EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1922

From Now On

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

THIS BEGINS THE STORY to Henderson, as Bookle Skarvan's dential man, is sent to Martin man to get \$100,000 to recoup rac-bases. He steals the money, and by serves his sentence of five years, bidden it in an old piscon coise, de-the fact that Detective Barjan and wan both visit him in fail, each is to writing from him his secret opposite purposes. Millingan, a mate, however, does set his se-and when freed, promises to get isot and meet Henderson at the St. and when freed, promises to get isot and meet Henderson at the St. and when freed, promises to get isot and meet Henderson at the St. and when freed, promises to get in mate, however, does set his se-and when freed, promises to get in the first the police and the old on his trail, but he successis in with his daughter. Teress, in San mises. Hy a clever tuse, Capriano inters he police that Henderson has a killed in a bomb explosion. Whi 'tt by no means unselfshness on the man spat, since be is laging subtle and the stall be own hands on the weithin the mon be montened on the set of set his own hands on the set of set his own hands on the set of the set of the the set of Nice of the set of the set of the set of set his own hands on the set of set his own hands on the

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

TICOLO CAPRIANO motioned his

Nicolo Caritra No motioned his daughter abruptly to a small table the opposite side of the bed. "Teresa will write the letter, and it it in Italian," he said, as she mite herself at the table. "I do not write as easily as I used to. They say de Nicolo is a sick man. Well, maybe that is so, but old Nicolo's brain is not when and old Nicolo's fingers can at and old Nicolo's fingers can at still sign his name-and that is rough. Ha, ha, it is good to be alive rough. Ha, ha, it is good to be alive spin! Well'-he waved his hand agin toward his daughter--''are you rady, my little one?'' "Yes, father.'' she answered. "To Dago George, then,'' he said. "First-my affectionate salutations.'' Her pen scratched rapidly over the paper. She looked up. Ha, ha, it is good to be alive Well'-he waved his hand

Yes, father?"

Capriano's fingers plucked at Nicolo "You will say that the bearer of this tter-ah! Yes!" He turned with

"You will say that the bearer of this ktter-sh! Yes!" He turned with a whimsical smile to Dave Henderson. "You must have a name, eh, my young friend-since Dave Henderson is dead! We shall not tell Dago George every-hing. Foois alone tell all they know: What shall it be?" Dave Henderson shrugged his shoul-

he heard his knuckles crack, as his hand "Anything," he said. "It doesn't clenched in a fierce, sudden surge of fury. Millman! Yes, the way was clear to Millman—but there was another, too. . One is as mod as another. it Barty Lynch." s, that will do. Good !" Nicolo

No there wasn't anything unreal about her. She was very real.

His eyes fell on Teresa. He might

come back to San Francisco in a few months. With ordinary caution it ought to be quite safe then. Dave Hen-

derson would have been dead quite long enough then to be utterly forgotten. They would not be talking on every

treet corner about him as they were

Nicolo Capriano was nodding his head

Make it Barty Lynch." "Yes, that will do. Good!" Nicolo Capriano gestured with his hand in his daughter's direction again. "You will say that the bearer of this letter is Barty Lynch, and that he is to be priano bimself. You understand, my little one? Anything that he asks is his -and I. Nicolo Capriano, will be re-ponsible. Tell him, my little one, that is Nicolo Capriano's order-and that Nicolo Capriano has yet to be disthe further he. Dave Henderson, got from San Francisco for the present now, Nicolo Capriano has yet to be dis-bered. And particularly you will say that if our young friend here requires any help by those who know how to do what they are told and ask no ques-tions, the men are to be supplied. You determine the sooner, the better it would be. In a little while, a few months, after he had paid his debt to Millman-he would pay his debt to Bookie Skarvan. He was not likely to forget Bookie He was not likely to forget Bookie Skarvan!

derstand, Teresa? She did not look up this time. Yes. father.

Write it, then," he said. "And see that Dago George is left with no doubt in his mind that he is at the command our young friend here Teresa's pen scratched rapidly again

ross the paper. Nicolo Capriano was at his intertonight, andinable occupation of plucking at the unterpane.

approvingly over the letter. "Yes, yes!" he said. "Excellent! With this, my young friend, you will Dave Henderson pushed his hand arough his hair in a curtously ab-tracted sort of way. There seemed to a something strangely and suddenly With this, my young friend, you will be a far more important personage in New York than you imagine. Old Ni-colo's arm still reaches far." He stared for a moment musingly at Dave Hender-son through half-closed eyes. "You have money, and this letter. I do not think there is anything else that old Nimk encode for non able to more to areal about all this-about this man, with his cuming brain, who lay here in this queer four-poster bed; about that trim little figure, who bent over the table there, and whose profile only now was in view, the profile of a sweet,

here, and with such ease that, as an scomplished, concrete fact, his minds momehow refused to accept it as such He was dead. It was very strange, very curious! He sank back a little in his chair. There came a vista of New York not as a tangible thing of great streets and vast edifices, but as a Meece of his srasp, as an arena where he could stand unleashed, and where the iron of his was there. There seemed to come an unholy joy creeping upon him. Mill man was there and he Dave Henderson's had friends now at his back, who could augh at the police. Millman! He felt the blood sweep upward to his temples: Be cove from here set of easily remedied.'' He turned the blood sweep upward to his temples. Be cove from here set of the of box-and still not was in the police. Millman is temples: Be cove from here set obecidently, and turned toward if the offer cover the oblock the offer on here set offediently. Be cove from here set offediently, and turned toward the oblox-and still not was ind the police. Millman is temples: Be cove from here set offediently, and turned toward it would the toward it he oblox-and still not was indered his police. Millman is temples: Be cove from here set offediently, and turned toward it he offediently, and turned toward it would here in the revolver which she had friends now at his back, who could have a the police. Millman i He felt

(AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN")

By FRANK L. PACKARD

He was inserting the letter in the intempt to express has the other, envelope, as Teress, entered the room again. He sealed the envelope, reached out to her for the revolver which she carried, broke the revolver, nodded as he satisfied himself that it was loaded —and handed both envelope and weapon to Dave Henderson. He spread out his hands then, and lifted his shoulders in a whinsical gratter for shull to the shoulders in a whistical gratter for the fault. She rove from her seat obediently, and turned toward the door--but her futher stopped her with a quick, impulsive gesture. "Wait !" he said. "Give me the pen

before you go, and I will sign this let-ter. Dago Geerge must be sure that it came from Nicolo Capriane-eh?" She dipped the pen in the ink and handed it to him. Nicolo Capriano propped the letter on his knees, as he motioned her away on her errand. His pen moved labori-

an over the bed. 'See, my young friend," he smiled---

on his knees, as he motioned her away on her errand. His pen moved labori-ously across the paper. He looked up then, and beckoned Dave Henderson to Capriano, he said in a low tone, his in young friend! It is old Nicolo who

roice suddenly choked. The old bomb king's cyclids fluttered by, my young friend-good by !"

down. It was like a blind man whose face was turned to Dave Henderson. "I am suge of that, my young friend," he said softly. "I am sure that you will never forget Nicolo Capri-I shall hear of you through Dago George.

He released his hands suddenly. His eyes opened-they were inscrutable, al-most dead, without luster. "Go," he said, "I know what you would say. said. "I know what you would say. But we are not children to sob on one another's neck. Nicolo is not dead yet. Perhaps we will meet again—ch? We will not make a scene—Teresa will tell you that it might bring on an attack. Eh? Well, then, go! You will need all the hours from now until daylight to get well away from the city." He smiled again, and waved Dave Hender-son from the bed.

In an uncertain, reluctant way, as though conscious that his farewell to the old Italian was entirely inadequate, that his gratitude had found no expres-sion, and yet conscious, too, that any attempt to express his feelings would

be genuinely unwelcome to the other. Dave Henderson moved toward the

a whimsical gesture of finality. "It is only left then to say good-by-

"It is only left then to say good-by-ch?-my young griend-who was the friend of Tony Lomazzi. You will have good luck, and good fortune, and-"" Dave Henderson was on his feet. He had both of the old Italian's hands in his.



Teresa's footsteps were already re-ceding along the passageway toward the rear door. Dave Henderson, with a final waye of his hand to the old Italian, turned and walked slowly along the hall. He heard the porch door ahead of him being opened. He reached it. and halted, looking sround him. It was dark, as it always was here, and he could see nothing—not even a faint, blurred outline of Teresa's form. Sur-prised, he called her again—he only He stepped out into the porch. There was still no sign of her. It was very strange! He called her again—he only

And yet it had been deliberately done and about it was something of finality --and his lips twisted in a hurt amile as he turned and walked from the lass "Beat it !" said Dave Henderson to imself. "You're dead !"

priental kugs **JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE** Recent importations representing purchases of selected Rugs from Persia, Turkey, India and China under most favorable after-war-conditions, make it possible for us to offer at **Tremendous Reductions** From Former Seasons A wonderful assortment of distinctly rare and luxurious Oriental Rugs at New Low Prices Selected at random from this choice collection we quote the following: Size-Feet Sale Price Size-Feet Serape .12.2x9.3.....\$275 Sultanabad 12.0 x 9.0....\$325 Feraghan 12.5x9.0..... 275 Serape 11.7 x 9.6..... Also many unusually handsome pieces in odd and larger sizes. CHINESE RUGS 6 x 9 ft. 8 x 10 ft.

Of rare beauty, artfully embossed, in rich blue, rose and tan grounds. 9 x 12 ft. \$135 to \$185 \$250 to \$325 \$325 to \$425 Small Persian and Chinese Rugs Our great collection offers astonishing reductions from former seasonsprices ranging from \$18 for mat size to \$115 for 4x7 size. HARDWICK & MAGEE CO. 1220 MARKET ST. We hear your stenographer got married And she was such a good girl, too! But there are others - skilled, intelligent, experienced girls-not out of a job through inefficiency, but solely because of business conditions. You understand that. Before another day passes we can give wide publicity to your little tale of woe, and it will doubtless prove a godsend to some worthy girl with, perhaps, a dependent mother. You know the kind of homes into which these newspapers go. They find a welcome in YOUR home, don't they? The quarter-million daily circulation of the Public Ledger will carry your message to a great multitude of responsive readers. Phone that message to our Classified Advertising Department and let us set it before our readers tomorrow. Maybe the postman on your route won't wonder what's happened.

Sale Price

225

225

425

575

575

475

750

425

750



We will mail the bill later.

THE PROPERTY AND ADDRESS AND ADDRES

Bell - Walnut 3000 Keystone-Main 1601