## EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER- PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1922



uther of "Dangerous Days," "E," "The Amasing Inter lude," and many other striking and successful novels. Copyright, 1922, by George H. Doran Co.

WHO'S WHO IN TILE STORY DAVID LIVINGSTONE. chief shveidan Baveriy. a small town, genial but blug, shares a secret concerning identity of er beloved nephero with

14

LUCY. his sister, beloved by everybody in

DR. DICK LIVINGSTONE. in whose memory there is a day, asy why he is determined yours day is a set of the set of

PRED GREGORY. Beverly's brother and manager, whose researches line him up with

LOUIS PASSETT & neuconsportman, who suspects that Dick Lavingstone is Jud Clark. His desire is to clear things up. WINA, Elizabeth's elster, an extravagant

TRAND MRS. WHEELER. tupical Ameri

oun parents, WALLIE SAYRE, a rich wouth whose so-pially select mother wishes him to marry Blaadeth, with whom he is smitten.

#### Dick Returns

ON THE night Bassett and Harrison Miller were to return from Chicago Lucy sat downstairs in her sitting room waiting for news.

At 10 o'clock, according to her custom, she went up to see that David was had left him. He had spent the entire comfortable for the night and to read time, had she known it, in impressing him that prayer for the absent with on his mind the familiar details of the him that prayer for the absent with on his mind the fundate defines of the which he always closed his day of wait-from, to carry away with him. Ing. But before she went she stopped She stood beside him, hand on his before the old mirror in the hall to shoulder, to see that he drank the milk see if she wore any visible sign of ten-slowly.

sion. The door into Dick's office was open. and on his once neat desk there lay a clothes. I-had put them away." Her litter of papers and letters. She sighed voice broke a little. "You see, we and went up the stairs. Double the stairs is his mainut. You can change in your laboratory.

and went up the stairs. David lay propped up in his walnut bed. An incredibly wasted and old David; the hands on the log-cabin quilt David; the hands on the log-cabin quilt which their mother had made were old hands and tired. Sometimes Lucy, with a frightened gasp, would fear that David's waiting now was not all for Dick; that he was waiting for pence. There had been something new in David lately. She thought it was fear. Always he had been so sure of himself; he had made his experiment in a man's heart was singing within her. She

Always he had been so sure of himself; stealth to the storeroom. Her very he had made his experiment in a man's heart was singing within her. She soul, and whatever the result he had neither thought nor reasoned. Dick was been ready to face his Creator with it, back, and all would be well. If she But he had lost courage. He had tam-pered with the things that were to be and not he, but Dick, was paying for that are ful automatic.

that awful audacity. Once, picking up his prayer book to read evening prayer, as was her custom now, it had opened at a verse marked with an uneven line: "I will arise and go to my Father.

and will say unto Him. Father, I have twenty minutes with break her great sinned against Heaven and before Thee, David and prepared to break her great news. At first she thought he was and am no more worthy to be called Thy

That had frightened her. David's eyes followed her about the

"I've got an idea you're keeping attention by her face something from me, Lucy." "1? Why should I do that?"

If it's Reynolds I want to see him." She got up and went to the head of the stairs. The light was low in the hall beneath, and she saw a man stand-ing glasses, and she saw a first hardly more than a figure. "Is that you. Dr. Reynolds?" she hall beneath was low in the ing glasses. and she saw a first hardly more than a figure. "Is that you. Dr. Reynolds?" she hall beneath was low in the hall beneath was low



"Dick!" she said. "Dick!" and that over and over

he'll hear you.

asleep.

suspected a watch on the house by the police, and that the mail was being opened. What good was it?

Across the hall she could hear Lucy oving briskly about in Dick's room.

changing the bedding, throwing up the windows, opening and closing bureau drawers. After a time Lucy tapped at her door and she opened it. "I put a cake of scented soap among your handkerchiefs," she said, rather breathlessly. "Will you let me have it for Dr. Dick's room?" Richard, can't you? If you go upstairs

He reached up and caught her hand. That touch, too, of the nearest to a

it for Dr. Dick's room?" She got the soap and gave it to her. "He is going to stay, then?" "Certainly he is going to stay." Lucy said, surprised. "This is his home. Where else should he go?" But David knew. He lay listening with avid interest to Dick's story, ask-ing a question now and then, nodding over Dick's halting attempt to recon-struct the period of his confusion, but all the time one part of him. a keen all the time one part of him, a keen and relentless inner voice, was saying : "Look at him well. Hold him close. Listen to his voice. Because this hour is yours, and perhaps only this hour. his battle for him, by Walter Wheeler and Bassett and Harrison Miller. That Dick himself would present any diffi-when Dick had finished.

No culty lay beyond her worst fears.

She had been out of the room only twenty minutes when she returned to "Still, she mustn't talk about having seen you. I'll send Reynolds up in the morning.

He was eager to hear of what had the was eager to hear of what had occurred in the long interval between them, and good, bad and indifferent Dick told him. But he limited himself to events, and did not touch on his mental battles, and David saw and noted it. The scale to a battles and battl He was lying back with his eyes closed and his hands crossed on the prayer-book. But he looked up at her, and was instantly roused to full "You've had some news," he said. "Yes, David. There's a little news. noted it. The real story, he knew, lay there, but it was not time for it. After

a while he raised himself in his bed. "Call Lucy, Dick." When she had come, a strangely younger Lucy, her withered cheeks flushed with exercise and excitement. he said:

"Bring me the copy of the statement made to Harrison Miller. Lucy." She brought it, patted Dick's shoul-"David," she said slowly. "God has der and went away. David held out

the paper. "Read it slowly, boy," he said. "It is my justification and, God willing, it inay help you. The letter is from my brother Henry. Read that, too." Lucy, having got Dick's room in

Aft was still a band around Dick's throat. It hurt him to look at David, so thin and feeble, so sunken from his former portiness. And David saw his eyes and knew.

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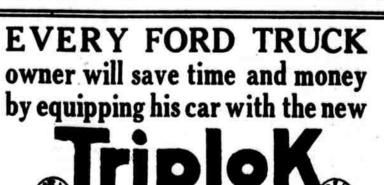
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I'm out." Suddenly his composure broke. He was a feeble and apprehensive old man. shaken with the tearless sobbing of weakness and age. Dick put an arm across his shoulders, and they sat with-out speech until David was quiet again. "I'm a crying old woman, Dick." David said at last. "That's what comes of never feeling a pair of pants on your legs and being coddled like a baby." He sat up and stared around him ferociously. "They sprinkle violet water on my pillows, Dick! Can you beat that?" Warned by Lucy, the nurse went to Warned by Lucy, the nurse went to her room and did not disturb them.

But she mt for a time in her rocking-hair before she changed into the night chair before she changed into the night-cown and kimono in which she slept on the couch in David's room. She knew the story, and her kindly heart ached within her. What good would it do after all, this home-coming? Dick could not stay. It was even danger-ous. Reynolds had confided to her that he suspected a watch on the house by

**asked** in her high old voice. Then she put her hand to her throat

with his arms wide, looking up.

Holding the stair rail, her knees trembling under her. Lucy went down, and not until Dick's arms were around her bis shabby, weary ghost. She clung to him, tears streaming down her face, still in that cautous silence which gov-O Lord. in the erned them both : she held him off and oked at him and then strained herself to him again, as though the sense of unreality were too strong, and only the contact of his rough clothing made him real to her.

It was not until they were in her sitting room with the door closed that either of them dared to speak. Or perhaps could speak. Even then she kept hold of him

'Dick !'' she said. "Dick !"

And that, over and over. "How is he?" he was able to ask finally. "He has been very ill. I began to think—Dick, I'm afraid to tell him. I'm afraid he'll die of joy." There could not

He winced at that. There could not be much joy in the farewell that was coming. Winced and atmost staggered. He had walked all the way from the coming. Winced and atmost Stagartic roming. Winced and atmost Stagartic He had walked all the way from the city, and he had had no food that day. "We'll have to break it to him very rently." he said. "And he mustn't

see me like this. If you can find some of my clothes and Reynolds' razor. He caught suddenly to the back of a chair and held on to it. haven't taken time to eat much today. ••1 he said, smiling at her. "I guess I need food. Aunt Lucy.

For the first time then she saw his clothes, his shabbiness and his pallor, crushed it between both of his He and perhaps she guessed the truth. She was startled at the change in David. got up, her face twitching, and pushed For a moment he could only stand bim into a chair,

n into a chair. "You sit here," she said, "and leave keep his apprehension out of his face. a door closed. The nurse is out for "Sit down." David said awkwardiy. he door closed. The nurse is out for walk, and she'll be in soon. I'll the door closed. The horse is out for "Sit down," David said awkwardly, a walk, and she'll be in soon. I'll start the fire. I've got some chops in the house." The back almost imme-diately, with the familiar tray and the familiar food, he was sitting where she'. "Of course you'll fool them." There

### Uncommon Sense : Making Ignorance Inexcusable By JOHN BLAKE

Most of them are skimming the news. glancing at the headlines, stopping for some high eminence, witnessing all that a minute or two at the could pictures. is happening in the world, with a wise A few of them are reading intently,

and absorbedly.

-getting an education.

Because there is a wholesome and legitimate demand for entertainment, illustrations, comic pictures and other intertained by the trained observers musing features are carried by the

majority of papers. But every paper carries also a com-plete digest of all the news of the of this newspaper, if he is an attentive world, and many informative and this newspaper, it he is an atter reader, can defend his ignorance. it he is an atter reader, can defend his ignorance. THE means of enlightening his

hese days.

insignificant.

He lay very still and without speaking. She was frightened at first, afraid and stood rigid, staring down. For the to go on with her further news, man had whipped off his cap and stood suddenly David sat up in bed and But suddenly David sat up in bed and in a full, firm voice began the Te Deum Laudamus. "We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the

He repeated it in its entirety. At the end, however, his voice broke. "O Lord. in thee have I trusted-I doubted Him. Lucy." he said. Dick, waiting at the foot of the stairs, heard that triumphant paean of thanksgiving and praise and closed his EVPS.

It was a few minutes later that Lucy came down the stairs again. "You heard him?" she asked. "Ob. Dick, he had frightened me. It was than a question of himself and more He was making it one of himself 107 and God."

She let him go up alone and waited below, straining her ears, but she heard nothing beyond David's first hoarse cry, and after a little she went into her sitting room and shut the

doors. Whatever lay underneath, there was no surface drama in the meeting. The determination to ignore any tragedy in the situation was strong in them both, and if David's eyes were blurred and his hands trembling, if Dick's first words were rather choked, they hid their emotion carefully.

Well, here I am, like a bad penny !! said Dick huskily from the doorway. "And a long time you've been about grumbled Davia. "You young ir.

He held out his hand, and Dick there, holding his hand, and trying to

LOOK over the men reading newspa-pers in a railroad train or a trolley NONE of those who read it carefully page after page-including the -page after page-including the advertisements-can remain ignorant

very long. It is as if they were standing on interpreter by their sides telling them what it all means

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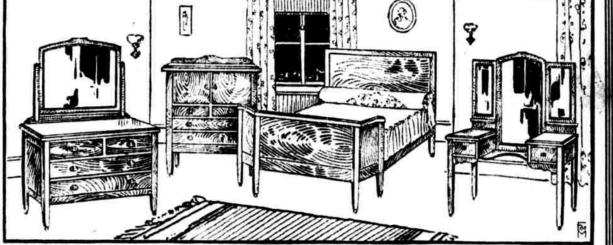
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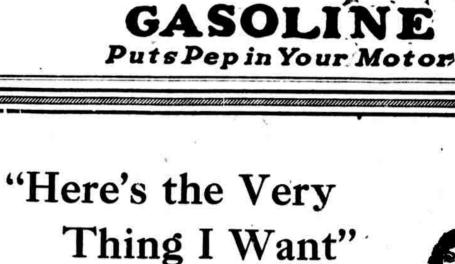


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