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 fiance, Dirk Ruyther, advises her to keep still about having arranged to admit her brother Eddie until he can locate the boy. Dirk telephones that he has had a call from Eddie and will take her to see him. Dirk oversleeps. Bowen, a Star reporter, drives Mary to the rendezvous. Eddie is killed by a car as he crosses the street. He mumbles about a fly before he dies. Bowen tells Mary there is a race-track gambler called "The Fly' to whom her brother owed a large sum of money.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd)

"Oh, good heavens!" Mary gasped.

"He said he would be charmed to oblige a lady, but reminded me that he was not available for that sort of thing now. The Baumes' laws, you know. Fourth time and out. If he gets in trouble once more, he goes to prison for life."

Mary laughed from sheer nervousness.

It was still raining, but they were both anxious to get out of the place. Never had fresh air smelled so sweet.

"I'll get you a taxi," Bowen offered, but Mary shook her head.

"I" take the bus at the corner."

"Sorry I haven't an umbrella for you. Take this, anyhow—it'll keep you dry getting on and off, and you can give it to one of the flunkeys when you're done with it. It's none of mine."

Mary looked down at the coat he laid over her arm. It was an English make, well worn. Hastily she opened it and examined it with shaking fingers. Stitches here, where a seam had ripped.

"But—this is my brother Eddie's coat! Where did you ind it?" she gasped.

"Why," stammered the startled reporter, "I found it in the upper hall of the Jupiter house that night of the murder. It was hanging over the stair-rail. I thought one of the newspaper men had left it there, so I took it home with me."

CHAPTER XIII

There was no doubt that it was Eddie Harkness' coat. Mary ran investigating fingers under the collar, and found the small black tape, lettered in red, with his initials, "E. J. H."

"Well," said Bowen flatly, "this shows me up for what I am—beautiful but dumb. I thought sure that coat belonged to one of the reporters. Never entered my mind it could be—Boy, if Kane ever hears of this! Well, well, well!" Obiously he was readjusting his ideas to fit this new development.

"Then—he did come, after all." Mary stroked the coat with gentle fingers, as if it had been a human thing.

"Looks like it," Bowen agreed. "But that doesn't prove he did it, you know," he offered by way of comfort.

"He was there," Mary repeated dully. "Perhaps—Kane was right. Perhaps they're all—right, and I'm wrong."

"We—el, I'm not convinced!" Bowen said stoutly.

"Really?" Mary lifted grateful, hopeful eyes. "Really, don't you think so?"

"Listen, what did Kane tell you?"

Mary retailed their conversation with as little bitterness as she could.

"That's what I thought," Bowen commented. One look at the girl's dejected face set his tongue to wagging in an effort to divert her mind.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with Kane," he said. "He'd be a good man if he were anywhere else but in this district. He's a stuffed shirt, a boot-licker. He was a kid from shantytown when he went on the force, and when they promoted him out here where you can't spit without hitting a millionaire, it went to his head. He's got the dollar sign in front of his eyes until he can't see anything else.

"Money talks with most people, but with Kane, it positively shouts. He's so afraid of losing the 'friendship' of some of these rich birds that wouldn't use him for a doormat that he wouldn't cross them if they said black was white."

"I've always played a lone game, ever since I've been on this job. All Kane ever hands out is a line of bull. He'd have chased this guy to hell and gone, and strung him up by the thumbs to please Jupiter—in fact, he was all set to make a name for himself by capturing the murderer single-handed. Then the word came down from on high, 'lay off'—and he lay right down at his master's feet and wagged his tail. That's the kind of pup he is.

"But there's still you and me, eh? How about it? If you say the word, we'll go right ahead and dig up what we can. When we've got enough to make a case, we'll put it before the District Attorney. He'll have to act."

"But—are you sure you want it? It might make things pretty messy for you at home, you know. With your boy-friend, and all. He'd rather have it shushed, I understand."

* * *

How much did he know? Mary wondered with a sinking heart how public her affairs had become.

She looked down at the coat over her arm. "Do you honestly think there's any use?"

"I do. By the way, something's been tickling my mind ever since you mentioned this being your brother's coat! What was it he said there in the ambulance? 'Make him give me my coat!' Wasn't that it? Look here, I'll bet a cookie that coat was a plant! No thief goes around leaving his overcoat, you know—it's not being done.

"That's how I came to pick it up in the first place. I was the last man upstairs that night, and coming down I saw this coat hanging on the stair-rail in the upper hall. I knew I'd be seeing all the police reporters next day and I took it along to turn over to the owner. None of them claimed it, though. Then I thought it must belong to some detective, but I'd wasted enough time on it, so I hung it up in my locker and left it there. Nothing in the pockets to identify it by."

He saw that she was not listening. Her mind was on her brother. He could see that even her faith was shaken. He stopped short.

Mary held up the coat. "What ought we to do with it? Take it there?" She motioned toward the police station.

"Take it home. It's yours. You'd only give Kane one more excuse to say 'I told you so.'"

"You've been awfully kind. I'll never forget it," Mary told him seriously. "Good-bye, and good luck."

"I'll let you know what turns up," he replied. "Keep your nerve! Remember it's all in a lifetime."

It came to him as he stood watching the shiny black bus carry her away, that he had just stripped himself of his last dollar in her behalf. He had not so much as mentioned the information he had to his paper, realizing that it was far too slim a probability to impress a hard-headed city editor. What kind of a sap was he becoming anyhow?

Mr. George Bowen heaved something that was very like a sigh.

Mary, hugging the damp coat and staring out at the vivid green of the trees and hedges as they rolled along the road to the Point, gradually lost the optimism that Bowen's loquacious enthusiasm had roused in her. She was going home to the Jupiter house reluctantly, for the first time. How could she bear to face those who had been closest and dearest to her. They had shielded her, or tried to; but they had kept their real thoughts from her as if she were a child or an imbecile. It frightened her, and made her feel small and young and inexperienced.

She was almost tempted to relax and rest against that love of theirs, that plotted for her own good without consulting her wishes in the matter. But at the same time, something prodded her uncomfortably forward. It was not their business; it was hers, and Eddie's. Gratefulness fought with angry resentment in her heart.

All this sensational publicity about the murder of Mrs. Jupiter and Eddie's death—no one called that murder, she noticed bitterly — of course it was unpleasant. No wonder the chills had crept up and down Emily Ann Ruyther's patrician back! But which was more important—justice or a stiff-necked old woman's pride?

* * *

Bowling along in the big, shiny bus between exquisitely landscaped private parks, studded here and there with the vine-shrouded homes of the ultra rich, all that had just occurred in the village seemed unreal. George Bowen and his scheme seemed fantastic, common. Had she really been in that horrible place, eating impossible food, with a foul-smelling waiter and a hair-brained "crime reporter" for companions? Looking back at herself through the cold blue eyes of Mrs. Ruyther, she began to think she was losing her mind.

What on earth would Dirk say? She should have consulted him. She began to feel like a truant child lagging schoolward.

Well, it was past. If George Bowen rang up the house she would not even talk to him. No doubt his schemes were just an excuse to print heaven-knew-what about her! She shuddered at the thought of to-morrow's Star and what it might contain.

It was Thursday and she was dining at the Ruythers. Well, she would do all she could to make it up to Dirk. The truth, dimly felt before, now revealed itself to her bit by bit, as on an unrolling scroll Dirk's worried abstraction, Mrs. Ruyther's booming heartiness. There was something they were all ashamed of, that they felt had to apologize for. It had all passed unnoticed, except as background. She had been so absorbed that their suspicions had glanced off without pricking her. Now it all came back with a rush—every cutting, two-edged word that had been turned toward her, every blank and guarded look, awkward moments that she now realized would have been definite snubs if the snubbers had dared. What had stopped them? The power of the Ruyther name! Not even the Jupiter money was so wonder-working as that.

With a sudden rush of understanding and pity, she knew that Dirk must have been having a bad time at home. No doubt he had had to fight for even the semblance of surface ease. With only one son to marry off, Mrs. Ruyther would have liked to see him marry "to advantage." She had accepted Mary without enthusiasm, because there was nothing she could say against her. But now, good heavens!

Suddenly she wanted to see Dirk terribly. She wished the bus would hurry. It was only three or so, but he might come early.

The bus ground to a stop to take on two passengers, who turned out to be Cornelia Tabor and another girl, a little blonde fluff named Ethel Somebody, who was visiting Cornelia from Boston. Mary had seen her picture in the society section. They collapsed breathlessly in a front seat, without looking back. Mary was leaning her head against the cool window, and sat slumped down in the seat so that they would hardly have seen her anyhow.

As the bus topped a rise and began to coast down the other side their voices became distinctly audible.

(To be Continued)

Peace

How shall a man think on that which belongs to his peace, if he yields himself wholly a servant to those things which be without; and how shall he carry any message to others, who cannot hearken to the voice of his own soul?—Lady Dilke. (The Book of the Spiritual Life).

Custom

Custom is the great enemy of faith, and of Reason likewise; and one of the worst tricks which custom plays us is, making us fancy that miraculous things cease to be miraculous by becoming common.

Premature Discoveries

By Friedrich Freksa in Die Woche, Berlin

Similar to a great, unyielding army, humanity forges ahead on its march towards progress. It is preceded by the scouts, in our case the geniuses. Over the heads of the vanguard these scouts push ahead into time. History of human progress teaches us that its pioneers were sometimes two or three centuries ahead of the masses, if not more.

After the pioneers comes the vanguard. scientists, explorers, poets, philosophers, the host of methodic workers and searchers, who in their turn are far ahead of the so-called educated class. Their thoughts and ideology are handed over to the teachers, in whose following march columns of students, the latter at least one generation ahead of the educated class, whose ranks they join after completing their studies. After that they apply in practice the knowledge and experience acquired in schools and universities and make it accessible to the great masses of the people.

Round these practical workers, the jurists, physicians, engineers, technicians, journalists, the educated classes are grouped, who are moved by the desire to make the wisdom of the former their own. Still, they remain way behind the explorers. After the educated classes comes the mass of the people, who assimilate the former's ideology, doctrines, mode of speaking. Usually the masses are more fanatical followers of a doctrine than the class from which they took it, and they continue to profess a faith long after it is discarded by scholars and scientists.

Thus materialism was born from the observation of nature itself. The conception of matter is a theory which goes back to the pre-Christian era, to the Greek philosopher Democritus, who believed that the universe consisted of a substance, composed in its turn of infinitesimal particles or atoms, the differentiation of the bodies being determined by the various degrees of density of these atoms. The alchemists of the middle ages based their research on this ancient theory and studied the means of converting plain metals into gold through condensation of the atom.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, which saw the triumph of physical science, the idea of force was born, and a new theory on the origin and composition of the world gradually evolved from the combination of the two principles, atom and force. From this purely materialistic conception Marx and Engels drew the inspiration for their social teachings, and their doctrine is still the creed of their socialist and communist followers.

But the great physicists of modern times reject this theory of crude materialism and of the infinitesimal and indivisible particle. Inspired by the glamorous dscoveries in the electrical and electrochemical fields, scientists evolved a new theory, whereby the simple atom became the complicated electron. In the imagination of the twentieth century physicist this infinitesimal particle the electron has acquired the likecle is a whole world in itself, in which other particles revolve round the nucleus at a terrific speed. Thus the electron has acquired the likeness of our stellar system, in other words, it is a little sun, with the planets revolving round it.

The day will come when even this audacious theory will seem obsolete and will have to make place for another conception. Newton's ideas are slowly but irresistibly being replaced by Einstein's relativity theory. The scientist is aware, however, that the theories with which he works are but expressions of the philosophy of the period in which he lives, and suited to it.

The scientist does not erect his hypotheses into articles of faith. He is satisfied with having found a working theory, and he lets his thoughts wander through an imaginary, not through the real world. This is in opposition to the methods of the layman, who wants, above all, to believe, even though he proudly calls himself an atheist. All misunderstandings and spiritual troubles which afflict the so-called educated classes come from this desire to believe. The misuse that was made of Darwin's theory in the beginning of the past century is one aspect of it. Yet the evolutionary idea of Darwin's work goes back to 1800, to Hegel. However, only one hundred years later did the words "development" and "evolution" become part of our current language.

Every great idea that was put into circulation as a rare gold coin has finished by becoming a wornout small coin. The intellectuals glorified the American Constitution of July 4, 1776, as a symbol of greatest dignity and highest civilization, because it was inspired by the philosophy of fifty years before the slogans of which became familiar to the peoples only in the second half of the eighteenth century.

In our time of triumph of technique, which is still under the influence of the World War, our vocabulary is rich with technical and martial terms. We speak of economic wars, political fronts and line-ups, and even the pacifists do not seem to be able to get along without this bellicose terminology.

A striking example of how an invention may be made ahead of its time is television. It has now come to stay. In 1865 a German magazine published the picture of a camera invented by a certain Caselli which transmitted a perfect picture of the great physicist Ampere. Yet it took another 67 years to make television an everyday occurrence.

All inventions and discoveries are the result of man's dreams. They mature through millenniums and are anticipated by myth and legend. Dedalus built wings for himself and soared up, but his son Icarus, having come too near the sun, paid for his temerity with his life. Yet it was his dream that showed mankind the road towards the realization of flying. Dreams become ideas and, through the process of research and experience, they bear fruits after many centuries.

280 B.C. a Greek philosopher proved with calculations that earth and planets revolved round the sun. His theory, developed by his disciples, remained confined to a narrow circle, as it was in opposition to the current belief of the revolving sun. At that time humanity was better prepared to listen to the Egyptian Ptolemy, who proved with elaborate and artificial calculations the truth of the established theory. The Greek principle was therefore entirely forgotten until Galilei and Copernicus revolutionized the middle ages with their sensational discoveries. Despite persecutions and anathemas, the new teachings sent a thrill through mankind, and they finished by being accepted.

When Columbus discovered America the world had already forgotten that in the year 800 A.D. Eric the Red and his Norsemen had come as far as Labrador and settled there, but were subsequently wiped out by cold, starvation and the hostile natives.

The nineteenth century is justly hailed as the era of the steam engine. Yet how many people know that at the time of the Emperor Adrian, about 100 A.D., Roman engineers built pump works in Egypt operated by steam. At that time, however, human labor was so cheap that the value of mechanical force was no made the object of further investigation, and the project was dropped.

The above are but a few examples of how ideas and inventions may come too early, and, humanity not being ready to absorb them, lay idle for centuries.

Man's thought, his inventions and discoveries, are ruled by the immutable laws of maturity. All that is born outside of this state of maturity invariably passes unheeded. This explains the tragic fate of so many great geniuses, to whom success was denied, sometimes almost at the threshold of it. Robert Mayer, the thinker to whom science owes the law on conservation of forces, was declared insane by his contemporaries.

We humans live together and each of us is convinced that his world is the same as the world of his neighbor. Therefore, the creative genius who strives to give humanity something new, something it had never seen before, meets with a harsh reception.

Storm

All other storms were playthings to
this storm.
It was as if God broke the moulds of
Form
And the huge fragments, hurtling,
whizzed like wires.
Confusion stalked across the blotted
shires.
Now they joined hands. They doubled the wild din.
They fought once more. Earth's
crust seemed fallen in.
What could withstand such turmoil?
Rocks only could
By twining their stone roots. Nothing else stood.
Trees groaned like mandrakes. Sap
in sweaty beads
Stared from their barks. Boughs
broke. But the crude weeds,
Hemlock and ragwort, plantain, parsley and dock,
Held out more grimly against the
furious shock
Than those gnarled trees that like
a leather tether
Knit the broad acres of this land together.

—Louis Golding, in Time and Tide.

Population 8,203,942, London Census Reveals

London.—The population of greater London now totals 8,203,942 ,as revealed by the first analytical report compiled from the census figures of last year. The increase in population, as compared with 1921, has been 9.7 per cent., or nearly three times the increase of the preceding decade, and nearly twice the current increase for the nation at large.

Greater London's population numbers 4,371,026 females and 3,832,916 males. The report advances no reason for this predominance of women.

The largest contributor to the increase is Dagenham, for during the ten years in question it went from a meager 9,127 to 89,362. It is one of the few districts in which men outnumber women.

Figures for the City of London and the twenty-eight metropolitan borroughs which comprise the "administrative County of London" (as distinct from "Greater London") show a decline of 87,520 for the ten-year period. This population is now 4,397,003.

Important deductions to be drawn from the report are that families are growing much smaller than formerly (families of eight persons are 50 per cent. less numerous, while the two-person family has increased enormously); that there is much more living accommodation a person, with a heavy drift to apartment houses; and that living conditions are much improved.

Dogs and Sheep

Numerous cases of sheep being infested with the cysts of the dog tape worm were reported this past winter. Another reason why dogs should be kept away from sheep. Of course the sheep infested with these bladder worms, which locate on the brain, died. If a sheep is so unfortunate as to pick up the eggs of a single segment of a dog tape worm, her chances of continued life are poor. Dogs infested with tape worm drop the segments containing the tape worm eggs about the fields and yards, these are picked up by the sheep while feeding or drinking, and then the trouble begins. The remedy is to kill the tape-worms that the dogs carry by dosing every dog at least three times a year with a suitable worm remedy. Eight sheep died in one community, where some wormy hounds were allowed to run at large. If you are a sheep owner, keep your eye on the dogs as they are dangerous to the well being of the sheep in more ways than one.

Vacationist—"I want to ask you a question."

Ticket Agent—"Yes, madam."

Vacationist—"Can I send a suitcase by a trunk line?"

Sport A-La-Mode

Three young damsels show the way to keep cool and get plenty of exercise in addition. Rainier National Park is the place, if you were enquiring.

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Marvelous flavor!

and its nutritional rating is + + +
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A delicious treat for all the family—approved by the Food Committee of the American Medical Association. Get a package from your grocer today.

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