Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Old Mrs. Jupiter, wife of the millionaire automobile manufacturer, gives an engagement dinner and dance for her secretary, Mary Harkness, who is to marry the socially elite Dirk Ruyther.

Mary receives a telephone call from her scapegrace brother, Eddie, saying he is in trouble and must see her. When she goes upstairs to meet him she finds Mrs. Jupiter robbed and murdered in her room. Seeking Dirk, she finds him with Cornelia Tabor, his childhood sweetheart. Dirk advises her to keep silent about Eddie until he can locate the boy.

CHAPTER V.

It was Dirk's voice—tired, rather, but blessedly him. Mary went weak with joy.

"I've got word of—the person we were speaking of," he said. "I'll see you at three o'clock. Can you be ready to go with me then?"

"Oh, Dirk, of course! Then it's all right? Everything's all right?"

"I don't know that," he hedged, "I haven't talked with him. Better not say anything to anybody yet. Well, I'm going home and get some sleep now, and I'll be around for you at a quarter of three, sharp. See you then."

The relief Mary had felt at first gave place to a new and more oppressive fear. If he had had good news, or even the hope of it, he would have told her. He had meant to be comforting, but the effect of his words was just the opposite. She was really alarmed now.

The telephone rang again. She picked it up wearily. It was another reporter.

"Yes," she told him automatically, "Inspector Kane will see you here at eleven o'clock. Mr. Jupiter will be present also. No, there will be no other interview. Mr. Jupiter is very tired and has been ordered to bed."

"But it's half-past ten now," an outraged voice complained, "and I'm in Hackensack, New Jersey!"

"Well," Mary permitted herself the rare luxury of flippancy, "that's what you get for it." She hung up. What a way to talk—she must be getting lightheaded.

The phone shrilled again even as she hung up. She walked away and let it ring.

Three o'clock. If she could just keep her own counsel until then. Somehow she could not bear to face Mr. Jupiter with the knowledge of what she was holding back. "So far there has been nothing—nothing!" There was something—not much, perhaps, but something. She would feel better when the strain of waiting was over, when Mr. Jupiter knew.

She was almost fatalistic about it now. She knew that sooner or later someone would interrogate Bessie, if they had not already done so, and that in all probability Bessie would tell frankly about the side door she had left unlocked at Mary's request. She ought to speak to Bessie.

But something held her back. Pride, of a sort. She could lie herself but she could not ask Bessie to lie. Intrigue with a housemaid would be humiliating at best. Perhaps Inspector Kane was so busy he would forget about Bessie. But as she passed the library door she saw Kane there with Mr. Jupiter and the lawyer, talking with a fourth man who had his back to the door. She recognized with a start that it was Tom, the cauffeur.

Tom was shaking his head with great positiveness.

"I'd take my oath on it," he said, "that it was the same car. Three times it came in and went 'round the circle, in the space of half an hour."

"You'd know it again if you saw it?"

"I would. A black body with aluminum trimmings and aluminum hood. Mr. Jupiter called our attention to it, that's why I noticed it. A guy was driving it, but I didn't see his face."

"Anybody in it?"

"Nobody in it that I could see."

The detective made a rapid note.

"Lorimor. Special body." The chauffeur nodded.

"All right, Tom. You can go." As an afterthought he called after him, "That maid around, the one that was with you?" Tom disclaimed all knowledge of Bessie with an indifferent shrug. "Probably sleeping. You want to see her?" The faint accent he placed on the word "her" indicated that in his opinion this would be a pure waste of time.

"Never mind," Kane said. "I'll see her presently. You talk to her last night? She say anything to you?"

"Dumb as an oyster," Tom shrugged. "She don't know the time of day."

"All right," said Kane absently. "I'll get around to her after a while. Now where are those reporters? Let's get them out of the way."

The group of newspapermen waiting in the dining room, where sleepy-eyed servants had laid a buffet supper at Mr. Jupiter's order, were ushered into the library next. Mary would have slipped away but Inspector Kane, spying her as he greeted the men on their entrance, summoned her with a nod.

"Come in, will you please, Miss Harkness? We need a rose among all these thorns."

The newspapermen eyed her curiously; she felt as overpowered with shyness as if she had suddenly been thrust out on a stage alone. But they behaved toward her with the most formal courtesy.

Kane jumped into the middle of his discourse. Evidently he had gone over most of it with them individually before.

"So as I said before to you boys, I'm convinced the crook who did this was an amateur and a bungler. I haven't changed my mind."

"Bungler" someone snorted sarcastically.

Kane raised his voice. "Bungler, I said. And why? Because he'll have to take the rap for murder, that's why. Any jewel thief who knew the A B C of the business could have got those jewels and never left a mark on the old lady." Remembering the presence of Mr. Jupiter, he lowered his voice somewhat as it to soften what he had to say.

"But how did he get in?" somebody asked.

Kane waved him down. "He got in, didn't he? We'll get around to that. Two Pinkerton men looked over the guests as they came in and there wasn't a 'mug' in the lot. But they left at midnight. Nobody was admitted at either door without a ticket. But there were plenty of windows open and the French doors in the ballroom were open. If a man could get into the grounds he could get into the house.

"But let's get on. As I say, Mrs. Jupiter's feet hurt and she went upstairs to her room on the third floor to give 'em a little rest. That tallies because she had on house-slippers when she was found. Her maid was downstairs looking after the women guests. The thief was either hiding in a closet, or in the next room, or else he came in after she did. He steps out, throws a gun on her, and tells her to hand over the jewels. But the old lady was game. She wouldn't give them up.

"Now! How do I know the guy was an amateur? Because first off he grabs her rings and the diamond tiayra. Diamonds are flashy, and any fool knows what they're worth. But rubies," he broke off to ask, "any of you ever seen the Jupiter necklace?"

There was a shaking of heads. "Pictures of it," one man admitted.

"Wel, then you know it doesn't look like so much. You'd never think to look at it that $500,000 wouldn't buy it. A cool half a million! That's money, in any language. But just to look at, why, say, my wife's got a string of pearls I bought her for Christmas that knocks the spots off it for looks!"

"Taking a little graft, Kane?" somebody snickered. Kane overlooked the raillery.

"Now, the way I figure it, this guy don't have any real idea of the value of that necklace or he wouldn't have fooled with the other stuff. Here's what he did: he pocketed the diamonds and made a pass at the necklace. Now, any crook smart enough to know a ruby from an agate knows that a valuable string of any kind don't depend on no catch that's gonna come apart with a perk. A woman can't lose a necklace nowadays. They've all ogt patent catches. This guy was new and he was scared, for when the old lady refused to hand over the necklace it rattled him. He tried to snatch it and she held it up in her hands, tight. He cusses her and she runs to the balcony and he lets her have it. Now, why would he do that?

"He must have thought the upper floor was deserted or he wouldn't have been there. And if somebody did hear her scream and came in, what difference would that make? If he'd been a regular stick up that knew his job he'd have stood them up against the wall and made a getaway just the same, cool as you please.

"No, that guy had a nervous trigger finger. I might so so far as to say he was yellow, clear through. Maybe he monkeyed with the catch and couldn't open it, as the old lady lay on the floor—we'll know when we get the fingerprint man's report. But the chances are he didn't for he didn't have time. Miss Harkness thinks she didn't scream, but she isn't sure. She probably made a sound of some kind. Then it couldn't have been more than a minute before she came in and the man was gone. When Miss Harkness came in and when she went out, the lights were on, full and bright. She didn't make a search, naturally, and it's a good thing she didn't, for Miss Harkness," he turned to the girl, "you can take my word for it the murderer was still in that oom, all the time you were there!"

He watched the girl's white face with obvious relish of the impression he was creating.

"The butler answered Mrs. Jupiter's bell that had just rung a minute before he met Miss Harkness at the foot of the stairs. When the butler entered the room, it was dark. He switched on the lights himself."

"I don't get you, Sergeant," somebody commented. "Who rang the buzzer—Miss Harkness?"

"No. He did. The thief did. The push-button that summons the servants is right next the light switch. In trying to turn out the lights to cover his getaway he missed the light switch the first time and rang the buzzer by mistake.

"We've got the story of a chap named Doulton that he went out through the grounds. Matter of fact, I ran into Doulton and nearly knocked him down. He must have climbed up and come in by the balcony. There's footprints below. No evidence on the balcony rail or the wall to prove it, but that's the most likely thing."

"Doulton get a look at him?"

Kane looked disgusted. I regret to say that Mr. Doulton was more than a trifle drunk."

"Any fingerprints?"

"None so far. But I've got another witness that saw him probably. Saw him plain. Can identify him. But I tell you boys frankly that I don't think his life would be worth a nickel if I told you who he was."

One of the men—he was the ceteran police reporter for the Star—asked slowly, "Saw him before or after the shooting?"

Kane hesitated. "Before," he admitted finally.

There was some talk about the exact value of the jewels, a request to photograph the necklace. And in a remarkably short time, the newspapermen had all left the house.

Only the man from the Star hung back. He lowered his voice and asked: "How about telephone calls into the house last night, Kane? Have you traced 'em?"

(To be continued.)

Happiness

To enjoy happiness is a great good, but to be able to confer it also on others is a greater still.

Notes From London

"DISHCLOUT ROW" VANISHES.

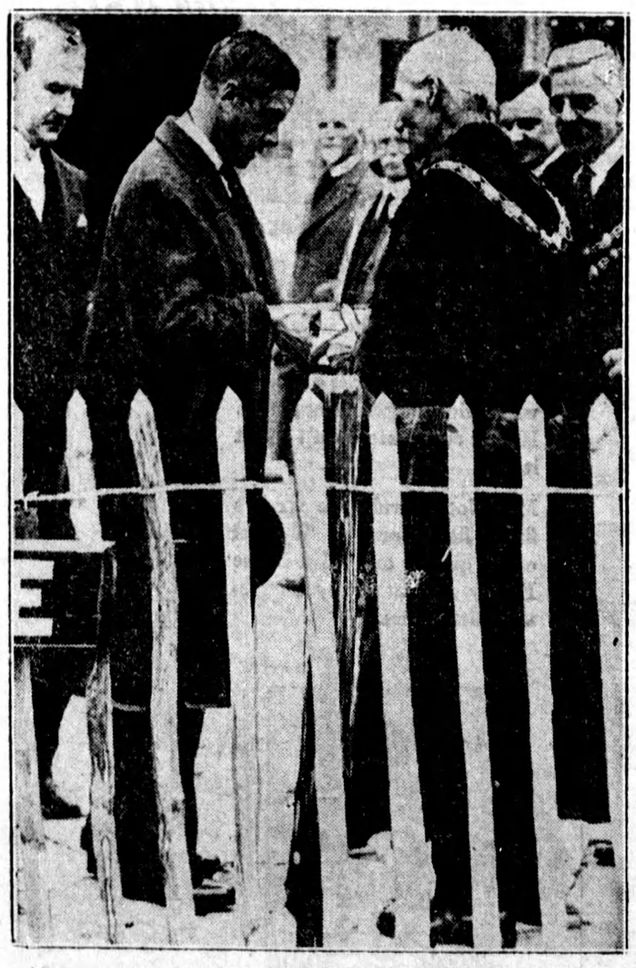
A terrace of quaint little Georgian houses, which is said to have earned the nickname of "Dishclout Row" from George III. owing to the number of commemorative plaques on the walls looking like dishcloths hung out to dry, has disappeared from the north side of Kensington High street to make way for new shops. This is yet another example in London of the rapid spread of business premises into traditionally residential districts. City merchants and high lights of society used to live in majestic mansions in central London. Today they usually occupy luxury flats during the week, and retreat to small country houses for week-ends. Famous streets like Park Lane are changing completely in character. Mayfair's big houses are being pulled down and replaced by blocks of flats and shops with severe modern architectural lines. The census returns of last July showed that while the population of Greater London had increased by more than 720,000 to 8,202,818 from 1921 to 1931, yet the number of residents in London County, or inner London, had decreased by nearly 100,000 during the same period. Stately Georgian and ornate Victorian mansions in once fashionable streets and squares have fallen out of favor owing to their large rooms, numerous stairs and the necessity for considerable domestic staffs to maintain them.

One is told that the demand for luxury flats has been more than satisfied in the last few years. But they continue to be built. In many cases their rentals are much greater than those of old five-storied houses near by. But the most remarkable change of all is taking place in London's suburbs. Ever-busy builders are weaving their web of little homes round the roads which radiate in all directions from the metropolis into Surrey, Middlesex, Kent, Essex and Hertfordshire. Speeding up of train services has made it possible for the business man to live in rural surroundings. Even Brighton, the south coast resort about sixty miles away from London, is becoming a "suburb,' with many of its inhabitants traveling daily to the metropolis and back.

DUCKS DELIGHT LAWYERS.

There is great delight in legal circles here at the appearance, in readiness for the nesting season, of a pair of wild ducks in the peaceful, medieval surroundings of Lincoln's Inn, which is set in the very heart of London, yet sheltered by beautiful mellowed stone buildings from the ceaseless rumble of traffic. Benchers (senior members of the Inns of Court) had their little pond in New Court cleaned out in hopeful anticipation. Two years ago a pair of mallards suppenly appeared like a bolt from the blue and set up house in a nest on the edge of the pond. They reared a fine family in an atmosphere of white wigs and flowing robes, under the interested and somewhat paternal gaze of eminent King's counsels and learned barristers. Last year they returned, but had hardly moved into their home when two more ducks and another drake arrived on the scene. The limited accommodation of the fifteen-foot diameter pond soon became evident. Loud quacks and scufflings disturbed the peace of the whole of Lincoln's Inn. The original couple finally established their right to the solitary nest and the others departed. Lawyers are hoping that there will be no rivalry this year.

Prince Attends Farmers' Show



After an exhaustive tour of their show, the Prince of Wales addressed 7,000 members of the National Farmers' Union at Yeovil on the future success of British farming. We see the mayor presenting H.I.H. with six pairs of gloves.

The 40th Anniversary of "SALADA" TEA

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RIVERS RUN UNDER STREETS

Waiting for an electric train at Sloane Square Underground Station, one's eye is caught by what looks like an ordinary inclosed passenger bridge over the lines. Actually this bridge carries, not pedestrians, but a river. The Westbourne is only one of London's lost rivers. The area of Greater London was once a marsh drained by a number of streams running into the Thames. The Tyburn flows beneath Bond Street and the Green Park, and provides Buckingham Palace with its ornamental water garden. The Fleet, which necessitated the building of Holborn Viaduct, passes under Fleet Street. The course of the Wallbrook runs close to the deep foundations of the vaults of the Bank of England. Counter's Brook rises in Kensal Green and winds in an underground channel to Thames-side, while Peckham took its name from a stream called the Peke, which still gurgles on beneath tall buildings and crowded streets. For centuries these rivers and the muddy land surrounding them have called for the utmost ingenuity from the architects and builders of Britain's capital. There have been periodic subterranean rebellions, too, but these have always been successfully overcome.

FISH PORTERS' QUEER HATS.

London's queerest hats—those of the fish porters of Billingsgate—are made in a little shop in a steep winding alleyway called Love-lane, which runs into Billingsgate Market. Champion porters think nothing of carrying 100 pounds' weight of fish at a time on their heads, so their headgear has to be substantial. It is made of leather, with a flat top studded with nails, and protects neck as well as head. It is not a ready-made affair, but each porter has to be specially fitted. It is carefully sewn with wax thread, and its owner's initials printed in nails on the crown. Although there are about 1,000 fish porters in Billingstgate, the demand for their special hats is not very great. They last almost indefinitely. But Edward Spink, who makes them, had an unexpected order recently from a woman. She did not intend becoming a porter, but wanted "the real thing" for a fancy dress dance.

Life-Giving Pigment Taken From Leaves

One of the world's most mysterious substances, chlorophyll, the life-giving green pigment in the leaves of plants, is now available to science and industry. Dr. Frank M. Schertb, of the United States Department of Agriculture has found a way to extract it at low cost from blue grass, spinach and other plants and has isolated the largest single hatch of the pure compound.

With plenty of chlorophyll available for study experts hope to explain a long standing riddle. Sunlight falls alike on man, animals and plants, but only the plants have the power of harnessing its energy to manufacture food. The chlorophyll in their green leaves, in some way still unknown, takes carbon dioxide gas from the air and transforms its carbon into sugars and starches, yielding oxygen in return through the pores of the leaves. New studies of chlorophyll may reveal the secret of this process, says Popular Science Monthly.

Commercial applications also are foreseen for Dr. Schertz's discovery. Chlorophyll already is used in soap manufacture and other industries. Medicinal pills are made from it. Hitherto Germany and Switzerland have furnished small quantities, extracted at almost prohibitive cost. With a cheap supply available Dr. Schertz foresees new uses. One derivative of chlorophyll, he says, offers great promise as a beneficial coloring matter for ice cream.

Chlorophyll has been analyzed and found a combination of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and the metallic element, magnesium. It loses its green tint and becomes blue-black upon extraction.

To-day

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks
It the darkened future, without a gleam.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Love of Truth

Believe it, my good friend, to love truth for truth's sake is the principle part of all perfection in this world and the seed-plot of all other virtues.—John Locke.

Corn Planted by Terrace Method to End Erosion

The erosion problem, one of the most serious facing the farms of the United States, has been practically solved in one section of Missouri where the Federal warnings have been taken seriously. In this area, says The Washington Star, steep hillsides which for years had been washed by heavy rains, have been planted in corn by the so-called terracing method. The results have more than borne out the contentions of the experts who have maintained that this method is the only one which will save the fertile top soil which in unprotected regions has been washed away either by sheet erosion or by gullying.

To illustrate, accurate measurements on adjacent fields subject to the same rainfall as the terraced fields disclosed the soil washed away last year at the rate of 140 tons an acre. On the terraced fields the loss showed an average of 2.3 tons an acre with one particular development with just eighty-five pounds over a ton loss.

There are two methods of terracing, one which provides a gentle slope from one flat down toward the terrace leading to the flat on the next lower level, and one in which the various flats are made as level as possible. In the case of the level areas, the loss was held to the minimum.

"Anything new at your boarding house?"

"Not a thing, either in grub or gossip."

A Good Rule

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you ment to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

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Household oil must do 3 things, say experts

Household oils that merely lubricate do only half the job, say lubrication experts. Locks and hinges, sewing machines, electric fans, vacuum cleaners, lawn mowers, washers—all household devices are constantly gathering dirt and rust when not in service. To get best results one should use an oil that cleans and protects as well as lubricates.

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