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. 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." 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. The "Gypsy" goes aground on a reef.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The Fly avoided the landward side, Mary observed, but whether this was due to her presence there, or to the view—which consisted of glassy sea out of which old Fort Jefferson prison reared its ugly head—she did not know.

Presently, to give him the range of the boat, and also because his restlessness had begun to get on her nerves, she resolved to go below and take a nap. She met a steward with a tray, headed for Dirk's stateroom, and stopped him. She rearranged it a bit to make it more inviting. Then she wrote a note. It was only three words.

Mary pulled a book from the rack on one side of the salon and sent that along, too. She promised herself that she would drop in and see Dirk after he had lunch.

Once she heard an altercation out on deck. De Loma was berating a steward because he had locked up the liquor cabinet, at Mr. Jupiter's order, as it turned out. Mary dismissed it from her mind, until a violent knocking at her door forced her to take notice of it.

De Loma was in a towering, white-hot rage.

"What's this all about?" he snarled. "Am I a guest on this damn fishing-smack or am I not? Why can't I get service from these deaf mutes you've got for waiters on this tub? I want a drink, and I want it now, do you hear! Tell this cub to toss out that key! What does he think I am, a baby?"

"Take your troubles to Captain Hendricks. He's in command," Mary replied.

"Yes? Well, there's something else I want to know—why doesn't that radio operator send my messages?"

"Doesn't he?"

"No. If he did, I'd have had answers before now. What's happening to my trunks? Damn it, if that hotel seizes them, I'll hold you responsible!"

Mary smiled shakily.

"You flatter me. As I said before, Captain Hendricks is the man to see."

"That ———!"

From his choice of expletives it was apparent that Captain Hendricks had already been seen, and added his refusal to that of his subordinates. De Loma was apparently appealing to Mary as a last resort. He was almost beside himself, and his bravado was fast crumbling. Mary shut the door and an instant later she heard the captain's low, steady voice.

"We've a sick man in that cabin down there, De Loma. I suggest you lower your voice. Better still, stay up on deck. What were you bothering Miss Harkness about? Miss Harkness is not to be annoyed!"

De Loma obeyed without a word. There was something about the sturdy figure of the captain that was impressive, particularly to a man whose courage was not of the physical sort. Mary, listening to the encounter between the two with a loudly beating heart, opened her door a trifle when De Loma had gone. Captain Hendricks was still standing there.

"Keep your door locked," he said very low. "The stewart just surprised him trying Mr. Jupiter's door. That's what he's so hot and bothered about. Though I reckon he'd like to have a drink, at that. Good thing Jupiter's got the only boat! I think he'd try to row to shore."

"Are we off the reef yet?" she asked hopefully.

All morning the crew had worked at the job of dislodging the stranded "Gypsy," first dropping an anchor off the bow and trying to pull her forward with a winch, and then repeating the performance off the stern. But the lovely white-and-gold yacht was firmly seated upon a rock, and there she remained, as alluring a sight as Circe of old to the tired and grubby fisherman now plying toward her.

"No luck. We're here till we can get a tug to pull us off." The captain shook his head. "He'll be balmy before then. You know what I think?" He whispered almost gleefully. "I think it's that old prison that gets his goat! He's so jittery now he can't eat. And when appetites fail on shipboard, a man's either seasick of got the fear of hell-fire in him."

In mid-afternoon the fishermen arrived, and even the sullen De Loma was at the rail to watch their coming aboard. Any kind of activity was better than the stillness and utter lack of human association from which he had been suffering.

"Oh, what marvelous luck!" Mary called out involuntarily as the boat came alongside and she saw several shining fish in the bottom. "What are they? I never saw such beautiful fish before." Both Mr. Jupiter and Bates were grinning as they climbed out, albeit rather stiffly, and came up the gangplank.

"Kingfish," Bates replied, "and they're rightly named, too. What a fight one of those fellows gave me! He knew I was an amateur so he gave the works."

"Didn't you get any barracuda?"

"No. No luck there." Mr. Jupiter called a deck hand to bring their catch up from the dinghy. "I wouldn't want to try to bring one of those into that cockleshell. Got the boat loose yet?"

"Sorry sir," the captain replied. "And now there's something the matter with the radio. Tried to get Key West to order a tug, but it wouldn't work. Couldn't raise anyone." A sudden thought made him look suspiciously in De Loma's direction. "If I thought anyone had tampered with it—"

De Loma brought his eyes back from a moody contemplation of Fort Jefferson prison, turned and walked away. The captain's speculative gaze followed him.

Dirk was either asleep or feigned it when Mary went down to see him. His stony unresponsiveness was beginning to wear her spirits down at last. It was not human, she felt, to be so stubbornly resistant even to the ordinary claims of friendship. He must hate her. There was no other explanation.

She almost ran to her own cabin, locked herself in and let the tears come. Then, realizing that she could not go up on deck again without exciting curiosity, she sent a steward to ask Bates to loan her his half-complete "picture puzzle." If she must be a prisoner she could at least be doing something useful.

For two hours she labored over the heap of paper scraps, fitting them together expertly, until she had the finished poster. It was almost impossible to gain a clear idea of the man's looks until another hour's labor had succeeded in pasting the scraps in place. But beyond a doubt it was De Loma—a younger De Loma, almost a boy, in fact. The same thin, hawk-like face, the beady black eyes, the arrogant head. He wore a white shirt open at the neck, and white trousers curiously clipped in at the ankles, as if for bicycle riding, and what appeared to be a pair of old tennis shoes. The curiousness of this get-up was heightened by his pose—arms folded across the chest, the feet at right angles in the "first position" of the ballet dancer.

Below was printed: "Harry Hill, the Human Fly." Mary pondered this for some time. The name was not familiar, and she had no idea what a "human fly" was. Leaving it for Bates' interpretation, she went up on deck.

Night had settled down as she joined the rest of the party, grouped on the main deck just forward of Mr. Jupiter's cabin. A half-mile or so to the east, gleaming ghostly clear in the moonlight, the prison rose abruptly out of the sea. A gold moon swam in the deep blue tropical sky. The whole scene was like a vivid lithograph or a highly colored postcard picture.

Louise was talking as Mary joined the group, describing an old castle she had visited the year before. "It had the most marvelous stained glass windows, made in Italy by the monks during the Renaissance and transported over the mountains on donkeys. I remember particularly a deep crimson . . . . the glass was so finely colored it looked like precious stone . . . ."

She turned to Mary.

"What reminded me of it were your rubies. What have you done with them? Do you have them on the yacht? I should love just to look at them again."

"I have them here," Mr. Jupiter spoke up, before Mary could decide what answer to make to this amazing request. He reached into the pocket of his dinner jacket and pulled them out, holding them up to the eyes of the others. There were several sharply drawn breaths at the unexpected glory of the stones.

"Try 'em on, Mary, do," he urged. "It's a sight worth seeing," he told the others with naive pride.

He rose and laid them in her hands. Fumbling with nervousness, Mary reached up to fasten them about her neck, but they slipped from her fingers. She made a frantic grab for them, but only succeeded in striking them with her hand. They fell flashing into the sea.

"You fool! Oh, you fool!" De Loma screamed at her insanely. "Now see what you've done!"

(To Be Continued.)

The Englishman Abhors Pedantry

Yoo have seen the English gardens, the glorious parks where trees and flowers flourish as if they knew that they were beloved. Many an English road bends merely to avoid disturbing an oak or an elm. And this is not merely due to the decrees of some lord of the manor. You will seldom see in England gardens laid out in the Italian manner with their horizontal alignment, which is nothing more than the prolongation of the architectural plan set out by the house. The English look down on this style. "Artificial" they call it disdainfully. Its unbending lines displease them. I suppose that is why the word "crescent" in an address has a slightly aristocratic tone, possibly because it suggests a curve.

One day when I was having tea with an old squire in his garden under the shade of the immemorial trees, he told me what a painful impression he had had of the avenues of Versailles, where the trees are clipped to a line. He went so far as to say that this alignment, this repeated tampering with the intentions of Nature, was a marked characteristic of the French mind. "This is not how we understand Nature." He smiled and then added, "I have often wondered how you could bear to live in the Boulevard de la Reine!" and while he was speaking he waved his stick and quite unconsciously it seemed to be pointing in the direction of his perfect lawn, immaculately shorn and cut every other day and rolled night and morning, and from which every daisy, plantain, and dandelion was rigorously extirpated, and where no blade of grass would dare lift its head above the others. "Six to one," etc! . . .

The Englishman has such a horror of pedantry in all its guises and such a great admiration for character that he has come not actually to despise intelligence but to disdain it somewhat, so that now the word "clever" bears something of a derogatory connotation. For my part I think that England has done and is still doing a great service to humanity in proving almost daily that intelligence is not the greatest and the most important attribute of man; and that so long as he forms a part of the community his moral qualities are of even greater value. There is no country where it needs less courage to maintain a ridiculous point of view, and on the other hand, where it is less necessary to show intellectual originality to cut a good figure in the world. It will be considered sufficient for a man to have an ample fund of anecdotes and mildly amusing stories, and no blame attaches to him if he prepares his most spontaneous impromptus beforehand.—Felix de Grand 'Combe, in "England This Way!" (London: Ivor Nicholson & Watson Ltd.)

Vitamin C May Be Obtained From Paprika, Chemist Finds

Budapest.—General scientific interest has been aroused by the claim of a prominent Hungarian chemist, Dr. Albert Szentgyoergyi, professor at Szegedin University, to have discovered after ten years research a method of producing vitamin C artificially.

Professor Szentgyoergyi says he has established that the vitamin is abundantly present in the Hungarian paprika, or sweet pepper, which he holds contains at least four times as much vitamin C as an orange or a lemon. In his experiments he has used 10,000 paprikas and claims that he has now extracted the vitamin, which can be administered in the form of powder or pills even to tiny babies.

Adds Zest to the Meal

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

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Hollywood Flashes

Mary Pickford, who first greeted Toronto on April 8, 1893, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Smith, at 211 University Ave., received greeting from her many friends around the globe.

This year seems to have been more than usually disastrous so far as Cupid is concerned—he has practically been kicked out of the film colony. The latest break-up is Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, whom she declared, criticized her work in hard terms.

Lew Ayres, hero of "All Quiet On the Western Front," has definitely parted with his wife, Lola Lane.

Many rumors are floating about regarding the retirement of popular stars. According to one news source four headliners have definitely announced they will desert Hollywood within the next twelve months.

No. 1. Ruth Chatterton gives as her reason—her real love has always been the stage. It is understood she intends to rebuild her career as a stage actress and will appear in a London play. No. 2 is Constance Bennett, who declares she will settle down on the Riviera with her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, and raise a family.

No. 3, Ronald Colman, may not retire permanently, but desires a "breathing spell" of about two years' duration.

No. 4, Clive Brook, who is under contract to make one British picture, when his present Hollywood agreement expires, will afterwards devote his whole time to writing. He formerly wrote short stories.

Fingerprint Test For Art

Munich.—Fingerprints for identifying old masters without having to call in art experts, with their conflicting tenets, is what Alexander Eibert, Ph.D., of the Munich Institute of Technology, is developing into a systematic testing method.

Starting with some thoroughly authenticated old painting, says a Durer, Dr. Eibert makes a searching microscopic and micro-photographic study of the fingerprints. After comparing these with other genuine works by the same hand, the Durer fingerprint, once established, can be invoked as a conclusive test of doubtful or in any way questioned "Durers" in quite the same way as fingerprints are used by the police.

This new art dactyloscopy, applicable of course only to painters who helped out their brush work with their fingers, especially thumbs, is being developed at the Institute for the Technique of Painting, of which Dr. Eibert is director.

Farmhand Finds Fortune In Swedish Fields

One of the finest collections of antiquities ever dug up from Scandinavian soil was revealed when Emil Joensson, a farmhand in Skaane, the most southern province of Sweden, uncovered this fortune while plowing.

Joensson at first noticed some blue-white pieces of porcelain in his furrow, stopped his horses to investigate and discovered a number of silver coins. Right then his fortune was made. An archaeologist was sent for, and the "lucky strike" examined. There were no less than 378 Swedish, Danish and German coins dated some 300 years back, beautiful ornaments of hand-wrought, gilt silver and a set of beautifully worked and decorated buckles, spangles and mountings of a belt. Archaeologists are of the opinion the ornaments belong to the very best specimens of late Gothic silver work now existing in Sweden.

It is thought a wealthy nobleman or merchant probably hid his most valuable belongings in the ground during times of warfare and perished about 300 years ago, and was prevented from recovering them, probably by death.

The find, in accordance with the Swedish law, was offered to the State for redemption and the State Historical Museum purchased it from the lucky farm hand, who profitted by a fortune lost centuries ago.

Straw, regarded as a waste product of agriculture, costs the world some £500,000,000 a year.

At the present rate of progress there will be as many deaths as births in England and Wales in 1936.

There are now nearly 6,000 fully qualified women doctors in the United Kingdom.

FASHION HINT

"How to make my old short skirts conform to the new length was a problem to me until I hit on this plan. I dropped the hems; and as the part that had been turned under was darker than the rest, I redyed the entire dress, after having bleached the goods, following directions in the Diamond Dyes package.

"I used Diamond Dyes for the redyeing, of course. I have dyed many things with these wonderful colors. They have saved me many dollars and have never failed to give perfect results—smooth, even colors—fast to wear and washing. Friends think my things are new when I redye or tint them with Diamond Dyes. They do give the most gorgeous colors!"

Mrs. G. C., Levis, Quebec.

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ISSUE No. 16--'33