

## THE HONOR OF M. LUTARD

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM  
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Vendetta began between Michael Sayers, man of many crimes and aliases, and Sir Norman Greys, once of Scotland Yard, when Sayers' beautiful housemaid Janet saved him from Sir Norman in the prison after he had been found dead the officer sent to arrest him. Janet became Sayers' wife and accomplice. He barely escaped Sir Norman (who knows him as "Stanford") after the Leeds bank robbery, and had to flee the country. Sayers himself here begins the story of his next exciting encounter with Greys.

A flicker of annoyance passed across my companion's face.

"If that were true, monsieur," he rejoined, "I should by now have become their chief. I address you, believe me, as one master craftsman to another."

"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 small fellow-adventurers—in other countries. I read with much amusement—not unmingled, 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.

"Apart from the pleasure of meeting so distinguished a confederate," he said, "there is a scheme in which I am at present interested, in which it might amuse you to take part."

"Let me hear about it," I begged.

My companion brushed the ash from his trouser-leg 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 it seemed incredible that this man was really the daring criminal whom the police of three countries had sought for many years in vain. He 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 Gallien, 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 Greys?"

"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 confided, "with the sub-chief of the police here, Francois Dumesnil, 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 matter of wits between us, and I was almost sorry when the end came. Self-preservation, however, makes strenuous demands upon one sometimes."

"Concerning Norman Greys?" I persisted.

"Forgive me—I wandered a little from the point. I mentioned Norman Greys' 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 Greys has discovered in whereabouts?"

"I will be perfectly frank," was my companion's prompt avowal. "I do not know that. There is a distinct possibility that Norman Greys 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 your way back, stop at the Taverne Bertain, near the Armentouille. 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, eyeing with approval the dish which had just been extended toward him; and we continued our meal.

It was about half-past five that afternoon when I dismissed my taxi and seated myself at one of the small tables under the trees outside the Taverne Bertain. I ordered a glass of tea with a slice of lemon; a packet of cigarettes, and settled down to one of my favorite tasks—watching my fellow-creatures. Every variety of the human race was in evidence, riding in every description of carriage. A rabble, I told myself a little contemptuously. Not one of them had realized the supreme glory of existence.

It was as though Fate had suddenly decided to deal my philosophy a mortal blow. In a handsome limousine car, traveling slowly in the trail of other vehicles, appeared my enemy Norman Greys—and by his side Janet, my wife. He wore a light gray suit and a Homburg hat; his long, lean face seemed as somber as ever. Janet was talking while he listened—talking of something, it seemed, more important than the idle flotsam of the moment. The car passed on. I remained seated in my chair. I do not think that I had turned a hair; yet an icy hand seemed to be gripping my heart.

I quietly appointed electric broughams turned in at the entrance to the cafe, and the man who had introduced himself to me as Gaston Lefevre descended. He was looking very spick and span, dressed with the utmost care, and apparently fresh from the barber's. He approached and seated himself by my side.

"I will drink absinthe today, Francois," he told the bowing waiter. "See that it is made as I like it. Come, my friend," he added as he turned to me again, "throw away your wishy-washy tea and join me."

I shook my head.

"Alcohol is not one of the necessities of life with me," I said. "It stimulates some, I suppose. It merely depresses me. Tell me what you know about the coming of this man Greys."

"In the first place, then," Lefevre

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



IF IT'S A NICE DAY TOMORROW.

## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



## THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



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

## Wilbur Didn't Get Very Far

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



## Groan This In The Grandstand



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE MAJOR WOULD LIKE TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF \$2.00

## Gold Fish, Perhaps

LIVERPOOL, May 4.—The trawler Jeria started out on a fishing trip. When it returned, it sold its catch for more than \$10,000.

## Young Old Masters

MELBOURNE, May 4.—Although Australia's a young country, it has its "old masters" and will prove it at an exhibition of 250 masterpieces by Australian artists here.

## Both Get Degree

ABERDEEN, Scotland, May 4.—While St. Clair Henriques received the degree of doctor of medicine from Aberdeen University, his daughter and fellow-student, Stella Henriques, received a bachelor's degree.

Now comes a letter from the firm of attorneys in Omaha, stating that Condon had been left \$1,000 by the deceased Griffin and that if he would establish his identity at the First National Bank in this city, the money

ticket and gave him \$10 in cash. The whole good Samaritan act cost him about \$47. He heard from the firm only once or twice after that and the money was never repaid, so he had all but forgotten the incident.

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## BREAD ON WATERS BRINGS BACK GOLD

HORNELL, N. Y., May 4.—Edward Condon, an Erie Railroad telegraph operator here, is ready to announce today the truth of the Biblical promise about "bread cast on the waters." He has \$1,000 in real cash to prove that is so.

Twelve years ago Condon was working as a telegraph operator in San Francisco, Cal. He had an acquaintance with an old man named Michael Griffin, whom he had met only a few times. Griffin was sick and was penniless and wanted to get back to his home in Omaha. Condon bought him

announced pleasantly, as he helped himself to one of my cigarettes and lit it, "let me reassure you, Greys is not in Paris on your account."

"And his companion?"

"(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Airplanes For \$350

PARIS, May 4.—Before long you can buy a flivver airplane for \$350, predicts M. Barbot, famous French birdman.

## 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!

Your 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.