

ooo cats. Each cat will average twelve kittens per year. The value of the skins of these cats runs from 10 cents for the white ones to 73 cents for the brindle ones.

This lot of cats should produce 13,000,000 skins a year to sell at an average of 30 cents, making an income of approximately \$4,000,000 per year, or approximately \$10,000 a day. One man at \$60 a month and found can skin sixty cats a day. It will require 600 men to operate the ranch, making a total expense of approximately \$1200 per day, leaving a net profit of approximately \$294,000 per month.

It is the plan of the company to feed the cats on rats, and with this purpose in mind we intend to develop a "rat ranch" next to the cat ranch. Statistics show that rats multiply four times as fast as cats. It is our intention to start with 1,000,000 rats. This will give us four rats for each cat per day, which will be sufficient to make them fat and furry.

It is further the plan of the company to feed the rats on the carcasses of the cats from which the skins have been removed, giving each rat a fourth of a cat per day. In this manner the business will be self-sustaining and automatic. The cats will eat the rats and the rats will eat the cats, and the company will get the skins.

I will thank you to give this proposition your prompt attention and advise the amount of stock you will subscribe and to what extent you can assist in its development.

Awaiting your reply, I am,

Yours expectantly,

CHARLIE SCATOVITCH

P.S. The disposition of the cat skins to market might be made by courier.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ROYAL JEWELS

The late Lieutenant Clifford Rosengarten told the following true story of S. O. Wiederanders, Second Lieutenant, Tank Corps, U. S. A.:

Lieutenant Wiederanders joined the Silver Greyhounds one day in Berlin at lunch time. That night at dinner Captain Curtis, who was in command in Berlin came in first and remarked, "What did you say your name was?"

"Wiederanders," warbled Weedy.

Captain Donald Kirkpatrick was the next to appear. He had no sooner seated himself than he asked the same question. When Lieutenant Frederickson hit a triple, there was a general laugh, and when I arrived five minutes later and politely asked Wiederanders his name, the latter burst into tears while the rest rolled on the floor.

Wiederanders' interest in travel in this section of the world was augmented by the fact that he had a long lost uncle who had last been heard of in Dorpat, Russia.

Wiederanders, or "Weedy," as he came to be named, was assigned soon after his arrival to go from Berlin to The Hague. He was returning from this trip one day in April 1918. His neighbor in the train compartment while on the stretch between Boutheim and Berlin was a gentleman of medium height, dark hair, round face, keen features, and a very pleasing personality. He wore a mustache, but his face was otherwise clean-shaven. He spoke fluently English, German, and French, and his passport, which he showed without any restraint, pointed him out to be a subject of Hol-

land. His card gave the name A. Van B——, at a well-known street address in The Hague. The name on the passport was the same.

During the course of the conversation Mr. Van B related experiences as an engineer in Finland and in the Esthonian Mountains. He mentioned having been at Dorpat. This immediately prompted Wiederanders to ask him for information regarding his uncle. Mr. Van B said that the name was familiar and suggested that he would get in touch by wire with a friend in or near Dorpat who could give all the necessary information.

A few days later Wiederanders met Mr. Van B in Berlin. Mr. Van B said that he had received a wire stating that the uncle was in Germany, and that through the Esthonian representative in Berlin he had found that the uncle was now located in Hildesheim. Wiederanders wired to the address given in Hildesheim, and soon a telegram arrived at the Adlon Hotel from the uncle, which proved without a doubt that he had found the right party.

Naturally Wiederanders felt very grateful to Mr. Van B. A short time afterward he again met Mr. Van B, and during the conversation Mr. Van B said that he had a few family trinkets that he wished to send to his wife in The Hague and he asked if Wiederanders would take them for him.

Of course, the carrying by couriers of anything other than official dispatches was strictly forbidden. There was no more severe and ironclad rule in the service. Couriers of some of the other countries were known to be abusing the diplomatic privileges, and stories of immense fortunes by smuggling through money and jewels in official pouches were rampant.

Major Peaslee was determined that the Silver Greyhounds should not be guilty of such practices.

Lieutenant Wiederanders was perplexed. Mr. Van B seemed like such a gentleman, and Weedy was greatly indebted to him for having located the long-lost uncle. He gave Mr. Van B a noncommittal answer, hoping that the matter would be forgotten. A few days later a young lad with a queer name called at the Adlon with a small package about eight inches square and asked for Lieutenant Wiederanders. The lad, not finding Weedy there, left a note with the hotel clerk saying that he had been sent by Professor P, a friend of Mr. Van B, that Mr. Van B had gone to Stockholm but that he had left this package for the Lieutenant to take to The Hague.

A day or two later Wiederanders returned to Berlin from another trip to Reval and found the package awaiting him. His mind was torn between his duty as an officer and his debt of gratitude to his friend. Fortunately one part of the problem was solved for him. He could not take the package to The Hague at once because he was ordered to leave that night to take dispatches to Paris.

While in his locked compartment that night on the Berlin-Spa train, his curiosity got the better of him and he opened the package.

The contents nearly made his heart stop beating. The "family trinkets" that spread out before him were the most dazzling jewels that he had ever beheld! A great tiara of diamonds and rubies was the first piece that he removed from the box. Then came a pearl and diamond collar set with 660 of the most beautifully matched pearls arrayed in ten parallel

circles of pearls crossed by upright bars containing 40 mammoth diamonds.

The next was a necklace of sixteen rubies, each of which was encircled with diamonds—a total of 178 diamonds in this piece.

A large diamond pin in the form of a bow knot, a diamond and pearl brooch about four inches long, twenty-five large diamonds in separate settings, six pins each with one large diamond surrounded by circles of smaller ones, six pins each with a beautiful ruby, the center encircled by diamonds, and several smaller pieces, completed the collection.

Weedy scarcely slept a wink that night. His head swam with the thought of the colossal fortune he was harboring. Upon his arrival in Paris he went straight to Major Peaslee's office and told the full story. Together he and the Major went to the office of Colonel Van Deman, who was the chief intelligence officer for the Peace Commission. In the presence of the Colonel, Major Peaslee, and Captain Robert Goelet, who was acting as an aide to Colonel Van Deman, the jewels were again opened, counted, examined, and photographed.

Evidently they were a well-known collection of some royal personage. But what was their history? Had they been stolen? Were they part of the Russian Crown jewels? Were they the subject of some deep-dyed intrigue? Had their owner been murdered? Why were they to be sent to Holland? Who was the man with the mustache who had given his address as The Hague and who had sped away to Stockholm?

The first thing to be done was to identify the collection, and at Colonel Van Deman's suggestion Major Peaslee and Captain Goelet accompanied Lieutenant Wiederanders to

the shop of one of the leading jewelers¹ of Paris, who was a close personal friend of Captain Goelet, and laid out the beautiful jewels before him.

"Well! where did you gentlemen get possession of these?" said the jeweler.

"Do you know them?" said Captain Goelet.

"Why, of course, I know them," he replied.

The jeweler looked again quickly from one officer to another. "It's all right," said the Captain, "tell us *all*. Whose are they?"

The jeweler pronounced the name of one of the best-known and wealthiest princesses of Europe. She was not of the Russian royal family, and was very much alive.

The three officers returned to Colonel Van Deman's office and held a long conference.

"I think I had better call G.H.Q. on this," said Colonel Van Deman finally. He did so, and after a few hours' delay the word came back from G.H.Q. as follows:

"Do not take official possession of the jewels and take no official notice of the incident. Lieutenant Wiederanders will be returned to Berlin with the personal suggestion that he return the box to the person who gave it to him and obtain a receipt for the box."

It was sound advice, and when Weedy—good, honest Weedy—after several days search in Berlin finally located the boy who had delivered the box to him and also found Mr. Van B and obtained from both of them a receipt in full for all the treasure that he had held, a mighty load was lifted from his mind.

¹ M. Cartier.—Ed.