THE KISS OF JUDAS

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY R NORMAN GREYES, formerly of sleep very little if I thought that my cotland Yard, is devoting his time pearls were near me-and that you any disguises known to him as

Sayers, known at the golf club as "On this floor?" ir. Stanfield, plays a game with Sir "On this floor."

After a three-months vacation Greyes talking tast night in the lounge—a eets Stanfield in a hotel lobby. An inrance company asks Sir Norman to hard face? I am always seeing him iestion & South American widow, liv- in the lift." at the hotel, regarding a policy of "A man I know scarcely anything hundred thousand pounds carried on of," I replied. "His name, I believe, remarkable rope of pearls.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY down at Woking." "Have you had any intimation of lieves working in this neighborhood?" "Stanfield?" she repeated. "Was it in his grounds near Woking that a murder was committed—a policeman was "None whatever," he replied. "I will found shot there?"

quiry department has formed a dubi- covered?" is opinion of Mrs. De Mendoza her-

'Precisely! Directly we received the She made a little grimace

been compelled to go home at a be called a really great detective, to discover the murderer?" st that a trained detective might "It is beyond my powers to bring ter fully competent to watch over dence."
interests of their guests." "How thrilling!" she murmured.

sired me to suggest a fee of two some night and tell me some of your undred guineas," my visitor conclud-adventures?" 'I will accept the commission," I "Meanwhile-

"To be frank with you," he confessed, although Mrs. De Mendoza is a good ient and pays her accounts regularly, am inclined to be sorry that we ever "Why?" I asked.

"People with valuable jewelry should cept its possession with a certain signation," he replied. "This is the hotel in London where a jewel would be likely. The lady he self, I understand, takes every possible are and caution. She wears her neckce nowhere except in the restaurant nd lounge, and every night it is de osited in the hotel safe. However ou may rely upon it, Sir Norman, that every facility will be given to you in your task. I would suggest that you pay a visit to the lady herself." The idea had already occurred to me and later in the day I sent up my card to Mrs. De Mendoza and was at once

invited to enter her sitting-room. found ner writing letters, simply iressed in a black negligee and wearing he pearls. As she turned and invited se to seat myself, she stirred in my mory a faint suggestion of reminisence. She listened to the few words with which I introduced myself, and miled deprecatingly.

"It is true that I am very foolish, he admitted, "but then, I have always een a person of superstitions. I have wned my necklace for some years and have had it with me in quite lawless places. I have never, however, felt dates. I have never, however, pointed he. Can you, by any chance, ust the same amount of apprehension be my guest? If so, let us meet at 8 is I do at the present moment."

She came over to my side and, withut unclasping the necklace, let it rest my hands. The pearls were all marze and with that milky softness which he pointed out to me as being a proof their great perfection. As we stood be very interesting, indeed. of her hair touched my forehead. Something in the timbre of her low laugh as she brushed it back induced me to look up. There were qualities about her smile and the peculiar expression of her eyes which gave me a momentary thrill.

"Do you admire my pearls?" she asked soitly.

She moved slowly away. I breathed She moved slowly away. I breathed stares at me so much—Mr. Stanfeld, I think you called him?" she remarked between us. She lool:ed over her shouler unexpectedly, and I believe that as we took our places. she realized my sensation. The slight vas obviously more content. "Tell me how you propose to guard here." y treasures, Sir Norman?" she in-

ared as she sank into an easy chair. shall you stand behind by chair at inner, disguised as a waiter, and lie my mat at night? It gives one quite shivery censation to think of such

"Believe me," I assured her, "I shall be in the least obtrusive. I understand that you send your pearls down every night to the hotel safe." "I have always done so," she answered. "Do you think it would be

etter to keep them up here? Will you promise to sit in this easy chair, with a ject of the necklace. The pearls were evolver on your knee, all night, if I

"Not for the world," I declared. "The Malay States, some in Paris, some in otel safe is much the better place." "I am giad to hear your decision,"

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o tracking down an arch criminal of were sitting here, on guard. The idea many disguises known to him as would be disturbing." "One cannot guard against miracles," ANET SOALE, maid in Sayers' cot-tage in England, is in love with her master. She shoots down a police of-ficer who had tracked Michael to his two."

she said with a slight smile. "I should

man, during which the suspicions "Tell me," she asked a little abruptthe latter are aroused as to Mr. ly as I rose to take my leave, "who was the man with whom you were

Stanfield. I once played golf with him

e perfectly frank with you. It is not it nodded. "I was playing with Mr. I nodded. "I was playing with Mr. Stanfield at the time," I told her. "And the murderer was never dis-

"Never:" "I wonder you didn't take an interest "I see," I remarked. "You are afraid in the case yourself," she remarked.

"I did," I told her.

ter from the hotel detective, we rang the manager here. All that we could awakened," she declared. "Surely it rn was that the illness was alto- ought to have been an easy task for a er unexpected and that the man clever man like you, one who used to

e his place, the management as-ed us that they considered nothing the sort necessary. No robbery of s had ever taken place from this are perfectly well aware. They canno el and they considered their night be arrested, however, for lack of evi-

Sir William Greaves, our manager, "Will you ask me to dine with you "I shall be happy to do so," I replied.

She accepted my departure a little The next morning I interviewed the unwillingly. I am not a vain man and anager of the hotel, to whom I was I felt inclined to wonder at a certain ell known. He showed some irritation graciousness of attitude on her part when I spoke of Mrs. De Mendoza's which more than once during our inecklace and her nervousness concern- terview had forced itself upon my



Created a Mild Sensation in the

Later, about 7 o'clock, a note was ought into my room husband who were dining have disap-

BLANCHE DE MENDOZA. I scribbled a line of acceptance. I felt, as I descended into the lounge lously matched, all of considerable that evening, a premonition that life for the next few hours was going to

here, necessarily close together, a wisp her hair touched my forehead. Somesked softly.
"They are very wonderful," I adobvious surprise.

"The little man was there again who

"I dare say he was surprised to see rown passed from her forehead. She us together," I said. "I asked him who you were, on the night of my arrival

"For the same reason that a great many other people ask the same question." I replied.

She made a little grimace. "You are determined to pay me no compliments this evening, and I am

wearing my favorite gown." 'I admire your taste," I assured her. "Anything else?" "You are the best-dressed and the best-looking woman in the room. "Too impersonal," she complained.

collected for her, she told me, by her husband, some in India, some in the Rio. She spoke of him quite franklya prosperous fruit broker who had achieved sudden opulence. "It was quite as much a change for

ne as for him," she remarked. "I was a typist in Buenos Avres before we were narried. I have known what it is to be She answered all my questions without

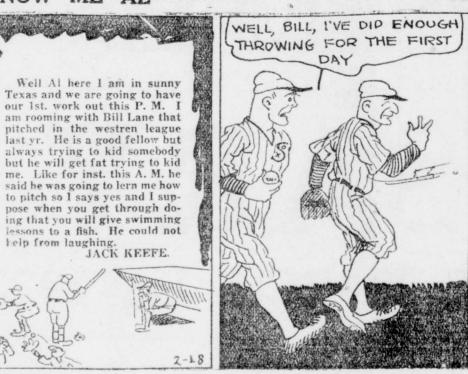
reserve, displaying later on much interest in the recounting of such of my began to feel that I had been mistaken with regard to her, that she was really exactly what she seemed-a very vealthy woman of adventurous type, suddenly released from matrimonial ob ligations and a little uncertain what to nake of her life. We took our coffee in the lounge afterward. In the background my golfing friend, Mr. Stanfield, was seated, smoking a oigarette in a retired corner, and having the air of

Continued in our next issue. SUGAR WORKERS' STRIKE OVER FOET DE FRANCE, Martinique, Feb. 27.-The strike of workers in the sugar ane fields, which was recently marked extensive disorders, has been ended through the intervention of Deputies Fernand Clero and La Grossiliere. The mployers agreed to increase the wages

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

YOU KNOW ME AL

Might As Well Begin Practice









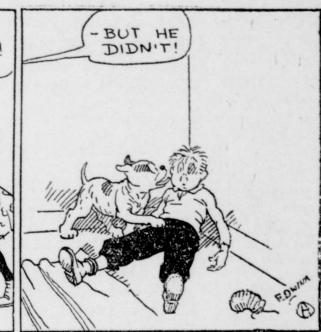
"CAP" STUBBS

No! Cap Tried to Be Careful!

By EDWINA







DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

TOM IS OUT IN

THE KITCHEN AGAIN

I GUESS HE'S

BAWLING HER







By ALLMAN OH YES, SHE KNOWS WHAT I LIKE! WELL, I'M AFRAID IF I FIX YOU THESE THINGS SHE WILL THINK I'M TRYING TO VAMP YOU

BILLY'S UNCLE

Talk Is Cheap

By BEN BATSFORD









FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

ZING-G-G

LOOK OUT THERE!

DO YOU WANT

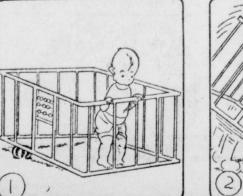
TO GET KILLED?

Comedy Is Often Funny

ARE THEY FIGHTIN LIKE THAT FOR?

















BY MARTIN

TAKEN FROM LIFE





