Browdy, then, combed Miss Daly's hair while Miss Daly herseif gave her undivided attention to the diurnal needs of her pink nails.

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there had been a child, a daughter, Rachel had been mad about her. she had grown up and married a wed the whole countryside the sort
was. She spent all that her mother
was. She spent all that her mother
he her, which as time went by was
and linto them entered interest and approval. There would be a dance in
Lockworth in the course of a week or
so and Browdy would be there and
there were compensations after and less. Maybe old man Warner ald remember her?

"A blue-eyed thing," said old man "Brown-eyed," said old man War-

ump, you know. Cozy."
"Tall, slim thing," said old man

bborner and sharper and sharper. hen the daughter that she loved up d left her with that fool busband of es; and her husband died and she uldn't come back unless Rachel Stethil begged h - to, which, being Rachel etherit she wouldn't do; and when died, not even leaving a girl baby ter her to be a granddaughter in the House, Rachel Stetheril got bitrer and bitterer and meaner and er and took it all out upon everyy that come across her path.

"And now there's that Evelyn Daly—
e's the, granddaughter of Rachel
etheril's sister—and she'll up and
arry the wrong fellow; and she'll up
ad die; and then there won't be a
ing left of the proud old Stetheril
mily but Rachel Stetheril and me."
And, here of late, at the end of his
en tale, a suspicious shiping wetness ra tale, a suspicious shining wetness me into old man Becson's eyes. So much of Rachel Stetheril did Robto much of Racher Stetners did Rob-t Ashe in due time come to know hen once he stopped at old man Bee-n's cabin. He wondered, even then, hom Evelyn Daly would some day

> CHAPTER X The Old Black Witch

is was her custom without referto the season of the year and ther clocks ticked or stopped, Rachel heril rose at a quarter of 6 in the ning. At 6 exactly she was unling her napkin over her little table the breakfast room. At that identimoment a very obviously nervous -her name during the years had at one time Maggie, at another at another Em'ly, but always he a nervous girl-was placing a p of hot coffee at Rachel Stetheril's matter what her name, she was allowanter what her name, she was allows as nervous as the serving maidas standing quite near the door from the the to breakfast room, listening what might be the first sounds to me to her. Whenever she discharged cook, and this was a thing she had he many a time, Rachel Stetherid done it over her breakfast. Upon is that she was particularly, in the

blown flower.

As was her custom, Rachel Stetheril Value of the house at fifteen minutes to the step of the step o he had already seen the serving had to the cook that it was "all to he offered certain relies of his own about the grounds, what he should today require of men under him.

unto himself great glory and a remarkable swagger. Thereafter remarkable swagger. Thereafter mistress proceeded with quick,

jerky little steps down the broad path, leaning a little more heavily each year upon her tall black stick. In the dull

upon her tall black stick. In the dull black, fashionless dress she were she looked like nothing more in the world than a little beetle whose way had led through a dusty road.

Then there was Young Beeson tugging bard at the bits of a span of devilhearted grays, black Joe of her own importation to doff his hat, grin whitely, take her elbow and help her to a sent, and away they went, grays, Young Beeson, Joe and Rachel Stetheril, upon an endless tour of inspection.

an endless tour of inspection.

As was the custom of another person n whose veins was the Stetheril blood, equally disdainful of weather and clocks, Evelyn awoke at some indefinite time between 9 and 11. She definite time between 9 and 11. She yawned prettily after the manner of a healthy young animal, stretched luxuriously and dozed again. Thereafter in due time she rose, arranged herself daintily in warm slippers, "boodie" cap, and flowered kimono. In a house like this where there were always bells to river and the stretch of the stretc to ring and servants to come hastening at the first tinkle, she rang. But not until she had seen in a glass just how much good her sleep had done her. This morning her eyes were very bright, her coloring a hint of a tint more than perfect.

e rang. A rosk-cheeked maid, whose position was enviable ordinarily in the big house, but who had her work cut out for her during the visits of Evelyn Daly, came and attended the many wants of the city girl.
"My hair, Browdy," said Miss Evelyn.

earth who knew her termed her Jennie, but for all that her father's name was Browdy and she was a servant and in

Slowly, as the shining hair was caught up and wound, twisted into a gleaming coil and transfixed with a pin here, brought down and impaled there, made finally into the latest thing armaker's son when she might have in morning coiffures, the look of amuse-ment went out of Browdy's bright eyes

> there were compensations after all, in being lady's maid to such 'as Evelyn Daly. Evelyn turned unexpectedly and Browdy, flushing, came forward swiftly,

"Brown-eyed," said old man War"A little thing and as pretty as a
ture," said old man Beeson. "Just
he her mother was sixty years ago.

"Brown-eyed," said old man War"You look very pretty, Miss Evelyn," she said. "Awful pretty."
"The gray gown, Browdy. The one
I told you to be careful of last night."
Browdy got it. Also stockings, lingrie, riphous, ping, everything, peeded. gerie, ribbons, pins, everything needed

and asked for. "Tall, slim thing," said old man Evelyn, dressed, examined herself arner. "Not much to look at, but with frank interest. A careasing hand came away from her hair, administered

od-hearted."

"Fell in love with a man named Ellis, od-for-nothing son of a cigarmaker at couldn't support her after she arried him; just as Rachel Stetheril id warned her • • • "Browdy, are there any roses in bloom now? Big ones? White, or pink?"

"Was forced into marriage with a an she hated, the son of old Ellis, or of tobacco king, that old she wil of a Stetheril woman nagging at r until the poor girl give in • • ""

"at me away from her hair, administered a touch of powder to the tip of her nose, went back to her hair.

"Browdy, are there any roses in bloom now? Big ones? White, or pink?"

Browdy gasped and widened her eyes.

"I forgot!" she exclaimed, and with the whisk of skirts and the slam of a door, was gone. Evelyn sighed.

As quickly as her plump little feet could carry her down a long flight of winding stairs, along a longer hallway, back through the hallway and again up

back through the hallway and again up "And all these years." said old man esson, "things went bad for Rachel wherlight and she got stubborner and exherence and she got stubborner and she got she

> They were a great bunch of white roses, some full blown, some mere dainty buds, all fresh and fragrant and caught together by a piece of twine. From the twine fluttered a bit of paper. Browdy's bright eyes fairly sparkled low; so, in truth, did Evelyn's. From maid's hands the flowers went quickly

maid's hands the flowers went quickly to mistress'. Upon the paper was the typewritten legend:

"For Miss Evelyn Daly."

Now, suddenly, surely Evelyn's eyes were brighter than Jennie Browdy's; her cheeks pinker. For a moment she held the fragrant roses against her cheek. Then, with deft fingers selecting the queen of the white galaxy of

ing the queen of the white galaxy of superb flowers, she arranged it in her. "That will be all, Browdy."

With her own hands she placed the other flowers in water.

Browdy turned to depart, having already tidied the room. Evelyn, the typewritten bit of paper in her hand, called after the girl softly.

"Aunt Rachel has gone out?" she wanted to know.

wanted to know.
"Oh, yes, miss. Hours ago."
"And • • • Has any one called this norning?"

Browdy shook her curly head. "Oh, yes, miss," cried Browdy. "I didn't think about him." "He didn't stop? And • • • there wasn't any one with him?"
"There was, though," cried Browdy.

"A young man, just a boy to look at. She blushed and dropped her eyes. Ashe had smiled at her this morning and had lifted his hat to her in a way which little Jennie Browdy had not known before to be possible. "Cook

says he's Mr. Haddon's new secre-tary."
"Did he—that's all, Browdy."
Browdy went and Evelyn turned back to the roses. The little slip of paper ace and watching her mistress anxualy for a sign to tell whether she
as to say "Good morning!" or to

p her mouth shut. At this same
agic hour of G a very nervous cook—
matter what her name as the man of the note, typewritten and unsigned, hinted at mystery. A little
cestatic thrill was the result of their
combined appeal to the romantic soul of
Miss Evelyn Daly.

Miss Evelyn Daly.

"He's like a prince in a fairy tale!"
she whispered. And Evelyn, the impressionable, dwelt lingeringly upon the latest man to enter her frippery exist-ence, her fancies picturing him vividly from head to foot and not failing to make much of the significance of the most beautiful hands she had ever seen. To her they spelled blue blood

i done it over her breakfast. Upon is that she was particularly, in the bise of unusually, sour tempered, thing that had swelled in the night had, at 6 o'clock, blossomed into l'blown flower.

As was her custom, Rachel Stetheril sout of the house at fifteen minutes be wide front doors she was met by ster, the head gardener. Huxter antered any questions she might choose put to him, and if the time seemed opitions source in the kitchen wing looked in at the kitchen wing he had already seen the serving danged to the serving in others as markedly erratic. whe had already seen the serving id nod to the cook that it was "all ht," he offered certain relief of his own about the grounds, what he should today require of men under him.

Invier's daily audience with Rachel theril lasted anywhere from five sector to three minutes, and from it he winto himself great glory and a remarkable swagger. Thereafter the statement of the swagger than the stephen are the swagger than the stephen are the statement with the stephen as a letter from the Lockworth Bank Evelyn never opened it but that her fingers shook and her heart skipped beats. She might unfold a check for \$500; the paper might, on the stephen as th

eral principles. CONTINUED TOMORROW

WRECKED ROMEO -THE OLD FLINT-HEART IS CRACKEDIT WAS A TERRIBLE BLOW WHEN
HE WALKED INTO THAT LITTLE
RESTAURANT AND FOUND THE WIDOW
ZANDER WITH THE WIDOW CARLOS WHEN SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ILL AT HOME-

THE GUMPS-The Passing Show



MRS. ZANDER WHO LOST AN ARDENT ADMIRER AND AUSTRALIA-



SOMEBODY STOP MAKING ME LAUGH-I'M GETTING HYSTERICAL -

WHEN I SAW THE FACE ON HER WHEN SHE SAW US WALK IN-DID SHE TURN WHITE? SHE MADE A MARBLE STATUE LOOK LIKE A SUNBAKED INDIAN-

PAPA -I BET I GET UNCLE BIM'S

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CARLOS - OLD BECOND FIDDLE WHO IS NOW PLAYING FIRST BASE- WHO CHASED THE BIG FORTUNE BACK TO THE LITTLE FAMILY



THE GUMP FAMILY THAT CAME INTO THEIR OWN AGAIN -

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Wasted Energy

GOOD MORNING TH YEH? "GOOD MORNING" MISTER SMITHERS . HEY ? ALMOST "GOOD HAFTERNOON" I GAVE YOU MY KEYS YESTERDAY AND HERE I'VE BEEN WAITING AN HOUR TIL YOU CAME SO I CAN OPEN MY DESK! F

YOUR KEYS ARE INSIDE YOUR DESK DID YOU TRY YOUR DESK ? IT'S NOT F LOCKED.

"SCIENTISTS LOOKING FOR A SUBSTITUTE FOR BONE." SCHOOL DAYS

HO HUM! - EE -MAGINE! WHAT DO THEY GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE FOR WHEN THE SUPPLY IS SO PLENTIFUL ! A-E-HAYWARD - 3

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says they say the young man next door is a regular licentiate physician, but for her part she doesn't believe in gossip and he certainly looks moral enough.

The Bunch From the General Store Had a Fine Time -:- By FONTAINE FOX



By DWIG AGROERT DO WITH THE COURIER - NEWS ? FETCH THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

PETEY-They Come Low, But They Must Have 'Em



-LOOK AT THE SHOES THOSE GIRLS WEAR IN THIS WEATHER.





THE CLANCY KIDS-Some People Do









By Percy L. Crosby

By C. A. Voight