Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Rich old Mrs. Jupiter is robbed and murdered during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary Harkness. Suspicion points to Mary's brother Eddie, who is killed by a car as he goes to meet her. Bowen, police reporter, discovered a racetrack crook called The Fly to whom Eddie owed money. Mary meets Bowen in a speakeasy where The Fly is said to be hiding. Dirk, her fiancee, comes to take her home. He is on his way to lock up the Jupiter necklace in his office safe. Just as Dirk locks up the necklace there is a crash outside. Bowen lets the thieves smash his car rather than overtake Mary and Dirk. Dirk disbelieves the existence of The Fly.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"You think Eddie guilty and you don't blame him," Mary said. "Well, I think him innocent of everything except the gambling charge, but I blame him just the same. He put himself in a position where anything—even this—could be said of him, and now he can never explain himself—he's dead. What if no one ever knows — the papers, I mean?? The police? Do you suppose it means nothing to me that YOU think it—that your father and mother think it? Do you suppose it won't make a difference between us, always? It would be like living with a ghost. Some day I'd hate you—"

* * *

She huddled between them, dabbing her eyes with a small ball of handkerchief. If she had looked at Dirk, the hurt look that came into his eyes at her last words might have changed her, make her weaken again. But she did not look up.

Another traffic stop, and the three people sat uncomfortably silent.

While they were waiting, Dirk reached into the pocket of his topcoat, lying on the shelf back of them, and brought out the gun Bowen had given him. He balanced it on his hand in the glow of the dashlight.

"Nice little gun," he said judiciously. "Got a permit to carry it?"

Mary, pressed against the two men by the narrowness of the car seat, distinctly felt Bowen start. She looked up and caught a look of embarrassment on his face.

"No—o," he admitted. "It's not mine, exactly. I—"

Dirk squinted at it critically. ".38 calibre Colt, isn't it? An old-timer, but it's in good condition. Where'd you pick it up?" He darted a look at Bowen, who changed color, opened his mouth to speak, gulped, and was silent.

Dirk nodded. "I thought so," he said. Bowen burst out:

"What was the use of letting the kid take the rap for Sullivan law violation? If he'd lived I was going to give it back to him. It slipped out of his pocket when he fell, and I palmed it. It wasn't his, though."

Dirk put it in his pocket thoughtfully. "You can have it back tomorrow. I want to look it over."

Bowen said "There aren't any fingerprints on it. I got all the good ones."

"Harkness', of course."

"Sure. He was carrying it. But there were others."

"Whose?"

"I'll tell you when we get back to Shay's."

Dirk said, "We're not going back to Shay's, now or any other time. You can, if you like, but Mary's going home and going to bed. You might have picked another night for all this romping around, you two. Have you forgotten what day tomorrow is?" he asked, looking at Mary, half-chiding, half-serious. To Bowen he added: "Mind if I put you down somewhere?"

"Right here," Bowen said. The car swerved to the curb, and he got out.

Mary moved over into the space he had vacated, then, obeying a powerful impulse, climbed out after him. She stood beside him, a small mutinous figure with hard accusing eyes. To Dirk's amazed entreaty, she shook her head.

"I'm getting out here, too," she said.

CHAPTER XXII.

"You shouldn't have done that," Bowen objected. "Now how'll you get home?"

"I'm not going home just yet," Mary said. "You're going back to Shay's and get what fingerprints you can. Where are the ones you got off the gun?"

"In my hotel room."

"I'll go there and wait for you. I don't feel equal to Shay's again, right now. Besides, it might be better if you went alone."

"I'll get kicked out anyway," Bowen muttered morosely. "Look," he said, "you better not do this. You better make it up with him while you can, or there's liable not to be any wedding tomorrow."

"There isn't going to be anyhow!" Mary flamed. "Until I find out who's right. If those fingerprints tally, there w be any, anyway, until that man's caught. One thing at a time, and that comes first with me. If they don't—if you've just been giving me a—a cock-and-bull story—"

"Why should I do that?"

"To get a sensational story."

'I haven't printed a line about you yet, have I?"

"Then if that isn't the reason, Dirk said you had another—" she turned several shades of pink in quick succession, but blurted it out nevertheless—"he said you were making up excuses for sticking around because—you were in love with me."

It didn't faze Bowen.

"I don't say I'm not," he gritted, looking straight ahead.

"Oh, then—"

"Every blame word I've said is the truth, and you know it!" he cried bitterly. "And I'm tired of having my word doubted! I don't have to prove it. If you want to drop the matter, we'll drop it right here and now. It's entirely up to you. I hate The Fly's gizzard, but I can let my feelings go. You're the one most concerned."

Odd that it had never occurred to Dirk just that way!

"I'm going with you."

"Then come on."

Bowen's hotel was just around the corner in a side street, nearer Sixth than Fifth Avenue. It was not fashionable but clean and warm. Bowen bought some magazines at the lobby stand, and guided Mary gingerly by an elbow into a small, rose and gold room opening off the lobby.

An old woman in a soiled uniform crippled forward.

"Hello, Kate," Bowen greeted her. "Take good care of this for me, will you? Till I come back."

Kate's eyes took in Mary from head to toe, with cynical interest.

"Shure I will," she promised, with enthusiasm. Kate had executed commissions for newspapermen before. She would soon know what this beautiful damsel in distress had been up to. Shot her lover, perhaps. Whatever it was she'd been crying about, it thrilled Kate that she should know about it before it came out in tomorrow's papers.

Mary established herself on the shabby divan with Town and Tattle and fell to reading, more to escape the old woman's questioning than anything else. Eventually the old soul hobbled away, muttering to herself about the uppityness of some people.

"When they get you in the jug, you'll talk, my fine girl," she threatened through the wall.

Mary read on, oblivious of having offended. It was rather fun making out who was meant by the people referred to in those small, scandalous paragraphs in the gossip magazine. No names were mentioned, of course, but it was usually made plain enough. This, for instance:

"Why is it that we never appreciate what we have until it is another's? What child of great wealth—a bud of three seasons ago—is making rather a fool of herself over a childhood sweetheart whose devotion she was wont to ridicule until he took unto himself a fiancee? She is said to be relying heavily on the fact that the said fiancee is involved in a messy family scandal just now, which only the immense wealth and political pull of her sponsor has succeeded in squelching.

A cold prickle began to creep over Mary, and she sat upright on the couch, realizing suddenly that it must be herself who was meant! Her eyes raced on:

"Both aspirants to the hand of the blue-blooded and personable young lawyer come to the post well equipped—the deb with this world's goods, and the fiancee with more than her share of looks. But if all Dame Rumor whispers is true, and the lucky girl's elderly sponsor makes legal and binding his promise to make her his heir, then the scales will tilt heavily in her favor, and she will be able to match her rival million for million, with a few extra for good measure.

"A curious outcome, indeed, in view of the fact that the elderly protector's own wife died under mysterious circumstances recently. But Croesus will hear no ill of his Cinderella, so they say."

Mary hurled the magazine as far as she could throw it, and took a turn around the room to cool off. The impudence of it! The cowardliness! How dare people publish nasty innuendo of that sort, and expect to escape punishment? A suit for libel would be the very least they could expect; if she were a man, if she had a father, or a brother—or, she added miserably, a fiance! Old-fashioned horse-whipping was too good for the purveyors of such slander!

The alert Katie looked in, but withdrew in affright before that terrible young face. Mary was still pacing restlessly about the room, from picture to picture, staring at the ugly oil landscapes with unseeing eyes, spelling out artists' names with moving lips, forgetting them as she uttered them. She was determined not to give way here, in this place, and add further fuel to the scandal.

Bowen should take her home at once, and the matter would be put before Mr. Jupiter. He would know what to do. "Immense wealth and political pull" indeed! If that were so, then they should be made to feel it!

But as her anger cooled she knew with sickening certainty that instead of showing it to Mr. Jupiter she must keep it from him. After all, was it any more than had been common talk for weeks? Everyone knew it was a scurrilous little sheet; everyone discounted its nasty little digs. She would only make matters worse if she made a row about it.

(To Be Continued.)

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Light on the Talkies

In discussing the development and use of talking motion pictures before the Franklin Institute H. M. Wilcox, who has had much to do with their introduction, remarked that the tinkling of keys "is about the highest-pitch sound that the ear can perceive and the rumbling of the lowest organ note the deepest it can detect, a range of about nine and a half octaves." Artillery fire is the loudest sound that can be endured and the faint rustling of leaves the faintest sound that can be heard, "an energy ratio of about 100 million million to 1."

It cannot be said that any system records and reproduces satisfactorily all sounds from the lowest that are audible to the highest or from the faintest to the loudest. But ordinary requirements are readily met. Mr. Wilcox says that by 1925 it was possible to record sounds which ranged from 200 to 9,000 vibrations a second in pitch and in volume from thirty to thirty-five decibels (a symphony orchestra has an average volume of sixty-six decibels), and which might be uttered by an actor at such distance from a microphone that he could move about with some freedom. After that the "talkies" were bound to some. By October, 1927, Al Jolson was presented on the screen in the "Jazz Singer," the first full-length feature picture with dialogue. By midsummer of 1928 about 5,000 men were at work in one plant alone turning out equipment for talking motion picture theatres.

Native Born

"Canada Week by Week" presents some interesting figures that refute, in convincing fashion, the oft-heard statement that the country is being "over-run" by foreigners.

According to "Canada Week by Week," quoting the recent Dominion census, 77.76 of the population of the country were born here. Those born in British countries outside of Canada account for 11.41 percent and foreign-represent 10.83 percent of the residents.

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Latest Findings Of Science

Volcanic Islands That Suddenly Appear Out of the Sea —New Silk Fabric

As one result of the series of earthquakes that have shaken Greece, an island is reported to have disappeared in the Aegean Sea. Since one chief cause of earthquakes is the sinking of the earth's crust to keep pace with the shrinking interior, an unsupported island might easily fall inward. Raised masses of rock sometimes slip toward adjacent lower ground. An earthquake might start such a slip.

That islands come and go geologists have known for generations. In fact, the process has been seen. There are islands that appear because waters rise or recede, and islands that owe their existence to the rising and subsidence of land. At the deltas of huge rivers, sand and silt may accumulate to form islands that may measure square miles in extent. Even along the eashore the waves may form peninsulas and islands, although they rarely last for more than a season or two.

But most of the islands that come and go are of volcanic origin. Inasmuch as water covers three-quarters of the globe, it follows that there must be more submarine than land eruptions.

The Mediterranean peoples have recorded the formation of more than one island by under-water volcanoes which have built up cones that lasted for years and ultimately acquired vegetation. Thus in 1891 a temporary island was formed three miles southeast of Sicily. More spectacular was the case of an island which is variously known as Graham, Guilia or Ferdinandea, the appearance of which, in 1831, thirty miles southwest of Sicily, was heralded by a tremendous geyser of water and then of steam. The continued upward thrust from below ultimately formed land three miles in circumference and 200 feet high. Soon the newly formed island began to subside. In a few months it had disappeared.

Boguslov in the Aleutians, Alaska, appeared in 1796 and four years later had grown to 3,000 feet. An earthquake hanged the whole character of the region in 1899. Reefs and islands rose out of the water. Boguslov was affected. It comes and goes.

The recent case of the Greek island has its counterpart in the disappearance of the island Anak Krakatao in the Malay Archipelago—a disappearance clearly related to the intense activity of the nearby volcano Krakatao, the most tremendous eruption of modern times. In January, 1925, the island of Port Alexander sank, almost like a ship, off the west coast of Africa. A few sailors in the vicinity reported that they had been overwhelmed by a huge wave. When the water subsided the island was gone. Puzzling, too, is the case of Falcon Island in the Nomuka group, which has been appearing and disappearing ever since 1865.

All this activity means simply that nature has not yet finished the task of molding the earth. She is busily engaged in tearing down mountains with the aid of wind and water, shaking continents down, wearing away peninsulas and thrusting up new land from below. When she completes her work and the earth is "finished," life will be extinct.

NO LABELS—JUST VOICE AND SPOTLIGHT.

While he was wandering about in a Chicago museum Ernest Kohler, Jr., an electrical engineer, was struck by the fact that exhibits were mere curiosities to most visitors. Few bothered to read the labels, and yet the labels pointed out what were really interesting and important about the exhibits. He convinced himself that a machine of some kind was needed to make information attractive—something that would give an arresting, brief lecture.

So Kohler developed a machine. A phonograph record is made by some one who speaks English pleasantly and correctly, and the record tells the story of the exhibit. If a case is filled with exhibits it becomes necessary to point out the one about which the phonograph is talking. The pointing is done by means of a spotlight. Who switches on the light and does the pointing? The voice from the phonograph.

In electrical communication we have many different substitutes for human senses and nerves. Kohler borrowed an electrical circuit that can "hear" only a musical note of the right pitch or the right combination of pitches. He also adapted the well-known vacuum tube to his purpose. The two together gave him a true musical nerve that hears only one note, although the human ear responds to any audible sound.

When the phonograph finishes talking about a peacock in a caseful of birds and it is time to switch to the bird of paradise it sounds a musical note. At once the spotlight shifts to the bird of paradise, and with it shifts the visitors' attention.

If it is desirable that the tone that twitches the musical nerve should not be heard, an electric wave filter is called into action. The filter shifts the announcer's voice from the twitching tone so that the tone is heard only by the musical nerve.

Soon we shall have window displays which will do away with the ribbons and strings leading from the plate glass to labeled parts. A suave voice will dwell on the merits of a new oil-burner, and a mechanical or optical finger will point to the particular feature that distinguishes the burner from all others.

THE REVIVAL OF RAMIE.

For years the possibilities of ramie, which looks like silk but is much stronger, have been discussed by textile manufacturers. Individual ramie fibres range from four to six feet in length, compared with a length of less than an inch for cotton. The ramie plant yields 1,500 pounds of fibre a year, but the cotton plant only 150. Moreover, ramie can be harvested mechanically and it is free from pests.

What is the fly in this attractive ointment? The cost and difficulty of separating the bark from the fibre. In the Orient large quantities of the fibre are produced in carefully tended plots, harvested, purified and woven locally. Only the cheapest hand labor makes it possible for ramie to compete with other fibres in this limited fashion.

According to the American Chemical Society, the commercial prospects of ramie are brighter than they ever were, thanks to a new chemical process developed by Professors P. M. Horton and G. L. Carter of Louisiana State University, for scutching, or debarking, the fibre. The ramie is cooked for four hours in a combination of aqua ammonia and sodium sulphite under a pressure of sixty pounds per square inch.

Trade in Year 900

Copenhagen.—Proof that trade connections existed between the far North of Europe and the East 1,000 years ago is said to be provided by the discovery of a collection of coins on a farm belonging to Anton Mortensen, of Over Randler.

Nearly all the coins in question are Kuphian (old Arabic), dating back to about the year 900; two are still older and hail from Persia, and one was minted in Milan at the time of the Carolingian Empire. Another is a kind of memorial coin or medal hailing from East Anglia, which is considered exceedingly rare, only very few specimens being known."

To give and to lose is nothing; but to give still, is the part of a great mind.—Seneca.

The Household Word For Tea

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

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So Understanding!

For months he had been her devoted admirer. Now, at long last, he had screwed up sufficient courage to ask her the most momentous of all questions.

"There are quite a lot of advantages in being a bachelor," he began, "but there come times when one longs for the companionship of another being—a being who will regard one as perfect, as an idol; whom one can treat as one's absolute property; who will be kind and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joys and sorrows—"

To his delight he saw a sympathetic light appear in her eyes. Then she nodded in agreement.

"So you're thinking of buying a dog?" she said. "I think it's a fine idea. Do let me help you choose one!"

How Mrs. Brown made old blouse look new

"When I was planning my summer wardrobe I got out all my old clothes," writes an enthusiastic lady from Toronto. "Way back in the closet hung a chiffon blouse—perfectly good but unwearable because it had lost all its original color. I asked the druggist one day what I could use to color my blouse that didn't require boiling. I knew boiling would ruin the delicate fabric. He showed me Diamond Tints; told me they were made by the makers of Diamond Dyes, which instantly made me feel safe about them because I know the quality of Diamond Dyes—have used them often in dyeing dark colors. He told me Diamond Tints are the new way to get light shades just by rinsing or dipping. He had all the popular shades, but I chose a delicate shell pink. It came out beautifully and was so easy. It was just like finding a brand new blouse!"

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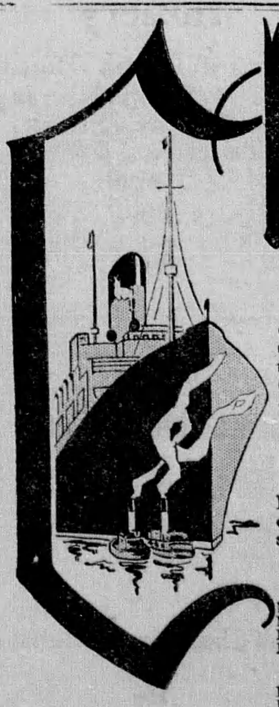

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