

the diamond mines of South Africa. Ten men lost their lives to secure that stone for you—ten men were driven into danger by a brutal, greedy overseer—and ten men lost their lives before that bauble was secured. And yet you call it yours. Do you really think it is yours? I have heard legends of the famous Hope Diamond and other precious stones, and there is little wonder that these stories are credited in certain quarters, for as surely as there is a God above, unless the men who secured that stone received fair and adequate compensation, and unless the dependents of the men killed were recompensed as far as possible, then, woman, that stone is just as much stolen property as if you cut the throat of some rich vintner and tore it from his dying clutch.

Lest the above be misunderstood, let me say in conclusion that I do not condemn everybody who may display a jewel from time to time. I do not condemn the industrious, sincere young man who saves his money and buys an engagement ring as a pledge to his lady love. I do not condemn a bachelor who may buy a jewel as an investment or nest-egg. For regardless of how the stone was secured originally, the fact that he worked, saved his money, and paid for the jewel, renders him guiltless. But when I see a duchess or other individual, of whom it can be proven that she never worked a day in her life, loaded down with pounds of treasure, and when it can be further proven that my lord the Duke never worked, or the duke's father or grandfather, then there is only one answer—those jewels are not, and never can be their property until they pay for them by worthy individual effort.