EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1922

BIRTHSTONES By George Kibbe Turner

One of the Series of Evening Public Ledger Original Short Stories on Married Life by the Best American Fiction Writers

sizing him up-the way you have to in that business-and went over it with his glass and told him what he might probably get-if he got a buyer. "But you'd have hard work finding one-fust now, for anything as big as that. I know I wouldn't buy it-not now."

"Now the next thing," said the man. "Now the next thing," said the man. a new idea. "Here," he said, getting hot in the "To

"Why yes, probably. If I had the

time." "Now then another thing." he said.

THESE jewel brokers are all over the city—in Maiden Lane, on the Bow-ery, up around Fifth avenue—all kinds, for all kinds of business—buying or selling! They're a wise crowd. They have to be. They get some dangerour wild ones, particularly in hard times. They had some extra wild ones in that financial care-in after the war—espe-wild a some in that the some one in that financial care-in after the war—espe-with a sudden sinking spell—won-

financial cave in after the war-espe-cially the Fifth avenue ones. Half the Upper West Side was fighting to drive the wolf from the new limousine door. It was a year ago last March-at in."

The voil from the new lineusine dor, The work of the work of the work of the new lineusine dor, The work of the new lineusine dor, The work of the new lineus of the work of the

that. I know I wouldn't buy it—not now." "You couldn't—not if you wanted to?" said the other man. 'I wouldn't sell it for all the money in Wall street. "And he looked as if he meant it. "But here's the thing I want to know." he said. "Could you pull out enough stones from this to stand for a pledge for a \$10,000 loan?" "Why yes—urobably." said Volpe. "Though we don't generally want to handle unset stones. Because—you

"Now the next thing, "is—could you take that amount take this—could you take that amount of stones out of their settings and put back substitutes in their place—good all a stall' Suppose the was somewhere into a museum, or a store where he could need?" "No. Not by an expert." "No. I mean just any ordinary person." "He might just have time enough to be it." "He might just have time enough to be oking ugly now." "The might just have time enough to be a first at that."

That might be it?"
"He might just have time enough to have just so many changes made in the soliding ugly now."
"So I can't pull the thing off for you this—and have it back when things opened up in the morning. And then solid the solid the big man, "Not tonight." "So I can't pull the thing off for you "Not tonight." "I know," he sold. "But this is for not a solid the big man, "Not tonight." "I know," he sold. "But this is for to have it tonight." I know," he sold. "But this is for to have it tonight." ¹ opened up in the morning. And then later to have it to have it tonghit? That's all?" I know," he said. "But this is different. She's not strong: not a bit. "Say, listen," said Volpe next. "What's the burry in this thing?" "I've got to have the money, right was stolen goods—and they inced them back in there and made him give up where it have no how the set to deker too—if he got him back in there and made him give up where it had come from—get some reward in advance for turning up a sixty or seventy thousand dollar gem reddery. "And yee," he said to himself, hope striking him again, "how would it ac a fince. But what I mean is—in miseum or a pewelry store? He would it ac a fince at the here words," said Volpe, commune to have got away with that substitute turion for any two weels. It might is the burry about this thing?" And here he stopped for a minute. "But where do the diamonds come in?" McConnell, the detective, asked to him set in the rest words, said Volpe, commune and then he stopped for a minute. "But where do the diamonds come in?" McConnell, the detective, asked words a strong of any two weels. It might is the bury about this thing?" And then he stopped for a minute. "But where do the diamonds come in?" McConnell, the detective, asked to him set in the provide the words is the him of your shifting in here by night with this thing?" And then he stopped for a minute. "But where do the diamonds come in?" McConnell, the detective, asked to him set in the provide the pro **YOUR** mind acts quick in that busi-ness. You get so you size your man ip. So finally be said he'd give it to and having it to take away with you in orning? It's my wife," said the big man He was all up in the air on the thing a day—when I bring it in "
"Why—what's the great hurry?" asked Volpe, looking at him, starting wondering a little then.
"It's my wife. She'll want to wear them. You know how women are!"
Volpe nodded. He knew some things about the working ready.
"It's my wife. She'll want to wear the everything ready.
"It's my wife. She'll want to mark the starting is about the women—and their freaks and the the starting ready.
"It's my wife here the some things.
"It's my wife. She'll want to mark the starting is about the women—and their freaks and the starting ready.
"It's my wife here the some things.
"It's my wife here the some things.
"It's here everything ready.
"It's here everything here the did—down to the some the some the source of the some the did—down to the some the source of the sour r wife !!! Volp-thinking now he had the Set.

ter?

bankruptey." "There's others," said the detective,

"There's others," said the detective, watching him, "that have had to hear it before." "Oh yes I will-either with you with

"I know." he said. "But this is dif-

edy? Must it pull down By Mary Roberts Rinehart all loved ones in disas-

"Oh, Dan," she said. "What is it? Is anything wrong?" at home—or you can come with me and have her give her explanation to head-quarters!" And the big fellow gave a groan— too loud, almost, to be natural. "I won't. I can't." he said. "It wonty is a new one," said McCon-"I won't. I can't." he said. "It wonty is a new one," said McCon-

IT WAS all right so far. It was his place all right—and he had it fixed up in style, too—servants and all that! Her check—he'd given her the money! again—for the night apparently. up in style, too—servants and all that: "Tell your mistress I've got to have her come out. Dress and come out— and see a couple of friends." he said She stood facing them, looking like She stood facing them, looking like

ward, with the big necklace in his has -trying to fif it up with them. "And if he wants the money-the esters in thousand-it will be all right." And ahe didn't say anything, bit boy's shoulders, and murder burning redder and redder in his eyes as in looked at them and patted her. "And if you want it-the necklacs-to use-to wear any time." said Voip, holding it toward her, like candy to a kid, "you can have it." We can fit it up-all right-if you want to wear it as your mascot!" He held it up to her and touched her and she pushed it away." "I don't want it." she said. "Take thing on a bet!" And all the three stood waiting for her.

her. "Don't cry." said the big man, like somebody talking to some young kid, "Don't cry. It's all right."

AT THAT she looked up, and the wasn't crying at all. She looked up, hanging onto the back of his neck, staring into his eyes.

"Did you do-all that-for met" she said, staring.

"What wouldn't I do you you, hon?" "Take the chance of going broken

and all that?" "But he won't--" said Volpe, break-ing in again. "He'll be all right. And for the necklace," he said, offering it to her again.--"we'll fax--" "Take it away !" she said, pushing it off again. "The darn thing. I never want to see it again !" And the big man looked queer. "How foolish you were !" she said in a kind of a sharp volce. "How crasy! To take a chance like that-just to keep me satisfied-with that fool thing!" she said in a kind of a harsh volce. "I never want to see it again !"

And the big man stood there, holding her-kind of dazed. And the other two with him! You't think she wanted to bite him and the necklace for what he'd done!

He had small hope of a letter at his first call, unless the Frenchman had himself seen the notice, but his anxiety

Can evil identity be lost in good? See how this throbbing story of mystery, regeneration and love solves these problems.

Author of "Dangerous Days," "K." "The Amazing Interlude," and many other successful novels. Copyright, 1922, Mary Roberts Rinchart; published by arrangement with Mecharc's.

1644

SAIL C

He had glanced at the letter and

thrust it deep in his pocket, when he felt a hand on his shoulder

THE BREAKING POINT

"There's got to be a first at that," said McConnell, the detective.

"But here's the thung is and the part of the state of the

When does human na-

ture crash under the strain of fear and trag-

ttle blue-gray eyes on him-ere important. "How long as if this were important. would be the shortest time you could do it in-if you had everything all ready and waiting to do it with? Take these out of their settings and put the phony ones in? Could you do it in a day?"

"I might," said Volpe, looking them over, seeing they were of a good standard cut. "What'll it cost-the whole thing?

"What'll it cost-the whole thing: Ten thousand for three months?" aaked the man, his eyes boring in still. And Volpe figured out a good thing on it—and told him what he'd do.

TOUR mind acts quick in that busiup.

Volpe nodded. He knew some things about the women-and their freaks and whims. You do, handling jewelry. "And don't call me up at the apart." I'll have everything ready. don't fret." said Volpe-which he did-down to the deterive from police headquar-ters that he planted in the next room.

nent, either. I'll bring them hu some ife. You know how women are twels, wife. bout such things " he said again, boking nervous-Volpe noticed at the time.

He noticed that. You keep your eyes open in that business and the deal was queer on the face of it. But it was no queerer than others had had. And the man didn't bad him a crook to him—then. But that when t what decided him. It was something surer than that-or it looked so then. If he had been a crook and he had the thing right there—he wouldn't be likely to try to cash in on only a third of it. It looked like a guarantee-on the face of it.

And of course, if anything suspicious came up when he came in again, that next week. Volpe would be right there watching-before any money passel. But next week when the hig man

showed up again with his big mean lace in his packet, to get his morey and have the substitution made. Volta was surer than ever of the thing-for one reason from the way he noted the stones that were country out to lie there as a pledge for the ten thousand.

"You'll have them all here-the identical same ones-when I come after them ?" he asked-looking red and anzious.

There's no danger they'll get mixed up in any way?" "Not a danger." Volpe told him.

"For it would mean something to me -if there was a mixup on this," he

said. "They're our luck." "Lucky stones, huh?" said Volpe. and smiled to himself when he had gone though curious naturally on what to

But about two weeks afterward the showed up again and wanted another ten thousand on another third of the stones.

That was different. "I thought you said ten thousand "I thought you said Volpe study-me him, thinking fast. I thought it was myself. And it will

be this time. But you know how the contracting business is especially now. Up and down. Mostly down. But it win all right this time-I can promise

ruese you can when you get it, che to himself-getting under shind that soft sweet jewelry big the. "Iave you got them I him maling. "ther man getting

day soon-I can't be sure just when. THET'RE all in close touch with the But I don't want you calling up my I tetestive force those brokers pu They have to be. The etactment keeps tabs continually on



George Killhe Turner started his literary career when he first came out of collect. He joined the staff of the speinghold Republican at a very moded sulary. His next step was to Bluck Cat. in that day a thin little inagazine which printed surprisingly interesting stories. Then one day, as the phrase is, but quite different in fact, Mr. Turner wrote a novel for McClure's Magazine, It had a New England setting, and a political angle, and it received wide and important comment. Thereafter for nine years Mr. Turner was one of the literary staff of McClure's Magazine. and he wrote both articles and and he wrote both articles and fiction on a great variety of sub-jects. Mr. Turner is the author of many books, short stories and articles, but "Hager's Hoard." a story of the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis, filled with fact and dramatic incident, and his latest

book. "White Shoulders," outranteed to keep Turner's name conspicuously to the front in our literature. THE WAR

ing stronger, "what's the blea of your in?" McConnell, the detective, asked him, in here by night with this thing, "The necklace?"

"You know how women are-about things like that." Superstitions-all of "What is it-hers, and not yours?" them. I never knew one that wasn't

No. It's mine. That is, I paid for was a sporting man-too. A kind of a high-class sporting man." I see, '' said McConnell, keeping his face still. "And so?" And just as seen as collections come face still. "And so?" There were other plagmes, all of them

"So you see, don't you? You know hew women are—over anniversaries and Maybe you will. Maybe you won't." "So you see, don't you? You know hew women are—over anniversaries and all that. Diamonds were her birth-what do you mean?" So you won't." monds. When I was way up! I cave her this-this necklace. Just to show her-and ' rest of the world-how her-and ' rest of the world-now she stood with me. You know how the women are-how they've got to show the neighbors-the other women-if with the setting down of the plece to the neighbors-the other women-if a merssial and one of prometors a neighbors-the other women--if titizes are going right-if you're pros-a successful ran, one of prosperous ested in any one man, prous. And what their husbands think monotony. She had reopened and was the tot be the

"You'll let me have it," sold the iz hade --topping toward here. Ver, I will, Yes," said Volp-"I know." said the detective rations his value so the detertive in the "So naturally she thenefit the world put new ten the send back in my hand." I know, the the sould the world of it—and what it stood for—every

... 3335 Sure. She would !" said Mc-

"And that was?" said McConnell. "That was that I was born in April

sold the big man getting red and reach. ing our and starting to break off the Connell.

That wills the cut for the detective in TOLPE sat all the time and watched that is the detective in TOLPE sat all the time and watched

the next room, "Just a minute!" he said, stepping V them. "They hitch up more to things like And the big rough neck looked back that than we do."

at the over his shoulder. "Sure." "Nuclear to itwho are you?' said the man who claumed be owned the necklace, setting his small thus eyes on him. "And there is another turn to it— "And there is another turn to it— "And there is another turn to it— "who are you?' said the man who that she worked out in her head, hesides "-what it meant to her—good luck and all that?"

What do you mean?" better-when monds.

Rie

fut you won't put it up to her!"

Volue stopped away from him.

he his man, sticking out his jaw.

liat un to her

* me have i:

Y a'll br Le have it!

 $A^{\rm ND}$ the officer showed him. He too, the point there after a minute, i.i.

in the morning. don't know!

11:20.

booth country hard and his face getattled the way those full-blooded "No," said Metonnen, the defective, "No," said Metonnen, the defective, "Low what's your game?" will the "I guess they forgot to tell me about officer, "You slip in here white \$75,000 that." "And then again," he was going "And then again," he was going

worth of levelry loose in their side poster and you want to have it replaced other falls stuff, all in a night

on can take these substitutes right when this man asks you And an explanation you beat him over

the head and start taking it away from him to run off with. What's the blea?" The big man looked up at him with that his little eyes red, like a cornered bull's,

What's the explanation." the de-

tee ive asked him again. But he would not speak.

'All you say is your wife wants it But you're entitled to the chance."

show us. This man's got \$10,000 in "Oh, that's it, said side there. He's entitled to comething more detective, giving Volpe a comical side

there. He's entitled to containing the set in the set is got to have it with her. 'On your own say-so I've got to see your wife now.'' Volpe came in, ''You say it's her property !'' any it's her property !'' any it's her be didn't say anything yet is a set if the set is the set is the set is the set if the set is the set is

the two others took a look at one an- die." other. "Now Esten," said McConnell, the "Now Esten," said McConnell, the detective "You can do one of two things. " up to you. You can show "Sure," said Volpe. "Sure," said Volpe. "What good will that do-after she

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORE it. Fred. The eternal suspense, the White's white in the story of the starter business of the starter a secret concerning identity of their belowed merkers with the starter belowed with the starter belowed by everybody in the starter belowed by everybody in

?" nsked LUCY, his sister, beloved by everybody in four, DR, DICK LIVINGSTONE, in whose meno-ory there is a gan, and who is determined some day to go back to Norada, his child. We've gat hood home, in order to bridge the gan, De is full of vibraits and is bouch looking and he's dead." She turned on him angrily. "You haven't a heart, have you? You're glad he's dead." "Not at all. As long as he kept inder cover he was all right. But if he is, 1 don't see why you should fooi does. But he address may be can? You to be curreful. Help all we can? You such acting to spite of his thirts users and the stopped for a minute. "That here he stopped for a minute. "But where do the diamonds come in?" McConnell, the detective, asked him, "The necklace?"
"That's our luck, she claims." "Our luck?"
"Our luck?"
"Our luck?"
"Our luck?"
"That's sour luck and come it was a believed he perished in a bile of him the stopped for a minute. "EXLER here have a believed he perished in a bile of drait, as was generally believed he perished in a bile of drait, as was generalized in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed he perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed he perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed he perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed he perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was a believed here perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was a believed here perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed here perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed here perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed here perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed here perished in a bile of the disk of the diamonds come it was believed here perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was believed here perished in a bile of the diamonds come it was not the start. Superstitions—all of the come that wasn't the was not the diamonds of your life, my dear. Now buck up, and for the Lord's sale forget the frenchman. He's got nothing." "He say we that night, on the stairs. He never took his eyes off me at the set of the perisher took his eyes off me at the set of the perisher took his eyes off me at the set of the perisher took his eyes off me at the perisher took his eyes off

now-now-nt wALLIE SAYRE, a rich youth whore so. then her father shirt of a barents, with whom he is smitten. "He saw me that night, on the stairs. He never took his eyes off me at the inquest."

a success, she had reopened and was hving in the Thirty-sixth street house. keeping a simple establishment of cook. keeping a simple establishment of cook. she added a town car and a driver, heads now and then, like night beetles noon except on matines days, almost al-ways alone, but sometimes with a young girl from the company. She was very lonely. The kaleidoscope that is theatrical New York hat chards

that is theatrical New York had altered since she left it. Only one or two of her former friends remained, and she found them uninteresting and narrow with the narrowness of their own ab-sorbing world. She had forgotten that the theatre was like an island, cut off the theatre was like an island, cut off from the rest of the world, having its Sometimes, as the play went on, and own polities, its own society divided she was able to make her solid invest-by caste, almost its own religion. Our ments out of it, she wondered if her ten own polities, its own society divided by caste, almost its own religion. Out of its insularity it made occasional excursion- to dinners and week-ends; even into marriage, now and then with an outlander. But almost always it went back, enger for its home of dress-

"That was that I was born in April "April." "April." "Yot know. Diamonds are the birth stone for April." "No," said McConnell, the detective. "I guess they forgot to tell me about that."

<text>



to you. But he held to Gregory's shoulder. In a corner Bassett dropped the friend-liness he had assumed for the clerk's benefit, and faced him with cold anger. "I'll have that letter now, Gregory, he said. "And I've got a damned good notion to lodge an information against

3011. "I don't know what you're talking

thrust it deep in his pocket, when he felt a hand on his shoulder paper. A few moments later he found himself reading over and over a small notice inserted among the personals. "Personal: dean Mais when a small notice inserted among the personals. about.

notice inserted among the personals, "Personal: Jean Melis, who was in Norada, Wyoming, during the early fall of 1911, please communicate with L 22, this office."

L 22, this once. The orchestra was still playing out-side; the silly, giggling crowds were moving back to their seats, and some-s where Jean Melis, or the friends of Jean Melis, who would tell him of it, the message. Sure you didn't was sure to see the seats, and some-s where Jean Melis, or the friends of Jean Melis, who would tell him of it, the a common name. But I'll the hot a common name. But I'll the glass of her ambition. Because her were reading the message. business was to charm, she had been charming to him. And could not al-ways remember his name! He got his hat and went out, for-darned good care you don't get any of the supper engagement, of the night's "What do you think Melis can tal

easiness passed quickly. He saw Bus-sett in the affair, and probably Clark when you are in a more receptive moot when you are in a more receptive more himself, still living and tardily deter-mined to clear his name. But if the worst came to the worst, what could Melis know that you don't went me to Melis know that you don't intend to

They would have to quit. they would have to quit. d be better, however, if they "Not here. You may believe it or

er dia-I cave to show tornado of emotions that circled about id-how