

A Royal Gem

It Was a Bone of Contention

By F. A. MITCHEL

One morning I was aroused by telephone from my bed by my chief and directed to go to the house of a Mr. Ackley. I was to apply at the basement door, where I would be admitted by the gentleman himself.

I found a residence that indicated its occupant was wealthy. Mr. Ackley was waiting for me at the basement door. He gave me the points in the case.

Not long before, while traveling abroad, he had purchased a sapphire which had originally been in the crown of a Balkan sovereign. Whether it had been stolen or purchased by the person who sold it to Mr. Ackley he did not himself know. He was told, however, that his majesty was in financial straits and had parted with it for ready money. At any rate, the king now desired to regain it. He had sent an agent who had bargained for it, offering a very low price for it, basing his offer on the theory that it was stolen property. Ackley preferred not to sell it at any price, but, not being willing to keep it from its original owner, offered to exchange it for a price equal to what he had paid for it, which, though less than its value, was considerable. This offer was declined, and the agent withdrew from further negotiations.

Not long after his withdrawal a Frenchman named Du Pierris brought a letter of introduction to Ackley from a gentleman the latter had met in Rome, a member of the court of Victor Emmanuel. Du Pierris proved so attractive to Ackley that he had invited the Frenchman to visit him in his own house. Du Pierris had become Ackley's guest, and Ackley had introduced him to society.

The Balkan sapphire Ackley kept in his own house in a safe where many of his valuables were deposited. One night while lying awake he decided to go downstairs for a bite and a glass of wine, as he often did when wakeful, hoping that he might thus regain slumber. On such visits to the larder he usually turned on the electric light in the hall after leaving his room, but on this occasion he saw a man's silhouette against the window at the other end of the hall. The safe was located midway between Ackley and this window. He paused and waited and watched. But he dare not turn on a light for fear of scaring the person away and could see nothing more of the figure. Presently he heard faintly a sound that resembled the closing of a safe door, then saw the silhouette between him and the window. The silhouette vanished, probably entering one of the rooms on the hall.

Ackley went back to his room and, after waiting awhile, stole down into the hall with an electric lamp, flashed it against the safe lock, opened the door and looked about for his valuables. The sapphire was gone.

Closing the safe as gently as possible, he returned to his room.

Only members of the family and guests slept on the floor in question. None of the family would steal anything, and the guests, excepting Du Pierris, were old and long tried friends. It suddenly flashed upon the host that the Frenchman was an agent of the former royal owner of the sapphire and that he had imposed upon Ackley's Roman friend and secured the letter of introduction in order that he might become intimate with him and steal the gem.

If this theory were correct the next move on the part of Du Pierris would be to get away with the gem, and he would not likely allow much time to elapse before doing so. Ackley decided to forestall him, so, putting on a gown and slippers, went downstairs to the telephone booth and called up our office, where he had before applied for detective service.

Such were the facts given me by Mr. Ackley, who added that so far as fixing the theft on Du Pierris was concerned that was very simple. If he were the thief he would either disappear without bidding his host goodby or he would offer an excuse for departing immediately. To this I assented. I asked Mr. Ackley for a description of the stone, for I might have to leave him at any moment to follow Du Pierris. It was of that variety of sapphire called asteria, or star stone, the color being a reddish violet, with an opalescent luster. Mr. Ackley had scarcely given me this when we heard a step descending the grand staircase as of some one treading softly. The steps were of wood and uncarpeted or we would not have heard it. Ackley put his finger to his lips and, moving noiselessly to the door of the room, peeped. Then he turned and by a meaning look assured me that it was our quarry. But before any action could be taken Du Pierris had opened the front door and passed out. Ackley hurried me to a window, and I saw a man with a pointed beard and waxed mustache hurrying away, carrying a suit case.

There was no time for another word between us. I hurried to the front door and when I saw the Frenchman turn a corner ran after him. I kept him in sight till he entered an unpretentious hotel. Not daring to follow him in at once, I waited about the entrance, saw

him write a name on the register, take a key and start to go upstairs. A bell-boy offered to carry his suit case, but the owner kept it in his possession. I then went in and on the register saw the name, Francois Tribadeaux, South Carolina.

The problem before me now was duplex. I must procure funds with which to follow the man—perhaps to Europe—and I must prevent the possibility of his transferring the sapphire to a confederate. The former of these two matters must be attended to at once. I shut myself in a telephone booth, called up Mr. Ackley and informed him of what had occurred. He at once sent me by messenger an envelope containing ample funds for immediate use and a letter authorizing me to draw on him for further necessities.

The Frenchman remained in his room till 8 o'clock, then came down stairs, walked with deliberation to a newsstand, bought a morning journal and went into the breakfast room. A number of persons were now about, and I did not fear being spotted as a shadower. I followed my man into the breakfast room and ordered a meal for myself. I finished before he did and waited for him outside. He went to the rack containing the tables and selected one of the Pennsylvania railroad.

I could have called for assistance to arrest him, but feared that I might not find the gem on him. I preferred to wait till I could get him where he could not pass it to some one else or hide it. If he took a train, this would indicate that he had it with him. I felt confident that he would take a train on the Pennsylvania road, and when he left the hotel soon after breakfast he went out, called a taxi-cab, and I in another followed him to the station of that road. He bought a ticket to Philadelphia and I being at the window at the same time bought one for the same city.

The train was not an express, but I felt confident that my quarry was going to Philadelphia to sail for Europe. I determined to prevent his leaving the country if possible, but I wished to settle the matter between us without the interference of any one else. How could I do this?

I determined to give him a clasp to the fact that I was on his trail, hoping that to elude me he would leave the train. Taking a seat near him I began to ogle him suspiciously, and I saw at once by his expression that he had taken alarm. When convinced of this fact, I took a cigar out of my pocket and put it in my mouth and by my expression indicated that I was eager for a smoke. Then shortly before the train was to stop at a way station I feigned to be so anxious to light my cigar that I could no longer resist and went into the next car ahead, which was a smoker.

But I was on the lookout for my man. The train had already started on from the station at which it had stopped when I saw my man walking away from the track. He had left himself down from the rear end of the car. The train was going at a good speed, but I jumped off and hurried after him, heading him off from the houses about the station. Seeing me, he made in the other direction. Aliming to cross his track I drove him into the open.

He had made a mistake in leaving the train at a very small town. I had secured a condition that I had earnestly wished for: He undoubtedly had the gem with him, and no possible opportunity to pass it to any one else or to hide it. But the French are ingenious people, and he had perhaps a method of outwitting me that I had not counted on.

There could not have been any doubt by that time that I was a detective seeking the sapphire in his possession. As it turned out he was figuring to get me where he wanted me, just as I was figuring to get him where I wanted him. He led me along the railway track till he reached a cut and a turn in the road at the same time. Then he turned and, drawing a pistol, said to me in broken English: "Stop where you are or I will kill you."

I had been routed out of bed early in the morning and had started off in such a hurry that I had not provided myself with my revolver. Somehow I did not believe the man would carry out his threat, and I kept on toward him. But he fired at me. Then, to my surprise, he threw down his pistol and said:

"Monsieur, I do not know what you want of me. At any rate I am ready to convince you that I am a citizen of France traveling in America and that you cannot have any real interest in me."

I was now convinced that he had got rid of the sapphire and was very much taken aback as to how he had done it. I did not propose to leave, his pistol behind and picked it up. It was an old fashioned weapon with a single barrel large enough to contain a large sized hickory nut.

It flashed upon me that the gem had been fired out of the pistol. My man remained in the position from which he had fired at me, and, turning and looking in the direction he had fired, I saw a little ridge of clay made by the cut. Going to it, I soon found a hole and, probing with my knife, took out the sapphire. Rubbing off the dirt, I saw the most beautiful stone I ever beheld of the reddish violet color with an opalescent luster as described to me by Mr. Ackley. My man jumped for me to snatch it away from me, but I stepped aside, and he missed me. He came for me again, and I knocked him senseless. When he came to himself again he was too badly shaken up to resist me, and I took him to the station. I telegraphed Mr. Ackley reporting the result of my labors, and he replied: "Let him go." I did so and the same evening restored the gem to its owner.

THE SOLDIER WHO ABSTAINS FROM ALCOHOL IS BEST

CAN MARCH BETTER AND CAN ACCOMPLISH MORE THAN EVEN THE MODERATE DRINKER.

BRANDY WORSE OF POISONS

The Use of Alcohol for the Purpose of Warmth is Very Dangerous.

Is Germany still boosting for beer? Is it true as stated in the beer advertisement in several Wisconsin papers: "The health and efficiency department of the German army requires that every soldier in the German army drink a stipulated amount of beer every day."

The sanitary department of the German army has used the following "instructions concerning health service":

"Alcohol is indeed a stimulant at the first; but, if it is used in larger quantities, it produces a narcotic effect. Experience teaches that abstaining soldiers endure the hardships of war best. Also the beverage use of alcohol leads easily to intemperance and the slackening of discipline. Therefore, alcoholic liquors are to be used only with the greatest caution and are to be avoided entirely on the march. The use of alcohol for the purpose of producing warmth is dangerous. Its warning effects are deceptive."

Commenting on this ordinance, Sanitary Counsel, Prof. Dr. I. Schwalbe, in the German "Medical Weekly," says:

"In spite of the fact that it must be conceded that the effects of alcohol are different on different individuals and that alcohol is not a poison for every man in the same quantity; indeed, in spite of the fact that a great many persons are able to drink it regularly in moderate quantities without injury, our military authorities were induced to OMIT ALCOHOL ENTIRELY FROM THE REGULAR RATIONS OF THE ARMY BOTH IN PEACE AND IN WAR."

Least some one may say "alcohol" does not include beer, the following significant passage is quoted from Count Von Haeseler, late Commander of the 16th Army Corps in Germany:

"The soldier who abstains altogether is the best man. He can accomplish more, can march better, and is a better soldier than the man who drinks even moderately. Mentally and physically he is better. Brandy is the worst poison of all. Next to it comes beer. Each limits the capacity and lowers mind, body, and soul. Strong drink tires and only increases thirst. For soldiers water, coffee, and, above all tea are the best drinks."

THE "OPTION" SUBTERFUGE

The Fight Must Be To A Finish in The Good State of Michigan.

The wet and dry petitions are on file at Lansing now, which means that the biggest liquor fight in the state's history is on. It will be a fight to the finish, for the issue is no longer a question of whether the state shall be all dry or partly dry, but of whether it shall be all dry or virtually all wet, says an editorial in the Adrian Daily Telegram.

The wet plan masquerades under the name of "option" plan, but it would reduce the option unit from the county to the township, village or city. By this means its sponsor hopes to pull the wool over the eyes of at least some voters by invoking the imaginary blessings of "home rule."

The intent, however, is as plain as the face of the town clock. It is to put a saloon within reach of every thirsty individual in Michigan. If that were not the plan, the liquor interests would not be fighting for it. It makes little difference how many dry townships there may be, if there are wet villages and wet cities within easy distance.

The dry forces can afford to lose on the issue of statewide prohibition. The defeat of that amendment by itself would leave matters as they are now. But they cannot afford to lose the fight on the township and village option scheme. If the wets can put that across, then everything accomplished for temperance in a lifetime will be undone. It is a clever game the wets are playing. It may be a hard game to beat, but if it is not beaten, then local option prohibition becomes a farce and the liquor interests will be more firmly in the saddle than they have been for twenty years.

Good citizenship, clean politics and the general welfare of Michigan demand that organized liquor be defeated in this last desperate fight, and its defeat be made a Waterloo.

The Webb-Kenyon Bill puts intoxicating liquor in the same class as diseased cattle, lottery tickets, obscene literature, immoral women, and adulterated food.

The Soldier vote. A significant feature following the Maine election was the nature of the soldier vote.

It is reported that one Maine battalion hiked 60 miles in two days for the purpose of exercising the franchise.

And we know how they voted!

Josephus Daniels might have made a passable secretary of the Salvation Navy, but it was pretty rough to impose him on Uncle Sam's fighting navy.

The British censorship is delaying the United States mails almost as annoyingly as Buriesson's inefficiency.

HOME OF THE BRAVE.

"This is the land of the free and the home of the brave, and if it ceases to be the home of the brave it will soon cease to be the land of the free."—Charles E. Hughes in a Speech Delivered at Pittsburg, N. Y.

Here is reason enough why Mr. Wilson should be defeated. Why should Mr. Hughes be preferred? Gifford Pinchot, the Progressive, answers, giving facts to support his statement: "Hughes is a man of his word. . . . I cannot vote for Wilson because I cannot trust him. He does not do what he says. Hughes does. Therefore my choice is Hughes."

Shadow Lawn, as a residence for the next few weeks, will give its occupant an opportunity to get accustomed to the after-election gloom.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to say of President Wilson. "Ye-es, he does make mistakes, but I believe he's sincere."

Villa says he bears us no grudge. Well, why should he? Haven't we always treated him as a perfect gentleman?

ALCOHOL NOT A MEDICINE

Physicians Find Very Little Use for Alcohol Internally.

A national pharmaceutical publication attracted attention a few months ago by omitting alcohol from its official list of "materia medica." The explanation was that alcohol is no longer recognized as a medicine.

Writing in the New York Department of Health bulletin, Dr. Donald B. Armstrong emphasizes this tendency to banish alcohol from the prescription counter. "No longer," he says, "do therapeutically advocated for a cold that the patient 'go home, retire to his bed after hanging his derby hat on the bedpost, and drink whisky until he can see two hats.' Briefly, it may be said that the modern physician finds very little use for alcohol internally."

This is due, he says, to the discovery that alcohol is not what mankind has thought it. It is not a stimulant at all. In its drug action, it is precisely the opposite—a depressant. It has food value, but as food it is expensive. Ten cents' worth of beer provides 240 calories of food energy, while ten cents' worth of sirloin steak provides 375 calories, ten cents' worth of eggs 450 calories, and ten cents' worth of oatmeal 3,720 calories.

Opening Up Headquarters



HERE ARE THE AMENDMENTS

Two amendments instead of one must be voted on Nov. 7 in Michigan. The first amendment to the state Constitution was proposed by the Michigan Dry Campaign Committee and provides for statewide prohibition of the liquor traffic. On this every dry voter should vote YES. The amendment follows:

"Amend article sixteen of the constitution by adding a new section thereto to stand as section eleven.

"ARTICLE XVI, Section 11. The manufacture, sale, keeping for sale, giving away, bartering or furnishing of any vinous, malt, brewed, fermented, spirituous or intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical, scientific or sacramental purposes shall be after April 30, 1918, prohibited in the state forever. The Legislature shall by law provide regulations for the sale of such liquors for medicinal, mechanical, chemical, scientific and sacramental purposes."

The second amendment is proposed by the Michigan Home Rule league under the deceptive title of "Home Rule." This amendment is absolutely and entirely in the interests of the saloons. It is in no sense a dry measure.

You would like to understand your Bible if you only knew how to go about it. Make a start now by choosing from the following list:

- "What Is the Soul?"
- "Creed Smashings For Federation."
- "Jesus No Longer a Man."
- "Fear, the Bane of Humanity."
- "Mountains Swept Into the Sea."
- "The Existence of a Supreme Intelligent Creator Established."
- "Bible, as a Divine Revelation."
- "Epochs and Dispensations."
- "Purgatory Fire—Not Now, but Soon."
- "Apostles and Pseudo Apostles."
- "Where Are the Dead?"
- "Ancient Garden of Eden."
- "Great Parable of Sheep and Goats."
- "Christ Crucified and Dying Thiel."
- "What Is Baptism?"
- "Great Pyramid a Divine Oracle."
- "Emperor Constantine, Trinity Maker."
- "Distress of Nations."

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Upon receipt of the above coupon we will send any one of these Bible Studies FREE; any three of them for 5 cents (stamp) or the entire list for 10 cents. SEND AT ONCE TO BIBLE AND TRACT SOCIETY, 17 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The wet so-called "Home Rule" amendment is calculated to do three things: 1, throw confusion into the campaign; 2, defeat the statewide dry amendment; 3, destroy the present county, local option system. If the dry amendment falls and the second or wet amendment carries, the map of Michigan will be as black as it was in 1890 before Van Buren county went dry.

All dries should vote NO on this amendment:

"Section 30. Every incorporated city, every incorporated village and every organized township (meaning thereby all that part of a township outside the limits of an incorporated city or village, located partly or wholly therein) shall have the right to determine by a majority vote of the electors thereof whether or not there shall be prohibited therein the manufacture and sale of malt, brewed, fermented, vinous, distilled or intoxicating liquors.

"Appropriate legislation shall be enacted to enforce and make effective the provisions of this section, and until such legislation is enacted existing local option and regulatory laws on this subject shall continue in force; but no existing law inconsistent with the provisions of this section shall continue in force after January 1, 1919."

How the Trouble Began.

It was a bright, sunny Tuesday morning and Mrs. Brown was on the roof preparing to hang out her wash, when Mrs. Jones appeared on the scene carrying a basket of clothes.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Mrs. Jones. "Monday is your day for hangin' out clothes."

"I know it is," replied Mrs. Brown, removing the clothespins from her mouth so she could articulate more clearly. "but it rained yesterday, an' I'm hangin' 'em out today instead. Tuesday belongs to the fourth floor back, an' that's vacant, so I guess I've got as good a right here as anybody else. What is it to you, anyhow? Wednesday is your day."

"Wednesday is my day, all right," admitted Mrs. Jones. "but the paper says it's goin' to rain tomorrow, an' I ain't takin' any chances. You take them rags of yours downstairs again. I'll throw 'em off the roof!"

And that's how the trouble began.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

