Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Rich, old Mrs. Jupiter is robbed and murdered during an engagement party for her secretary, Mary Harkness. Mary's scapegrace brother, Eddie, is supposed to have been in the house at the murder hour. Mary prevents a maid, Bessie, from telling Bowen, a reporter, about Eddie's supposed visit. Dirk Ruyther, Mary's fiancee, telephones that he has found Eddie and Bowen drives Mary to the rendezvous. Eddie is run down by a car. Delirious in the hospital, he mumbles about a fly.

CHAPTER IX.

Eddie did not recover consciousness sufficiently to tell his version of the story before he died. There were hours of suspense, for he was young and dying did not come easy to him, even with a fractured skull. But he was weak—he hadn't eaten much for days, according to the examining doctor, who was also puzzled by the presence of dark bruises on his body. But in the absence of any other information he attributed these to his fall.

Sometimes he moved restlessly and babbled. "Maybe he's trying to tell us something," Mary suggested. But the others did not believe it; they were pityingly silent.

Bowen drew Dirk aside out of Mary's hearing and let his wrath explode. Dirk blamed himself miserably for his failure to reach the rendezvous at the appointed time, and what the reporter had to tell him did not make him any happier.

"I tell you I saw it! It was murder—pure murder! Two feet further over, and they'd have got me, too. By God, to get that guy I'd turn this town upside down!"

"Get away!"

"Clean. I tell you it was all carefully calculated to the minute. Whoever it was took a big chance, swinging around under those L pillars. Just as he turned the corner he flooded the carburetor and the number-plate was hidden by smoke."

"But why should anyone want to kill the boy?"

Bowen shrugged. "I've got an idea he knows something about this Jupiter killing."

Ruyther looked at him sharply.

"Ah, the kid didn't do it; I don't mean that," the reporter answered. "I'll bet my hat this was a professional job. Somebody did the Jupiter job and hung it on Eddie. And when he went to tell, they got him. That's how I figure it."

"Perhaps you're right," Dirk rejoined stiffly. He did not want to talk to Bowen, but one thing bothered him. "What time was it when you and Miss Harkness reached the corner? Did you notice?"

"Four-ten. I looked at my watch before I hunted a telephone to call the office."

Dirk turned away, savage with regret. If he'd been punctual, Eddie might have been living yet. He was convinced the thing was an accident. Newspapermen lived with sensation until they saw it where it did not exist. If he had been disposed to think that someone had wished Eddie's death, the antagonism he felt for the other man made him veer to the opposite view.

He could not have explained the stiffness that came into his manner when talking to the newspaperman but it was strongly rooted and came from two causes. An aversion to publicity was bred in the conservative bones of the Ruyther clan. And there was something more, something abou the way the absurd fellow's gaze followed Mary that stirred all that was proprietary in Dirk's love. There is a mysterious telegraph by which men in love with the same woman recognize each other. Ridiculous as the idea was, Dirk felt constrained.

Bowen pursued his questioning, too absorbed in speculation to notice the other's stiffness. Already a plan was forming in his mind, and if he found enough confirmation of his suspicions, well—he might be on the trail of a bigger story than he had thought.

"How did you get in touch with Harkness, by the way—do you mind telling me?" he asked thoughtfully. "I confess he had me thinking him guilty—until I saw this. Too plain to miss."

"Why," said Dirk, hesitating, "he called me up this morning. He really said very little. Said he had tried to reach Mary but the line was busy and he couldn't wait. So he called me instead. I said, 'Where are you?' and he said, 'I'll tell you when I see you.' Then he told me to bring Mary and meet him at the corner you took her to at 4 o'clock sharp. If I'd been there on time! But—" he gulped down the fact of his mother's responsiblity for the tragedy—"but I was—detained."

"How did he seem? Frightened? Hurried? Anything queer about it, I mean?"

"We—ell," Dirk considered, disliking the reversal of roles in which he found himself. He was usually the interrogator himself. On the other hand, he knew that a refractory witness does himself no good, so he answered courteously enough.

"I got the impression he didn't want to be overheard, perhaps. I couldn't say there was anything more than that in his manner. Nothing very damning in that, I should say. Quite natural under less peculiar circumstances than these. I was just about to ask him for an explanation when he seemed to—become hurried, suddenly. He said 'I can't talk now,' and added what sounded like—the fly's buzzing around,'—and hung up. Sounded rather silly. I wonder what he meant?" He broke off suddenly, remembering that he was talking to a reporter. "Some kid stuff, probably. Very likely meant nothing at all."

Bowen masked the interest this information had for him. "Oh, very likely. Funny, though—he's been talking about a fly in there." He nodded toward the door of the hospital room. 'Mmm. Well, 'll be getting along. I'll fix it with the hospital to call me if he dies. Kane's coming over, I expect?"

Dirk nodded reluctantly. "He's on his way. Wants to talk to the kid if there's any chance at all."

The door of the boy's room opened a crack, and a nurse beckoned. "Mr. Ruyther? Please!" Dirk pushed hurriedly inside, where there was the sound of hushed sobbing. The nurse closed the door, shutting herself and Bowen out. "He's gone," she said. Bowen said, "Where's the nearest phone?" and bolted.

In the weeks that followed Eddie's death the one thing happened that Mary had never dreamed could happen. That was that nothing happened at all. The days went by as usual and there was no news of the sort she wanted to hear. Day after day her hopes rose, only to crumble again. The big black car had got away clean; no one but Bowen and herself apparently witnessed that lightning swerve that had killed as neatly and deliberately as a bullet, and the speeding car had swung around the corner before any one thought to look at the number. In no time at all it had turned into Fifth Avenue, apparently, and in the late Saturday afternoon crush of traffic had been effectively concealed.

At first Mary was incredulous. It wasn't right or possible that such a thing could be. Complete immunity for such a cold-blooded murder upset all her ideas of justice and led her to think not quite kindly of a Providence that let such things be.

The private investigators hired by Mr. Jupiter to study his wife's murder—they were the two men who had been hired to protect her and had failed so dismally—were joined by two of their confreres. But the search led nowhere. There were numerous Lorimors in town, even a few aluminum-fitted "special jobs," but they were all in the possession of well-to-do citizens with the most unassailable reputations. The car that had dealt the death blow had vanished off the face of the earth. Probably, they reckoned, locked in a private garage somewhere, where it would remain until the affair should have been forgotten, whence it would emerge repainted. And, unless there was a tip-off, might go undetected altogether. If it had been a "hot" car (that is, stolen), it would have been found deserted. The fact that it was privately owned added to the strength of the rapidly growing theory—now that the first flush of indignation had passed—that Eddie's death was an accident, and not, as George Bowen of the Star alone amo g the metropolitan news-writers, insisted, caused by a "murder car."

At last even Bowen bowed to the strength of opposite opinion, apparently, for he stopped chiding the police department for its imbecility, and even stopped writing any more about the case. None was happier at his sudden silence than Inspector Kane.

Mary had fed her starving hopes o his persistently optimistic stories. When they stopped, she felt alone as the champion of a lost cause. Mr. Jupiter was preoccupied, living withdrawn from all contacts except his daily consultation with the private detectives.

Dirk was kindness itself; there was something so gently protective, almost paternal, in his attitude toward her nowadays that she was deeply touched by every new manifestation of his tenderness. But he was trying a case in court and had no time to give to a personal investigation. He was loath to talk about the subject, even. His whole intention during their brief hours together seemed to be to draw her mind away from past grief. He wanted to abandon their plans for a formal wedding, and be married at once.

But Mary shook her head. "Wait," she counseled. "You don't want a weeping bride. And I can't forget—Eddie—just yet."

He had to be content. He was no more successful in inducing her to leave what Bowen's somewhat lurid newspaper persisted in calling the "Murder Mansion," and come to stay at his mother's house until the wedding.

"I've promised Dr. Jordan to stay until Bruce Jupiter comes home," she said.

Presently the daily "conferences" with the detectives stopped, and one day there were no stories in any of the papers relating to the Jupiter murder, except one small routine item, headed "Jupiter Murder Probe Lags, No New Developments Expected, Says Kane."

Mary knit her brows over this. She resolved to go to see the inspector herself, and ask him what it meant.

Kane greeted her as usual He sat down opposite with an air of "Well, what have you to tell me?"

She showed him the paper article.

"Oh, sure," he said. "We never had a chance from the beginning."

"But you kept telling the newspapers that you were about to find the murderer!" she reproached him.

"Oh, you've got to give 'em something to chew on," Kane said. "Far as I'm concerned, the case is closed. We don't know the whole story, but we know—enough."

(To be continued.)

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Vacation Automats Appear in Germany

Facilitate Choice of Holiday —Horse Coming Back— Other Notes

Berlin.—Press the button and up bobs a vacation—at least the place where a vacation or week-end may be enjoyed. For under one roof in Berlin, almost the whole of Germany has been assembled in miniature to aid those who are searching for a place for their week-ends. The display—part of Berlin's summer exhibition, "Sun, Light and Homes for All"—makes use of elaborate relief maps equipped with electric lights. The visitor who wants, for instance, to know the location of a watering place or mountain resort, simply presses a button on an alphabetical list. The light flashes on upon the map. But "Sonne, Luft and Haus fur Alle" goes further than merely telling the visitor where to go for a week-end. Static and animated exhibits in a large hall depict the workman at his tasks and show advantages of rest and recreation. The means of transport are also suggested — ranging from full-sized Luft-Hansa transport planes to mahogany and rubber "kayaks" or canoes, to be shot over placid waters with the aid of a double-bladed paddle. But when one arrives—where does one stay? The exhibit also answers this question with an elaborate display of "growing" houses. They are designed especially for week-enders, and priced at reasonable figures. First the purchaser buys a single room. It is a complete house. As he desires to enlarge he buys another room. The French door that led out into the garden now leads into the bedroom. Other sections may similarly be added, until the house has completely "grown up."

Water Fuel For Motors

A "gasoline" engine which uses water for "fuel" has been developed by a Berlin engineer. The engine is designed to take the place of small turbines and to operate under very light pressure. The inventor, who claims to have already submitted models to practical tests, desired to make use of water pressures comparable to those found in the ordinary kitchen water tap. He discarded the customary turbine technique and designed an engine with pistons that operates almost on the same theory as a gasoline motor, except that hydraulic pressure takes the place of gas explosions. The engine is said to be adapted to providing power for varoius household devices, such as washing machines and vacuum cleaners, and even for generating electric power.

The Horse Comes Back

Horse cabs are now used instead of rubberneck cars to convey sight-seers through the old sections of Berlin. hTe first attempt was recently made with much success. Old Berlin rubbed its eyes and looked with amazement at forty tumble-down horse cabs rumbling through its quiet streets. The sleepy courts woke up at the familiar sound of wooden wheels rumbling over cobblestones, and joyfully reechoed the clatter of the horses' hoofs and the crack of the whips. The strains of an old hurdy-gurdy playing long-forgotten Berlin melodies floated through the air and the chimes of the Nikolai church began to ring out quaint old tunes. The people in the forty cabs certainly must have thought that the '90's had returned. They reveled in recollections as they drove down the old Splittberg-Gasse where Frederick the Great had founded the first Berlin sugar refinery and passed the remnants of the city wall nea rthe old Koelnische Park. And that exactly was the purpose of this strange ride; to enable people to view the old parts of the city in a way which would make them forget that just around the corner cars and subways, stop and go signals, and dazzling signs bespoke the age of engineering. Incidentally, the few remaining horse cabs which have fought a brave fight against the advancing taxicab are given some work to do. Twenty years ago driving in a motorcar was a thrill. To-day a ride in a horse cab is almost as great an adventure.

Electrical Anniversary

Pioneer electric lights, shining with brave steadiness in a curious world, were recalled as members of the Society of Electrical Engineers celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of an international electrical exhibition held in the Bavarian capital in 1882—the first of its kind in Germany. From it sprang the beginnings of German electrification of devices, organizations, and plans which have endured to the present day. It was there that Herr Sigmund Schuckert—who became a member of one of Germany's largest electrical concerns—exhibited a pioneer dynamo. And Dr. Oscar von Miller, founder of the German Technical Museum, presented the first German experiments in long-distance power transmission, sending 1500 and 2000 volts over a fifty-seven-kilometer (thirty-five-mile) line. Herr Emil Rathenau and Dr. von Miller the next year formed the German Edison Company, which later became the General Electric Company in Germany.

"I sometimes wonder whether the art of salesmanship is not a subject requiring more attention in youth than it gets."—Sir Eric Geddes.

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Deserted

The robin's nest beneath the eaves
Is vacant now—its cheery note
Is silent, naught but rustling leaves
Replace the music of its throat.

The wren's house, too, is desolate,
Its tiny windows dumbly stare
And wonderingly seem to wait
Its thrifty tenant's love and care.

And often, when the skies were gray,
Its singing brought a gleam of light,
I was amazed that such a lay
Could issue from a form so slight.

Hushed stillness now is everywhere;
And though I miss each bright refrain,
My heart enshrines their songs, I share
This rapture till they come again.

—Margaret E. Bruner in Dumb Animals.

Scientists Manufacture Vitamins From Light

Cambridge, Eng.—Two young Cambridge scientists have made the important discovery that vitamins, the presence of which in food is necessary to health, can be "manufactured" with the aid of light.

The scientists are Dr. F. B. Bowden and Dr. C. P. Snow. Their discovery is the outcome of research work at the laboratory of physical chemistry at Cambridge.

Their chief find is that vitamin A which especially helps the body to resist infection, can be made from carotene—the substance which gives the color to carrots.

The carotene (called a pre-vitamin) was converted into vitamin A by the absorption of ultra-violet rays of a particular wavelength to which it was subjected. They are also experimenting with wavelengths for other vitamins.

Charlie Chaplin is Hollywood's Richest Actor

Hollywood.—If the assessor's figures for 1932 are correct, Charlie Chaplin is the wealthiest member of the screen colony. The comedian was credited with stocks and bonds valued at $7,687,570, and cash and money owed amounting to $295,000. He had an automobile appraised at $770.

The only thing Gloria Swanson had that was taxable was a gold hharp, assessed at $350. Greta Garbo's automobile was figured at $220. Her securities were listed at $122,010.

Douglas Fairbank had $698,690 in securities. Harold Lloyd was credited with $109,940 in furniture, $174,450 in bonds, and a $341,000 home.

Women's Clothes

Sir Ernest Graham-Little, in delivering the Malcolm Morris Memorial Lecture in London last month, said that women were very much healthier and physically stronger, because of the adoption in recent years of female fashions which exposed considerable surfaces of the body to light and air.

The ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans were much more alive to the beneficial action of sunlight and cool air upon the skin, paid much more attention to baths and physical exercises, and were much more natural in the simplicity of their foods. The vogue of sun-bathing, of spa treatment, of hiking, represented modern rediscoveries of tonic influences, much better understood by the ancients than by moderns of a generation ago.

"I understand Brown doesn't stammer so much since he got married."

"Of course not. He gets fewer chances to talk."

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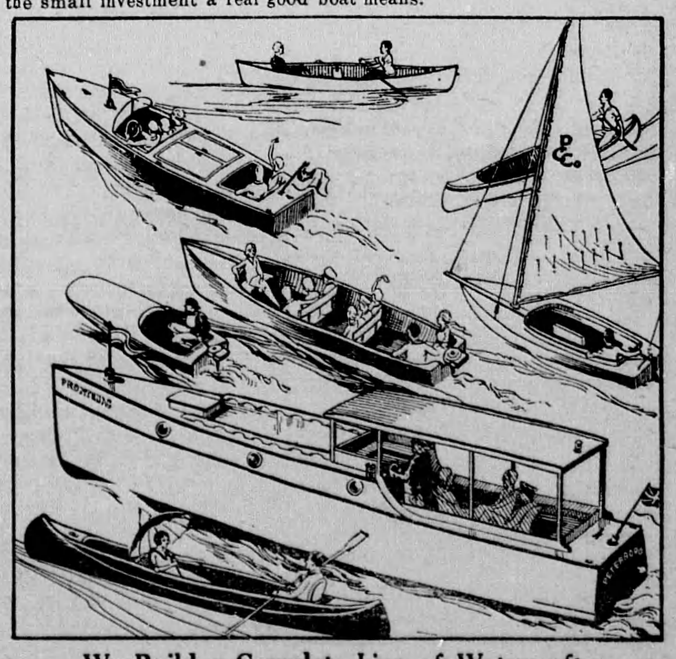

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