Hawkins, an old New York cabman, unable to throw off his lyve of drink, pawns his little matherless daugnter, awars his little matherless daugnter. The control of a mysterious passenger, who draws up a strange contract, whoreby the younger man agrees to pawn himself into his service. Gilbert Larmon is the cort head of America's weathlest chain of sambling houses. The younger man agrees to pawn himself into his service, Gilbert Larmon is the cort head of America's weathlest chain of sambling houses. The younger man have a strange contract, whoreby the younger man agrees to pawn himself into his service, Gilbert Larmon is the cort head of America's weathlest chain of sambling houses. The younger man his service, Gilbert Larmon is the control of the

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

A Wolf Licks His Chops Outside the house Crang continued Miloy Hotel, and he's there now."

Outside the house Crang continued Miloy Hotel, and he's there now."

Good!" grunted Crang.

For a full five minutes he remained silent and without movement in his continued sile in livid fury. Alternately he burst out into short, ugly gusts of laughter that made of laughter an evil thing; alternately, racked with unbridled passion,

mately, racked with unbridled passion, he mouthed a flood of oaths.

He ran on for some three blocks, and finally dashed up the steps of a small, drab-looking, cheap frame house. A brass sign, greenish with mold from neglect, flanked one side of the door. Under the street light it could just barely be deciphered:

SYDNEY ANGUS CRANG, M. D.

He wild the door. It was locked, He

Then Crang spoke—more to himself than to Birdie.

Then Crang spoke—more to himself the next afternoon, and entered the next afternoon.

Bayne-Miloy Hotel. It was fifteen minutes of two. He approached the desk and obtained a blank card. "From J. Birdie, from staring insnely at the wall, came to himself with a sudden start at what he evidently interpreted as a direct question.

"Yes—sure!" he said hurriedly.

"No—I mean, no, you're not ready."

Crang glared at the man contemptu
"Yes—sure!" he said hurriedly.

"Yes—sure!" he said h

He tried the door. It was locked. He ously.

and brushed his way roughly past her. over the phone. You understand, don't He stepped forward along an unlighted hall, opened a door and slammed it behind him. He switched on the light. He was in his consulting room. The mast instant he was standing beside his desk and had wrenched John Bruce's letter from his pocket. He spread this out on the desk and glared at it. Beyond any doubt whatever, where Claire's very lear had follow on the paper irace's of serious exhemits a point of the phone. You understand, don't you?

"He told me to tell you that it is absolutely necessary that no connection is known to exist between you, and for that reason he does not dare take the chance of getting into touch with you tonight, but he will manage it somehow by early afternoon tomorrow.

"He told me to tell you that it is absolutely necessary that no connection is known to exist between you, and for that reason he does not dare take the chance of getting into touch with you tonight, but he will manage it somehow by early afternoon tomorrow.

shittle room behind his office, where he compounded his medicines, and that was fitted up as a sort of small laboratory.

"I'm a clever man." Crang mumbled to himself. "We'll see about this."

With sudden complacence he began to study the sheet of paper. He nodded curlly to himself as he noted that the traces of the secret writting were all on the lower edge of the paper.

"We'll be very careful, very careful, very careful, very careful, very careful, very as still mumbling—"it may be useful in more ways than one."

He turned on the water faucet, weth a camel's hair brush and applied the brush to the lower edge of the letter. The experiment was productive of no result. He stared at the paper for a while with wrinkled brow, and then suddenly he began to laugh ironically.

"No, of course not!" He was jeering at himself now, "Clever? You are not elever, you are a fool. She cried on the paper. Toars! Tears possess a slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare a solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare as solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare a solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare a solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare as solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare as solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare as solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare as solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare as solution of some sort—"a very slight trace of "—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare as solution of s

I. It made whole and complete His eyes feasted on it now in

Keep away. This is a trap. Stall till you can turn tables. Information obtained while I was delirious. Am a prisoner in hands of a gang whose lader is a doctor named Crang. Veniza will tell you where Crang lives. Get Veniza will tell.

his chair guied his eyes on the serin-lessage, rending it over and over again. "Trick Crang—ch?—ha, ha!" he be-in to chuckle low; then suddenly his lagers, crooked and curved until they

oked like claws, reached out as though to fasten upon some prey at hand. And then he chuckled once more hand. And then he chuckled once more than the grew somber, and slumped deeper in his chair, and his eyes, brooding, were half closed. "Not to-night," he muttered. "One job of it temorrow " " squeal like a pair of temorrow " squeal to fasten upon some prey at



"Peters arrived all right." Birdie eported. "He registered at the Bayne-

thair, apparently utterly oblivious of the other, who stood, shifting a little awkwardly from foot to foot, on the opposite side of the desk. posite side of the desk.

Dr. Sydney Angus Crang looked at
Then Crang spoke—more to himself his watch, as he stepped from a taxi

yond any doubt whatever, where Claire's tears had fallen on the paper traces of serious, otherwise he would hardly have writing were faintly discernible. Here, out of an abortive word, was a well-francisco No, personally, I don't formed "e"; and there, unmistakubly, was also to warn you on no account to was a capital "L." Crang burst into a torrent of abuse leave your rooms, or have communica-and eaths; his fists elenched and lie tion with anybody until you hear direct thock one of them in the air. nock one of them in the air. from him . No. I do not know the "Double-crossed ch? damn him!" particulars. I only know that he is

A little salt, ch?"

He dipped the camel's-hair brush in the solution and drew it across the bottom edge of the paper again.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Dr. Crang in sentences began to take form under the brush. "Ha, ha! He'd play that game with me, would he?"

Very carefully Sydney Angas Crang. M. D., worked his brush upward on the paper line by line, until, still well below the signature that John Bruce had affixed in his, Crang's, presence, there failed to appear any further trace of the secret writing. He read as fast as a word appeared—like a starving beast smatching in ferocious greed at morsels of food. It made whole and complete sense. His eyes feasted on it now in the starting beast in the server witing. He read as fast as a word appeared—like a starving beast smatching in ferocious greed at morsels of food. It made whole and complete sense. His eyes feasted on it now in the starting beast in the server witing. He read as fast as a word appeared—like a starving beast the server witing. He read as fast as a word appeared—like a starving beast the server witing. He read as fast as a word appeared—like a starving beast the server witing. The man who is animated by his successful.

The man who server with secured his sur-gical bag, and from it selected a lance. Captin. But hay, durn it, there aint capture and the keen busine and childern. Im a batch-cler and I dont take cny wimmin and childern. Im a batch-cler and I dont take cny wimmin and childern. Fred Feernot. Wy dident you say so? Well in that case Im a man amung while secret message he tucked away in his inside pocket; then he examined the letter stell gast in that case Im a man and thildern. Im a batch-cler and I dont take cny wimmin and childern. Fred Feernot. Wy dident you say so? Well in that case Im a man anung with my with me, would he?"

Captin. But hay, durn it, there aint capture and the keen wimmin and childern. Fred Feernot. Wy dident you say so? Well in that case Im a man anung with the secret message he tucked away in his inside pocket; then he Dr. Crang nodded contentedly.

He rose abruptly, secured his surgical bag, and from it selected a lance, eny wimmin and childern ferst.

Captin. But hay, durn it, there aint eny wimmin and childern. Im a batch-

mounted the stairs and returned to her bed. He stepped rapidly then along the hall, and opened the front door.

"That you, Birdie?" he called in a low voice.

A man's form appeared from the shadow of the stoop.

"Sure!" the man answered.

"Come in!" Dr. Crang said tersely.
He led the way into the consulting room, and slumped down again in his chair.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Peters arrived all right." Birdie reported. "He registered at the Bayne."

He slumped far down in his chair.

He slumped far down in his chair.

He slumped far down in his chair once more. For half an hour he sat motionless, his eyes closed. Then he

XVII

Alias Mr. Anderson

ould see Birdie parking the taxi a little

He tried the door. It was locked. He searched impatiently and hastily in his pockets for his pass key, and failing to find it instantly, he rang the bell; and then, without waiting for an answer to the summons, he immediately hegan to hang furiously upon the panels.

An old woman, his housekeeper, whose hare feet had obviously been thrust hurriedly into slippers, and whoelutched at the neck of a woolen dressing gown that also obviously, and with equal haste, had been flung around her shoulders over her nightdress, finally opened the door.

"Get out of the road!" Crang snaried—and brushed his way roughly past her.

"What do you know about it?" he inquired caustically.

"What do you know about it?" he inquired caustically.

He pleked up the telephone directory, studiled it for a moment, then, reaching for the desk telephone, asked for his connection. Presently the Bayne-his information that Mr. Peters would see Birdle parking the taxi a little way up past the extrance. He smiled pleasantly as he waited.

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The pleked up the telephone directory, and the neck of a waited of for Mr. R. L. Peters from A moment more, and a voice reached him over the phone.

"Is that Mr. Peters, from the presently the bayne-miles and the said into the sitting for Mr. Peters, of San that Mr. Peters, and way up past he waited.

"Is that

"I was rather expecting Mr. Bruce in

Crang looked cautiously around him. To be continued tomorrow

> LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK By Lee Pape

Fred Feernot on the Waves

A Play
Scene. In the mist of the briney "Double-crossed—th?—damn him."

The choked. "He tried to double-cross me—did he?"

Carrying the letter, he ran now into a little room behind his office, where he compounded his medicines, and that was fitted up as a sort of small laboratory.

"I'm a clever man," Crang mumbled to himself. "We'll see about this."

Crang, with a curious smile on his lips, hung up the receiver. He turned the mist of the briney sheep. Fearse storm.

Fred Feernot. This is a storm and a half, this is. There goes another sailer overbord. O boy, look at those waves. Captin. That's jest wat Im looking a good ship but it aint that good. There goes another sailer overbord.

Crang, with a curious smile on his lips, hung up the receiver. He turned the complexes he began.

arres from time to time.

WE THINK how badly people have behaved toward us, and how little

of the Young Women's Christian Association, 1222 Locust street, last night.

He sat suddebly belt upright in his thair. It came again—a low tapping thair. It came again—a low tapping the desire for revenge that comes naturally to almost all of us, it would do little toward advancing our happiness.

Repeated. He rose quickly, crossed the little toward advancing our happiness. The second many advancing our happiness.

nuccessful.

The man who carries a load of griev. THE human being whose soul is embittered by grievances or hatreds The man who carries a load of grieve ances about with him is so busy looking after them that he never has any time to enjoy life.

Most of us are prone to acquire grieve the most delightful days are clouded with the thought that somebody has injured himfi and has not yet been paid back in his own colu his own coin.

leader is a doctor named Crang, Veniza will tell, you where Crang lives.
Get Veniza's address from Lavergne at the house. The only way to save either of us is to trick Crang. Look out for yourself.

BRICE.

He tossed the camel's hair brush away, returned to his desk, spread the letter out on a blotter to allow the lower edge to dry, and slamping down in his chair glued his eyes on the secret message, rending it over and over again.

If our lines are cast in pleasant places we are sure to learn some day that the word injustice and that ingreditude is extremely prevalent among the sons and daughters of men.

That first annoys us, then saddens us. When injustice and ingratitude are expressed individually, as they are bound to be from time to time, we feel aggrieved.

WOULD CURB DANCE HALLS.

WOULD CURB DANCE HALLS

More Careful Supervision Urged by Church Federation

Philadelphia's 4000 dance halls should

om, opened the door, and stood moonless for a moment peering out into
the hall. It was a purely precautionThe way is not easy for the most fortunate. Opportunities for enjoyment,
this of hourskeeper had long since when ther come, must be seized inand social service.

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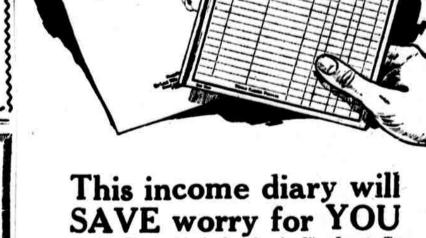
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