

# THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

## THE KISS OF JUDAS

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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**BEGIN HERE TO-DAY**

SIR NORMAN GREYES, formerly of Scotland Yard, is devoting his time to tracking down an arch criminal of many disguises known to him as MICHAEL SAYERS.

ANET SOALE, maid in Sayers' cottage in England, is in love with her master. She shoots down a police officer who had tracked Michael to his abode.

Sayers, known as the golf club as Mr. Stanfield, plays a game with Sir Norman, during which the suspicious factor are aroused as to Mr. Stanfield's real identity.

After a three-months vacation Greyes visits Stanfield in a hotel lobby. An insurance company asks Sir Norman to question a South American widow, living at the hotel, regarding a policy of hundred thousand pounds carried on her remarkable rope of pearls.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

"Have you had any intimation of leaves working in this neighborhood?" asked him.

"None whatever," he replied. "I will be perfectly frank with you. It is not an ordinary robbery of which we are afraid. For some reason or other, our inquiry department has formed a dubious opinion of Mrs. De Mendoza herself."

"I see," I remarked. "You are afraid of a fraud?"

"Precisely! Directly we received the wire from the hotel detective, we rang for the manager here. All that we could learn was that the illness was altogether unexpected and that the man had been compelled to go home at a moment's notice. In reply to our request that a trained detective might be sent to his place, the management asked us that they considered nothing the sort necessary. No robbery of any kind had ever taken place from this hotel and they considered their night staff fully competent to watch over the interests of the guests."

"Sir William Greaves, our manager, advised me to suggest a fee of two hundred guineas," my visitor concluded.

"I will accept the commission," I promised.

The next morning I interviewed the manager of the hotel, to whom I was well known. He showed some irritation when I spoke of Mrs. De Mendoza's necklace and her nervousness concerning it.

"To be frank with you," he confessed, "although Mrs. De Mendoza is a good client and pays her accounts regularly, I am inclined to be sorry that we ever had her in the rooms."

"Why?" I asked.

"People with valuable jewelry should accept it with a certain reservation," he replied. "This is the best hotel in London where a jewel robbery would be likely. The lady herself, I understand, takes every possible care and caution. She wears her necklace nowhere except in the restaurant and lounge, and every night it is deposited in the hotel safe. However, you 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 my card to Mrs. De Mendoza and was at once invited to enter her sitting-room. I found her writing letters, simply dressed in a black negligee and wearing the pearls. As she turned and invited me to seat myself, she stirred in my memory a faint suggestion of reminiscence. She listened to the few words with which I introduced myself, and smiled deprecatingly.

"It is true that I am very foolish," she admitted, "but then, I have always been a person of superlatives. I have owned my necklace for some years and I have had it with me in quite lawless places. I have never, however, felt just the same amount of apprehension as I do at the present moment."

She came over to my side and, without unclasping the necklace, let it rest in my hands. The pearls were all marvelously matched, all of considerable size and with that milky softness which she pointed out to me as being a proof of their great perfection. As we stood there, necessarily close together, a wisp of her hair touched my forehead. Something in the timbre of her low laugh as she brushed it back induced me to smile and with that milky softness which she pointed out to me as being a proof of their great perfection. As we stood there, necessarily close together, a wisp of her hair touched my forehead. Something in the timbre of her low laugh as she brushed it back induced me to smile and with that milky softness which she pointed out to me as being a proof of their great perfection. As we stood there, necessarily close together, a wisp of her hair touched my forehead. Something in the timbre of her low laugh as she brushed it back induced me to smile and with that milky softness which she pointed out to me as being a proof of their great perfection.

### YOU KNOW ME AL

Well Al here I am in sunny Texas and we are going to have our 1st. work out this P. M. I am rooming with Bill Lane that pitched in the western league last yr. He is a good fellow but always trying to kid somebody but he will get fat trying to kid me. Like for inst this A. M. he said he was going to lera me how to pitch so I says yes and I suppose when you get through doing that you will give swimming lessons to a fish. He could not help from laughing.

JACK KEEFE.

### Might As Well Begin Practice

By RING W. LARDNER

WELL, BILL, I'VE DID ENOUGH THROWING FOR THE FIRST DAY

I THINK I'LL GO IN AND SET ON THE BENCH

YES, YOU BETTER GET USED TO IT

THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL SPEND THE SUMMER

### "CAP" STUBBS

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### No! Cap Tried to Be Careful!

By EDWINA

OH! LET'S PLAY WITH YOUR BOXIN' GLOVES! AW 'Y ON!

NAW-I'M 'FRAYD I MIGHT HURT YOU! I WON'T FIGHT WITH NO GURL! GEE WHIZ!

I AINT 'FRAYD!

ME AN- CAP'S BEEN HAVIN' MORE FUN WITH HIS 'BOXIN' GLOVES, MAMA! HE WUZ 'FRAYD HE'D HURT ME

- BUT HE DIDN'T!

### DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Later, about 7 o'clock, a note was brought into my room.

Dear Sir Norman: A lady and her husband who were dining here disappeared. Can you, by any chance, let me know if you met at 8 o'clock in the lounge. Hopefully yours,

BLANCHÉ DE MENDOZA.

I scribbled a line of acceptance. I felt, as I descended into the lounge that evening, a premonition that life for the next few hours was going to be very interesting, indeed.

At 8 o'clock, precisely, Mrs. De Mendoza came into the lounge. She was wearing a white lace evening dress, with an ermine wrap which hung loosely around her, disclosing the pearls undeniably. Her entrance made a mild sensation. Mr. Stanfield, who was seated in his accustomed corner, drinking his cocktail, watched our meeting and departure into the restaurant with obvious surprise.

"The little man was there again who stared at me so much—Mr. Stanfield, I think you called him," she remarked as we took our places.

"I nodded.

"I dare say he was surprised to see us together," I said. "I asked him who you were, on the night of my arrival here."

"Why?"

"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.

I turned the conversation to the subject of the necklace. The pearls were collected for her, she told me, by her husband, some in India, some in the Malay States, some in Paris, some in Rio. She spoke of him quite frankly—a prosperous fruit broker who had achieved sudden opulence.

"It was quite as much a change for me as for him," she remarked. "I was a typist in Buenos Ayres before we were married. I have known what it is to be poor."

She answered all my questions without reserve, replying later on much interest in the recounting of such of my adventures as were public property. I began to feel that I had been mistaken with regard to her, that she was really exactly what she seemed—a very wealthy woman of adventurous type, suddenly released from matrimonial obligations and a little uncertain what to make of her life. We took our coffee in the lounge afterward. In the background my golfing friend, Mr. Stanfield, was seated, smoking a cigarette in a retired corner, and having the air of studying everyone who passed.

Continued in our next issue.

### Lena Would Play Safe

By ALLMAN

TOM IS OUT IN THE KITCHEN AGAIN TALKING TO THE MAID- HE SEEMS TO HAVE A LOT TO TELL HER-

I GUESS HE'S BAWLING HER OUT ABOUT HAVING THAT POLICEMAN IN THE KITCHEN LAST NIGHT

SAY, LENA, I MADE OUT A LIST OF SOME OF MY FAVORITE DISHES- I WISH YOU WOULD KEEP THEM IN MIND WHEN YOU ARE PLANNING A MEAL

ALL RIGHT, MR. DUFF

BUT, MR. DUFF, DID YOUR WIFE USED TO COOK THESE THINGS FOR YOU BEFORE I CAME? DOES SHE KNOW YOU LIKE THEM?

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

Well, I told you at the start that you couldn't expect people to write letters telling you how to make a million dollars!

IF I KNEW HOW TO MAKE A MILLION BUCKS O' YOU S'POSE I'D WRITE AN' TELL ANYBODY ABOUT IT? - NOSIRE! - I'D MAKE TH' MILLION FOR MYSELF - THAT'S WHAT I'D DO!

- AN' IF MY GIRL HAD TH' NERVE TO TELL ME I HAD TO BE A MILLIONAIRE I'D GET A NEW GIRL!

AW, G'WAN-

- YOU CAN'T EVEN GET AN OLD ONE!

### Talk Is Cheap

By BEN BATSFORD

### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

LOOK OUT THERE!! DO YOU WANT TO GET KILLED?

ZINGGS

CLICK CLICK CLICK

SAY? WHAT ARE THEY FIGHTIN' LIKE THAT FOR?

OW!

THEY AREN'T FIGHTING - THEY'RE SIMPLY MAKING A COMEDY!

### Comedy Is Often Funny

By BLOSSER

### TAKEN FROM LIFE

BY MARTIN

### In Again Finnegan

BY MARTIN

## Piles

are usually due to straining when constipated.

Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

# Nujol

A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

**SUGAR WORKERS' STRIKE OVER**

PORT DE FRANCE, Martinique, Feb. 27.—The strike of workers in the sugar cane fields, which was recently marked by extensive disorders, has been ended through the intervention of Deputies Fernand Clero and La Grosseille. The employers agreed to increase the wages of the men. Complete calm has been restored.