# Gems of Peril

*By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.*

SYNOPSIS.

Rich old Mrs. Jupiter is robbed and murdered during the engagement party she gives for her secretary, Mary Harkness, who had arranged to secretly meet her scapegrace brother Eddie. Mary's fiance, Dirk Ruyther, advises her to keep quiet about Eddie until he can locate him. Dirk telephones that he has had a call from Eddie. Dirk oversleeps and Bowen, The Star reporter, drives Mary to the rendezvous. Eddie is killed by a car, mumbling about a fly before he dies. Weeks pass and Inspector Kane drops the case, believing Eddie is the murderer.

CHAPTER XI.

Before the disclosure that not only Inspector Kane, but old Mr. Jupiter himself and even Dirk, believed her brother had robbed and murdered Mrs. Jupiter, Mary sat stunned.

"Even if that were true, as you say," she got out presently, "there still remains the question—who killed Eddie?"

Kane lifted exasperated eyebrows.

"But you saw the car that killed him!" he said, as if dealing with an unreasonable child. "Just another of these hit-and-run drivers. It's murder, of course. But nine out of ten of them aren't caught. It's too bad. But if you look at it another way, it's mercy."

"You can sit there and say that!" Amazement and desperation made her bold.

"But what do you want the matter stirred up for?" Kane was getting wrought up. "You ought to be glad it's finished. Your brother's better off where he is than if he'd lived, to take the rap. You'd rather see him killed accidentally than live to go to the electric chair, wouldn't you? Believe me, he's lucky."

"Electric chair?" The gray eyes blazed scorn at him. "You don't mean that. And Eddie wasn't killed accidentally. You know better than that, too. You can get eye-witnesses' testimony of a dozen people—"

"Eye-witness testimony isn't worth a damn," said Inspector Kane with finality. "People don't know what they see. If one says it, they all say it. They want to get in on the excitement, that's all."

"But Mr. Bowen and I both saw. We're not just—people."

Kane laid a pencil down with a decisive rap.

"You're 'hypped' on the idea that somebody was after that brother of yours. And George Bowen is a reporter for a sensational newspaper. He'd see anything that would give him a big story."

Mary shook her head. She was not much older herself than the "baby brother" she was finding excuses for, but she had grown up swiftly in these recent weeks. She had lost faith in many things that had once been part and parcel of her childhood's creed.

The injustice of it went through her like slow poison distilling black hatred for all these stupid people who did not care what cloud begrimed her brother's name, or her own, so long as things were "hushed up" and forgotten. Now she understood that the search for Eddie's murderer had been fruitless because there had been no search, except of the most cursory sort.

"Let the matter drop." Well, she who was most directly concerned was not satisfied to let the matter drop, and never would be, while the mystery of Eddie's "accident" remained to plague her mind with harrowing suspicions.

New dignity sat on the girl's slim shoulders as she faced the police inspector and her voice was calm and determined.

"No, you're wrong. You can't dismiss us as lightly as that I may be an imaginative woman, and a relative, but Mr. Bowen is neither. And he seems to be the only person besides myself who cares what happened to Eddie. Even Dirk, my fiance," she stumbled on the loved name, "has changed lately. He doesn't want to talk about the case. I don't know why, unless—" But she decided to keep her personal affairs to herself. She drew up sharply.

"I do know that Eddie was killed, deliberately. Mightn't it have been the other fellow, the one he owed money to? Why hasn't anyone found him? He's the one who's really to blame!"

"What do you know about the other fellow?" Kane asked suspiciously.

"The same as you do. That if Eddie did it—and I don't believe it for a minute—he was made to do it by the man he owed money to."

Kane smiled tolerantly. "I wouldn't say that, Miss Harkness. That's only a theory. You've nothing to back it up."

"Haven't I? Then I'll find something. I'm going to prove that Eddie had no part in that crime if it's the last thing I ever do." Her small fist beat the table by way of emphasis.

Kane pursed his lips.

"As you please Miss Harkness," he said, "but I think you're making a big mistake. You're a very lucky girl." Mary moved impatiently, but he fixed her with an earnest eye and continued. "You're no relation to the Jupiters, are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Why, no," Mary replied in surprise.

Kane nodded his head sagely. "Well, for an outsider, you're sitting in the lap of luck, if you only knew it. Those two old people set great store by you, and I understand one of the last acts of that old lady's life was to ask her lawyer to draw up adoption papers for you. That son of theirs turned out wild, and you're all they had. What the old man will do now his wife's gone, is a question. But the way I get it, he don't believe you had a thing to do with it—thinks it was all your brother's doing.

"He wants to do the best he can by you. He knows those in-laws-to-be of yours, the Ruythers, and what stiff-necks they are. He knows too much scandal right now could blow your romance higher than a kite. Now, why don't you let it pass. Your brother got a bad break, going and coming, but don't let that spoil your life."

The storm of resentment that had racked Mary during Kane's revelations had left her more calmly purposeful than she had even been in her life. With icy hands she took out her powder compact, and carefully dusted her nose set her hat at the correct angle snapped her purse shut put on her gloves and stood up.

"Thank you for all you have done, Inspector," she told him with a chilly little smile, and went out quickly.

As Mary went down the stairs to the street floor her spirits dropped rapidly.

"Well, well! Little children of the storm," observed a familiar voice. It was Bowen. "Say I've been looking everywhere for you. Got one or two little matters I'd like to talk over with you. You wouldn't have lunch with me, would you?"

The rain was coming down in sheets. Several sprightly leaps landed them breathless and laughing in the dingy entry of a small one-time saloon, from which the smell of hot food poured like steam. It was dark inside and the only waiter, a repellent-looking creature in greasy black, stared at his pretty visitor as if a woman's presence in the place were rare indeed.

When they had ordered and sent him away, Bowen apologized. "This is an awful dump, but it's a good place to talk. Take your things off?" He took their wet coats and hung them to dry over the backs of two vacant chairs. Then he looked about cautiously. The place was empty except for two men who rose to depart, toothpicks in mouth.

"Dicks," Bowen explained. "They are getting out." Mary kept her eyes on her plate to avoid their bold, admiring glances. "Hmm!" said Bowen, "guess my rating with those birds is up 100 per cent! They'd give their gold teeth to know who you are."

He waggled his eyebrows archly and settled his tie with a flourish. "Ah, Bowen, the woman-killer!"

Mary sadi, "You're funny. What're you doing it for—to cheer me up?"

"You did look kinda dithery. Don't know what dithery is? Well no matter. Bigger things on foot." Turning serious abruptly, he lowered his voice discreetly. "Listen. Remember when your brother was hurt, his talking about a fly?"

Mary nodded.

"Well, it kinda stuck in my mind. Thinks I, I'll hie myself out to the race-track some sunny afternoon and nose around. You know what? There's a race-track gambler hanging around Jamaica that everybody calls 'The Fly'."

"Do you suppose it could be—"

He threw out his hands and shrugged. "I haven't found anybody yet that's seen him with your brother. But they all know Eddie down there. Sooner or later I'll find out what the tie-up was. Anyhow, it's a tip."

"Did you see him?"

"No, and that's a funny thing. Nobody's seen him for a couple of weeks."

Mary calculated rapidly. 'It was—two weeks ago tomorrow night—"

Bowen nodded. "Correct."

Excitement kindled flames in the girl's cheeks and brought stars to her eyes.

"Oh, if it should be—" She grasped both his hands with her own and gave them a glad squeeze. "If you help me to clear up all this—trouble, I'll—I'll—I don't know what I'll do!"

"Hold it, hold it!" chided the other. "I've got a weak heart. Besides, we haven't got to first base yet in the matter of evidence."

"But we will! Oh, I knew all along there was something back of this." Her face clouded again at the recollection of her recent interview with Kane. "Maybe he'll do something about it now!"

Bowen observed her bitterness, and guessed its cause.

"Listen," he told her sternly. "All I ask is—don't say a word about this to Kane."

Curiosity prompted her to ask his reason.

"Well, more than one reason." They drew back while the murderous-looking waiter served their food—huge plates heaped with steaming spaghetti and meat balls. Bowen jerked a thumb after the waiter's retreating back "Two years out of Sing Sing—him. He's got to stay where the police can keep an eye on him or go back to stir. Good guy. He wouldn't cut your throat for less than a dime."

As Mary surveyed her plate distrustfully, he added, 'Go ahead. Eat your lunch. Poison's not his line. But as I was saying, if we find the guy that killed your brother, I want the story—I don't want the other papers to get it. And another reason is, if the Fly is the man I think he is, it'll take more than Pretty Jim Kane to bring him in."

(To be continued.)


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ISSUE No. 32—'32

## Brown Creation

Something in brown crepe chavez for milday? It has a green velvet girdle and the ornament is of green and gold.

## Parasites and Manure

Manure is the greatest source of danger from the eggs and young parasitic worms. It is also the breeding area for the numerous fly pests so injurious to domestic animals. The practice of permitting manure to accumulate about stables and yards for one day longer than need be should be avoided, as it increases the probability of animals becoming infested with the common animal pests. It is hard to get away from the old practice of carelessly throwing manure out into the yard and leaving it there for months. How much more sanitary it would be for the animals if all fecal matter were removed and placed in a protected pile or pit. Such practice would reduce the parasite and disease loss, that is generally present. In a recent survey covering some 32 farms the examination of the fecal matter from sheep showed every flock to be infested with a number of parasites. The parasite eggs were found in the manure in every case. Keep the animals away from their own body discharges if possible to do so. Such practice pays a good return in better health.

## Higher Education

By L. P. Jacks In "The Education of the Whole Man"

Not long ago I paid a visit to a great factory where hundreds of young women are employed. I remarked on their ease and dexterity and cheerfulness. "We have a school of physical culture attached to the mill," said the manager, "and we teach them to walk in our evening classes. The interesting thing is," he added, "that when we have taught them to walk and to carry themselves easily they begin asking for other things. Some want to sing, some want to dance and some want books, and three of them have been writing poetry. I expect we shall end up by becoming a little university."

Our vision of education as an episodic process conducted by professional drudges, whose dull humming goes on inside the walls of a school or a college should be expanded into the idea of it as a great romance, the summary adventure of our age, the central concern of every citizen, lifelong in its duration, universal in its scope, addressed throughout to the making of whole men, and having nothing less for its object than to convert the totality of knowledge into human skill, and bring it to bear on the pursuit of eycellence in every department of social activity.

My own education was sadly defective as an education of the "whole man." It was divided into what are called "subjects"—just uncor-ordinated chapters of knowledge, parcels of book-say and hear-say, tied up with string, and pitched into our mind as into a basket. There was one set of operators who trained our minds in the class-rooms, and another set who trained our bodies in the gymnasium. And there was a third gentleman, called "the chap-plain," who was supposed to train our characters and look after our souls. But there was no unity of aim. The mind department, the body department, the character department, the soul department were at sixes and sevens. In all this piecemeal procedure one thing was consistently lost sight of—the whole boy, who is mind, body, character and soul all in one.

At a meeting called to protect our beautiful countryside from the invasion of ugliness now threatening it—factories, jerry-building, hideous advertisments and such-like—I heard a speaker make a profound remark. "You will never keep your beautiful England," he said, "until you get a beautiful people to live in it." By "a beautiful people" he meant simply a people whose bodies had been liberally educated to correspond with a liberal education of the mind, and to support it at every point the eye trained to see beauty and to value it, the ear trained to hear harmony and to resent discord, the hand trained to fine craftsmanship, the whole man, mind and body together, to creative activity.

It is vanity to attempt to graft an A1 culture of the mind on a C3 culture of the body, or, as a foreign critic once expressed it, "to train the minds of the young men in your lecture-rooms as though you meant them to become clergymen and to train their bodies in the football field as though you meant to become policemen." The coeducation of mind and body would recognize that perfect health is not to be defined alone in terms of sound sleep, good digestion, muscular strength and animal spirits, but demands in addition an organizaton, an economy, a self-control not to be attained without careful training, and beyond all that, the development of the finer aptitudes for self-expression in creative forms. The human body is naturally skill-hungry, and until that hunger is satisfied it will be ill at ease, craving for something it has not got and seeking its satisfactions in external excitements which excitements which exhaust its vitality and diminish its capacity for joy. Short of skill, the perfect health even of the body is impossible.

Forms of physical culture are already in practice which train the whole body as an instrument of self-expression and self-control, teaching it the harmony and dignity of normal movement, both singly and in concerted operations of great beauty, and making all this fundamental to higher activities, a growing point for many arts. At all points control is ranked above effort, and the normal performance above the exceptional feat, to walk with the minimum fatigue being held more important than to run with the maximum speed, to speak the mother tongue with easy articulation than to utter a shout that can be heard a mile off, to breathe naturally than to hold one's breath for ten minutes under water. Strength of course is aimed at, but a strength that shows itself in economy rather than expense, in balance than in strain, in versatility than in violence—a different thing from the strength needed for a boat race or a prize fight. In every human being there is a latent passion for excellence, and the primary object of education should be to awaken and foster this passion, and let it loose to do its work in every department of labor and of leisure.

All of us might enjoy our leisure far more if we had been better educated, if we could import into our leisure occupations generally something of that passion for excellence which is so necessary in other connections. The pleasures that I have enjoyed most are not those which I bought ready-made, but those that I made for myself by exercising the very modest amount of skill I happen to possess. I believe that all men and women are made that way. No one ought to be considered educated, whether boy or girl, man or woman, until he or she has acquired at least the elements of some sort of skill. There is no better protection against folly and vice. There is no surer road to the real enjoyment of leisure.

A sound physical culture should be made accessible, along with mental culture, to all classes of the community; it should form an integral part of our national system, and be as "compulsory" as anything else. I am convinced that we have, in the bedraggled physique of the town-bred population, one of the chief reasons why popular education has failed to produce the effects expected of it.

There is such a thing as the higher education of the body, as well as the higher education of the mind. It is something quite different from what athletics aim at and goes much farther than any of the matters which hygiene is concerned with. It regards the human body as a whole as capabl eof being developed into an instrument of the highest skill, governed by a perfect self-control and exercising a beautiful economy of power which is itself a mental culture of a most valuable kind. Unfortunately, we are still in the grip of a very old tradition which regards mind and body as somehow hitched together in an ill-sorted partnership, the mind a celestial thing, and the body an earth-born and inferior thing which one has to tolerate as best one can. This false idea, however, will not last much longer. We shall come to see, as many see even now, that the being we have to educate is always body and mind together. When that is generally recognized, the higher education of the body will be made accessible to all classes of the community along with the higher education of the mind—the higher education of the whole man.

## Too Many and Not Enough

(Written on a Boston and Albany Local.)

There are too many people in the world . . .

Too many children whose ears need scrubbing,

Too many drummers whose jokes need snubbing.

Too many girls who touch up their lips,

Too many porters gaping for tips,

Too many fat men lolling and snoring,

Too many old men, piteous and boring,

Too many women with Main Street chins (A mouth leaves off where a neck begins)—

There are too many people in the world.

But there aren't enough in all of the world . . .

Not enough thoroughbred colts all prancing,

Not enough puppydogs dinky and dancing,

Not enough woodchucks dozing and dreaming,

Not enough daffodils glimmering and gleaming,

Not enough birches, or brooks, or wings,

Not enough sunrises, not enough springs,

Not enough time, between living and dying

To set our minds on one swallow's flying,

Not enough time to dip our free

Cupful of beauty from sky and sea—

No, not enough in all of the world!

—Atlantic Monthly.

## Berlin Mail Tube Refrigerated

Berlin.—A refrigeration system has been installed in part of the 274 kilometers of the subterranean air tubes by which the Berlin postoffice facilitates its special delivery service.

The refrigeration was necessary to prevent overheating by friction in the tube from the main postoffice to Templehof Airport, a stretch of about six kilometers which the carriers make in ten minutes under a high-pressure system. The subway trains require seventeen minutes for this stretch.

Is there one being, stubborn as the rock to misfortune, whom kindness does not affect?


# "SALADA" ICED TEA is delicious

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## Where Fat is Fashionable

Slimness is a thing of beauty to the Canadian girl. But the women of West Africa must be fat if they wish to attract. The stouter the black mammy becomes the more fashionable is her figure.

Consequently, her meals are somewhat prolonged affairs. They usually consist of yams, ground into a pulp which is called "fou-fou," rice, and bananas. And to assist the process of putting on weight, she takes as little exercise as possible.

There is a certain tribe in Nigeria where girls about to be married, and who wish to appear at their best, are sent to what is called "the fattening house."

Here they are fed at short intervals on all sorts of luxuries—chicken, eggs, soups, and so on. They stay in the place for several weeks, stuffing for all they are worth, and taking care to move as little as possible.

When the happy bridegroom comes to claim his bride at the end of the fattening process he finds her so tremendously fat that she is unable to rise from her seat. He is a very proud man as he makes arrangements for this huge mountain of flesh to be carried to his home.

Once the dusky belles are married and resume their normal life they lose much of this unnatural fatness. Nevertheless, they do their best never to get below a certain weight.

It is the plump girl who gets all the admiration from the opposite sex. The thin girl is passed by unnoticed.

The Canadian girl nibbling dry biscuits and sipping orangejuice because fashion decrees that she must be slim, and the West African maiden gorging until it is unsafe to swallow another mouthful, because she is expected to be fat, are both slaves of fashion, and so "sisters under their skin."

"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms."

"No; but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."

### Revenge

Revenge is ever a hypocrite, rage at least strikes with the naked sword; but revenge, stealthy and patient, conceals the weapon of the assassin.

### Justice

The sentiment of justice is so natural, so universally acquired by all mankind, that it seems to me independent of all law, all party, all religion.—Voltaire.


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