By ROY VICKERS

He Forces a Girl to Expiate Another's

THIS BEGINS THE STORY has just been released from prison, to which he was entenced for the murder of Charles Radia. These, the solicitor who bunsled his defense at his trial teenty pears before, meets him at the select of the solicitor who bunsled his defense at his trial teenty pears before, meets him at the select of the him of the select of the him of the him of the lawyer to speak to him of his wife. These tells Jarroman that he has become a rich man during his implication and the superised at his tack of interest in this stroke of pood fortune. Jarroman tells These that his sufferings in prison have burned out of him every motion except hate and an insaliable desire for vengrance against Jahn Camden, his one-time friend, who stole his wife, killed Eddia, and fastened the crime on Jarroman's hitt-belogged mind bids him make Camd it sinnocent young daughter 6 violim in place of her father.

Pay?

AND HERE IT CONTINUES T's nothing to do with nerves," said Jarroman. "Can't you undersaid Jarroman. "Can't you understand yet, Theed? For twenty years I've had that man's face before me day and sight. Waking and sleeping. I have thought of nothing else. Three times—thought of nothing else. Three times—typist. three times only. Theed—during that period, have I let my emotions stamperiod, have I let my emotions stampede me. Three times, during an imprisonment I could have broken at the price of letting my enemy slip beyond my power, my hatred got the better of me and I tried to escape from prison.

After each of these attempts I had soli-

mentary honors. Nadia scarcely heeded him, her thoughts were busy with her or mes and I tried to escape from prison. After each of these attempts I had solitary confinement and extra hardship. His face came before me then and gave me strength. The vision of him, the promise of ultimate revenge, came daily with me to the stone quarries."

His voice rose to what was almost a chant of triumph.

"There was one brute of a warden who used to try to make me lose my tamper and commit a breach of dissipline. John Camden gave me strength to control myself, and the warden never succeeded. His taunts and insults simply passed me by. I was insensitive to every emotion save the hatred of Jehn Camden. That dominated my mind, my imagination, my body even. That gave me life. And you tell me he is dead. Strange that I never conceived such a possibility—I thought that the fates would preserve him for me. Well'—he shrugged his shoulders—"it matters little. I have already taken up much of your time. It was foolish of me, he added half to himself, "not to remember."

The words had but one meaning for Theed, and that meaning thrilled him with genuine borror.

"My friend, I cannot let you go until you have satisfied me on one point. You reminded yourself that Camden had a daughter. She was a child of the same age as your own when it huppened; she is as innocent as your thing of any injury to yourself."

"I know," said Jarroman. And it the words and they are broblem. Presently she caught the gist of what he was say. In caught the gist of what he was say. Ing. Well, at any rate, there are only ten days more of it, thank goodness! Well, at any rate, there are only ten days more of it, thank goodness!

Well, at any rate, there are only ten days more of it, thank goodness!

Well, at any rate, there are only ten days more of it, thank goodness!

Well, at any rate, there are only ten days more of it, thank goodness!

Well, at any rate, there are only ten days more of it, thank goodness!

Well, at any rate, there are only ten days more of it,

woman for her father's sin. It is un-thinkable, man. It goes beyond all vil-lainy or crookedness."

"I know it. It is her tragedy that her father is dead—and mine. For now my soul will have the stain of cruelty and

injustice."

"In that case—why—"

"I have told you that for twenty years I have been sustained, dominated, driven by—something stronger than myself," answered Jarroman. "Something stronger than myself!" he re-

"I meant it," said Jarroman, and strode from the solicitor's office. k Avows His Love

Late afternoon! In a room in a wing of Doucester house, one of the stateliest of the many fine houses that face Regent's Park, Nadia Quest was typewriting with a speed and diligence that had made her an expert at her

work.

The room had been converted into an office by Lord Doucester in order that his son, the Hon. Wilfred Stranack, who was standing as parliamentary candidate for an adjacent borough.

ristful and fragile and exquisitely ap-

saling.

Her mind flew back to life with Aunt Her mind flew back to life with Aunt
Hannah Quest. Oh, how dull it had
been! Her earliest memories were of
Aunt Hannah's dim old drawing room
that was so wearisome to dust. She
had grown up at the beck and call of
that stern, white-haired old lady who
spoke so seldom of the mother and
father Nadia had never known.

Aunt Hannah was father's closest sister, Nadia had gathered, and at father's
death—but one never spoke of father
in that quiet house. Nor of mother.
Nor of anything save dusting and duty.

Nor of anything save dusting and duty.

Nor of anything save dusting and duty. Sometimes Nadia had thought that Quest was not Aunt Hannah's real name, nor hers. But Mr. Theed, the lawyer who came to see them occasionally, would give her nothing to anything to relieve Nadia of the embarrassment he knew she must feel in a far greater degree that ally, would give her nothing to go upon.

A smooth, unctuous man. Nadia had
always disliked him.

She scoided herself for her disitie.
At Aunt Hannah's death he had had her taught typewriting and found her work.

They were violet eyes, wide set and lustrous, shining like stars in the creamy oval of her face. Her hair was dusky as a summer's night and her taugh was like a summer's day. Nadia, the star words, and the sooner he faced it stractiveness." had, in some quaint. attractiveness," had, in some quaint, childlike fashion, missed the fact that the was radiantly, delicately lovely.

"May I come in?"

She wheeled towards the door. Always she had told herself that the

ays she had told herself that the presence of Wilfred Stranack disturbed not at all, and always, as now, at of his keen gaze, firm lips, and lithe limbs, the color crept to her and deep in her heart some-

thing stirred and would not easily be hushed again.

"You look surprised to see me," said Stranack in a voice that would have told an observant eavsedropper a great deal.

"You caught me idling," she said, trying hard to speak in the tone of voice a typist ought to use to her employer. She retreated toward her type-writer as she added: "I thought you were at a meeting,"

"It was a washout, I am thankful to say, Just think of it: I have nearly two hours for myself before I receive a deputation of something or other. Two whole hours!"

"Are you going to dictate some letters?" saked Nadia demusely.

"No, I'm jiggered if I am. I've come for a smoke and a chat. May I light up?"

"Of course," she answered. He was treating her with towards.

You reminded to remain the strange sometime, adding the same age as your own when it happened; she is as innocent as your child of any injury to yourself."

"I know," said Jarroman. And it was as if he had added: "It will make an attempt at matter-of-fuctness. "I haven't been working long, you have the same and the strange sometime, pering in her might not be stilled again.

"I think you want a more experience secretary." she answered with an attempt at matter-of-fuctness. "I—I haven't been working long, you

was as if he had added: It will no difference."

Theed, who would have shrunk but little from some understandable object, felt, if for the first time in his life, a genuine moral indignation.

"Surely, Jarroman, even your sufferings cannot have debased you to the point that you would strike an innocent woman for her father's sin. It is unthinkable, man. It goes beyond all villence of sacking."

Nadia held up a protesting hand.

"Please—oh, please," she stammered. She mustn't let him talk like this!

Stranack caught the hand and pressed

She mustn't let him talk like this!

Stranack caught the hand and pressed its palm against his coat, covering it closely with his own.

"I'ce been every kind of a fool," he said breathlessly. "Pretending to myself that a career means such a lot—when it isn't worth a thought if you aren't going to be there all the time to tell me how splendidly I'm doing and how proud you are of me—pretending I wanted you to work for me, when it's I who am going to work all my life for you—""

life for you-"
"Mr. Stranack, you don't realizelet me go, do let me go."
"Never. Never really, thor

"Never. Never really, though perhaps presently you shall have your haps presently you shall have your hand back just for a moment to pin up that adorable curl that's slipping down against your neck."

In a truly feminine panic Nadia tore her hand away and battled with the refractory tress. The next instant Stranack's arms were round her, holding her fiercely against his heart.

"You can't get away," he was tellig her, his lips against her hair. "You shan't move an inch till you've said you love me, and then you shan't go either till.

hack, who was standing as parliamentary candidate for an adjacent borough, might conveniently deal with the clerical duties that overflowed from his committee room. It seemed sometimes to Nadia that the overflow would stand a greater chance of diminishing if the committee room were to see a little more of the Hon. Wilfred and she hereaff a little less.

The girl's alender white fingers flew over the machine. They were not a typist's fingers in the least, and yet ever aince Nadia had earned her own living she had typed for many hours a day. The least it was better paid than housework. But one day she would be old.

Her mouth drooped at the idea and her deep eyes clouded. Her hands slipped from the keys and locked themselves on her lap. She looked suddenly wisful and fragile and exquisitely appearance.

hidden self in her that had been alone so long.

There was a sound at the door that

feel in a far greater degree than him-self; but until he knew what attitude his father was about to take he was

at a disadvantage.

Lord Doucester stood for a moment At Aunt Hannah's death he had had her taught typewriting and found her work. Indirectly, it was owing to him that she was here now in this beautiful, stately old room.

Nadia rose and moved toward the lofty window. Outside people were motoring or walking with their dogs; fortunate, wealthy people who need not may be for bread and butter. Women in gossamer frocks, perfectly groomed, luxuriously idle. Women who, no doubt, would laugh and chat lightly with Wilfred Stranack, his equals in a world where typists could not penetrate. Women from whom one day he would choose—his wife.

Nadia's flowerlike face was grave. Her long, curling lashes had fluttered down to hide that sudden silly mistiness in his voice that went far to soothe his sou. "At the present moment each of the three of us is feeling horribly med that we should do so. By the merest accident I have witnessed one of the commonest things in the world, and the continuence of the commonest things in the world, and the continuence of the commonest things in the world, and the continuence of the commonest things in the world, and the continuence of the commonest things in the world, and the continuence of the commonest things in the world, and the continuence of the commonest things in the world, and the continuence of the commonest things in the world.

of the commonest things in the world, and one of the soundest-if the circum-

squarely the better.
"The circumstances are wholly satisfactory, father," he cut in. "I have asked Miss Quest to marry me, and she

has in effect consented.' "That is not quite accurate, Lord nicester," said Nadia. "Dear, I said in effect."

CONTINUED MONDAY

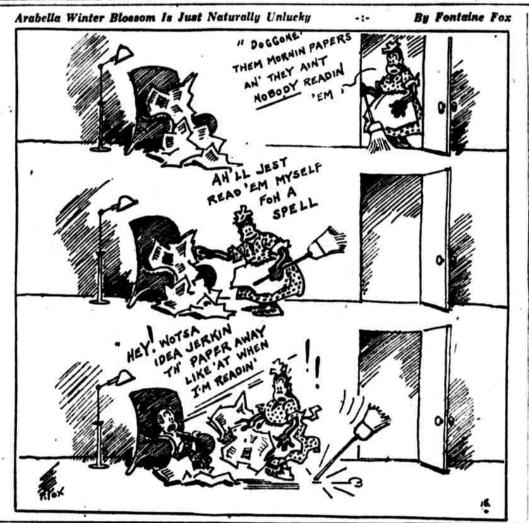


The character of the state of t

By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Neither Do We Know What It Is BAH! OH DEAR ME! DID YOU SEE WHERE ACTUALLY! HONEST, I'GOT TO GET DYMEAN TO THE COUNTESS OF STEWINGBUM WORE A DUCKSMEAR TO DIMMER? REALLY! AND SOME CLOTHES NOW I GOT MONEY IT SEEMS I'M HARD TO SATISFY! RECENING IN A YOU MAKE A PEIGNOIR? SAY SHE PEIGNOIR ! ME TIRED! HOT DARK THEY DO SAY HER SMOOCHBACK REALLY EE-MAGIN'! HERRINGBONE IS POSITIVELY DARLING GEE! DID YOU SEE
THIS? MRS VANSTOODLE
"RECEMED" IN A PEIGNOIR! AND EE-MAGIN'- SHE OFTEN RIDES WORE A IN A DE CHENE AND HAS BRIGHT PEIGNOIR? RED MEGLIGENTS! -OH MY YES! TRIMMED WITH DINGADEE DOOS-



We asked the young lady across the way if she thought there was any increase of the nicotine habit among the girls and she said mercy no, nothing like that, though she would admit there was considerably more smoking than there used to be



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG RUM ALONG HOW NEWTH NO DON'T BOTHER STO HE'S HELPING WELL, WE CANT HE CM 60 OUT WAIT FOR YW-THEN HOU'LL PIND US COVER AT PIRST OR OVER TO THE SLAVENTER HOUSE OR M THE CAME IN THE OL CHAN WESTM. HOUSE LHCUBATOR

PETEY—Home, Sweet Home HOME -! JINGOES! HOW GLAD HAM TO BE HOME AGAIN - OH BOY! OHE DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT A BLESSING HOME IS UNTILL ONE HAS BEEN AWAY









