

By Sidney Smith

The Vengeance of Henry Jarroman

Must the Woman Always Pay?

By ROY VICKERS

THIS BEGINS THE STORY
Henry Jarroman, released from prison, who had been sentenced to ten years for the murder of Charles J. Dudgeon, who stole his wife, killed Eddie, and framed the poor fellow, who had nourished his hatred of Camden and his desire to see him die. He had hated his father-in-law, who had driven him to the madhouse, as he had hated his father-in-law, who had driven him to the madhouse, as he had hated his father-in-law, who had driven him to the madhouse...

Theed, indignantly. "Even Jarroman did not imagine that. But—he's under the impression that Camden's daughter has a claim to certain property."
Lady Doucester withdrew her hands sharply from her chair and clenched them in her lap. She knew suddenly the acute fear. This in itself did not surprise her. She had foreseen the possibility of fear when she had read "In re Stranack and Jarroman" on Theed's card. The name was different; it was born of her misunderstanding.
"Why was Jarroman's blow aimed also at her? She had incurred his contempt, she knew, but his attitude toward her had been clear. "Welcome, Nadia as your daughter-in-law, and the past shall be buried forever, so the tacit understanding had run. She had entered her consent of his silence. She disliked Jarroman thoroughly, but she had believed him capable of straight dealing.
"Concoctures whirled up and retreated again. She must play for time.
"Do I understand this is where you do me a favor, Mr. Theed?"
Theed nodded manfully but hurriedly.
"Alas, dear Lady Doucester, I am as helpless in the matter as yourself—that is to say," he added, "that neither you nor I can do anything to avert a terrible catastrophe. I might almost say a national disaster, when one considers the career of so enterprising a young politician is inextricably involved with the scandal. I can do nothing without your help—and possibly little with it."
The wry thought flashed to Lady Doucester's mind—"If Theed had run straight he might have had a career." Then again the tumult of her mind surged around her memories of Jarroman. She had thought him heavy, rather brutal, unimaginative, now in the light of Theed's revelation, he became a mass of contradictions. For instance, he showered luxuries upon a girl he appeared to love and respect; now he threatened her with most drastic penalties for an innocent infraction.
She caught at the solicitor's last intimation.
"My help?" she echoed.
"I am in a moral quandary," Theed's voice was almost tremulous. "Jarroman gave me his instructions in the heat of the moment. The poor fellow was then stricken—he is helpless as an inarticulate babe, Lady Doucester. He has no chance to revise or modify what might well have been a hasty decision. I am torn between my duty as a solicitor of literal obedience to my client and my wider duty as a humane man. I am thinking less of Mrs. Stranack than of Jarroman himself. If it is fair to him—is it right, that I should precipitate this terrible scandal, with all its attendant misery, when at this moment his dearest wish may be to resign his own orders? He may die before ever he recovers the power of speech. I cannot bear to think he would die in the act of causing pain to others. "As a retort he added slowly, just as Lady Doucester's endurance was giving way, "to the best of my belief no one can out-guess me, and you know the true state of affairs."
Lady Doucester leaned carefully back in her chair and her eyes searched Theed's with intensity. She measured her words.
"Is it necessary that any one else should know the true state of affairs?"
Suppressing the Facts
"Strange that you should say that, dear Lady Doucester," said Theed. "For that idea had occurred to me."
"I suppose there are practical difficulties in the way of a complete suppression of the facts. But—"
"There are many most practical difficulties in the way," said Theed. "There is, for instance, the question of Jarroman's real daughter. She is a girl in a humble state of life, and I am bound to say it would not be in her own best interests for her to come to sudden wealth. Comfort—yes. The provision of every necessary and a few pleasures—by all means. But riches—twenty thousand a year. Believe me, dear Lady Doucester, it would be nothing but a curse to the young woman. If I were given a free hand I would make a grand and naturally equitable adjustment—by which no one would suffer."
If poor Jarroman were to recover, I feel sure that he would say we had done the best possible thing. That we had carried out what he would really have wished had he—"
By that about my daughter-in-law? She can't be bought off like this Jarroman girl. Will she—Nadia—have to be told?"
"I fear so. I much fear so. And there is no knowing how it may affect her. I am privileged to have known her from infancy, Lady Doucester, and I can assure you that she is a spirited, independent young lady. It is most possible that she might upset our plans by positively courting publicity."
"Nonsense!" said Lady Doucester quickly. "That would injure her husband."
"True. You and I know that, Lady Doucester. But will Mrs. Stranack recognize it? For myself, I am by no means confident of my powers to persuade her."
"I see," said Lady Doucester grimly. "You want me to tell her?"
"I thank you a thousand times for suggesting," said Theed. "In the interests of your son, in the interests of Mrs. Stranack herself, above all, in the interests of poor Jarroman—"
"You might as well say in the interests of myself," interrupted Lady Doucester. "For we both know that is what you mean."
At 10 o'clock the next morning Lady Doucester passed on to the departure platform of the Great Southern railway terminus. She was peculiarly long-sighted, and the figure of Theed, waiting beside the open door of a compartment, leaped instantly to her view. She drew herself even more erect and advanced to meet him.
By the time Theed had greeted her, installed her in a corner, placed himself opposite her, and made every necessary and unnecessary arrangement for their joint comfort, the train had begun to slide from the side.
Her methods were entirely her own. She spent no time in summaries, her conclusions were not born of logic, nor even of that simplicity of vision mis-called common sense. Her procedure was strange; she fastened upon the situation that had heretofore so long perplexed her, and it took into every cranny of her mind, she converted it, as it were, into her spirit and yielded to it her very power of living. Once it was completely her own she held it until illumination came to her, she would wake from her meditation with the doubt solved, the dilemma decided. There were those among her admirers who called it "the inspired guess"; those among her enemies who called it "slovenly thinking." She smiled, and with the key to the riddle in her possession, plunged on to victory.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
HE STIFFENED and then swayed himself into a bow as Lady Doucester appeared.
"Ah, my dear Lady Doucester, how do you do?"
Lady Doucester, too composed to be entirely natural, bestowed the necessary minimum of greeting, and then holding his card as if it were an object of curiosity, asked:
"What does in re Camden and Jarroman mean? It sounds like a lawsuit. Is it?"
"It may well become so, Lady Doucester," answered Theed, in a voice like a funeral. "The event hangs largely with yourself."
"The event hangs largely with myself," repeated Lady Doucester, as if she were trying to think out what the words meant, as indeed she was. "That means you're going to threaten me about something. Sit down, Mr. Theed. I am in the mood to be threatened today."
"I assure you that I have never threatened any one in my life," said Theed, on the apparent verge of tears.
"I know," said Lady Doucester. "But you see, there are a lot of people who allow you the privilege of doing them a favor—and it costs them just as much in the end. What particular favor do you want to do for me this afternoon?"
Lady Doucester is Calm
She had seated herself as was her custom, in a corner of the room where the light was softened by the window hangings. Not a flicker of her eyelids betrayed the state of her feelings.
"To be frank," said Theed—Lady Doucester smiled pointedly—"to be frank, I have not come for the purpose of doing you a favor—unless it is a favor to be the first to bear evil tidings."
"Evil tidings!" repeated Lady Doucester, as if to herself. "Do you mean bad news?"
"Very bad, I fear," returned Theed. "I must ask you to prepare yourself for what may prove to be a severe shock, Lady Doucester."
"I'm used to them," said Lady Doucester. "I like them served quickly."
"You are under the impression," said Theed, "that your son has married Miss Nadia Jarroman?"
Lady Doucester slowly moved her hands to the arms of her chair and, resting her wrists on the carved ornament that bore the Doucester crest, let her fingers trail limply downward.
It was as if she challenged herself as well as her tormentor to break her mastery of the moment.
"Was there some legal flaw in the marriage ceremony?"
"No," said Theed, sadly, as if he regretted the fact. "Nothing can invalidate a marriage service but the vicious marriage of one of the parties. The lady is indubitably your son's wife. But he did not marry Miss Nadia Jarroman. He married Miss Nadia Camden."
The silence could be felt. Theed, leaning forward with hands clasped behind his knees, had spoken with bent head. He did not raise it now, but he was able to lift his gaze to the level of Lady Doucester's languid hands.
He saw them twitch, curving inward as though to clutch at something that had slipped away. He grinned to himself and waited. This was but the first blow.
"Well, Mr. Theed? I knew that from the beginning."
Theed almost hunched to his feet. For perhaps the first time in his successfully shady career he had received a shock for which he had had no adequate preparation. He who in this struggle was to have been the superman—the colossus! A sense of indignation swept over him, so genuine that it restored him to speech.
"Really?" he asked.
"Lady Doucester, I do beg—"
Lady Doucester Strikes
A tinge of color had crept back under the rouge on Lady Doucester's face. She had struck swiftly and skillfully. She gave her opponent no time to recover.
"How I got to know is of no interest or importance," she cut in with going air. "What is Jarroman doing?"
"At the moment he is lying between life and death, unable to communicate with the outside world—he has had a stroke," answered Theed, mechanically.
Lady Doucester was startled, but she managed to mask it. Her expression said that she was sorry for Mr. Jarroman, but by no means prostrated, and as she believed Mr. Theed had spoken of evil tidings.
At the list of her eyebrows Theed raised.
"Just before he was stricken," he said, deliberately, "Jarroman instructed me to commence a criminal prosecution against Mrs. Stranack and impersonation for the cancellation of the settlement and—the restoration of all moneys obtained."
This time he had scored; no doubt about it.
"Jarroman? He gave you those instructions?" she asked, bewildered.
"But why?"
Nadia deliberately inquired upon him—Theed felt that he was dominating the situation again. Confidence returned to his manner.
"I am as much in the dark as you—peep that he demands repayment of her—shall we say—adoption."
"But it is absurd," protested Lady Doucester, still dazed. "They have spent hundreds on her trousseau alone. She can't possibly repay it."
"Out of her accumulated earnings as a train? Certainly not," said

THE GUMPS—
THERE IS NOT A HAPPIER MAN IN THE WORLD THAN UNCLE BIM— THIS IS THE EVE OF HIS WEDDING— HE IS JUST RETURNING FROM THE WEDDING AND BINNER AND HAS JUST SAID GOOD BYE TO NEARBY EYES AND PRESSED A KISS UPON HER FOREHEAD— AND TOMORROW— OH— HAPPY DAY!
HELLO— WHAT'S THIS? HENRYETTA MUST HAVE DROPPED THIS—
HER DIARY— A LITTLE RED BOOK— SHE WRITEN IN IT— IT FEELS LIKE A THERMOMETER— BUT I'M CURIOUS— I JUST WANT TO SEE IF SHE HAS WRITEN ANYTHING ABOUT ME— I'LL JUST TAKE A LITTLE PEER— A LITTLE PEER WON'T HURT—
DEC. 15TH— WIRELESS TELEGRAM FROM THE AUSTRALIAN YEST WHICH READ— WILL BE WITH YOU ON THE 17TH— DEC. 15TH— CARLOS WAS OVER AGAIN LAST NIGHT— HE WAS A LITTLE PEAVED WHEN I SHOWED HIM THE TELEGRAM— DEC. 15TH— CARLOS WAS OVER AGAIN TONIGHT— HE SAID I WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE AUSTRALIAN— IF IT WASN'T FOR HIS MONEY— CARLOS IS A MIND READER—
DEC. 17TH— THE YEST HAS ARRIVED— THE HOUSE IS FULL OF FLOWERS AND CANDY— HE IS COMING UP TONIGHT— HORROR!!! DEC. 18TH— HE WAS HERE LAST NIGHT— DRESSED LIKE AN UNDERPAINTER— SPINDLESHANE— WISH HE'D SEND ME SOME GASOLINE— JAN. 10TH— TOOK CARLOS FOR A RIDE IN THE CAR— MET BIMBO— PRETENDED I DIDN'T SEE HIM— WILL HEAR FROM THE TOMORROW—
APRIL 22ND— HE WAS OVER AGAIN— APRIL 23RD— CARLOS CALLED UP WHILE I WAS HERE— I TOLD HIM I WAS A PRESBYTERIAN— HE LOOKED SUSPICIOUS—
ON AND ON UNCLE BIM READ— PAGE AFTER PAGE— NOT A LINE OF LOVE OR AFFECTION— POOR UNCLE BIM— BUT THIS IS THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK— JAN. 31ST— HE NEARLY PROPOSED LAST NIGHT— I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO LAND HIM BUT HE SHIED LIKE A FRIGHTENED FAWN— I DON'T THINK THAT I COULD EVER LOVE HIM— BUT FOR HIS MONEY I'D MARRY A CHIMPANZEE—

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—A Simple Solution of the Parking Problem
WELL I'M GETTIN' CLEVER SO FAR ON THE WAY DOWN TOWN I'VE ONLY RAN BY EIGHT TRAFFIC SIGNS AN' I DODGED THAT DO-DO ALL RIGHT!
CAM— SINCE TH' BOSS IS AWAY— COME ON FOR A GOOD RIDE IN MY CAR THIS AFTERNOON— I GOT TH' BIG SEDAN DOWNSTAIRS— COME ON!
BUT— TED I DROVE DOWN MYSELF TODAY
WHAT WILL I DO ABOUT MY OWN CAR? I CAN'T LEAVE IT OUTSIDE ALL AFTERNOON THE POLICE WILL GET AFTER ME FOR PARKIN' TOO LONG! LET ME THINK—
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A RIDE
YES— ISN'T IT?

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY
I WANNA GET OFF THIS AFTERNOON BUT WHEN I TELL YOU WHY YOU'RE GONNA LAUGH
IF IT HADDA HAPPENED ON ANY OTHER DAY BUT OPENING DAY I CUD A TOLD YUH
WHY I SUPPOSE IT IS PERFECTLY POSSIBLE FOR A BOY'S GRANDMOTHER TO BE REALLY DEAD ON OPENING DAY
I TOLD ME MUDDER YOU'D GIMME THE LAUGH BUT SHE SAID TELL YUH THE TRUTH
— BUT ITS OPENING DAY AND YOU'LL GIMME THE LAUGH COS ME GRANDMOTHER'S DEAD
IT WORKED! IT WORKED! YES! GO!
The young lady across the way says our roads wear out scandalously, fast and the great heavy trucks certainly ought not to be allowed to use such wide tires.

THE OFFICE BOY PUTS ONE OVER
I WANNA GET OFF THIS AFTERNOON BUT WHEN I TELL YOU WHY YOU'RE GONNA LAUGH
IF IT HADDA HAPPENED ON ANY OTHER DAY BUT OPENING DAY I CUD A TOLD YUH
WHY I SUPPOSE IT IS PERFECTLY POSSIBLE FOR A BOY'S GRANDMOTHER TO BE REALLY DEAD ON OPENING DAY
I TOLD ME MUDDER YOU'D GIMME THE LAUGH BUT SHE SAID TELL YUH THE TRUTH
— BUT ITS OPENING DAY AND YOU'LL GIMME THE LAUGH COS ME GRANDMOTHER'S DEAD
IT WORKED! IT WORKED! YES! GO!

SCHOOL DAYS
REMEMBERS ABOUT SOME VIOLETS HE'D OUGHT TO GET SOME FOR THE TEACHER.
CAN'T FIND VIOLETS AT THE START
STRUGGLE BETWEEN LOVE & DUTY
BUY APPLE BOSSONS
STAYS ONWARD TO SCHOOL
THINKS HE HEART IS GONNA SET DOWN ON ROCK
LAST BELL STARTS
GETS APPLE BOSSONS FOR TEACHER
ONWARD TO SCHOOL
BILL STARTS TO SCHOOL FROM HOME, UP IN THE LEFT HAND CORNER
FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME
By DWIG

PETEY—The Great Crime Wave
—HUM! THE POLICE ADVISE THE CARRYING OF A POLICE WHISTLE AND WHEN YOU ARE HELD UP BY BLOWING IT YOU WILL SCARE AWAY THE HOLD-UP MAN.
I KNEW THE POLICE WOULD FINALLY DO SOMETHING TO STOP THIS TERRIBLE CONDITION.
— LET'S SEE— WHEN A THUG COMES ALONG WITH A GUN ALL I GOTTA DO IS TO BLOW THIS WHISTLE AND IT'LL SCARE HIM AWAY—
I AM DEAD AND DUMB HANDS UP!
C.A. Voight

GASOLINE ALLEY—Ma Didn't Qualify
BYE-BYE SKEEZIX AND MISTER WALK! MOTHER CAME AND IS TAKING ME BACK HOME TO APPLETON AGAIN
I'M SORRY YOU'RE GOING AWAY SO SOON MISS JULIET
WELL I WISH YOU LUCK! BUT I CAN'T SAY THAT I EXPECT MUCH FROM A CHILD OF UNKNOWN PARENTS THAT'S BEING BROUGHT BY A MAN!
GLORY, SKEEZIX, I'M GLAD I DIDN'T DRAW HER FOR A MOTHER-IN-LAW UNSIGHT AND UNSEEN! I'LL SAY WE KNOW WHEN WERE WELL OFF!
By King

CONTINUED TOMORROW
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