

Vendetta began between Michael Sayers, master of many crimes and aliases, and Sir Norman Greyses, of the Yard, when Sayers' beautiful housemaid Janet saved him from Sir Norman's clutches. Janet, by shooting dead the officer sent to arrest him, Janet became Sayers' wife and accomplice. He briefly escaped Sir Norman (who knew him as "Lutard") after the Leed's bank robbery, and had to flee the country. Sayers himself here relates the story of his next exciting encounter with Greyses.

I was perhaps the greatest surprise of my life when the trim, benevolent-looking gentleman with the red ribbon in his buttonhole, who was sharing my seat in the Jardins Invalides, suddenly addressed me by name. For over a year—ever since, in fact, my escape from the English police in Scotland—I had been engaged in the strenuous task of founding and cultivating a new name. My name was Mr. John D. Harmon. I was a retired dry goods dealer from Liverpool, R. I. U. and I spent most of my time at the Grand Hotel, talking with compatriots and playing dominoes and billiards. A trip across the ocean, a few days spent in Providence, and a general knowledge of the structure of American life, had been all the actual training necessary. I had a circle of friends willing to vouch for me, whom I could have increased almost ad lib.; a flossier accepted and pigeon-holed by the police; a general appearance which, thanks to my manner of dressing, my horn-rimmed eyeglasses, my short beard and mustache, would have left me unrecognized, even under the scrutiny of the great Sir Norman Greyses himself. For many months I had not even heard the sound of one of those names under which I had passed in England. It came upon me, therefore, as a thunderclap when my companion, to all appearance a person of the upper and official classes, whom I had noticed many mornings when strolling in the gardens, deliberately went behind the many aliases of which I had made use at different times, and addressed me by my baptismal name.

He smiled. "I take a keen interest," he confided, "in the exploits of my—shall I say 'hooligan-adventurers'—in other countries. I read with much amusement—not unnerved, believe me, sir, with admiration—of your escape from the police in Scotland; and the arrival of Mr. John D. Harmon from Providence here shortly afterward, also interested me."

"Why do you imagine that my name is Michael Sayers?" I asked cautiously.

He smiled. "I take a keen interest," he confided, "in the exploits of my—shall I say 'hooligan-adventurers'—in other countries. I read with much amusement—not unnerved, believe me, sir, with admiration—of your escape from the police in Scotland; and the arrival of Mr. John D. Harmon from Providence here shortly afterward, also interested me."

"You have your own secret agents?"

"Certainly, monsieur," he assented, "but they work for me and not for the law."

"You had some reason for making yourself known to me?" I queried.

He bowed. "I take a keen interest," he confided, "in the exploits of my—shall I say 'hooligan-adventurers'—in other countries. I read with much amusement—not unnerved, believe me, sir, with admiration—of your escape from the police in Scotland; and the arrival of Mr. John D. Harmon from Providence here shortly afterward, also interested me."

"Let me hear about it," I begged.

My companion brushed the ash from his trouserleg and rose to his feet.

"Let us walk to my office," he suggested. "We will see whether any fresh business has come in. Afterward we will, if you choose, lunch together at some discreet place."

I could not altogether discard my suspicions, for I seemed incredible that this man was really a daring criminal whom the police of three countries had sought for many years in vain. We visited a reputable and quietly handsome suite of offices in the Rue Scribe, where my companion conversed for several minutes on various matters of business with his clerks. Afterward we walked across to the Place Gaillon, where my host selected a lunch with the skill of the born gourmet. He refused to allow me an aperitif but ordered the choicest of wine. In the course of our meal he asked me a most surprising question.

Do you hear frequently from your friend Sir Norman Greyses?

"If I heard from him at all," I replied, "I imagine that the situation would be, to say the least of it, precarious. What do you know about him?"

My companion smiled.

"I had a little affair of the same nature," he continued, "with the sub-chief of the police here. Francois Dumessil, his name was."

"And where is he now?" I asked.

"He disappeared," was the considered reply. "A great many people disappear in Paris. It was a battle of wits between us, and I was almost sorry when the end came. Self-preservation, however, makes strenuous demands upon one sometimes."

"Concerning Norman Greyses?" I persisted.

Forgive me—I wandered a little from the point. I mentioned Norman Greyses' name because he is in Paris."

"In Paris!" I exclaimed.

"He arrived by the Calais train last evening. I fancy that later in the day he may probably stroll into the American bar at the Grand Hotel."

"I take it," I said slowly, "your suggestion is that Norman Greyses has discovered me whereabouts?"

"I will be perfectly frank," was my companion's prompt avowal. "I do not know that. There is a distinct possibility that Norman Greyses has come over here in connection with another affair in which I am indirectly interested. I have a proposition to make to you. Take a taxicab and drive out to Versailles for the afternoon. On our way back, stop at the Taverne Bertain, near the Armentonville. I will meet you there at 7 o'clock. I propose a perfectly fair bargain to you. If he is here on your business I will assist you to escape. If he is interested in the other little matter I spoke of, I shall claim your help."

"It is a bargain," I promised.

"So to our chicken," my companion murmured, eying with approval the dish which had just been extended toward him; and we continued our meal.

Permit me to offer you my card," my companion proceeded, drawing an elegant case from his pocket and handing me a thin strip of ivory pasteboard. I read it carefully. My eyes, however, were watching for any movement on his part. "Monsieur Gaston Lefevre, Agent de Compagnie d'Assurances—13, Rue Serbe."

"That, monsieur," my companion frankly confessed, "is not my name."

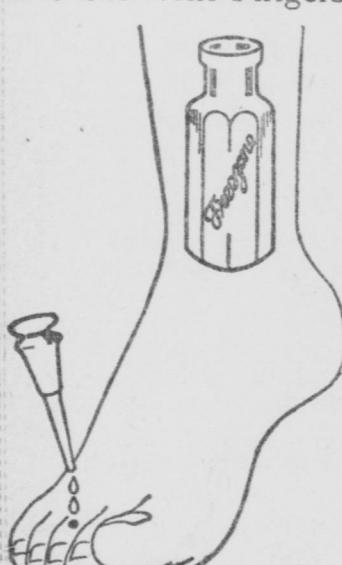
"Indeed?" I muttered.

"It is an identity," he continued, "which I have fixed upon the little world in which I spend the greater part of my time, a name under which I have earned a certain reputation, a certain social standing. But it is not my own. I was christened Paul and my surname is Gont."

"It was reported," I said, watching him steadily, "that Paul Gont had joined the secret police of France."

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

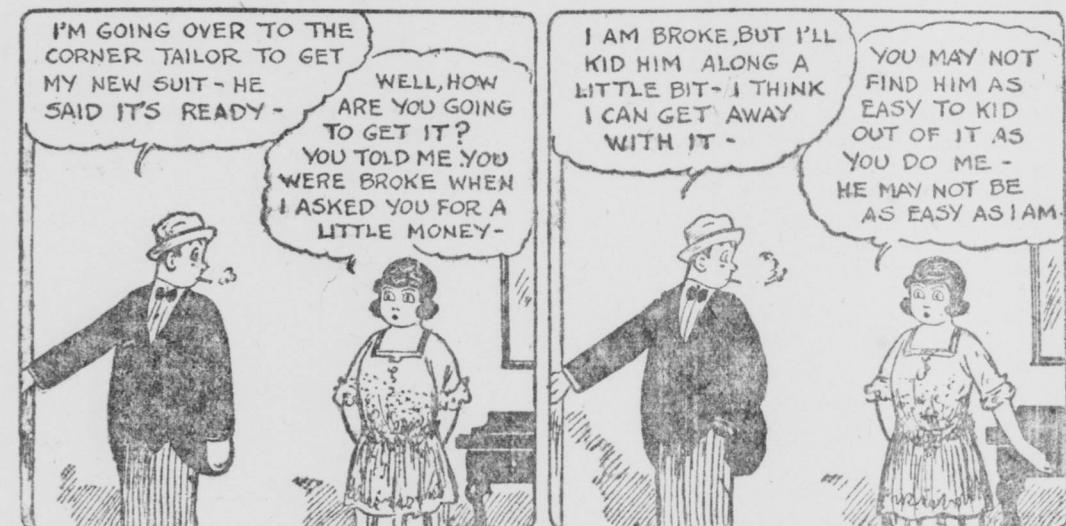


Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Our druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callus, without soreness or irritation.—Advertisement.

"In the first place, then," Lefevre

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

Wilbur Didn't Get Very Far



—By ALLMAN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



IF IT'S A NICE DAY TOMORROW.



—By AL POSEN

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



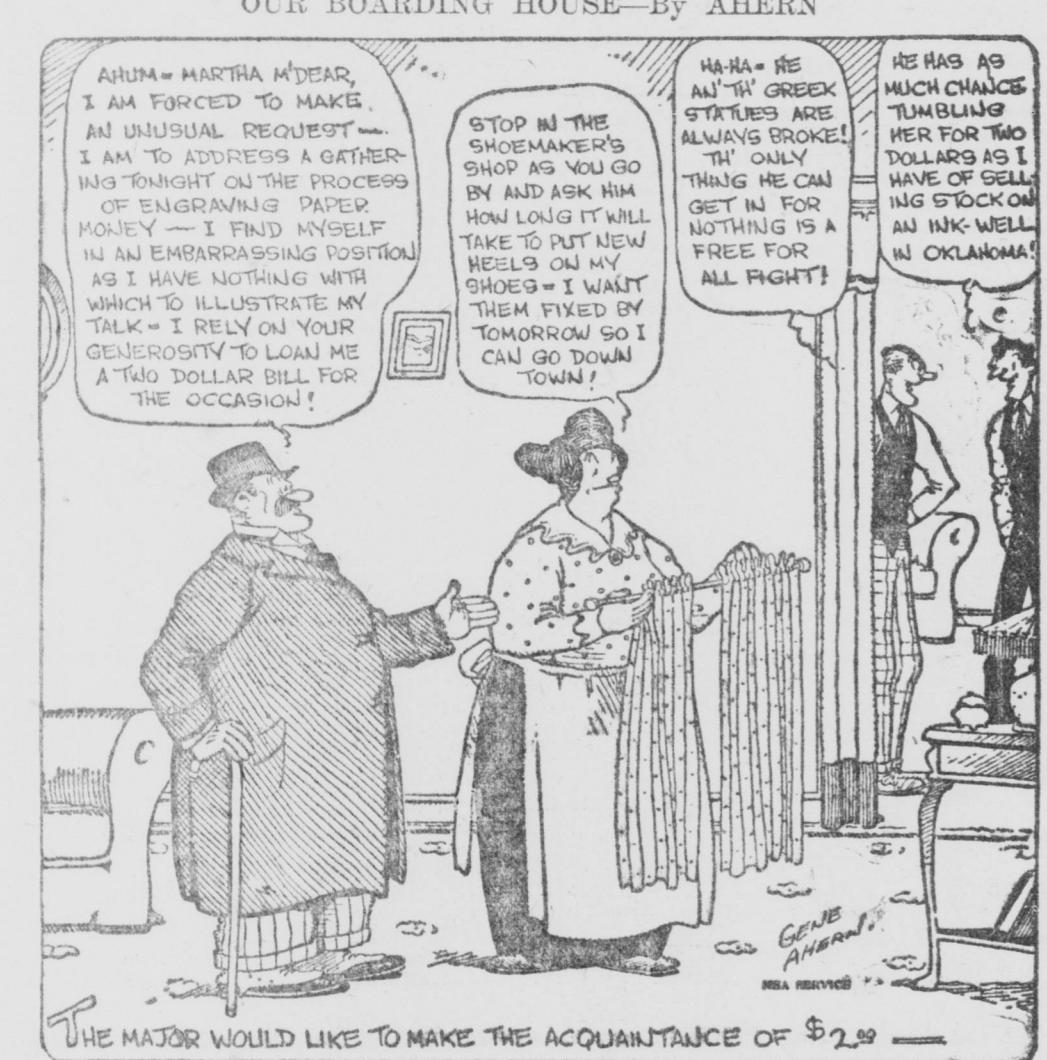
THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



AFTER ELMER GLUTZ SAT DOWN ON THE BASS DRUM DURING BAND PRACTICE LAST NIGHT, IT WAS DISCOVERED SAID DRUM WAS PRACTICALLY RUINED.



GENE AHERN

NEA SERVICE

HA-HA - HE AN' TH' GREEK STATUES ARE ALWAYS BROKE! TH' ONLY THING HE CAN GET IN FOR NOTHING IS A FREE FOR ALL RIGHT!

HE HAS AS MUCH CHANCE TUMBING HER FOR TWO DOLLARS AS I HAVE OF SELLING STOCK IN OKLAHOMA!

ANUM - MARTHA M'DEAR, I AM FORCED TO MAKE AN UNUSUAL REQUEST - I AM TO ADDRESS A GATHERING TONIGHT ON THE PROCESS OF ENGRAVING PAPER MONEY - I FIND MYSELF IN AN EMBARRASSING POSITION AS I HAVE NOTHING WITH WHICH TO ILLUSTRATE MY TALK - I RELY ON YOUR GENEROSITY TO LOAN ME A TWO DOLLAR BILL FOR THE OCCASION!

STOP IN THE SHOEMAKER'S SHOP AS YOU GO BY AND ASK HIM HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE TO PUT NEW HEELS ON MY SHOES - I WANT THEM FIXED BY TOMORROW SO I CAN GO DOWN TOWN!

THE MAJOR WOULD LIKE TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF \$200

—By GENE AHERN

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