By ISABEL OSTRANDER Author of "The Island of Intrigue," "Suspense," "Ashes to Ashes," etc.

Oreveling house in the first place?"
McCarty asked suddenly. "He was not just sauntering along looking for a likely lay when I saw him first; he was

asked. "You don't think he was work-

Alone, maybe, but he was wandering along the avenue looking for the first open window to crawl through !

pleam of shrewdness lingered in his Bodansky hesitated, running the tip of his tongue along his thin, bloodless "I min't done nottin'," he averred lips and glancing quickly from one to 'Course I had de gat an' de doggedly. ''Course I had de gat an' de the other jack an' de keys on me, but it's a foict his face, affense, barrin' dat stretch in de re-

they stand in with the ward boss, let alone anybody higher up."

"I ain't kickin'." vouchsafed Bodansky, slumping comfortably forward in his chair with his bullet head outthrust between his hunched shoulders like that of a turtle. "I'm willin' to take whatever youse can hand me. I didn't have nottin' to do wit' croakin' Crawford—"

"I we weren't on to his game until just letely how could you wise yourself up?"

McCarty seized the opportunity which the final remark presented.

"If you had, you'd have known better than to take that line with us, Joe. We're on to it that Creveling was known as 'Crawford' sometimes, and why, but as 'Crawford' sometimes, and why, but the control of the c

"About two mont's ago a guy was rolled over on Madison avenue; oh. I didn't have anyt'ing to do wit' dat part of it, an' I don't know who did de rollin' so I ain't afraid to open me trap about it! Anyhow, when de split was made in Hogan's back room I dragged down twenty iron men an' de foist 'ing I t'ought of was a gold bracelet wit red stones in it over across de way in Rosakoff's window. Me goil had been lookin' at it an' hintin' around dat de guy dat owns de candy store where she works would get it for her. Say, how? He don't even run a hock shop like most of de odder fences do, au' dat ticket repairin' job is a hell of a good blind."

He paused and the inspector shook his head, carefully avoiding McCarty's quizzical gaze.

"Obe, Joe. Go on with your story and mind you give it to us straight!"

"De minute I got mine I beat it seroes de street to Kosakoff's place like."

"Sould undertone to the inspector. "You'll get nothing more out of him this day, and we've got a good lead as it is. I want to get out on the job without lossing any time."

Late that afternoon McCarty presented himself once more at the Creveling house and to his request for an interview with Mrs. Creveling was about to send down for your inspector, anyway, for there was a scene this morning between 'er and that Mr. Terhune that I couldn't 'clp 'caring most of, and what I missed Yvonne, the maid, told us at lunch."

"She ain't satisfied with 'ow 'e's conducting of the case, to put it mild sir, and she told Mrs. Waverly as 'ow she was going to find out what progres you was making."

As before, McCarty found Mrs Creveling in her boudoir, but this tim she was pacing the floor restlessly an a faint spot of color glowed in eithe errors de a faint spot of color glowed in eithe errors.

"De minute I got mine I heat it across de street to Kosakoff's place, like I'm tellin' youse." Bodansky went on surriedly with an injured air. "It was late an' he was just puttin' up his shutters, but I flashed me twenty an' he let me in. He was gettin' de bracelet out of de window when de door opens an' in comes a regular swell. He's got his lid pulled down over his eyes an' his coat collar turned up like he's scared of somebody seein' him an' right away I says to myself, 'Dis Kosakoff's light an' dat guy's some high-class crook."

As Detrie, all of this time Creveling in her boudoir, but this time she was pacing the floor restlessly and a faint spot of color glowed in either cheek, while Mrs. Waverly, curled up on the window seat, watched her with an inscrutable look in her long, feline eyes.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Mc-Carty." Mrs. Creveling gestured imperiously toward a chair. "You were here yesterday, I understand, but the dector had counseled absolute rest for me. I cannot rest, I shall not, until I know who killed my husband! Have you come with news for us?"

WILL you send for him. sir? I'll werplain while he's on the way looks up an' I see he's no crook. He don't seem to see me at all, but he turns his nose like de joint was dirt an' old Kosakoff a dog. I'm pretendin' to be lampin' de bracelet was dirt an' old Kosakoff a dog. I'm pretendin' to be lampin' de bracelet see, but I'm wisin' myself up to de layout. Old Kosakoff has got de guy's number all right an' he's tryin' to get him of down de odder end of de store so's I won't pipe what's goin' on, but I edges along too an' I time the press will how for my official head!"

"They've howled for it more than once before, sir, but it hasn't fallen once before, but instead with your permisers of the sir fallen once before sir but instead with your permisers on whatever against the young cook, but instead with your permisers on permisers of the sir fallen once before, but instead with your permisers of the sir f

where youse caught me last week."

'How did you know that he lived there?' the inspector asked.

''Cause he could have made it straight from Thoid to Fift' an' den up

McCarty asked suddense where he was just sauntering along looking for a just instead of dat he dodges nort' an just sould all de time an 'I knew see signs; many's de time I dodges de oulls de same way, only he's an amateur, see, an 'he don't get en to it dat I'm trailin' him. He hits Fift' at last way above his house an' den he t'inks he's clear, an' he beats it home an' opens de door wit' his own key. I spots de number an' de general lay an' chases alked. "You don't think he was working along the proposition of the pro stones or was just out of dough an' ashamed to have anybody know he was "Alone, maybe, but he was not standering along the avenue looking for the first open window to crawl through! I don't say he was working under orders, but he'd either been topped off or esse he'd found out there were valuables in the house and it is not any too well guarded just now. Something steered him toward Creveling, sir, and I'm going to have it out of him!"

But when Bodansky was brought in he did not at first find the matter as simple as he had anticipated.

"Look here, Joe, I suppose you know you're in for a stretch?" McCarty began impressively when a glance from 1n-spector Druct put the interrogation into his hands.

s hands.

Bodansky grinned foolishly, but the fence as he is?

other. Then a sly grin broke over

isck and de keys on me, but it's a foict offense, barrin' dat stretch in de reformtory and I'll get off light."

"What makes you think so?" demanded McCarty. "Do you suppose your gang would bother to have any wires pulled to get you off, you poor little runt of a white-livered piker? That Lerington avenue gang of cheap crooks have only been kidding you if you think they stand in with the ward boss, let alone anybody higher up."

"I sin't kiekin'." youchsafed Bo-

"Crawford?" McCarty caught him up sharply. "So you knew Creveling as 'Crawford,' ch?"

The slumped figure stiffened suddenly and the rat eyes shifted, but he drawled: "Creveling, was it? It's all de same to me. I t'ought youse called him 'Crawford' dat night, an' I ain't been readin' de poipers regular since!"

He grinned again, but his lips trembled and he raised a slack hand to cover them.

McCarty seized the opportunity which the final remark presented.

"If you had, you'd have known bet-"

"If you had, you'd have known bet-"

"If you had, you'd have known bet-"

sust letely how could you wise yourself up?

"Well. I dad a steer, didn't I?"

Bodansky retorted. "I'd spotted him an' I laid low an' watched his joint. Dere's a couple of odder fences dat I knows—by sight—an' I lamps 'em go-in' to him an' right dere me dogs gets kind of frost-bit, for I'm wise dat his dump must be a sort of a clearin' house for de rest an' him de king pin of dat partic'lar bunch, but I didn't know dat he was de main guy of all—de head go-between for Bronheim himself—till I sees Spanish Lou an' Diamond Harry sneakin' in de side door."

we didn't think you were in on that long and tru liess had been the efforts deal. You'll go up for something more of the police department to locate the

we didn't think you were in on that deal. You'll go up for something more than attempted burglary now, my gossoon."

A shade of terror darkened the pasty face and Joe Bodansky writhed in his chair.

"I dunno what youse mean!" he whined. "Honest t'Gawd I never heard of dat guy till I saw him lyin' dere with his face gone! If he was known as Crawford' youse must've said so den an' dat's how I got it! Honest t'Gawd—!"

McCarty turned to the dumfounded inspector and asked cryptically:

"Shall we get the other one over from the Tombs and face 'em, sir? We've got it now that the big fellow was holding out on us about Joe here, and when he knows Joe give him away."

A thin, wailing cry broke in upon hina and Bodansky, shivering with fright turned imploringly to the inspector.

"I ain't no snitcher! I didn't give him away. What are youse trying to frame me for? If youse get him over an' be t'inks I spilled on him youse had better send me up for life, for he'll see dat I'm croaked de folst time I show me face in de street! I ain't! no n his game, on my modder I ain't! He don't even know! I'm wise to it!"

Motor the police department to locate the go the police department to locate the go the police department to locate the go-between they knew must exist.

"Bronheim's doing a stretch now up the river! McCarty asserted.

"Sure, but he gets out in t'ree mont's, an' dey're roundin' up de organization again." Bodansky pulled dimself up suddenly. "Say, I don't know dat. I'm just talkin't trough hat! I ain't go not one over to de East Side to sell de fam! J jewels, an' as for Spanish an' Harry, dey might have reformed, an' gone dere peaceable, like I done, to buy somet in' for dere goits. I only got cold feet like I told you, an' laid off de whole works. You can't prove not in' he whole works. You come through with the whole instenses or we'll put you on the stand against Kosakoff. Who were the other tences you saw going into his place?"

But Joe Bodansky suddenly sroused suspicion that, in his own parlance, he was being "pla

on my modder I ain't! He don't even A film seemed to glaze his close-set eyes know I'm wise to it!"

A film seemed to glaze his close-set eyes and when he replied it was in the sing-

know I'm wise to it!"

Then come clean!" the inspector advised grimly. "Tell us how you knew Crereling was Crawford?"

"It was all on account of dat skirt I got stuck on." Bodansky admitted with evident reluctance. "I told youse de Gawd's trut when I said dat I'd never turned a trick before de night youse the might have been kiddin' me! As for larry and Spanish, I never lamped 'em before in me life; I just got a hunch it was dem from seein deir mugs in de papers when Bronheim was tried. Honest t'Gawd **

"Send him back, sir." McCarty urged in a rapid undertone to the inspector.

About two mont's ago a guy was in a rapid undertone to the inspector.

"You'll get nothing more out of him this day, and we've got a good lead as

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS-Let Well Enough Alone



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Boss Is Full of Pep Again

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

By Hayward

Ry DWIG



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says the experts believe that the next war will be fought entirely by the chemists and, while this will be pretty hard on them, it will not be so bad as having all the young men obliged to go.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By FONTAINE FOX WAS CHASIN' A FELLER ACROSS THET MEDDER AND ALL THEM FULE PASSENGERS HOPPED OVER TO ONE SIDE OF THE CAR TO SEE , AND OF COURSE SHE TURNED OVER IF THE SKIPPER HADN'T BEEN RUNNING PRETTY SLOW AT THE

TIME, LAST WEEK'S ACCIDENT

MIGHT HAVE BEEN SERIOUS.

THE CALIOPE

PETEY—Step to the Foot of the Class



- OH YES, IN THIS PAPER THERE'S A LIST OF QUESTIONS HE ASKS - LISTEN ---WHAT COUNTRY HAS THE GREATEST PERCENTAGE OF IS SAGO . 7



-YOU DIDN'T -SAY, IF I KNEW ALL THOSE, THOMAS KNOW ONE EDISON'D BE WORKIN' FOR ME!

By C. A. Voight

THE CLANCY KIDS—Timmie Knows His Pop





