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sexyES," said Hawkins. "I heard

Ahm talking about it in the back room. They didn't know I was there. He said there was something the matter with the engines."

Crang back! John Bruce's face was set as chiseled marble.

"Do you know what you are saying, Hawkins?" he demanded flercely, as though to trample down and sweep aside by the brute force of his own incredulity the other's assertion. "Do you know what you are saying—do you?"

"Yes, I know," said Hawkins helplessly. "He said you nearly killed him today, and——"

lessly. "He said you nearly killed him today, and—"
John Bruce's faugh, with a savagery that had him now at its mercy and in its grip, rang suddenly through the

"Then, for once, he told the truth!"
he effed. "He tricked me cold with
the old bus last night, and trapped
me in the rats hole where his gang

By FRANK L. PACKARD

Author of "The Miracle Man," "From New On," etc.



John Bruce turned from the window, and, walking to Hawkins, laid his two hands on the other's shoulders. He was will come to no harm. What else could I do? You would not speak to me this "Yes, I love her." he said huskfly.
"And I think—I am not sure—but I think now there is a chance that she "Must?" She looked at him steadily. "And can be made to change her mind even here at the last minute. But that means I must see her; or, rather that means I must see her; or, rather that means I must see her; or, rather that

think now there is a chance that she can be made to change her mind even means I must see her; or, rather, that she must see me."

Hawkins paused in the twisting of his felt hat to raise bewildered eyes.

"I've got the car here," he said.

"I'll take you down."

"The car!" exclaimed to musking to me this you would not let me see her see her is a chance that she looked at him steadily. "And tonight? Why tonight?" she repeated coldly. "And tonight? Why tonight?"

"Bécause," John Bruce answered quickly, "tomorrow would be too late. I know about tomorrow morning. Haw-kine told me. He was outside the door of that room when Crang was talking to you tonight."

She see the see the see that she to you tonight."

She see the see that she to you would not let me see the see that she to you tonight."

She see the see that she to you would not let me see the see that she to you tonight."

She see the see that she to you would not let me see the see that she to you tonight."

She see the see the see that she tonight? "I've answered quickly, "tomorrow would be too late. I know about tomorrow morning. Haw-kine told me. He was outside the door of that room when Crang was talking to you tonight."

She see the see the see that she tonight? "She see the see the see that she tonight?" to you tonight."

She looked at him steadily.

"Must?" she repeated coldly. "And tonight?" to you tonight?"

She looked at him steadily.

"Must?" she repeated coldly. "And tonight?" to you tonight?"

"Because," John Bruce answered quickly. "tomorrow would be too late. I know about tomorrow morning. Haw-kine told me. He was outside the door of that room when Crang was talking to you tonight." kins told me. He was outside the door of that room when Crang was talking to you tonight."

She sank back in her seat with a little cry. Her face had gone white—but again she steadied herself.

"And—and do you think that is any reason why you should have invelged me into this car?" she asked dully. "Do you think that anything you can say hink that anything you can say.

"The car!" exclatined John Bruce quickly. "Yes, I never thought of that! Listen, Hawkins! Claire refused to see me this afternoon, or even to talk to me over the telephone. I am not quite sure why. But no matter what her reason was, I must see her now at once. I have something to tell her you think that anything you can say will alter—temorrow morning?"

"Yes; I do!" said John Bruce

Bend in the right forearm.

"That's enough." he said tremulously,
"as long as you—you think there is a
chance even yet. And—and you do,
don't you?"

"Yes," said John Bruce, "I think
there is more than a chance—if I can
see her alone and make her listen to
me. The car will be just the thing.
But she would refuse to come out, if
she kacw I were in it. I depend on
you for that.

"We'll drive down there, and you

will have to make some excuse to get her to come with you. After that you can keep on driving us around the block until I cither win or lose."

Hawkins rose hurriedly to his feet

John Bruce went on. He did not speak again until, outside the hotel, he stepped into the traveling pawn-shop as Hawkins opened the car door for him.

"You will have to make sure that Crang has gone," he said quietly. "Don't stop in front of the house. Hawkins."

Hawkins."
"I'll make sure." whispered Hawkins, as he climbed to his seat. "Oh, my little girl!"

my little girl!"

The old car jolted forward. John lituce's face was set again in hard. chiseled lines. He tried to think—but now his brain seemed curiously impotent, as though it groped through turmoil only to stager back bewildered, defeated, a wounded thing. And for a time it was like that, as he sat there swaying with the lurch of the speeding car, one thought impinging fast upon another only to be swallowed up so quickly in turn by still another

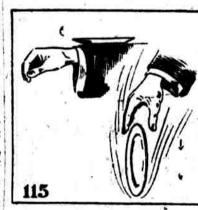
up so quickly in turn by still another that he could correlate no one of them.

that he could correlate no one of them.

And then, after a little time again, out of this strange mental strife images began to take form, as sharply defined and distinct one from the other as before they had been mingled in hopeless confusion—and he cried out aloud in sudden agony of soul. It was to save his life that this had happened. He had wrung that knowledge from Crang. That was the lever he meant to use with Claire now, and it must succeed. He must make it succeed: It seemed to drive him mad now, that thought—that temorrow morning she

seemed to drive him mad now, that thought—that tomorrow morning she should die for him. Not physical death—worse than that! Oh! It was unthinkable, horrible, abominable. It seemed to flaunt and mock with ruthless sacrilege what was hollest in his heart. It stirred him to a fury that brought him to his feet, his fists clenched.

"Then, for once, he told the truth." he celed. "He tecked me cold with the old bus last aight, and trapped he cells." He told substantially the cells. The cells are considered and the cells. The cells are cells and the cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells. The cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells are cells. The cells are cells. The cells are cells. The cells are cells are cells are cells are cells ar



at once. I have something to tell her that I hope will persuade her not to go on with this tomorrow morning—or ever." His voice was growing grave and hard. "I hope you understand. Hawkins. I believe it may succeed. If it fails, then neither you nor I nor may soul on earth can alter her decision. That's all that I can tell you now."

Hawkins nodded his head. A little color, eagerness, hope, had come into his face.

"That's enough." he said tremulously, "as long as you—you think there is a chance even yet. And—and you do, Larmon."

"Yes; I do!" said John Bruce a plate upon it. Tilt the arm slowly and allow the plate to slide off edgeways. Quickly extend the forearm, and bal-ance a plate upon it. Tilt the arm slowly and allow the plate to slide off edgeways. Quickly extend the forearm and the hand will come directly behind the plate, so the fingers can catch it before it reaches the floor.

This is a bit of jugglery which looks very difficult; but can be learned with very little practice. Try the trick out over a bed or sofa, until you can do it right. The further the plate falls head on the right forearm, and bal-ance a plate upon it. Tilt the arm slowly and allow the plate to slide off edgeways. Quickly extend the forearm.

That's all that I can tell you now."

"Is that what you brought me here for?"

"No," he said quietly.

"No," he said quietly.

"No," he said quietly.

"Then," she said coolly, "if you do not know, I will tell you. I read a letter that you wrote to a certain Mr.

Larmon."

Larmon." Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company



Hawkins rose burriedly to his feet.

"Let us go, John Bruce! For God's sake, let us go!" he cried eagerly.

"I'll—I'll tell her Mrs. Hedges—that's my landlady—has got to see her at once. She'll come quick enough."

John Bruce put on his hat and coat: and without a word led the way to the door—but at the door he paused for an instant. There was Larmon—and Crang was back. And then he shook his head in quick decision. There was time enough later. It would serve no purpose to tell Larmon now, other than the thankless one of giving Larmon a restless night.

John Bruce went on. He did not word of the cried eagerly.

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The Flapper's Diet

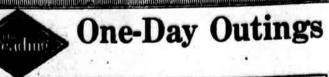
In days of old when knights were bold,
(Or, so the story goes)
The merry maid was unafraid
Of surplus adipose;
If this or that would make her fat
Whe never turned a hair,
And what was meant by corpulent,
She did not know—nor care.

But olden days and olden ways
And olden hopes are dead,
The ancient peace and sweet surcease
From harried lives are fied.
Above each plate a bitter fate
Awaits the modern Mirs.

-By J. P. MeBVOY And demons rise in cakes and pies To cry: "There's fat in this!"

No more she cats the soothing sweets With gay and happy face. For the stealthy starch may steal

For the stealthy starch may stead a march
In the carbohydrate's place;
And gone the joy when she could toy
With this and likewise that;
Each bits she weighs with troubled gaze
And fearfully she sighs and prays;
"Oh, please don't make me fat!" Copyright, 1988, by Public Ledger Compan



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