EVENING PUBLIC' LEDGER- PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1922



Unusual Story of a Blackmailing Gang and a Mysterious Avenger, by the Author of "Green Rust," "The Daffodil Murder," "Clue of the Twisted Candle."

CHAPTER I

The Knave of Clubs THEY bloked up the young man called "Snow" Gregory from Lamberli offer, and he was dead before the policeman on duty in Waterloo road, who had heard the shots, came upon the

He had been shot in his tracks on a night of snow and storm, and none as the murder. When they got him to the mortuary and searched his clothes hey found nothing except a little tin box of white bowder, which proved to be coraine, and a playing card-the 'jack' of clubs.

the "jack" of clubs. His associates had called him Snow Gregory because he was a dope fiend, and cocaine is invariably referred to "snow" by all its votaries. He was a gambler, too, and he had been smociated with Colonel Dan Boundary a certain of his business enterprises. That was all. The colonel knew nothing of the yourg man's antecedents excent that was all. The colonel knew nothing of the your, man's antecedents except that he is been an Oxford man who had come down in the world. The colonel added a few particulars de-signed, as it might seem to the impartial observer, to prove that he, the colonel, had ever been an uplifting quantity.

There were people who said that Snow Gregory in his more exalted moments siked too much for the colonel's comfort, but people were very ready to talk mkindly of the colonel, whose wealth was an offense and a shame.

So they buried Snow Gregory, the unknown, and a jury of his fellow countrymen returned a verdict of "will-ful murder against some person or perons unknown."

And there was the end of a sordid And there was the end of a sordid tracedy, it seemed, until three months inter there dawned upon Colonel Bound-ary's busy life a brand-new and alarm-

One morning there arrived at his palatial apartment in Albernarle Place a letter. This he opened because it was marked "Private and Personal." superfine texture, gilt-edged and bore on its face a familiar figure. It was not a letter at all-as it proved -but a soiled and stained playing card,

the knave of clubs. the knave of clubs. He looked at the thing in perplexity. for the fate of his erstwhile assistant had long since passed from his mind. Then he saw writing on the margin of the sard and, twisting it sideways, read: "Jack o' Judgment." Nothing more. "Jack o' Judgment?" The clonel acrewed up his tired eyes King smile.

The colonel screwed up his tired eyes "Faugh." he said in disgust and dropped the pasteboard into his waste-

For he had seen a vision, a white for he had seen a vision, a white face, unshaven and haggard, its lips parted in a little grin, the smile of new Gregory on the last time they

scopic and read: "Save erime, save worry, save all unpleasantness. Give back the pro-perty you stole from Spillsbury." It was signed "Jack o' Judgment." Later came other cards and un-

mings, and the colonel, taking coun-wings, and the colonel, taking counacross at the colonel. ds with one stone.

"What happened after that last card came?" he asked. "There was a burglary or something, wasn't there?" "The last card," said the colonel, "The last card," said the colonel, clearing his throat, "contained a dia-bolical and unfounded charge that I and my business associates had robbed Mr. George Fetter, the Manchester mer-chait, of sixty thousand pounds by means of card tricks—a low practice, of which I would not be guilty, nor would any of my business associates. It was a daring and audacious thing to have done, and none but Colonel Dan ndary would have taken the risk. a knew hetter than anybody else that of his time for the past three years to mashing the Boundary gang. He knew that this grave young man with the means of card tricks—a low practice, of which I would not be guilty, nor would any of my business associates. My friends and myself knowing nothing of any card game, we of course, refused fieldy gray eyes, who sat on the other enate private office of the Spillsbury Syndicate, had won his way to the chief position in the criminal intelligence epartment by sheer genius, and that he was, of all men, the most to be

fact, he did give us bills for sixty-thousand pounds, but that was in rela-tion to a sale of property. I cannot greater contrast could be imag-Stafford King was smiling frankly and undisguisedly. His gray ined than that which was presented in the two protagonists—the re-almost esthetic, chief of police- imagine that Mr. Fetter would ever take money from us, or that he knew of "Colonel, you have some nerve!" he etween the two protagonists-the retake money from us, or that he knew of this business. I hope not, because he seems a very respectable gentleman." The detective looked at the card CHAPTER II on the one hand, the big, commanding for of the redoubtable colonel on the Boundary, with his black hair parted in the center of his sleek head, his big, weary eyes, his long, yellow walrus weary eyes, his long, yellow walrus hury deal?" he asked Jack o' Judgment-His Card The wrong side of a stage door was bury deal?" he asked. "What is that story of the Spillsbury was. The rain was bucketing down the outside on a night such as this ustache, his double chin, his breadth and girth, his enormous hairy hands eal?" said the colonel. He had a trick of repeating quesand a chill northwester howled up the now laid upon the table, might stand for force, brutal, remorseful, untiring. He stood for cunning, too—the cunning of the stalking tiger. Stafford was watching him with dis-massionate interest. He may have been meretly amused at the man's sheer daring, but if he was, his inscrutable the displayed no such emotion. "It dere say. We King." sold the "It dere say. We king." sold the stafford the stalking tiger. Stafford was watching him with dis-massionate interest. He may have been meretly amused at the man's sheer daring, but if he was, his inscrutable making a profit. You know what busi-making a profit. You know what busi-making a profit. You know what busi-making a profit. You know what busi-meres is." deal?' laid upon the table, might stand The displayed no such emotion. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the centonel in his slow, heavy way, "you think it is rather remarkable in all the circumstances that I should ask you to call. I dare say," he went on, "my business associates will think the wene, considering all the unpleasant-ness we have had." Stafford King made no reply. He st erect , alert and watchful. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the displayed no such emotion. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the displayed no such emotion. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the displayed no such emotion. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the displayed no such emotion. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the displayed no such emotion. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the displayed no such emotion. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the displayed no such emotion. "I dare say, Mr. King," said the said the considerable fortune, and the control of four factories, the best of which was the one under dis-eussion. "I dare say," he went on, "I a t sight of the figure which played an un-best of which was the one under dis-"I a rotten night, Joe," he said. doorkeeper. "A rotten night, Joe," he said. at erect .alert and watchful. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," said the colonel sententiously. "For twenty years I've had to fight the unjust suspicions of my enemies. I've been libeled''-he shook his head moreowfully--''I don't suppose there's anybody been libeled more than mehe police nosing-I mean investigating -Into my affairs; and I'll be straight with you, Mr. Stafford King, and tell "Utility Wagon" you that when it came to my ears and the ears of my business associates that you had been put on the job of watching poor old Dan Boundary, I was glad. "Is that as a compliment?" asked Stafford, with the faintest suspicion of a smile. Why this "Every way," said the colonel emphatically. 'In the first place, bar, King, I know that you are the straightest and most honest police. official in England, and possibly in the "Speed Truck" Lasts for Years an open book, which courts the fullest avestigation. He spread out his huge hands as though inviting an even closer inspec-tion than had been afforded him hitherto. Mr. Stafford King made no reply. He Under the hood and the floor you'll find the difference. No passenger car parts. A thoroughinew, very well he knew, the stories which had been told about the Bound-ary gang. He knew a little and guessed bred truck. Like a big truck, built to serve for years. Stays on the job. Needs little attention. lot about its extraordinary ramifica-Keeps down costs. Fast and powerful. Has dons. He was well aware, at any rate, electric starter, electric lights, powerful modern that it was rich, and that this slowmotor, Alemite lubrication, bumper, heavy duck But he was far from desiring to instorm curtains, 34 x 41 cord tires. erse the colonel's inferred claim as to purity of his business methods. leaned a little forward. Gomery Schwartz Motor Car Co. I am sure you didn't send for me te tell all about your hard lot, colonel,' a said a little ironically. The colonel shook his head. Sales Room, 128-140 North Broad Service Station, 2400-14 Market St. I wanted to get to know you," he with fine frankness; "I've heard a lot about you, Mr. King. I am told you do nothing but specialize on the boundary enterprises, and I tell you. Chassis Prices nor can I know too much about "He paused. "But you're quite t when you say that I didn't ask to come here—and a great honor for a big police chief to spare time of the same the state of the state of the state of the state of the same state of the state f. a. b. Buffale come to see me-to discuss the past. is the present I want to talk to you •1245 P



'Dressing room comfortable, everybody respectful and all that sort of thing?" he asked .. "Just say the word if they give you any trouble and I'll have them kicked out, whoever they are-from the manager downward"

I can do to assist the law, why, I'm going to do it. I wrote you on this matter about a fortnight ago." He opened a drawer and took out a large envelope embossed with the mono-gram of the Spillsbury Syndicate. This he opened and extracted a plain playing card. It was a white-backed card of superfine texture, gilt-carded and borre. The opened and extracted a plain playing card. It was a white-backed card of superfine texture, gilt-carded and borre. Superfine texture, gilt-carded and borre. He opened and extracted a plain playing transfer to the superfine texture, gilt-carded and borre. The opened and extracted a plain playing transfer to the superfine texture, gilt-carded and borre. He opened and extracted a plain playing transfer to the superfine texture gilt-carded and borre. He was a white-backed card of the superfine texture gilt-carded and borre. He was a good-looking man of thirty-firet. The thousand pounds, "Thirty-firet. The thousand pounds," cor-

five. There were some who would go further and describe him as handsome, though this peculiar style of good looks might not be to everybody's taste. The olive complexion, the black eyes, the Perfine texture. glit-edged and bore its face a familiar figure. "The knave of clubs," said Stafford "The knave of clubs," said Stafford

King, lifting his eyes. "The jack of clubs," said the colonel gravely: "that is its name, I under-stand, for I am not a gambling man." He did not bat a lid, nor did Stafford King mile peated. "You've been very fortunate with

your bargains." Stafford King rose and picked up his

"You bought Transome's Hotel from "I remember," said the detective chief, "you received one before. You wrote to my department about it." The colonel nodded. The colonel nodded. "Read what's written underneath." King lifted the card nearer to his eyes, the writing was almost micro-scopic and read: "Baye crime, save worry, save all state quarries for tweive thousand pounds; their value in the open market was at least one hundred thousand pounds. For the past fifteen years you have been acquiring property at an amazing rate—and at an amazing

price. The colonel smiled. erty you stole from Spillsbury." It was signed "Jack o' Judgment." King put the card down and looked cross at the colonel. "What happened after that last card meet, Mr. Stafford King," he said with a touch of surcasm, "and I will never forget it. But don't let us get away from the object of your coming. I am

"if I'd seen him do you think he'd he writing me letters? It is your job to to pay Mr. Fetter, and I am sure Mr. Fetter would be the last person who would ask us to do so. As a matter of fact he did not be the last person who nate chin had their attractions, and Pinto Silva admitted modestly in his reminiscent moments that there were women who had raved about him. "Miss White is in No. 6," said the doorkeeper. "Shall I send somebody to tell her you're here?" "You needn't trouble." said the other; "she won't be long now." The girl, hurrying along the corri-for, fastening her coat as she came, stopped dead at the sight of him and a look of annoyance came to her face. She was tall for a girl, perfectly pro-portioned, and something more than pretty.

portioned, and something increases pretty. Pinto lifted his hat with a smile. "I've just been in front. Miss White. An excellent performance?" Thank you," she said simply. "I did not see you." He nodded. There was a complacency in his nod which irritated her. It almost seemed to infor that she was not seeking the

to infer that she was not seeking the truth and that he was humoring her in her deception. "You're quite comfortable?" he

asked. "Quite," she replied politely.

She was obviously anxious to end the interview, and at a loss as to how she could.

could. "Dressing room comfortable, every-body respectful and all that sort of thing?" he asked. "Just say the word if they give you trouble, and I'll have them kicked out, whoever they are; from the manager downward." "Oh, thank you." she said hurriedly; "everybody is most polite and nice." She held out her hand. "I am afraid I must go now. A—a friend is wait-ing for me." "One minute. Miss White." He

ing for me." He "One minute, Miss White." He licked his lips, and there was an un-accustomed embarrassment in his man-ner. "Maybe you'll come one night after the show and have a little supper. You know I'm very keen on you and all that sort of thing."

Use

"I know you're very keen on me and all that sort of thing." said Maisie White, a note of irony in her voice; 'but unfortunately I'm not very keen on supper and all that sort of thing." She smiled and again held out her hand. "I'll say good night now." "Do you know, Maisie----" he

began. "Good night," she said, and brushed

past him. He looked after her as she disappeared into the darkness, a little frown gathering on his forehead; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he walked

slowly back to the doorkeeper's office. To be continued tomorrow

well-curled mustache and the effemi-Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate



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afford King nodded. I'm a law-abiding citizen," said colonel unctuously, "and anything

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