

# You Know This!

# "SALADA"

# TEA

Anyone can sell poorer tea cheaper.

## Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE.

I advanced to meet the man with a sense of victory. The Service de la Surete 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 Jonquelle," 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 Surete 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 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 unexpected point.

Shortly after the thing, for which

Well, she blushed 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, Ed 'd saved her the trouble; Ed 'd played rings-round-me 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 slick 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



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

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 golf-fit 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 doings in the hotel I was there in 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 the 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.

**Banions**  
Zinc-pads  
Dr. Schell's  
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"I'm a crook, keep that in your head, and the thing was like a theatre 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 cigars—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!'"

(To be continued.)

May Be.

Two farmers met in town a few days after a cyclone hit the countryside.

"Yes, it did quite a bit of damage out our way," said one, reflectively. "By the way, Hank, was that new barn of yours injured any?"

The other shifted his vast chewing tobacco.

"I can't say rightly," he answered, slowly. "Ain't found it yet."

"Yes," said the old salt to his admiring audience. "I have sailed round the world seventy times. But the worst voyage of all was the last one. At the Equator the heat was so strong that we had to take it in turn to go down into the stoke hole to get cool."



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An Ill Wind.

There had been a blowout and the father of the family was perspiring and profanely changing tires.

"I don't see why you have to talk that way," said his wife, reproachfully. "You act as if it were a total loss. You never see the good in things."

"Well, what good is there in this?"

"Why, it tickled the baby so. He laughed right out loud when it went bang."

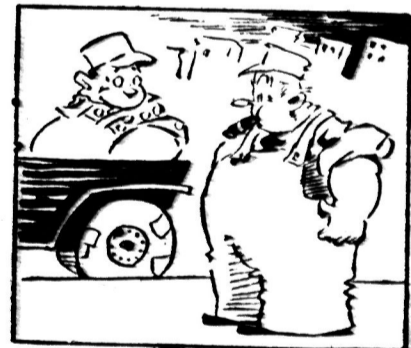
Too Frank.

"Why, pa, this is roast beef!" exclaimed little Willie at dinner one evening when a guest of honor was present.

"Of course; what of that?" said his father.

"Why, you told me this morning that you were going to bring an old muttonhead home for dinner this evening."

The following testimonial was recently given to an illiterate servant girl—"This is to certify that the bearer has been in my service for one year, less eleven months. During that time I found her diligent, at the front door; temperate, at her work; attentive, to herself; prompt, at excuses; amiable, towards young tradesmen; faithful, to the policeman; and honest, when everything was under lock and key."



**Slick Job.**  
"Got a slick job in the machine shop now have ye? What 'tis?"  
"Oiling the machines."

**Why.**  
Mrs. Henpeck—"It says here that surgeons have discovered that orange blossoms may be used as an anesthetic."  
"Ah" sadly exclaimed poor old Henpeck. "I've begun to think lately that I must have been unconscious when we were married."

**Ease sunburn with Minard's Liniment.**  
**Future Editor.**  
A kind old gentleman, noticing a small boy carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said, "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"  
"Now, I don't read them," the lad replied.

### NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training in young women, leading to the highest education, and diploma of teaching nurses. This Hospital has selected the child-bearing system. The results receive satisfaction of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.



### Fourth of July Reflections by the Sage of Beverly Hills

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Beverly Hills, Cal. July 4.

Well, this is the Fourth of July and my kids popping these giant crackers haven't been any great patriotic solace to my old battle scarred tummy.

This is Coolidge's and George Cohan's birthday. George writes his country's songs and Calvin writes the speeches. George started out waving a flag and Cal the ballot. Shows you which one will get you the fastest.

I was born on Nov. 4, which is Election Day, and if it hadn't been for election day there would have been no Coolidge in the Black Hills. My birthday has made more men and sent more back to honest work than any other days in the year.

At that, I wish both of them well. They are both good kids, even if they do both talk with a whine.

Yours,  
WILL ROGERS.

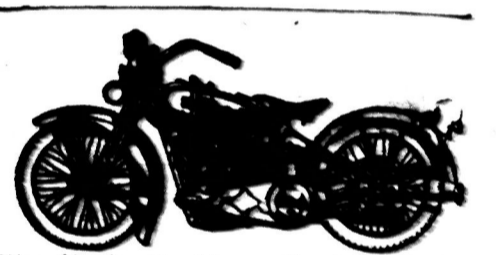


**Expensive Suit.**  
"That chap recently paid five hundred dollars for a suit."  
"I can't believe it—he's a miser."  
"But this was a law suit, you know."

"When we are married I must have three servants." "You shall have twenty, dear, but not all at once."

Minard's Liniment for earache.

It was their first quarrel, and he was getting the worst of it. "Men are fools to marry," he said, bitterly. "Of course they are," he answered. "But what are the women to do? There's nothing else they can marry."



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