

"Up From the Death Cell" The Story of a Man Who Won a Fight Against Big Odds

BY JOHN W. KANE.

Kane's New Acquaintance, Violet Grey Offers To Help Him Escape, He Decides To Take the Chance

SYNOPSIS.

Kane kills two carmen in a western state, while trying to hold them up. His partner, who had no part in the affair, betrays him. A mob surrounds the jail; its leaders enter. Kane is disguised as a patrolman and taken to the state penitentiary for safekeeping. He recalls how he himself five years before, as a lad, watched while cowboys lynched two supposed cattle thieves. He thinks of his mother and father and sisters in Missouri. He looks through his cell door and sees the striped convicts in the lock-step. A trusty as hard-looking as ever a convict was, shares this sugar with Kane. He wants to make people understand that the killing, though done in a robbery, was unpremeditated, and in a way was done in self-defence. At length he writes his confession. He is returned from the state prison to the county jail. A prisoner in the adjoining cell is visited by his wife. With her is Violet Grey, a girl of means, who is struck by the thought that Curly has better stuff in him than his condition indicates.

CHAPTER IX.

Violet Grey laughed when I asked her if she thought I wanted her to send the book or bring it. "I'll bring it then, to Fred—as you say. In the meantime keep as cheerful as you can. As an old uncle of mine who has been quite a globe-trotter says: 'No game is out until it's played all the way through—so don't get blue if you can help it.' The blues, however, is something inseparable from jail life for any person except an idiot, and I found myself unable to live up to the standard advocated by Miss Violet Grey, which will do as a name.

I was exceptionally despondent on the following Saturday, after I had been taken into the district court for arraignment. Apart from the never-ending worry incident to my situation in general, there were seemingly specific matters on the side to aid to my despondency.

It takes very little to cheer or dishearten a person in prison. Such a person will cling to the least hope, and oftentimes he will be prone to attach significance to something that should have no weight either way.

One cause for my special worry that Saturday was in the court room I had seen Violet Grey, who had passed very near me, yet had shown no sign of recognition. Of course, I should not have expected her to speak to me, but the most fitting glance of recognition would have cheered me.

The following morning, when, in answer to my question, Fred expressed doubt as to Miss Grey's coming with his wife that afternoon, I was made all the more downhearted. But after we had been gonged to our cells for the afternoon, and Fred, from a window had seen both his wife and Miss Grey approaching, I was lifted to the seventh heaven.

"I wanted to speak to you yesterday," were his first words to me, "but you know how it is—and I thought I'd better not even look at you. Say, Mr. Kane—her face lighted up with seeming amusement—"You won't think that I'm one of those maudlin sentimental ones, will you?—the kind that, according to the papers, heap flowers and compliments on one in your situation."

She Starts Me Writing.

I found myself wondering whether she was in the late 'teens or the late twenties.

I said: "You seem to be too firm and practical and sure of yourself

for that."

"Thank you for acquitting me, but I'm not very practical—or sure of myself, either."

Her talk during the next pleasant half hour, however, indicated that my verdict was for most part correct. She was a delightful conversationalist, a good listener and had an abundance of humor. I was sorry to have the visit at an end that time, and the same was true of each time she came during the next three weeks.

We found out a great deal concerning the past life of each other. She had brought me writing paraphernalia and insisted that between visiting days I write things for—just anything, she said, whether it were about my past, or the old jail, or even about her. In turn she wrote many pages, which I would read over between the times of her coming.

Violet Grey had been born in California, brought up on a ranch in a state I'll not mention, educated in the schools and the university of an adjoining state, and at that time had an income from some property left by her father. The unusual appealed to her and she liked activity and excitement; but on the other side of her nature was that womanliness that Luther must have had in mind when he said, "Earth holds nothing more tender than the heart of a good woman when it is the abode of love and pity—and perhaps they are the same."

Her Note—"I Mean This."

My trial had been set for March 22. On Sunday, the thirtieth of January, Violet was on hand, supposedly to help Fred's wife visit him, but in reality to visit with me.

Only once during that time of twice-a-week visits from her had the jailer come back after going away, and he had found her sitting by the side of Fred's wife there, while I was lying on my cot reading.

On that last Sunday in January, however, our visit was much longer than usual. She had sat in silence a great deal of the time, and I was wondering why, when at the end of one of those periods of silence, she reached through the bars and took from my hand a lead pencil, and holding a sheet of note paper against a

book on her lap she wrote a few lines across it rapidly, then passed the writing to me. I read—and it set my head in a whirl. It was as follows:

"You are either going to be executed or sent to prison for life. Any real man would take a chance to save his life, and surely to avoid life imprisonment is worth a chance also. If there is any possible way for you to get out of this place to the street, I can then help you to get entirely out of the country. I mean this, Jack: I have plenty of coin to spend in the matter—and I'm willing to spend it. Speak very low and in veiled language if you wish to discuss it."

I looked up and found her watching me narrowly.

"You can't mean this," I said in a whisper.

"The lady does mean it," she replied aloud; then, rising and reaching both hands through the bars, she took my hands and held them in a firm clasp, and spoke low and rapidly, "do—and there's absolutely no limit that I won't go."

"Money Will Do Anything."

"I couldn't think of letting you take a chance like that."

"It wouldn't be a personal chance. I'd hire certain persons—money will do anything. I believe I could hire people to come right here and hold up that jail office and release you; with your co-operation I know I could. Tell me that you'll do that, please!" And she gave my hands a sudden and much stronger pressure.

I stood looking into her eyes. We heard the gate click.

"There he comes to let us out. Tell me—will you consider it?"

"I'll have to think first, and—"

"Think nothing!" she broke in, fairly shaking my hands in her impatience. "I can't help you any lawfully—nobody else can—but I can save you the other way; do you want me to?"

I heard the gate clang to behind the jailer and knew that he would round the rotary and be in sight within two seconds.

"Yes—if you can," I whispered. "I'll take the chance."

"I'll do it, then—or go flat broke trying."

And with a last hearty handclasp, she turned away, lifted her chair noiselessly and set it in front of Fred's cell.

When the jailer arrived in front of my station, I was apparently busy addressing an envelope.

An Act of Impulse?

That outer corridor gate had scarcely changed shut behind her when I regretted my acquiescence in her briefly outlined plan for my escape. I did not once doubt her sincerity at that time, but felt sure that she had little conception of what a regulation jail delivery meant.

Whether or not she had planned to wait until the last moment before submitting the proposition to me I was unable to decide; yet something told me then that the idea had been taking root in her mind for some time and that in expressing it to me she had merely acted upon impulse.

I regretted that I had not at the last moment told her to take no action until after the following visiting day, at which time we could lay all the plans with care; and about every alternate thought concerning the matter was a regret.

It was of her own risk that I thought most. And even though she would not, as she had told me, take personal risk, I could easily see a dozen ways by which the responsibility might be traced back to her—and to me.

Of course, in my own case there was not so much at stake. I was to be placed on trial for my life, and an attempt at escape could not injure my chances much. In her case, however, any attempt at helping me to escape was in truth committing a felony; and even if she should be acquitted, the accusation alone would spoil her whole life.

The following day, Monday, I received a communication from a local bank saying that a certificate of deposit had been received for me. That was the money from home that I had been waiting for.

A Letter From Home.

The next day I received a letter

STOMACH TROUBLES ARE DUE TO ACIDITY

Tells, Safe, Certain, Speedy Relief For Acid Indigestion.

So-called stomach troubles, such as indigestion, gas, sourness, stomach-ache and inability to retain food are in probably nine cases out of ten, simply evidence that excessive secretion of acid is taking place in the stomach, causing the formation of gas and acid indigestion.

Gas distends the stomach and causes that full, oppressive, burning feeling sometimes known as heartburn. While the acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach. The trouble lies entirely in the excess development or secretion of acid.

To stop or prevent this souring of the food contents of the stomach and to neutralize the acid, and make it bland and harmless, a teaspoonful of Bisurated Magnesia, a root and effective corrector of acid stomach, should be taken in a quarter of a glass of hot or cold water after eating or whenever gas, sourness or acidity is felt. This sweetens the stomach and neutralizes the acidity in a few moments and is a perfect, harmless and inexpensive remedy to use.

An antacid, such as Bisurated Magnesia, which can be obtained from any druggist in either powder or tablet form, enables the stomach to do its work properly without the aid of artificial digestants. Magnesia comes in several forms, so be certain to ask for and take only Bisurated Magnesia, which is especially prepared for the above purpose.—Advt.

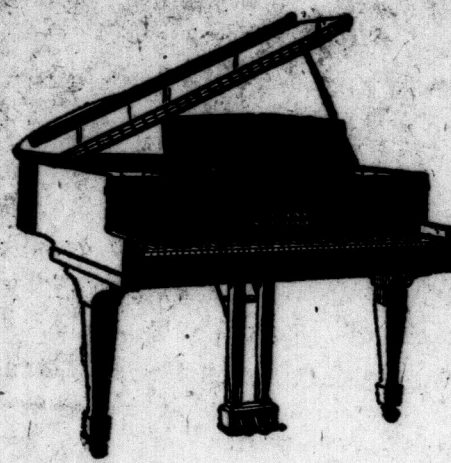
from my home. It was the first word that I had had from there since my arrest. I read that brief and heart-breaking and heart-breaking letter from my mother. That Tuesday, which was a dreary, cold and windy day, will ever remain in my memory as the day upon which I suffered most. As a matter of fact—just as all of this narrative is fact, which might be verified by official or newspaper records—from that very day onward my curly black hair began to show threads of gray. I was unable to sleep that night—and only one who has passed sleepless nights in a prison cell can begin to understand the horror of insomnia.

Wednesday morning I arose pale, hollow-eyed, nervous and with a bursting headache. In one way I was hoping that Violet Grey would not call that afternoon, in another I wished she should come. I wanted to hear more about her plans, if she had any of a definite nature, for my escape from the place. I was so heartily sick and so completely undone generally that no act of desperation would have been beyond me.

She came—buoyant and cheerful and altogether—as fascinating as usual.

THE CODE MESSAGE: CHAPTER TEN ON FRIDAY. (Copyright, 1923, in United States and Canada, Great Britain and South America, by the North American Newspaper Alliance. All right reserved.)

What! A Grand Piano in Your Home!



"Of course—why not? My living-room is small, I'll admit—but then I don't have to give up the beauties of a Grand Piano because of that."

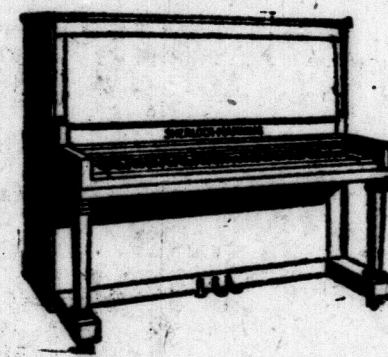
"But how can you manage it? Aren't you terribly crowded?"

It was time to smile and let her friend in on the secret.

"Certainly not, dear. You see I have the new Sherlock-Manning Small Grand Piano. It's small enough for my cosy living-room, yet just as rich in tone and beautiful in appearance as the most expensive larger grand piano."

SHERLOCK-MANNING

20th Century Piano
The Piano worthy of your Home



Then of course there is the Sherlock-Manning Upright Piano, a distinctive achievement in the musical world. It is primarily a home piano constructed to meet the requirements of Canadian people—will bear the most constant usage—and keep true to tone.

See these Sherlock-Manning Pianos at the Made-in-London Exhibition at Smallman & Ingram's all this week.

Miss Kathryn Sells, the celebrated blind pianist, will play every afternoon from 4 to 4.30 o'clock during the exhibition.

Sherlock-Manning Piano Company
LONDON, CANADA.

Metropolitan Skirt and Suit Mfg. Co.

Gigantic Stock-Reducing Sale

With the demand for spring garments at its height, we stage a marvelous sale of

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Millinery

We state, without reservation, that they are by far the finest we have ever offered at or near these prices. An event that makes possible the saving of a large sum on the newest fashions.

Suits

Distinctive Suits in the new box coat, semi-fitted and bloused style, all-over embroidered effects and charmingly plain models. Regular \$20.00, \$35.00, up to \$50.00. Specially priced for this sale

\$15.95 \$21.45 \$29.50

Coats, Wraps

Attractive styles for the ultra critical. Coats with graceful long lines, the kind liked to wear with an afternoon gown. Balkan styles and wrappy effects that are a happy medium for dress and practical wear. Very smart Sport Coats of imported tweeds and polo cloth, both belted and straight, with flaring lines. Reg. \$18.75, \$26.50, \$32.75, \$55.00. Sale

**\$13.50, \$19.75
\$24.95, \$29.75**

Dresses

These are Beautiful Dresses—the most wanted models that we have placed on sale. They are values that are typical of this popular store. Fashioned of canton crepe, printed crepe, embroidered crepe, taffeta, georgette, satins and pascley combinations, in greens, browns, blues, cocons, sand, strawberry and wood shades.

REGULAR..... \$20.00 \$25.00 \$33.50 \$39.00

SALE PRICE..... **\$12.95 \$18.45 \$24.75 \$28.50**

Cloth Dresses of polart twill, tricotine, botany serge. Braided, embroidered and tailored effects.

REGULAR..... \$14.00 TO \$25.00

SALE PRICE..... **\$8.95 \$17.85**

Specialized Collection of Spring Hats

\$2.95, \$4.95, \$7.95

Hats of such unusual distinction and smart styles. Hats with wide brims. Small Hats with smart tailored bows. Mushroom Hats with youthful drooping brims. All the new colors in both the vivid and dark shades. It is a collection that will interest the women who want a smart hat at an inexpensive price.



Children's Coats

All Sizes. Sport styles, fancy styles. Worth \$13.50 to \$18.50, for

\$8.50 to \$12.75

UNDERSKIRTS

All Colors. Worth \$2.00, for

98c

Metropolitan Skirt & Suit Mfg. Co.

Reedcraft Spring Opening Sale of Reed Furniture

We have a wonderful showing of all the latest models from Guderich Reedcraft Furniture Company of Guderich, Ont. All the latest models are here. The chairs are upholstered in the finest English tapestry, with deep spring seats. Prices are the lowest we have ever been able to offer. To guarantee the success of this sale we have decided to sell these chairs and rockers at these remarkably low terms.

50c PUTS ANY CHAIR OR ROCKER IN YOUR HOME—BALANCE WEEKLY OR MONTHLY



\$21.00

Large Reed Rocker in best tapestry, deep spring seat. 50c DELIVERS IT.



\$19.00

Full-Size Reed Rocker, fine English tapestry, spring seat. 50c CASH.



\$19.00

Full-Size Strong Reed Rocker, best grade tapestry, spring seat. 50c DELIVERS IT.



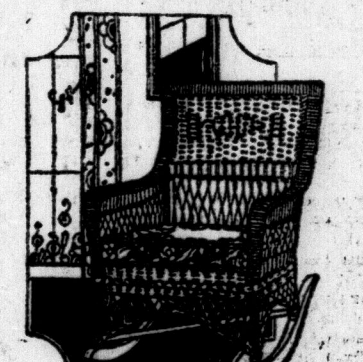
\$15.00

Neat Reed Rocker, tapestry cushion spring seat. 50c CASH.



\$24.00

Fine Reed Rocker, best English tapestry, spring seat. 50c CASH.



\$16.00

Comfortable Reed Rocker, tapestry seat cushion, spring seat. 50c DELIVERS IT.

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228-230 DUNDAS STREET. LONDON'S LARGEST HOMEFURNISHERS.