

OUT OUR WAY



LOVE AND MYSTERY  
Humor and Tragedy  
**Sheila** AN INDIANAPOLIS STORY  
By GORDON TURNER

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
FRANK SHERIDAN, wealthy young Indianapolis lawyer whose hobby is the solving of crime mysteries, making a double investigation into the safe robbery at the Main road home of WILLIAM OLIVER WILBER, inventor and manufacturer, and into the strange death by electrocution of LENA SWARTZ, a maid in the Wilber home. From the safe was stolen a diary of Wilber's wife, now dead. The diary contained a secret of the birth of SHERIDAN, the son of a friend of SHERIDAN's father, who is engaged to marry SHERIDAN's friend, MARION county prosecutor, LENA's death apparently accidental, but Sheridan sees a possible connection between it and the safe robbery. Suspicion points to RILEY MORGAN, a burglar, who is a client of HOMER MENTON, an unprincipled criminal lawyer, and to ANDY MASTERS, Sheila's wayward cousin who for mercenary reasons wants to marry EDNA ROGERS, Sheila's chum. Containing a love affair with MERCEDES REVERTON, a stenographer in Menton's office, Sheridan gets himself into a tangle at Mercedes' apartment where drinks are served by ICE SUEY MORGAN. At this party Sheridan overhears a conversation which connects the strange happenings at the Wilber home. The next day Andy, intoxicated and in a quarrelsome mood, tells Sheila she is a founding and has no right to Wilber's name. Sheila surprises her father into partially confirming Andy's accusation. Feeling herself deserted, she returns her engagement ring to Smedley.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

FRANK SHERIDAN was aroused at his rooms in the middle of the night by a telephone call from Smedley.  
"Frank, old man, I hate to disturb you at this ungodly hour, but I've got to talk to some one. May I come up?"  
Smedley's voice held a note of repressed emotion and Sheridan wondered.  
"Certainly, Joe," he answered, "toddie along."  
Sheridan turned on the lights, slipped into a dressing gown and drew two easy chairs to an open window. It was a hot, sultry night. He had just placed cigarette on table nearby when Smedley knocked at the door. Sheridan led his visitor to a chair and offered a cigarette. Smedley shook his head.  
"Frank," he said, "Sheila has found out she is not Mr. Wilber's daughter and she has gone clear out of her head. She feels she is disgraced forever and she's broken our engagement."  
Sheridan's cigarette dropped from his fingers. He stopped, retrieved and flipped it into an ash tray.  
"The diary!" he exclaimed.  
"No, I don't think she knows anything of that," Smedley answered. He swiftly related the story of his strange reception by Sheila and the return of his ring.  
"You can imagine what a jolt it gave me. I haven't been able to think straight since," he said. "When I came to my senses I hunted up Mr. Wilber and demanded an explanation."  
"He was in the laboratory. He was a wreck; I almost forgot my own troubles in my sympathy for him. He said that Sheila had surprised him into an admission of the truth. Andy had told her something that gave her a clue."  
"Andy?" Sheridan exclaimed.  
"Yes, Andy Masters. He had been there during the afternoon."  
"Wait," Sheridan broke in, a frown puckering his brows. "So he's the Senegambian in the woodpile. Did Wilber explain how Andy came to know about Sheila? I thought he had been kept in the dark as much as Sheila herself."  
"Great Scott!" Smedley exclaimed. "I never thought of that; I was so wrought up over Sheila's behavior—Mr. Wilber, too, I guess. We were so worried about Sheila. She wouldn't talk to me nor to her father; she shut herself up in her room and would admit no one."  
"She sent word by the maid that she would not be down to dinner. For the sake of appearances before the servants, Mr. Wilber and I dined together. It was a ghastly meal."  
Sheridan lighted another cigarette, leaned his head on the back of the chair and stared at the ceiling, deep in thought.  
"Joe," he said finally, "don't worry about Sheila. She has suffered a great shock, but she will come out of it. I can understand just how a finely-bred, sensitive, proud girl, reared in wealth and security, whose life never had been touched by anything sordid, would feel under the circumstances."  
"But she is healthy, of strong character and a discerning mind. After the shock has worn off, as it will wear off, and everything is explained to her in the right way, her good sense will tell her that it is what we are ourselves and not who

our remote or immediate progenitors were, nor what they did, that counts. In her right mind she is too big to be concerned with the snobbery of birth.  
"It is not that we have to fear," he continued, "it is the cruelty of the holier-than-thou snobs that infest every rank of society; the evil-minded whisperers, the slinking scandal-mongers."  
"Sheila must be protected from their slandering tongues; her secret must remain a secret within the family circle."  
Sheridan rose from his chair and walked back and forth across the room, his hands clasped back of his head, the skirt of his dressing gown flopping against his knees. After several turns he paused in front of Smedley's chair.  
"Listen, Joe," he said, "I'm going to get that diary if it's the last act of my life. I have a pretty good idea of where it is, and what you have told me tonight helps to clinch it."

"Andy Masters either has seen and read the diary or he has been told of its contents. He knew nothing of it prior to the safe-robbery. You and I and Wilber and the burglar are the only ones who could know of its existence."  
"Ergo, Masters has been in touch, directly or indirectly, with the burglar. It's the only way he could have obtained the knowledge he has passed on to Sheila. Why did he tell Sheila? That's something I can't understand."  
"I smell something devilish in all this, Joe. There's more than one snake loose in the underbrush and we've got to scotch them all. Andy Masters is one; the burglar, Riley Morgan, is another; and I believe Homer Menton is a third."  
"Homer Menton!" Smedley exclaimed; "that crook!"  
"Yes, Homer Menton, and he's worse than a crook; he's a vampire that fattens upon the misery and fear of the underworld, a blackleg lawyer who would stoop to anything to feather his own nest."  
"Why does society tolerate his filthy breed, Joe? Why do the bar association and the courts permit them to practice? I'll tell you, because a big percentage of the lawyers practicing today are more or less tarred with the same stick. I—"

He stopped and smiled down at Smedley.  
"No offense, Joe," he said. "I forget you and I are lawyers, though thank God, I don't play at it much. The way lawyers, many of them, abuse the law and jerryrig the public is a favorite obsession of mine."  
"I know, Frank," said Smedley; "but what has Menton to do with this case?"  
"All the straws point to his being the king pin in some kind of abominable plot against Sheila and her father," Sheridan replied.  
"Andy and Menton are thicker than thieves; I overheard a conversation between them in which they mentioned Lena's death and spoke of 'giving the old man the big squeeze.'"  
"The only interpretation of that is blackmail. The only logical instrument of blackmail is Mrs. Wilber's diary, and it follows that they probably have it in their possession."  
"Two facts point strongly to that conclusion: first, Andy's knowledge of the secret it contains, and, second, the equally damning fact I have uncovered that Riley Morgan is a client of Homer Menton and recently has been a frequent visitor at his office."

"Frank, you're a wonder!" Smedley exclaimed. "You've got the whole thing by the tail. You've got the nose around the necks; all you've got to do now is to pull the rope."  
"Not so fast, Joe; not so fast," Sheridan admonished. "If this were an ordinary bit of criminal investigation, the end would be in sight; the procedure would be plain. But we can't come out into the open; we can't lay our cards on the table."  
"We can't, for instance, go to the police and say, 'Here's the evidence; arrest the crooks—that would defeat the very end toward which we are working. Blackmailers, as you know, thrive on the knowledge that their victims can not risk the publicity an appeal to the constituted authorities would almost inevitably entail.'"  
"And, another thing, they have not yet made any open move toward

blackmail—unless Andy's revelation to Sheila was some subtle move in their game.  
"Nor can we show our hands too soon to Andy and Menton; we've got to work sub rosa and cautiously," he continued. "If I am any judge of men, Menton is the maliciously vindictive kind who, finding his plans thwarted, would not hesitate in revenge to make the diary public."

"Oh, he would do it in such a way as to keep his own skirts clear—probably mail it anonymously to a scandal sheet with a hint of the prominence of the persons concerned."  
Smedley groaned. "What an infernal tag!" he commented bitterly.  
"Oh, it is not hopeless," Sheridan said cheerfully. "I am merely pointing out the roads we can't take. One road is open and I'm going to travel down it like a hurricane."  
"It leads directly to Mr. Riley Ratface Morgan. We'll fight the devil with fire. We'll turn blackleg for the nonce and do a little blackmailing ourselves. Once committed to a career of crime, we might even connive at another burglary."  
"What's the answer? I'll bite," said Smedley, his spirits revived by Sheridan's optimism.  
"All crooks of low intelligence are moral cowards," Sheridan replied. "If I can get my hands on Morgan, the rest ought to be easy. To save himself, when the screws are put to him, he will come through with all he knows."

"If he still has the diary in his possession, he will give it up. If he hasn't got it, he knows where it is and, by Judds, I'll make him get it if he has to rob the First National bank! I've cooked up a very persuasive method of dealing with our burglar friend."  
Sheridan placed a hand on Smedley's head and affectionately ruffled his hair.  
"Rest easy, Joe," he said, "the wheel's start turning tomorrow."  
(To Be Continued)

COUNTY GRADUALLY  
LOSING POPULATION

Vital Statistics in Rural France Are Alarming Authorities.  
By United Press  
BRIOUDE, France, Nov. 22.—In seventy-five years, unless something is done, the entire county of Brioude will be depopulated.  
Government statistics show that the population, which was 70,100 in 1914, fell to 62,300 in 1925 and 59,000 today. In the last three-month period there were 294 deaths and 212 births, and four less marriages than a year ago.  
The depopulation of rural France has been continuous since the war and the French government has sent experts in the field to seek a remedy.

Jerusalem was entirely deserted for a period of seventy years.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN



"They were going toward the morning. It was a half-moon ago." Tarzan listened no longer to the young ape's tale. Was it possible this prisoner was some young woman of his own race in deadly peril? Without another word the ape-man sprang into the trees and fled like a disembodied spirit eastward, in the direction of the forgotten city of Opar.



How long Jane lay in the darkness of the vault beneath the temple in the ancient city of Opar, she did not know. As her strength gradually returned, her captors watched her with increasing interest. At length came a day when they led her from her dungeon into a brilliant courtyard. She saw a stone altar in the center with dark brown stains upon it.



They bound her ankles and her wrists. A moment later she was lifted and placed across the altar's top. During the grotesque dance of the votaries that followed, she lay frozen in horror. Nor did she require the sight of the thin blade in the hands of the high priestess as it rose slowly above her, to enlighten her further as to her doom.



As the hand began to descend, Jane succumbed to the strain, and swooned. Day and night Tarzan of the Apes raced through the primeval forest toward the ruined city in which he was positive some white woman lay either a prisoner or dead. He thought of that grim altar and increased his speed. Would he be in time to rescue her? He hoped against hope. At least he could be revenged.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



MOM'N POP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM



MOM'N POP



THE RETURN OF TARZAN



By Edgar Rice Burroughs