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. Dick 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." Bowen supplies Mary with proof that the Countess is an adventuress. The "Gypsy" sails with all on board. The Fly begins to realize he has walked into a trap.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XLIII.—(Cont'd.)

Mr. Jupiter smoked in silence. An uneasy something that had been lying in the back of Mary's mind for days came to the fore now.

"Is it true what Mr. Bates intimated to me," she asked, "that you want him to—make a break for it, so that you can—shoot him down? You wouldn't really do that, would you?"

Mr. Jupiter took his pipe out of his mouth, rubbed a nobby forefinger across his nose, but said nothing.

Mary shuddered. "I didn't know you meant to go—that far," she whispered fearfully.

"Got any objections?" Jupiter growled harshly. When she didn't answer, he knocked out his pipe and began refilling it, jabbing tobacco down with a fierce forefinger. "Oh, a man's blood cools. . . I don't know. . . . A man don't know what he'd do, given the chance—but I'm havin' my fun. Don't you go interferin' with it!"

"I won't. After all," she smiled bitterly, "he's yours first. What's left belongs to me."

Dinner was a silent meal except for Mr. Jupiter, who insisted on talking of tomorrow's fishing expedition, in spite of the utter indifference of his listeners. Bates showed up for that meal but The Fly was conspicuously absent. He chose to eat in his room, but from the comings and goings of his steward, and the contents of their trays, he seemed more occupied in drinking than in eating.

The yacht had "turned the corner" at Key West about six o'clock, and they were now steaming steadily westward along the keys. In the deepening night the flashing beam of Dry Tortugas light already could be seen off on the horizon as they came on deck, its gleam more and more brightly against a little bank of clouds in the southwest.

When Mary went to her stateroom—she had heard more than enough talk of fishing for one day—she found Louise there before her.

"It is now tomorrow," that lady began directly. "I wish my bracelet, please."

Mary could hardly mask her surprise. She had just heard Louise confessing to De Loma that she did not have it—could not get it.

"I'm afraid it's still in the Ambassador safe," she replied with some annoyance. "Can't you wait?"

"How long?"

Mary thought of the press clippings now reposing in Mr. Jupiter's safe, and of all they confirmed about this predatory creature and her ways. Why keep up the pretense?

"I'm afraid it must stay there for some time," she answered shortly.

The other nodded to herself several times, then spoke in a grating voice. "Bruce, then, is right when he says you are what-you-call—a gold-digger, eh?"

"Quite right! There is no more to be said. Now go, please."

The Countess turned and walked slowly to the porthole, and stood looking out. "I did not come to ask about that, really," she said, and there was infinite weariness in her voice. "But about the other. You made me an astounding offer, if you remember. The ruby necklace—if I went away and left you Bruce. I was furious. That was because you accompanied your offer with an insult which no one could receive without anger.

"But I have changed my mind. Perhaps you are right. I should not make a good wife. Perhaps it is best that he finds an American girl—" she hesitated, "—like you—" The unreadable eyes came to rest on Mary's amazed face. "I give you Bruce for the necklace, when you like."

The girl stared. "May I ask what caused you to change your mind? You certainly didn't feel this way yesterday!"

Louise turned away, fiercely impatent at the questioning. "What do you care? Isn't it enough? I love him more than I ever loved any man. But I give him up. It is better so. Isn't it enough?"

Surely she looed the emotion-wracked heroine—the lowered eyes, the heaving shoulders, the handkerchief twisted and bitten. It was all there—all the time-worn histrionics. All there except the emotion itself—and that was lacking.

"I love him more than I ever loved any other man"—hadn't she told Bruce that it was De Loma who was the love of her life Certainly he had been her husband—so much seemed conclusive, from the identity of the surname, and from a curious loyalty which drove her to help him out of his difficulties, even though his character must be all too well known to her. "He was a brute." She had said that of him once, and then given him every cent she had when he asked for it.

No, Mary was not taken in, but try as she would she could not place her finger on the underlying reason for this change of heart. Would Louise accept the necklace even though it was reputed to be worth hundreds of thousands, unless she had lost hope of gaining millions Not likely.

"Perhaps," Mary mused aloud, "Bruce no longer loves you?"

Louise was the tiger-cat again instantly.

"Not love me? What are you saying? Bruce will not let me go, if he knows it! If he finds out he will kill you! That is how much he loves me!" She snapped her fingers under Mary's very nose—whirling away again to look out the porthole.

All at once Mary knew—the clippings! Mr. Jupiter must have faced her with them. Much could have happened in the long afternoon hours. That demoniac old man and his "fun"! This was no doubt part of it.

Mary laughed outright.

"The offer is no longer open," she said. When Louise had stormed out Mary went up on deck to find Mr. Jupiter and verify her suspicion. But only Bates was there. As they leaned on the rail and Mary related what had happened, one of the Florida keys came into view on the port rail. A glance to starboard revealed another.

"Say, we're right in the middle of things here, Bates spoke uneasily. "I hope the captain knows what he's doing. There must be reefs in here."

He yawned. "Well, I guess he knows his business. Guess I'll turn in. Back to my picture puzzle. Got some of it put together, and you know what I think it is Picture of Rudolph Valentino!" He laughed. "No wonder De Loma tore it down.'

Suddenly the ship shuddered, seemed to jolt along its bottom for a moment and then stopped, engines stilled.

From the forecastle a voice boomed to the man on the bridge, "She's hard aground, sir!" From the bridge there came a fervent curse.

CHAPTER XLIV.

J. J. Jupiter was the first man on deck. Although it was past his usual early retiring hour, he was still dressed. He was there when Captain Hendricks came hurrying down from the bridge, and together the two men retired to the port rail. Bates and Mary followed.

"What's the matter, captain" Bates inquired, somewhat nervously. He had a landsman's inordinate fear of accident on sea, and even Mary felt a childish impulse to rush to the captain and cling to his hand until the danger was over.

"We're fast on a reef," Capt. Hendricks was explaining to Mr. Jupiter. "She's apparently not hurt—the engineers say she's making no water below—but she seems to be well stuck."

"Can you get off by yourself?" Mr. Jupiter asked.

"We'll have a try at it tomorrow morning. I'm afraid we'll have to have a tug out of Key West though to give us a pull."

"Do what you think best," Mr. Jupiter answered mildly.

"I shouldn't have come in tonight," the captain continued, "but the moon made it almost like day, and I've been around here so much I thought I could make it even in a fog. This channel isn't used except for small fishing craft, and apparently some of the buoys have drifted over. See that mid-channel buoy there?"

He pointed to what looked like an upturned funnel to Mary. It was floating almost in the shadow the ship cast on the water.

"Mid-channel buoy, and it's sticking right up on top of a reef with only about five feet of water over it! Fortunately we were coming in slow, just barely turning over."

"Where are we?" Bates asked.

"Just a half mile from the old pier at Fort Jefferson where I intended to make fast. In another five minutes we'd have been there. That's Dry Tortugas there a couple of miles off the starboard beam."

They turned to look, and the ray of the big lamp in its white tower swept across their faces and off into the moonlit night.

"I'm going fishing in the morning then," Mr. Jupiter said cheerfully. "How about it, Bates?"

"Fine."

"We'd better be getting a little sleep. Ought to be out by six anyway. They bite better early in the morning. Everybody back to bed now. There's nothing we can do to help, and we'd only be in the way."

The day that followed was one of unutterable tedium for those left behind while the fishing party cruised happily about. Mary sat in a deck chair a book in her lap, watching the unexcited labors of the distant fishermen through a telescope loaned to her by the captain. It was not very entertaining but it was better than nothing.

The burning sun drove Bruce and Louise downstairs, where they played interminable games of solitaire. De Loma prowled the ship like a caged animal. He had run out of cigarettes long since, and his nerves were all a-jangle. He roved from one end of the ship to the other, leaning on the rail and studying the prospect in every direction. They were all very much the same, which must have been discouraging.

(To be continued.)

Ballet Revival

Ballet athletics at London's Old Vic. keeps dancers in form. The ballet is undergoing a revival in the old land.

Traffic Control Aids Railways of South Australia

Two-Year Test Indicates Some Lines Must Give Way to Buses

Adelaide, S. Aust.—An experiment has been tried during the past two years throughout South Australia consisting of the Government control of road traffic. In 1930 a transport control board was appointed by Parliament for three years and the legislation will expire in about six months.

Upon the board was conferred wide powers for the regulation of road traffic as the effect of motor competition was being felt seriously by the railways, particularly as many of the main roads have been built almost parallel with the lines.

Large losses were being sustained by the railways department and it became a question whether some of the routes would not have to be closed. So the experiment of rigidly controlling the road traffic was instituted. It has been conducted sufficiently long to give a thorough test but the board, in its annual report just issued, points out that it is difficult even to estimate the financial effect of the operations on the railways as the revenue statements do not actually reveal the position.

Idea of Diversion

The board explains, however, that some idea of the extent of the diversion of the traffic to the railways may be formed by a consideration of the total annual mileage of discontinued services. This aggregates approximately 2,479,958 miles, made up of 937,742 miles for passenger services, and 1,542,216 miles for goods transport, The board calculates that at least £100,000 a year has been added to the revenue of the railways department by the control, or elimination, of road traffic.

To get a reliable idea of the effect of road control the board sent to 18 station-masters throughout South Australia the question, "what has been the general effect of the Road and Railway Transport Act on railway traffic?" he replies showed that the percentages of increase range from 25 to 300. In some instances the revenue has been doubled, in one case it has been quadrupled, and in many instances it is reported that the railways now handle the whole of the local district trade.

What Roads to Close

The board will now devote itself to considering what unprofitable road traffic substituted. The deciding point will be what course is best in the economic interest of the State, with some relation, of course, to ther reasonable needs of the district. The question of profit cannot be the deciding factor in all the railways of South Australia.

Many of them are purely developmental lines and are essential to the progress of the agricultural and pastoral industries. Some of them can never pay directly as they traverse long distances of empty country and there is still a demand for further facilities in areas that are opening up. With South Australia's industries being wool and wheat nothing will be done to hamper their expansion. In fact, the Transport Board so far departed from its policy of road traffic control last season as to institute the experiment of allowing motor lorries to convey wheat from railway sidings and farms to the shipping ports so that there should be no cessation in exports.

The board now controls 49 routes representing 1669 miles, and has paid £17,256 in compensation. The Victorian authorities are so impressed with what has been accomplished that an officer was sent over recently to report onthe system, which is the only one of its kind in Australia.

Electric-Clock Boom Reported in Britain

It is estimated by one authority that more than 500,000 electric clocks will be sold in Great Britain this year. Tariffs have given a remarkable impetus to the clock manufacturing industry in England, which was native to that country for many generations until a century or so ago when foreign-made timepieces became the fashion. Imports have fallen 1,000,000 so far in comparison with the figures of 1931, a fact attributed to the great and growing popularity of the new synchronous electric clocks which, plugged into the mains, will record Greenwich time within a second or two for years on end. Alarm clocks are in constant demand and already are being turned out at the rate of 2,500 a week.

Some women have no sense of humor, observes the Montreal Star, but most of them have a sense of rumor.—Guelph Mercury.

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And take this bit of roof!
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The off coach-horse's hoof!
Now just a minute; please don't mind;
This fits that jag of red;
And this goes thus—and so we find
The landlord has a head!
Just like those English supplements
To Christmas magazines,
Though I really cannot see much sense
Now take those clippers wing-and-wing,
Or that lion by the sea—
They're really more the sort of thing
That have appeal for me.
No! No! Don't put that wiggly one
Down there. . . . Like this. . . .Look here!
I guess that funny piece was done
To represent a deer.
You've nearly finished with the wall?
Well, how about this tree?
No, I can't find my ear at all. . . .
You say I've got your knee?
You keep the horses where they were!
I've got that coachman now. . . .
Oh, look; it's her father kissing her! . . . .
That horn goes on the cow. . . .

So, with a desperate intent,
They strove from plight to plight. . . .
And one who wondered what it meant
Fled gibbering through the night!

—The New Yorker.

York Minster

It as early in the evening. The sun as going down over the vale of York and the gray towers of the Cathedral Church of St. Peter rose over the flat lands. There was a wind blowing at my back or I might have heard the minster bells, whose chimes, on a still evening, go over the fields for miles. As I went on between the hedges my spirits rose, because York is the loveliest city in all England. She is England's last anchor to the Middle Ages. . . .

Men were driving cattle through the gates of York. There was a smell of smoke, the last sun lay warm over red roof-tiles, and from within the walls came a marvelous feeling of men and women, of life, which, although present in all cities, lacks identity unless a city sits cosily behind its walls like a house full of friends. . . .

The ground falls away from the wall to the cathedral and the deanery gardens. You see York Minster through a hedge of silver-white pear blossoms. Everything is silver-white in the early sun. The wall itself is silver-white. Tadcaster stone is washed by every rain, so that the Wall of York has always looked new. And this white, enchanted ribbon twists on and around, never straight for more than twenty yards, losing itself in green bowers as the tops of trees on either side arch themselves over the white bastions.

Rooks were cawing round the west towers. The dean's gardener was bringing the lawn mower to a smooth lawn. A blackbird with the early worm in his saffron beak flew to an apple tree. A thrush was pouring out his heart from a high bough, the starlings, whistling, fighting, shining and beetle-backed, flew in truculent flocks, only becoming sober to rush to the help of some enormous and ravenous fledgling whose shaking wings and open beak were the sole signs of infancy.—H. V. Morton, in "The Call of England." (New York: McBride.)

Blind Show Ability In School Exhibit

New York.—A demonstration of ability to rise above seeming handicaps was given by 85 students at the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind in a two-day exhibition here.

Moving freely about the stage, the children put on a conference of the nations in which they depicted various sports—bowling for England, skating for Switzerland, and Irish jig for Ireland, tumbling for Japan, a dance for Holland, a drill for Germany, a gymnasium scene for Greece, and apparatus for Sweden, with the United States in the character of presiding officer.

In addition the children dramatized some of the things they have been taught, including a lively scuffle between a rotund teapot, a tall coffee percolator and capable bottle of milk, who easily vanquished his two opponents. A chorus illustrated the musical activities at the school and there were exhibitions from the literary classes and the department of manual training, including weaving, basketry, woodworking, knitting, sewing and cooking.

"THESE HARD TIMES"

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S. B. G., Quebec.

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