A Blend of Distinctive Quality

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

621

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Mary Harkness plots to ensnare The Fly, who "framed" her brother, Eddie, with the murder of Mrs. Jupiter and later killed him. Mr. Jupiter aids her, as does Bowen of the Star. Everyone else believes Eddie guilty, including Dick Ruyther, Mary's fiance. Bruce Jupiter and a questionable friend, Countess Louise, try to rout Mary, believing she is a gold-digger. They follow The Fly to Miami. Bruce quarrels with Louise over a diamond bracelet. She says it is Mary's. Bruce makes her give it to Mary, who discovers it was stolen from Mrs. Jupiter. Wearing the famous Jupiter necklace, Mary dances with The Fly. Under the excuse of protecting it for her, he puts it in his pocket. While dancing he kisses her. Dirk, who has come to Miami, knocks De Loma down, twists his ankle and faints. Mary has him carried to a cab. On the way The Fly skips with Mary's handbag, but a policeman brings him back.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Look in your pocket—it must have fallen out!" Mary appealed to De Loma.

Had he had time to extract the necklace and hide it somewhere, before the policeman saw him? She held her breath. "What must have fallen out?"

"Why—the necklace!"

His eyebrows went up. 'But you told me Mr. Bates had it!"

Mary colored, but her eyes never left his face. The detective moved closer.

"Come on," he said, roughly, "fork up, if you've got it."

Smiling venomously, De Loma drew his hand out of his pocket and handed her—the ruby necklace. Almost dizzy with relief, she dropped it into her handbag again. The gaping bellboy and the waiter she paid off, and they moved away unwillingly — fascinated watchers of the scene.

"Say!" snapped the hotel detective, "I've got a good mind to—"

De Loma moved away from his grasp fastidiously. He held up his hand. The consummate insolence of the man was astounding.

"It was only a joke!" he insisted. "She is too careless with her jewels—I told her so. I merely wished to frighten her a bit, officer, that's all!" His patient ingratiating air as he made this preposterous explanation of his actions was very nearly convincing.

The detective looked uncertainly at Mary. "Say is this guy on the level or not? If you say so I'll scare him a little bit—"

"It's perfectly true what he says," Mary assured him hurriedly and a trifle hastily. "This man is Count DeLoma—he is my escort and it's all quite true. Now, if you please, we must hurry—" Her anxious eyes sought the cab.

"Who'll help you down at the pier with that man?" the detective called after her, dubiously.

"I can manage — with a little help," the taxi-driver offered.

"I'll look after this man," De Loma said loftily, climbing into the cab after her.

"Stupid asses!" He continued to curse the police force in all its branches, with heartfelt fervor for several blocks.

Dirk was stirring now . . . he looked about the dim interior of the cab with a dazed expression, felt of the back of his head, which had struck the floor soundly when he fainted. With amazement he recognized Mary, who returned his look with pleading in her eyes.

"Where are you taking me?" he demanded, looking out the window suspiciously.

"To a doctor. Please don't talk!" She laid a pleading hand on his. He jerked his hand away.

"What is this?" he blazed at her. "Kidnapping? Take me back to the hotel at once! As for you, you dirty snake—" He glared at De Loma, who lifted supercilious eyebrows and continued to gaze straight ahead. But the sudden movement had silenced Dirk; pain in the twisted ankle made him lean back and draw his breath hissingly in an effort to avoid crying out.

The cab stopped at the pier, and Mary peered out uncertainly into the dark. A new danger presented itself—this deserted spot, a crippled man on her hands, and no one but this unsuspecting cab-driver for a protector.

* * *

Out of the shadows a large young man in sailor uniform appeared and touched his cap.

"You for the 'Gypsy'? I'm to take you aboard."

Mary recognized a member of the deck crew, and breathed a sigh of relief. The massive young man lifted Dirk as if he had been a baby, and with very little aid got him into the dinghy. Mary took the precaution of going first. De Loma followed, hesitantly. Obviously he was more than anxious to come along, and merely waiting an invitation to jump aboard, too. Mary gave it—enthusiastically enough, now that she was so soon to be safely on board and this nightmare of anxiety ended.

"Do come!" she begged. "There'll be cocktails. And the boat can bring you back, whenever you like!"

A second taxi drew up at the end of the pier. Before it could unload its passengers, Mary cried, "Quick! Before the reporters come!" Without a backward look, De Loma stepped into the boat and they shoved off.

The taxicab's passenger turned out to be George Brown. Mary could see the familiar slouchy figure plainly under the light, as he paid off his cab-driver, and ambled about the pier. She could not imagine what his errand was, and she had no time to find out. They must get Dirk aboard and into a doctor's hands. He had lapsed into unconsciousness again — which was merciful—since the small boat bounded like a cork.

It was only a short row to the "Gypsy," but it seemed miles to Mary with Dirk lying white and still against her shoulder. As the dinghy scraped along the side of the yacht a sailor ran down the suspended gangplank and pulled them against the stage. Captain Hendricks was a step behind him. The sight of his bulky figure was like a lighthouse in a storm to Mary.

"Captain, it's Mr. Ruyther," she almost sobbed. "He's hurt terribly."

"There, now, Miss Mary," he said brusquely. "Everything will be all right. We'll fix him up. You and the gentleman climb out now and I'll take care of the young man."

Mary scrambled up the gangplank, DeLoma on her heels. Together they peered over the rail as Captain Hendricks came puffing up, sure-footed as a mountain goat, with the injured man a senseless burden in his arms. Mary ran along the deck opening doors until she found a cabin that was not occupied. The captain deposited his burden on the low bed and, stripping off his coat, prepared to make an examination.

"How was he hurt?" he asked curiously, as he raised Dirk and slipped off his coat, unfastening his collar.

"I think it must be his leg, Captain. He fell—"

"Get me a knife."

* * *

Mary ran swiftly down the deck, and down the gangway to the galley. In the drawer she found a butcher knife and hurried back with it. De Loma was leaning on the rail. She hailed a steward and told him to take the man's order.

"I hardly needed a knife so large," Captain Hendricks smiled, but he accepted it, and quickly cut Dirk's shoe laces and split the opening larger. Dirk turned and moaned as the captain tugged at the shoe.

"Bad sprain there." He ripped off the sock and disclosed an ankle already swallen and purple. "Hot packs for a few hours, plenty of rest and he'll be all right." he rang for a steward and ordered a bowl of hot water and towels.

"Hello, our patient is coming to," he said as Dirk stirred uneasily. "Hand me the decanter, please. And a glass."

With his arm under the younger man's shoulder he raised him to a sitting position and held the glass to his lips. Dirk opened his eyes slowly and took the offered drink. Full consciousness returned and he looked around the room. His eyes lighted as they reached Mary, and she started forward eagerly. Then his look hardened as he remembered the events of the evening and he fell back on the bed.

"You run along, Miss Mary," Captain Hendricks urged. "We'll take care of your young man for you."

Mary was on the verge of crying as she stepped out on the deck, but she had too much to think about to give way just yet. There was a light under Mr. Jupiter's door and her first act was to put the rubies in his possession, with a breathless account of the evening's fright, and Bates' failure to show up. Once the rubies were locked up in the cabinet safe, she felt better. Let The Fly get them now, if he could!

"I've brought him on board, and I think he means to stay," she told him. "But to tell the truth, I'm terribly frightened of him . . . he's a devil . . ." She closed her eyes to shut out the vision of that grinning, lustful face above her own; involuntarily she drew her hand across her lips as if to wipe away his kiss.

"Leave him to me!" Jupiter thundered. "By God, I can handle him! Can't shoot the fellow down in cold blood, but there are other ways — Where's Hendricks?" Suddenly he was a bundle of energy, cracking out commands. "Tell Hendricks to get up steam at once. We said at midnight. If Bates shows up then, O.K., If not, we'll go without him."

"Where to?" Mary asked in amazement.

"Tell him Dry Tortugas."

"You're going to take him—fishing with you?"

The old man did not answer. A demoniac gleam was in his eye. "I'll show him some—fishing," he promised savagely. Wondering, Mary ran to carry his order to Captain Hendricks.

"And captain, send a man ashore to look for Mr. Bates and Bruce, if they don't return within the half hour. We don't want to be delayed waiting for them."

* * *

Hendricks was deeply impressed by the order. He stood a moment lost in thought, but he did not seem ill-pleased—on the contrary, strangely excited and rather happy.

"So—you've got him trapped, eh?" he mused. He was a hearty, vital sort of man, fond of life and with an insatiable love of adventure which his seafaring life managed to satisfy only in part. He was as interested in the capture of Mrs. Jupiter's murderer as any outsider could be. And as for the imminent struggle with a dangerous criminal, Mary could have sworn he was looking forward to it with keen anticipation!

The Fly wheeled about as she came up behind him, with the alacrity of a man trained to keep his face toward his enemies.

"You mustn't think of going ashore tonight," Mary told him. "I'll have the steward prepare one of the vacant staterooms for you. Did you like your drink?" there was a faint suggestion of archness, a softly caressing note in her voice that caught his ear instantly—the ear of a born Don Juan, keenly attuned to such nuances.

(To be continued.)

Early Morning

"I wander afield in the morning,
The city's harsh din fades behind,
I gaze on the jewels adorning
The leaves, undisturbed by the wind.

"I list to the larks as they carry
On high their sweet message of mirth,
I look at the sunbeams that marry
The heaven to the brightening earth.

"And joyfully, youthfully springing,
A tide wells within, fresh and strong;
And, with never a thought about singing,
Lo! out of my heart pours a song."

—Anna Wastberg.

(Translated from the Swedish by Charles Wharton Stork in The American-Scandinavian Review.)

DRAPERIES MADE NEW

"When we resumed housekeeping a month ago I found my draperies had become creased from packing. I hung them out on the line, hoping to remove the creases. Then I forgot them The result was they became badly faded and sun-spotted.

"I was heartsick until the happy thought struck me to dye them. I just dyed them a deeper green, and as I used Diamond Dyes they look gorgeous and new. I have never seen easier dyes to use than Diamond Dyes. They give the most beautiful colors—when used either for tinting or dyeing—and never take the life out of cloth as other dyes do."

Mrs. J. F. T., Montreal.

Changing London

Dick Whittington in The Christian Science Monitor

The face of London is constantly changing. An amusement park has invaded the dignity of the Haymarket; business is breaking into Carlton House Gardens; and the appearance of the Strand from the Embankment has recently been utterly transformed by the erection of a huge structure in gleaming white stone, surmounted by a colossal clock that seems likely to be a formidable rival of Big Ben himself.

But what is perhaps the most constant change of all is rarely noticed, though the head of a large business organization drew attention to it the other day. The big shops are going ever farther westward. Twenty or twenty-five years ago the most westward big shop was nearly half a mile east of Hyde Park; today shops on the largest scale seem to be entirely at home in the very heart of the most aristocratic fastnesses of Kensington, as far to the west of Hyde Park as they were formerly to the east.

London Shops Trek to West

This sunset seeking of the shops is not without its social significance. In the country the number of peers who turn themselves into companies to avoid taxation shows that the old hostility between the aristocracy and business is rapidly breaking down; the bringing of business houses onto the doorsteps of London's wealthiest citizens hastens the process.

Moreover, where the shops go, the poorer people of London follow them. Thus, in a degree utterly unknown a quarter of a century ago, the less fortunate among the people of the metropolis escape for a considerable portion of their time from the drab surroundings of the East End of London into the more spacious and prosperous atmosphere of the West, there rubbing shoulders with all types and classes of their fellow citizens, a circumstance that makes for social solidarity and good will.

In fact, the large shops are the common meeting ground for every class of Londoner, from the very highest downward. Queen Victoria rarely or never shopped in a public store, but today every member of the Royal Family frequently goes on shopping expeditions in the ordinary commercial centers of London, and the London shop is a meeting place for democracy.

Pens Pushed By Bat and Ball

But with all its democratic tendencies London remains a home of clubs. These range from the academic to the social and from the social to the sporting, and occasionally their interests combine. The long, paneled dining room of the London Press Club—that unique journalistic "dug-out" tucked away in the (comparatively) peaceful backwaters of Fleet Street—has seldom, if ever, contained a larger or more varied array of sporting celebrities than at a recent house dinner.

I sat next to "Patsy" Hendren, one of the most popular cricket professionals, and was vastly entertained by his whimsical comments on the vexed question of leg-theory bowling. Cricket, a topic of the hour, needless to say, was well represented, for Arthur Gilligan a former captain of England's national "eleven", sat at the top table, and I noticed also Andrew Sandham, the Surrey crack who has opened so many fine innings with the "immortal" Jack Hobbs. Hobbs was not present for the very good reason that he was spending the winter in the agreeable occupation of cabling descriptive "stories" and critical comments on the test matches from Australia to a London evening newspaper.

The gulf between the player and the writer has of recent years become so slender that a hyphen can usually bridge it. Hence the laughter when Hendren was "toasted" by the Press Club members as a fellow journalist. "Signed" articles, whether or not they are written by the people whose names give an air of authority to them, typify the mood of the age in journalism, sporting and otherwise, and, surveying the brilliant assembly at this cheery function, I was struck by the large proportion who would never have been heard of as newspaper contributors if they had not possessed exceptional skill in hitting a ball over a net, driving it to the boundary, or kicking it under or over a crossbar.

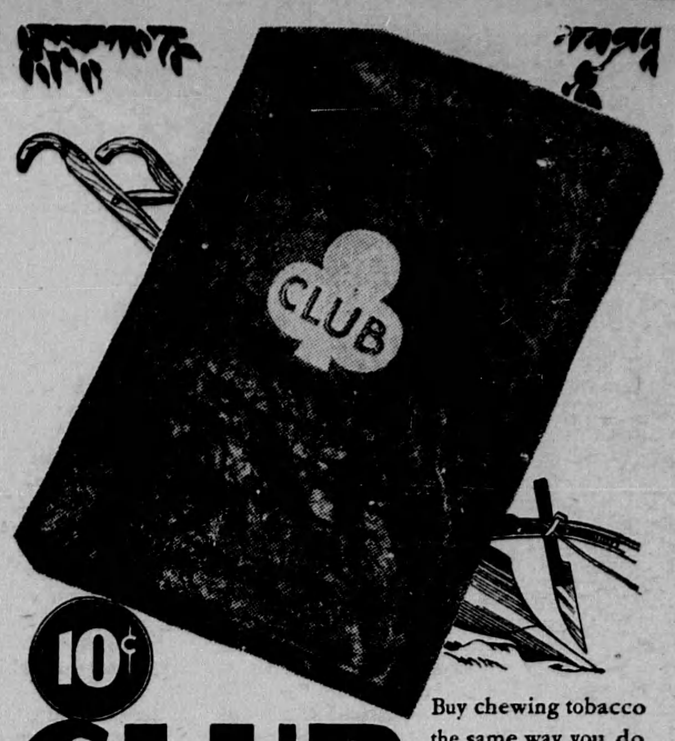
A Popular Sporting Peer

Lord Lonsdale, whose popularity with Great Britain's sporting masses is second only to that of the Royal Family—"the sporting peer," indeed, is a cliche with but one interpretation—was on the top of his oratorical form. His observations covered a wide field of sporting activities.

Many notables in the world of sport heard his lordship. Several members of England's Rugby football fifteen, that lost to Wales at Twickenham this year for the first time in history, were present, along with Thomas Voyce, the greatest "winging" forward ever seen, and S. J. Cagney, one of Ireland's bulkiest, as well as the cleverest, scrummaging products. Cagney's contours have altered since he and I pulled together in the Vesta Rowing Club's best-boat four at Marlow Regatta. But then that was nearly thirteen years ago.

It is not so very much longer ago since I first realized that "Bunny" Austin (toasted as "England's hope for the 1933 Wimbledon") was likely to be a great lawntennis player when he grew up. We were then members of a club at Norwood, a southern suburb of London, and Wilfred was just commencing to display the fruits of the long and patient coaching he received from his father, Percy Rudd, one of the best-known figures in British sporting journalism, gave the lie, once again, to the adage that a good writer makes a poor speaker. He uttered several well-paragraphed and neatly edited columns in his speech of welcome to the guests, delivered from the handsomely carved "Edgar Wallace" chair, dedicated as a memorial to the greatest writer of modern English "best sellers."

There is a washer in the top of the radiator filler cap which is subject to deterioration, due to heat and impurities in the water. Its replacement is worthy of consideration at yearly intervals.



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