## 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 FAX

COLONEL DAN ROUNDARY. fat,
estart-grained but uncannily elever
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stafford king, of the Loudon Crimcal Intelligence Force,
cal Int She is interested in Standard but clever tollie MARSH, a doll-faced but clever tollie who acts as "ramp" of the black-

making gorg.
making gorg.
cROOK CREWE, once a gentleman, now AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAUTER XIII The Love of Stafford King

MAISIE WHITE had no illusions MAISIE WHITE had no illusions when the report came to her that the detective she had employed had passed his services over to the man he was engaged to watch; she knew that was engaged to watch; she knew that would be employed to her extinction. Strangely enough, she did not appear to strangely enough, she did not appear to be disturbed, as she confessed to Stafford King. They were lunching together at the Hotel Palatine, and the detective was unusually thoughtful. "Why don't you go out of London?"

"I must go on with my work," she

"What is your work?" he asked. "I have told you once," she replied : "I am trying to disentangle my father

"You've not heard from him?" he

Nor could Stanord is the Nor could Stanord is the Stanord is the Nor could Stanord is the Stanor ay?" he asked, to turn the subject a new aspect.

she did not reply instantly.

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The smiled.

No, not that. It would hart you:

She waited for Pinto to disclose his business, but the Portuguese was apat the threat, and yet I know he would have given his life to protect me from

Staffard King agreed with a gesture.

"I know a little house in St. Johns Wood that would serve us benutifully as a prion." he said. "It has ten rooms and two admirable bathrooms. shady garden, and if you will only let times. ne take you before a clergyman or a She shook her head.



"They'll be up here in five min-utes," he whispered. "I can save you, Maisie. Will you marry me?"

"That isn't prison," she said quietly, nd put out her hand over the table. He caught it in his and held it tight.
"Maisie," he said, "you know I love
you. I love you more dearly than anything in the world."

would be safe, and I should be happy.
I just want you all the time."
Gently she discovered

present in spite of the courageous show-Gently she disengaged her hand, shaking her head with a little smile.

"What would that mean, Stafford?" she said. "You know you are deceiving me when you agree that my father." Again her voice show the desired shows the said and had chosen a new watcher, though the state of the said shows of states." Again her voice shook, she had small hopes of obtaining results, she said. "It would ruin She knew his task was one of almost in-"No. no!" she said. "It would ruin She knew his task was one of almost in-your career to have the daughter of superable difficulty, and she was frank eI am trying to disentangle my lattner from disgrace. I am working to put a convict for your wife. I realize bim apart when the day of reckoning know—I know—I know—I know—I know—I that he might discover something, and

know-I know-I know!" that he might discover something, and "What do you know?" he asked in moreover, she had another purpose to a low voice.
"I know that all my work will be the said. The singest and pest of dagdies. It is dreadful to think——" Her
lips quivered and she could go no further.
Nor could Stafford King make matNor could Stafford King make matters any easier for her. He knew better than she the depth of Solomon
I have against him will be explained
ter than she the depth of Solomon
I have against him will be explained
the solution of the solution

She looked at him quickly.
"Because you thought that it would mean ruin?" particular, who was relieved at the eighth hour by an even less obtrusive-

I discovered how much in awe of the colonel he stood. He was just terrified sign.

"And you'd never forgive yourself."
"I wanted to anticipate such a haphave given that spurred him on to make the plans he did.

I think it was just my being pening, and, darling, you've got to are going to be very rotten for you nless—unless—unless—unless—unless—" He floundered. "Unless what?" she asked. She winced at the word "other."

Staffard King agreed with a gesture.

"Now what are we going to do about you?" he asked, half humorously, half seriously. "I cannot let you go wandering alone about London—I'm seared to death as it is."

She smiled at him.

"You had better lock me up." she still flippontly, and he nodded in the same suffit.

She winced at the word "other." but he went on, unnoticing:
"Boundary is a tiger. If he thinks there is reason to fear you he will never let up on you till he has you in his grip. I tell you this," he said earnestly, "for all the power of the police, for all their organization, and the backing which the law gives them, they may be helpless against this men they may be helpless against this man if he has marked you down for punishment

"I'm not afraid," she said quietly.
"But I am," said he. "I'm so afraid There is central heating and a large that I'm sick with apprehension some- were single or divorced, or if you were

"Poor Stafford!" she said softly, and

"My money's as clean as yours, if it is Solomon White's money."

She nodded.

"I'm well aware of that, too," she said. "It is gang money, isn't it? Stolen money. I don't see what good I shall get out of exchanging mine for yours, anyway. It is just as dirty.

"The money doesn't come into it at all, Mr. Silva—it is just liking people well enough—for marriage. And I don't like you that way."

"Maisie, it is your last chance!"

She had gone to bed at 10 o'clock that night, and it seemed that she had bardly fallen asleep before the vision came. She struggled to sit up in bed, she tried to speak, but a big hand was over her mouth and another was gripping her by her shoulder.

"Maisie, it is your last chance!"

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The money doesn't come into it at chance it is a speak. But a big hand was over her mouth and another was gripping her by her shoulder.

"Maisie, it is your last chance!"

The money doesn't come into it at chance!"

The money doesn't come into it at the properties of th

don't like you that way."
"You don't like me at all," he muttered.
"You're very nearly right,"

mustn't worry, dear. Truly, truly, you mustn't worry. I'm quite capable of looking after myself." "And that's the greatest of all your illusions," he said half laughingly and half irritably. "You're the meekest little mouse that ever came under the "You're a fool, you're a fool!" he exclaimed. "You don't know what's coming to you. You don't know."
"Perhaps I do." she said; "perhaps I can guess. But whatever is coming to you. I can guess. But whatever is coming to you whatever is coming to you. You don't know."

There was no sound save the cound of his heavy breathing and his voice.
"They'll be up here in five minutes." he whispered "I can save you, I can save you, Maisie! Will you marry me?" She summoned all the strength at here to me, as you put it, I prefer that to

She shook her head smilingly.
"But I tell you I'm speaking serihe went on. 'I'll do my ously, he went on. 'I'll do my best to look after you. I'll have a man watching you day and night."
"But you mustn't." she protested, "there's no immediate cause for wormarrying you face was livid. "You won't say that when--"
He checked himself and without another word left the room, and she heard his heavy feet blundering down He saw her to the door of the restaurant and showed her into the taxi cab which came at his whistle, and she leaned out of the window and waved

paw of a cat."

She shook her head smilingly.

her hand in farewell as she drove off.

CHAPTER XIV The Abduction of Maisle White

her own safety-doubts which had been

She waited for Pinto to disclose his

"Look here, Muisie," he said.
"You've got things all wrong. Things

always been in love with you."
"Stop," she said quietly. "I dare say it is a great honor for a girl that any man should be in love with her, but it

takes away a little of the compliment when the man is already married." "That's nothing," he said eagerly

"I can divorce her by the laws of my country. Maisie, she hates me, and I

"No, Mr. Silva." she replied, "if you

"Why not?" he demanded trucu-

"So have I," she said, "of a sort."

ever so eligble, I would not marry you.

ently he blurted it out.

two nights after. She met him in a horrible dream. She dreamed he was Two men stood on the opposite side f the road and watched her depart. flying after her, that they were both birds, she a pigeon and he a hawk; and as she made her last desperate struggle to escape, she heard his bateful voice Crewe was one and a dark-faced man with a fierce mustache was the other. "That's the girl," said Crewe. The Greek smiled broadly, unpleas-

Then it was true, it was no dream. He was in the room, his hand upon her mutmouth, his voice in her ear. She struggled again, but he held her in a grip
She of iron. The room was in darkness.
There was no sound save the sound of

ommand to shake her head "You won't, eh?"

He started back as though she had struck him across the face, and his voice which had made her feel sick.

"Keep quiet !" For a second the hand was with-drawn, and she filled her lungs to scream, but at that instance a mass of cotton wool was thrust over her face and she began to breathe in a sickly sweet vapor. Somebody else was in the room now. They were holding her feet. The voice in her ear said:

"Breathe. Take a deep breath!" She sobbed and writhed in agony of mind, but all the time she was breathing, all the time she was drawing into

her lungs the chloroform with which the wool was saturated.

At 2 o'clock in the morning a uni-formed constable patrolling his beat saw an ambulance drawn up outside a house in Doughty street. He crossed the road to make inquiries. "A case of scarlet fever," said the

"You don't say," said the sympathetic constable.

The door opened and two men walked out, carrying a figure in a blanket. The policeman stood by and saw the "pa-tient" laid upon a stretcher and the back of the ambulance closed.

Then he continued his walk to the corner of the street, where he found, huddled up in a doorway, the uncons-cious figure of a Scotland Yard detective, whose observation had been inter-rupted by a well-directed blow from

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Cutter Arrives at Cape May

Cape May, N. J., Aug, 9.- The coast gnard cutter Vicksburg, Commander W. V. E. Jacobs, arrived vesterday afternoon from the Azores. The Vicksburg is the first of the coast guard cutters to arrive here for the maneuvers Saturday off the Cape.

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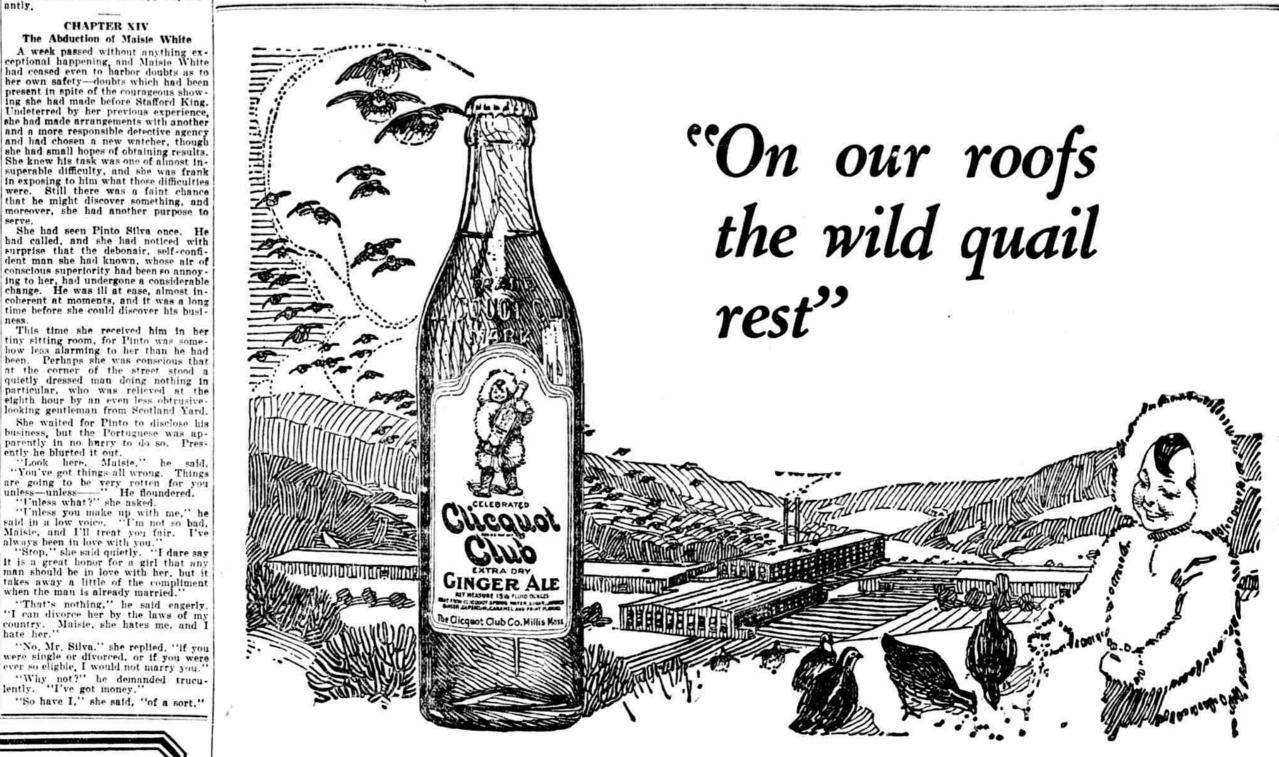
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water is not all. When we make ginger ale, for instance, we use nothing but Jamaica ginger-and that's the best there is. With various fruit juices and cane sugar, a happy blend is made that comes so near pleasing everybody that we can say of it. They all like it.'

"But though everybody likes ginger ale, there are times when a change is desirable. So we have other Clicquot Club flavors -Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer and Root Beer. All are equally pure and good.

"I wish you would ask your grocer to send you a case of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale for the home. Or, if you prefer it, let him send a mixed case. You will find Clicquot beverages are happy, friendly drinks that add pleasure to any occasion."

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

