Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Harkness plots to ensnare The Fly, whom she believes "framed" her brother, Eddie, with the murder of old Mrs. Jupiter, and later killed him. She is aided by Bowen of The Star. Mary's fiance, Jack Ruyther, believes Eddie guilty.

Bruce Jupiter returns from Europe with a woman friend, the Duchess Louise, and vows to rout Mary, whom he thinks is a gold-digger. Mary goes to Miami on the Jupiter yacht, hoping The Fly will be at Hialeah to see his horse run. She meets Count De Loma, who is listed as the owner of The Fly's horse. Mr. Jupiter has a car of the same make as that used by the murderer.

Bowen overhears Bruce and Louise quarreling because she cannot explain where she got a diamond bracelet. Louise says it is Mary's. Bruce makes her give the bracelet to Mary, who discovers it was stolen from Mrs. Jupiter the night she was killed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Henry Bates, detective, stood for a moment deep in thought. What he had just seen puzzled him greatly, apparently, and his watchers knew he would never rest until the meaning of those events was clear.

"Now what," he mused aloud, "what makes The Fly act dopey like that? Just looking at a courthouse steeple?" Neither Mary nor Mr. Jupiter had any explanation to offer.

Bates jerked himself up. "Well," he said briskly, "I'll be toddling along. I'll tell you what I find in here—if I find anything." He indicated the package of torn pieces of cardboard in his coat pocket.

"But—" he paused again, impressively, in the doorway. "I'll say this much right now—you're not going to see much more of him around here. He's got the jitters over something. I look for him to take a run-out on us, maybe tonight. I'll bet if you were to go up to his room right now, you'd find him packing his grips."

Down came Mr. Jupiter's stockinged feet. "You think so?"

Mary drew a deep breath. "Well," she said resolutely, "here's one thing that won't go with him!" She held out the bracelet.

"Why, that's—Mamma's!" Mr. Jupiter exclaimed hoarsely. "Where did you get it?"

Mary told. As he listened, blinking from her to the bracelet and back again, a light hardly sane came into the old man's eyes and spots of red burned in his faded cheeks. He reached for the necklace and his hand shook.

"Does The Fly know you've got that?" asked Bates.

"No."

"Better lock it up before he finds out." He turned to Jupiter: "There's your case. You can send him up on that, and if you take my advice you'll do it, and not monkey around any longer. He's liable to get ugly if he has any suspicion you're laying for him—" He stopped and slapped a fist into his open palm.

"Listen! It never struck me he'd be fool enough to keep the stuff on him. But if he hasn't disposed of it yet, then maybe it's in his room. When he's on the roof tonight with you, Miss Harkness, I'mm make a search. If it's there, we'll wait right there and nab him when he comes down. If it isn't—"

"Nab him anyhow," Jupiter finished. By gad, I'll make him eat that bracelet, chain and all!"

"He couldn't claim, could he," Mary suggested, "that Eddie did it for him and turned the stuff over to him? I want to see him sent up, but I don't want there to be any doubt, either, about whether it was he, or Eddie, who did the killing—"

"You'll have to take a chance on your jury," Bates said. "That's all you can do. If he can make them think it was Eddie, of course he'd beat the murder rap—"

"He mustn't! He mustn't!" Mary cried.

"Well, well," Bates soothed her, drawing her into the hallway, "it's not likely." He called a cheerful goodbye to the old man, who was pacing about, obviously excited.

Bates closed the door and drew her away a few paces.

"That old man's not going to last if we don't get this Fly locked up pretty soon," he said. "His arteries aren't what they used to me, if I'm any judge. Best keep him as quiet as you can, and tonight I'll get the goods on that crook if they're in this hotel. Leave it to me."

"We're not going to hurry things too fast!" Mary warned him. "Wait and see what happens tonight. I'm not telling Mr. Jupiter, but—I'm going to wear the ruby necklace!

"You'll be there, and Bruce. Why should I be afraid?" she added.

"Nobody'd shoot into a mob like that and he'd know it!" Bates objected. "I could put a man on both exits, though—"

"Do it. I'm not ready to lose the necklace—yet. But if The Fly is jittery as you say, the sight of it might—steady him, don't you think?"

Bates considered. "Might," he conceded. "If he wants it bad enough. Only he's liable to make a wild grab for it and anybody that tried to stop him would be at a terrible disadvantage in that crowd. I wouldn't fire a gun in that mob, I know that."

"He won't try there. Leave it to me. What's the matter with taking him out to the yacht?"

"You think you could?"

Mary shrugged. "My blood's up. I feel as if I could do the impossible tonight."

"Then go ahead. I'll play ball."

"We'll let it stand this way," Mary told him. "You search his rooms, and whether you find the rest of the plunder or not, wait there. If he comes, it will mean I've failed. And if I fail with him tonight it's not likely I could succeed another time. Arrest him. If he doesn't come, you'll know we've gone out to the yacht. Better have a man on the roof to tell you the moment we leave, and you follow. Is that clear?"

"Right. Want me to go down with you until you stow that stuff away?"

"Thanks, no. I don't think there is any danger—yet."

"Wait." He stepped into his own room and took down the receiver.

"Is Mr. De Loma in his room, do you know? No, don't ring him! I merely wanted to know whether—oh, you ass!" Furious, he started to hang up, then changed his mind and held his hand over the mouth-piece until a man's voice answered.

Then, disguising his voice, he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Hello? Hello, Bill? Is this you, Bill? What? Is Bill Jones there? Hello!" A grin overspread his face as he hung up.

"Phew! He's there, all right. And mad. You should have heard what he called me!" Bates rubbed an ear tenderly. "Well, run along. You know he's not in the lobby, at any rate."

Mary walked across the half-empty lobby to the desk, stopping at the window to ask for her mail.

Dirk had not written. She experienced the old, familiar sickness that swept over her whenever she let herself stop to think of him.

Aloud she staid to the day clerk: "I want to put some valuable in the safe."

"Will you just step around to the this might be a good time to take it manager's office, please?" He indicated a door at the side which opened into an office just back of the desk itself. Mary saw the sleek head of the manager bent over his books. Obediently, she walked around to the side door and entered.

The hotel safe was in the manager's office, in plain sight of anyone standing at the desk, Mary noticed a trifle nervously. Then she realized that that was a means of protection, rather than a danger.

Moreover, The Fly was not a safe-cracker. It might have been among his random accomplishments, but it was certainly not his specialty, so that in placing the bracelet and the I.O.U. behind its sturdy lock she was making them as safe from The Fly's depredations as any place could be.

When she had dropped the envelope containing her two precious objects into the metal box held for it, and saw it tucked away in its pigeonhole, Mary began to breathe more freely. The necklace was in there, too, she remembered. It occurred to her that out, as she must do soon if she meant to wear it tonight.

Impulsively, she asked for it, and when it had been located, and she had signed the slip, she tucked it into her handbag carefully. It might have been better to have had someone with her, she reflected a trifle uneasily. On the other hand, it might be better tactics to do it in the most obvious manner possible. The fascinating psychology of "The Purloined Letter" had left its impress on her, too.

An instant later she was to doubt her Poe and regret that she had ever heard of him. For as she turned about, through the open door she saw De Loma standing at the desk. Apparently he had not seen her. He was standing with his back half-turned away, looking out into the lobby. But she could not be sure that he had not turned about just an instant before she herself had turned. Why, he could not have helped seeing her if he had faced the desk!

How had he come there so quickly, and why? Perhaps it was merely chance. Perhaps he had not been fooled by that telephone call of Bates'—had suspected it was merely an attempt to locate him while the necklace was in transit.

But, what to do now? If she reached the elevator, she would have to cross the lobby and he would see her. She might ask the manager to acompany her to her room.

She was about to ask his assistance when a second glance through the doorway showed that De Loma had gone.

She waited a few minutes in the semi-darkness just outside the manager's office, to give De Loma time to leave the place, then she stepped out boldly on a straight line for the elevator. She was holding her breath until that haven was reached, and when she set foot in it at last, and saw that it was empty, she uttered a deep relieved sigh. Now, if the operator would only hurry. . . He did—but not in time.

A tall figure entered, removed his hat at sight of a woman passenger, looked again, apparently became aware of her identity for the first time, and exclaimed, "Miss Harkness! How nice to see you again!" It was De Loma.

(To be continued.)

DUDLEY DAWSON

Who, at the annual meeting of the directors of the Dominion Bank, was appointed general manager. Mr. Dawson was formerly assistant general manager.

The Old Valentine

When you were at your fair fourteen,
And February was at his
(Ah, nothing sweeter could have been,
As nothing sweeter is),
There came among your valentines
One all made up of loving lines
With Cupid's darts
Through bleeding hearts
(Were his initials accidental?)
You kissed the rhymes
A hundred times
And never thought them sentimental.

At forty—life's most lonely age—
When valentines come not,
Go seek again that treasured page
Unseen but unforgot,
One poignant moment let a tear
Flow for a boy's love so sincere:
That tribute give
Whereby shall live
The lost, so tender and so gentle,
Thank heaven that still
'Mid prose and ill,
You can, in dream, be sentimental.

Popular Books of Thirty Years Ago

Literary Reputations in the Making: Young Mr. Chesterton "Rapidly Coming to the Front"

A favorite idle-hour diversion of mine is the study of the sudden swerves of literary taste and critical fashion, writes Thomas Burke in John O' London's Weekly. It is an unprofitable but engaging diversion and, given the necessary apparatus, it can be played at any time in your own room. All you require is a long "run" of some literary periodical. You can then amuse yourself by discovering how a now-established man's first work was received and by trying to locate some of the "immortal" men of the recent past whose names mean nothing to you. I am happy in possessing a "run" of such a paper beginning at 1899, and it affords me as much interest as anything on my shelves.

Yesterday I was going through the issues of thirty years ago—the Coronation Year, 1902—and I give here a few notes on what that lapse of time has done for some great reputations and for some beginners.

PROMISING MR. CHESTERTON.

The first fact that emerged was that for books it was a dull year. The general tone of the books that attracted most attention was a nineteenth century tone. Nothing remarkably "new-century" appeared; indeed, at that time publishers were by no means so encouraging to the "new" man as they are today. I found only one name connoting anything new. A paragraph in the Notes speaks of a new young critic "rapidly coming to the front"—a young man of twenty-seven named Gilbert Chesterton. For the rest, the established had it all their own way, and the established were Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Rudyard Kipling (then at his zenith with both critics and public), Conan Doyle, E. F. Benson, S. R. Crockett, J. M. Barrie, Mary Johnston, Henry Harland, Seton Merriman, Jerome K. Jerome, "John Oliver Hobbes," Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope, Benjamin Swift, Stanley Weyman, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Baring Gould, Ralph Connor, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, W. W. Jacobs. In piety Stephen Phillips was supreme.

RECORD SALES.

Thirty years have done something to most of these names, but Mr. Kipling still keeps his hold on, at least, the public, and W. W. Jacobs, outside all standards. In those days people bought books, and most of the authors named above made much more money than the "best-sellers" of today. For one thing, there were fewer circulating libraries; for another, novels were published at six shillings with discount, which meant that the purchaser paid only four-and-six. Ten thousand was a quite common sale, and numbers of books now forgotten reached fifty and seventy-five thousand. The first edition of Marie Corelli's "Temporal Power," published in that year, was 120,000, and before publication a second edition of 30,000 was put to press. Today a first edition of 50,000 is considered the high-water-mark of the supreme "seller," but 50,000, as I say, was the mark of many who were far below Marie Corelli and Hall Caine in popular appeal.

Henry James and Bernard Shaw were the darlings of the intellectuals. One of them has suffered by the passage of thirty years, but George Gissing, who then had a quiet reputation among the in-between intelligent, has profited. In 1902 he was sealing that reputation with "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which were appearing serially in the "Fornightly Review" as "An Author at Grass." James Douglas was the literary critic of the Star and a prominent critic of the Athenaeum. In those days he was the defender of the daring young! The advanced were taling about Maxim Gorki, whom the late Fisher Unwin was introducing to English readers, and the intellectual coteries, even as they do today, solemnly proclaimed the arrival of three geniuses. As the names of the geniuses are unknown today, it appears that the geniuses, like all coterie geniuses of that day and this, having come on and made their bow, slipped back into the wings and went home.

FIRST ISSUE OF CLASSICS.

The books of 1902 which have survived were those that attracted the attention, not of the wide public nor of the coteries, but of the discerning ordinary reader. There was a little book to which my paper gave a five-line notice—"Songs of Childhood," by Walter Ramal. Today that little book of 1902 realizes a high price among collectors of Mr. Walter de la Mare. Other books which won the quiet attention of what one may call the Left Centre, and which command a public today, were the young Mr. Belloc's "Path to Rome," W. H. Hudson's "El Ombu," Douglas Brown's "House with the Green Shutters" (which remained in best-selling lists for over a year), Arthur Machen's "Hieroglyphics," and Conrad's "Youth and Other Stories." These were good books, but none of them, as I say, was markedly "modern" or outraged current standards of technique. Both by calendar and spirit 1902 was very close to the nineteenth century; so close that the now-defunt firm of Smith Elder was anouncing "the last work of Mr. Matthew Arnold." The young men of that period whose work is with us today were all bred in nineteenth-century atmospheres. Twentieth-century literature did not begin until after the Great War.

FASHIONS IN TASTE.

Some of the more popular books of this year might raise a smile among the young generation nurtured on the brilliance of the nineteentwenties. But there is no occasion for that smile. Critical standards are as fickle as women's dress fashions, and as immaterial. The popular literature of 1932, and its criticism, are no better than the popular literature and criticism of 1902. They are different, that is all. The popular literature of 1902 was no beter than that of 1870, nor that of 1870 any better than that of 1840. The only distinction is a difference. Great literature is dateless; but the general literature of any period serves the taste of that period, and if anybody thinks that the educated state of any century or any decade of a century is always an improvement on the taste that preceded it, he should study the history of culture. The progress of time implies only change, not necessarily improvement. Since 1632 poets have had three hundred years in which to practice and improve their craft, and still the lyrics of 1932 are no better than the lyrics of the seventeenth century; they are only different.

Judging by the names of 1902 which are Names today, it appears that at least a quarter-century is necessary to the founding of a real reputation. In that period the reputation will have to weather three or four changes of critical fashion and the judgment of a new generation. If it can do that, you may be sure that the work on which it is based has the pulse of life in it.

Traffic Policemen in Graz Get Lighted Trees and Gifts

Vienna. — Curious scenes which may have been inspired by a supreme acceptance of the Golden Rule, a desire to propitiate the hereditary enemy or even by simple good-nature were witnessed at Gaz at the end of the year.

Officials of the Styrian Automobile Club visited the twenty-one traffic policemen on duty in Graz and set up beside each of them a Christmas tree with lighted candles. Thereafter amid the applause of the crowds club members drove up and placed New Year gifts for the policemen at the foot of the trees.

"Society, sooner or later, must return to its lost leader, the cultured and fashionable liar. For the aim of the liar is simply to charm, to delight, to give pleasure." — Oscar Wilde.

A Strange Legacy

A Manchester professor whose hobby is cycling, and a woman undergraduate at Oxford, where every second person rides a bicycle have been left $1000 and $500 "in the hope that they will utilize the money or part of it, in paying for taxicabs."

The bequests were made by the late Miss Catherine Isabel Dodd, the authoress and educationist, of Mortimer crescent, Kilburn, N.W., to Mr. Samuel Alexander, honorary professor of philosophy at Manchester University, and to Miss Edith Wilson, of Oxford. Miss Dodd's total estate was valued at about $82,000.

The professor, who has won fame with his theories, has neither theory nor solution of Miss Dodd's bequest.

"Why did Miss Dodd do it?" asked a reporter.

The professor raised his eyebrows, "I don't know any better than you," he said.

"Have you any aversion to taxicabs, professor?"

"Oh, no, none at all—except paying for them."

Fair Weather Friends

When fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependents,
Which labor'd after him to the mountain top,
Even on their knees and hands let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot. —Shakespeare.

It costs between $15,000 and $20,000 to cover an acre of land with glass for growing tomatoes and other hothouse produce in Gt. Britain, and each acre so used provides employment for six men.

"I have heard it said that from 70 to 90 per cent of the thinking of people is ancestral."—Newton D. Baker.

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"Fresh from the Gardens"

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bad complexion? Act at once! Only a clean inside can give you a clear skin. You need Eno every morning.

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TAKE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

No imitation can equal Christie's Arrowroots

Contain pure arrowroot; always fresh; their quality is rigidly maintained.

FOR LITTLE BABIES

Roll two Christie's Arrowroots very fine, pour enough boiling water over them to make a paste; thin down with milk. Sugar may be added if desired.

Get Rid of That SORE THROAT!

Any little soreness in the throat grows rapidly worse if neglected. Crush some tablets of Aspirin in some water, and gargle at once. This gives you instant relief, and reduces danger from infection. One good gargle and you can feel safe. If all soreness is not gone promptly, repeat. There's usually a cold with the sore throat, so take two tablets to throw off your cold, headache, stiffness or other cold symptoms. Aspirin relieves neuralgia, neuritis, too. Use it freely; it does not hurt the heart.

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