

Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

There was a slight pushing against the dumb-waiter door—three or four little clicks against the catch, such as the wind might make blowing up the shaft. Almost before I had taken this in, there was a different sound along the crack, like a tool on sheet metal—a sort of scratching, followed by a sharp creak. The door burst open and I found myself looking into the eyes of my just-dismissed detective.

It would be hard to say which of the two of us, the man or myself, was the more flabbergasted by the situation. As for me, I was too astonished to utter a peep; and on his side, the rumble



The Door Burst Open.

of the dumb-waiter had drowned whatever noise I had made in getting the kitchen while he listened before trying the door, and seeing me now in a warlike attitude with a savage-looking weapon in my hand ready for a lunge at him, well—I fancy it was not calculated to inspire him with calm. At any rate, I know it was I who first discovered some presence of mind, and—before he could pull himself up high enough to get in, for his waist was below the level of the sill—I bounced back into the hall, slamming the kitchen door after me and locking it. In two seconds more I had up the chain-bolt and had warned monsieur of danger and to keep absolutely still; and all this while Mr. Detective Man was scrambling into the kitchen.

He gave a wrench on the door handle, expecting to find me trying to hang on to the other side—and found the door locked.

"Diable!" I heard him say, low under his breath.

Monsieur had tiptoed to a place beside me, and though white as a sheet, conducted himself admirably. I had, by framing the words with my lips, made him understand that the man who had just broken in through the dumb-waiter shaft was the detective I had dismissed at the front door not fifteen minutes ago.

By signs I then communicated to Monsieur the suggestion that now was his chance to escape by the front door while I held his pursuer in the kitchen.

Monsieur disagreed with me, flatly, and by signs informed me that there might be half a dozen men waiting in the outer hall to nab him the instant he showed his face. Which seemed reasonable and likely and I had no means of disproving the contention.

I therefore made the next move on my intruder.

"Hello, mister," I called through the door at him. "You may as well go out the way you came in, for you've got as far as you'll get into this flat."

"Madame, listen," he returned. "On my word of honor I mean you no harm—I wish only to speak with you, privately and immediately."

"Your method of obtaining private interviews is most inviting—also convincing of the truth of what you say."

"You left me no alternative—I am obliged to see you."

The truth flashed into me that he'd already traced monsieur to my flat and the determination to see me was only an excuse to lay hold on him; and at the same moment monsieur touched me on the shoulder and by signs communicated the same fear, ending with a pantomimic appeal to me to save him.

"Mr. Smith," I called through the door again, "you asked for a private interview with me and now you have it. I will put my ear to the keyhole and you may whisper through what you have to say."

He said something that I didn't catch—I know it was a bad word—and replied with politeness, "If you will kindly unlock the door and allow

me to enter, you will have no cause to regret it. On my word of honor, I assure you that no harm shall come to you—or any property of yours."

"Thanks for your kind assurance and I won't unlock the door."

"Madame, I beg of you to listen to reason—"

"Mr. Jones, if you are not out of there in two minutes, I shall telephone for the police."

"If you do not unlock this door in two seconds I shall break it in."

He waited two seconds; then taking the tool with which he had pried open the dumb-waiter door, he started to jimmy open the kitchen door.

"Stop!" I commanded.

He stopped—evidently thinking I meant to unlock the door.

"It won't do you one particle of good to jimmy this door open," I began, "because I have a chain-bolt on here the same as on the front door. Listen—"

—and I rattled the chain against the woodwork. "Do you hear that? Well, that means that before you can get through that door, you'll have to take it off its hinges—and you can't very well do that, because it opens in on your side. Is that clear to you? Look at the hinges, if it isn't."

I heard him say "Diable" again, fiercely but softly, and then tread quietly along the floor and push the catch on the window.

I flew to my bedroom, and seizing the revolver Billy had brought me, I threw up the window—at right angles to the kitchen window—and just as he was about to step on to the fire-escape and try the bathroom window, I shouted, "Hold on, there!" and aimed the revolver at his head.

He ducked back in a hurry, peeking at me from behind the window-frame. "There's no use in your trying the bathroom window," said I. "It's nailed down, and before you could break the glass and get in, I'd have shot you dead. Go back to the kitchen door—I have something to say to you."

He did as I told him, and I returned to my side of the door, revolver in hand.

"Now, Mr. Robinson, I want you to go out the way you came in—and hurry," said I.

"Yes, madame, I shall do so immediately. But first I wish to ask you a single question—is a gentleman by the name of De Ravenol in your flat with you now?"

"Ask anything you please."

"Pardon—I did not understand what you said. Is he there?"

"I said you might ask anything you pleased."

"Ah—I understand now—"

"Mr. Jackson, I'd like you to understand one thing—my revolver is pressed against the other side of the door—hear that?" I clicked the muzzle on the door several times. "It is loaded and I can fire it. And I am going to—if you are not out of that kitchen in just three seconds."

"Certainly, madame. But before you fire, let me give you a piece of information that may be of value to you: I have a warrant for the arrest of that gentleman, De Ravenol."

Monsieur's hand flew up as he heard it and his jaw dropped open, but he made no sound.

"Have you a warrant for my arrest also?" I asked.

"No, madame—and I would not trouble you, only that we have traced the man here."

"Have you anything else to say to me, Mr. Simpson?"

"Only to repeat that I have a warrant for De Ravenol's arrest and I believe him to be with you at this moment. And so I ask you to open the door."

"You have the warrant actually with you?"

There was a rustling of papers—"Yes."

"Slip it under the door and let me see it."

An edge of paper slid under the door and I made a dive for it. The edge disappeared.

"Will you return this warrant to me?"

"I'm not saying what I shall do—but I have the right to demand to see it, since you've broken into my flat."

There was a silence of considerable length—I don't know what he was planning to do, but I thought I heard him moving cautiously about, and I shouted, "You haven't any warrant! You are simply trying to get in here and rob me! Now then, Mr. Jenkins, I'll give you five seconds to get out the way you came in. I shall fire through the door when I count five. Ready! One . . . two . . ."

"Goodby," he called. "You will see me again—and wish you had been more civil."

"Three . . . four . . ."

I heard him scrambling onto the dumb-waiter and then the cumbrous, cloggy sound it makes when it goes down loaded. I waited till it had reached bottom and then unlocked the door and peeped in over the chain-bolt. He was gone—there was no pretense about it.

"Quick, monsieur," I said, snatching up his coat, "put on your things and go."

I thrust the ice pick in his hand, threw off the chain-bolt, dashed for the dumb-waiter and began pulling it up, hand over fist, as fast as I could go.

"Mon Dieu! What shall I do?" "Skip! Get down into your own flat and hide. That man will be back here with a police officer in five minutes."

The top of the dumb-waiter had come up level with the sill, but at my words monsieur's nerve seemed to forsake him entirely.

"He will be back—after he is gone without to find me?—and he brings ze police?"

"Of course he will—just to justify himself to me if for nothing else—and to satisfy himself that you're not here in hiding. You heard him say he'd traced you here."

"Zen I am lost—and my little Claire is lost."

He seemed about to sink down in a heap again.

"No, you're not. Where's your hat? Get it."

He brought his hat from the dining room, jamming it on his head and whispering, as he looked at the dumb-waiter: "How shall I make my escape wis zis? I have never in my life—"

"Get on," I commanded. "Don't stop to talk about it—unless you wish to be found here and arrested. You haven't a minute to lose."

He hesitated, murmuring, "Mon Dieu—how can I make my descent—"

"It's your only chance to save yourself and Claire," I urged. "Let yourself down to your flat and pry open the door. Hold her steady—go slow—count the doors and don't miss yours."

I whispered as a parting warning, and he began his descent.

At that moment I caught the sound of the elevator coming up—it might or might not be the detective, but I took no risks. Leaving the dumb-waiter door just as the Unknown had left it, I slipped softly to the kitchen door, closed and locked it and put up the chain-bolt again. To the casual eye the kitchen was as it had been five minutes before, untouched, unopened.

As I stepped into the dining room the front bell rang long and loud.

I let it ring and ring again, and heard a voice, "Yes—she's there."

The fourth ring was followed by the pounding of a heavy hand.

I had been listening to the dumb-waiter and it had now stopped. I thought it safe to make a move on my side, so I walked noisily along the hall and called through the door, "Who's there?"

"Police officer. Open the door, please."

"What precinct?"

There was a grunt before he answered, "Thirty-six."

"Oh, all right!" I opened the door on the chain-bolt.

There stood a broad-shouldered "one of the finest," and off to one side of him, looking very pale and insignificant, my detective.

"Oh, it's you!" I exclaimed affably, addressing the officer and taking no notice of the detective.

"If ye'll open the door—" he suggested very politely.

"With pleasure," and I took off the chain-bolt and threw the door wide open.

"Step in," said I. "Now, officer, what is the trouble?"

"Well, you see, this gentleman here believes you're hiding a party he's got a warrant for."

"Help yourselves," said I curtly, moving aside to let them pass.

The Unknown darted along the dining room; the officer followed; I brought up the rear. A glance showed that both the dining room and my study opening into it were empty.

He went back to the bedroom—casting a glance at the kitchen door as he passed, which was chain-bolted as I'd told him it was—and looked under the bed. After that he peered into the bathroom and returned for a final survey of the double room before unlocking the kitchen door. As he threw it open the first thing that caught his eye was the dumb-waiter door, gaping wide the way he'd left it, and as he stepped across the threshold I shot off at him, "I told your man in the refrigerator—be sure to look there."

And he pulled open the refrigerator door!

I gave the officer a look. This was too much for the Irish in him, and he threw back his head with a guffaw. I checked him with another look that gave him to understand I thought there was something queer about my other visitor, who, very red now, slammed the doors and faced us.

"I'd have taken my oath that man was here fifteen minutes ago," he exclaimed.

"Then he's give y' the slip," jibed the big officer—"if he was here at all." The tone of his last words showed considerable doubt.

"It would appear so," replied the other vaguely, and they followed me to my study, the officer, whose sympathies were all with me by this time, telling me heartily, "I guess that'll be all and we'll wish you good morning," and motioned to the Unknown to

I smiled—I tried to make it a very sarcastic smile—and told the Unknown, "I hope this won't interfere with your keeping your appointment here tomorrow."

"Certainly not. With your kind permission I shall see you at nine o'clock tomorrow."

He bowed himself out. He seemed in a hurry, and I fancied he was anxious to communicate with his guard; and I shut the door on him, little supposing he'd really keep his appointment, or that when he did our positions would be reversed and I should be asking favors of him!

CHAPTER XIX.

The Blow Falls.

Why didn't Billy return? He'd been gone long enough for three trips, if nothing happened to him. And I was really worrying on that score when a messenger appeared with a scrawled note:

Can't see you before night. Things very serious here. Mrs. D. wants me to stay and keep guard till son gets home. Going after my duds now. May need you before the day is over. If so, will telegraph.

AFF. BILLY.

Billy came at nine. I could have fallen on his neck and wept, only he was so dreadfully sober himself.

"I'm at my wits' end," he blurted as soon as he was inside the door. "So is Mrs. Delario—so is Miss de Ravenol. We're all in a muddle because we can't any of us explain all we know to anybody else. Miss de Ravenol has it to her head that her father's arrested—going to lose his life because she lost the 'papers.' I don't know what to do! If I tell Miss de Ravenol it was diamonds and they've been found, she won't believe me; and if I tell Mrs. Delario what Claire means by 'papers,' she won't believe me! So between us all, the poor girl's cried her eyes out and we're all distracted."

"And that's only part of it," he hurried on. "Baron von Follow-up was there again, and I got him neat! He came in, same as the other customers and sat down in the reception room—just the way Mrs. Delario said any one could do who was wise to the



"I'm at My Wits' End."

game. I was there pretending I'd come for a reading like the rest."

"I recognized him and he recognized me—you know, I passed him in the hall up here yesterday. But I didn't wait for him to make the first move—I sailed in on him. He took the sofa and I got up and went over and sat down beside him. I told him, 'You're here in the interests of the Emperor William about a little matter of state—diplomatic business—monsieur de R. had charge of—that hasn't gone exactly according to program.'"

"Say—he pretty near jumped down my throat! Gave it all away completely! Said he had a private—and very important—communication from the emperor to deliver immediately—there was a change of plan in the diplomatic business—he must see De Ravenol immediately and he hadn't been able to locate him. Did I know where he was?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Not a New Discovery.

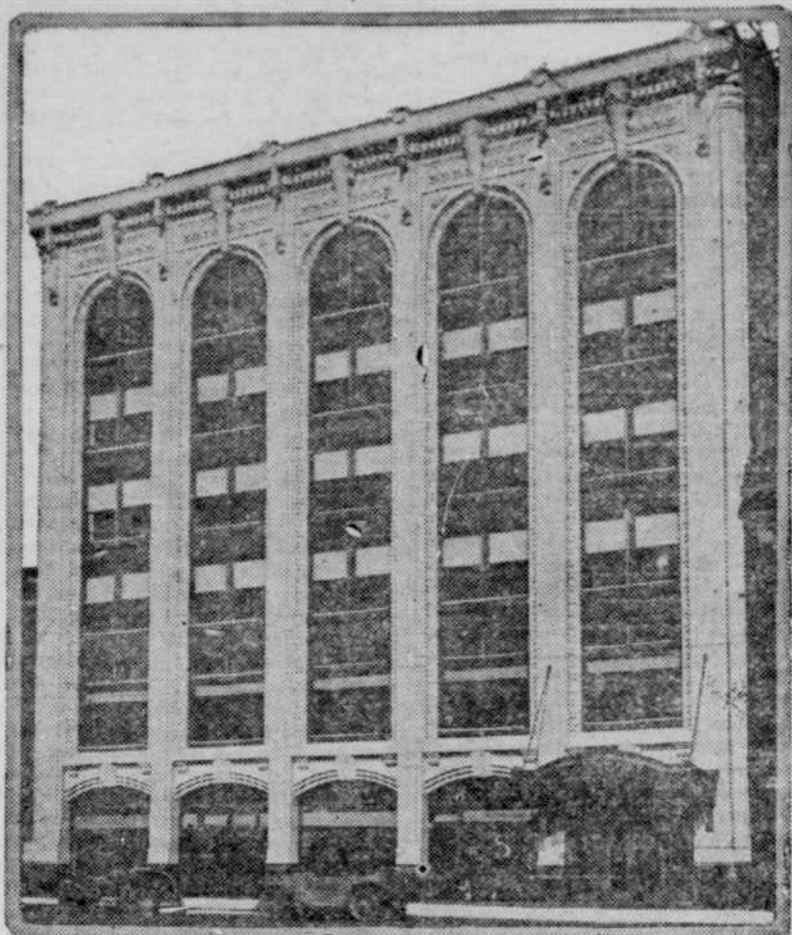
Mollie and Jim were napping one hot Sunday afternoon and were delighted upon waking up to find refreshments awaiting them—a cantaloupe cut in halves and filled with ice. Warm-hearted Jim ran off to hug mother, but Mollie lost no time in devouring hers, and succeeded in scooping out a good bit of Jim's before his return, while "Miss Ophelia," their water spaniel, had slyly dislodged Jim's gum from where he had stuck it on the side of the bed. In complaining of such treatment to his father, Jim said: "Ain't wimmens just chuck full of tricks, daddy?"

The American Legion

Here and There Among the World War Veterans

(Copy for This Department Supplied by National Headquarters of the American Legion)

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING OF AMERICAN LEGION



One of Indianapolis' Most Attractive Buildings—Why and How the Hoosier Capital Was Chosen by the World War Men.

WHY DID they locate the national headquarters of the American Legion at Indianapolis?

This is a question that many delegates to the Minneapolis convention of the American Legion are unable to answer. They know that Indianapolis was not one of the three cities reported favorably on by the committee, that a minority report was presented on the floor of the convention, resulting in the election of Indianapolis as permanent headquarters of the organization.

Fred Bates Johnson, an Indianapolis attorney and one of the Hoosier delegates to the convention, was asked how the Indianapolis delegation maneuvered to secure the headquarters.

"It was a case of superior salesmanship, as I see it," said Mr. Johnson. "That means, as you know, faith in the superior quality of the product you're trying to sell, a thorough knowledge of the article, and hard work."

"We not only worked hard in trying to convince the members of the committee that Indianapolis was the logical location—we tried to sell the city to every delegate we could talk to. The result was when we found we had lost out in committee, we felt pretty confident we could win by raising the question on the floor of the convention, and we did."

"We had a delegation thoroughly well informed on the advantages the city afforded as a headquarters center. The line of argument was, of course, shaped to fit the particular delegate with whom we were dealing, and all in line with a pre-arranged plan. I'm not saying that the political bent naturally inherent in every Hoosier may not have helped us in winning out over the competing cities."

"Our first argument was that Indianapolis was the ideal convention or headquarters city because it is only sixty miles from the center of population and thus most accessible to the largest number of members. We explained that with fifteen railroads and thirteen electric interurban lines, this greatest inland railway center was easily and directly reached from all parts of the country."

"We showed them how more cities of 30,000 population and over can be reached in a night's ride from Indianapolis than from any other city in the United States, embracing a zone including Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Memphis, St. Louis, Peoria and Springfield. Over two million people live within two hours' ride of the city and over 60,000,000 can be reached over night."

"We also argued that the fact the city was an ideal headquarters location was evidenced by the number of national headquarters already located here, listing among these the United Mine Workers of America, International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, International Typographical union, International Brotherhood of Teamsters and Chauffeurs, Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers' International union, Barbers' International union, and the International Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners. This array of labor organizations assured the approval of the thousands of legion members belonging to labor organizations."

"We said we could assure all executive men of a most cordial welcome in Indianapolis had always been most

appreciative of her heroes. In proof of this, witness the soldiers and sailors' monument which was erected thirty years ago, costing then over \$500,000—a monument almost 300 feet in height—and the patriotic manner in which Indiana's sons have answered the call in all previous wars."

"All were surprised to learn that Indianapolis has the most complete electric traction terminal building in the world, where more than 20,000 passengers each day arrive and depart on about 800 high-speed electric interurban cars. The fact that we built the first union railway station in the world also appealed to many."

"We found few knew that Indianapolis was the home city of the late Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks, the home city of Vice President Marshall, the late James Whitcomb Riley and the late Benjamin Harrison; of Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson and other literary men of national note."

"We explained that in addition to our unusual location and railroad facilities, the city was well equipped with many first-class hotels, large auditoriums for conventions, and everything in the way of theaters and motion picture houses that delegates to a convention might require, 5 theaters and 60 motion picture houses."

"The many buildings of interest were also described—a post office occupying a city block and costing more than a half million dollars; a central library, erected at a cost of more than a half million dollars, with fourteen branches and thirty-five other distributing agencies; a state capitol occupying two city blocks; a courthouse of unusual architectural beauty, and so on."

"Of course, we bored some listeners, and we had to permit the boosters of other cities to have their say, but, nevertheless, we got across the many advantages offered by this city of 308,000 population. We tried to appeal to the particular interest of the man with whom we were talking."

"Thus, we told the men from farming and rural districts that the principal industry from the value of product is slaughtering and meat packing. That last year 1,394,452 hogs, 208,428 cattle and calves, and 15,903 sheep were killed. They were interested to know that more than 3,300,000 head of live stock were received at Indianapolis stock yards the year before."

"To the same men we told that 6,728,750 bushels of wheat and 21,568,500 bushels of corn were handled by local dealers, and a total of 46,000,000 bushels of grain handled in elevators having a combined capacity of 2,480,000 bushels."

"None of the college men seemed to know that Butler college at Indianapolis was the first college in the country to receive women on equal footing with men. And in the same way we had marshalled facts to interest men of every occupation and interest."

"I venture there was not a delegation at the convention so well informed on what their city had to offer. Certain men were assigned to work with the delegations from the different states. We took with us a motion picture film showing the city, but had not an opportunity to use it."

"But, as I said before, I believe the fact that we landed the G. H. Q. of the legion was due solely to superior salesmanship."

ANCIENT TRI



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