THIS BEGINS THE STORY

when he actually said it Theed ex-gended his hand. Lord Doucester took the sest, but ignored the hand. He sould pretend not to see an extended and less offensively than any man in

"I have just learned." he said, "that se have a mutual friend—Miss Jarroman."
"Ah. yes—yes," murmured Theed.

"Charming."
"We er first made the acquaintmice of the lady as a Miss Quest,"
continued Lord Doucester. Theed nodded several times. He

"I don't know how much you know of her story—which was only known he herself a couple of days ago," he began with an air of frankness that faintly amused the other. "You may or may not be aware that I myself took care of her when the trial of her ther reached its tragic conclusion, and the was abandoned and friendless. I must plead guilty to having assumed a grave responsibility, Lord Doucester. Of my own unaided counsel I decided from his parents if he married her." fitted to bring up a young girl. So I arranged for her to be brought up in my own family, and to avoid the stigma my own family, and to avoid the strain of

Quest."
"Most interesting." said Lord Doucester. "That satisfies my quite un-pardonable curiosity. If she has been ander your eye continuous'y there can. be no question as to her

"Dear Miss Jarroman," he wrote.
"My son has acquainted me with the substance of your discussion with him yesterday afternoon. I beg you to accept the assurance of my deepest sympathy in what must have been a severe accept to you. I understand that you have definitely refused Wilfred's offer of marriage, and, while I profoundly regret your decision upon personal grounds. I feel compelled to admit that you have decided wisely for his happiness and your own.

"Believe me, dear Miss Jarroman, one word aughter, does he recommendation."

"It is obvious, surely. The girl has been declared to be Jarroman's daughter; Doucester knows that you are Jarroman's wife. He will wonder whether you, too, accept Nadia as your child, and after he has wondered a little he will come here and try to find out."

Claudine nodded.

"What exactly do you want me to do?" she asked.

Theed rose.

"Try to discover what his aftitude is," he said. "If he does not believe Nadia to be your daughter, does he reche wrote.

ours very sincerely. "DOUCESTER." Hires a Sleuth

At the moment when Lord Doucester was being ushered into Theed's highly mished inner sanctum Jarroman was matering the airy, untidy office of Serroman the detaction.

matering the airy, untidy office of Segrove, the detective.

"I asked you to give me a week, Mr.
sarroman," said Segrove as he motioned
aim to a chair. "It is no easy task to
trace a person who has not been heard
of for twenty years."

"Oh, quite so!" said Jarroman. "I
have not come to hurry you, I assure
you. As a mater of fact, I want you
to widen your investigations for me—
and there is no hurry of any kind."

"Widen them—in what direction?"

and there is no hurry of any kind."

"Widen them—in what direction?"
themanded Segrove.

"As you get on the track of John Camden's daughter," began Jarroman, you will probably find out a good deal about John Camden himslef. And I have a special interest in John Camden."

"Wienna—was the color of an iris seen through a mist of gold, Across her forehead a narrow band of sapphires reflected the queer golden glow of her skin.

"Ah, Mrs. Crayne, how delightful to see you once more!" Claudine smiled and extended her hand. Lord Douden."

den."

"What interest?" demanded Segrove.
"John Camden committed the crime of which I was convicted."

If Jarroman had expected Segrove to startled at this announcement he was disappointed.

"Go on, please," he said bluntly.
"It's a long story," said Jarroman.
"I propose to dictate it to my typist and send you the detailed report, which will supplement news cuttings of the seport of my trial. This will reach you ha few days. In the meantime there's and called Bisset who was given five aman called Bisset who was given five aman called Bisset who was given five Doucester turned from his contemhas few days. In the meantime there's a man called Bisset who was given five years' penal servitude for forgery within a year of my own conviction. I don't know his whereabouts; I don't even know if he's alive. If you can find him he can give you material facts which will dovetail with the report I shall send you. Are you willing to take it on, Mr. Segrove?'

"I don't know yet," answered Serove. "This man Camden is dead. I understand you to say. What is your object in investigating the matter—is it a retrial?'

Wants Legal Proofs

"You are not playing, Lord Doucester?"

Doucester turned from his contemplation of the pile of banknotes.

"I'm a pauper already, dear lady—a pauper."

"Oh. I hope not!" Claudine's magnificent eyes flashed upon him and away again. She made a movement toward a secluded corner and he followed her.

"I do hope not," she repeated as they established themselves in deep chairs set well back in the shadow of palms.
"I'm in desperate straits myself, and you've always been such a friend in

"Not necessarily so," replied Jarroman. "I might seek a retrial, but probably should not. The publicity might injure my daughter. But I have conceived a desire to be placed in possession of legal proof of my innocence—if such a thing is possible."

"It may be possible." said Segrove. That I cannot say. It will certainly be difficult indeed. It is quite probable that you will throw away a lot of money and attain nothing."

"I am quite content to risk that." replied Jarroman. "If you would like payment on account—"
That's not necessary, thank you."

payment on account—"
"That's not necessary, thank you," so replied Segrove. "I shall send you a monthly account. I haven't decided to take the case up yet. If you believe that John Camden did you this colossal mury what do you want to find his aughter for?"

Jarroman was fully prepared for the mestion.

"In twenty years in prison, Mr. Se-

grove," he said, "one conceives ideas which may be regarded as odd. To use an old-fashioned phrase, I wish to return good for evil."

Jarroman met the detective's shrewd gase unfinchingly.

"Well, I suppose your motives are no concern of mine," said Segrove enigmatically. "Suppose, I should run across this girl, what do you want me to do with her?"

"Just notify me of her address," replied Jarroman. "And an regards Camden, I want every fact you can unsarth, whether it seems to have any direct bearing on the case or not. I shall be greatly disappointed," he added, "if you refuse to take up the case."

"Oh, I will take it up," said Segrove indifferently. "This sort of thing is my profession. But if I come to the conclusion that there is no reasonable prospect of success, I shall withdraw."

Claudine's Visitor

In as her new-found father is an exconsist. These makes Claudine, who devisits companetions, to visit her vest
despite, who has been reared in the
sums. After seeing her. Claudine decourse to stand by These. Lord and Lady
Boscester, out of their peac, hous knowlcolor that Nodio is John Camden's Saughfor.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

TORD DOUCESTER was kept waitLing for some we minutes in Theed's
sultr office. He was not irritated thereby. He had told himself Theed would
seep him waiting five minutes. He
may too, 'that when he entered the
may office Theed would say:

"How,do you do, my dear Lord Doucote?' I am so sorry to have had
a keen you waiting. I'ray be seated.

"When he actually said it Theed exled his hand. Lord Doucete? These was a small and severely
husinesslike room to which visitors
rarely penetrated. It held a roll-top desk, a number of filing cabinets, and,
built into the wall, two large safes.

Theed, fresh from his interview with
little asnotum by a silent-footed Eastern servant. Claudine looked up at
his entry and smiled with a languid
friendliness which vanished the moment
they were left alone.

"Something unpleasant must have
happened for you to make such an uragent matter of seeing me." she said
sharply. "It's the Jarroman stunt, of
course?"

Theed refused to be hurried.

"These is absolutely no need for Claudine's Visitor

Theed refused to be hurried.

"There is absolutely no need for nlarm," he insisted. "It is simply that I have a premonition that Lord Doucester will drop in to see you soon—possibly tonight. He called on me this morning."

morning. "Let me see—the girl, Nadia, was working for his son, Stranack, wasn't she?" inquired Claudine impatiently. "Can't they find another typist, or what is it?"

"As to that I can't say," returned they with a deliberation which he

Theed with a deliberation which he knew Claudine must find maddening. "I should say that the typewriting agency probably sent a substitute who has proved herself quite efficient. No, Lord Doucester's visit had another mo-

my own unalded counsel I decided it her mother, excellent lady though it is in many respects, was hardly et to bring up a young girl. So I Doucester seemed only concerned with obtaining my assurance that Nadia really is what she has been told she is -namely, Henry Jarroman's daugh-

"Why should he doubt it?" rapped out Claudine.
Theed waved his fat hands in what he believed to be a foreign gesture.

dentity."

Lord Doucester was watching the sher's face with the closest attention. is deaught the slight, barely perceptible tart.

Lord Doucester was watching the lady. Why should be doubt it? There is, of course, a possibility that Nadia resembles her mother; but it would have to be an amazing likeness to take tart. "None whatever, my dear Lord Dousster—none whatever." Theed's wabry eyes seemed to caress his visitor.
"Thank you very much, Mr. Theed,"
ald Doucester, and, to the other's suryeise, abruptly rose to go.

As he passed into the street Lord
Doucester whistled a lively, tuneless
melody.

"He did not return at once to his

have to be an amazing likeness to take
Lord Doucester's memory back over
twenty years. No; if he doubts, it is
because of some incident of which
neither he nor the girl have told me
and which I could not have foreseen."

"If he doubts," repeated Claudine
after a moment's pause, "You're not
sure, then?"

"No, I am not sure," answered
Theed, "but I should like to be."

He did not return at once to his ouse, but dropped in at the club, where promptly sat down and wrote a let-

"It is obvious, surely. The girl has

Theed rose.

"Try to discover what his affitude is," he said. "If he does not believe Nadia to be your daughter, does he recognize her as any one else's? If so, how has he recognized her, and what is he going to do about it?"

Again Claudine nodded.
"It will be difficult," she said, half to herself.

to herself. "I do not mind admitting it is be-youd my power," said Theed. "That is why I leave it in your hands." Claudine, left alone, brooded for a long moment. Then she locked her desk and betook herself to her bedroom, where she rested before the complicated

toilet of the evening.

Never had she looked so arresting as when that evening she greeted her guests. Her dress—an inspiration from Vienna—was the color of an iris seen

you've always been such a friend in need."

Their glances met and held. Then Lord Doucester smiled faintly as if he Lord Doucester smiled faintly as it he were amused.

"If I have been of any assistance to you in the past." he murmured, "you have assisted me in return most ably and thoroughly."

Claudine unfurled her fan.

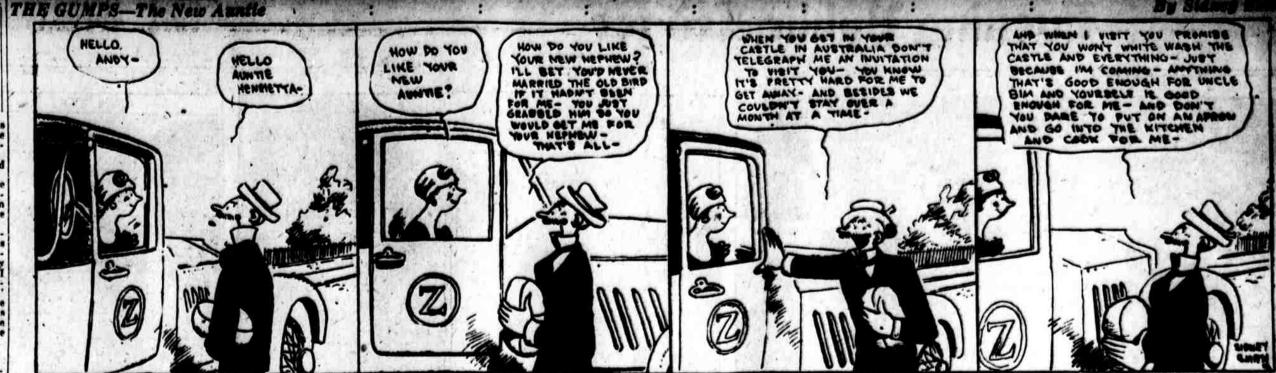
"By my silence," she purred.

"Exactly." acquiesced Doucester.

"Exactly," acquiesced Doucester.
He was still smiling.
"Slience doesn't deteriorate in value,
does it?" Claudine's laugh was like
honey. "Dear Lord Doucester, you honey. "Dear Lord Doucester, you speak as if it were no longer worth-

buying."
Doucester's smile deepened.
"I very much doubt whether it is,"
he returned amiably. Claudine's breath came a little more quickly than usual.

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SOMEBODY'S STENOG—So Has the Boss Registered U. S. Patent Office I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MAME!
I BETTER USE IT WHILE I CAN,
WHAT WITH MOM PECKING AT IT AH THAT SOUNDS MARY THAT \$ 10 000 IS BURNING THERE, I'VE GOT LOOK AT THIS ITS GOT SPOONY" ROADSTER! A HOLE IN MY - STOCKING AUTHIN ALL THE BEST GOOD. WISE GIRL 11/1/11 WHEN I CAME INTO MY FORTUNE GOOD READIN' LITERATURE I SPORTY ILL SAY! ON ME FOR THE MILKMAN EVERY I THOUGHT I'D LAY LOW AN' CAN FIND ON NEVER HURT THEY CLAIM IT'S WEEK THERE WON'T BE SAVE IT BUT HONEST I GOT MUCH LEFT WELL I'M THE SUBJECT 1 NOBODY ! GOT ENDURANCE. BOING TO LUNCH . TO FIND SOMEWAY OF GIVIN' IT AIR AN EXERCISE ! ATTA GIRL GET THE LNIA WHILE THE LIVIN'S GOOD



The young lady across the way says Mr. Hughes never served his country better than at the Arms Conference, not even when he was



SCHOOL DAYS By DWH DOG MEAT ? DOGMEAT GOT ANY DOG MEAT, MISTER CHEIL ? HOW'D A DOG'S LIFE









GASOLINE ALLEY—Avery Had Given Up That Pint

