WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY sellow, is analous to see life, and so see life. The war of the world, who oldsma to books man of the world, who oldsma to books man of the world, who oldsma to books man of the world, who oldsma to which he accepte, and another see see the world which he accepte, a successful musical world winger, who aspires to grand over a swort and over a swort, and the woung man and gif become interested in each other, though she dislikes the attentions of the activities of the world war. Wanty's chum, whole-souled but bunispoten Nancy's chum, whole-source out sunt-spotent.

RIHUR CRAIG, backer of Nancy's show, and in love with her, on individual, with the NADY. a mysterious individual, with whom the elder Hancroft had unesplained dealings. He has disappeared.

The Emeralds Were Gone COULD he reach his clothes and get back to bed? He must try. So with infinite caution he slid out of bed and stood up. He took no step, but waited for the bellying walls to sober down and the violent hammering against his skull to subside a little. It would take three steps to reach the chair. He took these steps, his eyes closed, and went through his pockets blindly; it was easier that watch was gone. He staggered back so bed, falling upon it in half a faint. With a final effort he got under the

venture did not join up with what he had a right to expect from a man so ersatile as Stewart. Four thugs out of an alley seemed to come from another

book. And one of them base enough to
strike a woman. This shot his thought
isto a new channel. Why hadn't Nanov

isto a new channel. Why hadn't Nanov taken and given, he had fought for the thrill and the fun of it, believing that Nancy had run for home, hard by, or for help. Instead, she had come to his aid, physically, and most thoughtiessly. He reasoned thus, because none of the assailants, without sufficient cause, the fight being in doubt, would have risked a blow at Nancy.

Warming thought, shot with shame:

Warming thought, shot with shame:
While Nancy had risked much to help
him, he had gone on fighting for the fun
of it! Because she liked him—because
he meant something to her! From the
back of his throbbing head came the
recollection of an old comic stanza—
something Prof. Miller had shown him:

So away with your Latin, away with your Greek! toughen your cheek.
"Is the sluggers, not scholars, who harvest the dollars.
And the wreath's on the head of the museum freak!

But why? In what manner would his death benefit Stewart? He was always coming back to that. The circle had no break in it. But to rob him of his watch, which couldn't be pawned for two bits! He ought not to think of these things, but he could not help himself. If this man Stewart had been the indirect means of Siles Bareroft's Shas Bancroft's death, the son wanted to know why.

Daggers. Well, that was novel; and
the expectation, daily in his thoughts,
of finding another dagger and still
another, had its thrill, even if tinctured with contempt. All at once he under-stood—or thought he did. Stewart stood—or thought he did.
wanted to drive him out of Ninth
street, worry him into new quarters where he would not have any friends. Well, that shouldn't be, Jeremiah Col-Well, that shouldn't be, Jeremiah Collingswood Bancroft purposed to stay here until the crack o' doom. Which might be the next time he passed a dark alley. Something about that contract he had signed; perhaps the real solution lay in what Stewart purposed to do with it. Untoward accident or mischance.

A hand fell upon the door, and Bancroft welcomed this diversion. The old snarl of suppositions would not help his head in the least, whereas the sight of either Nancy or Jenny would.

"Come in," he said thickly, He stitled his head in the pillow and trimmed the bed clothes under his chin. It would be foolish to appear as gaining

would be foolish to appear as gaining the rapidly, with such nurses.

But it was a man who entered. And who? The private detective, who would have been, at this hour, a circultous ten thousand miles away!

"Xou?"

"Yes, air. You've met with an accident?" asked the detective, closing the deep.

doing here?"
"Well, I found all you wished to

hnow in San Francisco. Pure luck.
Are you well enough to hear the story "Man, man!—go on with it!" This
would be better than all the medicine
that ever was.

that ever was.

"You see, I got to San Francisco and booked my pussage; but I had to wait eight days. So I lonfed about the Paince Hotel, and picked up a few acquaintaces. With one of them I got talking about South America. To make it short, this man chanced to be a merchant in La Paz. What do you know about that for luck? Farm implements, engines, and all that; and he was on his annual buying trip. He knew all about the buying trip. He knew all about the Bolivian Emerald Company."
"Go on; don't cut it short; give me everything!" said Emeraft, who felt all his streng h returning.

Stewart lengtht the mine from the

"Stewart bought the mine from the contate of C. J. Kennedy."
"Kennedy!"
"Yes, sir. But here's the odd part of it," went on the detective. "Years ago Sannedy turned over to this dealer in La Paz a power of attorney. That is, he had the power to sell the mine, if any accident should happen to said Kennedy, and to turn the money over to the Kenand to turn the money over to the Ken-nedy estate. A few years ago this man Stewart turned up in La Paz and bought the mine."

But where was Kennedy?"
Vanished completely, years ago.
Supped aboard a ship in Rio Janeiro,
and that was the last anybody ever
leard of him. Unde fand, there's a
let of queer hole . this yarn; but
what you wante 10 know was if a
mandy had once owned the mine. He

"But the holes?"
"It's like this. The moment the La dealer—an American—caught the that I was more than casually that I was more than casually rested, he shut up like a clam, and I laterested, he shut up like a clam, and I never got another word out of him. Foul play for Kennedy, perhaps, but this Stewart couldn't have been mixed up in it; years too far apart. So I've seved you a lot of money and myself a lot of discomfort. What shall I do with the letter of credit?"

"Convert it and keep the cash."

"What?"—astounded.

"I had expected to pay two or three theusand more for the information you have given me. All I wanted to know on have fold me."

"Well, sir, that's pretty generous.

Would you like me to keep an eye on this Stewart? It won't cost you anything."

It was a great temptation. "No. The affair is closed."

"I'm thinking that this Kennedy is the very man who wrote that book on antiques."
"That's a good guess. If, I should happen to need you again, I'll send for you. Better go now. I'm groggy. Got mixed up with some street thugs last night, and they battered me up considerably. Good-by and good luck."
The detective gone, Bancroft's throb-

siderably. Good-by and good luck."

The detective gone, Bancroft's throbbing brain tried to draw something conclusive out or this information. His father had written "Paid Kennedy in Full" recently, while the man himself had vanished nearly twenty years ago. Bancroft began to suspect that instead of solving the riddle he had merely piled Pellon on Ossa. Still, Kennedy was substance of a sort. He, Bancroft, wouldn't have to trouble his brain on that score again. But in what manner had his father stirred the enmity of Stewart? The old circle, the old circle!

Here the girls came in, one with tonst and the other with cocos. Jerry loved them both, differently. The touch of their tender hands was the sweetest tonic he had ever known. They scolded him, and fussed over him, re-

way. Except for the keyring, there was scolded him, and fussed over him, re-nething in his pockets; even his dollar newed the fluff to his pillows; and one of them fed him toast and the other hot cocon; and he knew that he had nothing of which to envy the gods.

with a final effort he got under the covers and tried not to think. By and by the racking pains fell to the level of duliness.

The money, the emeralds, and the watch were gone. Somehow, this advised were gone. Somehow, this advised watch were gone. Somehow, this advised watch were gone and the sound and the watch were gone. Somehow, this advised watch were gone and the sound and the sound are somehow.

you ever come in this way again you go t' th' hospital. We're through, We haven't had any sleep yet on your ac-

the theater tonight."

"That'll be fun!" -- wondering whether it was the puppy's throat or his ears that she kissed oftenest. The funny little codger! "Now you two run along and get some sleep. I'm all right. Hicks are hard to kill."

"Did you lose much?" asked Jenny.
"Not enough to hurt," he answered. He could lie easier these days, almost blandly; that is, he could utter harmless fibs serenely, since these would never react except upon himself.

"I wondered." said Jenny. "They

"I wondered." said Jenny. "They might 'a' got your whole roll."
"They didn't."
Nancy, returning alone to her room, drew upon all her courage and telephoned Craig's home; but Craig had not yet returned from the country. For n short time her thoughts were confus-ed. A strange kind of lover, not to ed. A strange kind of lover, not to telephone, not to send her even a note! The deed must be done, it was inescapable; but for all that her immediate sensation was of relief, with an undercurrent of shame that she should welcome this respite. The longer it was delayed the harder to do. But one decision she had come to irrevocably; she would not hide behind the telephone or a letter; she would make her miserable confession here in this room, face to face with him. Else her self-respect would always be a shattered spect would always be a shattered thing. She would not try to escape any hurt that was due her. But, oh, to have it over and done with, over and done with! Still dressed, she flung herself upon the lounge and slept until

The Doorplate

Soon after becoming a tenant Ban-croft had had a bed lamp installed. This day the janitor had rigged up the key so that Bancroft could have light or darkness merely by pulling string. At nine o'clock that night h shut off the light and talked softly to pillow and snored frequently, because at certain angles it was hard for him to breathe easily with that joke of a

"You're a lucky pup, Ling." Ling Foo's tail admitted the soft impeachment.
"She took a lot of trouble for you

one night; mud and rain, and all that, so you wouldn't be thirsty." Ling Foo remembered that night.

''Of course, I'm a fool.'
Ling Foo didn't know about that.
''I haven't a chance in the world;
but it's kind of hard. Do you think she loves anybody else?"
"Me," said Ling Foo's tail.

"I mean, does she care for Craig? I shouldn't blame her. Craig has everything. He knows all the tricks of attraction; and I'm only a poof hick from the sticks, as Jenny would say. Lord, how the man can play the piano! And I can't pick out 'Yankee Doodle' with one finger."

"Music tickles my cars," said Ling Foo's tail, "and makes me sing." "We human beings are funny, Ling. want to know the future; and yet if I want to know the future; and yet if the eminent lady from Cumae entered at this moment, ready to foretell, I'd boot her hence. Why? Because hope's the only thing worth having; and all hope would vanish if we could know tomorrow. There wouldn't be any good stories either. A story is always somebody else's hope. Ling, I'm all banged up because Craig's turkey choked me. Sounds funny, doesn't it? Truth, though. Well, let's go to sleep."

Ling Food had long since been ready

Ling Food had long since been ready for that. He rose, turned around a few times, then curled up on the spot he had just vacated, thereby executing one of those dog mysteries humans will never solve. But scarcely had the puppy begun to snore than a true growl

py begun to snore than a true grows vibrated his lithe body.
"Sh!" whispered Bancroft, alert.
Out of the silence came a slight click, which Bancroft instantly placed. It came from the lock in the door.
"Come right in, Mr. Stewart; come right in?" he called, cheerfully, if transcalls, through the dark.

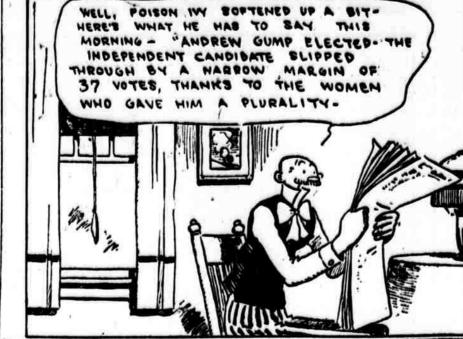
ironically, through the dark. ironically, through the dark.

The noise—the clicking in the key-hole—ceased instantly. No other sound followed directly; though Bancroft attuned his hearing to running feet, he heard nothing; but a minute later there came the sound of a door roughly closed. There wouldn't be any dagger on house kelfs tonight. or bowle knife tonight.

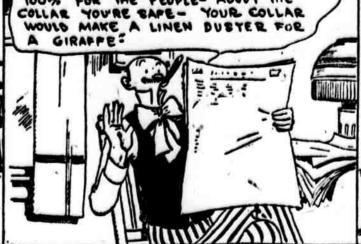
But hard upon this thought came another, quite bewildering. Stewart had not known that his victim was laid up in bed. Now, what could that possibly signify? Stewart was thorough. Bancroft was assured that if Stewart had set those thugs in the alley he would be most certain to find out what would be most certain to find out what they had accomplished. Again, it had not seemed possible that Stewart would sink to petty robbery. If the man had any scheme it would have breadth and originality. Chance medley, then; ordinary thugs who would have pounced upon any man well dressed. Suggestion; the idea of the alley had been suggested to him at the start as having a new and peculiar interest once the Great Adventure contract was signed.

CONTINUED MONDAY

THE GUMPS—Closing the Cutout



CONGRATULATE YOU, MR GUMP- YOU ARE A GREAT CAMPAIGNER- OUR HAT'S OFF TO YOU - YOU RODE INTO OFFICE ON THE SLOGANS 100% FOR THE PEOPLE AND THAT YOU WEAR NO MAN'S COLLAR-NOW DON'T BETRAY A CONFIDENCE - STAY 100% FOR THE PEOPLE- ABOUT THE WOULD MAKE A LINEN DUSTER FOR A GIRAFFE



THIS BASY HANDS ME A COMPLIMENT WITH ONE HAND AND A BOBY BLOW WITH THE OTHER- THE ONLY REASON HE CALLS ME A GREAT CAMPAIGNER IS BECAUSE I LICHED . YEAS BITANT TIMEA T'HOW SH GHA MIH BUT HE STILL HAS THAT CONTEMPTIBLE SPIRIT OF PERSONAL RIDICULE - I HATE HIM-

By Sidney Smith

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Saturday Night Dance



DON'T IT FEEL QUEER WITH YOUR LAIGS ALL WED BETTER GO IN NOW, WRAPPED UP IN THESE? I HEAR THE MUSIC. F I CAN'T GET USED TO OUR BIRDS WILL GET THESE LONG DRESSES!

By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office FOR THE NEW SLOW ABOUT TIME WE CALLED A MALT ON ABBREVIATED YOU SAID A HALF-PINT BIRDIE - WE HAD TO STOP SOMEWHERE DRESSES, IT WAS GETTING TO BE THE LIMIT " A E HATWARD "

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she likes good English and she could never get stuck on a man that used slang.

Casting, as You Might Say, a "Damper" on the Celebration -:-By Fontaine Fox "THE HUM-DIRGERS BEAT US AT FOOT BALL TORY AND THEY THINK THEY'RE GONNA CUM OVER HERE AFTER SUPPER AN HAVE A BIG BONFIRE THE CAPTAIN OF THE DEFEATED ELEVEN WAS MERELY TAKING STEPS TO PREVENT THE

OFFONENTS FROM HOLDING A VICTORY CELEBRATION

SCHOOL DAYS , By DWIG GO ON SE SHOT TIT AVER YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO OH IN- YOU HAFF TO IN SOME TIME TONIGHT. TROS. MITTOR LANG SHE'LL WAT THERE ALL PETCHED IT HOME AT SUPPER TIME. COME TILL YOU GO OH! WE'LL WAT HERE AND LISTER MORNING . YOU'D ORTER NSIDE

PETEY—He Wins and Loses





IN THE VACANT LOT RIGHT NEXT TO HIS HOUSE.

YEE-OW!





GASOLINE ALLEY—Doc Must of Had a Ride in It

