

TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE

By Melville Davison Post.

THE MOTTLED BUTTERFLY.
Begin! Heed! Today, M. Jonquelle, 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.

MARQUIS DE CHANTELLE.
The beautiful MME. ZIRZENOFF was singing when M. Jonquelle entered the opera and proceeded to the box occupied by the Marquis. Before entering, he stopped an usher who was leaving with a large bouquet of orchids. The pre-arranged sending of the usher for cigarettes, M. Jonquelle held the orchids for a time and then entered the box of the Marquis.

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 the Prefect. He looks like a sun-burst 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 at the Prefect. "You believe this robbery could have been committed for a woman?"

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

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 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 seemed to me."

"Secus," repeated the Prefect of Police, "is the word precisely. While it is true that the criminal, Jean Lequeux, was 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 complicity.

"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 is expected tomorrow, does she not?"

"It seems a brief time for so difficult an undertaking."

M. Jonquelle smiled.

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

He paused.

"But monsieur, I cannot adequately admire your excellent handling of this matter unless I am quite certain that I have the details of it correctly. Permit me, monsieur, to repeat these details, and to beg of you, if I should present them with an item of inaccuracy, I was absent and I have only the memory of interiors."

The Prefect of Police, who had his arm on the seat of the box, while the Marquis fingered his monocle idly, twisting the silk cord. He assumed an attitude of careless attention, and M. Jonquelle went on:

"On the night of the 18th of February, Monsieur le Marquis, opening the door of his apartment at a late hour, saw the pince-nez of the Marquis de Chantelle on the table beside the door. At the moment the

Moore-Poole & Company had not at one time occupied an apartment in the building.

"Pence acted upon this suggestion and ascertained that Monsieur le Marquis was correct. He discovered a quantity of these black 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 le Marquis at one stroke removed any suspicion that might have been attached to this man, brokers and confined the inquiry to some one having access to the building and knowledge of it, else he would not have been in the basement where the 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 now advanced itself. There is no key to these apartments except the one delivered to the concierge 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 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 came out to go to the theatre. Upon reflection 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 next day, he had not closed the door. This he was afterward able to establish because of a trivial incident. He remembered the glimmer of the electric light on the corner 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, for the fact that he had neglected entirely to close the door, it impressed him merely as an incident which he afterward remembered, and he forgot to descend."

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

Cynthia Greys
MAIL BOX

KITTY'S REQUEST.
Dear Miss Grey—It is a long time since I wrote to your Mail-Box, but read the letters every day. I see where 'Doonside' is offering quilt blocks, and as I have quite a lot of work to do, would like to get them. Am sending 50 cents for them and 15 cents for postage. Also would you please forward letter on to 'Musicalian'?

"Well, I will close, with best wishes. Hoping I may be of help next time. I have a man's mitt pattern from which I will cut a few patterns and send to the Mail-Box if you care to have them."

KITTY.
I am very sorry, but the quilt patterns have been given out. Shall I return the money, or put it in the 'mite-box'? Maybe some other Boxite has some quilt blocks she would send in, as there have been so many requests for 'Doonside'. Your letter has been forwarded to 'Musicalian'. Thank you for the offer of the pattern.

OFFERS SHOES.
Dear Cynthia—I wrote to you some time ago, offering child's shoes, size 6, also some rompers, to anyone who would pay postage, but did not see letter in print. I sent hospital mite also. This is the third time I have sent mites, but do not know if you got them or not. Please send letter to 'Doonside'.

X. X. Z.
I am sorry, but I cannot remember whether your letter appeared in the Mail-Box or not. It is inevitable that with such a large mail, some letters must go astray. I can only assure you that I never deliberately ignore a letter, unless there is some valid reason for so doing. I sincerely hope that the mites reached the Mail-Box all right. Your letter has been forwarded to 'Doonside', but if it is a request for the blocks, I am sorry they have been given away.

Dear Miss Grey—I am just dropping into the Mail-Box Corner for a minute to bid each Boxite a good morning. I am leaving a tiny mite for the Sick Children's Hospital. I will do better next time. I had such a nice visit with Anchor. She sure is a nice lady. I over the Mail-Box a lot for my good friends, Anchor, Apple Face and July. July was coming to pay me a visit last week. I was all day waiting for her, but it rained so heavily. Sorry, July, I'll expect you again.

Would anyone living near Stokes' Bay please write to me? I'm anxious to hear about that little fishing village. Would like to go there for a visit and look it over. Tell Calamity Ann her plan is a good one for a recipe book. I'll buy some. Well I must bid you and all the Boxites a good morning. I am sorry there is no news of Aunt Nannie. You may be surprised, Miss Grey, as I was, that Mystery and I are members of the same church. She certainly is a good hard working church member. We couldn't do without her. Bye-bye.

MOTHER OF PEARS.
You did not sign your pen-name, and although I know you all, I know you only by your pen-name, so I am not quite sure if I have added the right name to this letter. It must be lovely to know so many of the Boxites personally. You have met quite a number of them, haven't you? Many thanks for the inclosed hospital mite. Did you see where our fund has reached \$303?

Like Chutney Sauce.
Dear Miss Grey—I have been an interested reader of the Mail-Box for years, and always enjoy the letters, and have used several of the recipes sent in. Must say that the chutney sauce is really good. I see where Bonny Jean was asking for old songs. I have written out 'Take Back Your Gold' for her, but haven't the music. Would like some tatting patterns in the inclosed envelope, if you please. Find mite for S. C. H. (25c) inclosed. Will keep my old pen name. E. E. E.

Thank you for the words, which I have forwarded to Bonny Jean. Am mailing you a few tatting patterns, which I hope you will like. Many thanks for the inclosed hospital mite.

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

By H. G. Wells.

IN the consideration of the formation of special classes among men, it now turns eastward from the main development of civilization in the world between Central Asia and the Atlantic, to the social development of India in the 2,000 years next before the Christian era, we find certain broad and very interesting differences.

The first of these is that we find a fixed establishment of a caste system of classes, known to the Indians as the four main castes, which are still in complete obscurity, but it was certainly well rooted in the Ganges valley before the days of Alexander the Great. It is a complicated, horizontal division of the social structure, in which, as caste, the members of which may neither eat nor intermarry with persons of a lower caste under penalty of becoming outcasts.

A Complicated System.
The various subdivisions of caste are very numerous, and are practically fixed organizations. Each caste has its local organization, which maintains discipline, distributes various charities, looks after its own poor, protects the common interests of its members and exercises control over the members of the caste.

The Brahmins—the priests and teachers.
The Kshatriyas—the warriors.
The Vaisyas—herdsmen, merchants, money lenders and land owners.
The Sudras.
And, outside the castes, the Pariahs.

But these primary divisions have long been complicated by subdivisions into hundreds of minor castes, all exclusive, each holding its members to one definite way of living and one group of duties, and the Brahmins and Vaisyas have largely disappeared. But this is too intricate a question for us to deal with here in detail.

Next to this extraordinary fission and complication of the social body we have to note that the Brahmins, the priests and teachers of the Indian world, unlike so many western priesthods, are a reproductive and exclusive class, which recruits from any other social stratum.

Whatever may have been the original incentive to this extensive fixation of class in India, there can be little doubt of the role played by the Brahmins as the custodians of tradition and the only teachers of the people in sustaining it.

How Did It Arise?
By some it is supposed that the three of the four original castes, known also as the "twice-born," were the descendants of the Vedic Aryan conquerors of India, who established these hard and fast barriers to prevent the mixing with the conquered Sudras and Pariahs. The Sudras are represented as a previous wave of northern conquerors, and the Pariahs are the original Dravidian inhabitants of India. But these theories are not universally accepted, and it is perhaps rather the case that the uniform conditions of life in the Ganges valley have produced a conservative tendency to a difference of classes that have never had the same steadfastness of definition under the more various and variable conditions of the greater world to the west.

However, caste arose, there can be no doubt of its extraordinary hold upon the Indian mind. In the sixth century B. C. arose Gautama, the great teacher of Buddhism, proclaiming: "As the four streams that flow into the Ganges lose their names as soon as they mingle their waters in the holy river, so all who believe in Buddha cease to be Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras. His teaching prevailed in India for some centuries; it spread over China, Tibet, Japan, Burma, Ceylon, Turkestan, Manchuria, and elsewhere, the religion of a large fraction of the human race, but it was finally defeated and driven out of India by the victory and persistence of the Brahmins and of their caste ideas.

The Chinese System.
In China we find a social system traveling along yet another, and a very roughly parallel, line to that followed by the Indian and western civilizations. The Chinese civilization even more than the Hindu is organized for peace, and the warrior plays a small part in its social scheme.

As in the Indian civilization, the ruling class is an intellectual one, less priestly than the Brahmins and more official. But unlike the Brahmins, the mandarins, who are the literate men of China, are not a caste; one is not a mandarin by birth, but by education; they are drawn by education and examination into the class of the ruling community, and the son of a mandarin has no prescriptive right to succeed his father.

As a consequence of these differences, while the Brahmins of India are, as a class, ignorant even of the most elementary scientific knowledge, and full of a pretentious assurance, the Chinese mandarin has the energy that comes from hard mental work. Since his education so far has been almost entirely a scholarly study of the classical Chinese literature, his influences have been entirely conservative. Before the days of Alexander the Great, China had already formed itself into a solid, unified state, and it was still walking in the year 1000 A. D. Invaders and dynasties had come and gone, but the routine life of the yellow civilization remained unchanged.

The traditional Chinese social system recognized four main classes below the priest-empire.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

The Young Fox is a Prisoner Again.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

'Tis queer how some folks count it joy When other folks they may annoy.

—Young Fox.

The young Fox, with the chain dragging behind him, made his way back to the Green Forest toward his home. He had almost reached there when he jumped over a log and that dragging chain once more caught.

This time the young Fox quite lost his temper. He pulled at it savagely, trying to jerk it free. Now it happens that this was the worst thing he could have done. Had he gone back and gently tried to get it free, he would have had no trouble. But the sudden jerk which he gave wedged it in a crack in the log and the more he pulled the more tightly the chain was held.

So it came about that when he gave up pulling and went back he couldn't get it free. That chain was held as securely as when it had been made fast to the post in Farmer Brown's barnyard. Once more that young Fox was a prisoner. He was just as much a prisoner as he had been in Farmer Brown's barnyard, and he was a great deal worse off.

Of course, he didn't understand this at the time. He was so anxious and intent on getting free that he forgot he was hungry. With teeth and claws he worked and worked and worked. But he worked in vain. He couldn't budge that chain the least little bit.

At last he had to give up and rest. Then it was that he began to realize how much worse off he was than when he had been a prisoner in Farmer Brown's barnyard. He had been some one to bring him food. Never had he been forgotten. Always there had been all he wanted to eat. Now there was no one to bring him food and, of course, there was nothing at all to eat. He must get free or starve to death. The very thought of it gave him new strength and he worked and worked and worked until his teeth and his claws were sore.

Juniper the Hare came along and discovered what had happened to the young Fox. Now, Juniper has no love for any Fox. Too often he has had to be for that hateful chain.

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COLORS FOR SPRING.

Brighter colors are the proper coverings for winter. For spring the following colors are to be the vogue: gray, fallow, sandalwood, rosewood, bittersweet, sunburst, almond green, navy, indigo and mephisto.

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"My, my, my, this is too bad!" said Juniper.

Once more the chain yanked the young Fox up short and he missed a squirrel dinner.

The next story: "Farmer Brown's Boy Goes To Look for the Young Fox." (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

NEW GLOVE STYLES.
Smart white kid gloves have turned over cuffs of stiffened leather, attached with black silk. Long gloves of very soft, supple suede are very much favored at the present. Gray gloves are frequently seen in black gloves.

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH.
Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more yawning, snuffling, mucous discharge, headache, drowsiness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.

Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid!—Advt.

Free
At Stores Named Below
One 10-Day Tube

This week only, any store named below will hand you a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. Just present the coupon. Make this test now, and watch the delightful effects. It will be a revelation.



Look Next Week

See how teeth glisten when the film goes

Note what beauty you have gained

For your sake and your family's sake, start making this test today. Then look next week and see the changes that occur.

Millions of people of fifty nations are now brushing teeth in this new way. Dentists everywhere are urging them to do it. You can see the results wherever you look—in teeth that glisten as they never did before.

Now see them on your own teeth. Go get this free tube at your store.

Film makes teeth dingy

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., cloud that film. That is why a thin dingy coat. Film is also the basis of tartar.

The ordinary tooth paste leaves much of that film intact. Thus most people's teeth, until lately, were clouded more or less. Beautiful teeth were less common.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they became almost universal.

Now millions combat it

Dental science has, for long, sought ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. Able authorities, by careful tests, proved them beyond question. Now millions of people are using them daily, largely by dental advice.

One method acts to curdle film, the other to remove it. And this is done without the use of any harmful scouring agent.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. It includes some new essentials and avoids some old mis-

takes. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Some Pepsodent effects

Film coats are more readily combated. The teeth become highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize the acids which cause decay.