

# The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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## SYNOPSIS.

Cazale, on the steamer Kaiser Erita, homeward bound from Australia, falls out in his sleep with Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macrair, a former neighbor and playmate.

## CHAPTER II—Continued.

It was a sorry sample of his talk. Hilton Toye did not usually mix the ready metaphors that nevertheless had to satisfy an inner censor, of some austerity, before they were allowed to leave those deliberate lips. Yet now, in his strange excitement, word and tone alike were on the level of the stage American. It was not less than extraordinary.

"You don't mean"—Cazale seemed to be swallowing—"about Henry Craven?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean to say he's dead?"

"Last Wednesday night!" Toye looked at his paper. "No, I guess I'm wrong. Seems it happened Wednesday, but he only passed away Sunday morning."

Cazale still sat staring at him—there was not room for two of them on their feet—but into his heavy stare there came a gleam of leaden wisdom.

"This was Thursday morning," he said, "no I didn't dream of it when it happened, after all."

"You dreamed you saw him lying dead, and so he was?"

"The funeral's been today. I don't know, but that seems to me just about the next nearest thing to seeing the crime perpetrated in a vision."

"Crime!" cried Cazale. "What crime?"

"Murder, sir!" said Hilton Toye. "Willful, brutal, bloody murder! Here's the paper; better read it for yourself. I'm glad he wasn't a friend of yours, or mine either, but it's a bad end even for your worst enemy."

The paper fluttered in Cazale's clutch as it had done in Toye's; but that was as natural as his puzzled frown over the cryptic allusions of a journal that had dealt fully with the ascertainable facts in previous issues. Some few emerged between the lines. Henry Craven had received his fatal injuries on the Wednesday of the previous week. The thing had happened in his library, at or about half past seven in the evening; but how a crime, which was apparently a profound mystery, had been timed to within a minute of its commission did not appear among the latest particulars. No arrest had been made. No clue was mentioned, beyond the statement that the police were still searching for a definite instrument with which it was evidently assumed that the dead had been committed. There was in fact a close description of an unusual weapon, a special constable's very special truncheon. It had hung as a cherished trophy on the library wall, from which it was missing, while the very imprint of a silver shield, mounted on the thick end of the weapon, was stated to have been discovered on the scalp of the fractured skull. But that was a little bit of special reporting, typical of the enterprising sheet that Toye had procured. The inquest, merely opened on the Monday, had been adjourned to the day of issue.

"We must get hold of an evening paper," said Cazale. "Fancy his own famous truncheon! He had it mounted and inscribed himself, so that it shouldn't be forgotten how he'd fought for law and order at Trafalgar Square! That was the man all over!"

His voice and manner achieved the excessive indifference which the English type holds dear from itself after any excess of feeling. Toye also was himself again, his alert mind working keenly yet darkly in his acute eyes.

"I wonder if it was a murder?" he speculated. "I bet it wasn't a deliberate murder."

"What else could it have been?"

"Kind of manslaughter. Deliberate murderers don't trust to chance weapons hanging on their victims' walls."

"You forget," said Cazale, "that he was robbed as well."

"Do they claim that?" said Hilton Toye. "I guess I skipped some. Where does it say anything about his being robbed?"

"Here!" Cazale had scanned the paper eagerly; his finger drummed upon the place. "The police," he read out, in some sort of triumph, "have now been furnished with a full description of the missing watch and trinkets and the other articles believed to have been taken from the pockets of the deceased. What's that but robbery?"

"You're dead right," said Toye. "I missed that somehow. Yet who in thunder tracks a man down to rob and murder him in his own home? But when you've brained a man, because you couldn't keep your hands off him, you might deliberately do all the rest to make it seem like the work of thieves."

Hilton Toye looked a judge of deliberation as he measured his irrefutable words. He looked something more. Cazale could not tear his blue

eyes from the penetrating pair that met them with a somber twinkle, an enlightened gusto, quite uncomfortably suggestive of such a moment.

"You aren't a detective, by any chance, are you?" cried Cazale, with clumsy humor.

"No, sir! But I've often thought I wouldn't mind being one," said Toye, chuckling. "I rather figure I might do something at it. If things don't go my way in your old country, and they put up a big enough reward, why, here's a man I knew and a place I know, and I might have a mind to try my hand."

They went ashore together, and to the same hotel at Southampton for the night. Midnight found the chance pair with their legs under the same heavy Victorian mahogany, devouring cold beef, ham and pickles as phlegmatically as commercial travelers who had never been off the island in their lives. Yet surely Cazale was less depressed than he had been before landing; the old English ale in a pewter tankard even elicited a few of those anecdotes and piquant comparisons in which his conversation was at its best. It was at its worst on general questions, or on concrete topics not introduced by himself; and into this category, perhaps not unnaturally, fell such further particulars of the Thames Valley mystery as were to be found in an evening paper at the inn. They included a fragmentary report of the adjourned inquest, and the actual offer of such a reward, by the dead man's firm, for the apprehension of his murderer, as

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with thoughtful puckers about his somber eyes.

"If you ask me," he replied, "I should like to know what wasn't difficult connected with the telephone system in this country! Why, you don't have a system, and that's all there is to it. But it's not at that end they'll put the salt on their man."

"Which end will it be, then?"

"The river end. That hat, or cap. Do you see what the gardener says about the man who ran out bareheaded? If he went and left his hat or his cap behind him, that should be good enough in the long run. It's the very worst thing you can leave. Ever hear of Frans Muller?"

Cazale had not heard of that important notoriety, but his ignorance appeared to trouble him at all, but it was becoming more and more clear that Toye took an almost unhealthy interest in the theory and practice of violent crime.

"Frans Muller," he continued, "left his hat behind him, only that and nothing more, but it brought him to the gallows even though he got over to the other side first. He made the mistake of taking a slow steamer, and that's just about the one mistake they never did make at Scotland Yard. Give them a nice, long, plain-sailing steamer and they get there by bedtime—wireless or no wireless!"

But Cazale was in no mind to discuss other crimes, old or new; and he closed the digression by asserting somewhat roundly that neither hat nor cap had been left behind in the only case that interested him.

"Don't be too sure," said Toye. "Even Scotland Yard doesn't show all its hand at once, in the first inquiry that comes along. They don't give out any description of the man that circulated around every police office in the United Kingdom."

Cazale said they would give it out fast enough if they had it to give. By the way, he was surprised to see that the head gardener was the same who had been in Uplands in his father's time; he must be getting an old man, and no doubt-shaker on points of detail that he would be likely to admit. Cazale instanced the alleged hearing of the gong as in itself an unconvincing statement. It was well over a hundred yards from the gates to the house, and there were no windows to open in the hall where the gong would be rung.

"I've dreamed of the old spot so often," he said at length. "I'm not thinking of the night before last—I meant in the bush—and now to think of a thing like this happening, there, in the old governor's den, of all places!"

"Seems like a kind of poetic justice," said Hilton Toye.

"It does. It is!" cried Cazale, fetching moist yet fiery eyes from the fields. "I said to you the other night that Henry Craven never was a white man, and I won't unsay it now. Nobody may ever know what he's done to bring this upon him. But those who really knew the man, and suffered for it, can guess the kind of thing!"

"Exactly," murmured Toye, as though he had just said as much himself. His dark eyes twinkled with liberation and debate. "How long is it, by the way, that they gave that clerk and friend of yours?"

A keen look pressed the startling question; at least, it startled Cazale.

"You mean Scruton? What on earth made you think of him?"

"Talking of those who suffered for being the dead man's friends, I guess," said Toye. "Was it fourteen years?"

"That was it!"

"But I guess fourteen doesn't mean fourteen, ordinarily, if a prisoner heaves himself?"

"A little more than ten."

"Then Scruton may be out now?"

Toye nodded with detestable aplomb. "That gives you something to chew on," said he. "Of course, I don't say he's our man."

"I should think you didn't!" cried Cazale, white to the lips with sudden fury.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Fossilized Bacteria.

Marvelous was the discovery of such prehistoric monsters as the mammoth, the mastodon and the steppe saurus, they are now eclipsed by recent investigations which show the most minute microbes and bacteria in fossil form. The ancestors of our modern infectious disease germs and microbes have been found in fossils of the earliest life on earth. Fossil bacteria have been discovered in very ancient limestones collected by Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian institution, in Gallatin county, Montana. The bacteria consist of individual cells and apparent chains of cells which correspond to their physical appearance with the cells of micrococci, a form of bacteria of today.

The world has believed that bacteria were modern forms of life, but now we are made to realize that they existed in the dawn of world history, many millions years ago.

### The Costly Elevator.

Elevator or vertical travel for the floor multistory factory, floor to floor, is seldom over 15 feet, yet in traversing that distance, together with starting, stopping, and with the same loading and unloading time, we can travel in the same time an equivalent distance of 100 feet horizontally. One factory manager, of an inquiring turn of mind, estimated in his particular plant that the cost of elevator service, wages of operator, power, repairs and other expenses, amounted to about 2 per cent of his payroll.—Engineering Magazine.

She casts them, but she will not strive to imitate. Is there not some virtue in such non-imitation, or is it but the spirit of a deadened race? Yet this rather somber and unattractive apparel is found more among the peasantry than the Indian girl in some parts of Mexico—as at Tehuantepec—wears a handsome native costume, derived from Aztec days, at holiday time.

Never Worth While.

What the self-seeker finds is never worth while.



THE PONTE DELLA PIETRA

THE bombardment of Verona by Austrian aviators added a new chapter to the history of a town which was "no mean city" in the great days of imperial Rome, says Sir Martin Conway in Country Life.

Twenty-two thousand spectators could then have found accommodation together in the stately amphitheater which still exists. Diocletian built it (about 290 A. D.) of white and red Verona marble, and all sorts of princes have caused it to be restored. Its royal platform has been occupied by who shall say how many famous personages, but none of them greater than Theodoric the Ostrogoth, who made this city one of his capitals, and took his name from it. In medieval legend, Dietrich of Bern, the Veronese indeed, is said to have been discovered here, scarcely held his memory in due honor, if they are rightly represented by the inscription on a sculptured figure of him by the door of San Zeno's, where he is described as an Arian heretic (which he was) and is said to be riding to hell on the horse given to him by Satan!

Other Roman memorials are preserved by the city in its ruined theater and in remnants of fortifications and gates. The walls, as they now stand, belong to five different periods of building and rebuilding, and the earliest of these (temp. Gallienus) were doubtless not the first. Theodoric's work comes next; considerable fragments of his courses of stone and herringbone brick can be discovered by anyone who hunts for them. A later style is shown in the work ascribed to Charlemagne; and after that come medieval and renaissance fortifications, each marking a period of prosperity in the city's fortunes. It is not, however, Roman Verona that people love and travel to see, but the Verona of the middle ages, the Verona of Romeo and Juliet, of the Scaligers and the great artists—Pisanello and the rest—a city of the south in which the northern breezes also blow, and where between east and west, Lombardy and Venice, divergent ideals meet and sometimes mingle.

Lombards Were Active There.

Theodoric and his Ostrogoths belonged by desire and in fact to the last age of Rome, but their successors the Lombards clearly ushered in the middle age. They came over the Alps as barbarians, but in time they civilized them, and during that process Lombard architecture was born. Anywhere from Cividale in the east to Pavia in the west, traces of their early activities may still be found—barbarous at first, presently growing nobler, till by the seventh century they were capable of raising churches which are still delightful to men of modern refinement. At Verona the Lombards were particularly active and, were it worth while, we might display the remnants of some of their very early efforts. Such fragments, however, are interesting only to antiquarians; but when we come to the great churches, San Zeno, for instance, or the cathedral, it is evident enough that these are works of architecture capable of a far wider appeal.

San Zeno's, indeed, is perhaps of all purely Lombard churches the finest as a work of art. It is simplicity itself in form, but well proportioned and in every way agreeable to look upon. The existing church was built in the eleventh century, the nave rebuilt in 1138, and the choir in the fifteenth century. The most noticeable exterior feature is the great portal in the middle of the west end. It is a plain oblong opening, surmounted by a gabled porch which is carried on a pair of columns, themselves supported, each on the back of a griffin, in traditional oriental fashion.

Tombs of the Scaligers.

It would be easy enough to refer in turn to a number of other remarkable churches in Verona, with their massive colonnades, their dark crypts and other delightful features; but we are not making a guide book, nor in these

war days is there much use for such. It suffices if we can quicken the memories of some of our readers or stimulate the interest of others by our random remarks. The former class will not need to be more than reminded of the famous group of tombs of the Scaligers, over which Ruskin used to pour forth his eloquent admiration in glorious flood. Right in the busiest part of the city they stand, close to the Piazza del Signori and yet close to Santa Maria l'Antica, which was the parish church of the family in the days of its relative obscurity. Whence they came, these Scaligers, we know not, but they leaped into fame, two of them, by having their heads cut off in 1257, and four years later their kinsman, Mastino, was elected captain of the people. Mastino in turn was duly murdered, and his sarcophagus is the earliest of the group—a plain affair like those of his immediate successors of the name. But with San Zeno's (or Great Dog No. 1) della Scala we come to a gentleman who was magnificent in his ideas, his ways of living, and, to the best of his opportunities, in his tomb. That considerable three-storied edifice forms a kind of portal to the family church. It showed the prince twice over-lying dead on his sarcophagus, while above in full armor he proudly rides his charger. Mastino II followed this same type in his tomb, in a fashion too modest for imitation by the sumptuous Can Signorino (ob. 1375), who employed Benino di Cambrione to build him a monument four stories high and hexagonal in plan, with figured pilasters, allegorical statuary, a richly carved sarcophagus, and the prince himself on horseback at the top of all.

The rushing Adige, twirling in S form through the city, is a feature constantly in evidence. In the older parts that remain, the house fronts rise plumb from the waters; modern improvements employ the banks for streets. The Adige is not a river you can casually punt across. It is in a violent hurry and insists upon being bridged. The Romans built a sturdy stone bridge, now called the Ponte della Pietra, and two of its ancient arches remain, as well as the base of some other piers. Of course radical restoration and much rebuilding have been required from time to time, the Adige floods being frequent and mightily destructive, as generations of Veronese have learned to their cost. Most of the existing bridge was the work of the famous local Dominican architect, Fra Giocondo, who was employed upon it in 1529 in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The battlemented Ponte di Castel Vecchio likewise calls for mention. It leads to the palace of the Scaligers which Can Grande II built and the folk of today use as a barracks.

Like Venice, Verona is a city of palaces, the architecture of which reflects the various influences that met within its walls, and of these influences that of Venice is unmistakable. Facades impose themselves upon the street wanderer as obviously Venetian. An effect intended by the builders of Verona palaces is lost to the modern visitor; the facades of many of them were elaborately painted by fine artists, and depended upon such decorations for their charm. Time has washed most of it away.

News.

"What do you think of that case in Chicago where the doctor refused to operate?"

"Most unusual."

"Don't you think the papers made a great fuss about it?"

"Yes, but then a doctor refusing to operate is certainly news."

Reasonable Reason.

"Why must you always go out every time one of my woman friends calls?"

"Well, my dear," responded her husband, "I am glad to meet your friends. But you must remember that I have heard the story of your summer vacation about seventeen times now."—Judge.

There Was a Missing Link

Kansas Joint Snake Has a Hard Time Collecting Itself, According to Report.

Enoch Chaso had a peculiar experience last week while taking the logs out of the old dugout on Mel Hicks' south 80, says the Larned (Kan.) Tiller and Toller. He ran across a joint snake down between the logs and lit it with his spade.

Of course, every joint flew apart and started to wiggle off.

Enoch, just for a joke, picked up one of the joints and put it in a bucket and then slipped behind the logs and waited to see what would happen. In about ten minutes he heard a sort of low whistle and then a rustling.

The head of the joint snake came out of the weeds and looked around. It then made a peculiar whistle and another joint backed up and fastened on the head.

The head whistled twice and joint number two came out, and so on, so many whistles for each joint, until it

## BRINGS RELIEF FROM PAIN

Exposure of Wound to Rays of Incandescent Electric Bulb Has Splendid Effect.

An interesting use of a household appliance has just been given to the medical profession. By exposing a wound to the rays of an ordinary incandescent electric bulb several times a day, to a total of eight or nine hours, the Current Medical Literature says, Doctor Schottelius has obtained some interesting results.

The immediate local effect, he says, was as striking as the general effect from day to day later. All of the pa-



tients told of relief from pain from it. Paper and a sheet are thrown over the whole, and the temperature of the inclosed space grows high, but he ascribes the benefit to the light rather than to the heat. The bulbs used were of 30, 60 and 100 candlepower.

## PLANTS INVIGORATED BY TEA

Discovery, It is Believed, Will Be of Considerable Value to the Horticulturist.

A new discovery in horticulture claims to make potted plants bloom as they never did before if they are given an invigorating cup of tea once a day.

Lewis Shaw, Jr., the inventor, says:

"Twice a day, morning and evening, I give my geranium a drink of cold tea, from one-fourth to one-half a cup per plant. While at first this was only an experiment, I was surprised to find how rapidly the plants bloomed and how many of the buds took bloom at once. In the photograph it will be seen that five blooms are flourishing, while there are yet three more buds, not clearly shown in the picture, on the way."



Prices Easier for Poor.

Pity the poor millionaires! exclaims "Girard" in the Philadelphia Ledger.

For the frugal wife, five cents now buys as big a loaf as it did two years ago; but 1,000 doesn't buy as big a blue foxskin coat; no, not by half.

The boiled potatoes on the modest dinner table are rather cheaper than they were last winter; but when the poor millionaires are driven by necessity to buy white fox fur, hubby advances 65 per cent more money for them than he would have done at this time in 1913.

Beaver, another essential to plutocratic happiness, has risen more than sugar or lamb chops. Indeed, Uncle Sam tells us that the whole fur family is roosting on a higher limb than ever before.

Luxuries rise and fall rapidly with the amount of loose change in millionaires' bank accounts; but so far as prices go, the poor man's dinner pail scarcely tells a financial feast from a financial famine.

Life in the Soil.

Professor Bottomley, who has discovered that ordinary peat treated with bacteria forms a substitute for manure which is 50 times more valuable, has shown that soil lives just as do the plants that are born out of it. There are 4,000,000 bacteria in every grain of fertile soil, and by separating the good from the bad, modern science is working to secure the very highest results intended by bountiful nature.

A Woman's Threat.

"Well, if that ain't the limit," mused the postman, as he came down the steps of a private residence.

"What's the trouble?" queried the mere citizen who had overheard the postman's noisy thought.

"Why," explained the man in gray, "the woman in that house says if I don't come along earlier she'll get her letters from some other carrier."

Identified.

Binks-Shafer, do you know that woman across the street?

Shafer—She certainly looks familiar. Let me see. It's my wife's new dress, my daughter's hat and my mother-in-law's parasol—sure! It's our cook!—Macon News.

Light and Airy.

Omar—What kind of business is Johnson engaged in?

Henry—Pneumatic, I think.

Omar—Pneumatic? Why, I never heard of a business like that.

Henry—Well, whatever it is, he's running it on wind.

The Reporter's Joke.

"What's afoot now?" asked the snake editor, as the horse reporter proceeded to don his hat and coat after answering a telephone call.

"Twelve inches, same as always," replied the horse reporter, as he dashed down the stairs, three steps at a time.

Easter Dates.

Next Easter will fall on April 31. Only once again in this century will it be so late, 1943, when the date will be April 26, the latest that is possible.

## MOST PRECIOUS GEM

Diamond Always Has Been Conceded First Place.

All Through History the Stone Has Played an Important Part—Its Cutting a Matter of Serious Moment—Imperfections.

Diamonds are always taken as the standard precious stone. There are many details concerning diamonds, of surpassing interest, such as the different methods of securing the rough stones in ancient and modern times, the prejudice against Brazilian diamonds as compared with Indian stones, the objections to South African diamonds, based on a theory that they were not so good as the Brazilian stones, methods of cutting diamonds, etc.

The cut of the diamond is of great importance. If it be cut perfectly and regularly its value is greatly enhanced. The properly cut diamond has 58 facets, including the table and collet, 32 facets above the girdle and 24 facets below. The surface of the table should be 40 per cent of the whole.

Among the imperfections for which the diamond buyer should look are rough edges on the girdle, which will cast a shadow through the center of the stone, causing great loss of brilliancy. In set stones they are often covered up by a prong of the setting, but the diamond is affected nevertheless.

A scratch may be found on top of the stone. This is often caused by stones rubbing against each other. If it is not too deep it may be removed by polishing.

There may be a nick in the girdle, which is often covered by the setting. This defect is caused either by the brittleness of the stone or the girdle having been cut too fine.

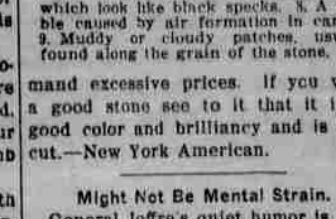
If the stone has thick edges they will cast shadows through the diamond, which will confuse the color.

If there is a feather in the stone it comes from faulty crystallization and cannot be removed. It may be only a small speck, or so large as to be visible to the naked eye. This flaw gives the diamond a hazy, lifeless appearance. Some feathers take the shape of white subtransparent lines in the body of the stone.

Fractures are usually found near the edge of the stone, and decrease the value greatly, as they deaden the brilliancy. They are caused either by a blow or carelessness in the setting.

Black spots of carbon are usually found in the top or in the lower half of the stone. These spots often appear in pairs, and when visible to the naked eye impair the value of the stone.

Do not expect to get an absolutely perfect stone for any reasonable figure, for they are so rare as to com-



Outline Sketch of Cut Diamond.

1. Rough edges on girdle. 2. A scratch. 3. Small nick in girdle. 4. Thick edges which confuse the stone's color. 5. A "feather," caused by faulty crystallization. 6. A fracture. 7. Carbon spots which look like black specks. 8. A bubble caused by air formation in carbon. 9. Muddy or cloudy patches, usually found along the grain of the stone.

mand excessive prices. If you want a good stone see to it that it is of good color and brilliancy and is well cut.—New York American.

Might Not Be Mental Strain.

General Joffre's quiet humor is typified in a story which comes from the trenches. Some members of the general's staff were discussing the number of officers whose hair had turned from jet black to white since the war began, and they had decided to their own satisfaction that the cause was to be found in mental strain. General Joffre was asked for his opinion, and, while agreeing with the conclusion arrived at by his officers, naively added that it was also very difficult in war time to obtain the toilet accessories to which one was accustomed in times of peace!

Office Coat for Women.

The office coat for women has finally arrived, though it's not a bit manly. It's made in black silk or pongee, a standard loose coat that's becoming to everybody. You slip it over your frock or your blouse and skirt as soon as you enter the office. It envelops you from throat to knee and protects your clothes beautifully. And it has the recommendation of being "lively" looking—not the ugly garment that the little feminine person grumbles at when you speak of "sensible" clothes.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

They're So Numerous.

"Seems to think well of himself eh?"

"Do you know what kind of fellow he is?"

"Tell me."

"He takes stock of himself a dozen times a day for fear he'll overlook some of his good points."

Changing Custom.

"Before I married," said the old-fashioned man, "my wife made me promise to quit smoking."

"And you kept your word?"

"Yes. But what's the difference. Custom has changed. Now I'm doing my best to get her to promise not to beg."

Easter Dates.

Next Easter will fall on April 31. Only once again in this century will it be so late, 1943, when the date will be April 26, the latest that is possible.