

LADYFINGERS

By JACKSON GREGORY

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

"Ladyfingers," a thief but a gentleman with a sunny, merry disposition, is the object of the chase of a police officer and a detective. The frame-up is planned by a gangster and crook with the aid of a wide detective and a diamond robbery. He attempts a diamond robbery from the person of rich Mrs. Stethers, because Polly Le Brun, who is the woman he is in love with, is hidden under a rough exterior. Haddon, the lawyer who offered the \$10,000 bribe, has charge of the least of the women, and she had made inquiries of the whereabouts of a grandson. He finds the young man in the person of a dead man. Haddon had been paying court to Evelyn Daly, the supposed heiress. She is a fake and a con woman. She is forced to flee by relating to her that the grandson would inherit instead of her. A large sum of money had been removed from the safe. But Mrs. Stethers's safe was not empty. Haddon tells Ash to steal this money, give him \$10,000 and then get the \$10,000. But Mrs. Stethers's safe was not empty. Haddon tells Ash to steal this money, give him \$10,000 and then get the \$10,000. But Mrs. Stethers's safe was not empty. Haddon tells Ash to steal this money, give him \$10,000 and then get the \$10,000.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

She went to the safe and in a little while she had the money. Ambrose and Haddon were standing close, watching. There in plain sight was a great, thick pad of bills. By them was a bit of faded note paper. The old woman snatched it up with shaking fingers. While Ambrose stared blankly at Haddon and Haddon seemed like a man with the ground swept suddenly from beneath him, she read the few lines scribbled on the paper. It was a simple note: "Bobbie Ash's short, simple note of farewell to an old woman who had been kind to him and whom he loved. And then she had thrown both of her arms about Ash's neck and was crying and hugging him convulsively. "Oh, thank God, thank God!" she murmured over and over. "Mrs. Stethers," Ash said softly. "You had better . . ."

CHAPTER XXVII
Polly Le Brun Squares the Game
Justin Haddon, having much at stake, comported himself like an able general. With forethought and care he had mapped his attack, and now saw it being swept back. He retreated promptly. Now he must save himself; later he could strike again, from ambush, a flank movement. So far, nothing had been lost save honor. Now, more clearly than ever, he saw his salvation in Evelyn Daly. Ash might or might not escape prosecution and an ultimate conviction. Evelyn might or might not come to stand foremost in Rachel Stethers's will. But, in any case, Evelyn was the old woman's heiress, and so would not be utterly forgotten. Haddon cursed himself now for his single blunder. When Ash upon the night of the attempted diamond robbery had dropped the stone, it had been Haddon's instinctive thought to snatch it up, to return it to the owner. Then a woman had screamed. He has stolen a woman's diamond, and, turning to show the thing in his palm, he had seen that all eyes were upon the dark figure running through the shrubbery. He had swung quickly, and the woman's eyes were upon the fugitive. It seemed at first incredible, then perfectly natural. Perhaps because he wanted it to seem natural, he wanted it to seem natural. Perhaps because he wanted it to seem natural, he wanted it to seem natural. Perhaps because he wanted it to seem natural, he wanted it to seem natural.

of another than herself falling heir to the Stethers millions. She started at Haddon's knock. And when he rapped again she asked sharply: "Well? Who is it?" "Haddon," answered the lawyer, his lips pressed tight. "I must see you immediately, Evelyn." "What is it at this hour?" "Never mind the hour!" he urged her. "You are dressed?" "Yes, I am." "Put on your hat and coat and come out to me in the garden. Come the back way and don't let any one see you. And hurry, Evelyn, hurry or it will be too late. I'll be waiting for you." She jerked open the door, but Haddon had gone toward the dining room, not turning to see if she followed. She looked down the hall toward the front of the house. There were voices, Rachel Stethers's and Mr. Steele's, both obviously strongly moved. And the house had been so still only a moment ago. Haddon's girl drew on a coat, caught up a scarf, and went out. A glance over her shoulder showed her some one standing by the door of Mrs. Stethers's study, a man whom she had never seen before. Was this man her cousin? Was he going to come between her and the fortune which she had so long looked upon both as a right and a necessity? When she passed through the dining room Evelyn was running. A door, swung widely open, gaped after her. She flushed and snatched a glance when she came upon Haddon outside. "What is it?" she cried anxiously. "Is that man in there?" "Evelyn," said Haddon with quiet emphasis, "we haven't much time for talking. It's too late for that now; the time has come for action. I have already ordered our car. You are going with me into Lockworth."

SOMEbody's STENOG—The Great \$10,000 Damage Case

MISS O'FLAGE, I'VE SUEED THE PIFLE PIPE CO FOR \$10,000 DAMAGES FOR THAT CANCELLED ORDER OF BRASS KNUCKLES. YOU WILL BE CALLED AS A WITNESS.

NOW DON'T WORRY! IT WON'T BE HARD—THEY'LL JUST ASK YOU QUESTIONS. OF COURSE YOU MUST TELL THE TRUTH—THEY'LL ASK YOU TO SWEAR.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, "VENUS"?

IT'S SCANDALOUS! I WILL NOT STAY IN THIS OFFICE ANOTHER MINUTE! JUST HEAR THOSE GOINGS ON IN THE OTHER ROOM!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM I TOLD HER I GOT TO DO THIS REGULAR STANDBYS!

YES, BUT MARY, THEY'RE ORDINARY. CAN'T YOU TELL ME A FEW WITH MORE ZIP IN 'EM? I GOT TO DO THIS JOB WELL!

THE GUMPS—Company for Dinner

By Sidney Smith



SOMEbody's STENOG—The Great \$10,000 Damage Case

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The Young Lady Across the Way

By FONTAINE FOX



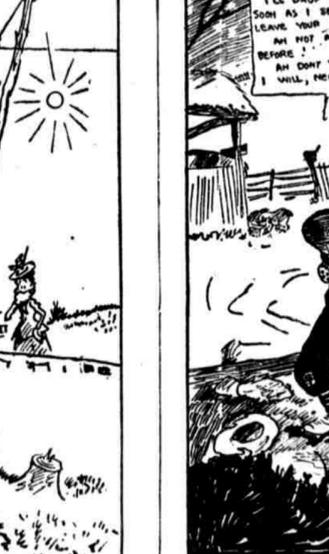
THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE FOX



SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



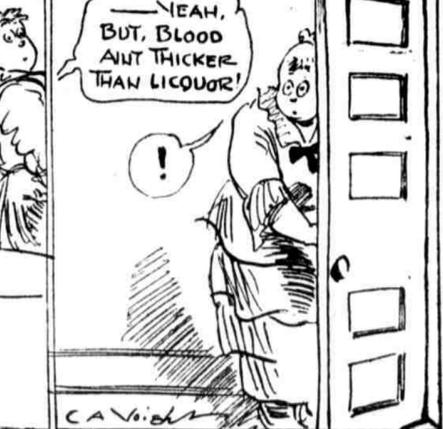
DISARMAMENT

By DWIG



PETEY—Not These Days, Anyway

By C. A. Voight



THE CLANCY KIDS—S. O. No. 12, We Should Say

By Percy L. Crosby

