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 Eddie owed money to a race-track 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 comes to take Mary home and 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 and makes Mary his heir.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)

Jupiter slapped the arms of his chair.

"If you were a boy, now—but a girl like you—what will people think if I let you walk up to that crook with a fortune hanging around your neck? No, sir, I can't let you do a crazy thing like that, Mary—"

"Then," Mary said quietly, "under the terms of your wife's will, I will choose the necklace. Although it really doesn't matter now whether I actually have the necklace in my possession or not—The Fly thinks I have. Those stories will have told him that and he saw me wearing it. It's too late now to back out." As soon as he thinks it safe again, he'll be making another try for it. And all the papers say you've given the necklace to me. I'm in danger now, and I always will be, while he's at large. For my own safety, the best thing I can do is bring him to justice as quickly as possible. As for seeking him out, I'll be far safer knowing his movements than I'll ever be with him at large. . . . you see that, don't you?"

Jupiter scratched an ear. "That's mighty near the truth." he admitted.

"It may take a little time," Mary continued, "but it can be done. Don't you mind me! I shan't be frightened. I wasn't frightened before when I saw him in Shay's—I was thrilled as any school girl, and glad. I can't tell you how glad! I thought it wouldn't be long until—but he got away. We'll have to wait a while—flush him again, as Bowen calls it, but we'll get him. I don't want them just to send him to jail—I want them to hang him! I do!" Her own vehemence surprised her, but she knew it was true—that these unbecoming, blood-thirsty sentiments were truly hers.

She turned on him, demanding defiantly: "Does it sound awful? I mean it. I never knew I could hate anyone as much as I hate that man!" She walked about, her eyes stormy, her face flushed.

But Jupiter was not looking at her. He was seeing visions of his own in the pattern of the rug, his hand clenching and unclenching on the crook of his cane. He held it at arms length, like a weapon, and banged the floor with it.

"If he's the man," he said, "I'll see him hung if I have to put every cent I've got behind it. It'd like to tend to it myself. If you can toll him on board the 'Gypsy'—"

"I can. I can trick him. I know I can!" Her throat was tight with exultation, and resolution.

The door behind them opened. Mary whirled about. Bruce Jupiter's voice spoke suavely in the tense quiet that followed her last words:

"I'm sure you can, Miss Harkness. You do that sort of thing so well!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Old Mr. Jupiter stared at his son, mixed emotions on his face.

"Well," he snapped. "So you're back, eh? I thought you'd come to your senses. You can't live on love even in Paris, I understand." He chuckled harshly. There was a hint of eagerness in his voice which he tried to hide.

Mary shook her head involuntarily—it was so much a moment for tact, and Jupiter was employing so little of it.

But Bruce paid no attention to his father. Tossing the black, wide-brimmed, "parson's hat" he affected on a table, he sat down on the arm of a chair, and pulled out a cigaret—staring rudely at Mary meanwhile.

Mary marveled at the change in him. The dreamy brown eyes that had rested so warmly upon the throaty-voiced siren last night were black with anger. The luxuriant dark hair was more awry than before; it stood up in an indignant ruff above the high, bronzed forehead as if five agitated fingers had been run through it. The lean, sensitive fingers that toyed with the cigaret trembled visibly. But Bruce's voice was remarkably controlled—soft, smooth and poisonously sweet.

"Oh, yes, I've come to my senses," he murmured, his gaze still boring into the girl's. Mary flushed and retreated involuntarily before his brazen stare. "It is just as you said, father. I have stayed away too long, things have taken a surprising turn during my absence. Such a turn as a sensible man might have foreseen. But I am not a sensible man. I am an artist."

He paused and blew a cloud of smoke almost in the girl's face.

"I am very naive, am I not?" he asked purringly. "It actually surprised me to learn that my place here had been usurped by a greater artist than myself!" He rose and made Mary a deep, sweeping bow.

Utterly mystified, Mary turned to Mr. Jupiter, who was looking at his son as if he were a madman. The hopeful, timidly welcoming light had died out of his eyes. His jaw suddenly tensed.

"Will you say what you mean?" he shouted angrily.

Bruce did not raise his voice nor remove his eyes from the girl's now terrified ones.

"You don't understand, my dear father? Of course not. Naturally, with your honest tradesman's soul, you would be the last to recognize the artist in the young lady who stands beside you. A beautiful artist, a charming artist, but nevertheless an adept in the gentle art of gold-digging!"

Old Mr. Jupiter fell back in his chair, open-mouthed.

"Well, of all the damn fools," he gasped weakly. When Bruce would have spoken, he shouted, "Shut up! Get out!"

"Nonsense, my dear father," Bruce returned calmly. "I have come home to stay."

Jupiter made a threatening movement.

Mary found her tongue. "This is so silly," she protested.

"Silly, is it?" Bruce barked, turning on her. "My mother's jewels? My father's fortune? I dare say you're an estimable young woman in some ways and a faithful employe to whom some remembrance was fitting. But aren't you a little hoggish? Share and share alike would have been sporting, at least! But I come home and am met with the boot. Why? Titian curls about an angelic face have done the damage, I fear. Well, I am not without some charm myself, if I wish to apply it to the sordid task of opening purse-strings in my favor. I have not been a good son, perhaps, but at least I am a Jupiter. There's my challenge, Miss Harkness—do you take it up?"

Mary laughed outright. "You're quite mad," she said. "The Alps must have done it—the altitude. Now I'll make you a challenge. Suppose you get a little better acquainted with both your father and me before you do anything ridiculous."

Bruce had expected anything but amusement.

"Is my decision to remain in my own home ridiculous?" he demanded.

"It can be, if you're going to stalk about like Edwin Booth," she chided gently. Then she turned to the inarticulate old man, "Why don't you invite him on the 'Gypsy'? A little closer view of things might change his ideas and save any more of this kind of thing." To Bruce she added, "Your father's had quite enough trouble. Even you must see that."

"Quite," Bruce returned, "and I accept. Be sure you will find me at your elbow wherever you turn, Miss Harkness. You are an object of great interest to me and I may as well confess that from now on I do not intend to let you out of my sight."

Mary smiled. "The 'Gypsy' is small," she answered, and turned to leave the room.

Mr. Jupiter had been simmering; now he spluttered into speech. "Mary, come back here!" he shouted. "Don't you get ahead of yourself young man! Leave this room until you're asked into it! Mary and I have some business to tend to. If you go along on the 'Gypsy' you'll button up your lip, or I'll put you ashore, remember that! I ain't too old to paddle you yet, if I have to, to take the tuck out of you!"

Bruce regarded the tip of his cigaret intently. "Business?" he asked, with an insinuating rising inflection.

"Business," the old man snapped. And unveiled what to Mary was an unexpected vein of sarcasm. "Business that wouldn't interest you! Mary thinks she's drawn a bead on the man that murdered your mama. You've got no time for such foolishness. You might miss your exhibit. You better get along about your paint-slapping."

Bruce flushed darkly, then paled. That shaft had hit home. Mary was glad to see that he could be hurt on that score; there must be hope for him. For the first time she softened toward him slightly.

"I'm—scarcely an expert," Bruce said, "but perhaps I can be of use." He walked to the door and turned. "My old room, father?"

Jupiter nodded, scowling. Mary felt suddenly weak as they were left alone.

"I'm sorry to have been the cause of—of—" she fumbled to express her humiliation, but the old man waved away her apology.

"It'll be all right, he'll come around," he told her. "We got plenty to do if we get away Tuesday. Get Hendricks on the wire, will you Mary?"

He was off on his plans for the cruise. The man-hunt they were about to embark on superseded everything else in his mind, for which Mary was grateful. For the first time she began really to hope that the business might be brought to a successful end, and soon.

Leaving Jupiter crackling orders over the telephone, she went thoughtfully out and up to her room. It was useless to try to reach Dirk—she did not want to be curious about his whereabouts. She would write him at the house and wait for his answer, hard as the waiting would be. If she didn't hear on Monday she could call him, for she couldn't go away without seeing him.

(To be continued.)

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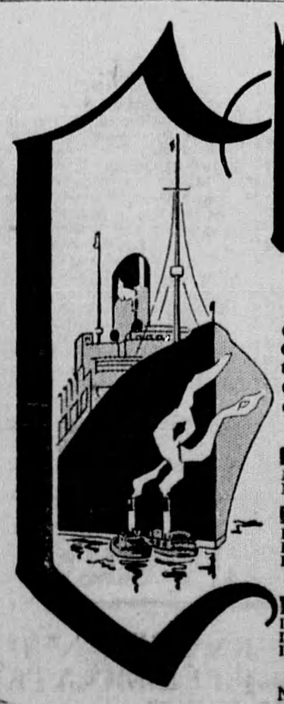

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Human Feelings In Animals

By R. Thevenin, Condensed from Sciences et Voyages, Paris (July 14-21-28, 1932).

Poetic intuition penetrated the psychology of inferior creatures long before science ever dreamt of doing it. Poets and writers have told us things about animals which our reason refused to believe and the monopoly of which humanity claimed for itself.

It is with animals as with men: the moral state is mostly dependent upon physical condition. A sick animal is always sad and shows it in an unmistakable manner. But an animal can be sad without physical suffering, and in such cases we are forced to admit a psychologic cause or the functioning of intelligence. Most of us have had occasion to observe symptoms of sadness and boredom in animals without any apparent reason. A dog full of life and mirth suddenly begins to howl plaintively and to launch appeals of distress to some invisible power, which must be haunting its memory.

Protracted sadness in an animal may lead to physical suffering, even to death, which is then not a cause but a consequence of a moral condition. Cats and dogs have been known to die of starvation after the loss of their master, and there is the story of the elephant who broke his skull against the wall of his stable because his driver had left him. The fact may or may not be true, but at any rate it is safe to assume that the animal killed itself not because it wished to do so, but because excitement, pain or anger led it to make a series of disorderly movements which ultimately resulted in death.

An animal may, however, be consumed by an all-powerful desire or feeling, stronger even than the most imperious of all sensations: that of hunger. Dogs are known to die on the grave of beloved masters. Possibly this is due to the fact that the animal is too shy or too fierce to accept food and care from anybody else. Domestication and captivity, on the other hand, greatly reduce the intelligence of an animal and its ability to care for itself, so that the loss of the person who provided food and shelter sometimes automatically leads to death. Herein we may find an explanation of what frequently happens on battlefields, where horses die by the side of their riders' bodies. Not being used to finding food for itself, the horse instinctively returns where it hopes to find it. Hunger, fatigue and exhaustion account for it much more than despair or loyalty.

Of course, the crisis in the life of an animal may have deeper causes which are very difficult to detect. Loneliness is one of the outstanding motives of animal despair. In captivity the last survivor of the gang usually dies broken-hearted. Quite remarkable is the case of the black cat which was the inseparable companion of the famous racing-horse Godolphin. When the horse died, the cat would not move from its body. Chased away, it disappeared and was found dead a few days later in a near-by barn. This is the more mysterious, since the cat is an independent and not very sociable animal, which does not resent loneliness as much as other animals.

All animals are more or less merry and gay and something similar to laughter may be observed in certain superior vertebrates. Dogs and horses purse their lips to show pleasure. This may be a nervous reflex and purely automatic, but it is proved beyond doubt that many animals have an outspoken sense of humor. Elephants take revenge upon an enemy by playing him a nasty trick and manifesting their amusement and satisfaction at his embarrassment. Monkeys excel in such tricks and they are quite capable of discerning whether people laugh at their expense or for other reasons. They like to play tricks upon each other, but in most cases the less intelligent specimens of the tribe are the victims.

Dogs are known to be possessed of a strong sense of humor, and so are certain birds, especially parrots. The latter laugh like humans when a situation seems funny to them. Even wild animals are not deprived of this feeling. What but a sense of humor causes the glutton obstinately and systematically to devastate the cabins of the trappers, although it derives no personal advantage from it?

Pride is certainly not a physical sensation, yet it is felt by animals in a manner comparable to human.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Most domestic animals are most sensitive to ornaments. A horse adorned with bells and plumes walks differently from an unadorned one. In Spain the muleteers used to punish their animals by taking off their gaudy harness and making them march at the tail of the team. The vanity of the "new rich" is not only a human shortcoming: it may be found in the shepherd dog proudly enthroned on the seat of his 40 h.p., or in the pekingese stretched out on the silken and embroidered cushions of his luxurious basket. A chimpanzee belonging to a movie company behaved like a real star and as so proud that he would have nothing to do with other apes. All large apes derive personal satisfaction from ornaments, provided these are not imposed upon them by man.

Domestication, by bringing the animal closer to man, at the same time draws it farther away from its own species and even makes it hostile to the latter. The wolf or jackal has no fiercer enemy than its own descendant, the dog. The capture and training of wild elephants would be utterly impossible without the conscious and intelligent assistance of tame elephants kept expressly for this purpose.

Animals are capable of handling and manipulating tools and instruments. Dogs, cats, horses, donkeys, open doors, pull cords and lift lids. No gadget, be it ever so complicated, is safe in the long run against a cat's claws or an elephant's trunk, and there is no screw which is proof against the manipulation of a monkey.

Even more interesting is the attitude of wild beasts toward traps or similar devices. They quickly detect the trick that shuts the trap. Foxes and wolves study the mechanism of traps meticulously and they well know how to cut the fatal cord. Wolves have been observed to pull the lines left overnight by fishermen in holes made through the ice, until the fish emerged on the frozen surface. The wolves then returned and devoured the catch, carefully avoiding the hooks.

Here the instinct of self-preservation plays the primary part but many other cases are known where the intervention of intelligence cannot be denied.

Animals know how to nurse themselves through sickness. Wounded elephants close their wounds with tampons of grass to stop bleeding. Monkeys are most skillful in all such things and they behave like real surgeons or skillful osteopaths. They know how to extract splinters and even had to pass a drain through a festering wound, which leads us to believe that they assist each other in similar operations.

In his very interesting study on the habits of anthropoid apes, Koehler narrates his own experience with a monkey surgeon. He had a splinter in a finger and, at the risk of infection, decided to show it to his pet chimpanzee. The animal took one look at it and immediately went to work. By pressing the sore spot with its nails—a rather painful but nevertheless very clever manipulation—it squeezed the splinter out of the wound and extracted it. After having examined the sore spot closely and made sure that nothing was left, it let the hand go and withdrew, obviously highly satisfied with its own performance.

Birds occasionally assemble in great numbers and for hours they seem engaged in some passionate deliberations. Then suddenly they seem to make a decision and precipitate themselves upon certain among them which are killed ruthlessly. When the execution is finished, the assembly breaks up, and each bird goes its own way. Tentatively this has been explained with the instinctive intuition that weak or sick birds must be done away with when the time of migration is approaching. This hypothesis does not hold, however, because such assemblies have been observed, among storks especially, not around the period of migration. Here we are faced with one of the mysteries into which science has as yet been unable to delve.

Why?

Why do we quarrel with our ken
And hurt the folk we love,
And seldom try a smile to win,
And yet, like cooing dove
We speak to strangers in the train
And never think to cause them pain?

Why do we smile on children small
As though they angels were,
And yet, as soon as they grow tall,
Kind speech and act infer—
Since surely those who know us best,
Should with sweet courtesy be blessed!

Why do we lay our manners by,
When we go home at night,
Letting all gracious greetings fly
Like swallows out of sight,
Since to the folk of board and bed,
No word ungentle should be said?

—A. B. C, in Tit-Bits (London)

"What do you thing of Jones' speeches?"

"I don't like them."

"Have you read them?"

"No, when I disagree with a man's politics I don't have to read his speeches to know that I don't like them."

THE TRUTH.

O, sir, the truth, the truth! is't in the skies,
Or in the grass, or in this heart of ours?
But O the truth, the truth! the many eyes
That look on it! the diverse things they see,
According to their thirst for fruit or flowers.

—Meredith.

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