By ROY VICKERS

wilfred dashed his hand against the sate shelf.

"Nadia! Do you mean to say that, well as tricking me into this damnation, you've been defrauding attention, you've been defined and bagered into a sicken.

"Lady Doucester, sir," announced the maid. Jarroman strode into the room where his visitor was shown into the study.

"Lady Doucester, sir," announced the maid. Jarroman strode into the room where his visitor was shown into the study.

"Lady Doucester looked haggard, yet indomitable. She wore a severe cloth dress that added to her height, and her elaborate make-up was softened by the beauty of her furs.

"I came to stop you from going to see Theed this morning," she said without preliminary. "I have asked him then, if you will, in my presence."

"You believe Theed will win and

"I can't make you believe me, but I

A sound broke from him that tore her heart. Then he pulled himself together ned strode toward the door.

"All you've done is to fail me!" he fing at her from between clenched math. "You've failed me utterly. I suppose nothing much can be done until I can speak to Mr. Jarroman, but until I can discover his whereabouts I'll shift is digs of my own."

"You'll be quite all right here alone, and I may be able to think more clearly a a place I can afford."
"I don't understand you."
"Don't you?" He laughed queerly.
"I have three hundred a year of my en, Nadia. You, of course, are at therty to do what you like, but I'm mang to get out and live on it."
The door s'ammed; he was gone.
Nadia bent down and held one hand after the other to the fire. It seemed

after the other to the fire. It seemed mortant to her that she should warm in hands, which were so cald, before he thought out what she ought to do. She rubbed her palms, and the backs, as her fingers diligently, but they remined numb and nerveless. So that resently she moved away from the fire and took up a book, looked at it aimined and part it down again.

Then she realized that there was nething to think about. Unless Lady

sthing to think about. Unless Lady Doucester herself made things right, there was nothing to be done, nothing all. If Mr. Jarroman were to reall. If Mr. Jarraman were to remotomorrow, he could do nothing for the could assure her that he knew her father's innocence; he could coulse that he would let that old mate of the Camden fortune rest, and releve Lady Doucester's fears; he could comfort Nadia by relieving her aske told him how she had longed live to Nell, his daughter, all that the day her back.

Madia crossed to the writing table took pen and paper.

"Wilfred has discovered that I am Mr. Jarraman's daughter," she

not give everything at once to Nell. Only you can do that. Nadia.

"P. S. Wilfred has gone away."

"This was written yesterday." said Jarraman, returning the note. "And—let me see—it was the day before yesterday on which you and I had our filluminating chat, wasn't it"

"Oh, I know what you're driving at." retorted Lady Doucester energetically. "You think I ought to have trotted off to Nadia yesterday, early, and said to her in effect: 'My dear child, all is saved! Mr. Jarroman is back and he's being most amiable about everything; he's going to reassign the

Madia crossed to the writing table at took pen and paper.

"Wilfred has discovered that I am be the first and the

and not give everything at once to al. Only you can do that. Nadia.

P. 8. Wilfred has gone away."

Be scaled and addressed the enept to see her mother-in-law?

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Be scaled and enept to speak out, to go be seed to speak out, to go wilfred at once-tomorrow.

Madia liked Wilfred's mother, but knew now that she had always a little repelled by that almost sessive worldliness which had made and Nadia were to meet tonight. Lady Doucester what she was. If she had Nadia were to meet tonight, Lady Doucester's first thought would be one despair for Wilfred's lost career, a now, whatever else could be retired, and Nadia felt that she could be bear to speak about that yet.

Be had the letter sent by hand, and it to her room.

Be did not even try to sleep. As as her maid had left her, she went a chair by the window and, crouchtather, looked down into the quiet there, looked down into the quiet to not her eyes the long pro-

there, looked down into the quiet cheet. It was descreted—no, not descreted—in the quiet cheet. It was descreted—no, not descreted—in the quiet cheek. It was descreted—no, not descreted—in the quiet cheek and in the properties of the properties o

the felt that meeting must take on neutral ground.

She must find somewhere to go, and the must find somewhere to go, and must find work, for she had no must find his three hundred a year.

The walked on rapidly; she had no must be the must be the find of the must be the must be the must be must be

came to a sudden halt. acia came to a sudden halt.

Was turning into the street
was turning into the street
ethe flat was, the flat from which
had been married. A strong imseized her to look up at its winShe moved down the street. The
were drawn, of course. The
were drawn, of course. The
must have been dismissed
and Mr. Jarroman went away. Her
ow boxes were still there.
Is no for a second or two, she fought
the crazy notion that he was
way, that he was behind those
blinds; that he was behind those
blinds; that he was thinking of
seized herself

Pay?

Sin By ROY VICKERS

NCE—since that day at Swallows—she when you had to go up to town at with your father. Mr. Theed a with your father, Mr. Theed and that Mr. Jarroman had made all that Mr. Jarroman had made he worey that I was not his daughtite sort of thing one reads about ary tales. I was the daughter of Camden, your, mother's cousing—and the terrible part was, Will—that all the time I was with Mr. I was john Camden, and he was getting evidence to that it was John Camden, and he was getting evidence to that it was John Camden, and he was getting evidence to that it was John Camden, and he was getting evidence to that it was John Camden, and he was getting evidence to the beausers. So, after all, he is not hat me seems probable that Mr. Jarroman was told this before he left for the because I am the daughter of he seems probable that Mr. Jarroman was told this before he left for the because I am the daughter of he seems probable that Mr. Jarroman was told this before he left for the lost of this powers, but he remains out of the idea of withdrawing hounty?"

"Tat must be a great relief." The fames of Wilfred's voice made her with a smooth speed that had driven Claudine's car had brought im here with a smooth speed that had driven Claudine's car had brought of him to rise and go forth to do battle with Theed, and then to see Nadia. He had so we look it Theed, and then to see Nadia's wolce.

"That must be a great relief." The fames of Wilfred's voice made her with a smooth speed that had driven Claudine's car had brought im here with a smooth speed that had driven Claudine's car had brought of him to rise and go forth to do battle with Theed, and then to see Nadia's wolce.

Claudine's car had brought light, Jarroman was to because I am the daughter of him to rise and go forth to do battle with Theed, and then to see Nadia's wolce with Theed, and then to see Nadia's her green was been deed that had some one I could attay with Thead, and then to see Nadia's wolce.

Claudine's car had brought light was provided to

Lady Doucester Sends for Her Son "I know you will win, and I intend to show you how," him crisply. Jarroman smiled his twisted smile and let the statement pass unchai-

lenged.

"Then this morning I shall call on Nadia," he said. "It would certainly have been better to wait till I'd settled Theed before discussing anything with her, but—"

"Through my postponing the dialogue, as you call it. it has been thrust upon me with the added penalty of having to confess the Camden compilea-

upon me with the added penalty of having to confess the Camden complications to my son," she said. "Isn't that bad enough?"

"Oh, no," returned Jarroman, equably. "Not nearly bad enough."

Lady Doucester grimaced again, but her sole rejoinder was to ask Jarroman to lunch at Doucester House at 1 o'clock. He bowed his acceptance, and she left him to his thoughts.

"So much better that I beg you to postpone seeing her until you've—settled Theed," cut in Lady Doucester. "Wait!"—as he frowned. "This came by the first post."

She handed him Nadia's forlorn little note. Jarroman read it aloud.

"Wilfred has discovered that I am not Mr. Jarroman's daughter. He thinks I did not tell him because I

thinks I did not tell him because I wanted to keep the money and the house. I cannot explain why I did not give everything at once to Nell.

everything; he's going to reassign the money to you (when I've got it back from Theed for him,) and he's going to forget all about that old Camden business, and link up with his wife again—.

Conference at Doucester House

"I beg your pardon!"
and provide suitably for Nell, and act the fairy godfather to any one who seems to expect it!" Lady Nadia would have answered: 'Oh, how lovely, now I can tell Wilfred everything, and he can throw up his career thing, and he can throw up his career and go bankrupt trying to pay back all Mr. Jarroman has given me, and refuse to accept another penny and I can uphold him and we can starve on three hundred a year together!"

Lady Doucester paused for breath. "And you postponed this interesting dialogue because you know that when you have said your say and Nadia has

you have said your say and Nadia has said hers, you will have to assure her said hers, you will have to assure her that there is no need for her to starve on three hundred a year. You will have to persuade her to let you pay back the thirty thousand pounds John Camden left her when he died."

"I have told you that every farthing of the thirty thousand has been spent," snapped Lady Doucester, but her hands trembled suddenly. To hide her ngitation she rose and moved, with a tlny grimace, to the door.

"Mrs. Stranack is not at home, my lady."

Lady Doucester stared at Nadia's

Lady Doucester stared at Nadia's butler.

'Mrs. Stranack went out before breakfast, my lady, and has not yet returned. And Mr. Stranak is at his club. He has just telephoned from there about his letters." Lady Doucester gathered herself together.

''Ah, it's Mr. Jarroman's sudden return from the Continent that has caused such an upheaval," she said with a crisp ease that drove the gloom from Dene's brow. "He arrived yesterday. Most unexpected. Let me see. I should like to telephone to Mr. Stranack."

Dene installed her at the instrument and withdrew. Lady Doucester, waiting for her number, pulled restlessly At her furs. Nadla had gone out before breakfast, and was not yet back. Wilfred was at his club. For the first time Lady Doucester wondered whether the humiliaring conference. humiliating confession she was prepared to make would effectively heal the breach

to make would effectively heal the breach between these inconveniently high principled children.

"Oh, is that The Delphic? I believe Mr. Stranack is there " " Lady Doucester " " Is that you, Wilfred? I want to speak to you " " I can't help that, I want to speak to you " " I daresay, but I want to speak to you " " Oh, rubbish! I want to speak to you " " Oh, rubbish! I want to speak to you " " Very well, I'll wait here."

Lady Doucester went into the draw-

Lady Doucester went into the draw-

CUNTINUED TOMORROW



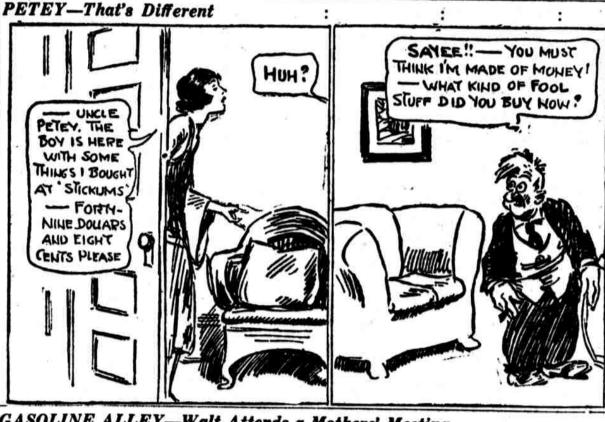
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Climate Bu Hauward Registered U. S. Patent Office PHEW! BED'S NO PLACE A HOT MORNING LIKE THIS! THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE SOME CLIMATE! ONE DAY IF IT'S ANY I'VE NEVER BEEN ONE YOU'RE OUT SKATING AN THE TO DISAGREE WITH HOTTER THAN A BREATH OF AIR THOSE WHO KNOW MEXT YOU'RE SPORTING THIS IT'S I BET TODAY'S BOIN BETTER BUT THIS A SUN-SHADE AN DRINKING FOR GOT TO TO BE A SCORCHER WEATHER MAKES ICED TEA! GO SOME JUST THINK OF THE YOU SORT OF POOR FROZEN SCEPTICAL THE ESKIMOS - THE LUCKY STIFFS HERE AFTER!



says international marriages ought to be restricted to people of the same country.







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SCHOOL DAYS



By DWIG



