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 Dirk Ruyther. Mary receives a telephone call from her scapegrace brother, Eddie, saying he is in trouble and must see her. She tells a maid to admit him when he calls. 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 him. Bowen, a reporter for The Star, shows unusual interest in the case.

CHAPTER VI.

"What do you know about telephone calls?" asked Kane.

"I don't know a thing, Inspector. I just asked!" the Star reporter replied, and turned away toward the stairs. "Well, I'll just run up and see how Bill's making out. I'd like to get a look at that necklace myself. No objection?"

"Go ahead."

They had all gone and Mary found herself alone with Mr. Jupiter in the library. A fire crackled in the great fireplace. A dim haze of cigaret smoke filled the air. It was very quiet. The tick of a grandfather clock sounded in her ears like the voice of conscience, pushing her forward.

She got up and went over and sat down beside Mr. Jupiter in front of the fire.

"Mr. Jupiter, there's something I must tell you—"

Her hands were cold and her throat so dry she could hardly get the words out but she was resolved to go on. She could not bear the sight of that bowed figure without doing something to help.

He looked up vaguely, as if becoming aware of her for the first time. Seeing the suffering in that lined face, Mary's heart failed her. She remembered with a stab of fright Dr. Jordan's warning of a few hours ago. "He must not be allowed to brood if we can help it. If he does, his mind will go."

Mr. Jupiter's devotion to his wife, the doctor had reminded Mary, was unique even among happily married couples. He told her why, at least, he told what he had heard—that Mrs. Jupiter had turned down the richest man in their small upstate village to marry Jim Jupiter, a penniless mechanic, and live in poverty. That was why he had lived just to give her everything. Now she was gone, his reason for living was taken from him. Brooding on the tragedy might shake his sanity, and no wonder, since it was the very jewels he had delighted to deck her in that has brought about her death.

"Come and see me soon," Dr. Jordan had said to Mary, earnestly. "I want to talk to you about what we must do to save him." Odd that she should be the one he talked to about this. But she did not have time to wonder what he meant.

"Mr. Jupiter, I've something to tell you—" she repeated.

"Eh? Oh, yes." He smiled and roused himself. "I know—you're going to leave us. Well, we expected that. But we didn't think it would be so soon. You and Dirk going to get married right off?"

"No, no!" Mary assured him emphatically, much to her own surprise.

"Not for a long time yet." He looked so utterly bereft; what else could she have said?

He was staring into the fire again. His face was working like that of a child who is trying hard not to cry. Sick with pity, Mary looked away.

"It's not the same without her, is it, child?" he said sadly.

Dr. Jordan's words flashed into her mind. Taking a deep breath, she plunged ahead.

"Mr. Jupiter, last night my—I had a telephone call from my brother. I haven't seen him for quite a long time. He called me up during the party—"

She knew he was not listening.

"That so? How's he getting on?" He was making an effort to be interested.

"I'm afraid he's in trouble, Mr. Jupiter. I don't know what, but I'm afraid it's pretty bad."

"Well," the flat old voice replied lifelessly, "he'll come out all right. Few things in the world that a few dollars won't fix."

"Oh, it isn't that! But I asked him here—and he hasn't come. I don't know where he is. I've been—pretty worried—" How to tell him! Here she was going 'round and 'round the subject, and not saying what she meant to say at all.

"Don't do it!" he barked at her. "Don't do it! It's not a woman's place to worry about a man. Man's place to worry about a woman. Let him do that!"

"I will. But he's so young. He isn't 21 yet." She hadn't thought of it before, but now it came to her that whatever Eddie had been up to, his punishment would be tempered for him—he was still a minor in the eyes of the law.

"I'm sorry to see you go, now more than ever," Mr. Jupiter resumed. Eddie did not interest him much; he was of a different stripe from his sister, and he had never cared much about the boy. "I'll tell you, if it wasn't for this Dirk of yours—we had plans about you, Mama and I. I don't know but she'd like them carried out anyway, now she's gone and can't attend to it herself."

Mary had no idea of what was coming; as he continued, her amazement grew.

"We always wanted a daughter, and after Bruce went away, and you came, Mama used to say how nice it was to have a young girl in the house. There's something about a girl—you can buy 'em dresses and things." The Paris dress! How happy she had been in it, only yesterday. Mary shut her eyes to squeeze back the tears.

"Of course, Bruce will marry some day; but then we never see as much of Bruce as we'd like to." The shadow of a very real bitterness crossed his face. "No, that might not happen anyway in our lifetime, and like as not it would be one of those foreign women he's always writing about. No, we thought we wouldn't wait for that. We had you here, and liked you, and we thought we'd just adopt you. Now, what would you have said to that?"

"It would have been wonderful! Perfectly wonderful!"

"Yes—well," he said, pleased as a child, "we'll have to see about it when all this is over. Things are pretty bad right now. But you musn't let it worry you, or change your plans a jot. Bruce'll be along any day now. I dare say there'll be an answer to my cable before the day's over, and when he comes he'll brighten things up a bit."

Mary tried to believe that this was so but could only reflect bitterly on what she had heard of the absent Bruce and his ways.

"Pull that bell-cord, will you?" Mr. Jupiter asked, suddenly. But Spence when he came had nothing to report. The old man sank back.

"I suppose there hasn't been time."

* * *

Although she had never seen him, Mary's heart was hardened against him. It was plain to see how much his parents missed him, how puzzled they were by his continued absence. They treasured his infrequent letters, written in a patois almost unintelligible to them and sprinkled with the names of persons and places they knew nothing at all about.

Now she tried to soften the blow for the old man.

"He may be out to town."

"Well, he's no business to be!" he snapped. Instead of soothing him, the suggestion seemed to anger him. "The place for that young man is back in this country, and I'll mighty soon tell him so when I see him! If he'd been here, where he ought to be, at his mother's side, this never would have happened!"

Whether his grievance was justified or not, it was exceedingly bitter. Mary hoped for Bruce's sake he was managing to endure spring in Paris this year.

"We've taken a lot of comfort in you, Mary," Mr. Jupiter continued more gently. "You may as well have some of what we've got, along with Bruce. The Ruythers have got nothing. Never will have anything. Steve's too close. He wouldn't plant a nickel that wouldn't raise a dollar."

"Wonderful," but—let's not think of it now."

* * *

The nurse Dr. Jordan had sent came in briskly efficient, and interrupted them. "Time for Mr. Jupiter to get some rest," she told him firmly. Those were Dr. Jordan's orders. Bed, and his luncheon brought up to him.

"Faugh!" The nurse recoiled before his rejection of her. "Where's Spence? Who told Jordan to send a woman over here? You go back and tell him I said to mind his own business. I guess I've still got sense enough to know when to go to bed."

When the indignant lady had finally been persuaded that her presence was not wanted, and Mr. Jupiter had been delivered into the hands of his ancient servitor, Mary bethought herself of Bessie. It might not hurt to drop a cautious word.

Spence could not say where she was. She was a light-headed baggage and he would just like the job of discharging her if she didn't tend to business better than this.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that just yet!" Mary said hurriedly. "She's probably around somewhere."

"She'll be wherever the men are," was Spence's acid reply.

This proved true enough. For as Mary mounted to stairs to go to her own room she was surprised to hear voices on the landing, one of them the maid's.

"Don't you know any movie directors, honest?" she was saying. "Gee, I thought newspapermen knew everybody there is!"

The voice of Bowen, the Star's reporter, replied wearily. "No, I don't, and if I did, what of it? Listen, sister, I've got an edition to catch. If you've got anything to tell me, let's have it and forget the Hollywood stuff. Come on, what's it all about?"

"Will you put my picture in the paper?"

"Sure, sure. Out with it." The reporter moved down a step. Time was short and he did not believe the girl had anything of importance to reveal.

"We—ll," she lowered her voice to a whisper just as Mary hurried up the steps.

"Oh, Bessie," Mary interrupted coolly, "Spence is looking everywhere for you. Your friend will excuse you, I'm sure."

The startled maid jumped and fled past her down the stairs in precipitate haste, leaving Mary face to face with the embarrassed newspaperman.

"Have you finished your work?" she asked coldly. "Because if you have, you'd better go."

(To be continued.)

Just So!

The man who had just returned from France was relating a thrilling experience at the dinner table.

"Yes," said he, "an Apache sprang at me in one of the streets of Paris, snatched my pocket-case of notes, and bolted! The gendarmes chased him and, when cornered, he leapt into the river—"

"Ah!" said a listener. "Guilty but in Seine."

Absurd!

The man who had received a notice from the tax-collector was both indignant and mystified. He was called upon to pay £50 forthwith. He hadn't a £.

He wrote back as follows:

"Dear Sir,—On my Income-Tax return I clearly stated my profession which you appear to have misunderstood. You demand £50 forthwith. I said I was a contractor—not a conjurer!"

"The foundation of real business is service."—Henry Ford.

Speaking of her cat she says: "I give him everything except milk. I can't give him that because I haven't got it.'"

February 29, 1908: "Pett Ridge (the novelist) came on Wednesday for lunch, and told us a funny story about a page at a ladies' club who made an income by cutting politenesses out of telegrams which he was entrusted with for dispatch."

December 6, 1907, (at a dinner): "Pett Ridge told one good story about a little boy who said there were only 9 Commandments,, and when his father said that at any rate when he went away there had been 10, replied: 'Yes, but mother broke one last week.'"

* * *

Some more:

May 24, 1904: "Mrs. Devereux said she was at a dinner party the other night at which were also W. S. Gilbert (of Gilbert and Sullivan fame) and Douglas Straight (editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette",) Straight was talking about the peculiarities of memory, loss of it, etc. He said he could remember incidents when he was in Naples at the age of 2. But if he was asked where he dined last week he couldn't remember. 'No,' said Gilbert. 'And if you could, probably you wouldn't be able to tell us.'"

* * *

February 8, 1904. "He (Eden Phillpotts, the novelist) said he had, long ago, met an American woman who had aspired to be a poet and had submitted her verse to Longfellow in his old age, and called on him and received his advice. She was then young and very pretty. 'How can I thank you, Mr. Longfellow?' she cried earnestly. 'You can give me a kiss,' said Longfellow. She said to Eden: 'I was so taken aback and startled that I just kissed him and ran straight out of the house.'"

* * *

In the early days of his writing career, Arnold Bennett was editor of a weekly paper for women called "Woman"—which adds piquancy to this entry in his Journal:

January 22, 1897: "In this week's 'Woman' is one of those mistakes that must inevitably occur now and then when a man edits a woman's paper. Under some designs for a layette outfit is the legend: 'Cut to measure patterns supplied.' Nine men out of nine would never observe the blunder."

* * *

And here's an amusing story about Sir Herbert Tree, the actor-manager—in his younger days:

May 20, 1896: "During a rehearsal of 'The Pompadour,' one of Tree's ancient failures at the Haymarket and almost if not quite the first piece in which Mrs. Tree came out as a serious, professional actress, she managed clumsily to give Tree a blow in the face while embracing him. 'Maud, Maud,' he exclaimed, stopping the rehearsal, 'here have I been teaching you to act all this time and the best you can do is to put your thumb in my eye! Begone, Maud! Begone!'. And the rehearsal concluded—so Gardner (manager for Tree) told me today."

* * *

In these days of giant Trans-Atlantic liners, it is interesting to learn that the "Great Eastern"— full-rigged ship with auxiliary engines—built over eighty years ago, still holds one record of the ship-building world; no other ship has ever had five funnels and six masts.

"Noah's Ark was 300 cubits long, 50 cubits wide and 30 cubits high; since a cubit is about 18 inches, Noah's Ark must have been a formidable craft 450 to 500 feet long," point out the authors—Eric Hodgins and F. Alexander Magnon—of "Behemoth: The Story of Power."

Germany's President Favors Coffee

President Von Hindenburg in an informal pose taken at Berlin's race track.

given ...a. Pr... lowe...

"No mod... been sufficien... marine e... a competiting courageou... Scott Russell and, until... gan, upon the bank... of the T... Thames, the construction of that premature leviathan known as the 'Great Eastern'." add Messrs. Hodgins and Magoun. "She was 92 feet long, 83 feet beam (118 feet on the paddle boxes), 58 feet in depth and 28 feet in draft. Her displacement was some 28,000 tons. It took four years to build her."

* * *

"The 'Great Eastern' was a famous and picturesque craft, and a triumph of naval architecture. She had a double bottom (its first appearance), and 50 water-tight compartments. Yet, for all these tremendous physical dimensions, she was tragically under-engined for her size. After living an unhappy and frustrated life, she was—in 1887—turned over to the ship-breakers and her twenty anchors scattered to the seven seas.

* * *

In the third volume of his historical Memoirs, Prince von Buelow, former German Chancellor, quotes a letter from Lady Norah Bentinck, who was visiting her kinsman Count Bentinck, at Amerongen, Holland, at the time the ex-Kaiser arrived there following his flight from Germany. The first thing the tired Emperor said, as he pulled up before the main entrance, "rubbing his hands together" and with a "deep sigh of relief," was:

"Now you must let me have a cup of real, good, hot, strong English tea."

* * *

"The Count, with a smile, promised to see to it at once," says Lady Norah, "and soon the Emperor got his tea. It was not so much an ordinary English tea as a real Scots high tea. One of the many treasures of Amerongen is a Scots housekeeper, an expert at the preparation of Scots biscuits, scones, shortbread, and all the delicacies which most travellers in the Highlands have enjoyed. The Kaiser was soon acknowledging her exceptional culinary skill."

* * *

The recent discussion as to the origin of the name "America," recalls a story about Oscar Wilde, told by Walter Sichel (in "The Sands of Time"). Wilde was at a party when the discussion turned on who really discovered America. An aggressive New Yorker repeated more than once:

"I tell you, sir, that it was the great Columbus who first discovered our great country."

* * *

Wilde softly inquired whether a certain Don Amerigo had not given his name to the Continent just before Columbus discovered it.

Still the New Yorker persisted.

"I see," sighed Wilde. Of course, you must be right, though I fancy I can explain the anomaly. Don Amerigo discovered it first, but it was hushed up."

* * *

Explaining the size of the earth as compared to the size of the sun, and how the earth looks from the sun, A. L. De Leeuw states (in "Rambling Through Science") that "from the sun the earth would appear to an observer in the same proportion as an eight-inch bowling ball placed at a distance of a mile and a half from a human eye. To see it at all," he adds, "would require a powerful telescope."

* * *

In reproducing the surface features of the world on an eight-inch sphere, Mr. De Leeuw explains, the ratio would be 1,000 miles to an inch. Mt. Whitney, which is nearly three miles high, would be represented by an elevation of only three thousandths of an inch, the thickness of an average grade of writing paper. The Hudson river would be represented by a scratch one thousandth of an inch wide and almost one-hundred-thousandth of an inch at the maximum depth. The Empire State Building, in New York City, is too small to indicate, since its elevation in proper proportion would be only one-fourth of the thickness of tissue paper.

* * *

That versatile man of letters, John Drinkwater—he is poet, playwright and biographer — was once asked what he considered his greatest achievement. He replied.

"When I was 13 years old I created a record for my class at the Oxford High School in the long jump, 5 feet 8 inches, which has never been beaten."

Bangkok, Siam, is to have its first chain shoe store.

Leave...
and p...
On the face and hand...
share of pain
Had better be got from sim...
like drouth
And yellowing plants, than from the
dread disease
Of melancholia that puts upon the
mouth
A smile deformed, and lashes the
memories
Until they burn. O Farmer, you plough
and hoe
And the sweat you drop on the seed-
lings in the ground,
Bring you a harvest of verdant life to
show;
But we who are occupied the seasons round
With thoughts and cunning schemes,
whose souls are carved
Even as your back is, have not seen
the fruit
Of cultivation ripen, nor have we
served
Earth, ourselves—discouraged and
dejected.

—Helene Mullins in Scribner's.

Settled

A middle-aged man, with what appeared to be a load on his mind, visited the Arctic steamer just before it started on the expedition, and seemed greatly interested in what he saw.

"I say," he said to the officer on deck, "I'd like to go with you on this expedition of yours."

"It's awfully cold up there," remarked the officer discouragingly.

"I don't care for that."

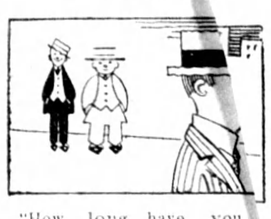
"You have very little to eat, and you might starve to death."

"That wouldn't be pleasant," observed the visitor.

"I should say not," returned the officer.

"Then you would see your wife for three years, and possibly longer. You now you could take her with you."

"Oh!" returned the would-be explorer, after a long pause, "then you can put my name down as a starter. Your last argument carries me."



"How long have you known Smith?"

"Never; I've only known him short."

"Joan, darling, give me a kiss. No, I've got scruples." "I don't mind, I've had them twice."

Stops Summer Odors

The heavy smell which warm weather brings to many people is largely prevented by regular bathing with a free lather of Baby's Own Soap.

The delicate aroma dispels all unpleasantness and the skin feels so refreshed, cool and sweet. Baby's Owns sells at 10c. a cake at dealers everywhere.

39-25

"Best for you and Baby too"

Only wealthy people can afford cheap oil, says lubrication expert

One kind of oil is as good as another in the container. It's actual service that makes the difference.

Cheap oil is never worth the price you pay. For it leads you into thinking you are getting proper lubrication for your sewing machine, lawn mower, washer, electric fan, vacuum cleaner and other expensive equipment—when you are not.

If you want to get the best possible service from your household equipment, 3-in-One is the oil to use. This recognized leader is a scientific blend of high grade animal, mineral and vegetable oils and contains properties not possessed by ordinary oil. It cleans and protects as well as lubricates. Don't take a chance. Insist on the old reliable 3-in-One. At good stores everywhere. For your protection, look for the trade mark "3-in-One" printed in Red on every package.

Rich in body building vitamins . . .

Pasteurized for your Protection

½ lb. packages or sliced from the famous 5 lb. loaf. Look for the name "Kraft" as the only positive identification of the genuine.

Made in Canada

KRAFT CHEESE

No. 27—'32