

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 HOUDARDY, the
leader of a gang of crooks, has become
known as "Jack O' Judgment" after several
years of his exploits, all of which are
described in the "Clue of the Twisted
Candle." He is now in the hands of
the law, and is being held in the
Barracks at the London Criminal
Court.

years. Raoul is a grateful little beast,
and, thank goodness he can neither
read nor write.
"I don't like it," said Raoul. "I
hate that kind of thing. Why not give
Solly a chance? Why not get up a
fight—a duel, anything but murder?"
The colonel turned his cold eyes upon
the other, and his lips parted in a
mirthless smile.
"You're speaking up to your charac-
ter now, aren't you, Raoul?" he said
unpleasantly. "You're 'Gentleman
Crewe' once again, eh? Want to do
everything in the correct fashion? Well,
you cut out all that stuff. I'm Dan
Boundary, looking forward to a pleasant
old age. There's nothing of the Knights
of the Round Table about me."
Raoul flushed.
"All right," he said; "have it your
own way."
"You bet your life I'm going to
have it my own way," said the colo-
nel. "Have you seen the girl this
morning, Pinto?"
Pinto shook his head.
"You'll keep away from there for a
couple of days. I've got Boyton on the
spot, and he'll be leading her with
broadside till she won't care where she
is. Besides, we'll all be shadowed for
about that. Stafford King won't let the
grass grow under his feet. And now
go home and try to look as though
you've had a night's rest."
After their departure the colonel
made his own preparations. There were
Turkish baths in Westminster, and it
was to the Turkish baths he went. Clad
in a towel, he passed from hot room
to hot room, and finally came to the
big, vaulted saloon, tiled from floor
to roof, where in canvas-backed chairs
the bathers dozed and read. The colo-
nel lay back in his chair, his eyes closed,
apparently oblivious to his surround-
ings. Nor was it to be observed that he
saw the thin little man who came and
sat beside him. The newcomer was a
sallow-skinned and lantern-jawed, and
his long arms were tattooed from
shoulders to wrist.
"Here!" said a soft voice in French.
The colonel did not open his eyes.
He merely dropped the palm fan which
he was waving idly to and fro, so that
it hid his mouth.
"Do you remember a Mr. White?"
he said in the same tone.
"Perfectly," replied the other. "He
was the man who would not have your
little 'snow friend'—disposed of."
"That is the man," said the other.
"You have a good memory, Raoul."
"Monsieur, my memory is wonderful,
but, alas! one cannot live on memory,"
he added sententiously.
"Then remember this: There is a
place near London called Putney
Heath."
"Putney Heath," repeated the other.
"There is a house called Bishops-
holme."

CHAPTER XVI

In the Turkish Baths

COLONEL BOUNDARY had a break-
fast party of three. Though he had
been up the whole of the night, he
showed no signs of weariness. Not so
Pinto or Crewe, who seemed tired out,
and were all the more weary looking
because they were both conspicuously
unshaven.
"Half the game's won," said the
colonel. "We'll get rid of this girl
and Solly White by the same stroke.
I'm afraid of Solly—he knows too much.
By the way, Raoul is coming over."
"Raoul!" said Crewe, sitting up sud-
denly. "Why, Raoul, you're crazy! He
didn't the Scotland Yard man say—"
"That he suspected a French hand
in the case of Snow Gregory? All the
more reason why Raoul should come,"
said the colonel calmly. "He ought to
report this morning."
"You're taking a risk," muttered
Pinto.
"Nothing unusual," replied the colo-
nel, shrugging a plow's ear. "It is the
last thing in the world they would sus-
pect at Scotland Yard, after their warn-
ing, that I should bring Raoul over
again. Besides, they don't know him
anyway. He's just a harmless young
French cabinet maker. He doesn't talk,
and I will get him out of the silly habit
of leaving his visiting card."
There was a silence which Crewe
broke.
"You want him for—"
He did not finish the sentence.
"For work," replied the colonel.
"It is a thousand pities, but it would
be a thousand times a thousand pities
if you and I were arrested and wait-
ing in the condemned cell for the arrival
of the eminent hangman. Raoul's a
workman. We can trust him. He
doesn't try any funny business. He
lives out of this country, and I can
cover his tracks. Besides," the colo-
nel went on, "I shall give him enough
to live in comfort for the next two

"Bishopsholme," repeated the other.
"It is empty—to let, you under-
stand? It is in a sad state of
destitution. The garden, the house—
you know the kind of place?"
"Perfectly, monsieur."
"At 9 o'clock tonight and at 9
o'clock tomorrow night you will be near
the door. There is a large clump of
bushes, behind which you will stand.
You will stay there until 10. Between
those hours Mr. White will approach
you into the house. You under-
stand?"
"Perfectly, monsieur," said the voice
again.
"You will shoot him so that he dies
immediately."
"He is a dead man," said the other.
There was a long pause.
"I will pay you sixty thousand
francs, and will have a motor car
to take you directly to Dover. Your
passports will be in order, and you can
make your way to Paris at your leisure.
The payments you will receive in Paris.
Is that satisfactory?"
"Eminently so, monsieur," said the
other. "I need a little for expenses
for the moment. Also I wish informa-
tion as to where the motor car will
meet me."
"It will be waiting for you at the
corner of the first road past the house.
You will not speak to the chauffeur
and he will not speak to you. In the
car you will find sufficient money for
your immediate needs. Is there any
necessity to explain further?"
"None whatever, monsieur," said
the soft voice, and Raoul dropped his
head on one side as though he were
sleeping.
As for the colonel, he did not simu-
late slumber, but passed into dream-
land, sleeping quietly and calmly, with
a look of benevolence upon his big face.
The only other occupant of the cool-
ing room, a big-framed man who was
reading a newspaper, closed his eyes,
too—but he did not sleep.

CHAPTER XVII

Solomon Comes Back

At 9 o'clock that night the colonel,
in immaculate evening dress, sat play-
ing double-dummy bridge with his two
companions. In the light of the big
shaded lamp overhead there was some-
thing peaceful and innocent in their
occupation. No word was spoken save
of the game.
It was a quarter to nine, noted the
colonel, looking at the little French
clock on the mantelpiece. He rose,
walked to the window and looked out.
It was a stormy night and the wind
was howling down the street, sending
the rain in noisy splashes against the
windowpanes. He grumbled his satis-
faction and returned to the table.
"Did you see the paper?" asked
Pinto presently.

"I saw the paper," said the colonel,
not looking up from his hand. "I make
a point of reading the newspapers."
"You see they've made a feature of
—"
"Mention no names," said the colo-
nel. "I know they've made a feature
about it. So much the better. Every-
thing depends—"
"It was as he spoke that Solomon
White came into the room. Boundary
knew it was he before the door handle
turned, before the hum of voices in the
hall outside had ceased, but it was with
a great pretense of surprise that he
looked up.
"Why, if it isn't Solomon White!"
he said.
"The man was haggard and sick look-
ing. He had evidently dressed in a
hurry, for his cravat was ill tied and
the collar gaped. He strode slowly up
to the table, and Boundary's man-
servant, with a little grin, closed the
door.
"Where have you been all this time,
Solomon?" asked Boundary, genially.
"Sit down and play a hand."
"You know why I've come," breath-
ed Solomon White.
"Surely I know why you've come.
You've come to explain where you've
been, old boy. Sit down," said Bound-
ary.
"Where is my daughter?" asked
White.
"Where is your daughter?" repeated
the colonel. "Well, that's a queer
question to ask us. We've been saying,
'Where is Solomon White?' all this
time."
"I've been to Brighton," said the
man, "but that's nothing to do with
it."
"Been at Brighton? A very pleasant
place, too," said Boundary. "And
what were you doing at Brighton?"
"Keeping out of your way," said
White fiercely, "trying to cure the fear
of you which has made a rank coward
of me! If you wanted to find a method
for curing me, colonel, you've found it.
I've come back for my daughter. Where
is she?"

To be continued tomorrow

BABY KILLS HIMSELF

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Boy, 17 Months Old, Shot Playing
With Revolver

Shamokin, Pa., Aug. 11.—Left alone
in a bedroom of his home here, John
Kern, seventeen months old, found a
thirty-two caliber revolver in a bureau
drawer.
When he placed the handle of the
weapon against the bureau the revol-
ver was discharged, the bullet passing
through his heart.

The Jazz Band Plays on the Plain Color



By CORINNE LOWE

It is not a question any more of
whether we shall combine plain and
printed materials. This fashion has
become so well established in the last
two months that our sole remaining
anxiety is now the manner in which
we shall combine.
Today we present one solution in an
afternoon frock, which places three

plated front panels of georgette in
primrose and lavender shades over a
shirt of primrose georgette printed in
black. The bodice is of the plain prim-
rose-colored crepe, trimmed effectively
with bands of printed material. One
of these bands goes down over the top
of the sleeve and is then caught up to
the cuff. Sections of the plated and
two-tone georgette are continued on
the corsage and overlap the girle.
The back of this bodice is the same
as the front.

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By the "Digest's" Poll of 10,000,000 Men and Women Throughout the Nation

The Volstead Act and the "wet-ness" of factory workers seem to form the chief present centers of turbulence in the flood of comment which The Digest's poll of 10,000,000 voters of the Nation is calling forth. With this week's issue of The Digest the votes received and tabulated total over 600,000. Included in this tabulation are the results of polls taken in some of the big industrial plants, and they may be said fairly to gauge the sentiment of factory employees. In factories where these polls have been taken the workers have been assured of an absolutely secret ballot, and careful precautions have been taken to insure against any possibility of plural voting.

A fair proportion of the wives of these workingmen will, no doubt, vote in The Digest's poll of 2,000,000 women votes, now under way. As has already been explained, practically all the names from which returns have so far been tabulated were taken from the telephone books of the country.
The newspaper press everywhere is hailing this comprehensive poll as one of the biggest journalistic enterprises ever undertaken. If you would know the sentiment in your State for and against Prohibition, and for and against a Federal Bonus for soldiers and sailors in the late war, get this week's "Digest" and study the intensely interesting returns.

Other Big News-Features This Week:

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