

# The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By  
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## CHAPTER V.

It was a full hour later that a tall young man in a spring overcoat mounted the shallow steps of the Alhambra Adelphi hotel and entered the lobby, which seemed curiously full of people. Some were sauntering about, others sitting or standing in little groups, while quite a number were leaving. The attention of the crowd was riveted on the hotel omnibus which stood in front of the door.

The young man pushed past the throng of idlers with scant ceremony and made his way to the clerk's desk. "Look here!" he said, addressing that individual. "Just a minute, please! Any truth in this report about the Prince del Pino's attack? I'm on the Morning Post and have been sent to get the facts." The clerk did not look up from his writing.

"Report officially denied," he said, in his usual singsong. "Boxes taken down to the docks this morning. The prince himself leaves this afternoon. Will be down in the course of an hour."

His speech created a little hush in the buzz of talk around, and two or three people turned their heads to listen.

"That's true," said a man who was standing near the clerk's desk. "I saw those trunks myself go out in the van three hours ago—crest on every one of them." He was speaking to a showily dressed woman, evidently an American, who shrugged her shoulders incredulously.

"He'll have to let his trunks go without him, then," she remarked in a low tone. "The doctor's been here three times to-day, and you know what the chamber-maid said. No, I won't believe he's going till I see him with my own eyes. Look! There comes the proprietor!" She stopped short, as a stout man in a frock coat walked pompously to the telephone near the clerk's desk and took up the receiver.

"Give me Adelphi stables!" he ordered. In a voice that carried through the entire lobby. "Hello! Jim, send a covered four-wheeler right here for His Excellency the Prince del Pino."

Then, turning his back to the room, he became absorbed in an interested talk with a man who had just come in—a trim-looking man with a very white face and dressed in black.

"The prince's valet!" the American informed her husband, in a loud whisper that reached the ears of the reporter standing near. Stepping across, he accosted the valet ingratiatingly.

"Would it be possible for me to obtain an interview with the Prince del Pino?" Mrs. Waring's diamonds were deservedly renowned.

The valet shook his head. "The prince is very busy," he explained suavely; "he leaves in one little moment for the passage of the Atlantic for New York." He dropped his voice. "His Highness trusts that you will most kindly contradict the so false report, which has unfortunately been circulated. Son Altesse has had a severe cold, from which he has but now recovered. You will excuse me?"

Bowing politely, he passed out, followed by the proprietor, just as a large four-wheeler drew up in front of the entrance.

Some minutes passed. The little groups in the lobby began to show signs of impatience and that restlessness which heralds the appearance of a long-expected star, and there was a general murmur of relief when the whispered announcement, "Here he comes!" was passed around.

At the other end of the lobby a lift door shot back and four men came quickly out. The porter was ahead, much encumbered with luggage, then came the valet, followed by the proprietor himself, who walked loftily across the hall, abreast with a tall stout man muffled in a triple-caped military overcoat with a high collar and wearing a tall silk hat.

As he passed rapidly, the lobby caught a glimpse of a handsome, clean-shaven face and a glistening monocle.

"Certainly he looks well enough," admitted the smartly dressed woman near the clerk's desk, in an aggrieved tone. The reporter drew a step towards her. "Do you know His Highness by sight, madam?" he inquired, in the confidence-inspiring voice of his class.

But the American was not to be drawn out. "No, I don't," she said shortly; "he came here a week ago and has been in his room sick all the time. Nobody's seen him before."

Then, turning, she stood on tiptoe, craning her head like the rest of the room to get a glimpse of the four-wheeler containing the departing grandee, as it bowed rapidly out of sight.

As it rattled off in the direction of the quays, Ludovic Sarto, the undeserving object of so much solicitude and interest, sat leaning back on the cushions of the cab, smoking one of the Del Pino cigars, and outlining his plans to Alceste with a loquacity that had not hitherto characterized the prince's treatment of his valet.

"It will be easy enough to keep this up," he said hopefully, in French, "now that it's started. I shall avoid people as much as possible on board and stay in my stateroom. There's one chance in a hundred that there will be any one on the steamer who has ever known either the prince or myself before."

"Most improbable," the valet agreed; "and you swear that you will leave those trunks at the Waldorf as you found them, precisely?" There was a sharp note of anxiety underneath his nervous insistence. "Remember, Sarto, what I am risking."

The other met his glance imperturbably. "Have I ever failed you?" he asked quietly; "you and I have been through a great deal together, mon vieux."

There was a pause. "I hope the money I have given will be enough for all immediate needs," Alceste pursued, changing the subject restlessly. "For myself, I do not know what the outcome of this affair will be. The proprietor has promised to do his utmost, but—he sighed—"I shall neither sleep, nor eat bread, till Son Altesse is safely

and secretly out of that maudit hotel—that is, provided he does not die before he can be moved."

"Mache!" the chauffeur laughed derisively. "The prince has no more the scarlet fever than I who speak to you. Can you not see what the doctor really thinks? He will be ill enough but to realize that it is his faithful valet who has saved his life. Hein Alceste! And, if questions are asked, thou hast thy story ready."

"The trunks had to go to ally suspicion," mumbled the valet, as if he were repeating a lesson.

"Exactly. And they went in the charge of a trusted, discreet friend of mine—remember, my name does not appear—who has left them safely at the Waldorf. Thou wilt get my cable assuring this before the prince is well enough to inquire into the affair. How he will be diverted by thy witty plan for hoodwinking the hotel canaille!"

"I never should have thought of it myself," confessed the valet, with a certain enthusiasm. "During the ten years we have known each other, it was always you, Ludovic, who devised the daring plans."

"And thou who carried them out successfully," finished the other graciously. "I have faith in thy diplomacy. Remember, the prince must lie perdu while he is in England, and travel to America incognito, resuming his identity only on the other side of the ocean. Del Pino was always ready enough for a masquerade!" he chuckled reminiscently. "The quay already!"

As the shades of evening fell and Rodrigo, Prince del Pino, lay tossing irritably on his unwelcome sick bed in a darkened room of the Adelphi, his ex-chauffeur stood in the most sumptuous stateroom of the Majestic, queen of Star Liners, could boast, taking in his new quarters with much satisfaction.

Certainly Alceste had managed artfully, the two steamer trunks backing the wall, with the Del Pino crest in full sight, being proofs sufficient to convince the most suspicious steward that their owner was actually on board.

With a sense of security and relief that he had not known for three long days, Sarto's eyes drooped to an inconspicuous looking water-proof valise at his feet. Stopping, he opened it and drew out a long, narrow parcel. With deft fingers he unwound its chaotic wrappings and let the contents roll out on the floor.

He had seen superb jewels in his day, but the eye of a connoisseur told him that Mrs. Waring's diamonds were deservedly renowned.

Taking up a snake of brilliants, the chauffeur held it by its emerald fangs, picturing the gleaming folds around a certain white throat; and then with a curious impatience whipped back the gems into their fittings and, closing the bag in turn, remained kneeling by it absently, his mind going back over the events of the past few days.

What a close shave it had been!—one hair-breadth escape after another in the desperate race with his pursuers from the Hotel Maritime to the Majestic. He had won, to be sure, beaten them for the nonce; there was a note of triumph in the thought; but—in the gradual reaction that was setting in with him now—the chauffeur asked himself moodily if the game had been really worth the candle? What had he gained, after all; what was that serpent of diamonds at the bottom of the valise compared with the tremendous price it had cost? Dishonor, flight, probable capture, eventual imprisonment; why had he done this thing?

Again and again the question recurred to him persistently, and, like others of his sex, beginning with the very first man long ago in a garden, Sarto shifted the blame on to feminine shoulders, making use of Adam's time-honored plea. According to the Italian's fatalistic creed, it was a woman's malign influence, coming as a force of circumstances, which had brought him to this pass—was responsible for his being here in the cabin of the Majestic, with a borrowed identity and fifty thousand dollars' worth of borrowed (?) jewels.

At this point Sarto's scattered thoughts concentrated, narrowing to an inevitable focus. What was to be done with the Waring diamonds? The answer seemed obvious, but it met the chauffeur unprepared.

Whatever moralists may say, between the man who commits a crime and the professional criminal there is a great gulf fixed. Sarto had fallen very low in taking the jewels; but when he faced the consequences of his act, the adventurer, hardened as he was, shrank from the thief's career that lay before him and, hesitating, looked half-longingly back.

And while he hesitated, from the deck outside came the ceaseless tramp of feet, and against the shuttered window shadows of different shapes and sizes passed and repassed. As he knelt there Sarto found himself watching the shadows furtively, and from time to time he glanced at the stateroom door opposite, quite unnecessarily, for he had locked it himself.

At last, obeying a perfectly inexplicable impulse, he rose, rather sheepishly, and felt the knob, trying the lock, merely for the satisfaction of reiterated certainty. And then, crossing the room, he crouched down, with his head to the level of the window, and looked out with a vague, interrogative glance, which gave way instantly to one of blank, startled incredulity.

For there on the deck, within ten feet of him, leaning quietly on the rail, his head and shoulders outlined by the evening sky, was the man in the brown overcoat.

CHAPTER VI.

The detective had his back turned. That was a momentary advantage, giving the breathless chauffeur an instant to take in the full ominous meaning of the situation. For there was only one

possible way of accounting for that figure beside the shutters. He had been recognized, even through the Del Pino disguise, followed all the way from the Adelphi and was at that instant a prisoner in his stateroom.

With his eyes on the locked door opposite, Sarto stood an instant and meditated, a dangerous glint in his queer eyes his right hand thrust into a waistcoat pocket, lightly fingering something that lay there—a chilly, metallic object—a last resort if it came to the worst. Then, making up his mind with characteristic swiftness, he swung himself down to the level of the window and peered out through the shutters.

What in the world was the matter with the man outside? If all had gone with him as the chauffeur supposed, where was the alertness, the unmistakable watchfulness of the pursuer who has landed his prey? Why that languid droop of the brow overcast? The careless pose of the head? And even as the chauffeur watched this last it turned slowly in his direction, a profile came into view, an eye glanced around negligently.

Al! Sarto bit his lip sharply to suppress an irresistible laugh—a laugh at his own expense. For he had been absolutely mistaken. Whatever might be the detective's purpose in crossing the ocean, certain it was that his being in the same steamer with the man he was after was something of which he was sublimely unaware. That lack-lustre eye gave away the situation. For the moment the blood-bound was off the scent!

At this top notch in the chauffeur's deductions, a distant bell-like note came along the decks. It rose, sang, swelled with a dozen measured modulations, filling the ship with the unmistakable blaring clamor of the bugle.

Starting at the noise, the detective glanced at his watch interrogatively. Then he sniffed the air, hesitating, and finally, turning on his heel, his hands in his pockets, followed the guiding sound.

"Full cry for dinner!" sneered the watcher behind the shutters. "With the man he's after and the money within six feet of his nose! Ugh! Bah!"

And, with a snap of his fingers in the direction of the vanishing brown overcoat, the chauffeur moved away from the window.

For some minutes longer the bugle blew sonorously, but to one at least of the steamer's five hundred passengers its brazen clamor was absolutely inaudible, as, standing in the strip of light from his window, Sarto opened a Russia-leather photograph case he was holding and scrutinized the face inside with intense anxiety. A long, narrow, clean-shaven face it was, with pin-point eyes embedded in bristling eyebrows that met uncompromisingly. And yet the high bony nose and the thin-lipped mouth had a certain harsh distinction—the hall-mark of a dozen generations.

With a smothered ejaculation, Sarto took a step forward, staring half-defiantly at the man who came to meet him out of the opposite mirror. A tall, slenderly built, olive-faced man, who moved with sinuous grace, his clear-cut features very subtly moulded—as impassive in their aquiline setting as a handsome bronze. There was no trace of the brown-bearded artist in this attractive personage, no sign of the mustached, bearded, begoggled chauffeur—and, on the other hand, no resemblance to the man he was personating.

Setting his brain to work, the discomfited Sarto now tried experiments with a bit of charcoal, drawing his brows together, slightly accentuating the lines about the eyes and mouth. But, alas! the result was in the main the same—so was the difference; beyond being of approximate height, build and coloring, the real Prince del Pino bore not the slightest likeness to his counterfeit self.

"If Brown Overcoat has ever met Del Pino before, my game is up," mused this last.

But it was a long "if."

The chauffeur's chance lay in the eternal chance—the infinitely small possibility that on the vast checker-board of Europe these two particular pieces should have been jostled together. The prince and the detective! Odds—enormous odds—lay on the probability that they had never laid eyes on each other.

(To be continued.)

Gladstone and Victoria.

Names largely follow lines of historical development, but their real significance can only be known by noting the latest phases of that evolution. There was a time, indeed, when the King could make a speech to the British Parliament and rely on having his will carried into immediate execution. But it came to pass in the progress of the ages that the King was only safe in the theory that he could do wrong because his ministers would not let him. To reinforce this theory it was necessary to adopt in practice a program that no royal edict had force unless signed by a minister. From that came, in time, the idea that an edict signed by a minister must be signed by the sovereign.

Queen Victoria had a moment of vacillation about that. She had, doubtless, some recollection of the theories of the divine right of kings, so when Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, brought her a paper to be signed she said:

"I cannot sign it. That does not represent my sentiments."

"Madam," said the premier, "you must sign it."

"Do you say must to me, Mr. Gladstone? I am the Queen of England."

"Madam, I am the people of England. Sign."

And she signed.—Courier Journal

All the horses belonging to the late British ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, have been sold at auction. The usual notice was put in the local newspapers, but the censor took exception, as there were horses in the list with the names of Pasha, Selim and Haroun, which he considered offensive to Turks, and the list had to appear without the names.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.—Fuller.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## A Hay Stacker.

A home-made stacker that will do good service in handling hay is shown in the illustration. There are no castings to break and the timber required in its construction can be readily procured. The dimensions of the various parts are:

The lower timbers which are marked 1 are about 12 feet long and are made of 4 by 5-inch scantling. The side uprights, marked 2, are about 14 feet long, and made of the same material as No. 1. The slanting pieces, marked 3, are about 16 feet long, and made of 4 by 4-inch scantling. The arms of the stacker marked 4, are 16 feet long, and made of 4 by 5 inch stuff. The cross piece, No. 5, is 13 feet long, and made of 3 by 5 inch stuff. No. 6 is of 2 by 5-inch stuff, and is bevelled on the front edge to allow the hay to slide over it easily when being shoveled on by the sweep. Timbers numbered 7, 8, 9 and 10, are made of 2 by 6-inch stuff, and are 10 feet long, except No. 7 and No. 8, which should be only as long as the stacker frame is wide. Each end of Nos. 9 and 10 should project a foot on each end over No. 2.

Nos. 11 and 12 are made of 2 by 4-inch stuff, about 10 feet long; those bolted to No. 13 about 15 inches from the higher end of No. 13.

No. 13 is made of 2 by 4-inch stuff, about 8 feet long; the higher end should be about 8 feet above the ground, so that when the stacker is on the ground the weight box, No. 14, should be about two inches from the two pulleys on the upper end of No. 13; also when the stacker is upright, as it is when the hay is thrown on the stack, the weight box should be about 2 inches below the two pulleys on the

upper end of No. 13; and when the stacker is half-way down the weight box, No. 14, should be just clear of the ground.

No. 14 is the weight-box, and should be made of 2-inch stuff, about 8 to 10 inches deep, and about 2 feet square; it must be well spiked together. The idea of the weight is to start the stacker back to the ground as soon as the load is delivered from it on to the stack, and when the stacker is halfway to the ground, the weight acts as a brake for the other half of the way down. The box is filled with stones.

The rope which attaches the weight-box to the stacker should be three-quarter inch, passing from the weight up between the two pulleys on the upper end of No. 13, and down to the center of stacker head No. 5. The pulleys on the frame of the stacker should be attached by means of wooden blocks with a notch cut out so that the pulley can fit between the block and frame. Pulleys for this purpose are 6 inches in diameter and made of turned hard wood. These are fastened in place by means of a hard wood pin for an axle. The pulleys should be kept well oiled to keep them from calking.

The rope for raising the stacker should be either inch or inch and a quarter. The teeth on the stacker can be made of 2 by 4-inch pine scantling, 10 feet long and bevelled on the upper side to allow the hay to slide on easily. The short upright teeth on the stacker head should be about 5 feet long. They are bolted to the long teeth about 2 inches from the stacker head, No. 5, and rest against the stacker head, No. 6. The stacker arms, No. 4 should be bolted to No. 2 with a large bolt, about 12 inches from the ground.

Summer Work With Plywood.

Provide shade. Tree shade is the best, but if there are no trees in the runs then the next best thing is to erect canopies of some kind.

Have places provided so that the fowls and chicks cannot only get into the shade during the hot weather, but have a place of refuge during rainy, stormy days.

Cut down the supply of heat-producing grains in the diet and feed liberally of green food.

As they mature separate the cockers from the pullets and give the former all extra allowance, as they will stand more forcing.

It is advisable each week to gather up all hens that are becoming broody and put them in a separate coop where no nests are provided. With this change it will require but a week to break them from their broody instincts and they will go back to laying again.

Crooked Breast in Chickens.

Crooked breast bones in chickens are caused by the heavy birds roosting on poles or fences. The bones of the young birds are soft and are turned to one side by pressing on the roost. If you have heavy fowls let them roost on the floor covered thickly with straw, and you will have no crooked breast bones.

## Artificial Honey.

Artificial honey can now be made so like the genuine article in flavor that even the expert cannot tell the difference. Thick sirup of sugar is boiled with a minute quantity of mineral acid, which converts it into the same form occurring in honey. This is mixed with some natural honey of strong flavor, and thus closely simulates the real article.

It is said that the following, known as Ley's reagent, will detect the spurious honey: Ten parts of silver nitrate are dissolved in a hundred parts of water, and to this twenty parts of a 15 per cent solution of soda carbonate is added. The precipitate is filtered, washed and dissolved in a 115 parts of a 10 per cent solution of ammonium chloride. It must be kept in the dark in a well-stoppered bottle. The honey to be tested must be diluted with twice its weight of water. A few drops of the reagent are to be added and heated for five minutes on a water bath in the dark. Natural honey turns brown and shows a greenish-yellow fluorescence; the imitation turns a lighter tint and shows no fluorescence.

Protein for Pigs.

Alfalfa is a nitrogenous roughage. Pigs have only one stomach, and this a comparatively small one, therefore they are not as well adapted to eating as are ruminants; consequently it goes without saying that it is more than likely that the young growing pig will not obtain enough protein for maximum growth from a ration made up of alfalfa and corn. Nevertheless alfalfa is one of the best sources of protein for pigs that can be had and should be used to the greatest extent. When alfalfa is fed in the form of hay it may be given to the pigs in racks. If they are accustomed to eating alfalfa in this form they will eat a considerable quantity of it, but more will be eaten if it is chopped fine and then steamed or scalded and mixed with finely ground corn into a thick slop.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Mistake of the Farmer.

One of the greatest mistakes a farmer or any one else in business makes is in trying to secure a luxurious living and a lot of fun out of a very small business. Aside from the fostering of unnecessary habits, expenses are incurred which are sufficient to meet the demands of a much larger business. Cut your garment according to your cloth. The farmer who takes pride in his business has the same encouragement and advantage over competitors, who lack the snap and sentiment, that the earnest, progressive man in all other callings has. The man who succeeds in farming as well as those in the minor professions, must throw his very life into the work in which he is engaged. This applies to farming with great force if excellence is expected.—Dakota Farmer.

Wide Tires Needed.

Every farmer needs one or two low-wheeled, wide-tired wagons on the farm. They are the most convenient for every kind of work in which a wagon is used, especially for hauling manure, filling the silo, hauling grain, corn fodder, etc. A wide-tired wagon hauls easily and does not cut up the land, and also saves much back-aching labor in loading and unloading manure, seed grains, wood, hay, straw, etc. If one already has high-wheeled wagons outright, there are many firms manufacturing wide-tired wheels that will fit any wagon. They cost but a few dollars, and are one of the best investments any farmer can make.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

Wrecking Windmills.

The passing of the windmill in England, antiquated by such recent power producers as the gas engine and electric motor, has given life to a new industry—windmill wrecking. The old windmill builders understood their business and meant their handwork to last, and so the demolishing of such structures is no simple task. Many of the old mills stood 100 feet high and had eight or nine floors, fitted with four run of stones, and contained tons upon tons of brick. Often these huge mills stand close to other buildings, and, says Popular Mechanics, accidents would be inevitable if the wreckers did not have experience in their tasks.

Timely Hints on Farm Work.

A well-oiled, sharp saw saves time and temper.

The sign of the silo marks a progressive farmer every time.

Too much water and wet, mushy foods will not lay on fat. It takes the concentrated stuff to do that.

Nail a leather strap on the side of the wagon box to hold an ax, and never leave the ax at the house.

Paint costs pretty high these days, but it will pay in the long run in saving the buildings—provided it is good paint.

The man who cannot kick the hired man harder than the hired man kicks the cow doesn't deserve the name of farmer.

Make up your mind that you will not get mad and misuse the calf you are trying to teach to drink, no matter what the little fellow may do. Be patient. You will think more of the calf, and surely of yourself.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1644—Cromwell defeated the Royalists at battle of Marston Moor.

1701—Jacques Francois de Brouillon appointed Governor of Acadia.

1758—Louisburg taken by the English under Amherst.

1759—Quebec bombarded by Wolfe.

1774—Continental Congress adopted the resolution of independence.

1800—Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

1803—Massacre of British troops in Ceylon.

1820—First issue of the Philadelphia Inquirer. . . . Silistria surrendered to the Russians.

1830—William IV. succeeded George IV. in England.

1832—Cholera first appeared in New York.

1834—Levy Woodbury of New Hampshire became Secretary of the United States Treasury. . . . Indian Territory organized.

1843—John Nelson of Maryland became Attorney General of the United States.

1849—British Navigation Acts repealed.

1850—Amount of the national debt of the United States was \$63,452,773.

1852—Body of Henry Clay lay in state in the national capitol at Washington.

1857—Massacre at Cawnpore.

1859—Blondin first crossed the Niagara river, just below the falls, on a tight rope.

1860—Charles Goodyear, inventor of the process for vulcanizing rubber, died in New York.

1862—Battle of Cold Harbor, Va. . . . Gen. Pope assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia.

1863—Gen. Meade succeeded Gen. Hooker, in command of the Army of the Potomac.

1864—Ninety lives lost in railroad wreck at St. Hilaire, Quebec. . . . Congress chartered the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

1867—Act of confederation came into effect in Canada.

1870—Senate rejected treaty of annexation of San Domingo.

1871—British Columbia entered the Dominion of Canada.

1882—Charles Gribeau executed for the assassination of President Garfield.

1880—Bartholdi statue unveiled in New York harbor.

1893—The Chicago anarchists pardoned by Gov. Altgeld of Illinois.

1894—M. Casimir-Perier elected President of France. . . . United States court issued injunction to prevent interference with railroad trains by strikers.

1898—Outer defenses of Santiago carried by the American army under Gen. Shafter.

1899—International Council of Women met in London.

1904—Rev. Silas S. Swallow nominated for President by the Prohibition party.

1907—United States fiscal year closed with surplus of \$87,000,000. . . . In the British House of Commons a resolution in favor of curtailing the power of the House of Lords was passed. . . . Sir Henry MacLean, commander of bodyguards of the Sultan of Morocco, captured by the bandit chief, Raisuli.

# SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

The Minnesota State university trustees have accepted the plans for a greater campus.

Carleton college graduated a class of fifty. Six new instructors were added to the faculty.

Hamline university this year returned to the old custom of having graduates of the academic department deliver commencement addresses.

The Senate of Michigan university has ordered the disbandment of all drinking clubs among the students and forbidden them to take any part in parties where drinking is indulged in, no matter where held.

Macalester college of St. Paul has received a gift of \$10,000 from John C. Martin of New York, to found a department of Bible study. The college has received four gifts, aggregating \$170,000, during the year.

The new buildings of the college of the city of New York, on Washington Heights, which cost \$7,000,000, were dedicated with imposing ceremonies. Secretary of Commerce and Labor Strauss was the chief speaker.

Next to the presence of "Bill" Taft, the conferring of the honorary degrees was of most interest to the Yale throng and to the public. Chief among those so honored was J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York financier, who received the degree of LL. D. in recognition of his services in the recent panic. Ex-Senator Spooner was also honored with a Yale degree.