EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1922



Thrilling story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a beautiful girls love by the author of "The Man on the Box," "Luck of the Irish," etc. Copyright, 1918, by Harold MacGrath

some aniversary.

Out of the Storm THE man on the wrong side of the window-and to be on the wrong side of cozy windows was this man's be-forced the umbreiia down against be seat and shoulders to prevent it from being blown out of his hand, for the antunnal gale was full of unex-the stather portfolio. snugly and balanced himself against some extra reary blast. The covering of the um-reary blast. The side, at the very set, of the suite allow, continuous rumble. The stood at the side, at the very side of glass. The window sill, but filtering quickly into a dull gray mist above a dull green manel of glass. The window through which the tres-mere for the present, he preferred the size pered-and he was a trespasser, perered-and he was a preferred the size pered-and he was a trespasser, the effor the present, he preferred the size pered-and he was a trespasser. The window through which the tres-manel of glass. The window the present, he preferred the the bach his object in ours for many

reser peered and he was a trespasser, ince, for the present, he preferred the window to the door-was in a mean

since, for the present no pression a mean window to the door-was in a mean house on a mean street in a mean vil-house on a mean street in a mean vil-house on a mean street in a mean vil-but which refused to die, out of spite, probably. The chapboards of this par-icular house were dingy gray. The boulders of a man sick of life. The boulders of a man sick of life. The boulders of a man sick of life. The picket force might easily have been mis-taken for the teeth of some prehistoric monster that had lived not wisely but too well, so full of gaps and raggedness was it. The green blinds alone re-tained some of their pristine freshness, er it might have been that the rain had temporarily varnished them. The treespasser could see clearly every move, every expression of the young

The trespasser counts are the young more, every expression of the young man on the cozy side of the window; and beyond him, shelf upon shelf of books, and above these, ancient Ming, Green Kagu, Mari and cloisonne. The ouse was like a human wreck, filled with wonderful memories; something like himself. Memories ! Memories that thing could smother, neither time, nor

His sudden convulsive grip of fury. mbined with a blast from the tempest stronger tronger than any preceding, broke the haft of the umbreila where it entered the handle. The black canopy whirled aloft and away, drunkenly, and van-bled like some evil bat out of Brocken. It seemed incredible that the young man within, where all was so cheerful with lamp light and fire light, was in powise disturbed by the fire of the manowise disturbed by the fire of the inn-beolency that burned so fierce in the irrespasser's eyes. The gift of pre-elence was not this young man's, how-ever, for he was utterly unaware of the etler's presence or that the alr was destrically charged with malevolency. Only the troubled conscience knows such of occult forces or fears them. The man outside presently hearmed The man outside presently became a stranger might have come and gone

pensible to the fact that he was being sound's pummeled by the rain; so he burried to the porch and pulled the foorbell. How long had he been peering into the window? Twenty minutes, perhaps. Uncomfortable but necessary, tince the opportunity freely to study the young man was one not lightly to be ignored. And what had he learned? That the boy had a mobile countenance nd, when alone, permitted his thoughts a print themselves distinctly upon it. But would the countenance be mobile

to print themselves distinctly upon it. But would the countenance be mobile inder the observation of strange eyes? That remained to be learned. The young man sat reading at a flat-top desk, gpon which stood a student's imp, its nickel oil container tarnished by ond redemption. The upper half of his face was partially musked in shadow, but easily remarked; his chin and mouth, in the free light, were nosignatures. Respectfully yours, ree ligh

GEORGE D. SNELL. The Malivolent Strange Bancroft slipped the letter under the blotter and went back mentally in re-view. Never, so far as he could recall, had there been evidence on his father's part of perturbation or anxlety. He himself had always bolted the doors and windows at night, hever his father. So then, if there had been an enemy, his father had gone about his affairs unafraid. Off to New York at 6 in the morning and back at 6 in the evening, regularly as clockwork, never staying town over night. He was inclined toward Snell's theory, that the head clerk's cars had tricked him. Among his father's papers he found no lead of any distinction, one that would point to a personal enemy. So far he had discovered nothing but results, no beginnings, n data as to how this or that deal had had its inception, only the consummation thereof. There was one slip of paper, un-dated, that rather puzzled him: "Paid Kennedy in full." This was heavily underscored, as if his father had been in an emphatic mood at the time. But in all the papers that alone was the one sign of emphasis. What had provoked this emphasis—anger or satisfaction? At any rate, whoever Kennedy was, he had been paid in full. Still, he would take the slip into town; Snell might recollect this man Kennedy. There was a queer angle to the whole mation thereof. might recollect this man Kennedy. There was a queer angle to the whole business; his father, living in this cheap old house, in a village which despised him, when he might have lived like a prince; the office within an office, as if he were hiding. A miser, And yet, as he recalled his father's countenance, it was not the pinched, thin-lipped visage of the miser, the accepted type: it had been pale and thin but erene. A quiet man, who spoke but little. who had no loves, no fads, no friendships. What was the meaning of all these beautiful books, these lovely vases there, this table at which he sat? He had never seen his father touch a book or handle a vase. What, then, were these things doing in this house, which threatened to tumble apart whenever a storm buffeted it? There was some manner of riddle, but no visible thread by which to unravel it. But nearly seven millions, all his own, to do with as he pleased! He shook his head and cleared the desk. It was too elusive. The jangling of the wired doorbell broke in upon these cogitations. He rose, hurried into the hall, and opened the door. "Mr. Bancroft?" asked the visitor. "Yes. "May I have half an hour of your time?" bet them into a drawer. Then he re-cured that morning from the attor-that of foul play. But what could he 6, what could anybody do, aside from



the hour, in the rice light, were no-theable for the squareness of the one and the whinsical tenderness of the other. He read from typewritten sheets which lay flat upon the desk. Somewould prop his elbows and rest his jaws upon his paims; or he would slump in the chair, his arms dangling, stare into a darkened cor-ber, and upon this Rembrandt backfround paint a dream, a pageant in scarlet, perhaps, or one in silver and

Outside the wind howled and rain alashed. But it was warm and cheerful in this room. Logs burned briskly in the fireplace. Shelves and shelves moks lined the four walls : books with red backs and blue, hand tooled in silver and gold, whole calf and limp motwo-hundreds of them. Atop the enemy. tase, ancient China and Japan. The tase, ancient China and Japan. The tast, a heavy nutwood, was beautifully cured; precious Florentine. To the young man, so thoroughly ab-

e young man, so thoroughly absorbed in his typewritten sheets, neither the desk nor the pottery signified anying to his mind beyond the fact that he always gathered a mysterious pleas-ure in beholding them. That these ob-lets were out of place in this room he asticitively knew, but he could not hasticitively knew, but he could not have told why he knew. The floor was covered with an ordinary rag carpet. where d with an ordinary rag carpet, where the set of t

we one employs in cathedrals, where schoes lie in wait to confound us if we raise our voices. "Yesterday, seven tents, figuratively speaking, today,

All day long he had repeated these All day long he had repeated these phrases, or similar phrases, and still ba could not escape from the notion that he had been bludgeoned, that he was the victim of a waking nightmare such as prize fighters suffer when they are knocked out. For months he had known, and it had not troubled him to any extent; but today he had come hown, and it had not troubled him to the any estent; but today he had come into the actual possession of these mil-lines. Not once had he danced, sung. should, as he should have done, being he aly twenty-four. Instead, his par-ticular and immediate sensation was constructed that of catastrophe. Not impending the least idea what to do with them! belast idea what to do with them! belast idea what to do with them! belast idea what to do with them! fields in computation as the distance between Jupiter and the earth. He was the anoplus.

Is folded the typewritten sheets and as of foul play. But what could he be what could anybody do, aside from by the physician, that death had been the beart failure? There was a sug-smion that his fother might have been "And mighty dark at 5 o'clock,"

inion that his father might have been reared to death. But who could prove was Bancroft's comment.

to the terms of your father's will. And squain you with the supposedly pe-ther a char. This deay you come into solute and incontestable, according to the terms of your father's will. And squain you with the supposedly pe-ther's death. Personally, I do not water a death. Personally, I do not the term sinces peculiar; the you be acquainted with such facts a base in his possession to put you father did have an enemy of mur-institution. The young man neither indimations.

an rather late in the day to supposition before you, but we is best first to investigate ther-

say."And mighty dark at 5 o'clock,"

"Ah!" The young man neither smiled nor frowned; his expression was pleasantly neutral. "Imagination, ch? Well. 11 Matter "

pleasantly neutral. Well, I'll listen." CONTINUED TOMOBBOW