Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Harkness undertakes to trap The Fly, whom she believes "framed" Mrs. Jupiter, and later killed him to Mrs. Pupiter, and later killed him to keep him from telling. As bait she plans to use the famous Jupiter necklace, which the murderer failed to get.

She is aided by Bowen of the Star. Mary's fiance, Dirk Ruyther, and his family, object to notoriety.

Bruce Jupiter, absent many years, returns from Europe with a woman friend. His father orders him out and makes Mary his heir. Bruce swears to rout Mary. Mary and Dirk quarrel because Dirk is jealous of Bowen and refuses to believe in the existence of The Fly. Mary goes to Miami with Mr. Jupiter on his yacht, the "Gypsy" because oBwen tells her The Fly will be at Hialeah to see his horse run.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mary tried to speak from a dry throat but could not. She merely nodded. She must get hold of herself, she thought wildly, or she would give the whole thing away. What was it George Bowen had said? "Now's your big moment, Gloria Swanson, do your stuff!" She relaxed, smiling a little.

De Loma drew up a chair at the Countess' urgent invitation. He said reprovingly, "All that is past, Louise. There are no titles in America, remember." Was there a warning in his tone? Mary could have sworn his words were more significant than they appeared.

"Nonsense," the Countess laughed. "There are more here than in Europe nowadays!"

Mr. Jupiter ate his dinner, paying no attention to the conversation.

De Loma was not looking at Mary. After the first swift glance—did she imagine it or had his eyes strayed to her throat, involuntarily seeking the necklace?—he gave his attention to the Countess, chatting with her in a manner at once reserved and intimate. Mary looked at Bruce to see how he was taking it. He was calm enough. No trace of jealousy there, at least, apparent to the eye.

The music started and with one accord the two stood up and danced away, almost forgetting to excuse themselves in their absorption. The Countess was anxious to get De Loma away, or so it seemed. Bruce immediately turned to Mary and they followed the others to the dance floor.

Mary's thoughts were racing. Once she thought of throwing the whole thing on Bruce's shoulders. . "There is the man who killed your mother!" Bruce would be equal to the emergency; he would know what to do. And she could run away and hide, where this trembling of the knees would not threaten to conquer her at any minute! If Bruce had been a trifle more approachable she might actually have done it. But this frozen calm of his was more than she could break through.

There was no doubt in her mind that it was the same man she had seen at Shay's. She would know him anywhere. The same smooth, sallow skin, the same jet black hair. the bold, black eyes, so curiously unwinking. It was disconcerting to meet his stare—there was something rapacious, inhuman about it.

And this other puzzle, of his acquaintance with the Countess. Where had those two known each other? The Countess was making her first visit to America, ostensibly, and Mary knew definitely that America had been the scene of operations of The Fly for several years past, at least! Was the Countess another whom he had taken in at some time or other? Or was she, as the astute Bates asserted, a criminal herself?

Mary stabbed at the frozen fruits in her ice unseeingly. She was so absorbed that it disconcerted her when she glanced up and saw her table companions all looking at her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The Countess lowered her eyes. "Enrique was merely saying that you look exquisite," she murmured throatily. "Not at all the jeune fille. It is perhaps the dress? Remarkable, the flair for dress the young American working woman possesses. By day, the grub, slaving away at the typewriting machine . . . at night, voila! She is a butterfly, dressed like a queen! Amazing!"

The scratch was in that, as usual, but Mary was saved from replying when De Loma, suddenly leaning forward on his arms, asked bluntly: "Haven't we met before?"

"You were at Shay's, weren't you?" Mary laughed. "If I'd known then—"

"Known? Known what?"

"Why, that you were a count, of course!" She held her lower lip with her teeth, as if to control her amusement. "We thought you were a—a racketeer! We practically ran from the place. Didn't you notice it?"

The innocent confusion that showed in her face apparently satisfied him, for he broke into a grin, and turned to the Countess to speak of something else. The music began again, a dreamy tango this time and to Mary's surprise De Loma abruptly turned back to her again and asked her to dance.

She was moving off with him, his arm about her, her hand in his. It was . . . horrible. She, Mary Harkness, in the arms of this murderer, this thief! For one awful instant she felt her knees give way under her. Then she was dancing, she felt the beat of the music, she wrenched her mind away and kept it away from the man beside her. Gradually the black, dizzy whirlpool before her eyes cleared.

He danced beautifully . . better than any man she had ever danced with.

A quick spatter of applause broke out as they finished. Looking aobut in surprise, Mary saw that they were almost the only couple on the floor.

Mr. Jupiter beamed upon her and Bruce applauded mildly.

The Countess was twisting bread between restless fingers, affecting an indifference Mary knew she was far from feeling.

The Countess professed a headache.

"From watching those silly horses," Bruce remarked. "Never again for me!"

"You should have worn glasses," De Loma chided her, taking a pair of colored lenses from his pocket and offering them to her. "You will need these if you are here long. The sunlight is very strong."

"Give them to Miss Harkness," the Countess grumbled. "She is the one who takes us there. She likes the races; I do not."

"You like racing?" De Loma asked quickly, looking sharply at the girl.

Mary shrugged. "It is a famous track, and I had never seen a race. I don't like it much, no. Why should I? I bet on the horse everyone says will win, and he falls down. I have hardly the luck to make a racing enthusiast, should you say?"

"Ah, the clumsy fool!" De Loma exclaimed. "She's a jinx, that horse. She always rings me bad luck. Well, she won't any more, damn her!"

"Why don't you change her name?" Bruce suggested indifferently. "Sometimes that helps."

Mary knew the remark was innocent, but she held her breath. De Loma might not take it so. She began to regret that Bruce had not been taken into confidence about the identity of the man they were after. Fearful of Bruce's headstrong impulsiveness, she and Mr. Jupiter had decided to keep the essential facts from the younger man for a while. But he could hardly have made a more unfortunate remark had he really intended to. And as if that were not enough, he blundered on:

"La Mosca! Why, that's—"

Quickly, desperately, Mary set her French-heeled slipper on his foot and stepped—hard. Bruce looked at her angrily, his mouth open to protest—but something in her face stopped him fortunately.

"Yes, yes!" she teased, "that's the horse you lost your money on. But you needn't insult Mr.—Count De Loma." She was almost shivering with relief that he had not gone on and said what she guessed he had started to say—"that's Italian for The Fly." Once that word was spoken, she knew the jig would be up. De Loma would never believe that was accidental.

Bates, who had been smoking and idly looking out over the harbor, now shifted lazily in his chair.

"Oh, is La Mosca your horse?" he asked.

De Loma looked from Bruce to Bates and back again. He was taut as a spring, Mary could see—suspicious. She could hear the beating of her own heart in the tense silence.

"She was," De Loma answered after a moment's hesitation.

"You've sold her then?" Bates spoke casually, apparently without interest.

"She has been shot," De Loma snapped. Everyone at the table stared at him, De Loma caught himself up quickly.

"The injury," he explained suavely, "made it necessary."

Mary looked into her plate, not daring to lift her hot eyes to the man's face. Yes, what he said was the truth; but it was not the injury sustained on the track that had made death welcome to the courageous little animal! he had taken a bad tumble but she had strugled to her feet again and ran the race out, game to the core. And she had not even limped! No, what had made it necessary to shoot her was what happened later, in the paddock, Mary knew. "De Loma kicked hell out of her."

"She must have cost you a good bit today the throaty voice of the Countess murmured.

"Too much!" De Loma gritted.

Out of the corner of her eye Mary thought she saw a dark-visaged man who had been hovering about the door beckon to De Loma just then, but she could not be sure. She looked about casually, but the man had turned his back. He seemed to be poring over something he held in his hand. Then he put something in his vest pocket—perhaps a fountain pen.

De Loma had risen to go and she did not want to stare.

"We will see you again?" the Countess asked.

De Loma came round the table and stared at Mary, unsmiling. "I shall hope to dance with you again," he said politely.

"Thank you. Shall you be at the fete?"

"That's a date!" he said. "I shall be there!"

(To be continued.)

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A Traveller Views England After Twenty Years Absence

After twenty years I have seen England again, and I am not disappointed. All the lovely things I remembered and hoped to see once more are still there and have remained the same.

It is as though I had returned to gaze upon an exquisite tapestry that had hung for many centuries in the same honored place. Here and there a thread has been broken or worn away, perhaps, but it has been repaired so thoroughly that the design is undisturbed. The background was put in with such solid, painstaking effort that it has stood the test of years; and, if tears have sometimes dropped on those closely worked stitches, the gold and silver threads have not been tarnished.

Looking at London with eyes that had longed for many years, I did not search for nor count the new buildings; in fact, I must confess that there were some of which I was not even cognizant. This sort of progress has been going on all over the world and there are some of us who absorb the results unconsciously. Regent Street has maintained its crescent and the flower women still rest their baskets of fragrance at the feet of Eros. Structure by structure a more modern setting is being built around Westminster, but those delicately wrought pinnacles, ethereal against the smoky London sky, still grip ones heart; for, unless a frame is so unfitting as to be noticeable, the picture remains undisturbed. The morning sunlight still plays upon the fountains in Trafalgar Square and on the steel gray wings of pigeons wheeling around the base of Nelson's Column. In Kensington Gardens the sheep move lazily as ever beneath the trees, cropping the grass as they go, and one may still imagine the music of a pastorale or the far-away echo of Peter Pan's voice, calling.

I shall not soon forget an awakening one morning—the first morning in London. Our windows looked out to Whitehall Court and very early, while the light was still faint, I heard the sound of bagpipes skirling. Nearer and nearer it came along until I was impelled to run to the window. Along the street, his tartans swirling around him, came a stalwart piper, followed by a detachment of red-coated guards. Thep kept perfect formation and marched with all the pomp and ceremony of the centuries that lie behind the pageantry of London. Not even the sonorous chiming of Big Ben, close at hand, had thrilled me more.

The changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace still goes on. I saw the gay scarlet of the uniforms massed against the background of those drab old walls and I heard the band play. I watched the orderly crowd of men, women and children lined up outside the iron rails and gathered around the entrance. It interested me, having witnessed less tactful methods in other countries, to notice the good-humored English "Bobbie" admonish the crowd when they pressed in too closely toward the big gates. Everyone opened up again with pleasing grace, as he waved them back into place. He did it with a slight motion of his hand and a smile on his face. I like these London policemen; they are friendly souls, ready to give you information or prepared to stretch out a protecting hand when the traffic surges too heavily.

While I am on the subject of the handling of traffic, I would like to comment upon a condition that impressed me very much — the absence of "don'ts" in the traffic rules. This is not peculiar in London; my companion and I observed it all over England. Motorists are requested, not commanded; admonished, not threatened. Even the signs on the road are worded politely. A reckless driver of the most hardened caliber would find it impossible, I think, to resist the appeal: "Gently, please."

We had previously decided that the most interesting way to renew our acquaintance with the English countryside would be to hire an automobile and drive ourselves whither we would. The courtesy shown us by our fellow motorists was most gratefully received, for we were conscious that this was our first experience in many years of driving on the left-hand side of the road. We left London with the feeling that everyone traveling toward, or with us, would be instantly aware of our inexperience and perhaps consider us objects of annoyance. But a few miles brought us reassurance.

Before long we gave ourselves up to the joy of the moment. Could anything be loveller than England in September? The trees were green and leafy, with no suggestion, as yet, of winter; for the seasons still seem to come less violently here than in some parts of the world. Not until we found ourselves much further north did we discern any yellowing leaves. The quiet, low-lying meadows of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire looked so verdant that we wondered if we had forgotten their green, or if they were more green this year than ever before. We meandered through villages—rejoicing to find familiar landmarks—passing the lovely old ivy-covered houses of Chalfont St. Giles and the unspoiled red brick and timbered cottages of Wickham End. There was a common where I had once, as a little child, gathered wild foxgloves; and still farther along a signpost, pointing to a footpath across the fields, reminded us of a place where we had both spent many happy hours. And so on all the way to Oxford. We found no perceptible changes here. Perhaps we did not look for them. We seemed to be, as it were, turning the pages of a well-loved book. We knew so much of it already by heart that we were sure of the enjoyment to be found on each page.

It seemed fitting that nightfall should find us in Stratford-on-Avon, the little town that nestles in the very heart of England and yet belongs to all the world. To sleep in an old four-post bed, in a room with lattice windows, appeared a right culmination to a day into which so many memories had been crowded.

We found ourselves, one Sunday evening, beneath the turrets and battlements of Ludlow. We walked through the quiet streets of the little town that still appears to shelter under those dominant walls, and then our steps led us to the footpath that follows the outer line of the castle. In contrast to the peaceful valley of the Teme, these mighty stoneworks towered above us like cliffs and we were reminded of the part this great castle had played in the history of the Border.

Gradually the dusk crept over the Stretton hills beyond the river and the shadows deepened beneath the arches of the old stone bridge. Little groups of people passed us. sauntering; a band of youths, a mother taking her small flock home to bed; an aged couple, a boy and girl, arm in arm. We felt ourselves slipping into place with those people and once again we felt ourselves a part of England.

Waiting there in the twilight, we talked no more of those old warlike Lords of the Marches, but into our thoughts crept some lines from Housman's lovely poem:

"Oh come you home of Sunday
When Ludlow streets are still
And Ludlow bells are calling
To farm and lane and mill.

"Leave your home behind you,
Your friends by field and town;
Oh, town and field will mind you
Till Ludlow tower is down."

—Gwen Castle, in The Christian Science Monitor.

A Romance?

Rumor has it that Mr. "Tarzan" Johnny Weissmuller, the famous swimmer, is a great deal in the company of Lupe Velez, screen star. Here we see him teaching the Lupe to cycle.

Superb Quality . . Always

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Bell-Ringing in Italy

When you come to think of it, it is really astounding how much individuality there is in bells and bell-ringing throughout Italy. Used as we are to the peals and the well-ordered traditions of bell-ringing in England, perhaps we are apt at first to be a little contemptuous of what seems to be the harum-scarum jangling of bells in Italian towns. But hearken patiently and eventually you will find something like order emerging out of chaos and, before you know it, you will find yourself becoming fond of what you first regarded as nothing but a cacophonous din.

The bells are unmistakably different in tone from English bells. They are not so mellow and, as a matter of fact, some of them are positively harsh and raucous. Not a few of them are cracked and hoarse. But, in some subtle way, they fit into the picture as nothing else could and you would miss them terribly were they silenced. The method of ringing—or, perhaps, you prefer to call it the lack of method—differs in every city and town. Venetian bell-ringing is not to be confounded with Florentine bell-ringing, any more than the note of the Marangona could be mistaken for the voice of the major bell of the Duomo in Florence.

Roman bells, again, are every bit as individual in tone, and the manner in which they are rung, as are the bells of either Florence or Venice. Whether it be the Marangona's deep-throated crash that sends Saint Mark's pigeons circling upward from the Piazza, or whether it be the snarling roar of the great bell in Giotto's tower, with all the lesser bells of Florence following in chorus, Italian bell music adds much to the complex charm of the land. At San Sepolcro the campanile and bells make a very characteristic feature of the town, and one is glad to hear the metallic clanguor as many times a day as it pleases the ringers to pull the ropes.—From "Down the Tiber and Up to Rome," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein, Geoffrey J Marks, Frank A. Wallis.

The Future of Britain

By STANLEY BALDWIN

There are times when you think you can see some way ahead, but I think the man who says he can see some way ahead is a charlatan.

We must not begin to think what we are going to do in the future until we have got this country a great deal straighter than it is now.

We have got our economic policy through as a national government in a way we never could have got it through as a party. We have got it working now with the approbation of practically the whole country, and for that reason it is very unlikely to be upset by any future government unless it fails of its purpose.

If it fails—well, then I cannot see what lies before this country. Everything, except what we have done, has been tried, and the attempts have all ended in failure and in disaster.

Don't let names distract you. There are things happening in the industry of the world today that will undoubtedly lead in the course of the next generation to some form of control, and international control. Don't run away with the idea that this is socialism. Socialism has no meaning today in the economics of this country.

First Politician—"I suppose you have said things that you were sorry for?"

Second Politician—"Oh, yes, but I have always managed to show that I was misquoted."

Each of the unemployed men in Bolivia is entitled to obtain from the Government the gold washing rights of five acres in La Paz area.

Wit is an unexpected explosion of thought.

Fredericton, New Brunswick. — Creamery butter production in New Brunswick in September amounted to 217,000 pounds, an increase of 63.2 per cent. over the output of September, 1931. The increase for the nine months to September 30 amounted to 10.6 per cent, production being 2,140,926 pounds.

Montreal, Quebec.—For the first time in its history, the port of Montreal is shipping pitch in quantity, 3,000 tons having recently left for France, where it is to be used in the manufacture of briquettes. The port of Toronto has also shipped 1,478 tons to France in recent weeks.

New Gloves

Mystery gloves, fashioned of extra thin black silk lace, are all the rage in Paris at the moment. They are said to enhance the whiteness of arms and hands.

Map Making Today

Making a map of the world is no longer simply a matter of cloistered draftsmen, difficulties encountered by the National Geographical Society in completing their recently published world map demonstrated.

Stopping the presses three times in the final weeks of publication of the map in order to make changes necessitated by new developments in the complicated maze of international relations, and by unexpected changes in names of cities, was only one of innumerable obstacles faced in the society's task of trying to make an up-to-the-minute picturization of the world.

Probably the most trying task of the numerous preliminary details, the society said, was that of obtaining the correct spellings of names of cities and countries. The Japanese Embassy, on one occasion, in order to determine whether a final "O" should be placed on the word "Manchukuo," was forced to cable half way around the world. The answer was "yes."

Many names, which have been familiar to the world at large for centuries, fail to appear on this latest map. In their place appear other names, unrecognizable to most people. For example, "Nizhni Novgorod," famed for centuries as a great Russian city, now appears as "Maxim Gorki." The Hague is now "'s Gravenhage," although the former name is listed in parenthesis to help the reader. Smyrna is listed under its newest name—"Izmir."

The physical problem of printing the map and distributing it was in itself no mean task. More than forty-two tons of a particular kind of paper were used in making it, and more than 5,000,000 impressions were made, during which process the sheets traveled an estimated total distance of more than 2,569 miles. Nearly two tons of special inks were used.

"What do you think of our mural tablets?" asked the cathedral verger. "Waal," drawled the American visitor," "I put a penny in the box over there, but nothing came out; so I guess I didn't get a chance to try them."