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, Mark Hardness. Suspicion points to Mary's brother, Eddie, who is killed by a car as he goes to meet her. Bowen, police reporter, discovers 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 fiance, 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 into his car rather than overtake Mary and Dirk. Dirk disbelieves the existence of The Fly and Mary goes off with Bowen.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

Bowen came hurrying in, his arms full of packages. In his left hand he held a whisky-bottle carefully by the neck.

"Sorry to be so long," he explained, "but I had to buy some powder and some other junk. . . I got a pretty good thumb print, I think, but the rest are not so good . . . wanta wait here a little longer till I go up and develop this? I'll hurry. . ."

"What's the bottle for?" Mary asked, bewildered.

"Don't touch it!" He drew it away from her pointing finger. "It's his—The Fly's. He drinks a special brand. Mike sneaked it for me while Jack's back was turned. Let me get upstairs with it, quick, before something happens to it." He was laboring under strong excitement. "Can y' imagine it? I been carrying this down the street like this. Afraid to wrap it up and smear the print. Wonder I wasn't pinched." He started off and Mary followed.

"Oh, don't leave me here! One more black mark on my reputation won't hurt. I'm going up with you." In the elevator she asked bitterly, "Did you know what was in that magazine you gave me?"

When they were out of hearing of an exotic-looking couple who went up in the elevator with them she told him. Bowen did not seem impressed.

"Oh, who reads that lousy little sheet anyway? A handful of nitwits with more money than brains, who know it anyhow, and about a million repressed schoolteachers who won't understand it after they read it. Forget it."

"Emily Ann Ruyther reads it," Mary said worriedly. "I suppose she's in the midst of a pink fit by now."

"Forget it! We'll have Emily Ann begging your pardon on bended knee before we're through."

He propped the door of his room open with a book and laid his purchases out on the table, the precious bottle occupying an open space all its own. After that, they did not bother to talk. Bowen set to work and Mary watch, absorbed. The thumb print came up clearly, the others were, as he had said, too faint to be of much good.

Presently he raised a flushed, perspiring countenance and said dramatically, "Now!" He laid on the table the sheet of paper containing the fingerprints obtained from the gun. Beside it he placed a fingerprint chart and a magnifying glass. Occupying the place of honor stood the whisky-bottle, erect, its powder-blackened sides showing a variety of finger-smudges.

He bent his eye to the magnifying glass, moving it from one to the other, back and forth.

"I'm no expert," he said, at last, "but if those thumb-prints aren't identical, I'll eat 'em. I'll get an expert's opinion on it, if you want it. The boys in the identification bureau will do it for me."

"Do it, will you?" she asked eagerly. "I accept your word, but we must be absolutely certain."

"Right. Tomorrow, without fail. Well, Miss Sherlock Holmes, let's shut up shop for tonight."

He removed a pile of clean shirts from a dresser drawer, laid his exhibits carefully away in the empty drawer, locked it, and they went out.

"It's only 10 o'clock," he whispered in the elevator. "You'll be home and in beddy-bye in an hour. What could be sweeter? And don't worry, your boy-friend'll come around all right. Keep a stiff upper lip, and remember what you've got now to knock sense into him with—that whisky bottle!"

She didn't want to hear him talk about it. She was more grateful than she could ever say for the surety he had just given her. It made her course clear. But personally, he had become faintly repulsive to her . . . that declaration of his was shocking, somehow, centred as her emotions were in Dirk, and Dirk only. Perhaps she drew away slightly; her feelings may have shown in her face.

"Listen, forget what I said a while ago, will you?" he said. "I ought not to have—but hell, you asked for it! And I know it doesn't make any difference to you."

"Oh, I'd forgotten all about it!" she assured him, surprised at his perception.

They stepped out into the lobby.

"Hungry?" he asked. "Better have a cup of coffee before you go. You look done up. Did you eat anything today?"

"Not much," she confessed and followed him, almost wobbling with faintness and weariness, to the grill, which was empty except for the couple they had seen in the elevator. Mary recognized them without more than a brief glance. The odor of the woman's oriental perfume was overpowering. The man with her was odd-looking, too—foreign, apparently. Such of their talk as drifted to her ears was in French, and his clothes sloppily worn, his hair thick and long below his large black felt hat. He wore a small waxed mustache.

Mary began to feel a peculiar uneasiness. She had been unconventional in going to that room, if anyone chose to be priggish about it. She would not have given it a second thought if it had not been for these exotic-looking people. Continentals of that type always made her rush for safety to the ideals of her Puritan ancestors.

She drank hot coffee gratefully. Bowen did not talk much.

"I was supposed to cover a Red riot in Jersey City tonight," he observed. And added complacently, "The hell with it." After that he did not talk at all.

The couple passed out of the room just ahead of them, pausing in the doorway to kiss passionately.

"Au revoir, my darling," muttered the siren, in a guttural voice with a marked accent. "Must you go?"

"I must, sweet." He tore himself from her arms, and hurried out.

Mary and Bowen made amused grimaces at each other. In the doorway they gave an exaggerated imitation of that parting—all but the kiss. And howled with laughter.

The dandified stranger, cane over his arm, small waxed mustache bristling, paced the curb impatiently as the doorman sought a cab. Mary and Bowen, waiting their turn for a taxi, watched him involuntarily. He was like something out of "La Vie Parisienne." When the cab came up, he said loudly, "Can you take me, please, to Jupiter House, at the Point, Pleasant Hills?"

Mary clutched Bowen's arm. "I knew I'd seen him somewhere! It's Bruce Jupiter, come home!" she cried.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Della thrust her head in the door and demanded: "Aren't you ever going to get up, Miss Mary? Think what day it is! And the packing! Who's to do that, if I don't, and how can I do it at all if I don't begin?"

Mary gave up trying to feign sleep any longer, and forced herself to face the old servant's curious eyes.

"I'm not going away just yet, Della," she told her. "Don't ask me any questions. I can't bear to talk about it. And put those things out of sight, won't you?" She pointed to yesterday's purchases piled about the room. Then she turned her telltale eyes away.

"An' a fine mornin', too, as anyone could wish for a weddin'," she grumbled.

"Oh, I'll be getting married one of these days—don't look so dour," Mary assured her, "I've this and that to do first, that's all. Did Mr. Bruce come?"

"Yes, and gone away again, already." Della thumped pillows about grumpily. "I don't know whatever's come over the world that a nice young man like Mr. Bruce can't set foot in his home without his own father layin' it onto him. Faith, and if I was Mr. Bruce, I'd never come home, that I would not!"

"Della! What do you mean?"

Della set sturdy arms akimbo, and gave forth the details with relish.

"Did they row! Faith, and ye never heard the like! Says his pa,, "You're a skunk and a scalpeen lallygaggin' 'round Europe with them low foreigners, too busy spendin' money to come home, and yer mother lyin' dead! Too busy to send a cablegram or a wreath o' flowers for her coffin! How have ye the face to walk in here with the black conscience on ye, dressed like a dude and smellin' of rotten perfume?"

Della paused for lack of breath. Discounting the obvious Celticisms, Mary was still able to form a good idea of what Mr. Jupiter had said and meant, in greeting his only son.

"What did Mr. Bruce say?" she prompted. Pumping servants was not a thing one did every day, but Mary excused herself on the ground that she had to know what Bruce was going to do, before she could decide what to do herself.

"Oh, sure, he'd a bunch of excuses at his tongue's tip. He'd sent a friend out to send off a cablegram, he said, and how was he to know it never went? And it was only a fortnight ago that he got the news, indeed; he was that high up in them Alps mountains, paintin' pictures of glayshers, and the like of that. An' when he got the message, he come down at once, and took the first boat. An' if his pa wants to know where come that perfume from, the man in the barbershop squirted it on him by mistake, and—"

Mary burst into peals of laughter.

"How does he explain those waxed mustaches?" she demanded. "Don't tell me he keeps them like that in self-defence?"

"That I don't know," Della denied, "but I do know I'd have got married meself years ago if I'd have found me as fine-lookin' a young man as him!"

(To be continued.)

Autumn Maple

What golden ichor rose through trunk and bough
From unimagined springs within the earth
With soundless flow the summer long, that now
This fountain luminously comes to birth
And spills upon the frosty air a spray
That stains with gold this blue October day?

These showers that descend will deepen soon
To burnished pools upon the autumn grass
That seems to mirror some refulgent noon
Whose sun is held immobile in the glass.

—Adelaide Love, in "Voices."

Aid to Aviators

The Dominion's newest weather bureau at Moosonee on James Bay should prove of great value to aviators, according to Andrew Thomson, chief physicist of the Dominion Meteorological Service, who has completed a visit to several northern stations.

The bureau, ranked as a first class station, will record temperatures, hours of sunshine, precipitation, wind velocity and other information necessary to the work of forecasting weather conditions.

As at other outlying stations, the Moosonee bureau will wire reports twice daily to the Toronto observatory, stations are already established at Fort Churchill, Chesterfield Inlet and in the Hudson Straits, and the new one will fill a gap and greatly assist the service, according to Mr. Thomson.

The Meteorological Service works under what is known as the "polar front method," which was worked out in Norway during the war years. Great strides have been made during the past few years, Mr. Thomson says, but reports every six hours and observations by means of planes would greatly facilitate the work of forecasting accurately.

The Moosonee Bureau is established at James Bay Inn. The wind instruments are on the roof and the other instruments are set up nearby. James Kingston, manager of the Inn, has been placed in charge of the station.

Gems from Life's Scrap-book

Power

"Patience and gentleness is power."—Leigh Hunt.

"Power obeys reality, and not appearances; power is according to quality, not quantity."—Emerson

"Power dwells with cheerfulness."—Emerson.

"God is everywhere, and nothing apart from Him is present or has power."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"Pretension is nothing; power is everything."—Whipple.

"The highest power may be lost by misrule."—Syrus.

"Power acquired by guilt was never used for a good purpose."—Tacitus.

Champion Cheese Taster

He's the "big cheese" among the cheese-tasters. Donald Smith, a Mississippi youth, at a recent dairy show in Detroit scored highest and won the $750 prize.

Proper Toys Aid Self-Expression In Children

Play Things Help Learning—Children Bored Without Adequate Play

New Haven, Conn.—Children develop tantrums because they are bored, according to Dorothy Cannon Thompson of the Yale University faculty and director of the Cannon Nursery School of New Haven, a laboratory of child life where students in the Department of Education of Yale University study child development. It is Mrs. Thompson's belief that the lack of proper provision for play is probably the most common cause for the 'cantakerous child."

"Children who are supposedly having the best of modern care in superior homes, in hospitals or in institutions are being almost universally hampered in their growth through lack of proper provision for play," Mrs. Thompson said. "Active, constructive play leading to growth is by no means a panacea for the difficulties of childhood, but the implications in the social, emotional and mental development are such that one can no longer afford to ignore the subject.

Seek Self-Expression.

"A child is always seeking self-expression. Just like a grown-up, he feels the thrill of accomplishment. In the cradle he wants to wave a rattle, because in moving his arms and making a noise he feels that he is really doing something. He is making things happen. After he begins to walk he is conscious of new possibilities. He wishes to carry things, to push things about, to build things and take them apart again. He sees his father and mother doing things he wants to emulate. Picture books, small-sized housekeeping toys, such as mops and brooms, miniature garden tools, enable him to fulfill this desire, while such things as blocks, paint, clay, hammers, nails and pieces of wood will give him the opportunity of carrying out his own ideas in an original way.

"At all times a healthy child is a dynamo of energy. The younger he is the shorter is the time he can stick at any one thing. It is, therefore, necessary to have on hand a variety of toys, especially things to manipulate and experiment with at first. Later he will need more constructive materials to use his increasing abilities. When children are "cantakerous' it is often because they are bored. They have exhausted their immediate environment and have grown restless for new worlds to conquer. 'I don't know what has got into Johnny, he is so naughty.' It usually means that John Jr., having been provided with no suitable play materials of his own, has appropriated the kitchen clock, or the family carving set.

"At the age of six, if not before, a child must go to school to begin his formal education. But what a lot he must have learned to be ready for this; to manage his own body skilfully, to climb and run and jump; to find out about the world immediately about him; to know the meanings of a great many words; to distinguish between different sizes and weights, between things hard and soft, things round and square and how these all work together.

"These are some of the things that he may learn from his toys, and he will if his play materials are chosen with that end in view. Many of them need not be purchased. Packing boxes, boards, orange crates, as well as spools, pieces of cloth, wrapping paper and kitchen utensils, presented to him for his 'very own,' help out tremendously in the family toy budget. There are other things that may need to be bought and these should pass three fundamental tests: they should be simple and durable, should be suited to a variety of uses requiring ingenuity, and should fill a definite development need of the child.

Toys Which Please Parents.

"Far too many toys are bought simply because they appeal to the father and mother.

"Toys should fill some need of the child, and it is only by studying children that it has been possible to determine what these needs are and how best to satisfy them. That is why modern toymakers are rapidly abandoning their conventional designs and are appealing to the child psychologists for guidance."

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"SALADA" TEA

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"Fresh from the Gardens"

The Doctor's Task

By Dr. J. Bentley Squeir, President of American College of Surgeons.

The passing of the "old-time" practitioner has been made a subject of much lamentation, and, from a purely sentimental angle, deservedly, for embodying, as he often did, the attributes of friend, priest and physician, he held a very personal relation to his patient, and his virtues have been loudly extolled.

The paucity of his scientific information was offset by a great breadth of character and a wealth of human understanding. These qualities will ever remain the most distinguishing signs of greatness in any physician of whatever period.

Every new step on the path of knowledge has opened to our vision uncharted deserts of human ignorance. If the goal of scientific progress is the production of human happiness, we of today may become objects of severe criticism fifty years hence for not having better utilized the scientific discoveries of this generation.

It behooves us to acquire the "old-time" doctor's human understanding, kindly disposition and humble attitude, for these are fundamentals of our calling, and also in order to neutralize any criticism of our own shortcomings which in years to come is bound to be made.

"Any changes for the better in football this season?"

"Yes. Understand that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time."

Longer Ocean Liners

A change in the design of steamships, involving a five per cent. increase in length which would bring an increase in efficiency of almost 100 per cent. is near birth in the experiments of German scientists, Dr. Fritz Zeicky, physicist of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, California, said.

Dr. Zeicky said the principal experiments indicated that if most ocean liners were severed in the middle and a section inserted, increasing their lengths but slightly, an immense improvement would be obtained.

He told of tests near Hamburg, Germany, in which parafin steamship models were propelled at the rate of 30 miles an hour. From these tests have come the theory of an improved design through increased length, the physicist said, and equally important research is under way on the shapes of prows and sterns.

The scientist predicted the future would bring considerable change in the types of prows. One of these would be designed with a bulge both at top and bottom, leaving the centre concave. Another proposes a straight profile, jutting forward at the top. Tests of this, the 'barge" type, have indicated it is better adapted to rough seas.

Turbulent, discontented men of quality,in proportion as they are puffed up with personal pride and arrogance, generally despise their own order.—Burke.

Four-fifths of the world's motorcycles are in Europe

Polluted Air Disease Carrier

Smoke, Soot and Dust Cut Off Ultra-Violet Rays

Washington.—Polluted air, preventing human beings from receiving their due share of ultra violet rays ranks with polluted milk and water as a health menace.

Dr Fred C. Tonney, of the Chicago Health Department, told the Public Health Association meeting here that ill effects on health of shutting off the sun's ultra-violet light by smoke, soot, dust, fog and other impurities are more serious and widespread than generally realized.

Dr. Haven Emerson, of Columbia University, reported there are even indications that it may be a contributing factor in causing rheumatic fever that results in illness and death of many children. The amount of heart disease in children caused by rheumatic fever falls off steadily from Boston south to Atlanta, he said, seeming to correspond to the increasing amount of sunshine as one moves south.

Decreased sunshine may increase activity of the rheumatic fever virus. There is no rheumatic fever in Puerto Rico, Dr. Emerson said, which has plentiful sunshine.

Danger in Smoke

Dr. Tonney explained that smoke palls hanging over cities, especially in winter, often have such far-reaching and unsuspected effects as making teeth more liable to decay, endangering health of mothers before and after childbirth, and lowering resistance to disease. Rickets, due to lack of sunshine, is one of the most prevalent of childhood diseases.

Layers of children's teeth built up when sunshine is deficient lack lime and are easily attacked by decay which spreads to the healthier parts of the teeth, Dr. Tonney said. He added that lack of Vitamin D, supplied by ultra-violet light, prevents mothers from absorbing from their food the extra calcium and phosphorus they need during pregnancy and the nursing period. Dr. Emerson found that children who have had rickets are especially susceptible to bronchitis, pneumonia, measles, whooping cough convulsions and tuberculosis.

"We can now provide a health motive for the clearing of the skies," Dr. Tonney asserted, "a motive as fundamental and far reaching as those that brought about the control of water-borne and milk-borne disease."

Plants were raised recently in Kew Gardens, London, from lotus seed found in Manchuria and believed to be more than a century old, and even four centuries, or older.

Among the Royal stamp collectors, in addition to H.M. the King, there are the Queens of Italy and the Belgians, Prince Leopold, Crown Prince of Sweden, and King Fuad of Egypt.

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