

How would You play it ?

North

♠ A-8-6
♥ A-9-4
♦ K-Q-J-8
♣ A-10-6

East

♠ 9-3-2
♥ 7-6-3
♦ 10-5-3
♣ 9-7-4-3

**By
Milton C.
Work**

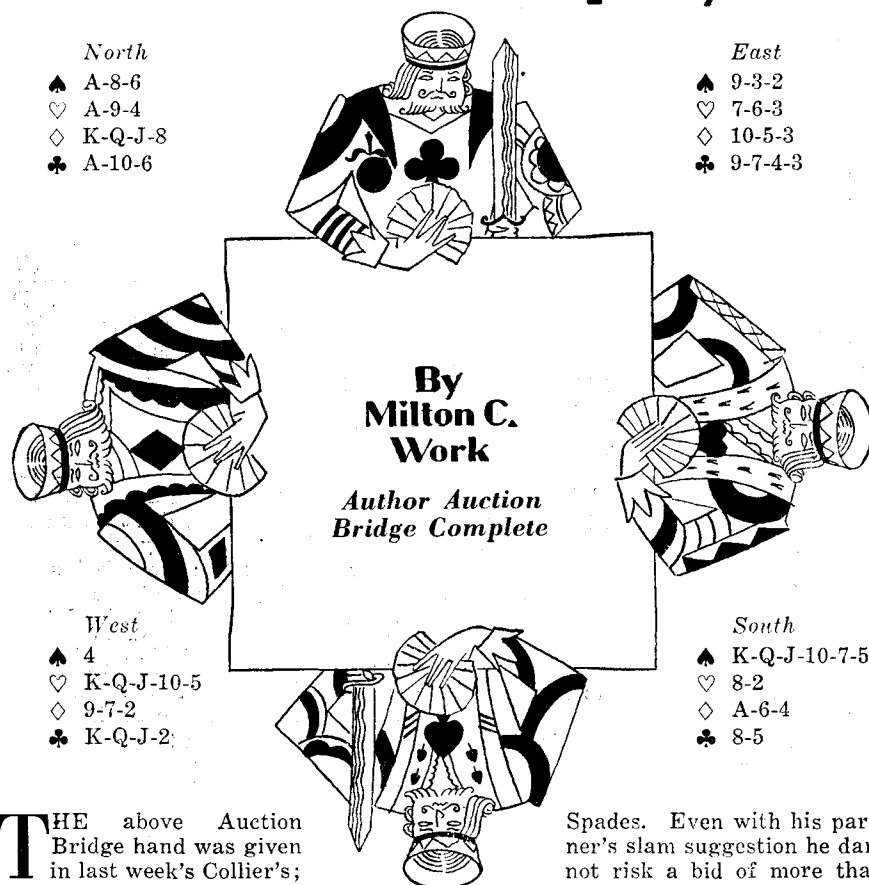
**Author Auction
Bridge Complete**

West

♠ 4
♥ K-Q-J-10-5
♦ 9-7-2
♣ K-Q-J-2

South

♠ K-Q-J-10-7-5
♥ 8-2
♦ A-6-4
♣ 8-5



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the bidding and playing of the hand is given below:

The Auction

With six Spades headed by four honors, South naturally would think of a preempting bid, but his hand as a whole was worth exactly six tricks with Spades the trump and therefore three or more Spades would be a distinct case of overbidding. A bid of two of a suit shows Ace-King-Queen at the head of six, which this hand does not contain. So he bid one Spade. West bid two hearts.

North's hand was too strong for preemption, so he bid two Spades.

East passed. West was strong enough to bid three Hearts (with his honor score he could afford to go down one or even two); but North then bid three Spades, securing the contract.

This hand affords the opportunity for very interesting bidding in Contract Bridge as I saw it played. South started by bidding two Spades, feeling justified in the bid of more than one because he would take six tricks with Spades the trump and had the length to rebid Spades if his partner denied the suit. West bid three Hearts; it was dangerous but he did not need much support from East to make game at Hearts.

North, sensing a slam, was anxious to show his partner the slam probabilities. Of course he could bid six Spades immediately, but he feared that his partner's side strength might be the King and Queen of Clubs (it must be that or the Ace of Diamonds) and if South did not hold the Ace of Diamonds, the combined North and South hands might lose the Ace of Diamonds and one or even two Hearts. North therefore resorted to the strategy of bidding four Hearts. In this case the bid was really a false one because at Contract, bidding one more of the adverse suit means: "My hand coupled with your bid looks to me as if we had a good chance to make a slam" (this much of the information was accurate) "and playing at Spades you will not lose a Heart trick" (this much of the information might not be accurate). But North felt that his unusual strength justified the departure.

Over the four Hearts South bid four

Spades. Even with his partner's slam suggestion he dare not risk a bid of more than game because his initial bid had been made with minimum strength. West passed; but North, fertile with ideas, bid five Clubs so South could show whether he had the all-important Ace of Diamonds. If not, South would bid five Spades for the contract. South bid five Diamonds, having the Ace; and North then bid six Spades, at which the hand was played.

The Play

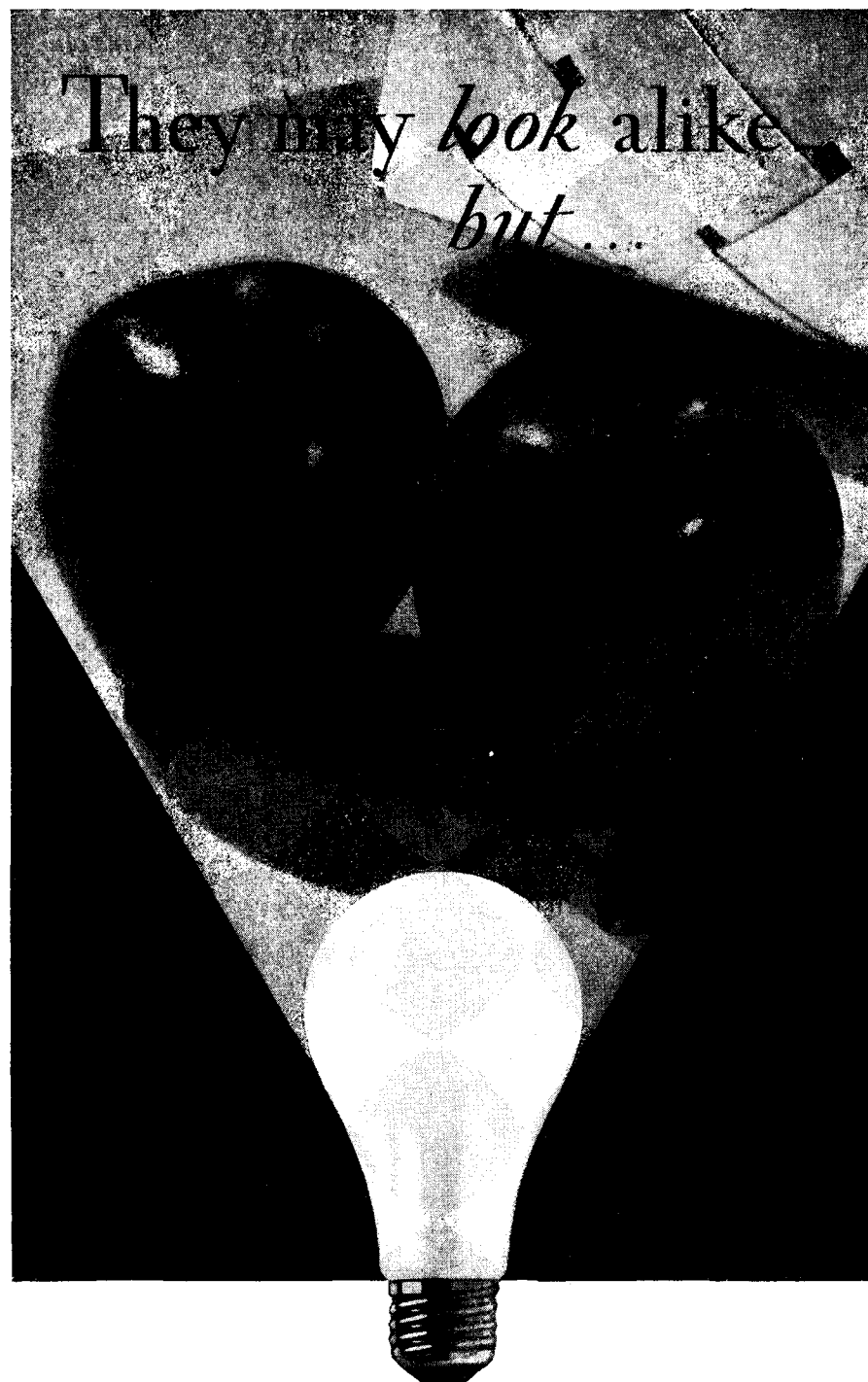
West, to trick 1, led the King of Hearts, which North took with the Ace; and tricks 2 to 4 were Spades (trumps), exhausting the adversaries. On the last two of these tricks West discarded one Heart and one Diamond. Then Declarer led four rounds of Diamonds, discarding his losing Heart from the Closed Hand on the fourth round. West followed to two Diamonds and then discarded a Club and a Heart.

Trick 9, Declarer led the Four of Hearts from Dummy, trumping it in Closed Hand, and next applied the squeeze play.

He led two trumps from Closed Hand to tricks 10 and 11. On the first of these tricks West discarded the Jack of Clubs, North the Six of Clubs; but on the second the squeeze became effective. If West discarded a Club, North would discard his Nine of Hearts and his Ace and Ten of Clubs would be good for the last two tricks; if West discarded a Heart, North would discard his Ten of Clubs, get in with his Ace of Clubs, and cash his then winning Nine of Hearts. North and South consequently picked up an extra trick and made thirteen tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	East
S. 9-7-4	S. 8-6-5-3
H. K-8-5-2	H. 9-6-4
D. A-7-5-2	D. Q-6-3
C. 10-6	C. K-7-2
West	South
S. Q-10-2	S. A-K-J
H. Q-7-3	H. A-J-10
D. 9-8	D. K-J-10-4
C. Q-J-9-5-4	C. A-8-3



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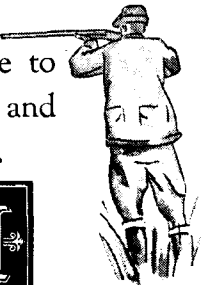
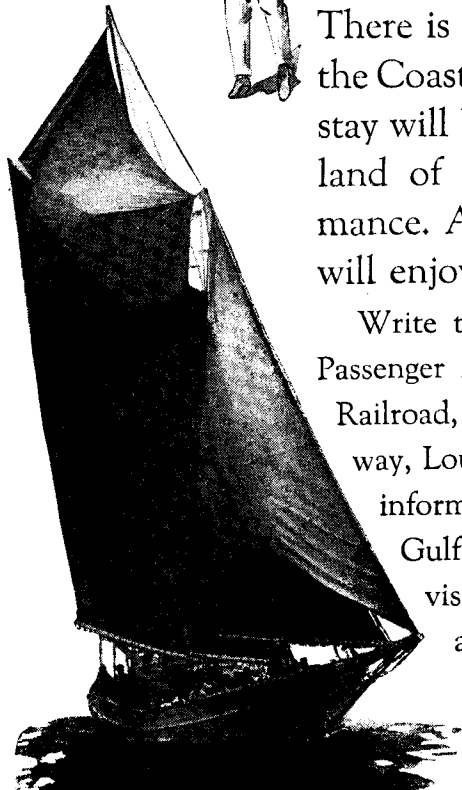
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At Sea

Continued from page 19

Hardy's pocket was crushed by his entire weight against the table edge, that the minute hand might be shoved backward?"

"Thank you," said Foo and smiled.

"It might be so," replied Andrews. "Isn't there anything else you might tell us of this affair, Mr. Foo?"

"Not another thing, Captain."

"Thank you, then. Mr. Duval, will you come up, please?"

Duval was young, jaunty, assured. But beneath his jauntiness and assuredness and the brave gayety of his attire, a close observer—and Captain Andrews was just that—could see a strained tenseness. Mrs. Duval watched him, white-faced. And behind her, and all through the examination that followed, Costello watched her.

"WHAT is your full name, Mr. Duval, and your business?" Andrews began. "James Duval, sir. I and the wife do a dancing act in vaudeville."

"Why are you going to England?"

"Well, we just finished forty weeks on the big time and things is quiet in the summer. A lot of houses close, y'know, and we heard that hoofers was gettin' heavy dough in England. They tell us that any kinda jazz—music or dancing—knocks the crowned heads for a row of Abie's Irish Roses ever since Paul Whiteman was over."

"Please describe, Mr. Duval, what you know about the assault of Hardy?"

"Well, we was just hitting the hay—'s matter of fact, the wife was in the feathers—when the big war started and after a minute or two I went out to get the dirt. When I got there, you and Miss Green was bathing Hardy's head. That's all I know. Oh, yes, the Rev. was getting an eyeful too. So was Foo."

"Did anything happen on your way to Hardy's cabin?"

"Not a thing. Nothing a-tall."

"What did you have on deposit?"

"A stickpin—a good one too."

"Worth how much?"

"About \$2,000."

"Did you tell Miss Green that it was worth \$5,000?"

Jennifer started, a little indignant that a conversation she had thought confidential with the captain was being brought out. Duval did not seem to mind in the least.

"Well, I never give myself any the worst of it with a good-looking lady."

"How much was it actually worth?"

Duval hesitated a moment.

"Well, Uncle said he'd advance me two grand on that and a ring of the wife's, and that only cost \$300."

Suddenly Mrs. Duval spoke up.

"Jimmy, tell him the truth."

Andrews rather expected him to resent this. He did not, however. Instead he became shamefaced and markedly uneasy. His voice was keyed considerable lower during the ensuing colloquy:

"Well, Cap, I don't know exactly what it was worth. I bought it from a ham in Detroit who was on his uppers. I give him \$385 for it."

"Duval, you've been evasive and untruthful." Andrews' deliberate manner changed. His questions became brutal and direct. He had an infinitely greater force in him than Duval—and the latter wilted at once. "Now stop lying! You know something about this matter. I want none but straightforward and truthful answers. Your stateroom is right next to Hardy's. Couldn't you hear what went on?"

"No, Captain, I couldn't. I couldn't, honestly. There was a lot of noise, but I couldn't make out what it was."

"You haven't told me all you know."

"Honest, I have, Captain."

"Didn't you attack Hardy?"

A swift terror ran over Duval's face. "No, no, no! I never—"

"Didn't you club Hardy?"

"I didn't, Captain. I wouldn't."

"Didn't you club Hardy?" Andrews' voice was savage, and he seemed at the point of springing at his witness. Duval had gone utterly and suddenly to seed. He had no adequate defense but his glib speech—and the captain walked through that as though it were tissue paper. He was at the point of tears.

"I couldn't, Captain. I—"

Jennifer broke in quickly. Her voice was low, but vibrant with insolence:

"Captain Andrews, don't be an ass! The man has answered you."

Now Andrews was not a fool, and he was reasonably sure that she knew he wasn't. The rage he had simulated in suddenly lashing out at Duval was simply an attempt to break him down and see if he knew anything. Therefore he realized that Jennifer had interrupted merely to gain time.

This is precisely what Jennifer had tried to do. She had seen Mrs. Duval's face, and something had induced her to intercede more in her behalf than in that of her husband. She hadn't even considered what she would say. She had simply struck out swiftly.

Andrews' answer was so mild, it astonished her. It was as though she had struck at a stone wall and found it a pillow.

"I heard him, Miss Green."

Jennifer colored. She felt rather ridiculous and could think of no adequate reply. She sat silent. Costello came to her rescue.

"Duval, did you ever know anyone in Buffalo named Jimmy Sweeney?"

Duval's answer was so low as to be scarcely audible: "Yes."

Suddenly and surprisingly Mrs. Duval interrupted. Her voice was shrill and not far from hysteria: "Yes, he's Jimmy Sweeney. Duval isn't his name—nor mine either. What difference does that make? He's been on the level for six years. I know. I'm his wife. He pulled a bone-head play when he was a twenty-year-old kid. Are you going to ride him forever?"

JENNIFER caught her arm. Mrs. Duval burst out weeping and sank in her chair. Duval was whimpering. "Don't, Molly. Don't cry, Molly," he kept saying. He did not get up.

Andrews finally broke in:

"Is Mrs. Duval correct? Have you served a prison term?"

"Yes."

"What was the offense?"

"I and another kid found a back window open in a cigar store. We went in to swipe some cigarettes. We found some jack—about \$400—in the cash register. We took it." Duval's voice was colorless and dejected.

"What happened then? Isn't it usual to parole boy first offenders?"

"The boss of the store caught us coming out. We beat him up so we could make a get-away. We got away, but the cops picked us both up. The guy said he was hurt bad, so the judge give us a ride. I done a year."

"What other trouble have you been in?"

"None. Not ever." His voice took on a little animation. "Honest, that was the only job I ever pulled, and I wouldn't have done that if I'd stopped to think about it. That four hundred berries looked like all the money in the world, and I snatched it."

Andrews considered a moment, a little at a loss. The man told an unprepossessing story, but he told it convincingly. He decided that Costello, with his greater experience in dealing with crooks, would know the type better than he did. If he was concealing anything, Costello might shake it out. He turned him over to the detective.

"Sweeney, when you was in Auburn did you know a fellow named Rogers—'Chinese' Rogers?"

DUVAL manifestly hesitated a space before replying:

"Yes."

"How well did you know him?"

"Not very well."

"Did he ever tell you about a swell scheme he had for getting away with the goods?"

"I don't remember."

"Didn't he ever tell you that his idea was to take a lot of homing pigeons and train them. He was going to take nothing but light, valuable stuff in any jobs he turned—big bills, rings, stickpins and so forth. Then he was going to attach them in a little case to the legs of the pigeons—one article to each pigeon—and release them. He'd go home and find his loot in his pigeon house?"

"Eh—yes, I remember that." Duval seemed to recollect with some difficulty.

"Ever see him since you left Auburn?"

"No."

"Ever hear of him?"

"I—I don't think so. Maybe." He hesitated. "Yes, I did. I heard a long time ago that he'd worked that scheme. I didn't believe it, though."

"You haven't heard anything else since then?"

"No, not a thing."

"All right. You can get down unless Captain Andrews wants to talk to you."

Andrews spoke up promptly: "That'll be all, Duval. Miss Green, will you come forward, please?"

Jennifer's voice was pleasant and unmoved as she replied, "I will not."

Captain Andrews' brow contracted slightly, and his face reddened. "I'm afraid I must insist, Miss Green."

"Captain Andrews, this proceeding is senseless. One gentleman has directed an absurd suspicion at myself. Another has been browbeaten into a shaming, unnecessary confession which has not advanced your quest. I refuse to be made a party to a ridiculous proceeding." Her face was as pale as that of the captain's was crimson.

His voice was quite even when he talked, however: "Miss Green, I'm afraid you do not quite understand. This is not a trial. We are, every one of us, under suspicion of an incredibly dirty assault—possibly of murder.

There are seven people in this room. Ignoring Mr. Costello, who wasn't aboard when this crime was committed, there are six. Five of those six have had nothing to do with this job. All right. Who's the sixth man—or woman? You can surely see the necessity of determining that."

His voice became a little sterner, though there was still a note of supplication in it: "You must see too, Miss Green, that whoever refuses any pertinent testimony lays himself—or herself—open to suspicion. Listen a moment. Dr. Hornsby says that he observed you directly after Hardy's assault in a passageway removed from your own. He says that he saw an empty bird cage in your hand. Mr. Costello has apparently hinted at a method of disposing of loot by carrier pigeons. There is an implied connection between an empty bird cage and released pigeons."

"Lastly"—and here Andrews' voice slowed impressively—"lastly, every single article that was taken was light enough in weight to be carried by a pigeon on a short flight."

Again the same tenseness manifested itself throughout the gathering. Apparently none but Costello and Andrews had pieced together the various hints into the plausible supposition the captain was now unfolding.

Jennifer did not hesitate in replying. Forgetting her protest against testifying, she snapped back: "This is absurd, Captain Andrews. I stumbled over a bird cage on a dimly lighted deck and picked it up. I walked through an unfamiliar corridor with it in my hand and Dr. Hornsby saw me. It wasn't mine. I have it in my stateroom now. It's a peculiar cage—and larger than usual. It has Chinese lettering on—"

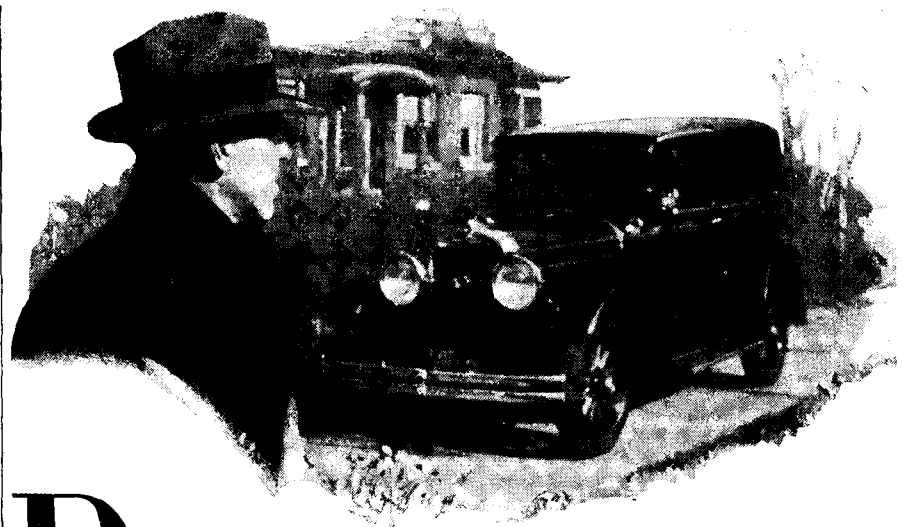
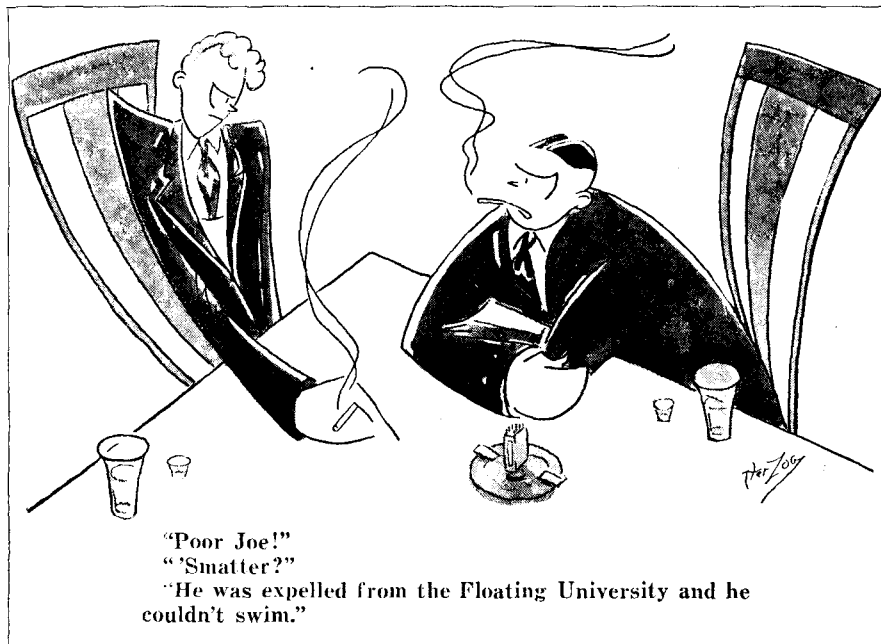
Mrs. Duval interrupted sharply: "It isn't hers. It's the Chink's. I saw it in his stateroom with some pigeons in it just after I came aboard."

FOO broke in. Unobserved by anyone, except Costello, who made no move to interfere, he was standing at the door of the cabin, his hand on the knob. His voice was as urbane and smiling as his face when he spoke. The blue-black stubby barrel of a wicked-looking revolver was apparent in his hand.

"Of course it is mine. And the pigeons, they are gone. And the jewels and the money, they have flown. And so does Foo, to meet his pigeons—and your money and your jewels. Good afternoon, thank you."

He stepped quickly through the door. Andrews was on his feet, but too late. The key rasped in the lock as it was turned on the outside.

(To be concluded next week)



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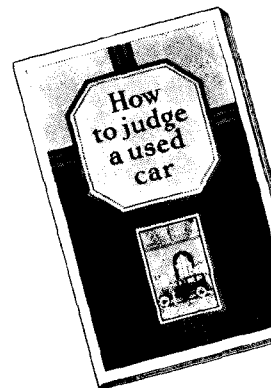
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Dept. C



blisters, I'd walk on me hands if I knew how!" he scoffed.

"Gettin' cold feet?" Rudy sneered.

"Wisht I was," Bat retorted. "I'd fan me neck with 'em!"

Some thirty feet from where they were working the dry wash ran under the road through a culvert of mesquite logs. The wash was merely an ugly scar carved by spring freshets on the already unlovely map of nature. Water ran in it for three or four days at a time during the rainy season, and erosion had made its banks deep and steep. Less than fifty feet from the culvert the wash took a sudden right-angle turn about a large pile of sun-baked rocks.

Rudolph suggested that if they could gain the shelter of these rocks there might be a chance of escaping. Bat measured the distance from the culvert to the pile of volcanic debris with a bilious eye. Getting there ahead of a rifle bullet with two lengths of log chain slapping at his fetlocks would be something of a feat.

He looked sidewise at Mr. Rubberhose, and asked for details. Rudolph jerked a large spatulate thumb at a deep chuck hole gnawed in the macadam of the road by the last rainstorm.

"We'll start fillin' that hole by an' by," he whispered. "It's only a jump from the culvert. We'll time ourselves so we both get to the hole with a shovelful of dirt together. Then you do a Brodie for the wash."

"Who—me?" said Bat with a start at this unwonted display of altruism.

"SURE. I'll cover yer get-away. We'll work it so that I'll be in line between you an' Shorty's gun," Rudy explained with a look in the direction of the rotund one reclining in the seat of the char-à-bancs. "He won't dast shoot for fear of hittin' innercent me, an' the curve of the bank'll protect you from Silk-Hat Harry back there."

To Bat suspicion was instinctive. "How about yerself?" he asked gently.

"I'll get me a chanst in the rumpus over yer get-away," Rudolph replied. "Don't worry about me, pal."

Bat spat in his blistered palms. "You do de leap fer life an' I'll do de coverin'," he suggested as he drove the shovel into the gravel with a grunt.

"I'm taller'n you," said Mr. Rubberhose, "I c'n cover you better."

"Yeh," said Bat, "I'd cover a lot, me-self—stretched flat on me back wit' a lily in me mitt!"

Rudy's eyes narrowed angrily. "Think I'm gonter double-cross a pal?" he hissed under his breath.

Bat did not reply at once. Some such unworthy thought had in fact entered his mind.

The more he subjected Rudolph's plan of deliverance to the pale light of reason, the more he became convinced that there was a large-sized horseshoe in the hand of friendship. He knew perfectly well that if a prisoner succeeded in escaping, his chances in getting out of the desert alive with the chains about his legs were almost nil. He also knew that Rudy was aware of this.

He was certain beyond a doubt that Mr. Rubberhose had a dark dank scheme up his sleeve, and when he glanced at the steep bank of the dry wash and its relation to the culvert, the scheme became plain.

Almost in the same breath it occurred to him that the plan if personally conducted might be turned to his own advantage, and earn him his freedom by legal means.

For Bat to conceive a plan was to put

Illegal Tender

Continued from page 22

it into immediate execution. He admitted to Rudolph that the idea appealed to him, and the look of gratification in Mr. Rubberhose's small black eyes did not escape him.

THE two conspirators began carrying shovelfuls of dirt to the chuck hole near the culvert. At first they did not make the trips together for fear of arousing suspicion in the two guards. For a period of fifteen minutes or so they walked back and forth, apparently with the one and only thought of repairing the ravages of the last spring freshet. It might have been the seventh or eighth trip when they arrived at the hole together.

With each shovelful of dirt they worked a little nearer to the edge of the wash. Rudolph had just deposited his load of gravel where it would do the most good to their plan, and was patting it down hard and smooth. As he bent low, he whispered: "Next trip!"

Bat grunted his acquiescence as he

Shorty slid down the bank, put a pair of unnecessary handcuffs on Rudy, and soused him with a canteen of water. It was a full half hour before the dazed Mr. Rubberhose was able to piece together the events that had led to his undoing.

He slept in solitary confinement for a week, and no amount of vociferous expostulation could convince the sheriff of Alkali that he wasn't guilty of having tried to escape, nor that he might have gotten away if it hadn't been for Bat's presence of mind.

The sheriff was a kindly soul. He decided that he had misjudged the little Easterner, and he felt that some sort of recognition was due Bat for his aid in upholding the arm of the law. He was taken off the chain gang, given a private cell, and made a trusty. The little ex-pugilist sighed. He had hoped, like Rudy, for a remittance of sentence, but he decided that a bite of a loaf was better than none.

It was some two weeks later that



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deposited a large boulder near Mr. Rubberhose's right heel. Inserting the point of his shovel under the heel, he bore down on the handle with a quick pry, using the boulder as a fulcrum.

Rudolph clawed the air briefly. There was a look of intense surprise on his face as he tried to regain his balance and when to save himself from landing on his head he was forced to leap into the wash, his departure had all the appearance of a bid for freedom.

As he had foreseen, Shorty, the guard, did not shoot for fear of hitting innocent Bat, who stood craning his neck over the edge of the bank.

While Shorty was untangling the muzzle of his Winchester from the emergency brake, Bat dropped the boulder which he had used as a fulcrum over the bank where it came in violent contact with the back of Mr. Rubberhose's head, while Rudy was still wondering what had upset him. He gave a brief flop or two, dug his fingers into the sandy bottom of the wash and ceased speculating, as Bat said quietly to the breathless Shorty, who came shooting from the hip at nothing in particular: "I stopped him wit' da rock."

there swept over the town of Inca one of those waves of reform and civic consciousness that is caused by the opposition being in power. Certain hard-riding gentlemen with lamb's-wool chaparrajos gathered in front of the jail and demanded of the sheriff that Bat be turned over to them. They felt that it was high time that justice was meted out to someone for the pay-roll robbery, and if Mr. Bilbo happened to be innocent it was unfortunate, if true.

THE sheriff remonstrated mildly and tried to dissuade them, but the riders were insistent, so he got Sacramento on the long-distance phone, asked for a squad of troopers, and washed his hands of the matter. He might have stood them off for a certain length of time, but in the end they would have gotten Bat and wrecked the jail into the bargain.

Mr. Bilbo was sweeping out a row of cells on the ground floor when the sheriff informed him as kindly as he knew how that there were some gentlemen outside who wished to hang him.

Bat's right hand flew to his hip pocket with the reflex movement of long years of habit.

"Gimme me gat!" was all he said. "You might hurt someone and I'd be held responsible," the sheriff said, "they are dragging up a log from the creek for a batterin' ram."

Fear was an emotion almost unknown to Bat.

"Gimme me rod," he snapped, "an' I'll keep de coroner sittin' till Christmas."

The sheriff scratched his head. He half liked the little hard-faced stranger from beyond the Rockies.

"I can't give you no gun," he said with finality. "And I don't want my door ruined. I'm going to get the keys and let 'em in."

Bat tiptoed to the barred hall window and looked out. A score of men were dismounting from their ponies in the plaza outside.

THE sheriff returned wearing the massive key ring on his arm like a bracelet, and an expression of genuine regret on his face.

"I shore hate to do this, Old-Timer," he said.

"Lissen," said Bat, "are yer gointer give me one chanst?"

"If it ain't nothin' onlegal—"

"All right. I'll stan' behind de door. Youse tell 'em I'm in de las' cell downstairs. When dey's all inside you gives me de tip an' I dives fer one of dem horses—see?"

The sheriff smiled. The plan appealed to him. He knew just how far his little charge would get with a score of hard-riding cowmen on his trail. It was an excellent idea. It would save his face with Sacramento. He'd be able to claim with perfect truth that he had not turned the man over to the lynchers.

"Fine," he said. He pushed Bat into the corner and inserted one of the keys on the massive hoop in the door and drew the bolt. The door swung open and the men trooped in. Bat flattened himself against the wall behind it. His eyes were on the key ring sticking in the lock. His agile brain was turning handspins. He had never been astride a horse and there were a hundred miles of waterless desert in all directions from Inca.

"You'll find him in the last cell, downstairs, gents," the sheriff said.

When the last man had filed in and the large hall was full of men making for the narrow stairway that led to the tier of cells below, Bat stepped from behind the door, jerked the key ring out of the lock and flung it into the dusty plaza. Then slammed the door shut and faced the sheriff and his callers.

"If dere's gointer to be any hanging," he said, "youse guys are gointer stick around wit' de corpse till de troopers come."

The men wheeled about as with one movement. Those who had already started down the stairs came up again. All stared at the little man, and from him to the sheriff who had slumped into a chair and was laughing rather loudly.

"Guess he's about right, boys. He fired the keys into the street and sprung the lock. Reckon you'll have to hold your necktie party right here in the jail unless you'd rather wait until the troopers come. Barrin' tire trouble they ought to be here by early afternoon."

The leader of the band strode forward and rattled the massive handle of the door.

"It's locked all right, Sam," said the sheriff, "and the keys are on the outside. Looks like we're all going to be late for lunch."

The man addressed as Sam swung around and caught Bat by the scruff of the neck. He was at least forty pounds heavier than Mr. Bilbo, and that was probably one reason why he struck the

cement floor so hard. The other reason was the little ex-prizefighter's fist that came in contact with the under side of his chin with so great a force that it seemed to Sam that he was suspended in midair for a moment before he fell, while every one of his 24 teeth snapped at his brain.

"Sweet spirits of nitre," said the sheriff, "wotta slam!"

His little prisoner was standing in the middle of the floor, legs apart, head thrust forward, waiting for his adversary to recover. Sam sat up and shook himself. Then he leaped to his feet and charged.

Bat sidestepped a right, and as the little pugilist ducked he planted an earnest left behind Sam's ear that made that gentleman listen to reason for good.

The sheriff arose and drew his long-barreled pistol from its holster.

"Go downstairs and finish your janitor work, son," he said sternly. "There ain't cots enough to accommodate them all." He brought the pistol to bear on the cowmen. "You gents will kindly reach for the ceiling. That's right! A mite higher, so's there won't be no immature explosions." He reached out his hand and jerked a six-shooter from the holster of the nearest man. "Charlie, you go around and pick the shootin' irons from off your friends and drop 'em through the bars of that cell door on your left; an' don't try nothin' that'll be embarrassing to explain to the troopers."

The man called Charlie did as he was told. When the last pistol dropped through the barred grating of the locked cell door, the sheriff told them that they might lower their hands.

Four hours later a large olive-drab automobile came to a skidding stop outside the jail. A burly sergeant dismounted. Eight equally well-proportioned gentlemen carrying rifles and a machine gun arranged themselves at attention behind him.

"Open the door at once!" the sergeant shouted, "or I'll blow the lock off!"

The sheriff poked his arm through the barred hall window and pointed a lean, bony finger at the iron hoop lying in the dust at the officer's feet.

"If you'll hand me the keys, Colonel," he said. "The corpse fired 'em out on me. We've been locked in here since breakfast."

THE sergeant stooped and picked up the key ring. He glanced from it to the riderless horses dozing peacefully in the sun-drenched plaza.

"Wot the h—?" he said. "Where's the riot?"

"They're in my office playing draw for navy beans," the sheriff explained as the sergeant handed him the keys through the bars, "the corpse's swabbing out the downstairs cells."

"You're a fine bunch of anarchists," said the sergeant to the assembled cowmen as he finished jotting down their names in a small brown book. "Next time you start out to swipe a jail, pick a portable one. Now, get out before your mail is forwarded here permanent!"

"So you're the little runt wot started all this?" he remarked to Bat as the sheriff brought Mr. Bilbo up from the nether regions, a few minutes later.

"Runt, yerself!" Bat snorted, "I c'n knock de stripes off yer shirt an' choke yer wit' 'em!"

The sergeant stood tapping his foot. He was thinking what an excellent trooper Bat would make with a little judicious trimming. Also what rare sport there'd be in the trimming.

"You wouldn't care to join the force?" he asked kindly.

"Who—me?" said Bat. "Lissen, guy, de ony harness yer'll git on me's a strait-jacket, an' it'll take yer whole blasted army ter git me into it."

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Continued from page 28

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Another advantage that your good tourmaline will have over the poor emerald is that it will be far purer and more brilliant. There IS such a thing as a perfect diamond. There IS such a thing as a perfect ruby or sapphire. But there is NO such thing as a perfect emerald. Nature has consistently failed there.

You'll want an enormous stone, of course—all ring stones are enormous today—ten, fifteen, twenty carats. A fine twelve-carat emerald (say about half an inch long and slightly less wide) may, according to its color and the number of flaws, cost anywhere from \$9,000 to \$60,000—although the latter would be, of course, a stone of superlative quality.

A tourmaline of the same weight, and closely approximating the true rich emerald color, costs from \$120 to \$150. Mount this tourmaline in platinum, in the identical type of setting as the emerald, and who shall say it is not an emerald? None but an expert.

Diamond Has Excellent Substitutes

The matter of setting must be most carefully considered. The finer the setting the more emerald-like will be the impression made by your tourmaline. Best to copy exactly some beautiful emerald setting. Some of the handsomest precious stones are set in rings of simple chased platinum costing around \$150, which, plus the \$150 for your stone, brings the total to \$300; but what is that against \$60,000 for an emerald similarly set?

A favored setting for a great solitaire is one in which a baguette diamond is inconspicuously placed on each side of the big stone. The cost of such a setting would be several hundred dollars, and the whole run to about \$500 or \$600.

Is there a substitute for the diamond? As one man we answer, "Yes!" Remember that it practically never happens that the understudy is a better actress than the star; remember that nothing that is not a diamond is going to outshine the diamond, for then it would be a superdiamond; but, granting that, we can unequivocally state that, in your eyes and mine, there are stones which are almost diamonds, genuine Mother Nature stones, as white, as pure, as brilliant as the diamond, and with a very real value and dignity of their own.

The zircon, for example, which comes in the most heavenly colors—honey yellow, green, blue, cinnamon, and an exquisite electric blue called starlite—comes also in a pure white stone. This makes an excellent diamond substitute, for it is just as brilliant as the diamond—an extraordinary virtue—being doubly refractive.

And then again the white sapphire—who would blush to wear so authentic a stone as that? As genuine a stone as the *bleu-de-roi* sapphire itself, but by no means on the same price list. Indeed, \$8 a carat will purchase a white sapphire fine enough to play the rôle of a diamond. White topaz too is a possible substitute. Is not the great Braganza of 1,680 carats, generally held to be one of the great diamonds of the world and spoken of in the same breath with the Kohinoor, in reality only a white topaz, as the best authorities now testify? When experts can be so deceived, how shall the layman distinguish between them?

When it comes to the rare true yellow diamond, we are even better off, for few people would be able to distinguish between this stone and the yellow sap-

phire. The color is identical. Only that surplus of brilliancy that the diamond has over all stones but the zircon is missing—yet not noticeably so to the lay person.

Few people even know that there is such a stone as a yellow sapphire, and the natural inference on seeing a stone of this pale honey color is that it is a yellow diamond. Straw-colored zircons there are also—and yellow chrysoberyl and pale yellow topaz, all of which might easily be mistaken for the Canary diamond.

Fine yellow sapphires will cost around \$50 a carat, but what is that compared to the \$1,000 to \$4,000 of the yellow diamond? One exquisite yellow sapphire of eighteen carats, set in a platinum ring with baguette diamonds on each side, is priced at \$1,500, but were it a yellow diamond its price would be in the unattainable thousands.

And for the ruby, where are we? Very well off, indeed. If a lady desires a gem to wear with her cerise gowns or to touch off a neutral costume with this red spark, she may obtain it, at far less than the price of rubies, in any one of several semiprecious stones, the ruby-red spinel, for example. No one not an expert could possibly distinguish between this blood-red, brilliant stone and the true ruby, and therefore it is valued as high as \$200 a carat.

One lovely gem of this true pigeon-blood red of the ruby, six carats in weight, set in a platinum ring, is priced at \$1,750—no mean price to pay for a ring, but, considering we shall be given credit for wearing a \$10,000 ruby, not so bad.

And how about the good old garnet? Yes, garnets, almost ruby-red, admittedly so even in the carefully chosen words of the gem experts, there are. Pick at random and you will have merely a garnet, but choose carefully and you will have almost a ruby. A bracelet consisting of a single line of these stones set in platinum is priced at \$475.

When we come to the sapphire, things are a little more difficult for us. There are semiprecious stones which can substitute for the sapphire, but it is difficult to find them in sizes large enough for a solitaire or in quantities great enough to be used for larger pieces of jewelry. There are—but they are rare—in the deep sapphire blue: blue garnets, spinels, beryls and tourmalines.

One of the best substitutes—and this comes in stones of almost any size, bigger than the Grand Turk himself would care to wear—is the Ceylon sapphire, which is a true sapphire, but, in the expert's judgment, falls far short of the first-quality sapphires. Some of these are crystal-pure, very brilliant, but lack just the deep blue velvet color that places the finest sapphires in the thousand-dollar-per-carat class. Yet to the layman they approach sufficiently close in color the fine sapphires to be entirely satisfactory and their prices are around \$100 per carat.

Coming into Their Own

Naturally most of the important jewelers prefer to deal in the far more profitable precious stones and sell the semiprecious stones with their left hand. Indeed, until fairly recently, many of them scorned to handle the semiprecious stones at all, for, like bankers, they dealt in values rather than in beauty, and their patrons preferred investment to decoration. Of late years, however, due partly to the efforts of several pioneer firms, partly to our swiftly acceler-

ating prosperity—making it possible for us carelessly to squander our money on beauty rather than to invest in values—semiprecious stones have come into their own. The fact that so many of them are found in America makes them even more available.

But there is another angle on semiprecious stones. It is, after all, somewhat narrow and prejudiced to consider anything so beautiful as a gem only from the angle of intrinsic value. Value is the birthright of the precious stones, but they have no monopoly of beauty, and what artist would not place beauty beyond money?

Madame El Khouri, a dealer in semiprecious stones, once said to M. Lalique, who mentioned a quite exorbitant figure as his price for a beautiful glass-and-enamel box, "But, M. Lalique, lovely as the little box is, it has, after all, no intrinsic value, you know."

M. Lalique withered her with a look. "The Mona Lisa," he said, "is painted on a piece of plain white canvas."

Which is but saying that beauty has at least as high a market value as gold. And so with the semiprecious stones. Ask an artist what stone he prefers. Ten to one he will say the opal. He is concerned chiefly with beauty, and beauty is not bought by the carat.

And for the ladies—no matter how unreasonable their demands for colors to match their gowns or their eyes or their moods, the semiprecious stones are ready for them. Does a new color come into fashion? It can be matched in a semiprecious stone. Have you in mind a color scheme for an evening toilet: green slippers, green chiffon handkerchief, and perhaps a green bracelet and ring to touch a white gown to arresting chic? Consult the tourmalines. Have you a lilac chiffon gown at which any precious stone you ever saw would swear violently? Buy a lilac kunzite. Have you a scarf and hat of a heavenly shade of orchid, and do you need just one more touch of the same subtle color to complete your color scheme? See the morganites (named for J. Pierpont Morgan).

Let Costume and Jewels be in Accord

Do you plan to wear, on a certain important occasion, Callot's new tulle dress, shading from mauve to royal purple? How execrable your emeralds, how impossible your rubies, how deadly your sapphires would look with these colors! But how about a necklace of amethysts to match the richest shade in that foam of tulle?

Or say you have a white sports dress with a belt and hat in pink? Would anything in the world touch that off like a string of pale pink coral?

Nothing is more chic than this matching or harmonizing of colors in an ensemble. A simple dress can, by the master of this technique, be raised to the level of a complete costume.

Take, for example, a simple white sports dress, in *crêpe de chine*. Quite all right it may be if it is worn with all-white accessories; and perhaps it wouldn't be really bad if it were worn with brown shoes, a green hat, an any-old-color purse, and what-have-you in jewelry. But figure the arresting chic of this same simple little dress if it were worn with a white hat, white shoes, a red-white-and-blue scarf in enormous checks (Chanel's latest brainstorm) and a necklace and heavy bracelet set with blue lapis lazuli. By such strokes of genius as this is the truly smart woman known.

A Prophet of Aviation

By Edwin E. Slosson

WITH Zeppelins and airplanes flying across the Atlantic, is it not time we gave a glance at the man of science who foresaw the marvels of the present period with remarkable clarity and had to stand all manner of ridicule from his contemporaries? The following lines by Erasmus Darwin read more sensibly now than they did in 1789:

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.

And isn't this a good guess at the submarine?

Led by the Sage, lo! Britain's sons shall guide
Huge *Sea-Balloons* beneath the tossing tide;
The diving castles, roof'd with spheric glass,
Ribbed with strong oak and barr'd with bolts of brass,
Buoy'd with pure air shall endless tracts pursue,
And Priestley's hand the vital flood renew.

You will note that old Dr. Darwin made use of the gas recently discovered by his friend Priestley, oxygen, to keep the air pure, and it is only by this means that submarine navigation is today possible.

But the greater fame of his grandson Charles has quite eclipsed that of Erasmus. I was quite startled the other day in re-reading Knickerbocker's History of New York to strike this passage where the author apologizes for not going into more detail on the question of Adam and Eve before getting down to the Dutch:

"Neither will I stop to investigate . . . the startling conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius and Darwin, so highly honorable to mankind, that the whole human species is accidentally descended from a remarkable family of monkeys!"

This puzzled me at first because I knew that Charles Darwin's Origin of Species was not published till 1859, and turning to the first page of Knickerbocker I saw that it was published in 1809, fifty years before. But Irving evidently referred to Erasmus Darwin, who had here anticipated his grandson as he had other discoverers.

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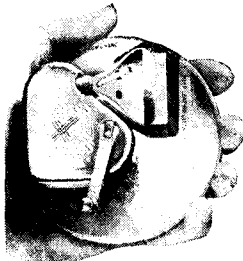
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