

BIRTHSTORIES

By George Kibbe Turner

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

THESE jewel brokers are all over the city—in Maiden Lane, on the Bowery, up around Fifth avenue—all kinds...

BY now it's understood," said the man, "you'll have to have it all done in a day—when I bring it to you."

George Kibbe Turner started his literary career when he first wrote...

red—and bringing in a new idea now. "And I've got to get you to do something else this time, I've got to have you make that substitution of stones for me some night."

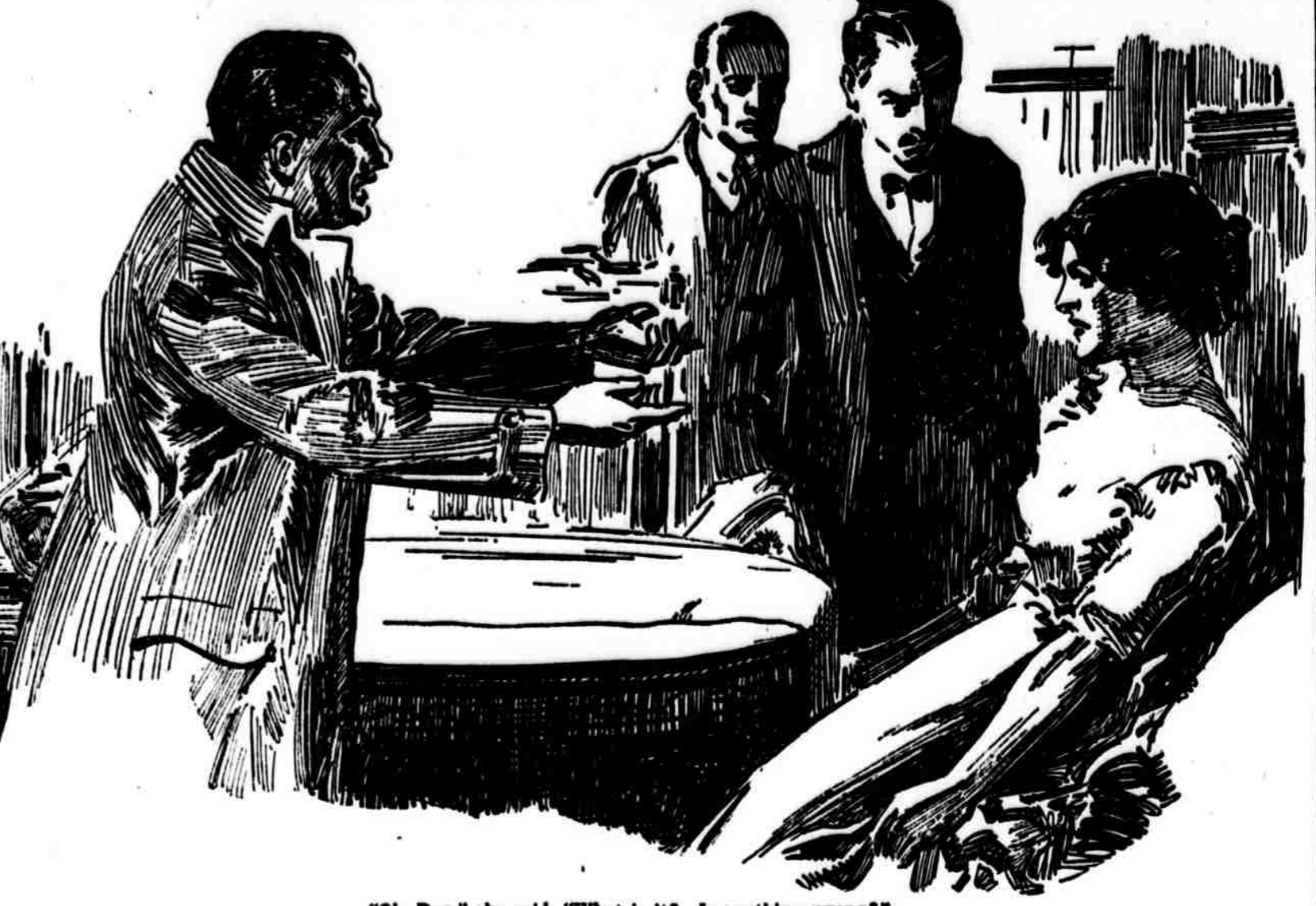
They were all in close touch with the detective force—these jewel brokers. They have to be. The police department keeps tabs continually on them.

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the money lenders, with a big elaborate card index system of everything they learn on to get track of stuff that's reported stolen. And then the brokers want to keep in touch—for their own protection—with the department, and usually with some particular member of it they get to know well.

Volpe sat all the time and watched them. They blurted up more to things like that than he do."

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"Oh, Dan," she said. "What is it? Is anything wrong?"

When does human nature crash under the strain of fear and tragedy? Must it pull down all loved ones in disaster?

THE BREAKING POINT

ward, with the big necklace in his hand... "Don't cry," said the big man, like somebody talking to some young kid.

He had small hope of a letter at his first call, unless the Frenchman had himself seen the notice, but his anxiety drove him early to the office.

He had glanced at the letter and thrust it deep in his pocket, when he felt a hand on his shoulder.