

THE LEEDS BANK ROBBERY

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
SIR NORMAN GREYES, formerly of Scotland Yard, is devoting his time to tracking down
MICHAEL SAYERS, arch criminal. Sayers is known to Greyes under the alias of "Stanfield." Michael drives in a small car to Brown's bank in the suburb of Leeds and stole it of over 7,000 pounds. Stripping from the bank into a touring car in which
JANET SOALE, his confederate, awaits him. Sayers races for Scotland. Robertson, who takes charge of the small car, is arrested, but freed for lack of evidence.
Norman tracks Michael to Scotland, where he finds him living under the alias of Grover. Greyes dines with Mr. and Mrs. Grover and is invited to a game of golf with Michael.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY

Sir Norman continues
"With pleasure," I assented.
"At 10 o'clock?"
"I will be in the clubhouse," I promised him.
"We go to bed, up here," he remarked, "practically with the sun."
I rose to my feet, I took my leave and as I walked down the drive, with the yellow moon shining through the sparse trees, I felt the ghosts of tragedy gathering.

At five minutes to ten on the following morning I watched Mr. James Stanfield push open his private gate leading onto the links, and stroll across toward the clubhouse. I waved my hand and stepped back into the locker-room. Three or four men in tweeds and golfing outfit were waiting there. In five minutes my prospective opponent entered. In five seconds the handcuffs were upon his wrists, and one of the three apparent golfers had the matter in hand.
"You are charged," he said, "with feloniously wounding William Harrell, manager, and John Stokes, clerk, of Brown's Bank in the Menwood road, Leeds, and with stealing from the premises the sum of seven thousand pounds. I should recommend you to come with us quietly, and to reserve, for the present, anything you may have to say."

Looking at him as he stood leaning a little against his own locker, I could have sworn that there was no manner of change in the face or expression of my enemy. He ignored the others and looked across at me.
"This is your doing?" he asked.
"Altogether," I admitted.
"You know it—last night?"
"It was you who reminded me that I need not take salt," I replied.
He nodded.



HER EYES WERE FILLED WITH A MINGLED LIGHT OF ALLUREMENT AND CRUELTY. I MOVED TOWARD HER.

"The trick is to you," he confessed.
"I am ready, gentlemen."
He walked quietly out to a waiting motor car, with a burly policeman on either side of him, and a very important man from Scotland Yard in the party. Rimmington and I were left behind, and presently we essayed a round of golf. All the time my

IOWA PHYSICIAN MAKES STARTLING OFFER TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

Found Treatment Which Healed His Own Catarrh and Now Offers to Send It Free to Sufferers Anywhere.

Davenport, Iowa.—Dr. W. O. Coffee, Suite 1158, St. James Hotel Bldg., this city, one of the most widely known physicians and surgeons in the central west, announces that he found a treatment which completely healed him of catarrh in the head and nose, deafness and hoarse noises after many years of suffering. He then gave the treatment to a number of other sufferers and they state that they also were completely healed. The doctor is so proud of his achievement and so confident that his treatment will bring other sufferers the same freedom it gave him, that he is offering to send a 10-day supply absolutely free to any reader of this paper who writes him. Dr. Coffee has specialized on eye, ear, nose and throat diseases for more than thirty-five years and is honored and respected by countless thousands. If you suffer from nose, head or throat catarrh, catarrhal deafness or hoarse noises, send him your name and address today.—Advertisement.

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—bilious look in your face—dull eyes without sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that natural buoyancy which all should enjoy by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are known by their olive color. 15c and 30c.—Advertisement.

eyes kept straying toward the Lodge. No sign, however, came from there.
"I still," Rimmington remarked, as we waited for a few minutes on the tenth tee, "don't quite understand how you tumbled to this affair so quickly."

"It was quite easy when you once admit the possibility of the occupants of the Darter car being concerned," I replied. "Of course, Robertson was in it up to the eyes. It was Stanfield who drove up in Robertson's Ford and went direct to the bank. The Darter car was already there, containing Janet Stanfield and Robertson, wearing a gray Homburg hat and a linen duster. The chauffeur brought into the store a small order which the grocer's assistant packed and took out. The chauffeur was taking advantage of the delay to fill up with petrol. The moment Stanfield descended from the Ford and made his way to the bank, Robertson slipped off his linen duster, produced a Panama hat which he pulled over his eyes, and made his purchases in the shop. He came out just as Stanfield reappeared, and drove the Ford away. Stanfield just stepped into the Darter, put on his linen duster and gray Homburg hat, and off they started. The idea was to confuse, and at first it succeeded. The whole affair was ingenious, from the selection of that particular bank, which is wickedly isolated, to the exact location of the Darter car, which made any one on the outside almost invisible."

"It's pretty generous of you to let me take the credit of this," Rimmington remarked.
"If Stanfield turns out to be Pugsley and Pugsley the man I believe him to be," I said, "I shall need no other reward than the joy of having brought him to book."

"Do you believe him to be Michael Sayers?" Rimmington asked.
"I am absolutely certain of it," I answered.
We completed our round, lunched and played again. There came no sign from the Lodge. Somehow or other, the silence seemed to me ominous. Toward evening I began to get uneasy. Just as we were sitting down to dinner, I was fetched to the telephone.
"Inspector McCall speaking," the voice I heard declared. "Are you Sir Norman Greyes?"
"Yes," I answered.
"Have you heard the news?"
"I have heard no particular news since early this morning," I replied.
"Stanfield escaped eleven miles from here," the Inspector declared gloomily.

"Escaped? Ridiculous!" I exclaimed.
"He did it, anyhow. He shot both his guards with an automatic pistol fixed in the sole of one shoe and worked with the toe of the other. Mr. Gorman, from Scotland Yard, is seriously wounded and one of the others is shot in the leg. Stanfield threatened the driver until he released him from the handcuffs and took him to within a mile of a railway station. There he tied the man up, drove the car on himself and disappeared. So far we have no news."

I could make no intelligible reply. I muttered something to the effect that Rimmington and I would come on to the police station the first thing in the morning. Then I walked outside, a little giddy, sick at heart, furious with myself and Fate. I stood looking toward the Lodge until at last I yielded to an irresistible impulse. I hastened across the few yards of heather-grown common, crossed the road, made my way up the straggling avenue and rang the great front door bell. Presently the huge door swung silently open. Janet stood there, looking out at me.

I freely admit that I lost my nerve. I lost my poise and with it all the gifts which enable a man to face an exceptional situation. For this woman showed no signs of any mental disturbance. I had never seen her look more beautiful. She moved away from the door.

"Come in," she invited. "I have been expecting you."
Out footsteps awakened strange echoes in the hall. She led the way into the sitting room which opened onto the terrace, and sank back on the divan, where apparently she had been resting.
"Judas!" she murmured.
"You know, then?" I demanded harshly.
"Everything—even the last little episode. What fools you policemen are!"
"He isn't safe yet," I muttered.
She laughed mockingly.
"I worry no more about him," she declared. "It is not an equal struggle. I worry only about myself, alone here."

"Alone—here?" I echoed.
She nodded.
"Harding, our butler-chauffeur and confederate, has taken the car—where you can guess. Our gillie broke his leg this morning and has gone to hospital. I am not afraid of burglars, but I am terrified of mice, and the place is overrun with them. Also I simply loathe the idea of having to get up and make my own coffee in the morning."

I rose to my feet.
"There are empty rooms at the Dornay House," I told her, "where you could obtain service and be made quite comfortable. I am going back now. Shall I bespeak one for you?"
"You would really have me there," she asked curiously, "under the same roof as your august and respectable self?"

"Why not?"
"The wife of a famous criminal," she reminded me, "the wife of the man whom you have betrayed? You and I have a secret too, but we would you vouch for my respectability?"

I moved a step toward her. Her eyes were filled with a mingled light, a light of allurements and cruelty. Her lips were moist and quivering—was it with anger? A long bare arm was withdrawn from behind her head.
"Then a voice fell upon the throbbing silence like a douche of cold water."
"Hands up—like lightning!"
I obeyed. I recognized the voice of the man in Harding's livery. It was Stanfield, who had crept in upon us unheard.
"A mixture of Lethario and In-

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



HELLO, HELEN, SAY, HELEN KEEP DANNY HOME FROM SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON - I'LL BE OUT AND GET HIM - I WANT TO TAKE HIM SOME PLACE -



MISS LEE, I'LL BE OUT MOST OF THE AFTERNOON ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS - IF ANYBODY CALLS FOR ME I WON'T BE BACK -

ALL RIGHT, MR. DUFF

Playing Hookie



OH I KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING! WE'RE GOING TO THE BALL GAME! WHEE!

YOU'RE SOME GUESSEER!



I HOPE THE TRUANT OFFICER DON'T SEE US, DADDY!

AND I HOPE MY BOSS DON'T SEE US EITHER

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



TO OFFICER KNUM GOES THE HONORS FOR SOLVING THE NEIGHBOR HOOD MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING CREAM CONES

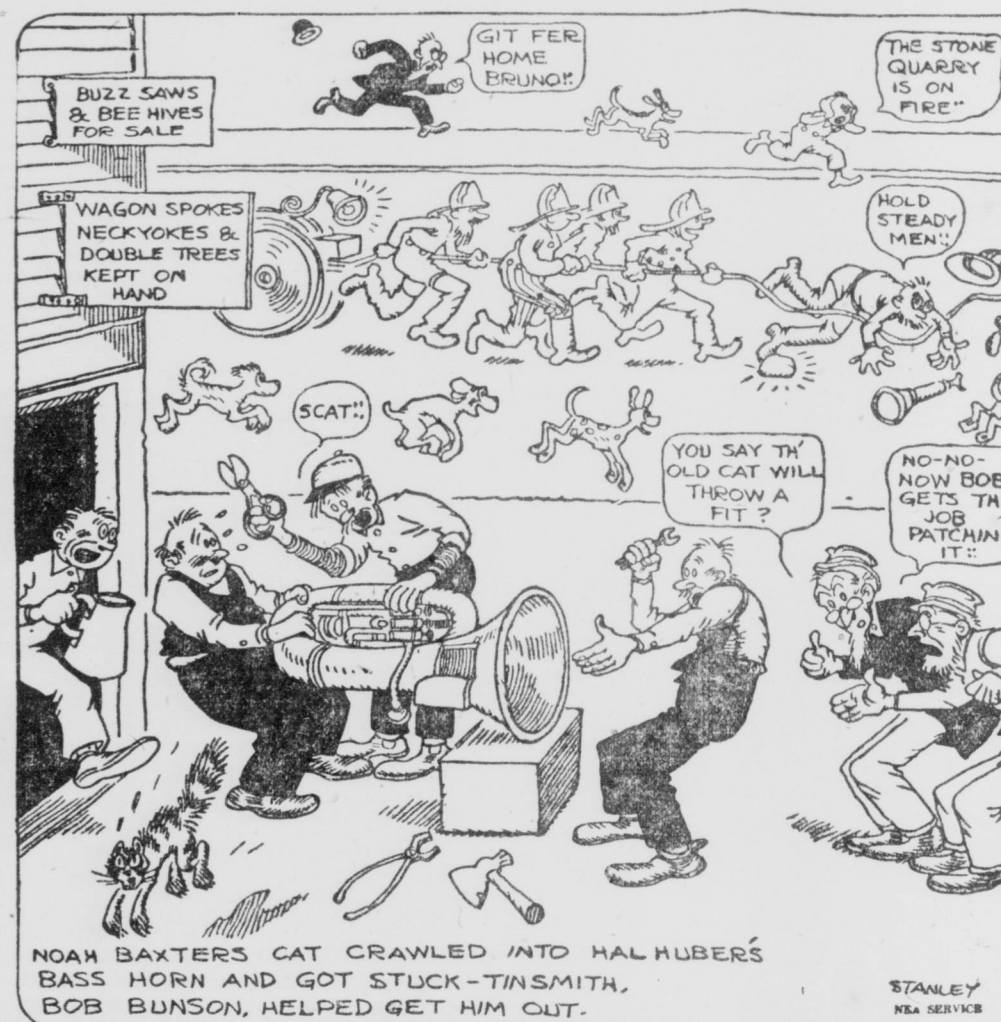
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY

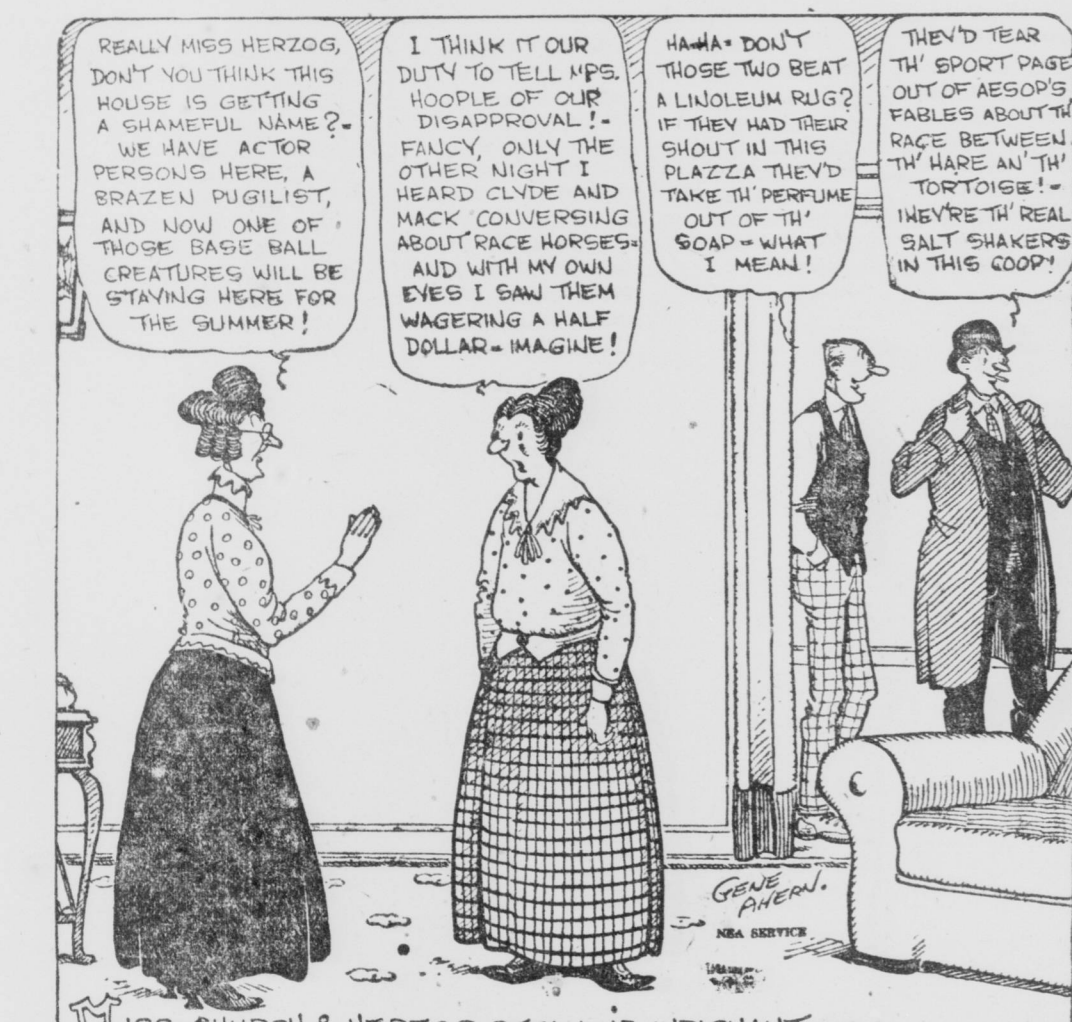


NOAH BAXTERS CAT CRAWLED INTO HAL HUBER'S BASS HORN AND GOT STUCK—TINSMITH, BOB BUNSON, HELPED GET HIM OUT.

Work This Out Of Your Windpipe



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



MISS CHURCH & HERZOG STEAM UP INDIGNANT

spector Bucket!" he mocked. "Any prayers to say?"
"If you are going to shoot, let's have it over quickly," I answered.
The woman stepped between us.
"We couldn't afford to part with Sir Norman. Life would be too dull without him. Put him on parole. He is perfectly trustworthy."
"You are right," Stanfield admitted. "Take your choice, Greyes—

twelve hours' silence, or Eternity."
"I will be silent for twelve hours," I promised.
He pointed to the door.
"I cannot have the last few hours I may ever spend with my wife disturbed," he said. "Kindly leave us."
I went. There was a mist before my eyes, a cloud beggling my brain. Rimmington was sitting on the porch, smoking, when I got back. He moved his head toward the Lodge. It

was obvious from his dejection that he, too, had heard from McCall.
"What do you think about taking a look about there?" he suggested.
"Quite useless," I replied tersely. "Let's have a game of billiards and try and forget the whole damned business."
"The Honor of M. Lutade," fourth story of this remarkable series, will begin in our next issue.

CITIZENS TAKE LAW IN HAND

NORTH SYDNEY, N. S. W., May 3.—Citizens of Sydney Mines took the law into their own hands and practically

wiped out administration of the town by the council.
They held a mass meeting at which 2,000 citizens attended, appointed a large committee of citizens to handle civic affairs, and passed a resolution demanding that Charles Ballard, whom they allege is the local chief of the "rum runners," quit town within twenty-four hours.
The meeting and its results are the direct outcome of an assault upon W.

J. Teaubault, Inspector under the Nova Scotia Temperance Act. The majority of the council were held morally responsible for the fate of the inspector.
Ballard, against whom the meeting issued a decree of expulsion, has 100 convictions under the Temperance Act against him.
Whales suffer a great deal from rheumatism.