



DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND by Jane Bunker

"CLAIRE'S JEWELS ARE MRS. DELARIO'S DIAMONDS."

Synopsis.—While in the little Swiss town of Vevay, where the "staid, proper spinster" who tells the story is spending a vacation, she is asked to allow a young girl, Claire de Ravenol, to be her companion back to the United States.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Is madame intending to converse with me, holding a weapon in her hand?" "Is monsieur intending to converse with me behind locked doors?"

"Very well, then, get it over. What is it?" "I felt very sure by this time it had nothing, directly, to do with Mrs. Delario."

"It is zis—my daughter, Claire, was robbed of some very valuable jewels on ze steamer coming over. Zere are but two persons who could possibly have committed ze theft—Mrs. Delario and—yourself."

"You say Claire was robbed coming over on the steamer—and you think I did it?" "Precisely."

"Myself came back with that flat accusation." "Then why didn't she say something about it at the time?" "I demanded."

"Probably because she was not aware of it at ze time—one seldom is, if I may be permitted to point it out to madame."

"I was so completely innocent of even knowing that the girl had jewels with her—except such little trinkets as a child values and that nobody but a street thief would have bothered his head over—that I saw monsieur's accusation as blackmail. That word suddenly popped into my head and gave me the basis of a return attack."

"You mean to tell me that Claire had valuable jewels on the steamer yet never mentioned the fact to either Mrs. Delario or myself?"

"Naturally, she says nosing—why should she? She is under no obligation to speak of such a matter to you."

"In other words, she was smuggling valuable jewels into the country—trying to get them through the customs house without our knowing it, so we could tell her to declare them?"

"Smuggling? She is taking zem to her msser—zey have once been purchased in America."

"I don't believe she had any jewels," I asserted bravely. "Merely to say she doesn't prove anything. You must have some enough to see that for yourself."

"His face had darkened again. 'You doubt my word? I have ze proof, madame, ze absolute proof—that she had ze jewels wis her when she went on board; and up to a certain date. I can furnish proof zat would be accept in any court—if madame renders it necessary.'"

tons house officials to take up the case."

"You? . . . You? . . . Madame, of what are you stinking?" "I—yes, certainly," I replied firmly, following up my advantage; for he had given it away to me that he didn't wish the customs house to know about this little smuggling of Claire's.

"Since you have seen fit to accuse me of a robbery I know nothing about, I shall—I must—do all I can to help Claire get her jewels back in order to prove my own innocence. I will go to the customs house and report the whole matter tomorrow morning."

"You will do nosing of ze sort?" He fairly hissed the words at me. "You will tell nobody zat ze jewels have been stolen—nobody. And you will give me your promise before you leave zis room."

He turned scarlet, and then deathly white, but he got control of himself immediately.

"So that was the way the wind blew! My shof had carried home—I felt I had him, a good deal worse than he had me. I gave him another dose of the same ammunition—I certainly shall—there's nothing else to do. Now, then, what were the jewels Claire was smuggling in?"

He kept back a retort by biting his lip and glared at me. "What were the jewels?" I repeated. "You must at least tell me that—since you accuse me of taking them. What were they? I know absolutely nothing about them. You may believe me or not as you choose, but it's your own loss if you don't."

My words seemed to shake his conviction for a moment—but only for a moment; what he said next left me no doubt as to the gravity of my situation in the matter.

"And now, madame, we lay all subterfuges and evasions to ze side. Zere are but two persons who could have ze jewels of my daughter—yourself and Madame Delario. I have already questioned her, fully—to be quite frank—I have search ze house—wis her permission I have also search her person by means of a woman detective—and she has convinced me zat she has not ze jewels of my daughter."

"Neither have I," I snapped. He went on as if I hadn't spoken. "My evidence is positive, and wis Madame Delario's denial of all knowledge—her wish zat I send for you and give you ze opportunity to explain—"

"Where is Mrs. Delario—let me see her immediately," I broke in. "Do you mean to say she accuses me of robbing your child?"

"I do not say she precisely accuses—but she has seen you—and Claire has seen you—wis ze package containing ze jewels in your hand."

I burst out hotly. "That's a lie—every word of it! I never touched her jewelry—or the package containing her jewelry. Never."

He flushed a deep red at the insult, but he was making every effort to control himself—seeing how enraged I was, he probably thought I'd use my hatpin on him next—and I whipped him on, feeling that I had the upper hand.

His expression had changed from anger to cynical contempt, and he sneered: "Very clever, madame—very creditable to madame's nerve—ha, ha! Madame is afraid of nosing but to lose zoze so valuable jewels of my daughter—and with that he stepped so close I thought he was going to lay hold of me."

I stepped back, just out of immediate reach and took a firm grip on my hatpin.

"And now, madame—we lay—all—subterfuges—and evasions—to ze side: Where are ze jewels of my daughter?"

"And now, monsieur," I mocked, "we lay—all—subterfuges—and—evasion—to—the—side: I don't know."

With a quick dive of his hand into his pocket he whipped out a small revolver.

"Perhaps zis will refresh madame's memory," he leered.

Well, it refreshed madame's something—for want of a better term I'll call it creative genius. I waved the revolver aside with a gesture of contempt and began: "Since monsieur has been at all this trouble to obtain an interview with me, may I ask a few questions? It may be of importance to both of us."

"Proceed."

"Monsieur is, I believe, a stranger in America. Has monsieur ever acquainted himself with New York state laws?"

"To some extent—yes."

"Well—ah—I was merely wondering, you know, if monsieur were aware of the fact that in New York state, kidnaping is a capital offense—that is, punishable with death?"

"But what has kidnaping to do wis our present case?" he asked frowning.

"Oh, only that monsieur is, at the present moment, in the act of kidnaping me."

That hit him, but he held his ground.

"I do not see it, madame. Kidnaping consists in taking ze person by violence and against ze wish."

"Not in New York state. Monsieur forgets that he is not in France or Germany, but in New York. The New York courts hold that forcible detention against the will is kidnaping. You are at this moment, in the eyes of the law, a kidnaper."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Certainly," I returned. "You have only to look up the cases and convince yourself. In the Halloran case, a year ago, Halloran only locked a girl up and refused to let her out when she asked. He did her no harm and made no threats—here I looked at the revolver in a significant way—but he got twenty years. But in the Cominsky case—the man who was electrocuted last week, as you probably read in the papers—Cominsky locked a woman up and threatened her with a revolver. He got the death penalty."

As these delicious cases dropped off my tongue, monsieur, with a catlike slyness, slipped the revolver back into his pocket, though he made no move to open the door as I had hoped. Still, I saw I had gained ground with him—though the ground I longed for lay outside the house.

I am to go with them to the notary's to sign the papers. The hour is almost up!"

Monsieur bit his lips. Here was a contingency he hadn't reckoned with—that I had arranged to have some one call for me. Then a bright idea struck him. "Zat matter is simply arranged," said he with a wicked smile. "I tell your dear brozer zat you have already gone home to him, and he will not wait."

I tried to laugh again, though I fear I made but a poor attempt at it, for I was beginning to be frightened. But I said: "Don't flatter yourself you could deceive my brozer with a tale like that—he knows me too well. I told him I would wait and he knows I would keep my word. He would know the instant you said I had gone—he would know the minute he looked into your face—that something was wrong—here. In five minutes he'd be back with the police and break in the door."

This took the wind out of his sails for a minute. Then he rose to the situation in a masterful way; and I must say for him that he was no mean adversary. Drawing the key from his pocket he unlocked the door, saying, "And now madame will telephone her brozer zat Madame Delario is dying and he is not to come today about ze important papers."

I saw my one chance lay in pretending I'd do it and then breaking loose; so I stepped out—he at my heels ready to grab me—and making a feint of going upstairs to the telephone, he followed suit by putting one foot on the lowest step. At that, I gave a loud, wild-western "whoopie!" right in his face, and punched him in the chest as hard as ever I could. He lost his balance, went rolling backward and sat down on the floor. Before he recovered from the shock of my unladylike behavior, I had bolted through the front door and reached the street.

CHAPTER VII.

I See Through the Plot. There are moments when I fairly thrill at the thought that I am an American citizen. Such a moment came after I had shot through the vestibule door and found myself in the complacent street. I was safe—safe, I was where I could appeal to the first passing man to protect me in the name of American womanhood.

In the jubilation of my freedom and safety I stopped and looked back at the house. The holland shade was drawn downstairs, but as I looked, a finger—I knew it must be monsieur's—pulled an edge of the shade and an eye peeped at me.

I was in the midst of a grin of de- lision at him when my eye was caught by something at an upper window. It was a hand—a waving hand—a hand that said, "Go away—go away—go away!" as fast as it could, and said it to me.

An instant later I saw a face and recognized Mrs. Delario. Then the face was gone and the hand said, "Go away!" again and disappeared also.

Monsieur, seeing me standing, apparently interested in something happening upstairs, pulled the shade out a little farther. So what I did was deliberately to cross the street and signal him to raise the window.

"Raise the window—I want to speak to you!" I shouted.

The window was raised about six inches and monsieur put his evil, ratty face down to listen.

"Now do your darndest!" said I. And then I snapped my fingers at him and walked away.

Though it was early I began to feel hungry and I kept on till I reached a French restaurant where I generally lunch when I'm downtown. It was too soon for the music, but my own thoughts were music enough just then, and anyway I felt safe.

But by the time the salad came the reaction set in. The world turned drab, mottled with black responsibility and streaked with red indignation. I rob a young girl! Good heavens!—her father must be insane to bring such an accusation against me! I seen with her jewel case in my hands! Preposterous! And poor, poor Mrs. Delario—she, too, had been accused, on top of all my trouble about her diamonds.

I had raised my coffee to my lips but hadn't tasted it, when the words went through my head like a shot: "CLAIRE'S JEWELS ARE MRS. DELARIO'S DIAMONDS!"

Mrs. Delario had sworn to me that they were hers. Had she robbed Claire coming over in the steamer? Impossible! She was too good a woman. But even so, how had monsieur connected me with them? Had she told him? That seemed impossible also; and yet I felt I'd really never shaken his conviction that I had them—and that he meant to get them by fair means or foul.

A Lesson in Time By J. K. MARSHALL

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There was no more devoted and happy couple than the Wards, who had been married a few short weeks, but today Helen was not happy. This was due to the fact that she had taken the time this morning to review the events of the past few weeks. She knew that Bruce loved her dearly, and in his good-heartedness would deny her nothing to make her happy. But now she was to acknowledge he had one serious fault, which was a menace to their future happiness. His belief that it was his sole right to supervise everything about the household clashed harshly with her free and independent ideas.

Helen had religiously refused to allow these thoughts to enter her mind until last evening, when they had entertained for the first time in their new home. She had looked forward with much pleasure to this event, and thought with a touch of pride how Mrs. Warren would compliment her on the haven of delight that she and Bruce had created for their home. But what a bitter disappointment it had been to her as she stood by and heard Bruce, in answer to the many pleasant exclamations from the guests, as they viewed the furnishings, assume the credit to himself, in a proprietary manner, with not one word of praise for herself. The realization of this trait in Bruce had spoiled her evening, and she was unable to be the gay, light-hearted girl they had always known.

After the guests had departed Bruce had asked her what was wrong; but her efforts at an explanation only aroused in him a feeling of resentment. Her gentle remonstrance at his persistently ignoring her, not only in the selection of the household furnishings but their arrangement as well, had brought forth from him his declaration that he was master of his home.

She realized the futility of further discussion of this subject with Bruce, because she knew him to be too positive in his ideas. She thought over all this carefully, and made up her mind to change things. Yes, she would begin right now. She called her mother on the phone and asked her to go shopping with her.

Helen bought new silk covers for the round cushions, new curtains for the windows and a beautiful rich brown cover for the library table. She had wanted these things in the living room, when she was first married. Well, now she was going to have them. Mother had always selected these things at home. Other women planned the arrangement of their homes. So would she.

After they had tea, she left her mother and went home. Hurriedly slipping into her large blue gingham apron, she went to work. First, she took down the curtains in the living room. Mrs. O'Brien had cleaned the windows just two days ago, so she could now put up the new curtains. Then she opened her packages.

"What a beautiful, rich golden brown," she thought, as she held the curtains up to admire them. "And how well they looked with the brown rug!" Soon the room took on a new, pretty effect. True, the curtains and other things that Bruce had bought were lovely, but they were not just what Helen had wanted; and then, she must show Bruce that she, too, could plan and furnish a room with excellent taste, and that it was her right.

Her work completed, she found it would be a little more than an hour before Bruce would be home. She would have plenty of time to dress and read awhile before starting to prepare dinner. She had just been in the sun parlor a few minutes, trying to become interested in a late novel, when Bruce arrived. She saw him coming up the walk, carrying a square white box under one arm and a long box in his other hand. "Flowers and candy," thought Helen. This had happened once before, when Bruce left the house in a bad humor after breakfast, because Helen had served bacon with their eggs, and Bruce did not eat pork "in any way, shape or form." Flowers and candy were his peace offering, which should cover any breach. Well, he must learn differently. She usually ran to the door to meet him, but today she pretended to be reading.

Bruce entered the house and, placing his packages on the table, he went to her quickly. "Helen, dear," he began, "I want to talk to you. It is about last night."

Helen gazed at him in surprise. Why, what did it mean? This pent-up tone from Bruce. And he had never before said he was sorry. Perhaps she had been too hasty about buying the new things for the living room.

"Oh, Bruce, wait! I want to tell you about this afternoon, I—"

She was interrupted by Bruce. "I have been a selfish cad. I know how you must feel about my selecting everything for our home, and trying to supervise their arrangement. But I must tell you how I came to realize this. This morning going to town Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Travers got on at Homewood. They took the seat right back of me. At

first I did not recognize their voices; then they mentioned your name." Bruce paused, made another effort, then went on. Mrs. Warren was then saying some nice things about you, saying she allows her young husband to run everything. Why, when you asked her where she bought her pretty cushions and the reading lamp, she looked confusedly at her husband and he had to answer. I should hate to think that I would ever become a nonentity in my home. I wonder how such men would feel if their wives interfered in their business? I, well, I was furious, but couldn't bear to hear any more, but when I got to the office and thought things over, I knew that Mrs. Travers spoke the truth. Oh, please don't cry, Helen." And Bruce dropped his head on his hands. "To think that I should ever give anyone cause to say those things and to pity the dearest girl in the world."

Helen dried her tears. She was hurt, and she knew what Mrs. Travers said was true, but how dared she speak that way and bow humiliated for poor Bruce.

"Bruce, you have never given anyone reason to pity me. Don't say that. And, even if Mrs. Travers did suspect, she doesn't belong here. As you know, Mrs. Warren is my dearest friend, and I have no doubt that if you had heard the rest of their conversation you would have heard Mrs. Warren telling her, kindly but firmly, that she knew us to be the happiest of couples, and that she just imagined those things. Mrs. Warren never speaks unkindly of anyone, nor lets a chance go by to say something nice about one when another in her presence makes disagreeable remarks."

Bruce lifted his head. "Well, from now on things will be different. I have been brought to my senses. If I had only listened to you when you talked of those things, instead of being so sure I was right, in my own way, I wonder that you didn't—"

"I did, this afternoon," Helen interrupted, leading him out to the living room. "And, oh!" and her face lit up. "Why, Bruce, Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Travers came into Gables' just as I was buying these new curtain and cushion covers."

"Thank heaven for that!" muttered Bruce. "They are a great improvement to the room, Helen, and from now on, you—"

"No, not just me, Bruce dear—us," Helen said, softly, as she slipped into his arms.

"I hope I have learned my lesson in time," murmured Bruce, as he bent his head down to kiss 'the dearest girl and wife in all the world.'"

COMING CHANGES IN JAPAN

Many Symptoms That Revolution, Probably Peaceful, Is Due in Land of Chrysanthemum.

In the kingdom of the Chrysanthemum there are symptoms which cause observers to pause. All over the country small groups are forming—not of labor men—but of intellectuals—of students with a fair admixture of the middle and even of the upper classes. There is something coming in Japan—a great change—no man yet quite knows when it will come or whether it will go—some call it revolution others restoration. Another symptom is the attitude of the Japanese woman. The Japanese woman is thinking and acting; did she not start the rice riots one year ago? Religious movements have been started within the last 50 years with Japanese women—women of the people—at their head. These movements have millions of adherents. Then outside of Kyoto what is that growing conglomeration of buildings? Actually a city of refuge to which Japanese of all classes are coming, seeking their possessions and coming—extraordinary as it may sound—as to a sanctuary in prevision of the times to come. In the midst of the city is a strange-looking structure built in readiness for the emperor. Much may happen in Japan, but there is nothing to show that ties 30 centuries old—taught sovereign and people—will snap. The bonds are religious, far more than political, and the revolution or restoration to come is economic, not constitutional.—Christian Science Monitor.

His Misapprehension. "Hi! Whur ar I at?" feebly demanded Mr. Gap Johnson of Rampos Ridge, Ark., after the accident. "What's been coming off around yar, anyhow?"

"You drove onto the railroad crossing just in time to be struck by the tyer," replied the physician. "The engine demolished your wagon, and—"

"Aw, that's it? Must have sorter knocked me plumb out of my head for a spell, for I shore thought my 14 children had mobbed me for something or nuther they didn't like."—Kansas City Star.

The Psychology of It. "How do you like your new neighbors?" "All right. The first thing they did was to borrow our lawn-mower."

"Have they returned it?" "Not yet, and I hope they'll keep it. Then they'll be careful not to use it early in the morning or at any hour when it would attract my attention unduly."—Boston Transcript.

Regal Paraphernalia. "Jack told me I was queen of his heart." "Well?" "I asked him where the crown jewels were."



"Perhaps Zis Will Refresh Madame's Memory."

Enter a friend in need—Billy Rivers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marvelous Hair Rope.

One of the most remarkable hair ropes is mentioned by Sir Frederick Treves in his book entitled "The Other Side of the Lantern." He describes it as lying curled up like a gigantic caterpillar within the great Buddhist temple at Kioto. It measures 800 feet in length and three inches in diameter, and is made up of contributions from the heads of many hundreds of thousands of Japanese women. Long ago it was used to drag the timbers to the building and to hold them into place, and now it is carefully preserved, a sacred relic, within the vast edifice it helped to raise.