

THE KISS OF JUDAS

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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EYES, formerly of him. It was my friend Mr. Standevoting his time field, in striped yellow and white pa-

TAEL SA tracks Michael to his abode. Sir Norman meets Sayes at the golf see," I replied. "There's a switch close to your door."

the real identity of Stanfield. nsurance company, Greyes has an in- the wall, ghastly white and moaning to terview with a South American widow herself. The empty jewel case told its own story. sand pounds carried on her remarkable

NOW GO ON WITH STORY.

SIR NORMAN CONTINUES.

"He is quaint, that little man," my companion remarked once, as he glanced over toward us. "He reminds reads about in magazines, who detect down, which had not moved. "Go to crime for the pleasure of it, and distilled the lift and see if you can get anycover hidden treasures in absurd one."

her, "a retired city merchant with a passion for golf—at least, that is "Did you see who attack what the golf secretary at Woking asked.

on showed signs of renewed nervoushess. The fingers of one hand were nearly all the time straying around that the necklace was still there.

Presently she drew me away with an "Why not?"

pologetic little laugh.
"I am quite mad," she confessed, but I have a fit of nerves to-night. I going upstairs early. Do you

"Of course not," I told her. "Let ne see you to the lift." "I am going to ask you to do more an that," she said as we crossed the hall. "I am going to ask you to me up to my sitting-room and when she takes my necklace there. As reward you can come back after-

and soda with me." I rang for the lift and we ascended ogether to the fourth floor. She handed me her key and I unlocked the door her charming little salon. She inted to the evening paper and an asy chair.

"Please make yourself comfortable for five minutes," she begged, look-ing back from the threshold of the "I shall just let Annette help me out of my gown. Then I will give her the jewel case and she shall

She nodded and disappeared. I stood was closed softly. I heard he call to her maid in the farther apart Those next few seconds seemed to

eat themselves out in my brain,

narged with a strange and almost amazing signification. I am convinced that I acted from apulse. There was The empty jewel case told its own othing definite in my mind when from sehind that closed door I conceived the sudden idea which prempted my action. crossed the floor of the sitting-room and opened the door which led on to Madame said nothing to me except to the corridor. There was no one in tell me to hurry down." sight, and it seemed to me that fewer of the electric lights were lit than usual. I stood there, every nerve of my body riveted upon an attempt at followed by a little army of servants dual listening. I listened for the and the manager. return of Mrs. De Mendolza, and I stened for the opening of either of whom you can trust," I begged the her doors. Presently what I de- latter. "Mrs. De Mendoza's necklace ined might happen, came to pass. has been stolen." The door of her bedroom, in a line with the one behind which I was lurking, tion and excitement. The manager pened. I peered through the crack. selected two of the servants and dis-Annette, the maid, a trim, dark missed the rest. He posted one by the Mgure, had crossed the threshold. She lift and one by the staircase vithout even glancing toward the sit- away?" he asked. ting-room, she walked swiftly along corridor and turned to the left to- to know about these three rooms." ward the lift and staircases. In a He glanced at the numbers, souple of stealthy strides I too had eached the corner, and peering round, Stanfield," he announced. "The other watched her movements. To my sur- two are empty."

rise, she passed the lift and turned he other corner of the corridor toward ed, pointing to the door close to where the staircase. As soon as she was out | we stood, is unoccupied?" sight, I followed. As I reached the farther angle, every ight was suddenly extinguished. There ras a little gurgling cry, the sound of Mrs. De Mendoza appeared. She was heavy fall upon the soft carpet. In clad in a wonderful light blue wrapper, second or two I was on the spot. I and the touch of excitement seemed to ould dimly see where Annette was lying, gasping for breath, apparently half "My necklace!" she gasped. "Don't

case, open and empty. I did nothing for a moment toward thamming—that she had, in effect, been nette was with you?" ubjected to a certain amount of viothe doors of the bedrooms opposite. the jewel case, without coming near There were three of them between the sitting room." where I was and the turn to the lift. denly the farthest door was opened, oftly, but not stealthily. A figure appeared, and leaning down, threw a pair faltered. "You said nothing to me about going into the sitting-room. I did not was dimly visible in the semi-gloom, krow that Monsieur was to accompany

r the man suddenly left off whistling ma." ad turned in my direction.

Mallo, there!" he called out. I drew from my pocket the little

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ing in readiness, and flashed it upon

an arch criminal jamas, a cigarette between his teeth,

aid in Sayers' cot-th her master. She there?" he demanded. "And who's police officer who turned the lights out?" "Better turn them on and you may

Stanfield. Greyes becomes suspicious He found it after a moment's fumbling, and stared at us in amazement. After a three-months' vacation Sir

Norman meets Stanfield in a hotel

The maid, with her fingers still to her throat, had recovered sufficiently to sit bby. At the same hotel, to humor an up, and was leaning with her back to

> own story. "Jerusalem?" Mr. Stanfield exclaimed

breathlessly. "A robbery!"
"Ring your bell," I directed. He disappeared into his room for a moment, leaving the door open. Pres-

ently he reappeared. "I've rung all three," he announced.
"Then the wires have been cut," I me of those impossible characters one answered, pointing to the register lower

"He is, as a matter of fact," I told ute. I leaned down toward the girl, "Did you see who attacked you?" I

The music was seductive, and presently we danced once or twice. In from behind. I never heard a sound just the clutch at my throat and the choking."

"Why did you not wait for me or party all the time straying around ar neck, as though to assure herself so by the lift?" I demanded. She looked a little puzzled. "I never "Why not?"

> erally meets me on the floor below," she explained reluctantly, "and—"
> "I see," I interrupted. "But didn't your mistress tell you to wait and go down with me?'

"Fred, the second floor valet, gen-

"My head is queer," she admitted,



story. The mald moaned to herself.

"and I can't remember much: but

The silence of the corridor was suddenly broken. Mr. Stanfield reappeared

There was a murmur of consterna-

od for a moment listening. Then "Do you think the thief has got

"One cannot tell," I replied. "I want

"You are sure that this one," I ask-"Certain," was the confident reply.

"Take my keys and see for yourself." I was on the point of doing so when

inconscious. By her side lay the jewel tell me that it is gone!" "Madam," the manager began, "I re-

"What were you doing, then?" she raising any alarm. I bent over the girl cried, turning to me. "Do you mean and satisfied myself that she was not to say that it was stolen while An-

"Annette was never with me," ence. I glanced at the transoms over replied. "She left your bedroom with

"Is this true, Annette?" her mistress demanded. "But why not, Madame?" Annette

"The girl is telling a falsehood," Mrs. De Mendoza declared angrily. "Could these matters wait for a mo ment?" I intervened. "Our immediate task is to try to recover the necklace. I wish everyone to leave this place-except you, sir," I added, addressing the manager, "and myself."

Mr. Stanfield reluctantly withdrew.

We first of all entered the room opposite to us. It was empty and apparently undisturbed. There was a onnecting door on the left.
"Where does that lead to?" I asked. The manager unlocked it. It led into similar room, also empty. The room

on the other side was Mr. Stanfield's "These are our cheapest rooms," my companion explained. "They are generally occupied by servants, or people

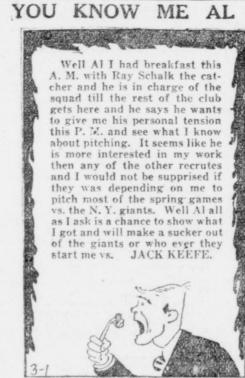
of an economical turn of mind." We withdreew into the first one we had entered. "Will you lend me that master-key of yours?" I begged.

The manager detached it from his chain and handed it to me.
"If you should be instrumental in recovering the necklace, Sir Norman," he said, "the hotel authorities would

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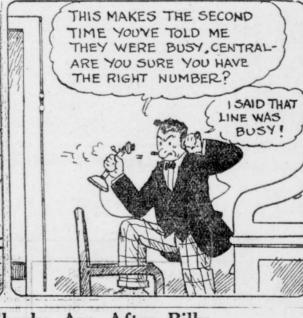
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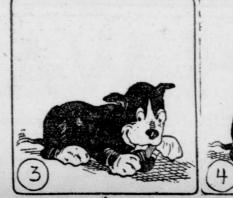








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Oh, Doctor!