

# Test it Yourself! "SALADA" GREEN TEA

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## Triumphs of M. Jonquille

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.  
Seated in the opera box of the Marquis de Chantelle, impoverished husband of a wealthy American woman, M. Jonquille, greatest detective in France, is discussing the mystery of the theft of the diamond necklace of the Marquise. Before them, on the stage, is the beautiful Mme. Zirtzenoff, idol of Paris. Before entering the Marquis' box, M. Jonquille halted an usher who was leaving and managed to secure for a moment a bouquet of orchids which the Marquis was sending to the singer.

M. Jonquille reviews the theories of the theft. The Marquis had suggested the theories which led to the arrest and confession of Jean Lequex. Lequex was sentenced but did not tell where the jewels could be found. "It was my assistant Forneau who followed your theories," M. Jonquille told the Marquis.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.  
CHAPTER III.  
"It now occurred to Forneau that this robbery had been committed by some one of the hotel thieves of Paris, who were accustomed to enter any building which they were able to get into, and to search any apartment that they happened to find open," continued M. Jonquille.

"But the Marquis reminded Forneau that the person committing this robbery had brought with him a piece of paper from the basement, that mere thieves entering on the chance of finding some valuables would not have taken this precaution."  
"This theory pleased Forneau, and he adopted every excellent suggestion which the Marquis was able to make. But he ventured to wonder from what source the thief had been able to obtain the combination to the safe, since it was known only to Mme. la Marquise."

"The Marquis was again able to indicate a valuable suggestion. Women, he ventured to suggest, had always the same habits. They did not trust their memories for anything that required an accuracy of numbers. The Marquis would have somewhere this memorandum written down. He suggested that Forneau make a search of her writing-table."  
"To their surprise they found the lock to the drawers of this table broken, and among some papers hastily turned over, at the back of one of these drawers, a small book with a red leather cover. On the last page, in pencil, was precisely the same memorandum which the Marquis had picked up on the slip of paper under the door—the combination to the safe of the Marquis de Chantelle, and following, the four columns of four figures."

"The problem which now presented itself was to discover what employe in the building could have written this memorandum. Forneau and the Marquis had before them the handwriting. With the histories and associates of the valet, the concierge and the older employes they were familiar, and were convinced that it was not one of these persons; but there were other employes in this apartment, and the problem was how to obtain specimens of their handwriting without incurring suspicion. In his perplexity Forneau asked the opinion of the Marquis de Chantelle."

"The Marquis suggested the following clever device: The Service de la Surete should send an agent to the building pretending to be an official of the government concerned with certain mental tests required, in order to register citizens for the electorate. Among other tests, he should require them to write the names of the president of France and that of the premier at the close of his war. This would include the names of Millerand and Clemenceau, and by this means they could obtain the M of the word Marquis and the C of the word Chan-

telle, which had been written by the unknown thief upon the memorandum which contained the combination of the safe."

The Prefect of Police stopped. The attention of the Marquis de Chantelle seemed to have passed from the narrative to a contemplation of the opera. Mme. Zirtzenoff was at the point of her greatest scene. Her voice filled the immense house like a silver bell, like innumerable silver bells—a quality of the human voice that no other diva had ever brought to Paris. Her youth, her alluring beauty, added to the enchantment.

Monsieur de Marquis de Chantelle was looking at her, one hand fingering his mustache, the other turning the monocle at the end of the silk cord. The Prefect of Police did not interrupt the absorption, but he continued to speak.

"And as it happened," he said, "it was the ingenuity of this device suggested by the Marquis de Chantelle that enabled Forneau to locate the one who had committed the robbery. He found an employe lately taken on by the concierge because he offered to assist in cleaning the building at a lower cost. The agent from the Service de la Surete came to this person in the course of his interview with the employes of the building."  
"Monsieur," he said, "I am compelled to ask you to submit to some mental tests but I will make them brief. Tell me the form of government under which we live and write down for me the name of the president of France and that of the premier who conducted the peace terms in the Great War, and I will give you no further annoyance."

"The man replied that France was a republic and wrote the name of Alexander Millerand. But when he came to write the C in Clemenceau, he hesitated. The agent seized him at once, snapped a pair of handcuffs on him and confronted him with Forneau. He was shown the slip of paper which the Marquis had picked up in his apartment. He was told the details of the crime as he had carried it out, and in his confusion he confessed."

The Prefect of Police continued to speak, slowly, without a change of accent, as if to himself.  
"Monsieur le Marquis will remember the Apache's confession: he had obtained a position in the building and had watched the Marquis' apartment. As it happened the night of the robbery was not the first time that the Marquis had left the door unlocked in the afternoon. It was then that this man had gone in—taking with him a slip of paper from the basement—broke open the Marquis' desk and searched for the combination, which he finally found and wrote down. The search had required a very long time, and he had not time on this day to open the safe. He had taken the paper with him and waited until this night on which the Marquis had again gone out, leaving the door unwatched."

"Then he had opened the safe and removed the necklace. He thought that in putting the necklace into his pocket he must have pulled the slip of paper out, and by this means it had fallen to the floor where the Marquis had picked it up."

"The man made no defence and waived all legal procedure. He confessed and has been sentenced to a term of imprisonment. But he refused to say what he had done with the necklace."  
M. Jonquille, watching the Marquis, took a box of cigarettes out of his pocket and slipped his thumb-nail around the stamp, but he did not open the box. He spoke suddenly to the Marquis de Chantelle; his voice was sharp, clear, and its tones arrested the man's attention.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "Mme. Zirtzenoff will not be pleased with her bouquet of orchids."  
The Marquis turned suddenly on him; his eyes were now contracted with an intense expression.  
"You know, monsieur, that I have seen a bouquet of orchids to Mme. Zirtzenoff?"  
"Surely, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police. "I passed the boy departing with them when I entered. They were very lovely, superior, exquisite, the Mottled Butterfly! How aptly adapted is that flower to Monsieur le Marquis!"

The Marquis continued to regard him.  
"And why, monsieur, do you compare me with this variety of orchid?"  
"If you will tell me, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the Prefect of Police, "why Jean Lequex refused to say where the necklace was that he had stolen, I will answer your question."  
The hauteur in the Marquis voice was now distinctly audible.  
"Monsieur," he said, "it was you who promised to tell me that."  
"And I shall tell you," replied Jonquille. "Jean Lequex refused to say

tence of imprisonment under an arrangement with the court. . . . We did not find, then, the thief who opened the safe to your apartment."  
The Marquis regarded the Prefect of Police with an amazed expression, his lips parted, his eyes wide.  
"Then, monsieur," he stammered, "you have discovered neither the thief nor the necklace."  
"Ah, yes," replied M. Jonquille in the modulated voice of one who bids another adieu. "We have discovered both."

He took a mass of jewels out of his waistcoat pocket and handed them to the Marquis.  
"I found these in the bouquet of orchids which you were sending to Mme. Zirtzenoff. May I trouble you to present them to Madame la Marquise when she shall return from America to-morrow?"  
(The End.)

**Two Nations—One People.**  
It has always been my chief ambition to do what little I can—if anything—to hasten this process, that the two divisions may thereby be brought more closely into union; that the bonds between my dear native land and my adopted land may be strengthened, and draw them more tightly together. For sure am I—who am in part a child of both, and whose love for the one and the other is as the love of man for mother and wife—sure am I that the better these grand divisions of the British race know each other, the stronger will grow the attachment between them. And just as sure am I that in their genuine affection and indissoluble alliance lie the best hopes for the elevation of the human race. God grant, therefore, that the future of my native and adopted lands may fulfill the hopes of the staunchest, ablest, and most powerful friend of this land, and the Great Commoner of his own, that "although they may be two Nations, they may be but one People." Thus spoke John Bright—Andrew Carnegie, in "Triumph of Democracy."

Wear a tight hat and cheap eye-glasses; grow fat and "prosperous-looking"; avoid vegetables and drink no water; never sleep eight hours. These are some of the best ways of becoming ill, according to one doctor.

"May I trouble you to present them to Madame la Marquise?"  
where the necklace was for the very good reason that he did not know where it was."  
M. Jonquille looked the Marquis steadily in the face.  
"The agent of the Surete neglected to mention to monsieur an item or two of their discoveries: the writing on the slip of paper had been made with the left hand; and the concierge, as it happened, seeing the Marquis Chantelle go out leaving his door ajar, closed it."  
"Ah, monsieur, we have been engaged in a bit of comedy. Pardon us if we have deceived you. . . . It was I who conducted the investigation of your affair, disguised as Forneau; and it was the agent Forneau disguised as Jean Lequex who confessed to your robbery and took a mock sen-

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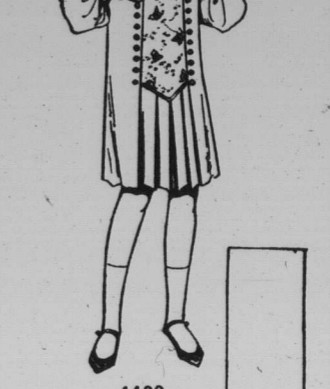
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**Might Be Worse.**  
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