the phoney ones in? Could you do it made him give up where it had come | explanation you beat him over the head and start taking it away from from-get some reward in advance for Matrimonial Adventures In a day? him-to run off with, What's the turning up a sixty or seventy thou-"I might," said Volpe, looking them Iden ?" sand-dollar gem robbery. over, seeing they were a good stand-He was all up in the air on the The big man looked up at him, with ard cut. his little eyes red like a cornered "What'll it cost-the whole thing? thing-and it was getting every min-**Birth Stones** bull's, and said nothing in answer. ute nearer six o'clock. He was just Ten thousand for three months," "Now listen," said McConnell, the about to take up the telephone and asked the man, his eyes boring in still. detective. "You can do one of two And Volpe figured out a good thing call the detective bureau when the bell rang-just before six-and this things. It's up to you. You can show on it-and told him what he'd do. us-take us around to your wife now. BY "But now it's understood," said the Coogan's voice came, saying he'd be down around nine o'clock-as nearly at home. Or you can come with me, man-"you'll have to have it all done as he could-and to have everything and have her give her explanationin a day-when I bring it in !" George Kibbe Turner "Why-what's the great hurry?" rendy. to headquarters!" And the big fellow gave a groan, "I'll have everything ready, don't asked Volpe, looking at him, starting fret!" said Volpe-which he didtoo loud, almost, to be natural. wondering a little then. "I won't. I can't," he said. "It down to the detective from police Author of "The Taskmasters." "Memories of a Doctor," "The Last Christian," "Hagar's "It's my wife. She'll want to wear might kill her. She don't know anyheadquarters that he planted in the them. You know how women are !" thing about this. She thinks we're on Volpe nodded. He knew some next room. Hourd,""White Shoulders,"etc. the top of the world yet-instead of things about the women--and their "You'll find probably he's a bad Just scraping bankruptcy !" one," said the detective, "most likely." freaks and whims. You do, handling "There's others," said the detective, "He don't look so," said Volpe, "at Jewelry. watching him, "that have had to hear "And don't call me up at the spartthat. And we can't afford to force Copyright by United Feature Syndicate It before !" things-not till we know." ment, either. I'll bring them in some "Not the way she is," said the man, "I know." day soon-I can't be sure just when. who had introduced himself as Coo-But I don't want you calling up my "And he's a blg husky brute, you GEORGE KIBBE TURNER gan, and went on and told them how want to take that into consideration." wife. You know how women are-It was with her. "Well, he don't want to get too about such things!" he said again, George Kibbe Turner started his "I can't have her know," he said, "I gay," said this McConnell-this deteclooking nervous-Volpe noticed at the literary career when he first came won't. Not till she's-over it !" tive from the headquarter's squad, out of college. He joined the staff time. "At that," said McConnell, giving who was quite heavy around the of the Springfield Republican at a He noticed that. You keep your Volpe a look again, "there's other very modest salary. His next step eyes open in that business and the shoulders himself. was to the Black Cat, in that day women have gone through with it And just then the elevator door deal was queer on the face of it. But a thin little magazine which printwithout being millionaires !" clacked and their man's step came it was no queerer than others he'd "I know," he came back. "but it's echoing down the hallway to the door. had. the sudden bump, coming just now-He came in a hurry-still looking And of course, if anything suswhen she's been thinking up to date anxious and excited, wiping off his picious came up when he came in forehead with his handkerchief. again, that next week. Volpe would be And then all at once a fall from the "Well, I'm here," he said to Volpe, right there watching-before any as if he'd had a hard time getting top of the world! I can't have itmoney passed. not now. You know yourself how there. But next week when the big man

showed up again with his big necklace in his pocket, to get his money and have the substitution made, Volpe was surer than ever of the thing-for one reason from the way he acted about the stones that were coming out to lie there as a pledge for the ten their stock in trade.

"You'll have them all here-the identical same ones-when I come after them?" he asked-looking red and anxious. "There's no danger real-the same odd setting-everything!

> ing after it. "I haven't had time to get that ten thousand yet. It was too late when I got around to the bank." "You can give me your check for it," said the man gazing at him, "can't you?"

ing along. "Only my balance won't let me-not just now. I'll have to go and get the money myself-tomorrow, maybe."

"Tomorrow! Maybe!" said Coogan "And besides," said Volpe, "there's didn't show up that I counted on com-

"Didn't show up?" said the big man, looking ugly now.

you tonight." "Not tonight!" said the man. "I've

"What's the hurry in this thing?"

"You'll kill ber," be holteres "That's all."

"Probably I will," said McConnel the detective, looking at Volpe, "1 there's anybody there to kill !"

But the big man took no notice of that crack,

"And if you do-if you hurt her any way," he went on, "if you harm her any way, I'll get you-I'll smash you some day, if I spend my life at It !"

"Come on," said McConnell, the detective. "Don't start getting careless again. You're not fixed right to get rough. It's up to you. You can start a war, or we can all stroll over like friends."

"But she's in bed, with a headache." "She'll have to get up then," said McConnell, the detective.

And finally he gave up, and the three went over-on the bus to Riverside-and up into the apartment-all parties watching their step, not knowing just what was coming.

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!

"Tell your mistress I've got to have her come out. Dress and come outand see a couple of friends," he said to the maid-almost cheking over the last word.

For McConnell, the detective, wouldn't listen, naturally, to his goeverything is going wonderful for us. ing in to seeing her alone-to frame up any story between them.

And finally, after some talk, she came out-all slik and ribbons-one of those light-hearted, henna-haired ones, that roll their own. But her eyes kind of scared at that.

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

"No, Hon," he said, patting her on the shoulder, "No. Just some friends," "You know how it is with the first he said, choking on the word again, one! They're scared to death, afraid "All it is, I want you to just tell them about your necklace."

"But what-what-" she said, chasing her big brown eyes from one to the other.

"It's all right, Hon," said the big fellow, calming her-and looking over at the other two with red murder in plain to you later."

So she told them finally about the necklace-and showed them the bill of sale, and the check she'd paid for it. Her check-he'd given her the money ! And they saw finally-they were in wrong.

She stood facing them-looking like a frightened kid.

"But who are you?" she wanted to know

And her husband told her-looking first-degree murder at them while he And then her father was a sporting | talked, for she acted now as if she was going to pleces. And they were afraid they'd got in a mess-especially McConnell, the detective,

And suddenly she broke downseemed to-throwing her arms around

and all that. Diamonds were her "Don't, Honey," said the big conbirthstone. So naturally I gave her tractor, patting her with his big findiamonds. When I was way up! I gers, "We'll be all right, We'll make



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stand or walk across the floor. The doctor

gave me all kinds of pills, but nothing helped me. I hap-pened to me t a friendwhohad taken

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Vegetable Com-

pound, so I thought i would try it. After

"Yes, my auto turned turtle,"

change; it was tortoise before."

MRS. HICKEY

ture not on vice.



he said. "They're our luck." "Lucky stones, huh?" said Volpe, and smiled to himself when he had gone-surer than ever about the thing -though curious naturally on what it was all about. About two weeks afterward the man

they'll get mixed up any way?"

"Not a danger," Volpe told him.

"For it would mean something to

ne-if there was a mix-up on this-"

thousand.

showed up again and wanted another ten thousand on another third of the stones.

That was different.

"I thought you said ten thousand was all you'd need," said Volpe studying 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! It was a year ago last March-at | But it will be all right this time-I

"I guess you can when you get it !" Volpe's place on Fifth avenue-in the | said Volpe to himself-getting under late afternoon. Volpe was alone in way behind that soft, sweet jewelry

ed 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 fiction on a great variety of subjects.

Mr. Turner is the author of many books, short stories and articles, but "Hagar's Hoard," a story of the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., filled with fact and dramatic incident, and "White Shoulders" are guaranteed to keep Mr. Turner conspicuously to the front in our literature.

In the story that follows, written for the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures, the husband is drawn as only a man keen in understanding of men could picture him. The side of marriage that Mr. Turner presents in "Birth Stones" is novel and at the same time universally appealing. MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

## 

These jewel brokers are all over the city-in Maiden Lane, on the Bowery, 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 dangerous propositions put up to them-and some wild ones, particularly in hard times.

They had some extra wild ones in that financial cave-in after the warespecially the Fifth avenue ones. Half the upper West side was fighting to drive the wolf from the new limousine door.

the worst of it-when this one I'm | can promise you that." telling you of drifted into Harry the office, staring down out of his sec- salesman's smile.

Volpe looked at him again-anxious about him, always, when he was out How much more it means to themof sight; and puzzled more, when he showed up again. He didn't look like a jewelry thief-anything but! And yet you can't tell-some of the best of them are that way. Innocence is

"Got it with you?" asked Volpeand got the thing in his hands again. It was all the same as he had left it -the same fake stones among the

"Now, I tell you," said Volpe, start-

"I might, yes," he answered, work-

after him, his voice rising. another thing come up. My workman

ing to do the resetting for me."

"So I can't pull the thing off for

got to have it tonight! That's all !" "Say, listen," said Volpe next,

"I've got to have the money, right

they'll die !" "What does the doctor say?" asked McConnell, the detective, "He don't see it-quite so bad as she does. But he admits himself we've got to be careful. Help all we

women are-on luxury, and all that!

"And then you've got to remember

when nobody answered-arguing, with

the sweat pouring down his face.

another thing," he said, going on

and all that.

can! You see-you see how I'm fixed," he said, arguing. "I wouldn't his eyes. "You go ahead-and I'll extake a chance with that little girlfor the world !" And then 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." "Your luck?"

"Our lucky stones! You know how women are-about things like that! Superstitious-all of them. I never knew one that wasn't yet. And especially now-now-at times like this. man-too. A kind of a high-class sporting man."

"I see," said McConnell, keeping his face still. "And so?"

"So you see, don't you? You know how women are-over anniversaries the big man's neck.

and story window on the two streams of automobile tops on the avenue,

"You the proprietor?" asked this atranger back of him at the entrance -a big, red-faced busky, with big "And I've got to get you to do somecheulders and a small nose and a red thing else this time. I've got to have necktle. Volpe figured him right away then as some sort of a contractor.

"Sure," he said, coming over, dusting his hands. "What'll you have?" "My name's Coogan-Dan Coogan,"

said the big man, introducing himself, "Glad to know you," said Harry Volpe, sizing him up. "What can I do for you?"

"What would you say this was worth?" said the stranger, reaching in and dragging out a big diamond necklace that seemed to be lying loose, without any case, in the right-hand lower pocket of his coat.

"What you paid for it-or what you could realize?" Volpe asked him, still sizing him up-the way you have to night. I hope so." 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 just now for anything as big as that. I know I wouldn't buy it-not now !\*

"Yes couldn't-not if you wanted to !" said the other man. "I wouldn't | thick to be anything else. sell is for all the money in Wall street."

And ne looked as if he meant, it.

"But here's the thing I want to know," he said. "Could you pull out | have that money. Right now !" enough stones from this to stand for a pledge for a ten thousand-dollar loan?

"Why yes-probably," said Volpe. "Though we don't generally want to handle unset stones. Because-you know !"

"They're apt to be stolen, huh? Is that it/" said the big man.

"Yeah. They break them up out of their settings, so they can't be identified."

"But you've got your setting here." "I wasn't talking about this," said Volpe. "I was just telling you."

"Well, about how many would you say?" the customer asked him.

And he told him about a third of them.

"Now the next thing," said the man, satisfied apparently, "is-could you take this; could you take that amount of stones out of their settings, and put back substitutes in their placegood ones, so they wouldn't be noticed?"

"Why yes-probably. If I had the time."

"Now then another thing," he said, fxing his little blue-gray eyes on him would be the shortest time you could these out of their settings and put too-if he got him back in there and And when this man asks you for an best!"

"Have you got them with you?" he asked him, smiling.

"No," said the other man getting red-and bringing in a new idea now, you make that next substitution of stones for me-some night."

"Some night!" said Volpe after him. "Yes," he said, getting redder still. "You know how women are-when they get an idea in their head."

"What's this?" said Volpe to himself, with a sudden sinking spellwondering what it was he had run into.

"All right," he said aloud-smiling more sweetly than ever. "Bring them in."

"What night?" asked Volpe, more and more polite.

"I'll call you up-this evening-just before six o'clock, and tell you," he said, "I might be able to get in to-

"How'd he strike you?" Volpe asked his stenographer. She was about as wise as he was, seeing them coming in and going out.

"He's like the rest of them-all over the lot like the dandellons. He's got something on his mind all right. But he's straight enough, I'll say. He's too

"Will he be back again?" Volpe asked her.

"He sure will. The battle fleet couldn't chase him away. He's got to Volpe thought the same. And the

man still looked honest to him, somehow.

"But why at night?" he said to himwhy this stall about the woman-having to have them? Does she wear them at breakfast?"

He sat and flipped away a lot of the avenue-looking down, thinking, wrist. as the lights came on-waiting for six o'clock.

And then he jumped up on his feet -with a new idea.

"Here," he said, getting hot in the head. "Suppose this wife business was all a stall! Suppose he was somewhere-in a museum, or a store, where he could have this thing just so

long. And had to get it back-at such a time! That might be it !" "He might just have time enough

to have just so many changes made in the setting-at night for instance, like this-and have it back when things opened up in the morning. And then

later he'd take another bite of it !" said Volpe to himself, staring at his cigarette-starting figuring the

off-that's what-in my business! Or I go broke. Right now. Tomorrow?" "I understand," said Volpe. "That's all right. That's easy on that necklace, if everything is the way it looks on the surface. But what I mean iswhat's the hurry about this work of mine on the necklace? Why must I have it back always on the minute?" And he got no answer,

"In other words," said Volpe, coming stronger, "what's the idea of your sliding in here by night with this thing, and having it to take away with you in the morning?"

"It's my wife," said the big man tinally.

"Your wife!"

"I wouldn't have her know about this-now--not for the world!" "What is it-hers, and not yours?"

said Volpe. "No. It's mine. That is, I paid for

It, and gave it to her !" "Oh!" said Volpe.

"And just as soon as collections come right in my business I'll stfnighten it all out."

"Maybe you will. Maybe you wor't."

""What do you mean?"

"? mean we'll know better-when we dut that up to her!"

"But you won't put it up to her !" said the big man, sticking out his jaw.

"You'll let me have it back-now !" And Valpe stepped away from him. "You'll det me have it," said the big husky-stepping toward him. "Now !" "Yes, I will. Yes," said Volpe-rais- look,

ing his voice, so the detective in the next room would get it. "When you self, when the girl was gone. "And put my ten thousand back in my hand."

"You'll let me have it ! Right now !" said the big man getting red and reaching over and starting to break cigarettes out the front window into off the hand Volpe had it in, at the

> That was the cue for the detective in the next room.

"Just a minute!" he said, stepping out.

And the big rough-neck looked back at him over his shoulder.

"What are you-" said McConnell, 'getting threatening?"

"Who are you?" said the man who claimed he owned the necklace, setting his small blue eyes on him, And the officer showed him.

He stopped there, after a minutehis breath coming hard, and his face getting mottled-the way those fullblooded ones do.

"Now, what's your game?" said the officer. "You slip in here with seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of jew--as if this was important. "How long chances of getting any of that ten elry loose in your side pocket. And thousand dollars back if it was stolen you want to have it replaced by other do it in-if you had everything all goods-and they traced them back to fake stuff. All in a night! So you ready and waiting to do it with? Take him. He might get a chance to dicker | can take these substitutes right back.

gave her this-this necklace. Just to i show her-and the rest of the worldhow she stood with pie. You know how women are-how they've got to show the neighbors-the other women

-if things are going right-if you're thousand-it will be all right!" prosperous. And what their husbands think of them! "And there is another turn to lt---

sides-what it meant to her-good luck and all that !" "And that was?" said McConzell.

"That was that I was born in April. too."

"April !"

"You know, Diamonds are the birthstone for April." "No," said McConnell, the detective. "I guess they forgot to tell me about

that." "And then again," he was going along. "You know. Next month!

That'll be April, too." "I get you," said the detective, giv ing Volpe another look. "So there's three times it's said to

be our lucky stone. You know the way they figure-the women-on things like that !"

And the detective and Volpe swapped looks again. "So that's how it is about the neck-

lace. It's her mascot. She's got to have it with her all the time now. From now on especially! That's why I've had to come sneaking in here, when I saw the chance."

"Oh, that's it," said McConnell, the detective, giving Volue a comical side

"For she's got to have it with her. And more and more every day now, of course, And then, naturally, she's got to have it on her or she'll just naturally die,"

"Well, she can have it, can't she-if you can prove this up?" said the detective, looking over at Volpe,

"Sure," said Volpe.

"What good will that do-after she knew? She might as well have glass sweat from his face. And McConnell looked at Volpe and Volpe looked back.

"That's a new one," said McConnell

"Don't you believe it?" said the big one, bristling up.

"I might, and then again I might not. But that don't make any differ-

ence what I believe. I don't have to believe. It's simpler than that.'

"Simpler?"

"I'll know soon enough-when I see her !" "But you won't see her !" said the

big man. "Not if I know it." "Oh, yes, I will-either with you

with me friendly; or with you down Of every thousand men who marry 579 wed women of the same age at at headquarters-whichever you like themselves.

It all back again. "Sure," said Volpe, stepping forward, with the necklace in his handtrying to fix it up with them. "And if he wants the money-the extra ten

And she didn't say anything, but just buried her head deeper in the big boy's shoulders-and murder that she worked out in her head, be- hurning redder and redder in his eyes. as he looked at them and patted her. "And if you want it-the necklace

-to use-to wear any time!" said Volpe, holding it toward her, like candy to a kid, "you can have it! We can fix 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 it away! I wouldn't wear the darn thing on a bet !"

And all the three stood waiting for her.

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

At that she looked up, and she 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 me?" she said, staring.

"What wouldn't I do for you, Hon !" "Take the chance of going brekeand all that?"

"But he won't-" sald Volpe, breaking in again. "He'll be all right. And for the necklace," he said, offering it to her again-"we'll fix-"

"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 voice. "How crazy, to take a chance like that-just to keep me satisfied-with that fool thing!" she said in a kind of a harsh voice. "I never want to see it again !"

Then before they got over that, all at once-while they stood around bottles," said the man, and wiped the looking, she threw herself on him again, and started crying as if her heart would break! And he patting her, and trying to comfort her-to keep her from tearing herself to

> pieces "Don't! Don't!" he said. "There's nothing to cry about any more."

at her like a man in a trance.

again-for the night apparently!

and looked up again!

way 💯

And all of a sudden she stopped-

"I'm not crying-" she said, "that

"That way?" he said, looking down

"I'm the happiest woman in the

world," he said, and started in crying

Mate With Those of Same Age.