

JOURNAL MAGAZINE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOME

Triumphs of M. Jonquille

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST
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THE WOMAN ON THE TERRACE

Begin Here Today

The handsome woman in the invalid chair had been talking angrily with her companion when

M. JONQUELLE, greatest of French detectives, entered the beautiful Italian terrace. The women introduced her companion.

MARTIN DILLARD, an American, and learned that the great detective had come from Paris to learn why the house in France, owned by Dillard, had burned to the ground.

She explained that the house was filled with priceless etchings which Dillard was copying. During Dillard's absence, when she was in charge, she went to the cellar where the masterpieces were stored.

The flame of her candle ignited the cobwebs in the cellar and in a moment the whole place was in flames.

Go on With the Story

CHAPTER III

"In terror, I let myself out of the flaming house," the woman continued.

"As the basement of this house was without windows, the fire was not discovered until I had gotten entirely out of the neighborhood of the Faubourg St. Germain.

"I was so overcome, so numbed by this incredible disaster that I did not stop to consider any result. I wished to escape from Paris—to conceal myself somewhere. I thought of this villa, but I did not dare to take the train from the Gare de Lyon. I traveled in a motor, winding southward from France, not directly, in order to confuse anyone who might endeavor to follow."

Again she touched her mouth with the lace handkerchief. There was a faint red stain on it. She looked at the stain, but without emotion, and presently added:

"But I did not succeed. Monsieur Dillard and Monsieur Jonquille have been able to trail me here with an equal facility. It seems, and within almost the same period of time. I can not have managed my travel with discretion."

She stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence. The two men beside her did not move, but their aspect changed. The American seemed to relax; his tense energy to ebb. The menace in him changed to an aspect of disaster; on the contrary, there came into the posture of Monsieur Jonquille a certain tenseness. He spoke, addressing the American.

"Monsieur," he said, "is it true that the basement room of this house was thus hung with cobwebs?"

The man replied as though his jaws were stiff.

"Yes," he said, "the whole rotten ceiling was hung with them. I always went in with an electric flash—a candle—good God! What an accident!"

Monsieur Jonquille arose.

"Monsieur," he said, "this was no accident. I will show you."

The villa had been long closed. Insects had had their will with it. He went over to a shutter, unhooked it, swung it a little open, removed an immense cobweb, and

came back to the border of the terrace.

The American, amazed and in a profound interest, moved to where he stood on the border of the terrace before the woman in the chair. The woman alone seemed beyond any concern. She neither moved nor spoke. She smiled vaguely, maintaining her posture of repose. The American could not conceal his profound interest.

"Not an accident!" he said. "What do you mean?"

Monsieur Jonquille held the web up in his fingers, struck a match, and touched the web with the flame. There was no flash. The filaments of the web shriveled a little under the heat.

"I mean," said Monsieur Jonquille, "that a spider-web is not inflammable, and, therefore, the

basement of this house could not have taken fire from the flame of a candle."

After that two events seemed to happen as though they were timed. The woman laughed, and the infuriated American lunged toward her; but Monsieur Jonquille's foot caught his ankle with a swift outward turn, and the man plunged headlong on the terrace. He got a heavy fall, for all the vigor of the infuriated creature was in action.

What followed seemed to attend with an equal swiftness. The two footmen of the Princess Kitsenof were over the prostrate figure. Instantly his hands and feet were secured; a gag was in his mouth, and they had removed him.

It was all like a flawless scene in a drama, rehearsed to a perfection of detail. In thirty seconds it was ended.

"Monsieur," said the woman in the chair, "you are very clever, and your agents are perfect."

She did not move during the whole violence of the scene, and her voice was now in no whit changed. It was the same detached, unemotional voice. She removed her hands from the arms of the chair and extended them, the slender wrists together.

"Do you wish me, also, to accept the gaze d'amour of the Service de la Surete?"

Monsieur Jonquille did not at once reply.

He went back to his chair. He lighted a cigaret, and he remained for some moments like a man at ease. Then he spoke.

"Tell me, madame," he said, "why did you destroy this house in the Faubourg St. Germain?"

The woman replaced her hands on the arms of the chair.

"Monsieur," she said, "at the end of life, in the face of a death that is inevitable, I have suddenly come to realize a thing that has been an inscrutable mystery to me."

She extended her hand, on which was a plain, narrow, worn, gold band.

"This bracelet," she said, "worth perhaps, a dozen francs, was given to me by Paul Verlain, a boy who loved me. He was killed at the Marne."

She moved her hand, taking up an immense necklace of pearls, matched and priceless, that hung almost to her knees.

"This necklace," she said, "was given me by Count de Lamare. He was killed in the great allied advance on the Somme."

She extended her hand to include the place about her.

"This villa," she said, "was given me by the Marquis de Nord. He died at Verdun."

She paused.

"Monsieur," she said, "I, a child of Montmartre, an apache, called 'Cassiope d'or' from the effect of my yellow hair, which I have been taught to put up as though it were the head-dress of Minerva; I, who had faith in nothing, realized that these men—Paul Verlain, who loved me, and who also loved life; Count de Lamare, who loved me, and who also loved pleasure; the Marquis de Nord, who loved me, and who also loved power—these men loved something more than me, or life, or pleasure, or power; loved it infinitely more; loved it beyond any measure of comparison, for they left these things and went eagerly to death for it."

"I thought about it, monsieur. It obsessed me."

She suddenly rose as with a single gesture, as though she had been lifted to her feet by invisible hands.

"Then suddenly, monsieur, with a flash of vision on that night when I was alone in the house in the Faubourg St. Germain, I understood this thing—I saw that the work in which Monsieur Dillard was engaged—that the prints with which the house was literally packed—would help to destroy the very thing which these men, Paul Verlain, Count de Lamare, and the Marquis de Nord, had given their lives to save."

She spoke with a sudden, eager vigor.

"It would help to destroy France—and therefore, I took a candle in my hand and burned it. Do you know what the valuable prints were with which this house in the Faubourg St. Germain was crowded on that night?"

"I do," replied Monsieur Jonquille. "Or I should not have taken these elaborate precautions to secure the American, Dillard."

"The house in the Faubourg St. Germain was packed with counterfeit notes of all the high-denomination paper currency of the French Republic, printed by this man, from plates etched by the German engraver, Wagenheim of Munich."

"The Girl in the Picture," another brilliant triumph of M. Jonquille, will begin in our next issue.

LATEST BLOUSES MATCH HATS



The fashion of having a three-piece suit look as nearly like a one-piece costume as possible gives rise to various inventions.

The latest is to have your hat match the blouse section of your new winter suit. Little round marrow-bellied soft hats or turbans are often found in this combination, and either Paisley patterned material or bandanna handkerchiefs are the popular materials.

Another way of making the blouse an integral part of the suit, instead of a variable accessory, is to have the coat lined with the material from which the blouse is made. Both of these ideas are being featured by well-known New York stores.

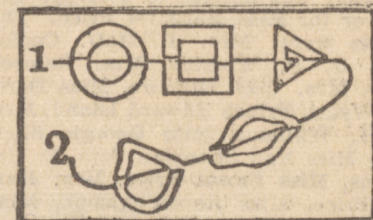
TAKEN FROM LIFE

(By Martin)

Legs Labor Lost



A PUZZLE A DAY



What is the difference between a crown prince, a man who is almost bald, and a monkey?

Yesterday's answer:

The figures shown above can be drawn in one continuous line without taking the pencil from the paper, or going over any line twice. The diagram explains the course taken; the spaces, of course, should not be so obvious. They are merely shown wide to make the explanation clearer.

BLACK AND STEEL

A smart hat of black panne velvet with a deep crown and small brim is trimmed with steel gray wings, placed at an interesting angle.

SHORT FUR COATS

Short coats of leopard fur, collared with dark fur, and worn with straight-line skirts, are much liked by school and college girls. They usually are unbelted.

SHOE BUCKLES

Very large out-steel and rhine-stone buckles are used on the new colonial pumps. The round or oblong ones are most popular at the moment. Out steel is used on patent leather, while the satin pump seems to call for the jeweled ornament.

EFFICIENCY WHAT USED TO BE

By Kitchel Pixley

Mogadore, Nov. 24—I seen in our paper how a young Hampton fellow was fined \$50 for drivin' his auto fast and kissin' his girl every time a telegraph pole was passed, and I don't like the editorial remarks on it, which is:

"Old-timers who recall moonlight buggy-rides, slow rides and slow kisses, thus see another evidence of changing times—the introduction of efficiency in sparkin'."

Us old-timers don't see any such thing. Efficiency in sparkin' today, is a sleepy turtle compared to our sparkin' efficiency of 50 years ago.

Telegraph poles? Great Maria! We kissed her every time the buggy wheel turned 'round!

And don't you young editors see that speed is the very thing that don't yield efficient sparkin'?

Slow? Of course, we were slow. We sure didn't go hellyscot. 75 miles an hour with a smack at every telegraph pole. We tied the lines around the dashboard, not carin' a cuss when the old mare got home, and, if our kissin' was timed by any sort of posts, it was the fence posts.

By heck! the girl who got the most moonlight rides in them days was the one who had a corkin' record for slow ridin' and slow kissin'.

And the slow efficiency left both parties knowin' exactly whether they wanted each other or not.

Often not. Of course, as you say, times is changed.

Nowadays, the fellow honks up in a one-seat auto, his girl squeezes in and off he goes at 75 miles per hour, kissin' when he can do it and not run down telegraph poles, pigs, constables and such. He lands in jail and, next



night, the girl goes kissin' with a fellow who's got a nicer auto. There's no efficiency in such sparkin'.

Why, in old times us fellows who could drive with one hand and had a nag that was sure to go to sleep in the moonlight was the shinin' lights in efficiency.

Us old-timers don't see no efficiency at all in your present-day sparkin'. No sir!

DRAWFUNNIES

Drawings by Bill Holman. Verses by Hal Cochran.

Draw in the missing lines and then color the picture.



Some miners work above the ground. This miner works where e'er he likes; Some down where coal is thick. He always has his pick.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

There is an old Syrian proverb that one should not exult in the wedding gown lest trouble lurk behind it. For that reason the Syrian bride often does not see her bridal outfit until she does it for the ceremony, and it is often the least decorated and sometimes the least becoming costume she owns.

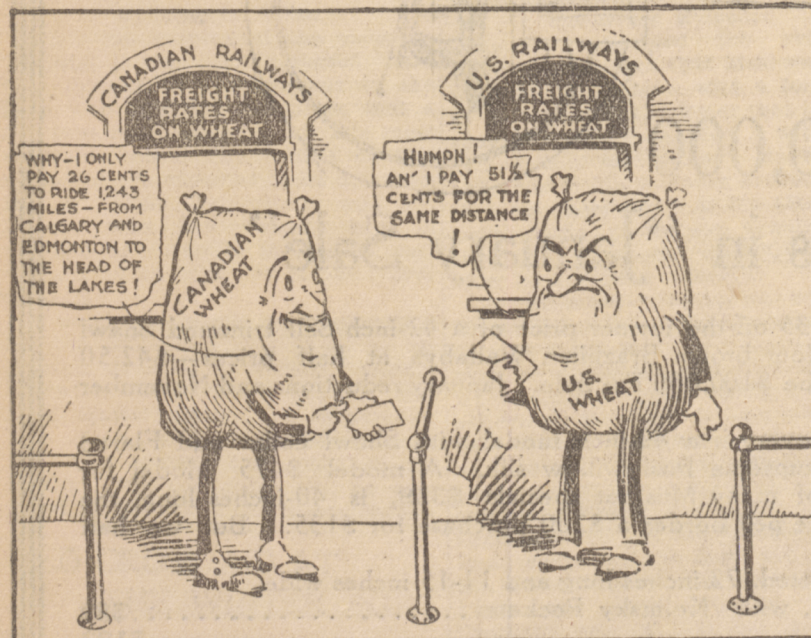
IF YOU ARE WELL BRED

You know that whenever fruits are served the finger bowl should follow. The fingers are dipped lightly into the bowl, one at a time, and dried on the napkin. To put both hands into the bowl at once, to splash about in the water, or to wet the entire hand, is ill-bred.

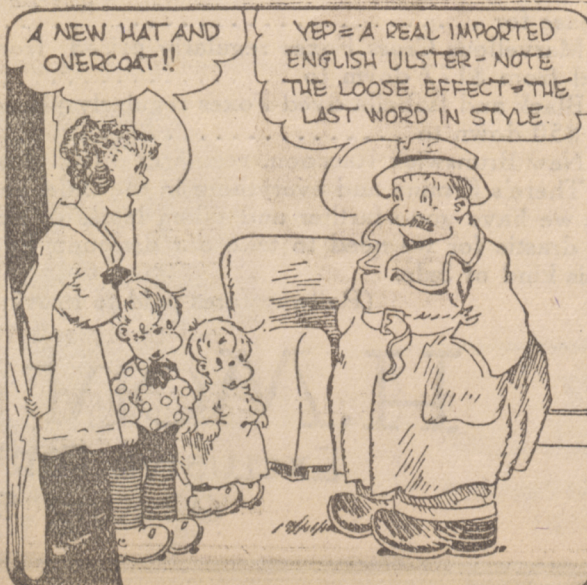
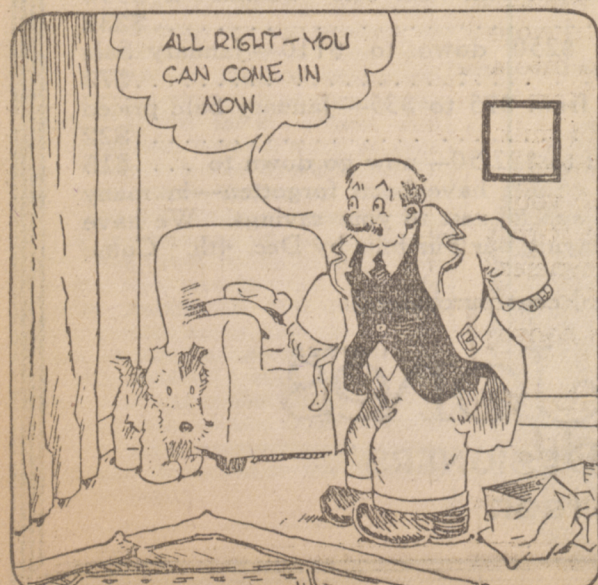
Dogs worth as much as \$1,000 apiece were assisted by people on horseback, in the 23rd annual chase of the National Association of Fox Hunters, near Washington Court House, Ohio.

If you followed the news about this meet, you noticed that it was against the rules to kill a fox. Each hunter's aim was to get a "good report card" for his dog. A queer "sport," with human being fading to the background and everything revolving around a dogs.

It reminds you of Abe Martin's comment on the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show: "The dogs were good, but they had poor support."



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Compliments

