

JOURNAL MAGAZINE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOME

Triumphs of M. Jonquille

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.
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THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

Begin Here Today

M. JONQUILLE, greatest of French detectives, is telling this unusual story of the great criminal at bay—discovered in a luxurious English country house where he is dying of a disease which has already paralyzed the lower part of his body.

But even in the moment of success M. Jonquille senses that he has been beaten. The great criminal, who he had been hunting in England, tells how he went to America, and at Bar Harbor met the beautiful American girl. Although a criminal, his sense of decency was outraged when he saw that a disheveled Englishman, WESTRIDGE, was attempting to marry her for her money.

He went to Westridge, told him that he was an old friend of the girl's father and that he knew the girl must have \$50,000 to save securities which he has foolishly bought on margin. The criminal tells how he produced the money, raised for a loan which Westridge raised and then gave to him to turn over to the girl.

Go on With the Story

CHAPTER III

THE afternoon sun lay on the terrace of the gray stone house, where the big creature, dead to the middle, talked from his chair, clearing the mystery that had covered his disappearance from the world. It was an extraordinary story, and I wished to get it, in detail, precisely clear.

"It was fiction," I asked, "this explanation to Westridge?"

He looked at me in a sort of wonder. "Sure," he said, "I made it up."

"There wasn't any of it true?"

"Not a word," he answered. "Don't you understand?"

"This was a little game that me and God Almighty was settin' up on the side."

"You knew nothing of the girl's affairs?" The thing seemed incredible to me.

"That's right," he replied, "not a thing, except that her father, a lawyer in the South, was dead, and the small coin was beginning to mean something—an of course the little game of this Westridge person—it was a blind pool; nobody in on it but God Almighty."

I could not forbear a comment. "He seems to have helped you in the opening."

The big creature turned heavily toward me. "With little Westridge?" There was deep irony in his voice.

"I didn't need any help to handle him. That was a B C stuff. The big trouble was ahead."

"With the girl?" the query escaped me.

"No," he replied, "that was my job too. You listen. I'm comin' to it."

"I looked out for a chance to get the girl by herself, an' about four o'clock I got it. There had been a fog in; it cleared a little and she went for a walk. She took the path along the sea toward Cromwell's Harbor and I followed her. She turned back where the path ends at the harbor, and just before a big house, that hadn't been opened that season, I met her."

"I stopped in the path?"

"Missis," I said, "could I speak to you a minute?"

"There was no sham business about her. She was clean and straight and afraid of nothin', like an angel of God."

"Certainly," she said. "What is it, sir?"

The big man moved his loose bulk in the chair.

"I know something about stories," he said. "I've had to make 'em up so a jury would believe 'em, an' I done my best as I limped along by her."

"I ain't always been rich," I said. "I was down an' out in the eighties, an' I was agoin' to do somethin'."

that would have ruined me, when by God's luck I met Harry in Louisville. (I'd heard the old women call her father Harry, so I had that much to go on.)

"All," he says, "what's the trouble?"

"I suppose it was in my face. I was broke down an' I told him. He got it all in his head, an' then he patted me on the shoulder. 'Old man,' he said, 'a little money ain't goin' to do you any good. I'll get you fifty thousand dollars an' you go out to the race-course this afternoon an' pick a winner.'"

"I tried to turn it down. I didn't want to lose his money; I didn't know one horse from another. But he just laughed and kept patting me on the back. 'A beginner for luck,' he says. 'Where's your nerve, Al?' Well, I picked that big Der-cum colt that nobody had ever heard of, a five-to-one shot, an' he romped in."

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of queer beatification. "I'll tell you that tonight," I answered. The huge creature seemed to relax, as though there had been a vital tension in the mere memory of the thing.

"That cleaned up my end of it," he continued, "and after dinner when it was getting a little dark, I limped over to the church. I had the last copy of the Financial Register in my hand. I stopped in the door. The church was closed and it was dark, but I didn't need any light for the business I came on."

"Governor," I says, "the rest of this job's up to you. I'm agoin' to open this magazine here in the dark and the first thing that's advertised at the top of the page on the right-hand side is the thing I'm agoin' to tell her to put the coin on—Ready, I says, 'go to it' and I folded back the page and went over to the hotel."

Again he paused.

"I got a jolt when I saw the page. It was some sort of Canadian gold mine, so flashy that the letters had scales on 'em. But I says to my self, 'That's the Governor's business,' an' I cut it out, put it into an envelope with the draft, and left it at the desk for her."

He paused.

"The next morning I slid out. Eight months later the plague struck me. I crippled into England, asked her to hide me while I died, and she put me here."

"And the gold stock," I said. "I suppose it turned out a fortune."

He paused.

"The energy came back for an instant into his voice.

"It was so rotten," he replied, "that the Governor-General of Canada summoned all the victims to meet with him for a conference in Montreal."

At this moment I caught the sound of a motor entering the gates at some distance through the park. The huge paralytic also heard it, and his attention was no longer toward me. It was on the great coach-colored limousine drawing up at the end of the avenue of ancient beech-trees.

I looked with him.

A girl helped out by footmen stepped down into the avenue, carpeted now with the yellow Autumn leaves. Even at the distance it was impossible to mistake her; her charm, her beauty, were the wonder of England. And on the instant, as in a flash of the eye, I recalled the painted picture hanging in a great house in Berkeley Square, the picture from which this creature's mutilated photograph had been taken, the picture of a young girl, in an ancient chair, with no ornament but a bit of jade on a cord about her neck.

"It's the young Duchess of Hurlingham," I said.

The big creature beside me was struggling to rise, his voice in an excited flutter.

"Sure," he said, "God Almighty didn't throw me down. When she went up to that conference in Montreal, he had young Hurlingham on the spot—fine, straight, clean youngster as ever was born. It was love her at sight; an' now—he made a great gesture as though he include something without a visible limit—"she's got all these places in England, an' all that Standard Oil money that belonged to his mother's people."

The girl, radiant as a vision, was advancing on the carpet of golden beech-leaves, and I hastened to put a final query, the thing I had come here to find out. I had given up the idea of an arrest. The man was dying.

"What did you do with the registered bonds that you got when you cracked the vault of the British Embassy in Washington the night before you went to Bar Harbor? They had Lord Dovedale's name on them, and they could not be negotiated."

The whole sagging body of the unsteady creature strained toward the advancing vision as toward an idol. His voice reached me, stuttering as with fatigue.

"That's the stuff I put up with Westridge for the loan—go and take it away from him!"

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SHORT COATS FOR EVENING WEAR

The new short coats are so well liked that they are even worn to the theatre as semi-dress.

The jacquettes themselves are usually of silver brocade or of an embroidered or brocade velvet. The dresses are of dark silk with tops that match the linings of the coats. They are short sleeved, straight lined—the simplest possible styles.

Fur trimming is used almost as a matter of course and the fur is usually krimmer or caracul in one of the lighter shades.



A Mean Thing.
"I don't care for men. In fact, I've said: 'No to several of them.'"
"What were they selling, dear?"



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As Good as Ever



The operation for appendicitis which Gene Sarazen underwent a few weeks ago, didn't cramp the golf style of the world's champion. This is the first picture of Sarazen since his operation and showing him on the Miami (Fla) links, making his first drive since his illness.

Rum

Rum-bounds, things are going from bad to worse. Scotland actually elects a prohibitionist to the British Parliament. He is Edwin Scrymgeour, who for years has been a box street orator against Demon Rum.

More good news for the thirsty: Shanks, manufacturer of plumbing supplies in Edinburgh, writes us that Scotland is beginning to vote dry by local option. He predicts absolute prohibition within a decade. If Scotland does go dry and stops making the stuff, what will our boot-leggers copy for their counterfeit whisky labels?

Coal

At the I. W. W. convention in Chicago, delegates "passed" the British miners for furnishing coal to our country during the coal strike, thus indirectly helping fight American miners. British miners will come back with this: American miners helped smash our 1921 strike by furnishing American coal for export to England.

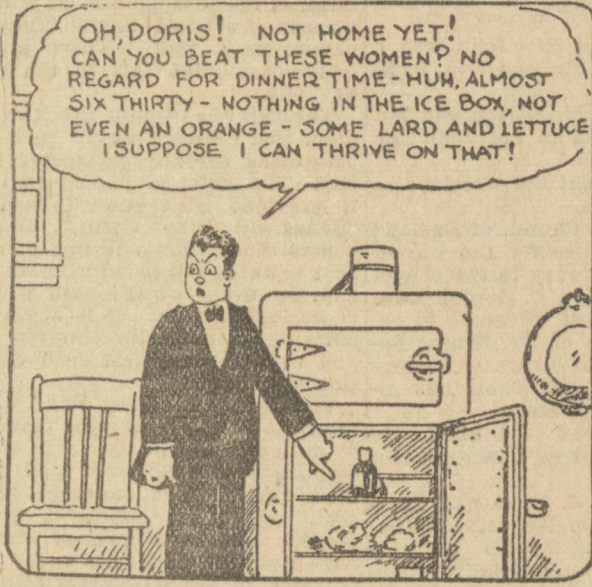
Like nearly everything else, "it depends on who's doing it."

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED

Your visiting cards will be either white or cream-colored and plainly engraved with your name, address and day at home. Gilded edges, crests and superfluous engravings are in bad taste.

If a married woman you will not assume on your cards the honorary title of your husband, be he doctor, judge or general. A professional woman, however, may use her own title. In this case, if married, she drops her husband's Christian name and signs herself thus: Ada M. Hudson, M. D.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



OH DORIS! NOT HOME YET! CAN YOU BEAT THESE WOMEN? NO REGARD FOR DINNER TIME—HUM, ALMOST SIX THIRTY—NOTHING IN THE ICE BOX, NOT EVEN AN ORANGE—SOME LARD AND LETTUCE I SUPPOSE I CAN THRIVE ON THAT!

HELLO, HONEY!

LOOK, WILBUR, WHAT I BROUGHT YOU! A FINE ROAST CHICKEN WITH HOT DUMPLINGS! I WAS OUT TO MOTHERS AND SHE FIXED THIS BASKET FOR US—IT'S ALL HOT YET!

SO THAT'S WHERE YOU WERE!

WHOM WERE YOU TALKING TO WHEN I CAME IN, WILBUR?

I WASN'T TALKING, I WAS JUST SINGING A LITTLE JAZZ!

FOR LAND SAKES! I GAVE YOU A PENNY YESTERDAY TO BE GOOD AND TODAY YOU'RE JUST AS BAD AS YOU CAN BE!

WELL, I'M TRYIN' T' SHOW YOU THAT YOU GOT YOUR MONEY'S WORTH YESTERDAY!

BRONZE SKIN IS PARIS' LATEST

Paris, Nov. 28—A mysterious woman—called the Lady With Bronze Legs—has created a sensation along the Boulevard des Italiens.

Sunburn? Not in November! Real bronze—and no stockings!

She wore bronze shoes, and the copper-colored skin could be seen—well, as far as a fairly long skirt would allow.

It's a new fad, says Dr. Doumer, of the French Academy of Medicine, made possible by introducing into the body small quantities of copper. The method of treatment is electric, something like electroplating.

"The entire body can be colored in the same way," say experts. "Experiments may allow this new science to go even farther."

"The lady with the anemic look may be able to have some artistic electroplating done in pink. It might revolutionize the rouge industry—permanent pink cheeks."

"Who knows but what some copper injected into the scalp may change the color of the hair? No woman then need feel the fear of gray hair, but might have beautiful coppery hair instead."

Somebody has suggested satirically that the most radical Reds might color their bodies to jibe with their political faith.

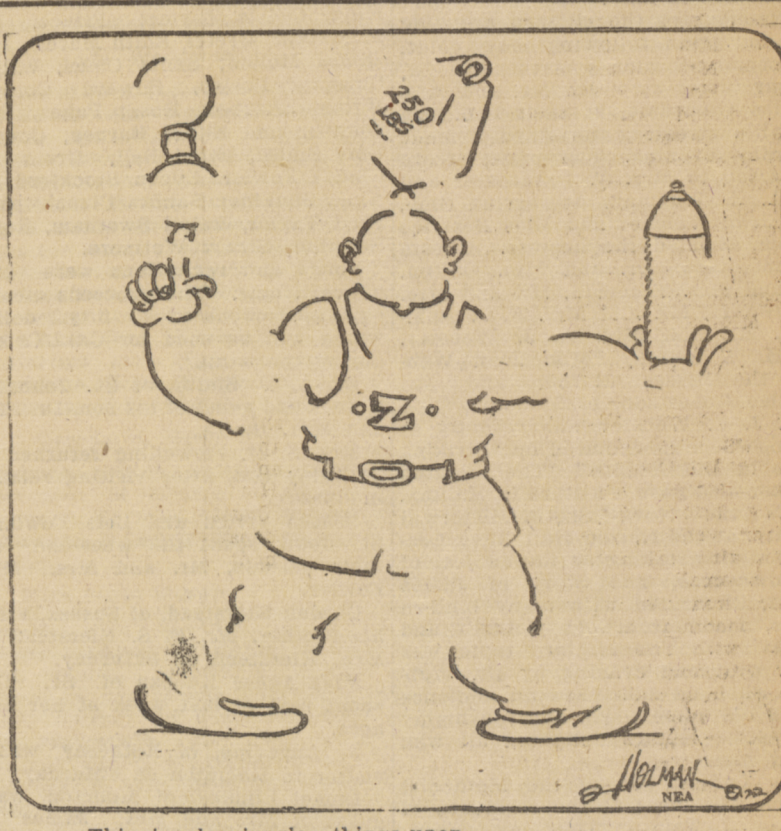


NO MORE SILVER THREADS—JUST HAVE 'EM COPPERIZED.

DRAWFUNNIES

Drawings by Bill Holman. Verses by Hal Cochran.

Draw in the missing lines and then color the picture.



This juggler juggles things upon His nose and finger tip. No doubt he'll quit the business when A weight decides to slip.

A False Alarm

By ALLMAN

THERE'S HER APRON—JUST WHERE SHE THREW IT WHEN SHE BEAT IT OUT! BELIEVE ME I'LL SAY SOMETHING TO HER WHEN SHE GETS HOME—SAY, YOUNG LADY WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA IN COMING HOME AT SEVEN O'CLOCK? WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS PLACE IS, A CAFE? MEALS AT ALL HOURS? NOW LET ME TELL YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT I WON'T STAND FOR ANY S—

HELLO, HONEY!

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Ann Morgan



Very few pictures have been taken of Ann Morgan, sister of J. Pierpont Morgan, noted financier. This picture was taken on her return to New York from France where she has been engaged in reconstruction work.

Shortage

Income and profit taxes paid to Uncle Sam from July 1 to November 11 total only \$374 for each \$690 received during the corresponding period a year ago.

The complete figures, if you want them, are \$374,345,601 against \$690,268,336.

However, you have not heard that Congress has been spending only \$374 for each \$690 spent a year ago. Congress may have an attack of heart failure, when it balances the books at the end of the present fiscal year.

Moody

John Moody, business expert, feels moody. He sees another period of deflation coming late next year. That is, unless farmers get better prices.

Present national prosperity, as Moody sees it, is not well balanced. The farmer's purchasing power is less than before the war, while city people's income averages higher. Until the "two become better balanced, Moody doesn't see how there can be a smooth and big-scale exchange of products between city and farm. Sounds sensible. Equilibrium will

be restored.

After serving 45 years without making a single arrest, a New York policeman recently broke his record by "running in" a man for disorderly conduct.