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. Mary's scapegrace brother, EDDIE, is supposed to have been upstairs at the murder hour. Only Mary knows this.

Mary prevents a maid from telling BOWEN of the Star about the unknown visitor. Dirk Ruyther, her fiancee, telephones that he has had a call from Eddie and will see him that afternoon.

Dick oversleeps. Bowen drives Mary to the rendezvous. Eddie is killed by a car as he crosses the street. He mumbles about a fly before he dies. Weeks pass and INSPECTOR KANE drops the case, believing Eddie the murderer. When Mary protests, Kane tells her both MR. JUPITER and Dirk believe the same.

Leaving the police station Mary meets Bowen, who tells her there is a race-track gambler called THE FLY to whom her brother owed a large sum of money.

CHAPTER XII

Mary gave her promise readily enough. She was thoroughly angry at Kane anyhow, and grateful to Bowen. Apparently he was the only person besides herself who cared enough to dig up the truth about her brother's death. Even if his interest was partly selfish, she was grateful to him just the same, in the present sore state of her feelings. If he did not want Kane to know what he was doing, she would gladly comply.

Bowen seemed pleased by her trust in him, and his eyes began to glitter with the zeal of the newshound hot on the trail.

"I think we're on the track of something," he told her, "but let me tell you this, my dear girl, before we go any further—if we don't keep our mouths pretty tight shut, we take a chance of getting what Eddie got. If we go after this guy to win, we've got to play a cagey game. How's your nerve?"

"I don't know," Mary faltered, "I never tried anything like this before."

"Well, we'll have plenty of time to think of that later," Bowen brushed it away, sorry for having aroused her fears. That might be a tactical error. Better leave her in ignorance of the danger, perhaps, or she might weaken and spoil the whole show.

"What I want to find out now is—" He broke off as the fearsome-looking waiter came to take their plates away. Bowen sat thoughtfully turning a saltcellar in his fingers. "Mike," he said, suddenly, sit down a minute, will you?"

With an apprehensive glance toward the kitchen, Mike sat down bonelessly on the edge of the chair.

Mary became aware of a stale and unpleasant odor as of yesterday's food caught in the folds of his greasy black coat, and radiating from him like an aura. But she did not flinch. If she were going to play Bowen's game she must not show the white feather merely because a waiter neglected to wash.

"Look here, Mike," Bowen lowered his voice, "I want to get the lowdown on a crook know as The Fly. Ever hear of him?"

Mike thought, then shook his head.

"You can talk in front of this lady. She's O.K.," Bowen reassured him. "We've got a little private vendetta on, this lady and I. Kane flopped on it, and we're going out after this bird ourselves. That is, if he's still around town. That's where we want you to help us."

The waiter's expression remained inscrutable. Mary thought his eyes held a gleam of interest as he looked her over carefully, but she could not be sure. No doubt he had plenty of reason to hate the pompous Inspector, and it was clear that he and Bowen were on a friendly footing.

"I think maybe—he's dead," he offered after a bit.

"Dead? When? How long ago?" Bowen asked excitedly.

"Oh, long time. Maybe 10 year," the waiter explained.

"Oh," Bowen snorted. "Not this guy! He was very much alive no longer than two weeks ago. Where did you know him? Sure you got the name right? Fly!" He looked about vainly for a specimen of the species by way of illustration. Finding none, he gave an imitation of a soaring insect, ending with a fatal smacking of his palms together.

Mike giggled appreciatively. "Sure, sure!" he said.

"Where did you know him, up in the Big House?"

Mike shook his head.

"Would you know him if you saw him? Would he know you?"

"Maybe. I dunno."

"What was his name? Do you remember?"

Mike considered.

"I forgot. His name The Fly. That's all I know."

"What was he up for, housebreaking, or what?"

Here the waiter's phlegmatic manner broke and he became excited.

"You better lay off that guy, he is a tough egg!" he warned.

"Ever—kill anybody?" Bowen asked quietly.

"Plenty. They not catch him for it. He is smart guy. Good lawyers, lotsa dough. Yeah!"

A depressed silence held his two hearers. Encouraged, Mike continued to build up the man's reputation. Though his tone was one of deep scorn, his admiration was plain. It was the humble craftsman praising the artist.

"They pull him in two, three times—the Deestrict Attorney go for him. They get nothing on him. They can't hold him. Always he goes free! Ah, he is a bad guy, that one! Yeah!"

Bowen stirred, stretched, yawned, gave every evidence of dismissing the subject. Following his lead, Mary withdrew her fascinated gaze from the waiter's sombre counteance, which had gleamed for a few scant moments with genuine emotion, and made preparations to go. Mike jumped up.

"Oh, by the way," Bowen called, "you remember what you were talking to me about the other day, Mike? Well, I've got it all fixed for you. Give you a letter in a day or two, and you take it up to Shay and he'll fix you up. Nice place, that 'speak' of his. Got this dump beat a mile."

The waiter's face crinkled with pleasure.

He bowed rapidly from the waist.

"Yeah? Yeah? Good boy! You come up and see me when I am up there." He included Mary in his nod of invitation. Mary smiled. How changed he was, when he was like this, from the gloomy, suspicious man he had seemed at first!

Did it matter so much to him, then, just a job in another speakeasy? She judged this was what Bowen had arranged for him.

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Bowen laid his change on the bill, and handed it to Mike, who refused it handsomely. Bowen insisted.

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, if that's the way you feel," he said. "Keep your ears open up at Shay's—you're liable to hear something. Shay's is The Fly's old stamping ground, I hear. If he's still in town you'll see him around there, unless he's hiding out. All I want you to do is tip me off if you see him—I want to get a look at him sometime."

Mike showed signs of distress.

"You bring the cops?" he asked fearfully.

"No, no, no! Mike, have I ever pulled a fast one on you? Well, you can trust me. You know that."

Mike said "Sure, sure," and appeared reassured. He looked curiously at Mary. "What he do?" he asked interestedly.

Bowen looked solemly at Mary.

"He did this lady a very great wrong," he said impressively. The strange little man's eyes rested on her, glittering with interest. Mary felt her cheeks grow warm. What was he thinking, anyhow? Then she reflected that it was probably better to let him draw what inference he would than tell him too much about her affairs.

"You not find him for Kane?" he asked suspiciously.

"No!" Bowen denied for her. "And if Kane finds out about this, I'll beat your head off! He'd gum the works—if he hasn't done so already."

They glanced through the clouded glass of the high front windows at a leaden sky which still dripped rain.

"Ever play the horses Mike?" Bowen asked, casually.

Mike spread his hands. "Some times. No good. I lose much money."

"I see you have. Ever hear of a horse called La Mosca?"

"La Mosca? The Fly eh?"

"You've got the idea."

"No, that is a new one."

"Never mind. How would you like to go down to the tracks—when's your day off? Friday?" Bowen took out his wallet, extracted from it two ten-dollar bills and a five, and shoved them across the table. "I hope the office covers me on this. If they don't I'll be around eating off you, Mike, till payday."

But Mike was retreating from the proffered money as if it were fire.

"Listen, this is on the level!" Bowen protested. "Take it. You don't have to do a thing but play the horses, and keep your ear peeled."

"Yeah? What I do?"

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Mike drew the money toward him, pocketed it in one swift movement, and listened hard.

"Find out where The Fly is. He won't be around the tracks, probably, but he's been there lately, and they'll know where to find him. They all know me down there. They wouldn't tell me, and they can smell a dick a mile away. But you can nose around and get the lowdown where I'd get the boot and maybe a bullet in the gizzard. See?"

Mike nodded.

"Also you might find out who owns this La Mosca filly. May be just a hunch of mine, but it strikes me funny —— You go down, Mike, and I'll be around and buzz you on it; see what you find out."

"O.K.," said Mike.

"And be careful. Remember we haven't got anything on this guy—yet. But we're going to have. And when we get him we're going to get him right. So watch your step. He thinks he's safe as a church, so you're in no danger, unless your foot slips."

There was a moment's pregnant silence. Mike turned his back on Mary and leaning toward Bowen poured out a flood of rapid whispering.

"Hey, wait—take it slow!" Bowen objected. When the snake-like hissing subsided the reporter relaxed and waved him away.

"Oh, no, no, no!" he answered, "that's all right. Well, see you Saturday. Don't forget what I told you."

The waiter bowed deeply to Mary, in unexpected fashion and scuttled away.

"What did he say?" Mary asked fearfully, unable to restrain her curiosity.

Bowen's left eyebrow jerked quizzically.

"He was apologizing because he was unable to do the job for us—bump him off."

(To be Continued)

Running An Old Sport

In the ancient great Greek athletic contest at Olympia the first event was always a foot race, called the stade race, according to Science Service. It was a dash the length of the stadium and was about twice the length of the 100-meter dash of the modern Olympics.

The Greeks regarded the stade race as the oldest contest of the Olympics, and Professor Walted W. Hyde of the University of Pennsylvania, who has studied ancient Greek athletics, found that the stade race was continued throughout the long series of Olympiads of ancient Greece. Three other races were usual at the national games of Greece, although many varieties of foot races were developed from time to time.

There was the diaulus, or double race, that requires the runners to go from one end of the stadium to the other and back again. This race corresponded roughly to the quarter mile of modern athletic contests.

The Greeks also had a long race, or dolichus, probably an outgrowth of the practice of sending messages by swift runners. This ranged in length from less than a mile to about three miles. Just as the marathon today is a test of endurance rather than fleetness, so the long races of the ancient Olympiads were for the demonstration of physical fitness rather than speed.

"I am more and more convinced that my husband married me for my money." "Then you have the consolation of knowing he's not so stupid as he looks."

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ISSUE No. 33—'32

Thousands of MOTHERS ARE GRATEFUL

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Amusing Anecdotes Of Famous People

I heard a good Kipling story recently about a fancy dress ball where every one had to wear a costume supposed to represent the title of a book by a well-known living author. One young lady turned up disguised as an automatic lighter—you know, one of those contraptions that never work when you haven't a match. Nobody could guess the answer, so finally, Kipling himself, being present, asked the young lady for a light—on the mystery.

"Why, Mr. Kipling," she purred. "You ought to know it, for it is one of your own books?"

Kipling gave it up.

"The Light That Failed," cried the girl triumphantly.

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Peeps at celebrities from behind the "movie" camera—by Charles Peden, noted cameraman in "Newsreel Man":

"Calvin Coolidge is about the best movietone subject among public men in America. You can get him to do anything."

"President Hoover is very human and sincere, but he finds it difficult to put over a speech. He can't speak six words without looking at his notes."

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Among the kings:

"Most of the kings make good newsreel subjects. Alfonso, late of Spain, is the best."

"King George has made several voluntary interviews but his doctor forbids him to stand bareheaded for any length of time. This interferes with an effective personality shot."

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Some More. "King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, insists that all film shots of him be made from a distance. It is said that he feels his short stature does not make him seem very imposing or regal on the screen."

"Newsreel men who photograph Emperor Hirohito, of Japan, must wear formal afternon dress with cutaway and striped trouses, and must back away bowing from his presence. Hirohito is the only man in the world who demands this."

Among European statesmen, Mussolini is the "best performer" declares Peden. "He can always be depended on to deliver a vigorous speech extemporaneously, and pictorially he is ideal."

Ramsay MacDonald is known to newsreel men particularly "as the first English cabinet minister to admit them to that Holy of Holies, the Cabinet Chamber at 10 Downing St."

"Lloyd George is a good subject, but he would rather tell the microphone about his ducks than about politics."

"President von Hindenburg, of Germany is a poor speaker, no doubt owing to his age, and is most at ease before the camera when surrounded by children."

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'Mahatma Gandhi is a tough old bird. He thinks he is a pretty hot subject, but he is testy and cranky to deal with."

"Thomas Edison was the only inventor who ever did a really good performance for the movies."

"The Prince of Wales is rather shy before the microphone, but he ranks as one of the most popular newsreel subjects."

"Editors concede that the late Sir Conan Doyle was the smoothest and pleasantest speaker they had ever heard on the screen, while lovable Sir James Barrie's voice was the poorest."

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"George Bernard Shaw was a hard man to win over" says Peden. "Ever averse to movies he resisted for a long time all solicitations to perform. It was only after he had witnessed a movietone of Mussolini that he agreed to pose and then he insisted upon directing the making of the subject. "I can do beter than he' was his characteristic observation concerning Il Duce's film. He made the subject at his cottage in Codicote, England, and after seeing his speaking likeness in the projection room later, he cried, 'Wonderful! You may release that to the entire world!'"

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On his trip around the world — which he made in company with the young Marquis of Clydesale, Scotland's "Fighting Marquis" — Eddie Eagan, amateur heavyweight boxing champion, a gentleman, and a Rhodes scholar from Yale, was entertained at Delhi, India, by Field Marshal Sir William Birdwood.

"Know all about you Eagan," said the Field Marshal when Eddie was introduced to him. "My nephew wrote me."

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For the life of him, Eagan couldn't recall Sir William's nephew, and, embarrassed, stammered out some "clumsy generalism."

"You ought to remember him," said the Field Marshal. "You knocked him out in one round at Oxford."

"You must find it inconvenient in traveling to have to apologize for the people whom you have knocked out," added Lady Birdwood, who (chuckles Eagan in "Fighting for Fun"—a book worthy of its writer and his splendid record), "enjoyed my discomfiture immensely."

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Ouida (Mlle. Louise de la Ramee), the Victorian novelist, whose "best sellers" used to shock our grandparents, was eccentric in her dress and habits, and often very disagreeable into the bargain. Her passion for dogs—she treated them better than she did her friends—is evidenced by the remarks she made upon hearing from a friend that a dog given her by the novelist had caused great trouble.

"What has happened?" asked Ouida.

"He has bitten one of my children severely."

Heavens! How you frightened me! I thought something had gone wrong with the dog."

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"SALADA" TEA

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"Fresh from the Gardens"

Among the Shan Hills of Burma

We were scrambling and pushing through the scrub jungle in search of the promised view. Branches of leafless trees and the twisted snaky stems of dry creepers sprawled across the track; our feet crunched sharply on the huge teak leaves, brown and brittle. But every here and there an early creeper splashed a trail of vivid green across the brown, and many of the forest trees were glossy with the dark shining green of new leaves. From the barren looking ground there sprang in sudden glory lovely peach-pink lilies on their tall juicy stalks. Mingled with the clear bird calls was the shrilling of cicadas from the lower hill slopes, and now and again came the oft-repeated confidential "tauk too" of the big spotted tree lizard peculiar to Burma.

Then, without previous warning of the change, we came suddenly on an outcrop of black rocks, great boulders flung down on the edge of the height and putting out into space. Here, spread out in dreamy loveliness below us, and stretching far away into a dim and infinite distance, lay the wide wooded valley, touched here and there with blue cloud shadows, blurred and soft. On either side it sloped upward to a ridge of hills, while beyond again rose further hills, spur upon wooded spur, with hidden valleys between, till the haze of distance merged them into the sky.

The sun was bright and hot, drawing delicious scents from the semitropical jungle, but a cool wind, sharply sweet, blew strongly across the eastern hills. Far below us the curling mountain road wound itself snakelike round the curves of the hill, varying in color with the strata of the earth, now deeply red, now brown. Along it one or two climbing cars crawled slowly, like wandering beetles. A mile or two further up—whence we had come—it reached the pine belt and became stony and white, with a thick covering of the red needles on either side. There the whole air was fragrant with the scent of them, balmy and sweet, bringing with it memories of a cool and temperate land.

Boats of Cane

A traveller once told
How to an inland water slanting come
Slim boats of cane from rivers of Cathay,
With trembling mast so slight,
It seemed God made them with a hand of air
To sail upon His light;
And there
Soft they unload a jar of jade and gold
In the cold dawn when birds are dumb,
And then away,
And speak no word and seek no pay
Away they steal
And leave no ripple at the keel.

So the tale is writ;
And now, remembering you, I think of it.
—Geoffrey Scott, in "Poems"

SOON MENDED

The wireless novice's apparatus refused to work, and an expert neighbour was called in.

"Have you tried putting a sixpence under the valve setting?" he suggested.

The adjustment was made, and the novice listened again. For a moment there was silence. Then a voice was heard. "Aberdeen calling."

Canadians Walk More

Old as it is, the adage "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" seems to hold true today, because they are not riding, people are walking, and that seems to be helping the boot and shoe industry. According to an industrial report there has been an increase of 10 per cent in the output of the leather footwear industry in Canada for the first quarter of the current year as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

During the first quarter of this year 4,390,813 pairs of boots and shoes were produced in Canada as against 3,991,810 pairs during the corresponding period of 1931.

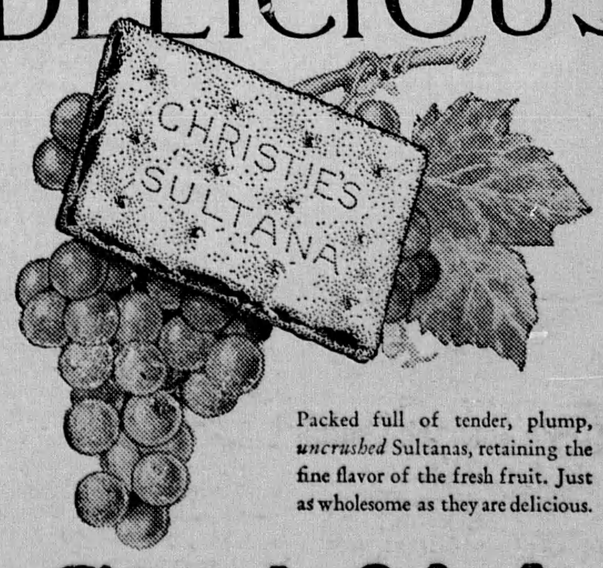
Wifey (brightly)—"Guess I had better order a few going-away gowns."

Hubby (gloomily)—"No, my dear. I can't afford to take you anywhere this summer."

Wifey—"All right, then, I'll just order a few staying - at - home gowns."

The chief salesman of a certain firm had a very loud voice. One morning when the manager arrived at the office he heard a terrible noise coming from the salesman's office. "Who is that shouting?" asked the manager. "That's Mr. Hill talking to Edinburgh," replied the secretary. "Then tell him to use the telephone."

DELICIOUS



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