Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

The thief who robs and kills rich old Mrs. Jupiter during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary Harkness, fails to get the famous Jupiter necklace. Police believe Mary's brother, Eddie, guilty. Eddie is run down by a car as he goes to meet Mary.

Bowen, police reporter for The Star, discovers that Eddie owed money to a racetrack crook called The Fly. Mary's fiance, Dirk Ruyther, forbids her to investigate further. They plan to marry at once. Mary meets Bowen in a speakeasy where The Fly is hiding. Dirk on his way to lock up the Jupiter necklace, comes by to take Mary home. Dirk and Mary are followed but Bowen stops the thieves by turning his car in front of theirs. Dirk still pooh-poohs the existence of The Fly and Mary goes with Bowen. Bruce Jupiter returns from Europe with a woman friend. Mr. Jupiter orders his son out. The Fly disappears.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I'm all right," Mary murmured politely.

Jupiter cleared his throat explosively, and set his melon aside untasted.

"Don't know as this is the time to speak of it, but I talked to Ruyther about that matter this morning." His voice was still hoarse with emotion. "It's all settled. Makes you my heir. Bruce will be taken care of—enough for a man that lives the rattle-brained life he does. But none o' them French hussies will get my money! I've got no son, but there's no law that says I can't have a daughter!"

As the whole import of this sudden announcement made itself clear to her, Mary threw out her hands involuntarily.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "You musn't do that! You musn't!"

"Eh? Why not?" Apparently he had never dreamed that his offer could be refused. His stare of amazement was almost a glare. Not in many years had anyone crossed him in any major respect; he was utterly taken aback.

"That isn't fair to Bruce!" Even as she was protesting the injustice of such an arrangement, Mary's heart began to pound dizzily. To be the Jupiter heiress! She could only dimly apprehend as yet what it would mean to be mistress of so many millions, to have the world to play in, to be free forever of the poverty that had put her at the mercy of Cornelia Tabors of the world these last few years.

To be free to choose Dirk for a husband as he had chosen her, and not to feel like a beggar-maid who must always be humbly grateful to her King Cophetua! To receive the unwilling deference of Emily Ann Ruyther, who, like most snobs, usually found it difficult to be uncivil to a great deal of money. Mary felt as if she had been taken up into a high place and shown the kingdoms of the world. Had she really the strength to refuse them?

The old man was growling apoplectically in his throat, moving the silver about agitatedly. When he had calmed himself, he said:

"We'll say no more about Bruce. I have the two greatest griefs to bear that can come to a man—my wife and my son are dead." He was almost weeping.

Fear for him, in his present highly emotional state, tied the girl's tongue. It seemed foolish to try to convince him by the usual platitudes that this violent repercussion was only natural, that a little familiarity between father and son would smooth away the sharp edges of their differences, bring them back together again.

She forsook the subject of Bruce for the time being.

"Very well," she said quietly. "If you're sure you want to do that. You've always been kind to me, but this seems—too much, somehow. I've never done anything to deserve so much. I've no right to it, really. If you change your mind—"

"It's all settled. And it ain't so much. Not half of what people think," he flashed warily. "And time the taxes are paid and all, you won't be so rich you'll bend your back carrying it." This was pure swank, Mary knew, but she let him say it. If it pleased him to belittle his wealth, it was a pleasure he could afford.

"I ask only one thing," she said soberly. "That nothing be said about it just yet. No one must know."

He was obviously disappointed but he agreed, grudgingly. It would have been infinitely soothing to that long-festering wound to his pride and his affections which his son's way of life had dealt him to let the world know that Bruce was to be punished. In his own peculiar self-sufficiency, Bruce had always evaded him. This was the only way the father could hurt him.

Mary knew that Mr. Jupiter was heartsick over the open break with Bruce from the listless tone with which he spoke of his yacht, for the "Gypsy" was the dearest toy he owned.

"I've got Hendricks," he said, "and he won't take on anybody I wouldn't. Good man. Good navigator, good pilot. And a damn good mechanic. Don't often find that in a seagoing man. We'll get away the first of the week."

Go away from New York, leave Dirk—? Mary's heart cried out that she couldn't, no matter how unfairly he had behaved toward her.

"You make up a party," the old man persisted, with forced cheerfulness. "Ask anybody you like. We've got cabins for 15. Maybe Steve Ruyther and his wife can get away; do him good. Shut you up a few weeks with that wife of his and maybe you'll decide you don't want to get married, eh?" He squinted at her, in a feeble attempt at humor.

"Maybe I won't—get married, anyway," Mary said.

"Well, plenty of time. You're young. Little absence won't do any harm. You get ready and we'll stop off in Miami and see some other young folks—"

Miami! Mary's indifference vanished. She sat up, electrified by the thought that came to her. Miami was Florida, and Hialeah must be somewhere about. The Fly would be at Hialeah!

"When can we start?" she asked eagerly. "Will we be in Miami by the 16th?"

Her sudden enthusiasm puzzled Jupiter, but he was pleased to see that he had succeeded in perking her up."

"I reckon so," he answered. "Why? Somebody down there you want to see?"

She laughed excitedly. "I should say so! How long will we stay?"

"Why, long as you like, two—three weeks, I suppose. Danged if I'll open the house, though. Always hated the thing—looks like an oil station. No vacation for me—go all the way to Miami and live in an oil station! We'll live on the 'Gypsy'."

He was avoiding the palatial Spanish "cottage" which had been Mrs. Jupiter's favorite among her various homes because her memory was too vivid there, Mary knew. But she did not care; the "Gypsy" suited her purposes even better. A plan of almost diabolical cunning had occurred to her! As she rapidly thought out its details she knew that she must speak to Mr. Jupiter about it now, for certain preparations would have to be made before hand, to insure safety all round—for herself, for the necklace when it was in her possession, and possibly for the old man himself.

She might take chances herself but she would never again take chances on behalf of anyone else—the load of responsibility she already bore was heavy enough.

At her earnest request, they left the almost untouched meal and adjourned to the library, safe from the avid ears of the servants. There, as clearly as she could, Mary set forth the facts she and Bowen had gathered about The Fly. It was not a conclusive show of evidence, but it was strong. It needed a final link to make it impregnable—that final link could only be The Fly's confession.

There was still the chance—she did not admit it, but it was there—that though it had been the Fly's gun with which Mrs. Jupiter was shot, Eddie's hand had fired it. If that were true, she wanted to know it, but she did not want other people to know it if it could be helped. So they must do without the police. For notoriety followed when one dealt with the police—she had found that out. And in that one respect, at least, she meant to respect Dirk's wishes. His name would always be coupled with hers since the official announcement of their engagement, even if—her mind refused to follow up than painful "if." She would not drag him into this if she could possibly avoid it.

All this she had to make clear to Mr. Jupiter, as well as her plan to capture The Fly. When she had finished, he asked:

"You sure he'll be there?"

"It's almost a certainty, Bowen thinks. His horse races at Hialeah on the 16th. He'll show up, all right—he doesn't take the law seriously, you know. He's been arrested many times, but they've had to let him go. He's careful. Bowen says he's the smartest crook unhung. Maybe that's why they call him The Fly. He's so hard to swat."

Jupiter grunted.

"If the police can't swat him, how do you expect to?"

"By avoiding their methods, and using my own! He can't be taken in an open chase, that's been tried too many times. Very well. We'll emulate a spider, spread our web and wait for him! He'll come. The necklace will bring him. He is the only one who knows the truth about Eddie. He must be made to tell, that's all. If you want to do something for me, do that! It's the one thing I want, more than anything—"

He was silent a long time. Mary could not read his thoughts. Everything hung on his answer—she almost prayed.

"If I thought you two youngsters were right—that that man was the one—I'd never rest, while he was above ground! Every cent I've got would go to see him hung!" Spots of red burned in the bloodless cheeks; Mary had not seem him so galvanized with life since the first few hopeful days of the police search for his wife's murderer. The thirst for revenge gave him an unexpected zest in life. It might be a better thing for him in the end, than the coddling Dr. Jordan had enforced on him.

(To be continued.)

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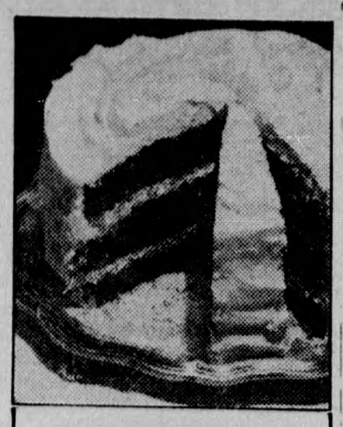

Devil's Food Layer Cake

⅔ cup butter	¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar	3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
3 eggs	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup milk	3 sq. unsweetened chocolate, melted
2½ cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour)	

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar slowly. Add beaten yolks; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk; add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into 3 greased layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes. When cool, put together and cover thickly with Chocolate or White Icing (recipes are in the Magic Cook Book).

Miss Gertrude Dutton tells why she makes her

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Canada's Canned Foods

Canned foods are finding a steadily broadened market in the Dominion itself, while Canadian canned foods are winning for themselves a large market in outside countries. The three main groups of canned and preserved foods produced in the Dominion are fish, milk products and vegetables and fruits. The canned fish production of the Dominion is largely in excess of home demand and its chief market is in other hand, the output of milk preparations and of canned and preserved fruits and vegetables is largely consumed in the Dominion, although both lines, and particularly milk products, also find a market abroad. Canned fruits and vegetables form the largest branch of the canned foods industries and account for approximately 55 per cent. of the total production.

The fruit and vegetable preparations industry has made rapid strides in recent years. Since 1921 the number of plants in operation had increased by the year 1931 from 270 to 278, the capital invested from $23,558,689 to $48,152,325, the number of employees from 3,577 to 6,329. salaries and wages from $3,150,564 to $4,509,377, materials used from $12,003,946 to $18,668,100, and the value of products from $20,967,476 to $32,572,580. During the period 1923-31 the volume of fruit and vegetable preparations increased by 95 per cent. This growth is particularly remarkable, as it represents a corresponding increase in the home demand for these products, foreign trade being relatively small compared with home production. Imports in 1931 were valued at $4,315,979 and exports at $2,651,722. According to these figures the industry supplied over 95 per cent. of the domestic requirements.

Autumn Notes

Summer is gone again. The dying leaf
Makes one last gesture, colorful and brief.

Within the orchard sounds the fitful knell
Of fruit fast failing like a muted bell.

Where stalwart cornstalks lifted pointed leaves
Lies barren stubble and collected sheaves.

In other latitudes the journeying sun
Has moved toward a summer new begun.

—Donald Page, in the New York Sun.

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"Fresh from the Gardens"

Rubber From Dandelions Latest Finding of Scientists

Vast Store of Mineral Wealth in Dead Sea—Air Tires Added to Tractor—Vitamins Battle Colds

News comes from Moscow that a variety of dandelion has been discovered in the Crimea which contains a milk from which rubber can be made. Thus another chapter is added to the Soviet quest of rubber. Early in the year Moscow announced that chemists had discovered, in what was called "towsagis' in the news dispatches, a plant which yielded a rubber-milk. It may be that the Crimean dandelion and towagis belong to the same family of plants.

In conducting his investigations for a cheap source of rubber, Edison reached the conclusion that there are at least 1,500 plants that can be milked profitably. The milkweed, a relative of the Madagascar rubber vine, seemed to him of most industrial importance, although he conducted much research with goldenrod. Milkweed is now acclimated on a small scale in the gardens of California, New Mexico, Texas, Florida, South Carolina, Panama and Hawaii by experimenters who have followed in Edison's footsteps.

It may be that neither the new variety of dandelion nor towsagis will give the Russians what they want. They are more likely to turn to synthetic chemistry to meet their industrial requirements. Before we ever heard of a Five-Year Plan the Soviet Union offered a first prize of $50,000 and a second of $25,000 for a commercial synthetic rubber process, the contest to close early in 1928. Although nothing apparently came of this effort at arousing interest, it is known that the Russian laboratories are continuing their work in synthetic rubber chemistry. There is no reason why they should not ultimately succeed in obtaining what they want. In fact, German, American and English chemists are prepared to place synthetic rubber on the market whenever the natural product rises to what would be considered a prohibitive price.

When he speaks of synthetic rubber the chemist does not have in mind a compound of precisely the same chemical constitution as a specific natural rubber. Rayon is not the exact chemical and physical equivalent of natural silk, nor need it be. A synthetic rubber of acceptable chemical and mechanical properties is good enough—all the more reason why the Russians should succeed in their investigations.

Potash From the Dead Sea

In December, 1917, General Allenby captured Jerusalem. Like every well-informed British officer, he kept before him the needs of the Empire. Some one whispered the magical word "potash" to him. He had Major T. G. Tulloch, a competent engineer, sent to survey the possibilities of the Dead Sea. Dr. Novomeysky, a Russian mining engineer, confirmed the discovery of riches that eclipse those of a South African diamond mine. For some 30,000 years the sacred, muddy Jordan has been pouring millions of tons of potash, bromides and chlorides into the Dead Sea.

After lengthy negotiations and debates in Parliament a concession was finally granted on Jan. 1, 1930, to a company financed by British and American capital. On April 1, 1930, the work of extracting potash and chlorides began.

Brine from the Dead Sea is pumped into extensive shallow pans covering about 500 acres, and the sun does the rest. Four-tenths of an inch a day is the rate of evaporation in Summer; half of that in Winter.

According to The Oil, Drug and Paint Reporter, from 2,000 to 2,500 tons of pure potash were thus extracted during 1931. If the quantity seems small, it is because production was limited in order to maintain prices in the world market. This year from 3,000 to 4,000 tons of potash will be produced. Recently 500 tons reached Baltimore, Md., in the form of muriate of potash, packed in 4,465 bags.

The resources of the Dead Sea are enormous. Its waters contain 6,000,000,000 tons of calcium chloride, 11,000,000,000 sons of common salt, 980,000,000 tons of magnevia bromide, 22,000,000,00 tons of Magnesia chloride and 2,000,000,000 tons of uriate of potash. Twelve hundred billion dollars, a sum 300 times greater than the debt of Great Britain and the United States, is the cash value of the Dead Sea. There is no more precious body of water on earth.

Pneumatic Tires for Tractors

Even tire manufacturers were a little startled to hear Burgess Darrow tell them at the transportation meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers, held recently in Toronto, that farm tractors are now being equipped with what are called "airwheels"—pneumatic tires much like those developed for airplanes, except that a non-skid tread is added. A hard-riding bumpy steel-wheel machine is thus converted into an almost luxurious conveyance.

The cushioning that attends an inflation pressure of three to five pounds is the result of some bold thinking. According to Mr. Darrow the orange growers wanted a tractor that could be used in sand. Steel tires were objectionable because they cut through roots. Golf courses needed tractors, too, but steel tires were forbidden because they sank into soft and muddy fields. Pneumatic tires were the solution

"The drawbar pull that can be exerted by the tractor with such tires is astonishing," says Mr Darrow. "In most cases it exceed that obtained with steel. Where the steel-lug tire sometimes digs itself in and sticks, the airwheel stays on top of the ground."

At first there were punctures enough. Thick rubber liners now enable the airwheel to cope with the roughest field.

Airwheels for tractors are expensive in the sizes required. What is needed is an intermediate size which can be produced at low cost and which will retain the advantages of the full airwheel. Akron companies are now turning their attention to the development of the new market that has been opened.

Vitamins Reduce Colds

It is estimated that 36,000,000 wage earners in the United States are absent from their work on account of illness at least 250,000,000 working days each year. According to a report published by the American Chemical Society, vitamins can materially reduce this form of economic waste if discoveries made by Arthur D. Holmes and Madeline G. Pigott of Boston and William Alfred Sawyer and Laura Comstock of Rochester, N.Y., are applied.

One tablespoonful of cod-liver oil was fed daily for four months to 115 women and 70 men engaged in a variety of tasks such as office light machine and heavy machine work. For the purpose of comparison, 88 women and 40 men, as nearly identical as possible with the subjects in age, weight and occupation, served as controls.

One hundred and two members, or 55.1 per cent., of the cod-liver oil group, and 42 members, or 32.8 per cent. of the control group did not develop colds during the experiment.

Ninety-six members, or 51.9 per cent., of the cod-liver oil group, and 52 members, of 40.6 per cent. of the control group, lost no time. The number of hours of absence per person was 12.8 for the cod-liver oil group and 25.1 for the control group.

During the previous year, when the diet was not supplemented with cod-liver oil, the hours of absence were 20.4 for the cod-liver oil group and 27.4 for the control group.—Waldemar Kaempffert in The N.Y. Times.

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