AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN") By FRANK L. PACKARD

Dave Henderson steals \$100,000 which Martin Tydenian gives him for Bookle Brayran to recoup racing losses. He hides the money and then calmiy serves five years in prison, stubbornly keeping his mouth shut, both to the police and the old gans who are after the loot. Only because he knows that his every move will be watched when he gets out does he firally disclere the hiding place of the money to Millman, a prison mate whom he trusts, although almost immediately he convinces himself that it was a false move. Released from prison, his dentity is lost through the clever outwitting af the police by an old Italian bomb same leader. Nicole Capriano, who makes it appear that Dave has been killed in an explosion. Teresa, a sweet, pure girf, oddly enough daughter of the same leader, alds his escape, and excites his admiration for her womanly qualities. She is sick of her father's criminal career. Dave starts (g New York to hunt up one Dago G orge, to whom he has a letter from Nicolo. This letter contains a secret code which is intended to double-cross Henderson when he gets his money in New York, and when old Cappiano's daughter, Teresa finds this out the remonstrates, arousing her father to a fit of anger which causes his death Just as the sinker and suspicious Hookle Niarvan calls to quishing the father to a fit of anger which effects Millman at the appointed time and place.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE chances were a thousand to one

that it was Millman who had looted the pigeon-cote; the chances were one in a thousand that it could have been

my one else.

"Yes," he said coolly. "Nice rooms you've got here, and a bit of a change from—out West!" He jerked his head abruptly toward a door across the room. "I notice you've got a closed door there. I hope I'm not butting in it you're entertaining friends, or anything like that!" He laughed again—raucously now. His nerves seemed suddenly to be raw and on edge. Millman was favoring him with what, man was favoring bim with what,

whether it was genuine or not, was meant for a blank stare. "Friends?" said Millman question-And then his gray eyes soft de "Oh, I see!" he exclaimed. "It's ened. "Oh, I see!" he exclaimed. "It's hard to get over the habit, isn't it? No: there's no one there. But perhaps you'd feel better satisfied to look for yourself.'' .
"I would!" said Dave Henderson

"Go ahead, then!" invited Millman readily, and waved his hand toward the door. "I'll follow you," said Dave Henderson curtly.
Miliman turned toward the door,

hesitated, and stopped.
"Dave, what's the matter with you?" he demanded for the second time.
"Nothing much!" replied Dave Henderson. "But we'll get this over first, ch? Go on, let's see the rest of this suite of yours. It's good to know that an old pal is enjoying such pleasant

wrroundings."
Without a word, Millman stepped arross the room and opened the door in question. It led into a bedroom, and from there to a bathroom; there was nothing else. Dave Henderson inspected these in silence. He eyed Mill-man, frowning in a renewed perplexity, as they returned to the outer room.
"All right!" he said gruffly. "You "All right!" he said gruffly. "You win the first trick. But how about a certain little package now? I'll trouble you to hand that over, Millman!" Millman shook his head in a sort of

tolerant expostulation. "As we used to say 'out there.' I don't get you. Dave!" he said slowly. You are acting very strangely. Uve been looking forward to this meeting-and you haven't even a handshake for an old friend. I don't understand.' "I don't myself!" returned Dave Henderson evenly. "Threre's a whole lot of things that don't fit. But it's five years since I've seen that package.

it! What else in the world are we here for tonight?" He stepped to the table,

Millman's brows knitted in a sort of

edges of the banknotes within. It was the package containing one hundred

Dave Henderson sat down mechanically in the chair behind him that was drawn up close to the table. His hand came from his pocket, and, joined by the other, cupped his chin, his elbows resting on the table's edge, as he stared

His mind refused to point the way. It left him hung up in midair. It still to the representation with price with the property with price with the price of the pr persisted in picturing the vengeance he had sworn against this man here, in had sworn against picturing every stake he owned thing into the ring to square accounts with this man here—and the picture took on the guise now of grotesque and gigantic irony. But still he did not understand. That picture had had its inception in ** logical, incontrovertible and true per-spective. It was strange! He looked Pective. It was strange! He looked to move from the package to Millman. he felt Millman's band fa'l and press sently mean his shoulder. Millman was taning toward him over the table.
"Well. Dave," said Milman, and his soil.

that's the only way it could come about that's the only way it could come about that is the only way it could come about that is the only way it could come about that's the only way it could come about that the only way it could come about the only way it co to the moment I opened that package, and now you act as though the sight and now you act as though the sight of it had floored you. Perhaps you'll tell me now, if I ask you again, what's the matter?"

volver balanced in its palm. "I guess I made a mistake." he said

believe your and made me think you were straight. Understand? And then that afternoon before you were going out. and I was up against it hard—you know—I told you where this money was. Understand? Well, I had hardly got back to my cell when I figured you had trapped me. If you were straight you wouldn't touch that money, unless to do me up by handing it back to the police, for it would be the same thing as stealing it again, and that would make a crook of you; if you were a crook then you weren't playing straight with me to begin with, since the story you told me was a lie, and the only reason I could see for that lie was to work included by the since the story you told me was a lie, and the only reason I could see for that lie was to work included by the since the story you told me was a lie, and the only reason I could see for that lie was to work included by the since the story you told me was a lie, and the only reason I could see for that lie was to work included by the since the story you told me was a lie, and the only reason I could see for that lie was to work included by the since the story you told me was a lie, and the only reason I could see for that lie was to work included the place of the police, but it had gone!

"You were I'd get you. Don't make any mistake about that. Millman—I swore I'd get you. I didn't expect to more you here tonight. I called myself a fool even for coming. You were either straight for a creok, and there ware; the conderation, if won't get you any-it is more you where tonight. I called myself a fool even for coming. You were either that softened and relaxed that this which and whether it has or not—it with reach and relaxed the stand and that of the statement that it is to square the secount for that it is to square the secount for that you set lie feet. That had softened and relaxed and and see the tit has or not—it with the secount for that it is to square the se

meet you here tonigat. I called myself a fool even for coming. You were either straight or a crook, and there wasn't much toom left for doubt as to which it was. See, Millman?"

Millman nodded his head gravely.
"I see," he said, in the same quiet nes. "And now?" Dave Henderson jerked his hand to-ward the package of banknotes that lay on the table before him. "I guess that's the answer, isn't it?"



package containing intact, untouched, un disturbed

he said, with a twisted smile, "There's the hundred thousand dollars there that you pinched from the old pigeon-cote." He shoved out his fined impulsively to Millman. "I'm sorry, Millman, Shake! I've been in wrong all the time. But I never seemed to get that alant on it

Millman's gray eyes, half amused, half serious, studied Dave Henderson for a long minute, as their hands

"A straight crook, en?" he said inally, leaning back again in his chair. 'Well, the deduction is fairly logical, finally. Dave, I'll nave to admit. And what's the answer to that?"

Dave Henderson jerked his hand to-

Millman lighted a cigarette before money has got to go back to the estate, and it is going back." he answered.
"All right!" he said, with a curious

or tonight?" He stepped to the table, pulled a drawer open and produced a neatly tied parcel, which he laid on the table. "I took it out of the vault today, so as to have it ready for you tonight."

From the package, Dave Henderson's eyes lifted, and held Millman's in a long stare. It was as though, somethow, the ground had been swept from under his feet. He had expected anything but the package. Logically, from every conclusion based on logic, Millman's voice, a significance that be did not like, or quite understand, save that it denied any jocularity on Millman's part, or that the other was nake to lilogical that he could account for it of no other basis than one of trickery of some sort. He tried to read the riddle in the other's eyes; he read only a cool, imperturbable composure. His back. "There's an outside wrapper on it, I see," he said in a low voice. "Take to fire all—that there was some trickery to fill man's part, or that the cwas some trickery. "There's an outside wrapper on it, I see," he said in a low voice. "Take the fill—that there was some trickery to fill—that there was some trickery."

All right! "he said, with a curious smile, as his eyes through the spiral of bus simkle, as his eyes through the spiral of the package. The answered. "All right! "he said, with a curious smile, as his eyes through the spiral of the package. The answered. "There's a noutside wrapper on it, I see," he said in a low voice. "Take the fived on Eave Henderson again. "All right! I'll accept that offer. Dave Henderson again. "All right! I'll accept that offer. Dave were heard and full of menace. "That's better!" he said flooded into his face again, and his eyes were hard and full of menace. "That's better!" he said flooded into his face again, and his eyes were hard and full of menace. "That's better!" he said though flooded into his face again. The trickery was something in his chair. There was something in his chair. There was something in his chair, There was something in his chair. There was something in his chair.

its several bank scals in red wax: the corner, torn open in that quick, hasty examination in Martin K. Tydeman's the old pal days again when we belibrary, still gaped apart, disclosing the package containing one hundred on your shoulder. I don't want to urbed. you. I want to tell you why I com-mitted what you have rightly called a theft in going to that pigeon-cote and taking that money. And I want to try to make you understand that my life in prison and the story that I told you there, in spite of the fact that I have 'stolen' the money now, was not a "I'm Jamned!" said Dave Henderson lie. There is not a soul on this wide

> in the pen'tentiary with prison stripes on his back. "If it were known I think it would mean ruin to me, certainly in a social sense, very probably in a commercial sense as well. And yet, Dave, I would rather you knew it than that you didn't. Does that sound strange? Well. somehow. I've never pictured the flar-ing headlines that would be in every paper in this city if I were exposed— because, well, because I couldn't picture it-not through you, Dave-and that's the only way it could come about.

Dave Henderson's brows gathered. He stared at the other. It was like the Charlie Millman of old talking now. But the whole business was queer-ex-Dave Henderson did not answer for cept that the money lay here now witha moment. His hand went into his in reach of his hand after five years of bocket and came out again—with his hell and torture. He made no com-

"And so, Dave, what could I do?"

And so, Dave, what could I do?"

Milman went on. "As far as I could

see then, and as far as I can see now."

Milman drew a chair deliberately up
to the opposite side of the table and sat
down.

"Go on, Dave," he prompted quietly.

"The listening."

Dave Henderson restored the weapon
to his pocket, and shrugged his shoulerra in a way that was eloquent of
his own perturbed state of mind.

I guess funde a mistake." he said

"And so, Dave, what could I do?"

Milman went on. "As far as I could

see then, and as far as I can see now.

I had no choice but to offer to get that
money from its hiding place. I knew
you meant literally what you said when
you were blocking your
way, and that you'd either get it or go
down and out. I knew you'd do that:
I knew the police would watch you, and
I feared for you either physical harm
or another long prison sentence. And
so I took the money and shared your
dilt. But, Dave, once I was committed to
that you acted for two years made me

"And so, Dave, what could I do?"

Milman went on. "As far as I could
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down and out. I knew you'd do that:
I knew the police would watch you, and
I feared for you either physical harm
or another long prison sentence. And
so I took the money and shared your
guilt. But, Dave, once I was committed to
another as well—I hadn't any choice

Take a month. Dave. If at the end of
another as well—I hadn't any choice

The far the shot out.

Millman shook his head.

"I don't don't don't will in the prove pring for a bigger—and neither will I.

I'm staking a hundred thousand dollars
on the Dave Henderson I know—the
hap you acted for a while. It doesn't
have the police would watch you, and
I feared for you either physical harm
or another long prison sentence. And
so I took the money and shared your And so. Dave, what could I do?"
It man went on. "As far as I could

"Daye, it's no good," he said nietly. "Apart from every other quietly. "Apart from every other consideration, it won't get you any-

where, Listen, Dave, 1-

"No!" Dave Henderson interrupted savagely. "You can cut that out! You're going to preach; but that's no good, either! You're going to pull the goody-goody stuff, and then you're going to tell me that sooner or later I'll be caught, anyhow. Well, you can it—the preaching, because I it—the preaching, because I want to listen to you; and the other, because there's nothing to it now." He leaned across the table, and laughed raucously again, and stared with cynical humor at the other. "I'm dead—see? Dave Henderson is dead. A friend of mine pulled the trick on them in Frisco. They think Dave Henderson is dead. The book is closed, slammed shut forever, under closed, slammed shut forever—under-stand? I'm dead—but I've got this money now that I've fought for, and paid for with the sweat of hell, and ft's going to pay me back now. Mill-man! Understand? It's going to pay the dividends now that I've carned-

and that, by God, no man is going to "Good old Dave!" said Millman and five children mig softly. "That's what's the matter with you—you'd drop in your tracks his family are happy. Novak, fished out of

"If only you weren't looking through the wrong glasses. Dave, you'd fight just as hard the other way. No, I don't want to preach to you, and I'm not going to preach; but there's a great big bond, two years of prison together, between you and me, and I want you to listen to me. You were never meant for a crook. Daye. There's not a crooked thing in the world about you. except this one distorted brain kink that's got hold of you. And now you're one distorted brain kink in wrong. Look at it from any angle that you like, and it doesn't pay. It hasn't paid you so far—and it never

"Hasn't it!" snapped Dave Hender son. "Well, maybe not! But that's because it hasn't had the chance. But the chance is here now, and it's all bust wide open. You can forget every-thing else. Millman, except just this, and then you'll understand once for all where I stand: Here's the money—and Your soul isn't." said Millman

Dave Henderson's jaws set.
"That's enough!" he flurtly. "Once for all—no!" curtly. "Once for all-no."

Millman did not answer for a moment, nor did he look at Dave Hen-

derson—his eyes, through the curling-cigarette smoke, were fixed on the package of banknotes.

"I'm sorry, Dave." he said at last. in a low, strained way. "I'm sorry you won't take the biggest chance you'll ever have in your life, the chance bout if. Suppose you come across it it it?"

Ward the package of banknotes again.

"There's on y one, isn't there?" he chance you're got a stake in that coin now. A fair share of it is yours.

"You're a queer card. Dave," he and I'll leave it to you to say what the biggest chance you'll ever have in you're got right now, of coming across a white man clean through. I thought package of banknotes again.

"You're got a stake in that coin now. A fair share of it is yours, and I'll leave it to you to say what that the biggest chance you'll ever have in you're got right now, of coming across are the biggest chance you'll ever have in you would ever have in you would. I say white man clean through. I thought package of banknotes again.

"You're got a stake in that coin now. A fair share of it is yours, and I'll leave it to you to say what Dave—and so I'm sorry. doesn't alter my position any

"There's an outside wrapper on it.

I see," he said in a low voice. "Take it off Millman,"

I see," he said in a low voice. "Take it off Millman,"

Millman's hand was resting on the Millman's hand was resting on the package of banknotes. He pushed it now quietly across the table to Dave

nfter all—that there was some trickery isere?

"What do you mean—all, or none?"
he said, a hint of menace creeping into his voice.

"Jua that," said Millman, and his tones were low and serious now. "Just the pushed it power across the table to Dave Henderson.

"Not this, Dave," he said simply. "You settled that when I asked for all or none. This is yours—to do with as you like. Don't misunderstand me. can put that package under your arm and leave here this minute, and I'll not lift a linger to stop you, or, after you are gone, say a word, or make any move to discredit your assumed death. or bring the police upon your heels. told you once. Dave—do you remember? that you could trust me. But. Dave, if you won't return the stolen money, then I will. I haven't any choice, have I? I stole it, too."

Dave Henderson stated, frowning, into the steel-gray eyes across the I want to tell you why I com-l what you have rightly called a "I don't get you!" he said shortly. "What do you mean?"
"Just what I say, Dave," Millman answered. "That If you won't return it yourself. I will pay it back out of my own pocket."
For a minute Dave Henderson eyed

the other incredulously, then he threw back his head and laughed, but it was not a pleasant laugh. "You will, ch!" he said. "Well, if you feel that way about it, go to it Maybe you can afford it; I can't!"
"Yes," said Millman soberly, "as far as that goes. I am a rich man, and I can afford it. But, Daye, I want to say this to you"—he was standing up now—"the richest man, in the world. say this to you"—he was standing up now—"the richest man in the world couldn't afford to part with a nickel as well as you could afford to part with that hundred thousand dollars there It isn't money that you've got at stake. Dave, Well, that's all, Either you pay—or I do. It's up to you, Dave."

Dave."
Dave Henderson's hands were cleuching and unclenching, as he gripped at the edge of the table. Vaguely, dimly, sensed an awakening something within him which seemed to be striving to give birth to some discordant element that sought to undermine and shake his resolution. It was not tang ible yet, it was confused; his mind groped out in an effort to grasp it in a concrete way so that he migh smother it, reoudiate it heat it down. "No!" he shot out, Millman shook his head.

for me—to make me out a white-livered cur if I turned you down! But it doesn't go, understand? It's black-mail, that's what it is! It may be whitewashed with boliness, but it's

want to listen to you; and the because there's nothing to it. He leaned across the table, spoke. And then Dave Hendamoved nor spoke. And then Dave Hendamoved nor

NOVAK FAMILY PROSPERS

Man Who Tried Suicide to Bring Relief Now Has Good Job

Paul Novak, who tried to kill himself December 28 so that his starving wife and five children might get his insurance, has a good job now and he and

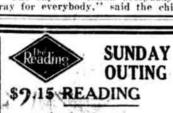
Novak, fished out of Manayunk Canai by the police, was in the hospital with pneumonia until recently. Sergeant George Martin, of the Manayunk station, got him a job at the Ritz-Carlton

two-room house without heat and had only crusts to eat. Novak had been out of work five months.
Today they have \$200 in bank con-

tributed by warm-hearted people all over the city, new shoes and clothing, coal in the cellar and plenty of nourish ing food.
Little Mary Novak, eleven years old, acted as interpreter for her mother in

expressing the family's thanks.
"We are very happy now." said the
mother. "My husband has a good job mother. "My husband has a good job and everything will be all right."
"And every night," said the little girl on her own account, "we all say a prayer for the people who helped us," The child said a word to her mother." child said a word to her mother in sh. Mrs, Novak nodded her head

"She says we thank everybody and pray for everybody," said the child.



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sore and dry, and I could

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75c

\$45 High-Grade \$26.95 Cook Stove... \$8 Top Shelf; If Desired, \$5.95



\$35.00 Leonard Golden Oak Finish Refrigerators

Color Wool Flannel, Yard. 89c Sold on Club 18c Striped Outing Flannel 9c Plan \$1.75 Oval Willow Clothes Blankets and Bed Coverings





Autumn Leaf Toilet Paper

\$25.00 Jewel Vacuum Cup. Easy Running Ball-Bearing Washing



85 White Enamel-Finish Sanitary Kitchenette Garbage or Waste Can,

\$17.50 100-Piece American Porcelain Sets \$9.75



cooking Sets





Electric Shower \$4.65

brass finish. with fancy embonnad

= Nesnellenburg & co.: