

Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

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"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THOSE HYACINTHS?"

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. Although forming an attachment to the girl, the heroine takes a dislike to Monsieur de Ravenol, Claire's father, and declines. On the boat she finds Claire in the care of a casual acquaintance, Mrs. Delario, whom she had met while each was purchasing a pair of slippers, exactly alike, which figure largely in subsequent events. When they reach New York, where Claire was to have been met by her mother, the latter does not appear, and Claire performs for Mrs. Delario's home. In the confusion at the custom house, the spinster carries off one of Mrs. Delario's slippers. Through that happening she learns later that someone unknown to her has been in her flat. Calling on Mrs. Delario, that lady shows her some remarkable gems, believing them to be rubies, but which are really blood-red diamonds, and easily worth a million dollars. Mrs. Delario admits the gems were smuggled, but offers no explanation. While they are talking, a rousing on the door throws them into consternation. The caller asserts he is an officer of the law, with a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Delario's son on a charge of stealing the diamonds. She outwits him and persuades the spinster to take the gems to her home for safe keeping. Next morning, realizing the responsibility in her possession of the diamonds, the spinster takes them back to Mrs. Delario, but while there she learns that that lady's son has been arrested, supposedly on account of the gems, and agrees to keep them for a while. She hides them in a bunch of hyacinths and has the lock of her door changed and a chain-bolt added. Over the telephone Mrs. Delario informs her Mrs. Delario has met with an accident and urges her to call at once. Hastening to her friend, and leaving the gems, the heroine is met by De Ravenol, who claims the diamonds are his, stolen from Claire on the boat. He accuses Mrs. Delario or her friend the spinster of the theft, and demands their return. She defies De Ravenol, who threatens her with a revolver, and escapes. Alarmed for her personal safety, and almost believing De Ravenol, the heroine fears to return to her flat, and while uncertain what to do meets an old-time friend, Billy Rivers, newspaper reporter. They spend the evening at a theater, and Rivers accompanies her home. There they find the flat has been thoroughly searched but nothing taken. She does not confide in Rivers.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Jimmson Again.

I had felt myself going and let myself down as gently as I could, under the circumstances. How long I was unconscious, I have no way of knowing, but it came to me gradually that my flat had been robbed—of what and by whom, I couldn't imagine—but as for the diamonds, I forgot them. Totally, I understood and went to bed, pulling the blankets up over me, camp fashion, without waiting to make the bed or clear up any of the wreckage and without feeling any particular apprehension, only a deathlike exhaustion.

I woke in the early dawn and still it hadn't come back to me about the diamonds; but what did swoop on me with a rush was that Mrs. Jimmson was coming to clean and would be there not a minute later than eight-thirty.

She was a refined little woman who had seen better days—before she wedded the decently imputed Jimmson and had to support him through "tuberculosis" by day's work and fancy washing and ironing. My interest in her had been the main prop in her struggles for several years and she reciprocated said interest in a way that would have been insufferable impertinence had it not been so sincere and devoted. She loved me and all my works—particularly my works, on which she regaled the neighbors at such times as she was joyfully permitted to go home with a new one under her arm.

And she'd be here at eight-thirty! "Heaven help us!" I cried, hopping out of bed and slipping on a kimono. "If she gets hold of this robbery, I'm done for—I'll see my name in the papers tomorrow, sure!"

With feverish haste I got the books back in the cases, hid or miss as they came to hand; the pictures hung and the rooms in order. The kitchen was in a state! I gave an apprehensive glance at the window as I scurried up spilled breakfast food and threw it in the garbage can—I knew how my unpleasant visitor had got out and wondered how he had got in, but I wasted no time thinking of it. I was soon enough to know, however.

I had barely finished with the kitchen and was opening the bathroom door to clear up there when my dear Jimmson rang.

I let her in, first asking through the door who it was—a precaution adequately explained by my attire; and telling her to begin at the kitchen for I hadn't had my bath, I piloted her with a seemingly affectionate arm to her quarters. Then I bolted myself into the bathroom and with stealthy movements cleared away the evidence of the search.

My bath refreshed me, and I was clothed and somewhat near my right mind when I came out of the bathroom. I had called out to her, just before I got into the tub, asking her to make my coffee and get ready the rolls and butter, and she was accepted in setting my tray and did not hear me as I passed the kitchen door. Thus I had time to see what lay on the dining-room table before she told me.

It was a long thin dagger, sharp as a razor. Mrs. Jimmson pulled open the kitchen door and bounced out just as I had taken the dagger in my hand.

"That's what I found on the kitchen floor back of the scrap basket," she exclaimed. Her eyes were rolling.

I managed to say carelessly, "Yes—my new paperknife. I was wondering where I'd dropped it. I wish you'd bring in my breakfast—I'm in a tremendous hurry this morning."

"Oh—it's only a paperknife, is it?" she murmured in a disappointed tone. "I didn't know but it was—"

"It's what?" I demanded, wondering if she had, with her meek interest in me and my affairs, sensed something queer and wrong about the flat.

"Well, it give me quite a turn to see that jagged layin' on the floor," she

admitted with some spirit, "and naturally I couldn't help thinkin', now 'ould I?"

"Oh, naturally," said I, and laid it on the tray along with the scissors and paste and the pen box that had, only yesterday, held a million dollars' worth of diamonds; and then I asked her would she please bring in my breakfast. And my knees were shaking under me and I thought, "Oh, boy—you saved my life last night for a fact, by talking to me while he was up here waiting. Oh, Billy—you saved my life, taking me to a silly show. But how long will it last? Where is it going to end?"

"You look real sick this morning," observed Mrs. Jimmson, setting the tray on the dining-room table.

"I don't feel very well." This was the truth.

"Perhaps you better go right back to bed and let me stay and take care of you—I'd like nothing better—"

"Mrs. Jimmson—if you don't mind—I think I'll get you to boil me an egg this morning."

"If you don't mind me givin' you the hint—I feel you ought to find out what

My Revolver Was Gone.



My Revolver Was Gone.

alls you before you eat any more—you may need one of those fasting cures the papers are telling so much about."

"I may—but I need a soft-boiled egg now, if you will be so kind as to cook it for me—"

I had broken my roll to crumbs in the effort to control my wrath at her, though the general situation was nothing new.

"Unless you wish me to boil the egg myself," I added severely.

"Oh, yes—the egg. They do say raw eggs—when a person gets run down—"

With that, I rose and stalked to the kitchen.

She sidled past me, hastily snatching a saucepan off the shelf and filling it with water. I went back without a word. What little appetite I had was gone. When the egg finally arrived, I couldn't eat it—it convinced dear Jimmson, not that she had made my eating impossible, but that I was having an "attack" and needed her watching to see I didn't get any worse! She tagged me up, when I went to my bedroom, to know if she hadn't better telephone the doctor to look in—just as a precaution.

It was in the tip of my tongue to tell her, brutally, that what she'd better do was to attend to her own affairs and let me attend to mine, when I realized that she too might be standing between me and sudden death! So long as she was in the flat I was relatively safe

I smiled at her—a pleasant and deceiving smile to prove that she was wrong and she immediately went back to work.

I had been standing by the bureau while we spoke and something to my eye seemed missing on it. She hadn't more than left the room when I knew what—my revolver was gone. It lay always on the corner where I could put my hand on it in the night in the dark. I knew I hadn't seen it when I cleared up the room; I knew monsieur couldn't have helped seeing it when he cleared out the bureau. And by the token, I knew that he had taken it.

"The cur!" thought I. But the loss was a good tonic, for the last minute of fright at finding myself without defense, I got so hopping mad at the sheer meanness of the creature—also so pleasing glad at the little compliment he was paying me by admitting thus he was afraid of me and a revolver in combination—that I'd have sailed into him with a hatpin if he'd shown his face at the door. And at that moment I heard the sound of a latch-key working in a door. I thought it was my own, and dashed out and threw it wide.

It was the lady in the adjoining flat. She said: "How these keys do stick, sometimes! I wonder if anybody has been tampering with my lock."

Tampering with the lock! I closed my door without thinking her of the reminder—I had been in the act of getting a new lock when monsieur called me to Mrs. Delario's supposed death-bed. Oh, if I only had had it put on! Then I remembered that other key on Friday night—the key working in my own door and that I assumed belonged to Mr. Man-down-stairs.

No wonder he didn't swear at me when I called out to him he had the wrong flag: Mr. Man was—monsieur!

I flung on my wraps, telling Mrs. Delario I had an errand out, and in less than fifteen minutes I had a locksmith putting on a new Yale lock and exchanging the small chain-bolt for the heaviest in the market.

I had rung when I returned with the man to give color to my tale of a lost key. Mrs. Jimmson let me in and seemed greatly astonished to see a man begin at once taking out screws.

"So you lost your key?" she observed placidly—just her way of taking everything I happen to be doing as a personal matter of her own. She was now prepared to superintend the operation.

"Well, that's too bad to have to go to the expense of a new lock. Couldn't the man find a key that would fit? The key would cost only a quarter and you wouldn't have to buy a whole lock."

Her arms were folded and she showed she meant to see the new lock on to the last screw. I gazed at her in sheer wonder that a person could be so stupid, so obtuse as not to know she wasn't wanted; and from her, my eyes traveled along the hall, to the dining room, to the table—my heart jumped, and stopped: the hyacinths were not there!

"What have you done with those hyacinths?" I demanded, as soon as I could control my voice.

"You mean those faded things in a glass on the table?"

"Yes—what did you do with them?"

"If you'd mentioned them before you went out—"

"WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THEM?"

"Why, they were so faded—I never thought you—wanted them—"

She was beginning to quail and slide away. I caught her wrist—my fingers left marks—she showed them to me later.

"What—did—you—do—with-them? Answer me instantly!"

"As Mrs. Jimmson said those words—that she had thrown the hyacinths away—the locksmith handed me the two keys, saying that the lock and the bolt were all right and that was all. I had paid him at the shop in order to hasten matters at the house, for I hoped, if possible, to get the job done so quickly that even George wouldn't find out what I had brought the man in for. I was still digging my fingers into her wrist while he gathered up his tools and he gave the two of us a wondrous air of my vehemence, before he closed himself out.

As for Mrs. Jimmson, she had been too paralyzed with fright to move. The instant the door was shut, I dropped her wrist and made a dash for the kitchen, hoping the garbage hadn't yet gone down. As I did it, I let out one short unpleasant word. That word was "Damn!" and into it I crowded all the pent-up feelings of the last twenty-four hours.

I saw her look of horror as I closed the door—she thought I had gone insane! Now, I'm not given to profanity, but I am willing to admit that it may have its uses on occasion—as for instance just thrown away your million-dollar bunch of hyacinths and "didn't know you wanted those faded things." My one bad word, however, let off enough steam for me to realize that I didn't even know if the diamonds were there or not!

Hastily I pulled out the papers and rubbish and dumped them on the floor and had just pounced on the hyacinths, when the front bell rang.

Were the diamonds safe? I didn't dare at the minute to be caught with them in my hands. Suppose it were monsieur, coming now in broad daylight!

The ring was repeated. I grabbed up a bit of newspaper and rolled up the bunch, cramming it into the kitchen saucepan on the shelf—an operation I hadn't more than finished, setting the lid on as softly as I could, when I heard a man's voice shout my name, followed by the words "special delivery."

Without waiting for Mrs. Jimmson to decide if it were safe to call me, I stepped out and signed for it. As I closed the messenger or I looked at the address—the writing was unknown to me; and I was in the act of tearing open the envelope, when Mrs. Jimmson sank on a hall chair and began to weep.

"To think—oh, to think—to think," she sobbed. "It's hard—"

"Yes, it is hard for some people to think," I observed, icily glaring at her and running my thumb under the flap.

"It's hard—after all these years I—I've tried my best to p-p-please you—"

"No—you haven't. I have repeatedly told you never—under any circumstances whatever—to throw away anything in my rooms without first asking me. Today, you have thrown away some flowers that I had reason to value—"

"You didn't tell me," she murmured.

"If you had given me the tip, now—told me you valued them—"

"Do you think I have to tell my private affairs to you?" I cried hotly.

"I hope I'm a friend," she interrupted at the word. "If I'd seen any reason—"

"It's not your place to see reasons"—she took a step toward the kitchen at the reminder—"but to obey orders. I'm under no obligation to give you reasons why I value flowers or why I don't."

The indignation faded out of her thin face; a gleam of real intelligence took its place, and this is what she said when I stopped for breath:

"I'm awfully sorry I touched those flowers. As true as I stand here, I never once thought it might be a gentleman friend give them to you."

With that she started for the kitchen, adding: "And here I am keeping you from reading your special delivery." She smiled knowingly.

Gentleman friend! In those words all was explained and forgiven because the two of us—there was nothing but kindly sympathy—woman to woman, you know—as she said them. She closed the kitchen door tight—I knew it was the better to breathe me in new haloes and fresh glories of romance! I could have wrung her neck.

Gentleman friend, indeed! The one gentleman actively interested in me was after me with a knife and had threatened me with a revolver.

I had forgotten all about the letter still in my hand, and thought only of the diamonds.

The front bell rang as Jimmson crossed the sill. She stepped back and asked if she should go, but I motioned her I'd answer it myself and she disappeared from view.

It was a boy with a telegram. I found his "sign here" line and scrawled my name.

Then I came to myself. I had lost the special delivery letter!

CHAPTER IX.

The Telegram.

A telegram in the hand is worth two special delivery letters you can't find; so I tore open the yellow envelope.

Now, it is a habit of mine to read the signature before the message. The signature was my brother's name. My brother is not a telegraph man, except for bad news, and the sight of his name gave me a shock, and for a good half-minute I could not go on with the message. But when I got the courage to face what had happened in the family, this is what appeared:

"I am obliged to ask you to come to Philadelphia tomorrow on urgent business. Take the train leaving New York at 11 a. m. I will meet you at Broad Street station."

I think the first thing that struck me as queer in it was the large number of words—words that no experienced business man, using telegraphic communication all the time, would have put in—the "to's" and "the's"; and then, "I am obliged to ask"—my brother would say, "Must ask you come," or "Please come."

The second queer thing was saying he'd meet me when his office is just around the corner from the station and he knows I don't expect him to waste time standing about waiting for a train that may be late.

Oh, for an accident.

Some diplomatists seem to achieve great success simply by sitting tight and letting matters take their own course, something after the manner of the Arkansas farmer who retired in disgust, saying he believed he could make more money by accident than he could by farming.—Kansas City Star.

Three thousand flour mill employees in Mexico City are demanding an eight-hour day and higher wages.

From the spinster's brother—or De Ravenol?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DUTCH COLONIAL TYPE OF HOUSE

Combination of Two Pleasing Styles of Architecture.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES

Handsome Seven-Room Dwelling Suitable Either for Town Residence or a Farm Home—Rooms Conveniently Arranged.

By WM. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The combination of the colonial and Dutch styles of architecture, which commonly is called the "Dutch colonial," is a popular type of dwelling. The Dutch colonial has the beauty of the colonial, without its plainness; the sloping Dutch roof, with the wide dormers, makes possible an economical use of the space within the four walls.

Such a house is shown in the accompanying illustration. Here is a Dutch colonial house that is only 32 by 26 feet in dimensions, exclusive of the sun parlor, and contains only seven rooms; still it has the exterior appearance of a large home.

The colonial effect in the exterior of this house is secured by placing the door in the center and preserving the balance with duplicate sets of windows on either side. The porch at the entrance is patterned after the old homes of New England, having only a slight roof projection, which is supported by round columns. The slope of the roof and the wide dormers, in which the window balance is maintained, denote the Dutch.

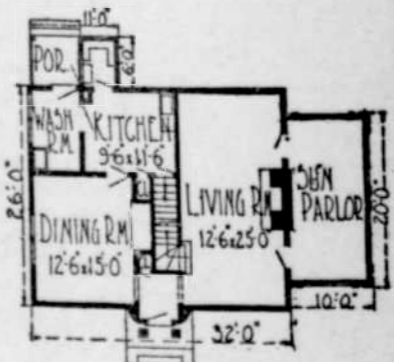
This Dutch colonial is of wood frame



construction set on a concrete foundation. It has a full basement with a concrete floor, supplying plenty of room for the heating plant, fuel storage, and for the storage of fruit, vegetables and other articles, such as the garden tools, etc.

The arrangement of the rooms follows closely the colonial. The central entrance leads to a hall on one side of which is the living room and on the other the dining room. The stairs to the second floor also run out of the hall.

The manner in which the living room and sun parlor are combined in this house is unusual. The living room is large—12 feet 6 inches by 25 feet. In the center of the wall that separates the living room from the sun parlor is the open fireplace, and on either side is a glazed door leading to the



First Floor Plan.

sun parlor. The latter is 19 by 9 feet in dimensions and has almost continuous windows. These two rooms, which virtually are one, provide the family with a commodious, comfortable living place.

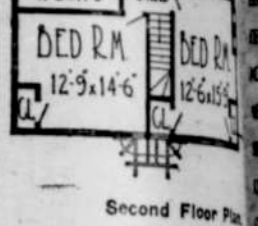
The dining room, also, is a large, cheery room. Placed at the corner of the house, it has windows facing two ways. It is 12 feet 6 inches by 15 feet in dimensions, and has a built-in buffet. At the back of the house is the kitchen, 9 feet 6 inches by 11 feet 6 inches. Adjoining is a washroom, which is a feature of the modern farm home. For a town residence, however, this room will become a case-in-point, opening off the dining room instead of the kitchen. A pantry extending out alongside the small rear porch contains the ice chest. This arrangement, coupled with the wash room, permits entrance to the house

without the necessity of passing through the living room.

On the second floor the bedrooms and the bathroom are arranged around a central hall. This arrangement brings the bathroom doors.

For the family living room or on the farm this colonial home that will accommodate a large family; it is modern in spec, and has a most superior appearance. Its rectangular in shape, walls, which makes the cost.

This is the time in the home builders are busy and deciding on the plan they will erect next. There are many types of homes considered. The banquette favorite and is becoming



Second Floor Plan.

popular in the smaller rural sections; the story-and-a-half house is in demand, as are story houses of various designs; ever after all have been there are hundreds of houses who will pick the Dutch as the house they want. And it is nowadays termed "class."

Before deciding on the building design, it always is well to consult with the material contractor and architect. The home building experts can help the prospective builder in decisions that will save construction and make for the cost of the home. And it is for the amateur to make mistakes—mistakes that often result in disappointment after the work is completed.

Building a home is a step

Real St

- 28 inch drilling.....
- Everett Shirts.....
- Knit Sweaters at.....
- Flare at.....
- Collars at.....
- Skicraft Braid.....
- Knit Caps.....
- Ladies' Handkerchiefs 4c
- Spun Hair Ribbon.....
- Knitted Skirts.....
- Stiffness Skirts.....

Cotton Po

- 27 inch poplin in rose, lavender, purple, green, and black. Special.....

Dress Pl

- for children school dresses
- 70c values.....
- 80c values.....

Silk Spec

- 36 inch Fancy Silk of 5 or more, they are in 14 and stripes. Special, per yd

Waists

- LOT 1 Crepe de Chine in white \$4.75 values, Special
- LOT 2 China Silk, in plaid and blouse, \$3.50 values.

THE WISE BUYER TAKE ADVANTAGE THESE BARGAIN

ER COMPANY FILE TO INCREASE IF

power company hasfile utilities commissio for an increase in it for irrigation work that the present rate power is inadequate the operating cost

man ever has regretted. It is than putting money in the bank. first cost is returned to the bank saving of rent, but the greater consideration is the satisfaction of fort he and his family derive their home.

It is never too early to begin to build a home.

CUPID PUT IN SECOND PL

Professor of Economics Asst. Man's Brain Gu. 4.15 in Selection of Life Partner.

The time-honored theory that Cupid shoots his darts at random does not stop to consider the possibility of a nose, the lift of an eyebrow, the turn of chin, is directly connected with the increase will

without such effect, the public attention is arranging to

of hearings so that they understand the financial

York that instinct warns man of the long-faced woman as a

lures him to rounded countenance. But the intellectual brow, the

lipped mouth, the hatched jaw their place in the scheme of things

Although a drug on the woman's side, the thin, big-boned, the

and professional world and it is

equaled as a man's pal and as a

"soft and pliable" woman who has been serving

chiefly of herself and wanted to

romance, while the angular, intellectual girl had business capacity and

held on man's mind, if not upon his affections.

If the round-faced woman is the winner in her association with the thin, angular man with the

face and the taut jaw is pronounced top dog in the world of men by Prof. Page. He is more aggressive, more brilliant, more acquisitive. Both men and women of this type have evolved further than the individuals of rounder contours, and the long-faced woman does not attract the long-faced man who is notoriously in the lead in business affairs, simply because she is not much like him, so the professor says.

The beech is less frequently used by lightning than any other tree

RA

Real St

Cotton Po

Dress Pl

Silk Spec

Waists

ER COMPANY FILE TO INCREASE IF

can print

at from one

to 22x30

printing done

The Gate Ci