

Fiction And
Story

JOURNAL'S MAGAZINE PAGE

Timely And
InterestingTriumphs of
M. Jonquilleby MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.
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THE MOTTLED BUTTERFLY

Begin Here Today

M. Jonquille, chief of the Service de Surete and the greatest detective in France, is attempting to solve the mystery surrounding the theft of a diamond necklace from the MARQUISE DE CHANTELLE, wealthy American wife of the impoverished

MARQUIS DE CHANTELLE.

The beautiful MME. ZIRZENOFF was singing when M. Jonquille entered the opera and proceeded to the box occupied by the Marquis. Before entering, he stopped at a table where a large bouquet of orchids, on the pretext of sending the other for cigarettes, M. Jonquille held the orchids for a time and then entered the box of the Marquis. The Marquis asked M. Jonquille if he can tell why Jean Lequeux, who confessed to the theft of the necklace, would not tell where the necklace was concealed.

Go on With the Story

CHAPTER II

M. JONQUELLE smiled at the Marquis. "But I must be permitted, monsieur le marquis, to hold my explanation as a sort of wage against the details of your story. The Service de la Surete is filled with admiration for you; you must omit no item of the narrative. Ah, how enchanting Mme. Zirzenoff! Hair like a sunburst of dreams, and the figure of a dryad! One would do murder for her."

The Marquis laughed.

"Murder, monsieur?"

"Ah, yes," replied the Prefect, "murder or any lesser crime."

The Marquis looked the Prefect frankly in the face.

"You believe this robbery could have been committed for a woman?"

"For whom other could jewels be intended?" replied Jonquille.

The Marquis continued to regard the Prefect with a certain interest.

"You mean," he said, "that the reason why the Apache, Jean Lequeux, did not tell what he had done with the necklace was in fact because he had given it to a woman?"

The Prefect of Police looked at the Marquis with some concern, with, in fact, a certain element of wonder.

"Why, no, monsieur, that is not the reason at all."

The Marquis seemed puzzled.

"Do you generalize, then, to no definite purpose?"

"By no means," replied the Prefect of Police. "I would generalize to the solution of this mystery; and with M. le Marquis' aid, I think I can arrive at it."

"Monsieur," replied the Marquis coldly, "I believe the mystery has already been concluded; I believe its solution seems complete."

"Seems," repeated the Prefect of Police, "is the word precisely. While it is true that the criminal, Jean Lequeux, has confessed before the court and been sentenced to a term of years for the robbery of these jewels, the jewels remain to be discovered."

He paused and regarded the Marquis with an expression of compliment.

"We feel, at the Service de la Surete, that if we could bring to the remaining feature of this matter the same degree of excellent acumen that was brought to its initial stages by the Marquis de Chantelle, we should be able to restore the necklace to the Marquis upon her return from America. She returns tomorrow, does she not? It seems a brief time for so difficult an undertaking."

M. Jonquille smiled.

"I regret to intrude upon your pleasure, Marquis, and especially on this, the final night of Mme. Zirzenoff's triumph—amazing woman, adorable woman! One should lose no moment of her excellence."



ONE SHOULD LOSE NO MOMENT OF HER EXCELLENCE.

tion; it did not impress him. It was late, the servants having retired, and the Marquis withdrew to his bedroom alone.

"It appears, however, that digressions of the mind occur to all of us even to the Marquis de Chantelle on the border of dreamland. It occurred to him that this slip of paper was a memorandum by the con-

clerke to call the attention of the Marquis upon his arrival to some inquiry that had been made for him. The Marquis, however, did not arise at that hour to verify this impression, but in the morning when he awoke, he remembered it, and going into the drawing-room in his dressing-gown and slippers—it was before the arrival of his valet—he found the slip of paper where it had remained as though it had been slipped under the door.

The Marquis was surprised when he came to examine this bit of paper. It contained some numbers written with a pencil and the words in a strained, unformed hand: 'The combination of the safe of the Marquis Chantelle.'

"Monsieur," turned at once to the small safe which is built into the wall of the apartment after the American fashion. He tried the combination written on the slip of paper, found it correct, opened the safe and discovered that the necklace had disappeared."

The Prefect of Police hesitated in the narrative and addressed an inquiry.

"It is true, monsieur," he said, "that you did not know the combination of this safe, that the combination was known only to your wife, the Marquis, and that more than once, for example at the Cafe Anglaise on the 14th of December at midnight, when any creature from the underworld of Paris might have been present, you spoke of the danger of keeping this necklace in a

small private safe in the apartment when it should be deposited with a banker? But to these objections the Marquis always returned the same answer—that she alone had the combination of the safe? This is true?"

"It is true," replied the Marquis. "But it was not discreet, as after-events have demonstrated. Perhaps by these discussions we gave information of the whereabouts of this necklace to this Apache Lequeux."

The Prefect of Police made a vague gesture and continued to speak.

"The Marquis, upon discovery of the robbery, at once notified the Service de la Surete; old Forneau and an agent arrived immediately. Upon examination of the bit of paper, it proved to be a slip bearing the name in print of Moore-Poole & Co., a firm of American brokers in Paris."

"Old Forneau at once suggested that the robbery must have been committed by some one from the office of these brokers, probably an American, since the slip of paper must have come from some one employed in that establishment."

"But here the Marquis Chantelle, showing an intelligence superior to that of this officer of the Surete, pointed out that no one would come on such an adventure bringing with him a piece of paper, and especially an incriminating piece of paper, upon which to set down such a memorandum. It was far more likely that the piece of paper had been acquired somewhere in the apartment."

"He then suggested that an inquiry be made to discover whether some one from this American firm of Moore-Poole & Company had not at one time occupied an apartment in the building."

"Forneau acted upon this suggestion and ascertained that Monsieur the Marquis was correct. He discovered a quantity of these blank printed slips in the basement of the building, where, with other rubbish, they had been retained by the concierge to kindle fire in the furnace."

"Thus Monsieur the Marquis at one stroke removed any suspicion that might have been attached to this firm of brokers and confined the inquiry to some one having access to the building and knowledge of it, as he would not have been in the basement where this debris from the apartments of old tenants had accumulated."

"The query as to how the robber had obtained access to the Marquis' apartment on this night was advanced itself. There is no key to these apartments except the one delivered to the tenant by the bank making the lease."

"When the door is closed, it is locked from the outside—that is to say, the knob of the door does not turn on the outside; it turns only on the inside, so that it can always be opened from the inside, whether locked or not."

"It cannot be opened from the outside because the handle of the door knob, as I have said, does not turn. How, then, would this robber enter the Marquis' apartment? Again the Marquis was able to give Forneau an explanation."

"On the evening of the robbery, it was his intention to remain in his apartment. He had dismissed his valet and the servants and was alone. Later he changed his mind and concluded to go out. Upon a fiction he remembered that he did not entirely close the door; but it was a thing which did not at the moment impress him."

"It was his habit, always, of course, to close the door, and he had closed it, but upon returning for a glove, he had left the door ajar. This he was afterward able to establish because of a trivial incident. He remembered the glitter of the electric light on the point of a gold frame at the corner of the drawing-room table."

"It caught his eye as he descended the steps. But it did not impress him with the fact that he had neglected entirely to close the door. It impressed him merely as an incident which he afterward remembered, and he continued to descend."

The final installment of "The Mottled Butterfly" will appear in our next issue.

Three Keys to Happiness



BLANCHE UPRIGHT

By MARIAN HALE

"Three keys open the door which leads to women's happiness—love, domestic interest and personal achievement," says Blanche Upright, the San Francisco novelist.

"Many modern women are trying to enter with just one pass key—personal achievement, without taking into consideration the importance of the first two. So we hear much about their restlessness and discontent," she continued.

"I am convinced that women will never find happiness in careers or professions if they select them as a substitute for homes, children and the normal interests of women. Women are essentially homemakers."

"Those brave women who go out to work that they may maintain or help maintain a home for those dependent upon them are greatly to be admired, but those who go into business just to avoid the responsibilities of being a wife and mother are storing up unhappiness later."

Follow Wrong Trail

"In my study of women and types I find that so many women try to find their happiness everywhere except where it is most easily found—in home life."

"They make the loss of a maid or the desire for things which they cannot have, material for tragedy. They are so blinded by trivialities they cannot see the suffering beyond their own immediate vision, and the opportunity to help others."

Mrs. Upright has given much thought to women's problems. Her first novel, which is being dramatized and pictured this year, "The Valley of Content," was based upon the search for happiness. The novel which she is now finishing has to do with women's independence.

Her literary career began at the age of 5, when she dictated fairy tales to her nurse. At 10 she produced a six-act play, and when she was nearly started in her teens, she became associated with a San Francisco paper.

London Advised Her

She took her first piece of fiction to

Jack London for criticism and he told her to go ahead and be famous.

"The real ambition of her life is not literary success, but a large estate on the Hudson, to which she may take the little waifs she finds in the slums and give them a chance at a real home and some real mothering."

"Of course, for my fiction, I pick my types all over," she said, "but I find much more that touches my heart among the poor than in the ordinarily comfortable circles."

"I have made it my business to look for the good in people and I have never yet been disappointed."

"I have never known a woman who did not have a beautiful side to her character, no matter what her occupation or circumstances might be, nor have I ever found a child who did not respond to kindness and understanding."

Though her home on the Hudson is still a dream, she has already worked up a great acquaintance with the children of New York's East Side tenements and they are frequently entertained at her suite at the Hotel Astor, and sent home happy with new clothes and toys.

Mrs. Upright herself is happily married and has a grown son.

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED

You know that when a man is introduced to a woman it is for her to offer her hand if she wishes to shake hands. But if the man makes the move to do so it is rude of her to ignore it, just as it is rude to repel any offer of friendliness.

As a rule, a woman does not shake hands with a man upon meeting him if he is an entire stranger, but if she is the hostess she welcomes all guests and their friends with a handshake.

"I Can Now Do My Work Without Feeling Tired"

Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:



"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or rest at night, and felt so weak I could not walk any distance. I took several tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. Today I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

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Beauty!

THERE is no prettier kitchen ware than SMP Diamond or Pearl Ware. Diamond Ware utensils are light blue and white outside and milk-white inside. Pearl Ware utensils are grey and white inside and out. Beautiful ware!

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There is no cleaner, brighter-looking kitchen ware than SMP Diamond or Pearl Ware, and there is none easier to keep clean. Soap and hot dish water are all you need, because grease, dirt, stain, taint or tarnish can get no grip on SMP enamel. It's so hard and smooth. Wipes sweet and clean like china.

Durability!

There is no more durable kitchen ware than SMP Diamond or Pearl Ware. With reasonable care, good glazed steel cooking utensils last for years. Diamond and Pearl utensils are made of open hearth steel—heavily coated with a specially tough, hard, porcelain enamel. There is no better enameled ware made.

SMP Diamond or Pearl WARE
"A Face of Porcelain and a Heart of Steel"



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Montreal Toronto Vancouver
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WILLIAM CALHOUN
IN "BLUE WATER"

One of the principals in the company that was filming Blue Water here was William Calhoun, who is the ninth generation of his good old Scotch family in the United States, his ancestors being the daring pioneers of the days long ago. In 1759,

his ancestor, Donald McGillivray, fought with General Wolfe at Quebec against the French, and Mr. Calhoun says that his family has fought in the United States and Canada, now with the latter and then against. Through much past age, he got over in the great war as a second lieutenant, and did what he could to follow up the traditions of his fathers. He is a descendant of John C. Calhoun, the Vice-President of the United States, under Monroe. Is a staunch Roman

Catholic, and has a Knights of Columbus bronze medal for service in the war.

Mr. Calhoun likes to play eccentric characters, which are peculiarly adapted to him, for he is himself eccentric in his very great courtliness of bearing, his love of the best, and his absolute respect for his mother's sex, young and old. His wife is gone, but she is a wonderful memory, ever present with him. His really is mostly also because of his wonderful resemblance to George Washington, whom he impersonates in many of the big features, and he has played the part of the king in the "Daughter of Destiny" with Petrova; Omar in "Wife of Cain"; Dr. Macdonald in "Lap of Luxury"; the Cardinal in "When Knighthood was in Flower." He has played with Mary Pickford and has taken a leading part in "The Great Secret," a serial with Francis Bushman, who is a personal friend of his.

He was with Mr. Dillon eight years ago in Tampa, Florida, and the meeting here and the going back to the old scenes were pleasant to both, who are alike in gentlemanly bearing and kindness. Mr. Calhoun was with Miss May in the making of a picture, when she first entered the movie world, so the present undertaking is a happy renewal of agreeable associations.

In meeting Mr. Calhoun one is impressed with his ability to speak publicly, because of his magnificent voice, combined with his fine culture, so one is not surprised that he has been a lecturer for Keith, giving a Kinemacolor display along with his descriptions of the Coronation of King George, and later of the Balkan War, as well as the Passion Play and Quo Vadis. He is an old world type with new world ambitions and its best ideals.



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