Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS

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. DIRK RUYTHER, Mary's fiance, forbids her to investigate further.

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 given her by The Fly. She says it is Mary's. Mary discovers it was stolen from Mrs. Jupiter the night she was killed.

Wearing the famous Jupiter necklace, Mary dances with The Fly, who gets it away from her. He kisses her and Dirk knocks him down. Dirk twists his ankle and faints. The Fly gets away with the handbag but is frightened back by a policeman and returns it and the necklace. Mary has Dirk taken on board the yacht, the "Gypsy." The Fly goes along.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XLII.

He began a conventional protest, but she hurried on:

"Please! Mr. Jupiter is so anxious to avoid publicity and the reporters will pounce on you if you set foot ashore. If they come here, we can refuse to see them. But that one on the pier may still be waiting—there may be dozens, by now—" She shuddered, and moved a trifle nearer.

"Besides—that girl on the roof, the one for whom you danced?" He looked at her in surprise, and she shook a roguish finger at him. "Ah, you didn't think I knew? If you go back now, I shall think you go back to her!"

His gallantry challenged, he spent the next half hour protesting the charge, inflamed with the ardor of the chase, held in spite of himself by the spell of this girl's loveliness, doubly potent in the cool moonlight. It was nearly midnight before Mary could get away, utterly worn and nerve-wracked from the strain of being alluring without actually submitting to his advances.

Finally she sent him to his stateroom, in a steward's charge. She undressed wearily. Thank God, they would be under way soon. Bates had not arrived, nor Bruce and the Countess. But any minute might bring them.

She slipped on a negligee and went out on deck for a last look toward shore. The yacht was quiet except for a muffled pounding and stir below decks where the fireman was tending his oil burners under the boiler. Mr. Jupiter's room was just around the corner from her own. One of his stateroom windows opened on the deck beside where she was standing. She slipped quietly along and stopped just by the porthole. A reassuring snore sounded within the stateroom and she sighed with relief. Stepping on around the corner she saw what seemed to be a shadow disappearing around the forward bulkhead. Stifling a scream she crept back into the shadows.

As Mary stood shivering with dread, uncertain what to do, she heard the sound of oarlocks and the bump bump of a boat as it hit against the suspended gangway. Picking up her skirts she ran along the deck, and almost fell into the arms of Bates, coming up the gangplank. She could have kissed him.

"Oh, Bates, I'm scared! The Fly is aboard," she whispered, "as my guest, and I think he's prowling around after the rubies. I just came out on deck and someone r from near Mr. Jupiter's door. I told him Mr. Jupiter had them!"

"Stay here," Bates commanded. He unbuttoned his coat and loosened the revolver from its holster under his arm. Staying in the shadow of the upper deck he moved quietly along the bulk-head. She saw him stop and test Mr. Jupiter's door, then disappear around the corner where the shadowy figure had run but two minutes before.

The seconds passed like hours as Mary leaned against the wall, straining her ears to catch every sound. Then Bates reappeared so noiselessly that he startled her.

"All serene," he reported. "The old man's door is locked and The Fly is back in his stateroom—three, isn't it?" Mary said "Yes." I heard him moving around and there's a light under the door. You run along to bed now and old Henry Q. Bates will take care of things. I'll camp right up there on the upper deck in a chair where I can see your stateroom door and Mr. Jupiter's. Run along, and pleasant dreams."

Mary wrung his hand. "Bates, you're a darling!"

"Sure I am. But listen, what's the program now? We didn't find a thing in De Loma's room. Not a thing. Had to tear up carpets and everything. That's what took me so long. You didn't worry, did you? Anyhow, your necklace is safe—right here in old Bates' pocket." He reached into a capacious inner pocket, and drew out the rolled up bundle of napkin—unfolded it bit by bit in his palm, saw that it was empty. A horrible, pop-eyed expression froze on his face.

"It's gone!" he gasped. It was like the groan of a dying man.

"Do you mean to say you didn't know that, until now?" Mary cried. "You picked up an empty napkin—I've got the necklace. It's in Mr. Jupiter's safe."

Devoutly, Bates ejaculated "Oh, my God!" His arms fell limply at his sides.

"Well, how did you—what did you—did you have any trouble—he stuttered, overcome with shame.

"Plenty! I got back with it, but my hair's snow white. Tell you all about it in the morning. Now don't you fret—it wasn't your fault!" It was her turn to pat his shoulder reassuringly. To help him out, she changed the subject.

"Can we get under way at once? Did you see Bruce and the Countess anywhere?"

"They're on the pier—the kid's gone back for them now. By the way, here's something your fat friend sent you. He was sitting on the dock waiting when I came up—he wouldn't give it to the sailor."

He handed Mary a thick envelope. Curious, she took it to her room.

A single sheet of note paper held the words "Here's the dope. Keep these. I stole 'em out of the morgue, and I've got to return 'em. But I couldn't resist telling you the good news."

There were clippings, yellowed, ringed about the word "De Loma" with a blue pencil and stamped on each clipping was a date—the date of its appearance in a Miami paper. The clippings, read in chronological order, gave the newspaper account of the doings of the celebrated French actress, Louise De Loma, on board a Havana line steamship way back in the year 1924. The steamship line and all other parties concerned had evidently succeeded in hushing up the matter pretty thoroughly, but enough had leaked out through the excited tales of fellow-passengers to show up the lady as an adventuress of an old, familiar type. She was not deported, but evidently she had been only too happy to accept the hint of Miami police officials and return to Havana immediately.

At any rate, she went—threatening that her husband would sue. There was no record in the clippings of any suit being brought.

Mary put the clippings back in the envelope, and laid it under her pillow. Good old George Bowen—to give her this to sleep on! She went to the porthole and looked upward. There on the sun deck, as he had promised, she could see Bates' dark figure in its steamer chair, silhouetted against the lighter sky. She felt as though she had dropped a heavy burden from her shoulders.

* * *

The sun was shining in her stateroom porthole she she awoke. Mary stretched, easing her cramped muscles. She had been so exhausted that she had slept without moving. With the action, vitality rushed back into her refreshed young body, and she bounded out of bed, pushing her hair out of her eyes.

She looked like a slim boy in her rumpled silk pajamas as she ran to the porthole and peered out. Bates had vanished from his post long since. Far off on the horizon line was something that might be either clouds or land, but in between was sea, a calm expanse with only here and there a whitecap to break the blue-green, mirror-like surface.

Anything was possible—any nice thing, that is—on a day like this. Even Dirk might have relented and forgiven her. She hummed "Happy Days" as she splashed in the shower, then gave herself a drubbing with a towel, filled the air with an extravagant cloud of bath-powder, and set about dressing with a light heart. She donned a plain white linen frock, white shoes, a little blue coat with brass buttons and a blue beret.

"And am I hungry!" she exclaimed, as she strapped on her wrist watch, noting with surprise that it was almost 11 o'clock.

There was no one on deck, so she went below to the dining salon. Apparently she was not the only late sleeper. Sea air had played its tricks on the rest, as well. She was hardly prepared, though, for the scene that met her eyes.

* * *

De Loma sat stiffly in his chair, at the foot of the table, stabbing at his grapefruit with a vicious spoon. At his left Louise sat listlessly, looking, Mary thought, a little greenish about the mouth as though something eaten the night before and the roll of the boat were not agreeing, quite. Bruce, his face like a thunder-cloud, sat on Louise's right, and in the master's chair at the head of the table Mr. Jupiter applied himself steadily and not too silently to a generous plate of scrambled eggs and bacon.

"Hello, everybody!" Mary called out brightly, "and a pleasant morning!" Her good humor brought no response.

De Loma and Bruce barely nodded. The Countess did not even look up. Mary slipped into a seat at Mr. Jupiter's left—the remaining chair was Captain Hendricks', but the doughty captain breakfasted at no such effete hour.

De Loma pushed back his chair with a loud scrape.

"You will excuse me, please," he said, bowing sarcastically. "I shall take a walk around the deck."

He was taking it fairly well, at that, Mary decided, after a critical glance. She was curious to know what explanation had been given him for this sudden sea-trip; surely he must have been dumbfounded to awaken and find himself shanghaied in any such high-handed fashion.

(To Be Continued)

On The Links

Dressed to "a-dress the ball" at Pinehurst, N.C., Miss Virginia delong, favored the masculine mode when she made the rounds the other day. She's from Pasadena, California.

Inhabitants Refuse To Leave Island

Curious History of Tristan da Cunha—A Blow to Accepted Theories

It is rare to read of civilized communities nowadays accepting privation as part of the settled order of their existence. A striking example is, however, to be found in Tristan da Cunha, about which Mr. Douglas M. Gane has written a most fascinating book, writes J. Menzies Campbell in John o' London's Weekly.

Ever since this settlement was started by William Glass, in 1817, its history has been rich in shipwrecks and heroic rescues. Vessels belonging to various nationalities have foundered off the coast of Tristan da Cunha; in consequence many of the survivors have adopted this island as their home.

Several attempts have been made to break up this community. For example, as a recompense for evacuation these islanders have been offered a free passage to South Africa, re-settling on the Coast, each with two acres of land and financial aid—but they have remained adamant.

The morality of the Tristans is high. The oldest inhabitant can recall only two cases of children born out of wedlock, in one of which the parents afterwards married. Such morality, in a place where education is practically non-existent, must come as a rude awakening to those who still maintain that these two are closely interlocked.

These road-shouldered, lithesome, and sinewy people are contented. There are no indications of physical deterioration, despite continued intermarrying. From the foundations of the settlement until 1853 there were only six deaths from natural causes, three of old men and three of children. The present population totals 163, and is the largest on record.

WANTED—A PIED PIPER!

The medical officers, attached to each succeeding visiting ship, confirmed their predecessors' statements that a healthier place than Tristan da Cunha could not be found. The last Health Survey was carried out very thoroughly in January, 1932, by three naval surgeons and one dental surgeon. They drew attention to the excellent physique and nourishment of the community. Further, there was no evidence whatsoever of rickets; and such infectious diseases as scarlet fever, diphtheria, mumps, measles, whooping cough, etc., were unknown. To many persons this immunity will appear surprising, especially when it is realized that the sanitation on this island is very crude and unsatisfactory, and the water supply most certainly contaminated. Also, rats and fleas abound. In passing, it is interesting to record that a similar state of immunity prevailed amongst the inhabitants of St. Kilda, but was lost after their removal to the Scottish mainland.

NO TOOTHBRUSHES.

The perfection of the teeth will come as a rude awakening to many people—profesional and lay. The dental inspection revealed 83.33 per cent. of the community with perfect mouths; and out of 4,060 teeth examined decay was present in only 1.84 per cent. Irregularities were negligible, and no evidence was found of acute or chronic abscesses. Perhaps of greatest interest is the fact that not one of the islanders has ever used a toothbrush. Besides, they regularly eat soft foods, which leave sticky surfaces on the teeth. Their diet consists mainly of potatoes, fish, milk, and eggs. Cabbages and turnips are grown, and used while they last. Meat is seldom eaten, and never more than one kind of food at a meal.

Owing to an ever-increasing number of rats, cereals cannot be grown; any deficiency in this respect is adequately remedied. In 1923 three and a half tons of flour and two tons of sugar were landed on Tristan da Cunha. Since 1925 the yearly visits of ships have on each ocasion taken flour and sugar as the chief articles in their consignment. This is divided amongst the various families. Yet the teeth have not suffered in any way, although the younger members of this community have been born and reared since these articles became more or less regular, thus suggesting that a small amount of sugar and flour is not harmful. Those whose faith is rivéted to the toothbrush and hard foods to prevent dental disease will find considerable difficulty in reconciling their beliefs with the conditions prevailing at Tristan da Cunha.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

Scientists nowadays declare that foods rich in vitamins, mineral salts, and roughage are necessary for attaining and maintaining health—which includes sound teeth. The diet of these islanders is replete in these essentials. It would appear that the expectant mother, by habitually eating sufficient of those foods which act as barriers against disease, builds in her unborn child strong bones and teeth which, later, are able to withstand any possible ill-effects which might otherwise arise from eating sticky cereals and sugar. Further, the Tristan infants are weaned at twelve to fifteen months. In highly-civilized communities today infants are often not even breast-fed at all.

In reviewing all the available data regarding the health conditions found at Tristan da Cunha, one inclines to place diet as the foremost responsible factor. Civilized man seems ever eager to alter or produce substitutes for, the food provided by Nature. The Tristan Islanders do neither.

It is interesting to refer to the visit, in 1930, of the Danish traveller, Knud Andersen. He brought back with him to the Cape two members of this community—one an old man, and the other aged twenty-one. Competent authorities describe the latter as being a superman, six feet in height, and weighing 169 pounds. He had a remarkably small appetite and, in justification thereof, said that to be really healthy one eats a meal at four a.m., fishes all day, and eats again in the evening. The old man, solicitous in his desire to return to his island home after a year's stay at the Cape, stated that home food was best—it keeps one tough. He also referred to the noise and rush of the city, heavy clothes, and many meals. He was fully convinced that no one could possibly live long under such conditions.

These observations may hold a solution to the riddle. Certainly ideal sanitary conditions, a pure water supply, and the extermination of rats and fleas, however laudable these measures undoubtedly are, do not offer an adequate explanation, because life on Tristan da Cunha is the very antithesis of these ideals.

This book, and the recently published reports and Press articles, suggest a profitable field for investigation.

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"Well, I've trusted her with other things and she kept them."

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***ROYAL YEAST SPONGE:**

Soak 1 Royal Yeast Cake in ½ pint lukewarm water for 15 min. Dissolve 1 tbsp. sugar in ½ pint milk. Add to dissolved yeast cake. Add 1 quart bread flour. Beat thoroughly. Cover and let rise overnight to double in bulk in warm place free from draughts. Makes 5 to 6 cups of batter.

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