

In Pictures Each Week  
in the Graphic Section

A NOVEL BY  
**RUPERT HUGHES**

On the Air Each Friday  
at 8:45 P. M. on W-G-N



**8** Yet Phoebe is altogether horrified by Bentle's intention: "I'm going to defend Hugo, darling." "From what?" asks Phoebe. "You know he's guilty." "Of course. That's what makes the case so pretty. The publicity will be enormous. And then the money!" "Blood money . . . murder money!" Phoebe muses aloud . . .



**10** Left alone in his cell, Hugo prays in vain for sleep. He needs it, but it refuses to accept him. Now he begins to think. To justify himself. To feel that he is a victim of a malice in circumstances. Belligerently he begins to shout . . .



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**11** At the Lakemeadow club, Dick Bentle and Mrs. Cressy have heard all the sinister circumstances of Hugo Ryder's crime, yet have learned nothing from it. So does conviviality lull caution . . .

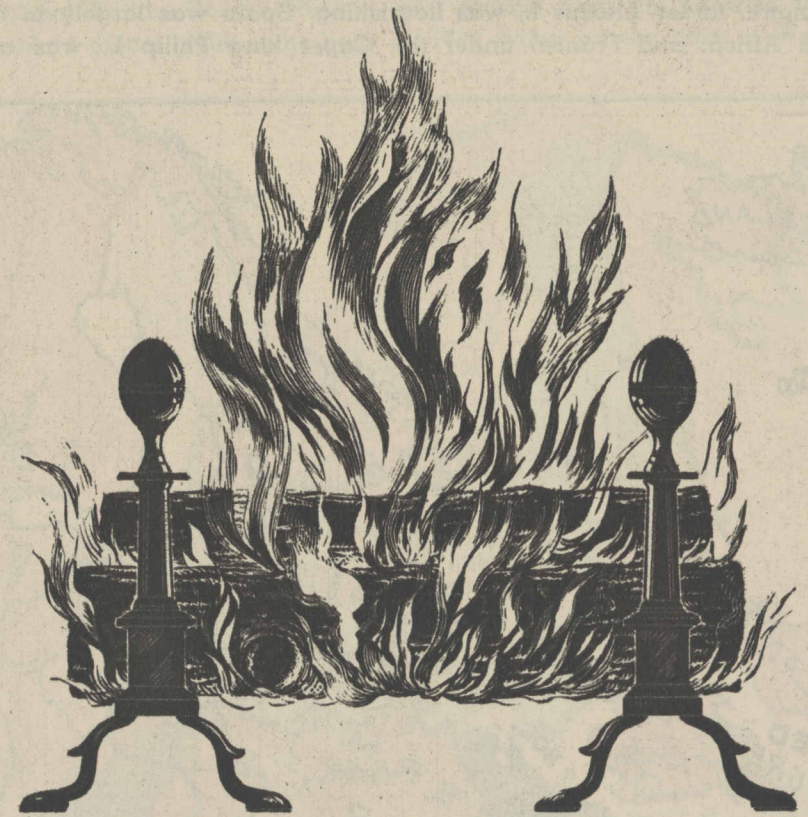


**12** But Murray Bentle, encountering Dick and Mrs. Cressy, is keenly alive to potentialities. "Get away from here as fast as you can," he warns. "Joe Cressy is here, and he looks ugly." "O, Dick," cries Mrs. Cressy in immediate panic. "take me home. What if Joe—quick!"

**Next Sunday—The Innocent Suffer!**



**9** Thwarted in his mania to kill his child, Hugo rages about the city in a last fury of bewilderment. . . . But at last reason returns, and remorse, fear, sickness attend reason. It occurs to Ryder that he must deliver himself to the law. Slowly he drags himself to the city jail. . . . So docile is he now that Sergeant Slattery seizes the chance and persuades him to sign a full confession.



**RECIPE FOR CONTENTMENT**

After a hectic day at the office, relax and charge your batteries. You'll live longer and get a lot more pleasure out of life. Put on your slippers, pick out an easy chair and light a Dutch Masters cigar. It's made for men who want the best life has to offer as they go along.

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