

JOURNAL MAGAZINE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOME

Triumphs of M. Jonquille

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST
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THE TRIANGULAR HYPOTHESIS

Begin Here Today

The mysterious man. DERNBURG PASHA, citizen of the Turkish Empire, has been murdered in Paris and the Ottoman government demands reparation for his death.

M. JONQUELLE, greatest of French detectives, found that Dernburg met his death in the library of his home, his throat was slashed and the white squares in the checkerboard floor were spotted with blood—apparently the trail of the escaping assassin.

The Turk Envoy called on Mr. Jonquille.

"What was Dernburg doing in Paris?" M. Jonquille demanded.

Go on With the Story

CHAPTER II

THE Envoy's eyes narrowed. He looked at Jonquille a moment as in a furtive inquiry.

"I do not," he said. "What was his mission in Paris, monsieur?"

"You will be surprised to learn it," continued the Prefect of Police.

"Dernburg was undertaking to falsify a work of art. It was a very remarkable work of art, and one of value. The persons who originally produced this work of art expended a great sum of money, an almost incredible sum of money to perfect it. If one could falsify it successfully, one could make a fortune at the venture. Dernburg knew this. He had thought about it for a long time. He had conducted a great number of experiments. Finally he was satisfied that the thing could be successfully done, and he came here from Stamboul, took this abandoned house in the Faubourg St. Germain, brought with him the devices, and prepared to undertake the great thing which he had in mind. Then, monsieur, before the thing could be accomplished, the mysterious visitor appeared; and this morning Dernburg is dead."

It was evident that the Oriental was profoundly puzzled.

"I do not understand you, monsieur," he said. "You say that Dernburg Pasha had perfected a method by which he intended to falsify a work of art?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then he was called upon by one who knew of this method and wished to rob him of it?"

"No, monsieur."

"Then by those to whom the original of the art belonged, and wished to prevent this falsification?"

"No, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police. "Dernburg Pasha's death resulted from a sense of despair."

Jonquille took his hand from his pocket, revealed the thing upon which his fingers had closed when he sat down to this conference. He opened his hand so that the thing was visible. It looked like a little square box of some white substance, as of marble or chalk or alabaster. It was not larger than two inches square. It was, perhaps, an inch thick, made in two pieces. There was a tiny hole, like a keyhole with a beveled edge, on the line where these pieces joined. The box had a heavy rubber band about it. It lay for a moment exposed in the palm of Monsieur Jonquille's hand.

"I have here," he said, "the thing that was the cause of this man's death. It was also the cause of his misfortunes leading up to this fatal morning. It has been an obsession with him. In the German Empire he undertook this thing. His design was discovered, and he fled to Turkey. But he took his obsession with him, and when the war was ended, he saw a method of getting an indemnity out of France with it—a method by which he could enrich himself at the cost of France. He worked out his plan carefully; he came to Paris; he got this house. He was ready to put his plan into effect when, unfortunately, for him, the mysterious visitor of last night appeared."

"Dernburg was shrewd, unscrupulous and fearless. But he was not shrewd enough, and he was not far-sighted enough. The stranger, who came to see him last night, knew all about him, knew every detail of his activities, knew the big plan that he had in mind. He had watched him, had followed his career. He knew the very day that he came to Paris. He knew his object in taking this empty house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He knew every step of the secret arrangements which Dernburg had perfected for the carrying out of his scheme; and at the opportune hour he entered this house. These are the facts, monsieur, which I have accurately ascertained, which are true beyond doubt."

"And so," said the Oriental, "this mysterious stranger finally ran Dernburg Pasha to earth here and killed him."

The Prefect of Police arrested the man's discourse with a gesture.

"You travel, monsieur," he said.

"You will observe that each of these seven blood-drops has fallen on a white square of this checkered marble floor. There is no drop of blood on a black square. Why, monsieur, should these drops appear only on the white squares? I consider that fact with my theory in mind, and I conclude that they so appear because the one who placed them there wished them to be seen. We cannot conceive that he would undertake to create evidence against himself. And it is beyond our conception of coincidence that each of these seven blood-drops should, by accident, have fallen precisely on a white square when there was an equal number of black squares intervening. Therefore, monsieur, these evidences did not come by chance; they came by design."

He continued like one who recites the details of a formula:

"I find my theory also confirmed at a further point. You explained to me, when I inquired, that the assassin, after fleeing through this drawing room into the walled garden, had escaped by climbing over the wall. Wines the gate wall had been up and had been so nailed up for a long time. Now, monsieur, I caused this wall to be examined. The whole of the top of it is coated over with dust. At no point has any of this dust been removed; consequently the assassin did not escape by climbing over the wall, for if he had undertaken to climb the wall at any point, his body, in that labor, would have removed the coating of dust. You see, monsieur, I do not find your evidences designed to support your theory. They seem rather conclusively to establish my own."

He made a vague gesture as though to dismiss the matter.

"And so, monsieur, we find ourselves before the triangular hypothesis! Did I murder Dernburg Pasha, or did you, or was he, in fact, murdered at all?"

The Oriental looked at the man in a sort of wonder.

"He was surely murdered," he said.

The Prefect of Police spoke like one in some reflection.

"It is not so certain."

"Not certain?" echoed the Envoy.

"The man is dead."

"One may be dead without having been murdered," replied the Prefect of Police. "It is possible that the hand that gave Dernburg Pasha his fatal wound is no longer alive in this world."

The Turkish Envoy made an exclamation of surprise.

"You cannot mean that Dernburg Pasha was murdered by a dead man?"

The concluding installment of this adventure of M. Jonquille will appear in our next issue.

"YOU CANNOT MEAN THAT DERNBURG PASHA WAS MURDERED BY A DEAD MAN?"

"a point beyond my conclusions. Do we know that this midnight visitor is the assassin? We must consider the evidences as they are presented to us."

"The evidences are conclusive of this fact," replied the Envoy, "if circumstantial evidences can ever be conclusive of a murder. Here is the opportunity, the quarrel, the dead man remaining in the library, blood-drops falling from the weapon on this drawing-room floor as he hastily crossed it, and the escape over the wall of the garden."

"But, monsieur," said the Prefect of Police, "where is the motive? The writers on the value of indicatory evidences, in the investigation of a criminal case, tell us that there should be time, opportunity and motive. The time, monsieur, and the opportunity are here, plainly indicated; but the motive? Where shall we look for that?"

The Oriental turned, as with an inspiration, in his chair.

"Why, monsieur," he said, "you spoke at considerable length upon the motive. You seemed to know it quite well. You conceal, as you have indicated, the somewhat mysterious evidence of it in your hand."

"Quite true, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police; "but you will observe that it is I who am familiar with this motive. It is I who have what you are pleased to call 'this concrete evidence' in my hand. And that brings me to an interesting hypothesis with three phases to be considered. Let us consider them, monsieur! I name them in the order in which they occur to me: first, monsieur, that I killed the man; second, that you killed him; and third, that the agency that killed Dernburg Pasha is no longer living in this world."

The Oriental turned suddenly, his face contracted and tense, but his voice firm.

"Very well, monsieur," he said; "whither do these suggestions lead you?"

Jonquille continued in an even voice.

"To arrive at that," he said, "we must first consider the evidences which have led you to believe that Dernburg was killed by the man with whom he quarreled last night in the library. Now, if you please, monsieur, we will look a little at the indicatory signs."

He paused.

"There is always this disturbing feature about circumstantial evidence, the trick of pointing in the direction that one is going. If one has a conclusion, one will find that the circumstantial evidence supports it. You have a theory, monsieur, that this visitor was Dernburg's assassin, and consequently, to you, the indicatory evidence supports that theory. But, monsieur, I have the theory that the visitor was not the assassin, and I bid you observe how the indicatory evidences will turn themselves about in order to support the theory which I maintain. Take, for example, these blood-drops on the marble floor of the drawing room. In support of your theory, they have fallen by hazard from the assassin's knife in his flight, and you would cite them as confirmatory of your theory."

"Now, monsieur, I would cite them also as confirmatory of mine."

"You will observe that each of these seven blood-drops has fallen on a white square of this checkered marble floor. There is no drop of blood on a black square. Why, monsieur, should these drops appear only on the white squares? I consider that fact with my theory in mind, and I conclude that they so appear because the one who placed them there wished them to be seen. We cannot conceive that he would undertake to create evidence against himself. And it is beyond our conception of coincidence that each of these seven blood-drops should, by accident, have fallen precisely on a white square when there was an equal number of black squares intervening. Therefore, monsieur, these evidences did not come by chance; they came by design."

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PAISLEY THINGS FOREVER



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"Paisley forever!" says the fashionable woman and buys herself negligees, chemises, petticoats and slips of Paisley-patterned fabrics.

Nobody thought it would last—this vogue for far eastern designs. Having proved their beauty through several centuries, however, Indian and Persian patterns can easily withstand the strain of being discovered by modern designers. They even can survive being popular!

The favorite blouse for a three-piece suit is still Paisley-patterned crepe de chine or velvet. So is the favorite afternoon gown. That's an

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

A Rare Bit

By ALLMAN



IF YOU ARE WELL BRED

You will train your children to make no disparaging comments about the food, whether at the family table or at a more formal gathering.

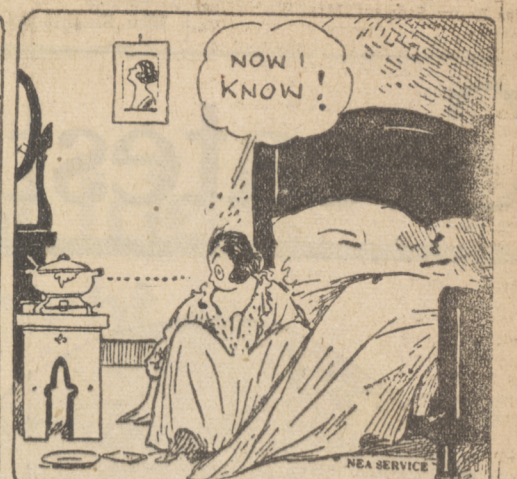
You will impress upon them that they are not to seat themselves at table until older persons are placed; then, when whoever is presiding indicates that it is time for them to be seated, they will take their places simultaneously.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

March is called by the Bulgarians Baba Mart or "Mother March," and one of the old customs is that during this period the women may assert a kind of temporary supremacy over their husbands and be as idle as they choose.

They may abstain from washing, weaving and spinning and even from "pipe claying" the floors of their houses, a task usually performed once a week.

The legend has it that were they to perform any of these duties the goddess would give no rain the rest of the year.



Daily Fashion Hint

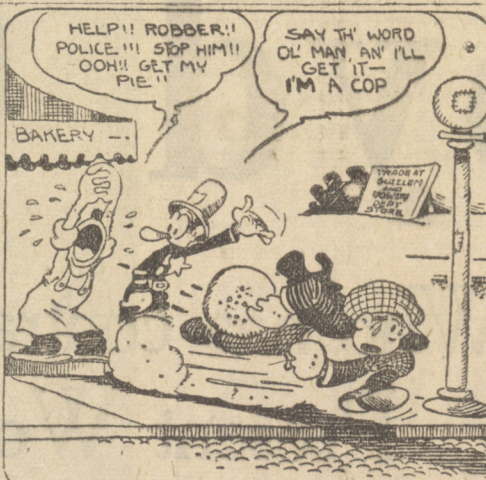
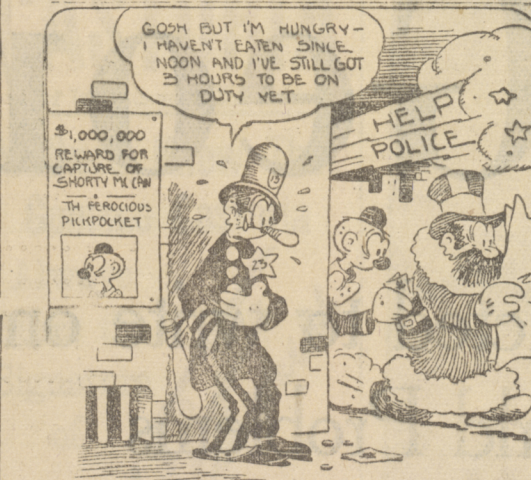
SALESMAN SAM



DESIGNED WITH SLENDER LINES

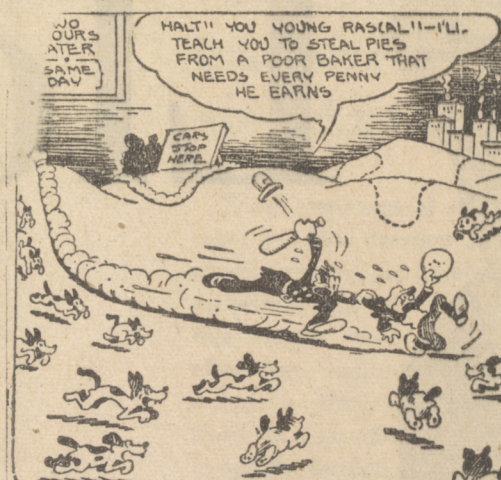
Modishly and simply designed is this frock in midnight blue crepe satin, made on the reverse. It is trimmed with bands of self-material cut on the right side. The waist is gathered on the shoulders in front and closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The drapery at the right side is cut in one with the back of the waist. Medium size requires 5 yards of 40-inch material.

Blinded by the "living screen" of caterpillars hanging by their suspension threads, a motorist recently lost control of his car and ran over a bank.



He Got the Pie

By SWAN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Tag Had A Good Scheme

By BLOSSER

