By JOHN HUNTER

Congright, 1932, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE STORY
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE SOUND
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE STORY
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE STORY
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE STORY
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE STORY
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN THE STORY
WHO IN THE SAME
WHO IN

le: for sne, Constance Brent, and once len Constance Lady Connington.

She lifted her hend and studied her effection in the mirror. A superbyoman, whose hair was a pile of jet, siny and silky, framing a face as beautiful and coldly chiseled as that of the esteed Venus.

of its kind in town. Constance Brent effected. She had nothing to be ashauted of in this product of her strivings size her reappearance in the world, after the years of retirement which had followed on her divorce. Play was alsays going on at the club; but it was discrect play. Every year saw the social standard of the members asked. "The four men at the table looked up from their game — it was poker — na Harkness closed the door behind him, and nodded.
"Hello. Tommy!" Harkness addressed a youngster with almost colorals him, who fingered his cards nervously, and whose eyes were slightly strained. "Aren't you doing well?"

Constance Brent loyed idly with a comb. snapping its teeth off short at the base in her abstraction. He had the base in her abstraction. He had some home on the same day as his faughter had returned from abroad. The girl had finished her education in France, and, in the company of Consance Brent's elder sister. Ella, had made a tour of some of the more interesting resorts in Europe, and was now returning with all her life before left. "I'm through for tonight," he said. "You fellows have cleaned me out." To Harkness he added: "I'm the only

Her life! Constance Brent wondered guely about it. Audrey knew nothing of life. She did not know the identity of her father, nor how her mother mand her living. She thought her father dead, and that her mother had some business in town. For the only home Audrey knew was the cettage at Kneckholt to which Constance fied as kneckholt to which Constance fied as liantly lighted outer chamber. a sane uary when the fight became

The father and the daughter had come opener! Constance Brent saw an open who was a gambler born.

light over the long room, on the few

ful women; and on them all was writpreclated it

She walked into the room, and each of them greeted her after his or her kind. Among them she was the gra-

on the figure and Harkness betting on his hands in sums which rather appealed his young opponents, where the more than she cared to admit. She had thought the Eros rid of Harkness.

a discreet baize-colored door which led to an inner room. Had the police known of the play which went on in that room Eres might have found itself in contact with the law.

Constance did not play. She felt too restless mentally to be able to concentrate on a game of skill.

And then Harkener with the law.

And then Harkness arrived. He was immaculate in an evening suit, and Constance, as she went for-ward to meer him, wondered whether his undeniably handsome appearance repelled or attracted her. "Hallo!" she said. "I

"Hallo," she said. "I thought you had left us." She might almost have ten expressing a wish. Harkness caught the meaning under-

ying her speech and smiled. "Not set. The day of your deliverance is very far away. You should be glad to see me. Aren't you going to ask me where I have been, and what I have lone?" "Are your travels so interesting." Are your travels so interesting. This man was dangerous—they called him the wildest gamester in England—and though she might wink at the high play which went on in the little room covered by the batze door. Harkness was a constant threat to the safety of

was a constant threat to the safety of the Eros.

"My travels are always interesting."
said Harkness gravely. "Also—they are illuminating."

He added this last as though it were

forced from him like a thing which was ever uppermost in his mind. You are changed." remarked Constance. "You don't took well, and-

that ever was!"
Constance bit her lip. Hatkness disconserted her. Always he had been reckless, devitishly so, but now there would happen to Carteret? Constance was a raffishness about him which appalled her.
He nodded toward the baize-covetzi doer.
"Anylode of the constance was a could but happen to him?"
And Harkness had done it, Harkness than the could but happen to him?

And Harkness had done it, Harkness than the could be the

"And why?" Harkness' gray tyes

issued Venus.

She crushed the newspaper with nerses fingers, and tossed it petulantiy to the door.

"You fool." Her thoughts jeered at the greatest. And instead—"
She looked round her. Instead, she may the Eros C.ub. the smartest thing of its kind in town. Constance Brent offseted, She had nothing to be ashaufrom their game—it was poker—as

"Dropped a couple of hundred.

Would you care to sit in my place?"
"No hurry, old son. When you're ready, if the others are agreeable."

"Is Harkness playing?" she asked

"Yes. I've given him my place."

"Are they playing high?"
"Fairish. But as I came out I heard If frightened her.

"If the World Roll By!"

A low hum of conversation rose to the carved call ceiling, from which the canningly concealed lamps shed a soft light over the long room, on the few careful."

Harkness suggesting no limit. More fool him. Carteret, Devenish and Pelton are in luck tonight. They'll clean out Harkness just as Dippy Jones cleaned him out at Epsom, if he's not careful."

light over the long room, on the few choice pictures on the paneled walls, and on the throng of people who comprised the clientele of the fashionable Eros Club.

Constance considered for a moment. "Til give them a little while by themselves, and then I'll go inside. Must you go now. Tommy?"

Constance Brent, standing for a mo-ment outside in the corridor, surveyed them. They fitted in with their sur-roundings; well-dressed men, wonder-pulse to tell him not to come again. but she restrained it, and beat down the hallmark of taste and custer the hallmark of taste and custer. Stirred out of her usual calin by the paragraph in the newspaper, feeling the dread of something unknown stretching out toward her, she felt in that moment that she hated them. For she might have been one of them, lastead of one with them. The subtle difference made her wince as she approximately it.

A Wild Plunger

But Harkness. The very name of the closs, easy woman of the world, yet on man was accepted as being synonymous this night she knew that her mask of with the wildest plunging, the most cold placidity hid a self tortured with reckless actions. Any place of which "Harkness is in town. I saw him picton.
"Be was an habitue must be open to suspicton.
"Harkness is in town. I saw him picton.
"Meanwhile in a room with the ante

had thought the Eros rid of Harkness, and now he had come back.

A little period of chatter followed, and the people began to distribute themselves about the various tables. Four of the men made their way to be a discrete bulge colored door which to surrender on useless hands, and to surrender on useless hands, and to surrender on useless hands, and to surrender on useless hands. to surrender on useless hands, and when they attempted to call his bluff they found him holding powerful con-

binations. Constance came into the room after a couple of hours' play, and for some time she stood watching the quartet with eyes in which her anxiety showed

olearly.
At last Carteret got to his feet. His face was very white and his tongue licked nevrously at his lips. "I'm through." he said, with an obvious ef-fort. "I've lost—heavily." "Hard luck." Harkness might have

been commenting on the result of a cricket match. Do you fellows wish to play on?

to play on?

Devenish eyed Pelton, and the latter shook his head. "I've had about cough," he confessed.

Harkness looked round at them, and Commune tried to read the expression in his eyes. Then he stood up. "All right. I'm sorry the luck went all my way. I'll give you fellows your

revenge next time we meet. Good He left them abruptly, and as he went Pelton turned to Constance and said: "Do you know that Harkness has won over two thousand pounds?"
"Over two thousand pounds!" Constance echoed the sum. "Who has lost
it all?"

Devenish glanced at Pelton again, and Carteret said: "I've lost nearly eight hundred. And—tiod help me!" The exchanation was more illuminating than any words. Constance read the story of Carteret's thoughts in his

"Anyloody playing in there?"
"Yes, "slowly, "but—"
"But what?" There was the timest reckless deeds. Harkness? She wished she had never met the man, and thanked find not join in—that is all." she said kept her away from this life and such men as Harkness.

CONTINUED TOMORROW



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Very Mysterious Going On Registered U. S. Patent Office THIS IS MISTER SMITHERS ITS ALL OFF, MISTER SMITHERS. OH - THAT TELEPHONE. CAMS SPIRIT IS GERTIE WONT BELIEVE ME! AGAIN! WILL IT NEVER I WONT BE DOWN TODAY I FEEL SO TIRED IN THE HEAD. KEEP QUIET ? - MY HEAD MISS O'FLAGE. AND I DON'T LIKE WHAT HAPPENED WHY SHOULD SHE ACHES SO SATURDAY WHEN I THOUGHT I WISH TO STEAL HER FRIEND SAW YOU GO OUT TO LUNCH - AND GERTIES PERCY! YOU WERE IN YOUR OFFICE WOULD YOU ? ALL THE TIME - DO OF COURSE NOT YOU THINK I'M GETTING LING YET GERTIE THINKS DING. SHE DID ALL BECAUSE GERTIE SAW PERCY WITH HIS ARM ON CAM'S SHOULDER THE WEDDING IS ALL OFF AND CAM HAS LOST 12'S POUNDS THROUGH WORRY SHES BLUE ROUND THE EYES AND STRANGE THINGS ARE BEGINNING

SCHOOL DAYS

The Young Lady Across the Way

TO HAPPEN

The young lady across the way says age will get even Jack Dempsey in time and the day will come when he won't be able to take the



PINCH HIS, FINGER A LITTLE HARDER, MYRTLE. OUCH! QUIT, BULL! IT LL WORK DIRECTLY. CORNSILK IS BETTER'N TOBACCO CAUSE IT DANS WHO IS YOUR SWEETHEAR! STING YIR TONGUE, SO. HENRY ? WHO DO YOU LOVE? BIG CASINO, LITTLE WHAT'S HER NAME CASINO - SPADES - OUCH! I'LL PASTE YOU ONE -HEMRY ? LOVE'S SWEET CONFESSION

By DWIG

PETEY—The Flapper Caddie By C. A. Voight - ARENT YOU GOING -DO I LOOK -VERY WELL - WHAT THE TO USE A CADDIE, SIR LIKE A CRIPPLE? DEAR JIR - I'LL OFFER DICKEUS IS IT -AND BESIDES MY SERVICES TO -No: - 1 HER BUSINESS SOME OHE ELSE! CADDIES ARE A SHOULD SAY ALYWAY-THEY - THE BOY HUISANCE, I WOULDN'Y CADDIES ARE BEING HAVE ONE AROUND' REPLACED BY GIRLS THIS SUMMER ) GASOLINE ALLEY-Walt Fixes a Bad Break

