

JOURNAL MAGAZINE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOME

Triumphs of
M. Jonquelléby MELVILLE DAVISSON POST
© 1922 NEA Service, Inc.

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

I advanced to meet the man with a sense of victory. The Service de la Sureté had searched the world for him. He had been long concealed. But my sense of victory vanished when I saw him.

He sat in a great chair on the long terrace that overlooked the sweep of lawn and the dark, rapid river. He had been, all the time, under our very noses. We had thought of every other place except an English country house within a jump of London. And he had been sitting here in every comfort that money could assemble.

He did not rise when I was brought out to him.

He leaned back in the chair, lifted his heavy face, and laughed. "And so, Monsieur Jonquellé," he said, "you finally wormed it out of her."

I could not keep my voice level—so effectively was the man escaping us after all this search.

And I did not know what the huge creature meant. On the night before, some one had called up the Service de la Sureté and said our man was here. The long distance call from some shop in Regent street, London, could not be traced—so it had been a woman! I replied as though I were in his secret.

"She knew you were safe," he laughed again. "Sure, she knew it!"

He pointed to a chair a few feet beyond him across a table.

"Sit down," he said. "I want to talk about her—that's the reason I wanted you to come." He laughed again. "You thought you'd sleuthed it out, eh? Not by a jugful. I sent her word to put you wise. I wanted to clear some things up before I cashed in. But it was a clean lie. What I wanted was somebody to listen while I talked about her. Sit down."

It was a strange introductory. But it was a mystery that had puzzled everybody, and I was willing to hear all that he had to say about it. I took the chair beyond him.

He shot his head forward suddenly, in a tense gesture.

"She's a heavenly angel!" he said. "I don't know what God Almighty meant by setting her in the game with the bunch of crooks that He's got running the world—unless He's counted on me." The laugh became a sort of chuckle in his big throat—"Ain't she a heavenly angel?"

He whipped a worn photograph out of his pocket and reached it across the table to me.

It was the photograph of a girl with the face cut out. It had been taken from a painting, one could tell from the flat surface, and the strange, background of beauty and an indescribable charm in the pose of the girl remained even in the mutilated picture.

"I cut out the face," he added, "so she wouldn't come into the case if you caught me; your little Westridge must have been slaughtered at the loss of her."

Again he touched me at an un-

expected point.

Shortly after the thing, for which we were seeking the man before me, had, as the Americans say, "been pulled off." Lord Westridge returned to England. He had gone to visit some rich Americans, and there was a rumor that some adventure had befallen him.

Nothing definite ever came to me, and I liked the man too little to inquire; all the blood from the original Glasgow solicitor, as the British say, would "bite a shilling." But again I replied as though I were in his secret.

"What happened to Westridge?" I said.

The man twisted around in his chair.

"Friend," he said, "you've got a



IT WAS THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A GIRL WITH THE FACE CUT OUT.

head full of brains or you wouldn't be Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Service de la Sureté and the English would not have you over on this case; now answer me a question—What's the biggest notion in the Christian Church?"

"I don't know," I answered him truthfully.

"Well, I know," he went on. "It's the notion that you'll get what's a-comin' to you!"

He looked at me with a big, cynical leer.

"That's what happened to your little Westridge—and the next time you see him he's again to get another jolt. He will be blamed sorry that you found me. He couldn't squeal, any place along the line, but I'll bet a finger he didn't let you forget about me."

And again I saw an incident of this long search, for the man before me, from another angle. The Black-acre Bank had kept the search hot for him, pretending the public welfare. I saw it now, that was Westridge's money-box—that would be little Westridge in the background.

He eyed me curiously in a moment's pause.

"He kept slippin' you the word, eh? Well, she blocked him at that, even if she didn't know it."

There came a sudden energy into his voice.

"An' if the plague hadn't got me

I'd 'a' saved her that trouble; I'd 'a' played rings-round-roy with you."

He lifted himself in the chair with the strength of his hands on the broad arm-rests. And I realized more fully what a physical wreck he was—the lower part of his body was motionless.

"I want to tell you about this thing," he said. "And then you can go ahead with your warrant."

"I fear," I replied, "that a somewhat higher authority has got in before your King's writ."

He chuckled as though the deadly fact were a sort of pleasantry. "Sure," he said, "the big Judge has beat you to it."

He looked out, a moment, at the woolly Highland cattle in the distant meadow, at the age-old beech-trees and the dark, swift, silent water, and then the upper part of his big body settled in the chair.

"I thought it was a sick trick, but maybe it was God Almighty. Anyway when the thing was pulled off I slid up to Bar Harbor and set down in a hotel. I figured it out like this—you look for a crook in the places that crooks go, and you look for a gentleman in the places where gentlemen go. I'll switch it."

"I got me some quiet clothes. I limped a little to show that I wasn't crook-it and I didn't talk. I just set about with the New York Times and the Financial Register and let the days pass. When there was dotting in the hotel I came there in my all-right evening clothes, in a chair against the wall, and I limped along the sea-path in the afternoon for a little exercise."

"I looked some bored to keep the proper form. But I wasn't bored. I was seeing something new and I was getting more light on it all the time."

"I was seeing that this bunch was living up to a standard that nearly all the people I'd ever seen were only pretending. That was the difference, I soon figured it out."

He flung up his hand in a curious, expressive gesture.

"I'm a crook, keep that in your head, and the thing was like a theater to me. I began to watch the actors; then I saw her and Westridge."

He moved in his chair. "She was there with an old, faded grandmother that read novels and smoked cigarettes—and was a lady. And right there is where this real bunch has got the goods! They don't let down because they do some things that would make you cross your fingers on the other set."

He leaned back in the chair.

"Well! I got to watching her and your Englishman. I watched them dancing in the hotel, and riding, and playing tennis at the Casino—I'd never seen any people like them. And pretty soon I got onto something; this Westridge gentleman was trying to buy the girl, but he didn't want to pay for her. He was putting out the bait, but he had a string on it."

"I got on to his dope."

"If he could dazzle her into marrying him she'd get her board and clothes. The real thing that was next to his hide was his money. All for me, that was the notion."

He went on with no break in his words.

"I got to thinking about it. This little Westridge was forty; he'd never change; and the girl was at the age when the things he was dangling were all mixed up with moonshine. He might win, and if he did she was headed for hell."

"I saw it all clean out to the end."

He moved in the chair.

"I used to set about, and look at her, and it made me cold all over. The devil was on the job right here just as he was in the Tenderloin. He was working on a higher-class line, but it was only a different sort of road to his same old hell."

"It would be a heavenly angel flung to a wolf no matter how you dressed the situation up; an' I said to myself, 'You can't beat him. The devil's got a set of traps for any kind of a layout!'"

Another installment of this unusual mystery story will appear in our next issue.

Whoser



Here is little "John Doe," about two and a half years old, who is unclaimed in New York after a Pullman trip from Shreveport, La. The Pullman porter stated that a woman had asked him to bring the child to New York where he would be claimed. The child cannot speak his name and no clue to his identity has been discovered.

NEW STYLES IN UNDERWEAR, TOO



A new silhouette for wraps and dresses means new lines for underwear as well. The costume slips have already shown that, with their low waistlines and bloused bodices.

Just now the combination seems to be more in demand than the two-piece sets, but it is a combination cut according to the latest fashions and is slightly bloused or fitted at the waist and made with stepin drawers. Pajamas are the favored sleeping wear and are shown with bateau, V-shaped and round necklines. Nightgowns are showing deep bertha collars of lace. All underwear is trimmed with more lace and embroidery than has been popular lately—the vogue for costume blouses is doing away with tailored undergarments in favor of frills.

Calico Hats

Calico hats are shown for Palm Beach wear—they are much more festive than they sound, however, for they are in oriental patterns, and lined with plain colors, and quite frequently are decorated with wooden beads or coarse embroidery following the intricate patterns.

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED

You know that second weddings are always very conservative, and elaborate ceremonies are out of place. The woman marrying for the second time never wears white, nor does she wear a veil, carry orange blossoms or have flower girls or bridesmaids. There are no elaborate floral decorations. She may, however, have one maid of honor, if she desires.

DRY WORLD SEEN ON WAY BY W. C. T. U. HEAD

(Miss Anna Adams Gordon of Evanston, Ill. has just been elected president at the international body of the W. C. T. U. at that organization's meeting in Philadelphia. Immediately upon her election Miss Gordon outlined the far-reaching projects she will seek to put into effect to make the world dry.)

(By Anna Adams Gordon.)
(President, World's Women's Christian Temperance Union.)

Philadelphia, Nov. 25—For 40 years the Women's Christian Temperance Union has been working for prohibition in 40 nations.

An international educational program has been conducted in practically every civilized part of the globe. Thousands of workers speaking many languages have been carrying forward the work.

All over the world we have been imparting to peoples of all the races the fundamental knowledge of the effect of alcohol on the human system.

Discouraged and Encouraged
Difficulties and obstacles of course have beset these W. C. T. U. workers but they have been encouraged and cheered on by two facts:

One—They always have known they were a part of a great organization, that they were all banded together for one purpose, and could count on the support and co-operation of their fellow workers everywhere.

Two—Almost from the beginning we achieved some results; and with the passing years and the extending



ANNA ADAMS GORDON

of our efforts into newer and larger territories we have seen the work going successfully forward.

In recent years great strides toward world-wide prohibition have been made. With these advancements many reinforcements have joined our ranks. Many national thinking men and women the world over who were not originally in sympathy with prohibition have come to see the sound scientific basis of our program and the necessity of our objective and have joined with us and are now lending their best efforts to our work.

To Continue Program
We shall carry on our program along, practically the same lines we have followed for 40 years, and we are confident of a successful termination of our long-sought objective of world-wide prohibition.

The position of the W. C. T. U. in the matter of cigarettes and tobacco is exactly what it always has been. We do not put tobacco and cigarettes side by side with alcoholic beverages.

Our national program on the subject of tobacco is an educational one, outlined and carried forward in the interest of the health of boys and girls everywhere.

It is based on established scientific facts that prove beyond question the injurious effect of narcotics on the physical and nervous system.

We have worked largely with the school and other educational officials and authorities and almost without exception they have shown the keenest interest and readiest disposition to co-operate with us.

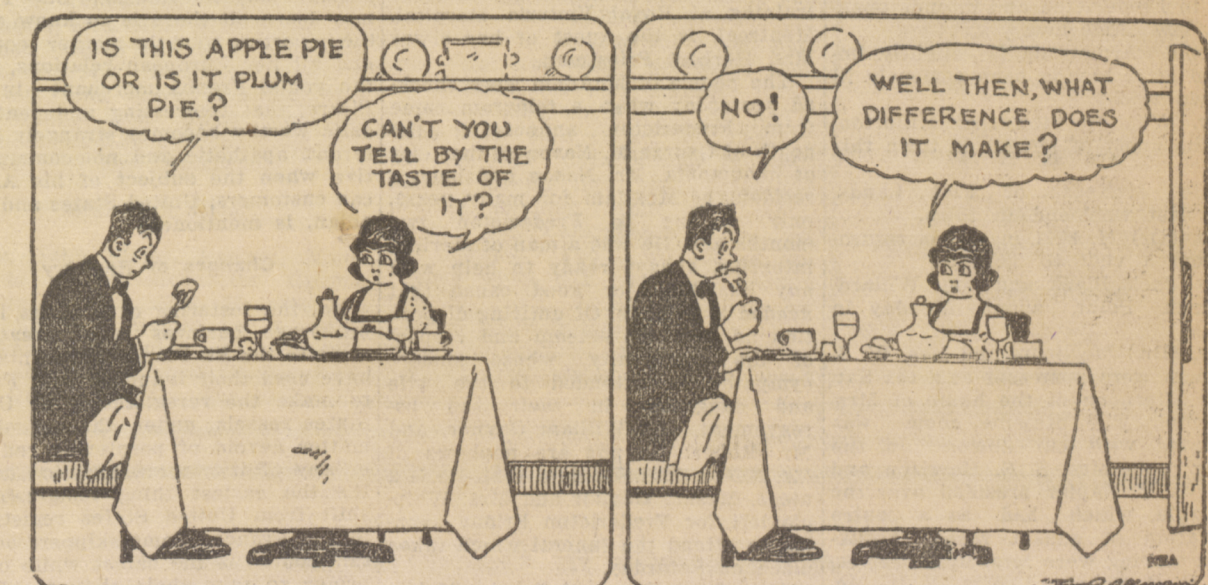
DRAWFUNNIES

Drawings by Hill Holman. Verses by Hal Cochran.
Draw in the missing lines and then color the picture.



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

By ALLMAN



MARRIAGE A LA MODE

The custom of having all bridesmaids dress alike at a wedding had its origin back in the primitive days when evil spirits were supposed to attend wedding ceremonies and see how much trouble they could stir up. So the bride and bridegroom always were surrounded by friends of their own age and sex, similarly dressed to make it more difficult for the spirits to single out the happy couple and carry out their evil designs.

Keeping the Balance.
A representative government is one that elects six men in favor of a thing and six against it and wonders why something isn't done.—Warren Chronicle.

Life
New discoveries are made about the life-giving powers of the blood's white corpuscles, which protect the body against germ infection and stimulate the growth of new tissues.

These discoveries, which some scientists believe may lead to making people live longer, are announced by Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute.

The announcement is important, for Dr. Carrel is a medical scientist of high ethical standing in his profession. Usually these startling predictions come from professional self-advertisers.

The Irish Mail
An American visiting Ireland asked a manservant at a tavern, "How many mails do you have here a day?" The servant replied—"Three; dinner, breakfast and supper."

Fair Warning
Springfield church bulletin: "Morning service 10.30. 'Prepare for the Worst.' Quartette will sing."—Boston Transcript.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIE NDS



Freckles Wants A Good Start



By BLOSSER

