Girl to Expiate Inother's

By ROY VICKERS

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Formy Jarroman, released from prison, which he was sentenced fwenty years which he was sentenced fwenty years with for the murder of Charles Eddis, was feet job that John Camden, his one-time with John Camden in prison, and now his life long time in prison, and now his life long time in prison, and now his life long time in prison, and now his life long that the long time in prison, and now his life with John Camden's daughter, who because her north John Lord Doncester, Stranack is startled when he recognizes a time long who she is, claudine Craume, the wife who dishonered and deserted Jarroman and their young daughter, is the proprietress of a mart gambling establishment. Theed, Jarroman's rascally solicitor, visits her add tells her Jarroman desires to And his daughter. With the idea of getting Jarroman's fortune for themselves, Theed with the wide and Jarroman together, Jarroman making mormous settlements on the bride, The section of the bride, The destrict tells him his own daughter to send by Threed. Lord and Lady Doncester, out of their past, have knowledge that Nadia to John Camden's daughter, Doncester over of their past, have knowledge that Nadia to John Camden's daughter, Doncester over of their past, have knowledge that Nadia to John Camden's daughter who has been reared in the destrement of the bride. The destrict tells him his own daughter is a reveley typical Cockney stril. Jarroman meditating a lawante against Nadia to great his revenge, receives di THIS BEGINS THE STORY

report. It continued:
"Camden and Blenkiron then passed
on. Blenkiron was stepping off the
parement when a brewer's dray knocked
him down and crushed his ankle. This
The benevolent elderl
deeply, sank into a
with folded hands, a
of the ambulance.
These and Claudine him down and crushed his ankle. This secured at exactly 4:27—a time at which Eddis is known to have been using the telephone—a few minutes, in fact, before the moment of his death. The time is proved beyond the possibility of doubt. I found the record of the civil action brought by Blenkiron the hands of a trained nurse.

The room in which luncheon had been served was a small, eccentric apartment served was a small, eccentric apartment.

man felt his universe tumbling in ruins about him. In a flash of self-revelation he saw his hatred of John Camden had been the life line that was dragging his soul through the turbulent waters of his destiny—and he knew now that the line had been cut.

Again came that high-rutched cough

the waters closed over him.

Theed, from the position to which he

had crept behind Jarroman, arrested his arm in the course of its downward an inch or two. sweep as Jarroman tottered and fell in

an inert mass at his feet.

Theed sprang back in fear. The fear about the room. When she reseated about the room. When she reseated herself he saw that her resentment against the fates had been beaten down hand—when the proposed fallen, smitten by an unseen hand. He slipped back the safety catch and thrust the knife into his pocket.

An actor is the slave of his part. His perpetual role of benevolent elderly smittenan gripped Theed and made him smittenan gripped Theed and made him claudine looked her impatience.

"You will have to drop it, sur

sentleman gripped Theed and made him mutter with completed spontaneity:
"Heart failure! T-t-t-t! Struck now that he knows?" down without a moment's warning! Poor-poor Jarroman!"
He stood for a moment with bowed

A savage disappointment flashed in was gone in an instant.

"While there is life there is hope."
said Theed aloud. "The action of the heart seems to me to be feeble, but—one must pray for the best."

For a moment he hesitated as if in

For a moment he hesitated as if in doubt. In that moment he had summed up the situation, concluded that Jarroman was probably about to die, and that nothing could therefore be lost by

that was in any case out of Jarro-man's line of vision, he unfolded the which the stricken man had read When the doctor arrived Theed was

when the doctor arrived Theed was as distraught as a fussily benevolent and elderly gentleman could be.

"I was talking to my old friend, Mr. Jarroman, when he had this drendful seizure." he explained. "He is just as he fell. I dared not move him lest I might cause pain."

"You can help me lift him on to this sofa, if you will." said the doctor. "I can't examine him like this."

Jarroman Has a Stroke

Theed waited in an adjoining room while the doctor made his examination.
"Is it serious?" he asked in an awed "Is it serious?" he asked in an awed whisper, as the doctor emerged from the room in which Jarroman was lying.

"It's serious, of course." said the doctor a trifle impatiently. "Your friend has had what is commonly called a 'stroke."

"Is—is his life in danger?" asked Taeed.

"Is—is his life in danger?" asked get a certain extent, yes, naturally," replied the doctor. "We can say little at present. His condition may last a few hours—or it may last the rest of his life. It would be equally sat to say that he will die under it as to prophesy that he will be none the worse for it in a few weeks—but either of them is well within the ounds of possibility."

Theed breathed deeply.

Then you do not forbid us to hope?" said the doctor

he should make a recovery. instantaneous or gradual?"
can't be other than gradual,"
can't be doctor. "Your regular
iman will keep you informed of

Woman

Always

Pay?

"So long as his present condition lasts," continued the doctor, "he will be entirely helpless. He will want a trained nurse. It wouldn't be a bad idea for him to go to a nursing home, I should think."

Theed's brain was working quickly. The nursing home proposition would be no manner of use to him.

"I could not bear to think of him in the hands of strangers, doctor, however skilled and however kind," he said. "He is living alone here—his daughter, as you probably know, was married yesterday—and his servants have left. Is it possible for you to have him removed to my house?"

"Yes, of course," said the doctor. "If you like I'll send an ambulance and a couple of skilled men to remove him."

"Oh, thank you, doctor, thank you," said Theed, selzing the doctor by both hands. "I shall remember your words and I shall put my trust in them."

"The ambulance will be here within an hour," said the doctor, and made his escape.

When the doctor had gone Theed returned to the telephone and gave Claudine Crayne's number. A moment later he was speaking to her.

He glanced at the couch whereon Jarroman was lying, wondering how much he could hear and understand of what was going on around him, and decided to assume that he could hear everything.

"Hullo? Theed speaking. I am in

Assertive feets him to be first her a residely typical Cockney sirt. Jarroman, assettating a lawsuit against Nadia to assume that he could hear everything a lawsuit against Nadia to assume that he could hear everything.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CAMDEN actually paid £100 to Eddis—I have traced the note—but he did not pay it in person. He had included it in an envelope addressed to Eddis. As he left his own block he was accosted by a friend named Blenkiron. They walked together to the next block and then Camden gave the envelope to the lift man, with instructions to take it immediately to Eddis. The lift man knew Gamden by sight and obeyed his instructions. Attached you will find name and present address of lift man.

Thus ran the detective's confidential report. It continued:

"Hullo? Theed speaking. I am in Mr. Jarroman's flat. I fear I have bad nevs. Poor Mr. Jarroman has had a seizure—a paralytic stroke. The doctor suggested that he should go to a nursing home, but I feel sure that at such a time you would wish him to be surrounded by friends, so I thought of bringing him to your house. We shall be there in an ambulance within an hour. Yes * * Yes, I feel sure that could the poor fellow speak he would wish this to be done, and I know that it will be great happiness to you, no less than to myself, to do all that we can for him."

The rational rogue realized that was all that need be said on the telephone. The benevolent elderly gentleman sighed deeply, sank into an armchair, and,

The benevolent elderly gentleman sighed deeply, sank into an armchair, and, with folded hands, awaited the arrival of the ambulance.

bility of doubt. I found the record of the civil action brought by Blenkiron against the brewery company (in which Camden was a witness). Further, the police record of the street accident and the hospital record of the ambulance call are both consistent in point of time.

"In the face of these facts the theory of Camden's guilt is, in my opinion, wholly untenable. I therefore beg to notify you I consider my investigation at an end.

"I am yours faithfully.

"JAMES SEGROVE."

For a moment Jarroman stared at the lines before him, while his brain tried to focus the fact that John Camden was innocent.

Camden Innocent!

John Camden was innocent! Jarroman felt his universe tumbling in ruins about him. In a flash of self-revelation he saw his hatred of John Camden had been the life line that was dragging his soul through the turbulent to which Claudine proom in which luncheon had been served was a small, eccentric apartment to which Claudine rarely invited any one. Ceiling and wails were covered with an iridescent substance that gleamed like mother of pearl; in its depths the faint green hangings were reflected, and the deeper glow of the rosewood furniture. Its long window opened on to a balcony filled with flowers the color of flame, and beyond them was the garden with its closed gate.

While the servants were present Theed excelled himself in banalities. His admiration of the Sevres coffee set was verging on the incoherent when Claudine brought him abruptly to the point.

"All the time you have been talking I have been trying to calculate what's at the back of your mind—and I admit I've failed," she said. "Why have you brought Jarroman here?"

"Dear lady, his life is in danger. You would not have him in strange hands at such a time."

Claudine's gleaming nails beat a tatgoung the political surface of the served as a such a time."

Claudine's gleaming nails beat a tat-too upon the polished surface of the

table.
'His present seizure was brought that the line had been cut.

Again came that high-pitched cough which had marked the stampeding of his emotions on the previous evening. His hand worked convulsively, snatch-list daughter—but John Camden's."

"His present seizure was brought about by a terrible piece of news," continued Theed. "He has made the disturbing discovery that Nadia is not his daughter—but John Camden's."

It was like the snarl of a cat, and, as she leaned forward in her chair.

For a moment her fierce disappoint-ment held, then she rose and moved about the room. When she reseated

murder—the knife, secured with the safety catch, was still gripped in his hand—when the proposed victim had fallen, smitten by an unseen hand.

"A pity," she drawled. "That puts an end to this brilliant intrigue of yours. But I still don't see why you yours. But I still don't see why you brought him here."
"To obtain your assistance in an-

"The vital spark flickers-it is beyoud the power of man to say when it will be extinguished," intoned Theed. bed and then stooped over the inert body of Jarroman. As his hand felt the heart he drew it back as if it had been stung.

Jarroman was indubitably alive.

A savage disappointment finabed in the same as if our poor friend were actually dead."

(There were a there are the property of the same as if our poor friend were actually dead."

There was a silence. Claudine's petulance had vanished like snow before fire. She fidgeted with her opals, her eyes

on Theed's flabby visage.

"You mean you're going to get to work at once?" she suggested slowly.

"Procrastination." answered Theed. "is the thief of time. When opportun-"Suppose Jarroman recovers?"
"An eminently logical supposition,

that nothing could therefore be lost by his dying in the presence of an authorized witness.

"The telephone, of course!" he exclaimed, and began to turn the leaves of a directory. "What a blessing the telephone is, to be sure! It must have telephone is, to be sure! It must have aved innumerable lives."

He found the number of a nearby dector and sent an emergency call.

"There are limits," she said half to herself. And then:

"What do you want me to do?"

"You will know better than 1," said

"You will know better than I," said heed. "You will know how to use Theed.

your sweet, womanly influence to pro-tect him from jarring contact with the outside world."

Lady Doucester is Startled
"And now," Theed added, rising.
"I must thank you for a most delightful lunch—most delightful."

Claudine rose also.
"In plain English, you want me to isolate him from the outside world, she said, currly, "Ah! Plain English! That crue! little phrase has broken many a heart and caused much unnecessary suffering." murmured Theed, shaking his head. He was apparently still labor-ing under that reflection when he

a taxi, and was driven to Doucester House, "Is Lady Doucester at home?" he asked.
"No, sir," answered the butler.
"Dear me!" said Theed. "I have come on business of the utmost ur-

merged on to Cornish Terrace, hailed

gency. Dear me!"

The butler began to close the front door. Theed drew a fountain pen from the pocket of his dove-colored walstcoat

and scribbled a line on the card.
"Will you take that to Lady Doucester, please?"
Theed waited in the hall. A couple f minutes later the butler returned. "Her ladyship will see you, sir." Theed, waiting in the study for Lady Doucester to appear, studied the backs of the well-worn volumes on the shelves

that lined the room.
"A fine old collection," he mused.
"A grand old family! Sustains the best traditions of aristocracy! In these decadent days the Doucesters are a positive ornament to society.'

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—Wedding Bells

ORS. ZANDER'S
UNICLE STEPHEN WHO
IS GOING TO GIVE THE
BRIDE AWAY - THIS IS
THE SECOND TIME HE'S
DOME IT-HE DAY OF THE MEDDING IS NOW ONLY TWO DAYS OFF-THE WIDOW IS ALL BET-WEDDING GOWN AND EVERY THING-NEVER WAS THERE A QUEEN MORE

THE WEDDING SLIPPERS

WONDERFULLY THAN SHE WILL BE ON HER WEDDING DAY-



温度自18月代を10万円日10万円

DEWDROPTHE VEIL IS OF ILLUSION, FALLING
FROM A RUSSIAN CORONET OF REAL
LACE, WHICH LACE ALSO IS USED IN
EDOING THE SIX YARD COURT TRAIN
AND AS INSERTS IN THE HOSE
WORN WITH THE SLIPPERS,
WHICH ARE OF SILVER
WITH DUMOND STUDDED
DOES.

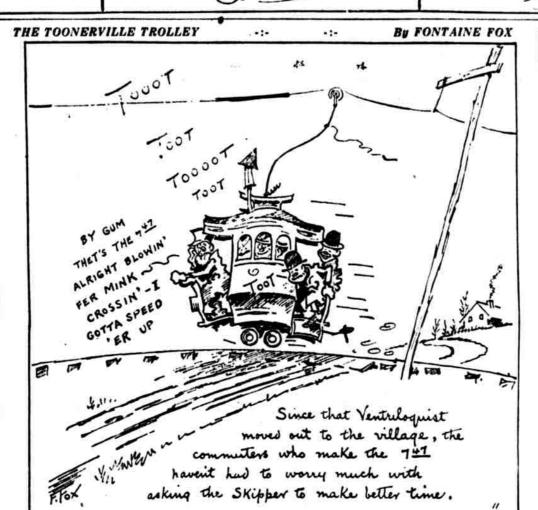


GET A PLASH AT ANDY AND MIN HE WON'T BE ASHAMED OF HIS RELATIVES - THEY'LL STACK UP WITH THE BEST OF THEM - WHAT THEY DID TO THAT ROLL THAT UNCLE BIM GAVE THEM A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO A STEAM ROLLER COULDN'T DO IN A A CAN OF STALE BEER-

By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Still Learning to Drive Her Car Registered U. S. Patent Office F CAM HAD THE REST OF HER \$10.000 ALONG SHED SPILL IT. I SAY-CAN I TURN TO THE RIGHT OR LEFT HERE? TAHW I CAN'T STOP! SAY? WHOA BLIZABETH' DON'T GO IN THERE

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says more men than used to give their wives regular allowances now, but too many resources are still



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS FROG TODHOPPER WAS IN YESTERD HE SHO IT WAS DISHWATER

E- HAY WATED -//

