

# JACK O' JUDGMENT :-: By Edgar Wallace

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

**THE STORY SO FAR**

**COLONEL DAN BOUNDARY**, fat, round-faced, with a prominent nose and a small mustache, is a man of about 45 years of age. He is a former member of the "Jack o' Judgment" gang, but has since become a member of the "Clue of the Twisted Candle" gang. He is a man of great influence and is the father of a young man named King.



**HE MADE** a little bow, and for all his amusement Stafford gravely acknowledged the handsome compliment which the most notorious scoundrel in London had paid the metropolitan police force.

"When am I to see your chief?"

"You can come along with me now if you like, or you can go tomorrow morning at ten o'clock," said Stafford.

The colonel scratched his chin.

"Of course, I understand that this summons is in the nature of a friendly warning," he said.

"Oh, certainly," said Stafford, his eyes twinkling. "It isn't the customary 'come-along-or-me' demand. I think the chief wants to meet you, to discuss just the kind of person you are. You will like him, I think, colonel. He is the sort of man who takes a tremendous interest in—"

"In crime?" said the colonel gently.

"I was trying to think of a nice word to put in its place," admitted Stafford. "At any rate, he is interested in you. There is no time like the present," said the colonel. "Pinto will you find my hat?"

**ON THE WAY** to Scotland Yard Stafford chatted on general subjects till Stafford asked:

"Have you had another visitation from your friend?"

"The Jack o' Judgment?" asked the colonel. "Yes, we met him the other night. He's rather amusing. By the way, have you had complaints from anywhere else?"

Stafford shook his head.

"No, he seems to have specialized on you, colonel. You have certainly the monopoly of his attentions."

"What is going to happen, supposing he makes an appearance when I happen to have a lethal weapon ready?" asked the colonel. "I have never killed a person in my life, and I hope the said weapon will not be mine. But from your point of view, how do I stand, supposing—there is an accident?"

Stafford shrugged his shoulders.

"That is his lookout," he said. "If you are threatened I dare say a jury of your fellow countrymen will decide if you acted in self-defense."

"He came the other night," the colonel said reminiscently, "when we were fixing up a particularly difficult—business negotiation."

"Bad luck," said Stafford. "I suppose the mug was scared?"

"The what?" asked the puzzled colonel.

"The mug," said Stafford. "You may not have heard the expression. It means 'can't fool'—'dupe.'"

found a solution. "There is a certain type of ruffian to be found, particularly in Paris, who affects this sort of theatrical trade-mark. Did you know that?"

The colonel was suddenly stricken to silence. He did not know this fact, in spite of his extraordinary knowledge of the criminal world.

"These men have their totems and their sign manuals," said the commissioner. "for example, the apache who was executed at Nantes the other day invariably left a domino—the double-six—near his victim."

This was news to the colonel, too.

"I've been giving a great deal of thought and time to this old case," said the commissioner, "and I was hoping that perhaps you could help me. The most workable theory that I can suggest is that this unfortunate man was destroyed by a French criminal of the class which I have indicated, the bullying apache type, which is so common in France. Why the murder was committed—the commissioner fingered his paper knife carefully—"what led to it and who committed it, are matters which seem to me to defy detection. Do you agree?"

"I quite agree," said the colonel, licking his dry lips.

"Now I suggest to you," said the commissioner, "that your Jack o' Judgment, whoever he is, is some relation to the dead man."

He spoke slowly and emphatically, and the colonel did not raise his eyes from the desk.

"It is not my business to make life any easier for you," the commissioner was saying, "or to assist you in any way. But as the Jack o' Judgment is a man who is engaged in a wholly illegal practice and as I, in my capacity, must suppress illegal practices, I make you a present of this suggestion."

"That the Jack o' Judgment is related to Snow Gregory?" asked the colonel huskily.

"That is my suggestion," said the commissioner.

"And you think—"

The commissioner raised his shoulders.

"I think he is your greatest danger, colonel," he said. "Far greater than the police, far greater than the ever-ready minds which are planning to bring you to prison and possibly, he added, "to the gallows."

Ordinarily the colonel would have protested at the suggestion in the speech, protested laughingly or with dignity, but now he was stricken dumb, both by the seriousness of the commissioner's voice and by the terrible danger of a new and a more terrible danger than that that had confronted him. He rose, realizing that the interview was ended.

"I am greatly obliged to you, Sir Stanley," he said, clearing his throat. "It is good of you to warn me, but I'd like you to think that I am not engaged in any dishonest—"

"We'll let that matter stand over for discussion until another time," said the commissioner dryly. As Stafford King came into the room he turned to him. "You might show the colonel the way to the street. Otherwise he will be getting himself entangled in some of our detention rooms. Good morning, Colonel Boundary. Don't forget."

"I'm not likely to," said the colonel. He recovered his poise quickly enough, and by the time he was in the street he was back in his old mood. But he had had a shock. That sunny afternoon was filled with shadows. Jack boomed bells of Big Ben tolled. The taxi dived the words. And Colonel Boundary went back to Albermarle Place for the first time in his life with his confidence in Colonel Boundary shaken.

There was nobody in save the one man servant he kept by the day, and he passed into the dining room overlooking the street. He had work to do, and it had to be done quickly. In one corner of the walls was set a stout safe, and this he opened, taking from it a steel box, which he carried to the table. There was a fire laid on the hearth, and there was a warm glow, though the day was warm enough. Then he proceeded to unlock the box. Apparently it was empty, but, taking out his scarf-pin, he inserted the point in a tiny hole which would have escaped casual observation, and pressed.

Half the steel bottom of the box leaped up, disclosing a shallow cavity beneath. The colonel stared. There had been two letters put in there, let-time as it might be necessary to bring a recalcitrant agent to heel. They were gone. He slid his fingers beneath the half of the bottom which he had not opened, and felt a card.

He drew this out and looked at it, licking his lips the while.

For the space of a minute he stared and stared at the knave of clubs he held in his hand, a knave of clubs signed with a flourish across its face: "Jack o' Judgment." Then he flung the card into the fire, and, walking to the side-board, splashed whisky into a tumbler with a hand that shook.

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# Service Talks

PHILADELPHIA RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY

No. 23 EVERY EMPLOYE A STOCKHOLDER August 5, 1922

## TEN YEARS UNDER MITTEN CO-OPERATIVE PLAN AT PHILADELPHIA

**TO THE PUBLIC:**  
Street car service now generally acknowledged to be the best in point of adequacy, clean cars and courteous crews.

P. R. T. car riders have, since 1911, enjoyed a continuity of car service as against strike conditions of 1910 and earlier years. Philadelphia alone, among all the larger cities, enjoyed continuous car service during the war, uninterrupted by labor disturbances.

Continued street car service is assured, and the public saved from consequent loss incurred through service interruptions caused by strikes.

**TO THE MEN:**  
The Mitten Plan has well stood the test of over ten years vicissitudes and mutually satisfactory working conditions have been successfully maintained thereunder.

The basic principle of this plan as originally established, i. e., that employes may belong to any union or other organization without let or hindrance, continues to be the rock of its dependence and the disarming of its opponents. Co-operative effort is recognized as the keystone of all accomplishment, with ability rewarded by advancement as opportunity offers.

P. R. T. employes wage rate is based upon the average of Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago, where unions control, thus insuring wages equal to those secured by organized labor.

P. R. T. employes and their families are protected by sick benefits, pensions and a \$1,000 life insurance policy.

P. R. T. employes stand almost alone in having saved from their increased wages during the war. Their co-operative saving fund, managed by trustees of their own selection, now contains more than \$1,700,000, safely invested in government and other standard securities and pays depositors 5% interest annually.

P. R. T. employes, by super-co-operation, are effecting economies unapproached elsewhere, and are now receiving recognition therefor in the form of a co-operative wage dividend equating 10% of the payroll. The total sum of this co-operative wage dividend has, by individual signature of practically every employe, been turned over to trustees, who have already so impressed themselves upon capital as to borrow \$1,000,000, to be repaid when the men receive their co-operative wage dividend. The trustees of the men have, with this money, financed the purchase of 50,000 shares of P. R. T. stock at an average of \$30 per share, which with a continuation of the present 6% dividend, earns for the men 10% per annum upon the total of \$1,500,000 so invested from the fruits of this Co-operative Plan.

**TO THE OWNERS:**  
P. R. T. stock, par value \$30,000,000, with receivership threatened in 1911 now enjoys comparative prosperity embodied in the payment of 6% dividends annually, the continuation of which is assured by co-operation of men and management.

## SERVICE TALKS

### WHAT IS THE MITTEN PLAN?

The Mitten Co-operative Plan for adjusting the relations between employe and employer is based upon the fundamental principle that the successful running of a railway depends most upon the men who run it.

The plan recognizes the right of employes to bargain collectively upon all matters affecting their wages, working conditions and discipline. It provides uncontrolled election of wage workers' representatives of each branch group of employes, elected by and from among themselves by secret ballot. These, with an equal number of representatives appointed by the company, constitute:

- |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| <b>FOR EMPLOYEE</b>      | <b>FOR EMPLOYER</b>      |
| 1. Branch Committees     | 1. Branch Committees     |
| 2. Department Committees | 2. Department Committees |
| 3. General Committee     | 3. General Committee     |

The Branch Committees serve as lower courts where local points of difference are for the most part settled on the spot.

All Branch Committeemen in each department come together as the Department Committees. Differences not settled in Branch Committees, and departmental questions, are carried to the respective Department Committees, as a higher court, where, by across-the-table discussion, local branch differences of opinion are adjusted to the broader viewpoint of the department as a unit.

The General Committees, with equal representation from all Department Committees, serve as a superior court for undecided questions and for the review of appeals. Here the broader questions of administration affecting the interests of all are considered.

Final arbitration—the supreme court—if needed, is assured through an Arbitration Board wherein the men and the management are each directly represented, while the public, which always finally pays, is given the decisive voice.

"We welcome the Golden Rule into business. Such remarkable experiments \* \* \* are inspiring demonstrations that full brotherhood in the industries is practicable and wonderfully successful. The greatest of all such Golden Rule companies is in our own city, the Mitten Management, Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, recently coming with victory out of its most trying crisis. \* \* \*"

*From Methodist Episcopal Church Committee's Report of March 28, 1922.*