From Now On

edy on his cigar. Thiss work in this ing well. "There's nothing like credit in this wicked world," Bookie Skarvan con-fided sapiently to himself. "I may have to run up quite a bill with Mr. Cunny Smeeks before I'm through, mabbe quite a fat little bill—but he ran always send it to Baldy—if I'm not here! What? It's beginning to look good again. Five years I've been try-ing to get the grappling hook on that coln. It looks pretty good now, and I guess I can see it coming—and I guess I won't have to wait as long as haidy will!" He wagged his head pleasantly. "I never was fond of San Francisco—and I always wanted to travel! Perhaps Baldy and Mr. Cunny Sneeks won't be such good friends by-and-by. I dunno! I only know that Bookie Skarvan won't, be sticking and-by. I dunno! I only know that Bookie Skarvan won't be sticking around to see them go into mourning for their share of that hundred thou-send that they think they're going to get—not so's you'd observe it!"

Bookle Skarvan's eyes swept the den indifferently and without interest. They fastened finally on the toe of his own boot. The minutes passed, and as they passed a scowl came gradually to Bookle Skarvan's face, and a fat hand in a udden nervous gesture went to his fore-tead and brushed across his eyes. His houghts seemed to have veered into a

less pleasant channel. "Yes," he muttered. "you can take it from me that I ain't sorry Dave Heuderson's dead—not very! He never saw all my cards, and that's the one hold Baldy had on me." The room was apparently overheated—for a fat hold baldy had on me." The room was apparently overheated—for a fat hold baldy had on me." The room was apparently overheated—for a fat hold baldy had on me." The room was apparently overheated—for a fat hold baldy had on me." The room hold baldy had on hold baldy had on hold baldy had on hold bally had on hold baldy had on hold baldy had on hold bal

inth now, are you?" The Scorpion came back.

The Scorpion came back. "Come on !" he said, from the door-way. "It's fixed! He put up a howl and wouldn't stand for it at first, and m he kicked so hard that I guess he's in with the girl all right. He said he had no pace to put anybody; but he came across all right—with a twist of the herewa. You're a friend of mine, and your Baltimore spiel goes—see?" The : your Baltimore spiel goes see?" The pale blue eyes darkened suddenly. "You get what I've done, don't you? Dago Grorge don't forgive easily, and if this thing busts open and Dago George tumbles to what I've handed him, I'm A REPORT OF THE REAL PARTY OF THE DATE OF THE PARTY OF TH

mabbe going to have a little gang war on my hands." "I get you!" said Bookie Skarvan

This HEGUNA THE STORY
The state of the state of



With a bound he reached the dress

incur that fate! man. A bead of sweat came out on Bookie Skarvan's forchead. He swore savagely. "You damn fool, can't you forget it? You're not afraid of a dead had gone in order to save a friend-and that friend was Dave Henderson.

Dave Henderso shock his head. No —he would not accept that—not so meekly as all that! Millman hadn't saved him from anything. He could have got the money himself all right when he got out, and the police would have hean none the winer He clenched his hands. A voice gittered virulently-and twisting bloodhave been none the wiser

Easy Cushion Sole

WIDE ANKLE

SHOES

Lace and Button

Birghton Statistics of Statistics

By FRANK L. PACKARD (AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN") Copyright, 1922. by Public Ledger Compe

temptation barbed tongue of Nicolo ing out such a furious and viclous noon of vituperation? Another vision came—an oval face the server something in life, say of great beauty, but whose expression twis inscrutable; whose dark dyes met his in a long and steady gaze; and all from a full, white, ivory throat, mount-ied ing upward until it touched the wealth alm of hair that crowned the forehead, a and tinge of color brought a more radiant had life. What would Teresa say? had here we something in life, say to be sprang restively from the bed to the floor, and groped his way across the room to the light. He was in for a be would not sleep, but subconsciously he was prompted to get his clothes off and obtain, lacking mental case, what phy-

tit out-like an ordinary man-and-"Be honest-at least with yourself!" whispered that inner volce quietly. "Millman was just as honest with you as he was with his own soul. He kept faith with you in the only way he could-and still keep faith with bim-self. Did he throw you down-Dave?" For a moment Dave Henderson did not stir: he seemed mentally and physically in a strange and singular state of suspended animation. And then a queer and twisted smile flickered across his lips. "Yes, he's white!" he muttered. "By God, the whitest man on earth-that's Millman. 1 Only-damn him! Damn him, for the hole he's put me in!" Yes, that was it! He had it at last, and exactly now! Over there on the floor in the dress-suit case was the floor in the dress-suit case was the foor sti t wasn't the money that he, Dave Henderson, had taken a gambler's risk and a sporting chance to get, it wasn't the money the had fought like a widcat for-it was Mill--if he yielded-have endured in vain, that grinned at him out of the darkness esardonically, and awaited with biting irony his decision. It didn't matter what degree of honesty Millman pos-sessed; it was Millman's act, in its most material and tangible sense, that threatened now to crush him. to get, it wasn't the money he had fought like a wildent for-it was Millman's money. It wasn't the money he had staked his all to win—he staked nothing here. It was another man's stake. Over there was the money, and he was free to use it-if he chose to take it as the price of another man's

Both hands, like gnarled knobs, went above his head. He was a thief; but, by God, he was a man! If he kept that money there, he became a puling. loyalty, the price that another man paid for having taken upon himself the risk of prison bars and stone walls again because that other man believed his risk was substituted for the certainty Henderson would otherwise

> "Tangled Trails" Here is the "somewhat different' erial. It's a Western yarn. It's a mystery tale. It's a love story. Coming—Saturday Evening Public Ledger

softer name for it; but, by any name, he would none the less feed to the day he died, like a parasite and a danned puny, pitiful whelp and cur, on another "Give it back—no!" he whispered fercely through set lips. "I've paid for much—it's mine—I've paid for it will not give it back!" "Are you sure?" whispered that in-ner voice. "It begins to look as though there were something in life, say, an hower wide the two weat the two more than a four the two as the two he money was gone.

obtain, lacking mental case, what phy-sical comfort he could. He turned on the light, and the act

diverted his thoughts momentarily. He did not seem to remember that he had ever turned off that light—but rather,

Factory and Demonstrating Rooms Open Until 10p.m. 24th. STREET 23rd. 67.4 22-4.57. WATSON STABILATORS GET BID OF BUMP ENERGY 1001 1000 Con Dig 100.65

70 years of good painting



Ten years before the Civil War, Wilson began pleasing Philadelphians - and they've been doing so ever since. We'll gladly estimate on your paint job-and it will mean

Jas. S. Wilson & Son., Inc.

To be continued tomorrow

IN MEMORIAM IN MEMORIASH WALLING.—In loving memory of our dear eloved son. ELMER E. WALLING, Jr., who departed this life January 17, 1918. He has passed beyond the rivor And we hear his voice no more, He is resting, sweetly resing. Over, on the other shore, MOTHER, FATHER AND BROTHER.

Deaths

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

DEATHS at Our Lady of Marcy Church 10 A. M. Int. Wile, Greenmount Com. Viewing Holy Cross.

DEATHS

and Own Lady of Marcy Church 10 A. M. Int. Holy Cross.
CORCORAN - Jam. 12. JAMES E. COR-CORAN ared 65. Relatives and friends. also Printius Pressmer's Union. No. 4.
Multer Correction of Marcy E. Mayers. ared 12 Velativos and friends are invited to velativos and friends are invited to residence. 8706 Woodiand are. Solemn re-oulem mass St. James' Church 10 A. M. Int. Holy Cross.
CORDERY - Jan. 15. MARDETTA. widow of Enoch H. Cardwor (new Miller), in her 724 year fragerives and friends invited to fur. No. 116, P. Sudo, W. S. 20, A. M. Int. Holy Cross.
CORDERY - Jan. 15. MARDETTA. widow of Enoch H. Cardwor (new Miller), in her 724 year fragerives and friends invited to fur. No. 116, P. Sudo, M. M. Susquehama are by the word tuess. 8 to 10 P. M. CORNELL, (new Willam), widow of Jame Cornell. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. at the partors of William H. Stringfield 2001 W. Susquehama ave. Inf. West wend funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. Cornell. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. at the partors of William H. Stringfield 2001 W. Susquehama ave. Inf. West wend funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. at the partors of William H. Stringfield 2001 W. Susquehama ave. Inf. West wend funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. at the partors of William H. Stringfield 2001 W. Susquehama ave. Inf. West West and funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. at the partors of William H. Stringfield 2001 W. Susquehama ave. Inf. West West and funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. at the partors of William H. Stringfield 2001 W. Susquehama ave. Inf. West West and funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. brod st Int. Adath Jeshurun Kinder of an Int. Adath Jeshurun Kinder of a standard st. J. Adath Jeshurun Kinder of a standard st. J. Standard st. J. Adath Jeshurun Kinder of a standard st. J. Adath Jeshurun Kinder o

Laurel Hill Cem. Friends may call Wed. COX.—Jan. 14, 1922. LETITIA, widow of George Cox. in her 80th year. Refailtyes and friends invited to funeral services. Thurs. 2 P. M. at her late residence. 3938 Richmond at. Int. private. Cedar Hill Cem. Remains may be viewed Wed. atter 7 P. M. CRYZER.—Jar. 16, E. JENNTE, daughter of the late William H. and Mary Cryser. Thurs. 10 A. M. at the pariors of Martin Evoy & Son. 2500 Diamoni st. Int. private. Remains may be viewed Wed. eve. CULLEN.—Jan. 15. JAMES PHOLIP. 2d. CULLEN.—Jan. 15. JAMES PHOLIP. 2d.



carnestly, as he joined the other in the doorway. "And that goes into the bill at a hundred cents on the dollar—and you know Baldy well enough to know what that means." The Scorpion laughed.

"Oh, well, it's nothing to worry about! As I told you, I've never been very fond of the Dago anyhow, and I puess I can take care of anything he wants to start.

"There'd be only one of us in at the inish-and it wouldn't be Dago George! You can go the limit, and you'll find you've got the biggest back-York! Well, come on over, and I'll introduce you." "Sure! That's the stuff!" said

"Sure! That's the stuff!" said Pookle Swarvan, as he accompanied the other to the street. "Baldy said rou were the real goods—and I guess I got to hand it to Baldy!" He chuckled suddenly and wheezingly, as they went down the block. "The Haltmore crook—eh? Me and Dago George! Leave it to me! I guess I can handle Dago George!" And twenty minutes later, in a room on the third floor of the Iron Tavern. Bookle Skarvan. "handling" Dago George, laid a detaining hand on the proprietor's arm, as the latter was biddling him good-night. "Look here," whispered Bookle Skarvan. "I know you're on the level because Cunny Smeeks says so; but I got to lay low, damned low—savvy? I

part to lay low, damned low-savy? I an't for meeting people-not even for passing 'em out in the hall there. So how about it? Have I got neighbors? I ain't taking any chances." Dago George laid his forefinger

along his nose-and smiled reassur-

along his nose—and smiled reassur-ingly. "Ah, yes!" he said. "Yes, yes, I understand—eh? But you need have no fear. I do not take guests, except" —he shrugged his shoulders—"except." —he shrugged his shoulders—"except." —you understand, eh?—to oblige a friend like Ounny Smeeks. Otherwise"— again the shoulders lifted—''I would not have the so great homor of offering you a room. Is it not so? Well, then, there is no one here, except"—he jerked his thumb toward the opposite door across the hall.—''my nices, who will not trouble you; and in the next room to here a friend of mine, who will not trouble you either. There is no one else. You need have no fear." Hookie Skarvan nodded. "That's all right, then," he said in a cordial and relieved tone. "It's only that I got to be careful." He shook hands with Dage George, as the latter again bade him good-night. He closed his door and sat down. The bulge of the protruding cigar butt inetamorphosed what was intended for an amiable smile into an unlovely grimace. "Niece — eh?" murmured Bookie

srimace. "Niece — eh?" murmured Bookie Skarvan to himself. "Well, well-and in the room across the hall! I guess I won't go to bed just yet. not just yet-but I guess I'll put out the light."

CHAPTER XVIII

The Room on the Third Floor It was pitch black. Dave Hender-on opened his eyes drowsily. He lay for a moment puzzled and bewildered as to where he was. And then con-triousness returned in fuller measure. inself down on the bed fully dressedand must have fallen asleep.

The must have fatten asteep. Ile stirred now uneasily. He was nost uncomfortable. Something brutally hard and unylelding scened to be prod-ing and boring into his side. He felt down under him with his hand—and infield quizzically. It was his resolver. He would probably, otherwise, have





ANEVIRANT

"Just a Real Good Car"

ESIGNED and built under the personal direction of W. C. Durant-the man who made the Buick and the Cadillac and the Oldsmobile and the Oakland and the Chevrolet famous.

DURANT

Automobile Show-Space 11 Commercial Museum

Sold in Philadelphia by W. E. W. Motor Corp'n, 918 N. Broad St.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Int. at North Cedar Hill Cem. Remains may be viewed Wed., from 8 to 10 P. M.
HOFMANN —Jan. 16, 1922, BARBARA
M. wife of F. William Hofmann, aged 72;
Friends may call Wed., 8 to 10 P. M.
and the residence. S47 Levick et. Lawnaire are to attend the second strain the second s

 LACDEMAN.-Jon M. PHILIP LAUDE: MAY. Relatives and friends invited to five the second se ic st. Int. ic st. Int. 22. IDA M. 23. IDA M. 24. IDA M. 25. IDA M. 26. IDA M. 27. IDA M. 27.

