

# The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc

CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIN

### READ THIS FIRST:

Fifteen years before the story opens Elisabeth Hornain, a beautiful singer, who is a divorcee, is mysteriously murdered at the chateau of Monsieur and Madame de Jouvaille at Volvic. Marquis Jean d'Erlmont, distinguished society favorite, is among those present. The tragedy caused the de Jouvailles to sell their chateau to an unidentified purchaser. As the story opens Chief Inspector Gorselet, who had worked on the Volvic mystery years before without success, and his aide, Flamant, follow an attractive girl whom they believe is one blonde Clara, friend of Bio Paul, fugitive crook, to the home of the Marquis d'Erlmont at Saint-Lacare. By mistake she reaches the apartment of Monsieur Raoul, who leases the first floor of the marquis' home. Attracted by her beauty, Raoul sends the detectives on a false scent. After leaving Raoul she meets the marquis through a note from her mother, now dead, a forgotten secret-heart of d'Erlmont. He learns her name is Antonine and offers her a position as his secretary. Raoul reveals he is Arsene Lupin, gentleman burglar, to Courville, d'Erlmont's secretary. Because the secretary is under obligation to Raoul, the latter induces him to give him the key to the marquis' apartment.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

### CHAPTER 8

COURVILLE DEPARTED, shaking his head. Raoul proceeded to make preparations for dining with the magnificent Olga, but almost he thought to rest a few moments in the capacious arm chair—and fell fast asleep! He did not wake until half past ten; almost automatically he reached for the telephone.

"Hullo! . . . Trocadero Palace hotel? Put me through to her majesty's suite. . . . Hullo? Her majesty's secretary? . . . That you, Julie? . . . How are you, honey? I say, the queen's waiting to speak to me, isn't she? . . . Put her through. . . . No fooling. I didn't get you your job with her to hear that sort of nonsense. Hurry up and tell the queen. . . . (a brief silence) . . . Hullo, hullo . . . That you, Olga? Listen, darling, my wretched business appointment lasted much longer than I expected. . . . But it's been marvellously successful. . . . Darling, you mustn't blame me, you know what business is. Can you lunch with me on Friday? . . . I'll call for you. . . . You're not crazy, are you? I know I'm thinking of you all the time. . . . Lovely Olga!"

Arsene Lupin never bothered to wear a specially dark suit when going on a nocturnal prow. "I go in my usual rags," he used to say. "I don't carry a gun. I stick my hands in my pockets, my heart ticks just as steadily as though I were going to buy a packet of cigars, and my conscience is as clear as though I were on an errand of mercy."

The only preparation in which he ever indulged was the performance of a few exercises to loosen his muscles, a little mild skipping on the spot quite noiselessly, or a brief practice of feeling his way about in a darkened room so as not to upset anything. All went to his entire satisfaction. He was feeling very fit, and well able to cope physically and morally with anything or anyone.

He drank a glass of water, consumed a few biscuits, and then left his flat and proceeded upstairs. It was half past eleven. All was dark and silent. There was no fear of running into other tenants, since there were none, nor of meeting a servant, since they were all in bed and Courville was keeping watch upstairs. The conditions were ideal. He had not even to cope with the minor annoyance of having to effect illicit entrance—the door key was in his pocket. Nor had he the bother of having to find his way about—he possessed a plan of the place.

He entered the flat just as he was entering his own, and proceeded along the passage leading to the library where he switched on the light. Nothing useful could be done in the dark.

A large mirror between the two windows sent him back his own reflection advancing upon it. He bowed with mock gravity to the man in the mirror, his fantastic mind inspiring him to play the fool for his own private amusement.

Then he calmly sat down and looked all round the room. It was useless to waste time fluttering feverishly about, emptying drawers and upsetting the library. His far superior method was to take his bearing first and think the thing out



A second drawer sprang out

quietly. He must take stock of dimensions—such as such a piece of furniture would not normally be made to those particular measurements without their being some hidden reason. Hiding places might elude the observation of a Courville, but not of Arsene Lupin; nothing could escape his eagle eye.

After ten minutes' inspection, he walked straight up to the marquis' desk, knelt down, and examined the brass fitting. Then he rose, executed a few conlor's passes, opened a drawer, took it right out, pressed one side of it, pushed the other, murmured something, and clicked his tongue appreciatively.

For something had clicked in the desk and a second drawer sprang out!

Thought he: "Got it! Once I make up my mind to do a thing . . . and to think that discovered a thing worth knowing all the time he's been here. And I've only been here two minutes! But I'm a quick worker, I am!"

But it was only the beginning. The secret drawer had to be forced to yield its secret. All Arsene Lupin wanted to find was the letter his blonde friend had given the marquis that afternoon. A glance sufficed to show him it was not there.

On top of the drawer's contents was a large yellow envelope containing about ten thousand francs. Arsene Lupin laid this aside—it was sacred. No self-respecting thief stole his neighbor's spending money, especially when that neighbor happened to be his own landlord and a member of the old French nobility into the bargain! He pushed the envelope back with something approaching distaste.

A summary examination showed him that the other contents of the drawer comprised only letters and photographs of women. Souvenir relics of a Don Juan who had not had the heart to destroy those reminders of a past full of love and happiness.

The letters? It would mean reading them all if he wanted to find out whether they contained anything of real interest to him. Not an easy job, and one that rather repelled him. He was too much of the lover himself, and prided himself too much on his own delicacy of feeling, to pry thus casually into the intimacy of what diverse women had written for one man alone to read.

But the photographs? That was quite another matter. There were about a hundred of them; all the subjects were lovely women, some smiling tenderly, some whose eyes expressed tragic longing—actresses, titled ladies, shop girls, looked at Raoul from a dead past, linked together only by their love for the same man.

Raoul did not examine all these likenesses. He had noticed that one

was larger than all the others, and what he could see of it through the protecting sheet of paper caught his interest. He took it up and removed the paper.

He was thunderstruck. The face was one of extraordinary beauty and revealed great personality. The woman portrayed held her head high, regally; her bearing was that of one completely self-assured, possibly of one used to appearing before the public.

"She must be an actress," concluded Raoul.

He could not stop looking at that serene loveliness.

He turned it over at last hoping to find some name or inscription, and at once gave a start of excitement. Scrawled in a large, bold handwriting was the signature: "Elisabeth Hornain," followed by the words: "Yours till death."

Elisabeth Hornain! Raoul was familiar with the name of the great singer, and although he could not exactly recall the details of what had happened fifteen years ago, he remembered quite enough to know that the beautiful singer had met her death by a mysterious wound received while she was singing out of doors in somebody's grounds.

So Elisabeth Hornain had been one of the marquis' many loves, and judging from the careful way in which her photograph was wrapped up and set apart from the others, she must have occupied a very special place in his life and heart.

Between the double wrapping of the picture had been slipped a tiny envelope, unsealed, which Raoul opened, and whose contents caused him further surprise, while yielding valuable information. The envelope contained three things: a lock of hair, what was evidently the lady's first love letter to the marquis, and another photograph, bearing a name that roused Raoul's curiosity to fever heat: "Elisabeth Valthex!"

This snapshot depicted the singer as quite a young girl, and Raoul concluded that Valthex must have been her maiden name before she married Hornain the banker. The dates left no room for doubt.

"And so," mused Raoul, "the present Valthex, who must be about thirty, is a relative—a cousin or nephew—of Elisabeth Hornain, and that explains why the said Valthex knows the Marquis d'Erlmont and bleeds him for money, and why the marquis doesn't refuse him. But is Valthex merely a sponger, I wonder, or has he other and deeper designs? Is he on the same trail as I am, with better cards in his hand? It's all most mysterious, but I'm determined to plumb the mystery and I know I shall be successful, for here I am right in the thick of things!"

Raoul was continuing his investigations when something suddenly cut him short. His sharp ears had detected a slight sound.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

understood that following the announcement Monday that Smith was through at State, the gridiron players started a petition asking that Smith be re-elected.

## Federal Tax Cut Saves Motorists 2 Millions Here

Charlotte, Dec. 13.—Carolina motorists will save more than \$2,000,000 during 1934 due to repeal of one half a cent per gallon of the one and one half cents per gallon federal gasoline tax now in effect, according to Coleman W. Roberts, president of the Carolina Motor club.

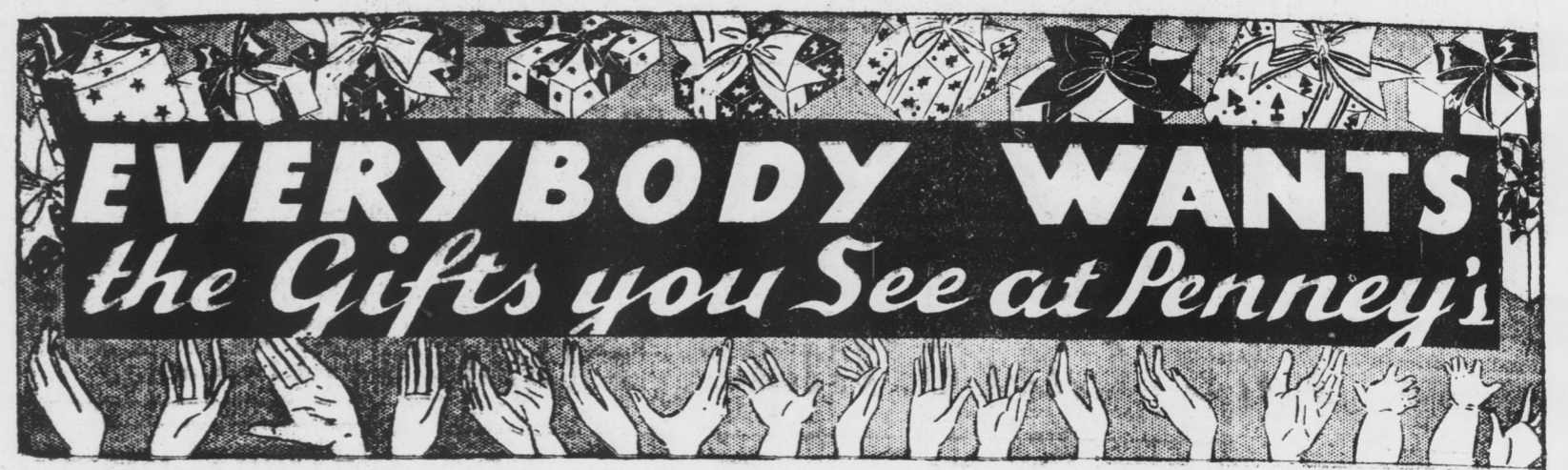
When the additional half cent levy was imposed by Congress last June to help finance the Public Works Administration in the recovery program, provision was made for its removal on the first day of the calendar year

following the balancing of the national budget or repeal of national prohibition. With repeal now in effect the tax will be removed January 1.

Prior to enactment of the additional levy, the Carolina Motor Club forwarded petitions to Washington carrying the names of 30,000 citizens of North and South Carolina protesting the increased levy. Due to the activity of this organization and other American Automobile Association clubs, the proposed additional levy of one cent

was reduced to one-half cent per gallon and provision made for its removal following balancing of the budget or repeal of prohibition.

During the calendar year 1932 there were 232,071,000 gallons of gasoline consumed in North Carolina and 104,361,000 in South Carolina. Using these figures as a basis for 1934 consumption it will mean a saving of \$1,160,355 in North Carolina and \$521,805 in South Carolina, a total of \$1,682,160.



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## STATE'S COACH TO BE KNOWN JAN. 15

### Winter Football Drills Begin At Raleigh School On That Date

College Station, Raleigh, Dec. 13.—North Carolina State's 1934 football coach is expected to be known by January 15, it was announced here yesterday, as at that time winter football drills will begin at the Raleigh school.

The alumni-faculty athletic council Monday voted to renew John P. (Clipper) Smith's contract as head coach for 1934-35 and Smith handed in his resignation immediately after the decision of the council was made known.

The council will be called together again on Wednesday, December 20, but according to T. S. Johnson, acting chairman of the council in the absence of Dr. E. C. Brooks, president of the college who is ill in Washington, D. C., no definite action will be taken at that time in naming a new coach.

The action of the council in giving Coach Smith the air came as a surprise to those on the campus at State, it was thought that the mid-season agitation against him had passed and that he would be given another year. Members of the Wolfpack signed a petition before State's final game with Duke asking that Smith's contract continue through another year. It is

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