

What Is To Become of Jacqueline and Her Millions?

"Emperor of the Sahara" Leaves Vast Fortune and Background of Romance and Adventure.

"The Amulet Seller," a Famous Painting by Ferriss, in Which a Mother Has Brought Sorcerer to Ply His Black Magic as Her Daughter in the Guise of a Seller of Lucky Charms



Jeff Taylor

OF ALL the heiresses of the world—and there are many—none just now is of more general interest than young Mlle. Jacqueline Lebaudy, daughter of the late Jacques Lebaudy, self-styled "Emperor of the Sahara," whose life was a rapid moving chapter of adventure and romance and turmoil.

His young daughter's affairs are at the moment taking that part of the public eye which he once had to himself. Not only because of a somewhat unusual and unfathomable romance with the son of a Parisian detective, but also because of her position, of the circumstances about Mlle. Lebaudy's life of her great wealth and of her strange heritage other than her material fortune, she has excited the interest of Europe and America.

Indeed, there are other heiresses whose fortunes are greater than the Lebaudy fortune, whose places in the sun will be far more desirable than hers promises to be and whose family names are in themselves qualifications of high society and great wealth, but at this time a more avid interest attaches itself to the affairs of Jacqueline Lebaudy. Some may think that this young woman is the most unfortunate of girls; others may consider her fortunate—for is she not wealthy, and does she not get her name in the newspapers?—but the fact is that her future alone will decide that figmentary controversy. And it is upon the future that there is speculation.

Jacqueline recently married Roger Sudreau, son of Henry Sudreau, a detective who has been a friend of Mme. Lebaudy, her mother, since before her husband's death. Two months after the marriage the bride and Mme. Lebaudy disappeared strangely. There was talk of a suit by the youthful deserted husband, threatening to claim half the fortune, and from some elusive source Mme. Lebaudy herself was quoted as making a frank admission that the marriage of her daughter to the son of the detective was purely a marriage of convenience—pre-arranged on a basis of general understanding so that Jacqueline might take over her fortune from the hands of her trustees—upon her marriage, in accordance with the provisions of the designation of the trusteeship.

Jacqueline's husband, the younger Sudreau, and his detective father have made the charge that she was influenced away from Roger by a "sorcerer," a fortune teller, one of the thousands with which Paris is swarming. But this one is said to have drawn Jacqueline into her power and to have influenced her against her will and against the dictates of her heart to leave her husband. They attribute her change of heart—affirming that it was a change of heart if it is true that Jacqueline does not love Roger Sudreau now—to "the evil eye."

Because of that imputation steps are being taken now to investigate the business of sorcery in Paris, looking to driving the "witches" out. It is entirely possible that a crystal gazer or a medium might have persuaded Jacqueline that many things would happen unless she fled from her husband. But it was hardly the "evil eye." That is an old superstition, no longer accredited except by the most primitive of races. Once, long ago, our own ancestors believed that there was such a supernatural and invariably destructive power as the "evil eye," and then they sought out and tortured and burned to death those unfortunate persons suspected of being endowed with it.

But now, if there be actually an "evil eye," it is not in the body of earthly men or women. If this supernatural feature works as it once was thought to do, spilling a life wherever its baleful glance might fall, it works by different methods. If Mme. Jacqueline Lebaudy be a victim of the "evil eye," then it is her heritage. Circumstances that whirled about her life before she came into being, that continued their inexplicable designs until her maturity—that must be

the "evil eye" which has been the blighting influence of her days, and maybe, too, of the career and happiness of Roger Sudreau, who perhaps has likewise fallen under the malevolent glare.

Her background is a setting for a dramatic life. In addition to the millions of dollars which came to her from her father, she has a heritage founded upon adventure and romance and intrigue.

The world now is interested passively in such figures as Lady Mary Cambridge and Lady Rachel Cavendish, one of whom is thought almost certain to be the bride of the prince of Wales—the future queen of England—but this interest is not an eager interest. It is rather a sort of guessing game. Moreover, it will be mildly sustained until at last the prince does choose his princess.

The interest in the affairs of Mlle. Jacqueline Lebaudy, on the other hand, is an intense interest which will rise and flag and die and rise again in keeping with the chart of her life as it makes itself. Just now the interest is high.

No one knows just how great a fortune she is heir to. Certainly it is \$10,000,000, for the administrators of her father's estate and her trustee have that amount as listed assets. But the principal efforts of the administrators now are directed to seeking for lost assets—money and property left by her strange father in scattered quarters of the globe. These "lost assets" are interwoven into the background against which this girl must act her life.

Attorneys say that these missing assets might quite possibly amount in all to as much as \$100,000,000.

What are they? That is the question. There is unquestionably much evidence that Jacques Lebaudy of Paris, son and heir of the French "sugar king," left property and money in various quarters of the globe to which all trace was lost after his killing by his wife in 1919. A great search is now on for this wealth.

One of his keys—a key to which there was no lock apparent—was followed back to a safe deposit vault in a bank of Milan, Italy. When this vault was opened it was found practically empty, but it still was registered under the name of Jacques Lebaudy, and it was learned that at one time it was filled with money and valuables.

Irresponsible, unmethodical, without any aim to system or regularity, Lebaudy kept no record of deposits or business transactions or land purchases. Still, in spite of this lack of balance, he had a gift for making money, surpassing even his gift for spending it, and it is believed that he increased fivefold or more the original \$20,000,000 inheritance from his father.

About ten years ago, or less than that, when he had become so irrepresible that he was accounted a menace to the safety of society and particularly to the safety of Mme. Lebaudy and Mlle. Jacqueline, who were living at the time in the palatial lodge at Hempstead Plains, Long Island, which he had bought a little while before, "The Emperor of the Sahara" was placed in a sanitarium. While in the institution he carried on speculations in Wall street and made two millions.

Another incident in his life, which the searchers for lost assets consider as circumstantial evidence, is that of the great tract of land he purchased in Bolivia, and which none knew he owned until a friend mentioned having heard him speak of it.

It seems that one of his wild schemes was to set up a kingdom in the South American continent, so he bought thousands of acres of land in a tract from the Bolivian government—that was long after

his conquest of the Sahara, where two attempts to create an empire of his own failed because of Arab attacks upon his subjects. His plan was to establish a state in a part of Bolivia, of which he was to be ruler; the Bolivian government agreed that it would allow his potential kingdom to secede after its organization was perfected. Nor did this plan ever come to consummation. And after his death nothing was known of Lebaudy's land in Bolivia until one of his friends recalled his mention of it. An investigation followed, in which it was shown that he had millions of dollars worth of property in that far-off land.

Now searches are being made in all parts of the earth. Banks in Berlin and Vienna, in Rome and Madrid and Lisbon and smaller cities are being sought and queried as to whether Jacques Lebaudy left any deposits or any records of deposits with them.

But to get back to the affairs of Mlle. Jacqueline:

Mme. Lebaudy said also from her obscurity that the marriage would be annulled.

The groom replies that it was a marriage of love, and that Mme. Lebaudy has taken his bride from him without justice. Meanwhile she and the former Mlle. Lebaudy, now Mme. Roger Sudreau, legal owner and administrator of all the Lebaudy estates, are hiding in an apartment in a fashionable part of Paris. And again, meanwhile, the Sudreaus, father and son, are making threats and promises and arrangements for actions and cancellations of such arrangements, as Paris, and the rest of the world looks on and wonders what it all means. It is a recurrence of such turbulence as once Jacques Lebaudy inspired.

Is it Jacqueline's heritage? Was it a life of turmoil that her father left her? Perhaps her marriage was a marriage of convenience. The younger Sudreau has hinted that it was just that, but has gone on to say in effect that it turned out as a best seller novel or two has turned out? That association, propinquity, nurtured love, and that he cannot go on with this life apart from Jacqueline. It is believed in Paris that he really loves her. Mme. Lebaudy likewise is taking Roger Sudreau seriously, for she has made preparations to thwart any attempt that might be made to abduct her helpless daughter.

There is no gainsaying that marriages of convenience have been often perpetrated, and it is as true that now and again they have turned into genuine love matches. But, if Mme. Lebaudy is to have her way, seemingly, this one will have no chance to develop into that.

It is really most reasonable and quite easy to understand that Mme. Lebaudy would have been eager to transfer the fortune to which her daughter was heir to the hands of Jacqueline herself; for, although the trustees of the estate are irreproachable and above the least tinge of suspicion, the peculiar experiences of



Amened Jacques

Mme. Lebaudy during more than 20 years have brought her to a state of mind which would make her distrustful of all men.

Her husband was legitimate prey for adventurers, as she has been since his death. He attracted attention, and the attention he attracted has been reflected to her. Adventurers of all the world have sought them out and have taken from them all they could manage to get. She has no longer any faith in the honesty of men.

The peculiar situation which has built

itself about the life of the daughter of Jacques Lebaudy, forming a setting from which she can scarcely ever escape, had its inception, of course, in the life of her father. Lebaudy made himself notorious as a scatter-brained, unbalanced and irresponsible adventurer—by turns laughed at and pitied—who was not respected in any quarter of the world, although he was known and talked of in every city of every nation. The calling of the name "Jacques Lebaudy," with or without the chimerical title, "Emperor of the Sahara," was



Jacqueline and Her Mother



Little Jacqueline, Daughter of the ill Amened Jacques First, Emperor of the Sahara.

enough to bring a smile of amusement or a laugh in any land where a language was printed.

It follows, then, that Jacqueline Lebaudy was without any chance to ever get away from the memory of her father. That was the first material in the background which was building itself about her without giving her any right to aid in its making.

Then, in 1919, at Phoenix Lodge, in Hempstead Plains, Long Island, another wing was spread in the predestined background of her days when Mme. Lebaudy shot and killed her husband, Jacqueline's father. A new inevitability was launched: That circumstance was woven into the setting of Jacqueline's life.

Now this little storm has arisen in Paris and the world wonders about the future of the peculiarly fated heiress of the Lebaudy fortune. There is no other girl in all the world bound by so strange a chain of circumstances. She is a study in many things—sociology, psychology and drama—she is a drama, a series of dramas, and only the beginning of it has been written. But that is in itself—the mere beginning—a tremendous story. Doubtless a greater and more deeply tragic story is to come with the remainder of her days.

It is possible that all this speculation is unduly pessimistic. It is not beyond the bounds of belief that this pretty young heiress, in the grip of persistent successions of unusual circumstances and strange, unfortunate situations, will yet straighten her tangled affairs and will be eventually as happy as any heroine of a best seller which treats of a somewhat similar but much less snarled motif has ever beyond the climax, been discovered to be.

Speculation on the future of an heiress has ever been interesting. Moreover, it is always done. Her place in the world, her power to do good, her plan of life and how it will be carried out.

Miss Muriel Vanderbilt is one of the most interesting of American heiresses. Her future is already established, but still interest may be found in speculating upon what her bearing will be toward the leadership into which she will come inevitably. Her background, woven in circumstance, has assured her sustained a high place. But it is a far different weaving from that of the background of Jacqueline Lebaudy. Her "magic cloak" has assured her of only uncertainty.

Most interesting of all heiresses; none has a future so inscrutable.

What will the future have for Jacqueline Lebaudy—Mme. Roger Sudreau—young and pretty; heiress to many millions of dollars? Only the future knows, and perhaps that, too, is doubtful.

THE DEVIL'S HUNTING HORN--BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

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hide there, and invited Clegg to say the word in season and tell him what he ought to do to be saved.

With a mighty effort Henry began his preaching, and he was just forgetting his own horrid crime for a minute and warming to his work, when he lifted his eyes to the tower and saw, so white as an owl, a woman's shape standing motionless there with her hands lifted, as though calling on heaven. Jimma hadn't no need to make a sound, for the sight of her was more'n enough—as Jacob knew it would be.

Henry crumpled like a dead stick and his words stuck in his throat. He fell, as though he'd been hit over the back of the head and dropped at Jacob's feet, where they were walking up and down, and clutched hold of his leg with one hand and pointed up at the tower with the other.

"God's justice! What's that?" he yelled out. And Clegg looked where he pointed, but shook his head and lied.

"I don't see nothing," he said.

"On the tower, looking down at us!"

"Nothing there," vowed Henry. "What do you think you see?"

And Jimma stood a few seconds more, but she knew by the scream that Henry had marked her, and then she sank slowly out of sight.

Henry Bird collapsed altogether and flung himself on the ground, while the other man carried on the farce.

"There's more here than meets the eye, seemingly," he said. "Anyway, there's more than meets my eye; but if you saw something, 'twas either a living creature or else a ghost, and whichever it may be I'll damn soon find out."

He ran to the tower, pulled down the

wood and flung open the door for Jimma to walk out.

But while she and Jacob had arranged the next scene very careful, they'd forgot there was another party to it. And he didn't fall in with their plans by no means, for instead of hiding where he was and facing Jimma when she came from the tower, as they expected, the love-mad man found he'd had enough. Indeed, he rose up and fled so soon as Jacob left him and never saw Jimma again. Thus he was gone when she came forth, and as there certainly weren't no catching him that night, the woman went home with Jacob to Clegg's mother. And the next day she was back in Thorpe, with her secret still hidden, until that happened which blazed all abroad and ended the fearful affair and made a nine days' wonder for us all.

For now Henry Bird did something more out of the common, and it was the turn of Jacob and Jimma to be a good bit surprised at his next step. Jimma had meant, if he'd only listen, to tell the man how God Almighty had saved him from being a murderer and so on, and there's no doubt, if Henry could have waited and gone through with it, she'd have forgiven him, because out of his evil actions had sprung good for her. But Bird little knew he'd seen a living woman. When Jacob opened the tower the other believed his number was up no doubt and his crime to be discovered; so his mind broke down under the strain of his own dreadful actions and he thought the time was come to pay for 'em. Therefore he went straight home and cut his throat in the shed where he kept his bicycle, and there he was found after noon next day.

It all come out then, and a few went so

far as to say that Jimma never ought to have been so fearfully revenged on the man, though most people was glad to believe her when she said she had meant to let him off and forgive him his sins.

The affair cast a gloom on us all and gave the unrighteous a good opportunity to scoff, but 'twas brought in "suicide whilst of unsound mind"—a very right and proper verdict—and it was just another case of crossed love bringing out hidden evil and proving how nature may be stronger even than religion when there's a woman in the balance.

The only bright thing about it were that the minister, a very large-minded man and a working Christian, didn't deny Henry proper burial; and the other good thing was that Jacob Clegg, owing to his love affair, was reformed afore the nation and turned over a new leaf and did his duty to his neighbor from that day forward. You see Jimma, when he offered for her, granted that she loved him very much indeed, but she demanded a clear year afore she said "yes" or "no," which, seeing Jacob's shady past, weren't an unreasonable bargain. But he rose to the trial and proved once more the power of a good woman on a tricky nation. In fact, Jacob was properly born again, to his mother's joy and the people's agreeable surprise. And it weren't a case of virtue being its own reward, neither, for he got Jimma all right, and he never looked back but made a rare husband and loving father.

For love will save a bad man as easy as it can wreck a good one, according to the mysteries of human nature, as be like the peace of God himself, past all understanding.