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, was to have been admitted at the murder hour. She tells her fiance, Dirk Ruyther, who arranges a rendezvous with the boy but oversleeps. Bowen, of The Star, drives Mary there. Eddie is run down and killed as he crosses the street. Bowen tells Mary there is a racetrack gambler called The Fly to whom her brother owed money. He gives Mary a coat he found in the Jupiter house the night of the murder. It is her brother's.

CHAPTEI XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"But Kane's given up," Mary argued. "He thinks the same as you all do. That Eddie's guilty, or if he isn't, what difference does it make? He's dead. But it makes a good deal of difference! To me! And to—Eddie, even if he is dead and can't speak for himself. He was a foolish kid, but he wasn't bad—not a murderer! I won't stand by and hear him called one. Haven't I the right to clear his name if I can?"

The old man's eyes flashed.

"The right to lose your young man, too, if you're not careful!"

"Lose Dirk? Why, what's that to do with it?" Mary asked aghast.

Mr. Jupiter merely nodded wisely.

"You'll see," he said. "No, I won't say any more. It's his affair and yours. You might be right, but you can't prove it, and you'll only do yourself harm by stirring it up in the papers again. Better not let on to Emily Ruyther you've been seeing that reporter again. She's trying her best to stop the talk, and you're keeping it going."

"People are talking already. They don't know anything for sure, and that's why they're talking," Mary persisted. "As long as I live, the whispering will go on. Unless this is followed out to the bitter end, now, there'll always be a question mark hanging over my head. 'What was that old story about her brother? Did he kill a woman and rob a house, or something?' Nobody can prove it, but they'll believe the worst. Even if it's hushed up. Especially if it's hushed up, they'll think it's true!"

"Rot. People forget. They won't dare yap about you if the Ruythers are back of you. And I aim to leave you a penny or two, remember. You'll be able to snap your fingers at 'em, anyhow."

Mary shook her head stubbornly.

"Nobody's going to stand sponsor for me, least of all the Ruythers. And as long as you think—what you do about my brother, I can't take a cent from you. You see that, don't you?"

"Don't be a fool." the old man burst out. "Nobody blames you. You're not much Harkness, anyway. You're more like your mother. But your brother and his pa were two of a kind—full of wild schemes to get money without working for it. And they both ended up underground, and no wonder. You can't tell me—"

Mary jumped up, red spots burning in both cheeks.

Before Jupiter could stop her—he was instantly sorry for his outburst—she had rushed from the room.

When Dirk arrived she had bathed away the traces of tears and except for a new quietness, a new determination, in her manner, Dirk saw nothing amiss.

They drew the shades against the rain, and sat a while before the fire, hand in hand, her head on his shoulder, wordlessly happy. Mary wished that it might always be like this. She dreaded speaking, for sooner or later what lay between them must be discussed. If only she and Dirk could be married right away and go away from everything and everybody for a while!

But in the meantime, what of the man who killed Eddie? At this very minute he was alive somewhere, eating, drinking, laughing, making love—she shuddered involuntarily and Dirk's arm tightened.

"I called you but you weren't in" he said. Loverlike, his tone was faintly accusing. Mary stirred out of his arms. With his words, the whole disturbing day came to life again. Well, better get it over.

"I saw Kane," she said.

"Anything new?" Dirk reached for a cigaret.

"New—for me," Mary said wryly. "He told me the truth, for once." Dirk's look was startled.

"What did he say?"

"Why, just that the investigation is being dropped. Everyone seems to think Eddie is guilty."

"I wouldn't say that exactly," Dirk said evenly, after a pause.

"Then why?"

The worried look had come into his eyes again. Mary could have taken him into her arms and smoothed it away, but she held herself aloof for his next words.

"Don't you think yourself," he asked, evading her eyes, "that it would be pleasanter to keep your name out of the headlines just now?"

It was true then. Was he speaking for his mother, or himself?

"I'm sorry if it annoys you," she said stiffly.

"Don't be huffy," Dirk pleaded, drawing her back into the circle of his arm again. "You know whatever you do is all right with me, always. But other people have notions. Take mother, now."

"I see," said Mary.

"She's old school, you know, and any unpleasantness reflecting on the family name goes right to her pride. It's all foolishness, of course."

"Then why do you cater to her?"

"Because she's my mother, I guess." This should have been a clinching argument, Mary realized, but somehow it wasn't.

"I have a duty, too, to the Harkness name, such as it is," Mary reminded him. "I'm afraid I must see it through.

Dirk kissed her fingers tenderly, his lips lingering on her ringed third finger.

"Surely it's not necessary now," he teased gently. "A month more and you'll be Mrs. Dirk Ruyther. Had you forgotten?"

Mary hadn't. For several moments they were oblivious of everything but that unbelievable fact.

"You're not going to mind, are you, if Mr. Bowen and I follow up those clues he has?" Even as she recounted the news of the coat excitedly, she was aware that Dirk's manner had hardened suddenly, that he was decidedly angry now.

"Don't you know better," he said with measured, reproving accents, "than to talk to newspapermen?"

"But surely," Mary asked, amazed, "Mr. Bowen's harmless! Why, he's done more to clear up the matter than anybody else—the police, or you, or anybody."

"And why has he? For the sake of a story, that's why!"

Stumblingly, Mary tried to defend her own estimate of Bowen. She felt that Dirk was unfair, but she did not know how to refute his charges.

"Society and millions and a pretty girl!" Dirk went on. "If that isn't a perfect combination for him, I don't know what is! And you let him drag you into it all over again, just when we'd got it stopped!"

"Oh, so you did stop it?"

"I did. And it stays stopped, if I have anything to say about it."

They faced each other, breathing hard. Mary had not dreamed they could ever quarrel like this.

"It is not over for me. It will never be over until I've found out what the truth is." Mary was shaking as she issued her ultimatum.

Dirk snapped, "Very well. But don't see this man Bowen again."

"I'll see him as often as it's necessary."

"Then—good night." Dirk turned on his heel and strode angrily to the door.

CHAPTER XV.

At the door Dirk turned back hesitantly.

"Mother's expecting us for dinner. Can't we postpone talking about this until later?"

He couldn't bear to quarrel, either, his eyes said.

"Of course," Mary replied, and got her wraps and followed.

They were very quiet on the way over and it was not until Dirk had tooled the little car up the abrupt, winding drive and under the portico, and put on the brake, that he kissed her quickly and said, "I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too," Mary had time to whisper before they went into the house.

It was an awful dinner. Every one was silent and depressed, except Cornelia and the girl, Ethel, who was inspired to unbelievable heights of kittenishness by the situation, of which she apparently had full knowledge. That much was evident in every twinkling glance she sent from Dirk to Cornelia to Mary, and back again.

Even "Mother Ruyther," as Cornelia ersisted in calling her, soon looked as if she regretted her invitation and her thin, aristocratic nose began to look a bit pinched at the nostrils, as if she were holding in her feelings with an effort. As a matter of fact only consideration for Cornelia, to whom she wished to be kind, prevented her giving the blond chit a verbal spanking.

Dirk had said he was sorry, but his spirits did not rise with the knowledge of their having "made up," Mary noticed worriedly. He was quiet and abstracted during dinner and his conversation was confined chiefly to baiting the daring Ethel with a venom which passed right over her pretty yellow head.

Mary was suffering an attack of intense loneliness of spirit. Since she had rushed out of Mr. Jupiter's presence to hide her tears at his remarks about her brother it had been coming on. And when Dirk turned to go, for one terrifying instant she had felt utterly alone in the world. Dirk had turned back, just in time to bring the breath back into her lungs and set her heart to beating again. But that one instant had taught her a lesson. She had loved Dirk before, but never like this. Whatever she must do to keep him, she would do—for if she lost him, nothing else mattered.

(To be continued.)

Weeds

They trespass in my little garden plot,
Heeding no law and I must toil for hours
Destroying them, lest they in turn destroy
The fragile beauty of my cherished flowers.

They trespass in the garden of my life,
And I, the gardener, must daily strive
To banish these intruders that offend,
That deeds of worth may flourish and survive.

—Ann Carroll, in the Detroit News.

Filling Stations for Horses

Although gasoline stations are usually thought of as filling only automobile tanks, there are exceptions. In New Orleans they are filling horses as well as tanks. To be sure, the filling in one case is of water and in the other of gasoline, but in both cases they are essential to keeping Lizzie (when the horse is a mare) on the go. It is a humanitarian movement that easily might be adopted in other cities.

Some of the larger municipalities have watering stations for horses, maintained by organizations devoted to the promotion of kindness to animals, but even these are usually few and far between. Gasoline stations are particularly well equipped and located to take care of horses needing water at practically no expense. It is doubtful if the horses, prejudiced as they may be against the automobile, would object to drinking in the midst of a beautiful grove of red, green, blue, or yellow gasoline pumps, so long as their waterers made no effort to convince them of the superiority of any airplane grades of H2O or sought to prevail upon them to take a trial tankful of some prink product that would slake their thrist for a couple of miles more than do the grades that spring from the public water supply.

It was a happy thought on the part of the owners of the New Orleans gasoline stations. There are not enough horses nowadays plodding along the hard pavements to make the kindly action an interference with "regular business." And if the idea spreads, the stations are thick enough in almost every city to guarantee a horse a gratuitous drink on nearly every street corner. — The Christian Science Monitor.

Argentina Opens 283-Mile Railway

Sumampa, Argentina.—The longest railway line completed this year in the western hemisphere was opened recently across northern Argentina, along the ancient trail blazed from Lima to Buenos Aires by Spanish priests and merchants in 1771.

The new broad-gauge line is 283 miles long and affords a short cut from Tucuman, sugar-producing center, to the commercially important city of Cordoba, seat of the oldest university in the New World, and thus to Mendoza in the Andean foothills, capital of the largest wine-growing center in South America.

The Central Argentine Railway began construction of the route in 1927. The cost was $12,000,000, and from 2000 to 5000 men were employed. A golden spike signalizing the completion of the road was driven recently into a tie at a point near the Rio Saladillo, at a ceremony attend d by provincial and railway officials.

Ottawa.—Of the population of Canada 46.3 per cent are rural dwellers and 53.7 per cent reside in urban centres. Ten years ago the proportions were 50.5 per cent rural and 49.5 per cent urban. The largest proportion of rural population is found in Prince Edward Island, where the country residents represent 76.8 per cent.

Dam Ameliorates Flood Conditions

Glenmore Dam on Elbow River Near Calgary, Alberta, Prevented Serious Flooding

Ottawa.—In 1931 the City of Calgary commenced the construction of a storage dam on the Elbow River at Glenmore, Alberta, in connection with its water supply. This dam is nearing completion and it is interesting to note, according to the Dominion Water Power and Hydrometric Bureau, Department of the Interior, that it contributed substantially to the amelioration of flood conditions along the Elbow River in Calgary on the occasion of the flood at the beginning of June. At the beginning of the flood very little water was in storage above the dam but, during the flood, storage was built up by impounding a considerable proportion of the flow and thereby cutting down the quantity of water which would otherwise have passed the dam. The level of the reservoir rose nearly 31 feet between 11 p.m. on June 1 and 9 a.m. June 3, and the flow into the reservoir rose to over 25,000 cubic feet per second, but the flow past the dam at no time exceeded 11,300 cubic feet per second.

The storage provided at Glenmore undoubtedly prevented very serious flood damage in Calgary for it is calculated that without this storage the peak of the flood would have been more than five feet higher than the previous maxium of 1929 when much damage was done. With the flood height two feet lower than in 1929 the damage resulting was small.

Interesting Forestry Publication

Ottawa.—Forest Service Bulletin 80, entitled "British Columbia Softwoods, Their Decays and Natural Defects," has recently been issued by the Forest Products Laboratories of Canada, Department of the Interior, Ottawa. This bulletin deals with the characteristics, properties, and uses of Pacific Coast softwoods, and in language as non-technical as possible describes the various fungi to which these woods are susceptible ,as well as the effects of insects and marine borers. A chapter on the anatomy and physiology of a tree assists the reader in following the descriptions of the methods of attack of these fungi, borers, and insects, and the necessary preventive measures to be taken to ensure the proper durability of the different woods. The author draws attention to the enormous waste of timber resources through the decaying ofwood, and lists various antiseptics and preservatives found beneficial. Sixty illustrations, many of them coloured, add to the interest of the text and help to identify the results of fungus, insect, and marine borer attacks.

Grain of Fifth Century Dug Up in Hungary

Grains of wheat and rye, which must be at least 1500 years old, were recently discovered by excavators working at Budakalasz, near the Hungarian capital.

Here an outwork of the line of Danube fortifications erected by the Emperor Valentinian for the protection of the Province of Pannonia was being unearthed by local archaeologists, and the grains were found in excellent condition, mixed with ashes, in one of the watchtowers.

Sees Peril in Adolescent Age

Philadelphia—The twilight age for youth—those years between adolescence and a permanent settled job—constitutes a danger zone which breeds crimes and criminals. So declared Lieutenant Colonel Samuel O. Wynne, who recently retired from the directorship of the Bureau of Industrial Alcohol Permits, after spending thirty-two years in the public service.

"SALADA" ICED TEA is delicious

(Write Salada, Toronto, for excellent recipe) 268

Canadian Notes

Toronto Ont.—The Toronto Industrial Commission announces the start of another new industry in the city—the manufacture of gut and silk strings for racquets and musical instruments. H. Schindler & Company, Boston, Massachusetts, are forming a Canadian subsidiary, the Schindler Company of Canada, to manufacture these products for the Dominion market. Operations should begin shortly and the new company will be the only one manufacturing gut and silk strings in Canada. Mr. Carl Schindler will be in charge of the Toronto plant.

Toronto, Ont.—An additional contract in connection with Toronto's duplication of its water system, a $14,000,000 undertaking, is expected to be let within a few weeks. The new work to be undertaken is the building of the filtration plant at Victoria Park. Construction includes an administration building of concrete, steel and brick; a reinforced concrete covered reservoir of 12,000,000 gallons capacity, and two rows of 20 concrete filter beds each 68 feet by 35 feet.

Hamilton, Ont. — The Pure Milk Company of Hamilton is undertaking a $150,000 building and improvement program at its Hamilton plant, according to Mr. W. H. Forster, general manager. The expansion program will include a new and larger addition, remodelling of the present plant with a new front and the installation of the most modern dairy equipment.

Fort William, Ont. — The Robin Hood Mills have contracted with the Thunder Bay Harbor and Improvement Company for the construction of a dock and warehouse on the south bank of the Kaministiquia River in the vicinity of the Paterson elevators. Work will start at once on the driving of piles for the dock, which will be 250 feet long.

Winnipeg, Man.—The Agricultural Bureau of the Winnipeg Board of Trade report that they have been assured of a market for all the soy beans that can be grown in the Province of Manitoba. Dr. G. P. McRostie, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, has been conducting experiments for the past year and his final report on the results is expected shortly. The soy bean contains oil that can be used for lubricating purposes; other ingredients can be made into glue, and the residue into cakes for feeding cattle, besides many other uses.

Winnipeg, Man. — The fisheries of the Prairie Provinces in 1931 were valued at $1,909,040, nearly all the commercial catch being sold for consumption fresh. Manitoba came first with an output in 1931 of $1,241,575; Saskatchewan second with $453,056, and Alberta third with $184,859. Production of the Yukon Territory fisheries was valued at $29,550. The total quantity of fish of all kinds caught in the three provinces and the Territory in 1931 was 291,147,000 pounds.

Estevan, Sask.—Visitors to the recent Estevan Exhibition took occasion to visit the Estevan greenhouses in the picturesque Souris valley, one mile out of town. These, the largest greenhouses in the province, comprise two modern, heated, steel frame houses 250 feet long with an area of 25,000 square feet under glass Here are to be found cut flowers, flowering plants, funeral designs, bedding plants and vegetables.

Regina, Sask. — Saskatchewan's creamery butter production for the first six months of 1932 is 405,934 lbs. ahead of the record output for last year. Comparative figures are for six months to June 30, 1932, 9,038,489 lbs.; for six months to June 30, 1931, 8,632,555 lbs.; June production this year was 2,895,070 lbs., compared with 2,484,736 lbs., last year for the same month, an increase of 16.5 per cent. The total increase for the year to date is 4.7 per cent.

Moose Jaw, Sask.—The estimated number of egg-producing hens in Saskatchewan in 1931 was 5,325,283, according to a report of the Moose Jaw Board of Trade. The number of eggs produced was 42,602,264 dozen and the value of the eggs, $4,260,230. Saskatchewan consumed 27,441,896 dozen eggs in 1931, and as is production was 42,602,264 dozen, there was available for export 15,160,368 dozen.

Saskatoon, Sask.—That farmers are interested in a careful study of their farm business is shown by the fact that, since the farm management department of the University of Saskatchewan first published their farm inventory book in 1926, there have been over 5,000 inventory blanks sent out to farmers on request. While the supply has now been exhausted a further issue is being reprinted and these will shortly be available for distribution.

Testing White Whales

An attempt to discover the commercial possibilities of the white whales that are particularly numerous in Hudson Bay, is now being made. A shipment of seven whales has been brought from Churchill to Winnipeg by the Canadian National Railways, and if the oil content of these mammals is found to be sufficiently high it is probable that a refinery will be established at Churchill and the West will gain a new industry. Although the tanning process is rather difficult, it is said that the skin of these whales make good leather. The whales weigh about 1,500 pounds each.

TWO OF A KIND

Two fellows were playing a ding-dong golf match, into the exciting spirit of which even the caddies had entered.

Going to the last hole all square, one man sliced badly while the other had an equally wild pull. The first man found himself in a jungle. His first niblick shot raised a huge divot and moved the ball about six feet. He took turf with his second effort also, but got the ball well away.

"By the way," he said, as he replaced the second divot, "what happened to the other clod?"

"Oh," said the caddie, "he's playing six out of a bunker."

Such Is Life.

The aproned figure at the sink gazed sadly at the accumulation of plates and dishes, pots and pans. Was this all that marriage meant?

A heavy sigh, a rolling up of sleeves, and the kitchen was soon filled with the clatter of washing and scouring. The toiler paused from time to time to listen to the steady thrash of a typewriter in the next room.

Suddenly the noise ceased, and a large, spectacled woman, lofty of brow, appeared in the doorway.

"Hercules, darling," she said, addressing the little man. "I never can remember—do you spell 'cave man' with or without a hyphen?"

ONE OF MANY

"Have you seen Grey lately?" asked Mr. Brown when he met Freeman on the morning business train.

"No," replied Freenman; "but I heard that he was engaged in research work."

"What the dickens is he researching for?" inquired Brown, puzzled.

"Work," came the reply.

The teacher told the children about the Garden of Eden, and how Adam and Eve had disobeyed after being forbidden to eat the fruit of one tree. "Now, children," she said, "can anyone tell me what lesson that teaches us?" "Yes, miss, replied a small boy. "Eat less fruit."

Set New Endurance Record

Louise Thaden, left, and Frances Marsalis, stayed up in the air over Valley Field, L.I., in a plane 196 hours, broke the women's endurance flight record, and then came down and had a feed of corn on the cob. Which is a just reward, if you are a corn addict.