

ACE CARROWAY  
AND THE  
HANDSOME DEVIL

GUY WORTHEY

ACE CARROWAY AND THE HANDSOME DEVIL

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Tomorrow's Weather—Fair

# "10 TO 3" DAILY WALL STREET FEATURE THIS EDITION

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# The Evening World

# WALL STREET THE FINAL EVENING EDITION WORLD

# BABE RUTH BREAKS HIS OWN HOME RUN MARK WITH 55

## DE VALERA TELLS BRITAIN "CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED" MUST BE BASIS OF PARLEY

## RUTH GETS 55TH HOMER, SETTING A NEW RECORD

## DE VALERA TELLS BRITAIN "CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED" MUST BE BASIS OF PARLEY

Ireland Can Negotiate Only as One People, Says De Valera in Reply to Lloyd George's Invitation.

None Expresses Willingness to Confer at Inverness, but Points Out Erin Already Has Declared Independence.

Premier's Own Statement in 1918 Cited in Support of Irish Position—Lloyd's Now Are Being Chosen.

DUBLIN, Sept. 15.—Lloyd George, accept the invitation to discuss Ireland's independence, proposed to meet the Irish premier at Inverness, but the British premier's own statement in 1918, which he cited in support of his position, was that Ireland should be treated as a nation.

## 3 BLOCKS BURNED IN \$350,000 FIRE AT ROCKAWAY BEACH

French Party in Tent Believed Cause of Blaze—One Man Is Killed.

They Will Get \$200,000, While 1,200 Other Saleswomen Have Put in Demands.

## FANNED BY HIGH WIND, BESSIE CITY OFFICIALS Fire Alarms, Bring Engines From Brooklyn and All Nearby Resorts.

Fire Alarms, Bring Engines From Brooklyn and All Nearby Resorts.

A crowd of women, many of them in flammable and even reticent circumstances, is bringing the late season of the city's fire in the city of the 1918-19 season.

Metropolitan Opera House — Reviews All Week

Debut: Great Bradley, Suzanne Keener, & Grace Annerholm

Debut: Mario Jetzko and George Menden

Debut: Adolpho Grilli and

## PERFORMING ARTS HAPPENINGS SYMPHONY, OPERA, AND BROADWAY HIGHLIGHTS

Symphony's Second Concert of the Season

Saturday, September 17, 8 p.m.

Under the Stedman Hall Chalkboard

List "The World of Music" No. 3, & "Opera" "Radio Concerts"

Metropolitan Opera House — Reviews All Week

Debut: Great Bradley, Suzanne Keener, & Grace Annerholm

Debut: Mario Jetzko and George Menden

Debut: Adolpho Grilli and

## Up and Down the Great White Way

Stables Theatre.....Eugene O'Neil's "The Iceman Cometh" (with Lee Corbin)

Little Theatre.....The Taming of the Shrew (this week Harold Lloyd)

Belasco Theatre.....The Importance of Being Earnest

Criterion Theatre.....Marilyn Miller and Eddie Cantor in Sally

New Amsterdam Theatre.....Little Johnny Jones

Chrysalis Theatre.....Nightingale

Proctor Theatre.....Ziegfeld Follies

The New Theatre.....Tip Top Follies

Lynburn Theatre.....Lo Belle Terre

## ARBUCKLE TO KNOW TO-DAY WHETHER HE IS TO BE TRIED FOR MURDER OF MISS RAPPE

## PARIS SEES EVILS OF PROHIBITION IN ARBUCKLE CASE

With Two Charges Against Comedian, Prosecutor Will Decide Which to Press—Release on Bail Asked.

Many Famous Movie Stars to Be Drawn Into Case as Witnesses to Tell of Actor's Alleged Orgies.

Paris, Sept. 15.—"Arbitrage" are usually too inflammable. They are on the eve of American Prohibition, many papers argue that the United States should profit by the lesson and restore "light wine" to the market.

The Paris Mail says: "Arbitrage" are usually too inflammable. They are on the eve of American Prohibition, many papers argue that the United States should profit by the lesson and restore "light wine" to the market.

PART ONE

THE MARK  
OF THE  
SNOW LEOPARD

## CHAPTER I

Hubert Ewing Devery Bostock III, more commonly referred to as Bert, pounded up the stairs to the upper floor of his Beacon Hill apartment. He entered the sitting room and spread his hands apologetically. "Sorry about that, Suzanne! Whoever rang the doorbell ran off. Nobody there, after all. Now, where were we?"

Strains of Benny Goodman exuded from the Radio-Victor machine. The redhead on the divan recrossed her legs. "Maybe the lightning scared them off. You were about to pour me some wine, I think."

"Was I? What a smart fellow I must be. That's a wicked wonderful idea."

Thunder rumbled, rattling the window panes.

Suzanne hugged herself. "It's shaping up to be a frightful night!"

"Only outside," said Bert. "Inside, it's cozy and warm." The phone rang before he could uncork the wine bottle.

"Suzanne, darling? Could you get that?"

Suzanne picked up the receiver. "Hello?" Her brows knitted. "What? Who's this?"

She turned to Bert to ask a question. Lightning flashed outside. The electric lights went dark without so much as a flicker. Suzanne gasped, "Oh, my!"

"Hold on! I have matches. Here." A match flared to life, illuminating the young lawyer's face.

He applied the match to a triple candelabra as Suzanne said, "Hello? Hello?" into the phone.

She slowly replaced the handset into its cradle and glanced at her handsome date. She arched an eyebrow. "It was a woman. She said she needed to see you. *Alone.*"

Bert assumed an air of innocence and splashed wine into two glasses. "A client, probably."

"A client. You'd better hope." They arranged themselves on the divan at the window and clinked glasses. They exchanged amused half-smiles in the candlelight. If it weren't inky black outside, there would be a view of Boston Common.

Lightning flashed again.

Suzanne's eyes flicked to the window and widened in horror. From her throat ripped an involuntary scream of pure terror. Bert whipped his head to look. He caught a glimpse only, lit by the last dim flicker of lightning. The eerie light outlined a shape hovering outside the second floor window. A hand splayed on the window. A face hovered beyond with dark hollows for eyes.

Bert's jaw dropped open. "A banshee!" Suzanne's voice shook. "A banshee! Scars on her face!"

He took a candle and raised it to the window. In the blackness nothing could be seen.

Suzanne broke the strained silence. "I want to go home."

Bert shook himself. "Yes. Yes, of course, Suzanne."



Roaring along in his two-seater roadster, she hesi-

tantly narrated her impressions. A female form floated weightless and colorless in the lightning-light. Parallel lines of scars marred her cheek and temple. One hand extended toward the couple like a claw, or the soul-reaping scythe of an Irish banshee, the female spirit whose appearance heralded death.

His own fleeting impression he did not speak of. It was worse, more personal, and insane. But a woman who had died in a plane crash three months ago could not be floating outside his apartment window. His skin prickled.

By the time the young lawyer got back to his apartment, the lightning and thunder had ebbed, giving way to torrential rain. Bert set the brake on his car and bolted for the door to his apartment. He fumbled for his keys, but the unlocked knob turned under his hand. The door creaked open. Bert stared.

“Steady, Bert,” he whispered, “A ghost wouldn’t bother to jimmy the lock.”

He crept in. The electric lights had come back on. There was a light upstairs. The Radio-Victor was playing, but not the Benny Goodman Bert had put on for Suzanne. It was Tommy Dorsey. Even as the eerie realization tightened his throat, an eager light ignited in his eye. Adventure was afoot.

Bert snaked a hand into the coat closet. His reaching fingers encountered a clammy, dripping wet raincoat. He suppressed a shout of panic. Breathing faster, he pushed his hand to the back right corner, where he kept his fencing épée. He felt its metallic hilt with a sense of relief. He advanced up the stairs, épée-point first.

His sword tip crossed the threshold of the sitting

room.

“Who’s there?” Bert said. “I’m warning you: I’m armed!”

A shadow across the room changed shape. A low trilling sounded; a haunting, musical warble that seemed to come from all corners of the room at once. The shadow glided forward into the light.

Bert’s épée fell from suddenly-nerveless fingers with a clatter.



## CHAPTER 2

A dry wind swept waves of flexing grass across the prairie hills. A sturdy fence followed each hilly undulation while marching in a geometrically perfect east-west line. A bay mare stood tethered to the fence, patient and motionless. Her eyes drooped sleepily and her lips sprouted a tuft of grass she had forgotten about mid-chew. Loops of coaxial, radio-frequency transmission cable protruded from her saddlebags.

Next to the animal, radio engineer Gregory Jamison knelt, weather-beaten face shaded by his Stetson. He briefly squinted at a dark dot low in the cerulean sky, then went back to trimming wire.

The mare's ear flicked. She raised her head and nickered as the sky-dot grew larger and buzzed like an oversized bee. Jamison, known to most by the nickname Tombstone, assured the horse, "It's jes' a plane, Sparky. Mebbe some joy-rider. Don't you worry none."

But once Tombstone had his cable strung, stapled, and connected, he looked again at the approaching airplane and frowned. All of a sudden it was loud, huge, and swift. It dived directly at him. Or so it seemed for a moment. The plane barrel-rolled as it passed the horse and man, the buzz of its engine fading rapidly.

Sparky neighed. Tombstone shook his fist at the departing plane. "Pesky whippersnapper! Come pester me in person, why don'tcha?"

A swish-thud sound interrupted Tombstone's tirade. He pivoted on his boot heel to the spot on the ground where his ears told him something heavy had landed. With a few ambling, slightly bowlegged steps, the lean cowboy strode over. He bent and picked up a sturdy soda bottle that hadn't been there a second ago.

Its smooth surface was marked with a black grease pencil. The lettering read, "Come to house." Under the letters was a stemmed heart symbol like the spade on a deck of cards.

Tombstone glanced back at the receding plane. It performed an effortless loop, then banked hard to the south, where his sister's ranch house lay.

"Tarnation." Tombstone pushed up the front of his hat to rub at a perplexed forehead.

# YANKIES WIN

## SCORE YANKIES 4 INDIANS 2

To-Nights Weather—Fair, Cool. To-Morrow, Weather—Fair.

**THE EVENING WORLD** **Baseball Final** **THE EVENING WORLD**

**The Evening World**

**Baseball Final**

VOL. LXII. NO. 21,852—DAILY. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1921. PRICE THREE CENTS

### INDIANS GET TWO RUNS IN FOURTH INNING; RUTH FIRST TO SCORE FOR YANKIES

**HOYT PITCHING AGAINST CONE—BOX SCORE FOR SIX INNINGS.**

CLEVELAND (A)		NEW YORK (H)	
AB	R	AB	R
Lawrence, 1b	0	Lawrence, 1b	0
Wright, 2b	1	Wright, 2b	0
Wells, 3b	2	Wells, 3b	0
Smith, 4b	0	Smith, 4b	0
Ward, 5b	0	Ward, 5b	0
Greider, 6b	0	Greider, 6b	0
Yankee, 7b	0	Yankee, 7b	0
Wells, 8b	0	Wells, 8b	0
Greider, 9b	0	Greider, 9b	0
Wright, 10b	0	Wright, 10b	0
Lawrence, 11b	0	Lawrence, 11b	0
Wells, 12b	0	Wells, 12b	0
Smith, 13b	0	Smith, 13b	0
Ward, 14b	0	Ward, 14b	0
Greider, 15b	0	Greider, 15b	0
Yankee, 16b	0	Yankee, 16b	0
Wells, 17b	0	Wells, 17b	0
Greider, 18b	0	Greider, 18b	0
Yankee, 19b	0	Yankee, 19b	0
Wells, 20b	0	Wells, 20b	0
Greider, 21b	0	Greider, 21b	0
Yankee, 22b	0	Yankee, 22b	0
Wells, 23b	0	Wells, 23b	0
Greider, 24b	0	Greider, 24b	0
Yankee, 25b	0	Yankee, 25b	0
Wells, 26b	0	Wells, 26b	0
Greider, 27b	0	Greider, 27b	0
Yankee, 28b	0	Yankee, 28b	0
Wells, 29b	0	Wells, 29b	0
Greider, 30b	0	Greider, 30b	0
Yankee, 31b	0	Yankee, 31b	0
Wells, 32b	0	Wells, 32b	0
Greider, 33b	0	Greider, 33b	0
Yankee, 34b	0	Yankee, 34b	0
Wells, 35b	0	Wells, 35b	0
Greider, 36b	0	Greider, 36b	0
Yankee, 37b	0	Yankee, 37b	0
Wells, 38b	0	Wells, 38b	0
Greider, 39b	0	Greider, 39b	0
Yankee, 40b	0	Yankee, 40b	0
Wells, 41b	0	Wells, 41b	0
Greider, 42b	0	Greider, 42b	0
Yankee, 43b	0	Yankee, 43b	0
Wells, 44b	0	Wells, 44b	0
Greider, 45b	0	Greider, 45b	0
Yankee, 46b	0	Yankee, 46b	0
Wells, 47b	0	Wells, 47b	0
Greider, 48b	0	Greider, 48b	0
Yankee, 49b	0	Yankee, 49b	0
Wells, 50b	0	Wells, 50b	0
Greider, 51b	0	Greider, 51b	0
Yankee, 52b	0	Yankee, 52b	0
Wells, 53b	0	Wells, 53b	0
Greider, 54b	0	Greider, 54b	0
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Wells, 56b	0	Wells, 56b	0
Greider, 57b	0	Greider, 57b	0
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Wells, 89b	0	Wells, 89b	0
Greider, 90b	0	Greider, 90b	0
Yankee, 91b	0	Yankee, 91b	0
Wells, 92b	0	Wells, 92b	0
Greider, 93b	0	Greider, 93b	0
Yankee, 94b	0	Yankee, 94b	0
Wells, 95b	0	Wells, 95b	0
Greider, 96b	0	Greider, 96b	0
Yankee, 97b	0	Yankee, 97b	0
Wells, 98b	0	Wells, 98b	0
Greider, 99b	0	Greider, 99b	0
Yankee, 100b	0	Yankee, 100b	0

### PIANIST AND ACE PILOT

**ONE AND THE SAME**

Musician, pianist and ace pilot, Harry H. Harts, who has been in the city for some time, is expected to leave for his home in New York City, where he will continue his musical studies.

### MISS MILDRED HANAN SHOT FROM AMBUSH BY WOMAN WHO THEN ENDS OWN LIFE

Mrs. Grace Lawes, daughter of Dr. Jerome Wagner, and Miss Mary, then shot and killed herself.

### TWO PLUCKY YOUNG BOYS CARRYING \$10,700 PAYROLL FOIL BANDIT PISTOL IN HAND

Two plucky bank messengers, each of three young boys and one with the face of a man, were seen in the city of New York, where they were carrying a payroll of \$10,700. The boys were seen in the city of New York, where they were carrying a payroll of \$10,700.

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### Evening World Racing Chart

ADVERT. N. Y. SEPT. 23—WEATHER CLEAR, TRACK GOOD.

715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
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