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 ran him down to keep him from telling. She is aided by MR. JUPITER and BOWEN of the Star. Mary's fiance, DIRK RUYTHER, believes Eddie guilty and breaks with Mary when she will not give up the investigation.

Mary sails for Miami on the Jupiter yacht to follow The Fly. BRUCE JUPITER and COUNTESS LOUISE, questionable friend, go along. They vow to rout Mary, who they consider a gold-digger.

Louise introduces the party to COUNT DE LOMA, who Mary learns is The Fly. Using the Jupiter necklace as bait, Mary dances with him. He gets it from her by a ruse then kisses her. Dirk knocks him down.

Injured and unconscious Dirk is taken on board the yacht, the "Gypsy." The Fly goes along and tries again to steal the necklace. Bowen gives Mary proof that the countess is an adventuress. The "Gypsy" sails with all on board. The Fly realizes he has walked into a trap. The "Gypsy" goes aground on a reef.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XLV.

Mary glanced at Mr. Jupiter and was astounded at the look of unconcern. If it was a a ruse on his part to deceive Le Loma into thinking the necklace was irretrievably lost, she realized that he had failed. The Fly narrowed his eyes for one moment then continued to upbraid Mary for her carelessness. She tried to carry out the deception by spreading her hands out and moaning "What have I done ——!"

That night everyone was silent and glum during dinner and Mary worried over Dirk and apprehensive of the next move of Mr. Jupiter in his plan of badgering The Fly. A rain starting softly at first then increasing in volume deepened the gloom of all aboard the Gypsy.

Meanwhile the Fly, reviewing the day, realized that he was cornered and that the only thing to save him from going mad was to make a last mad attempt to obtain the necklace. The heat, monotony and the continued sight of old Fort Jefferson finally crystallized his method of attack. Questioning Mary during the afternoon as to how Dirk was progressing he learnt that the Captain had given him an opiate. If he remembered ribhtly there was a bottle of chloroform in Dirk's cabin that would suit his purpose.

After the heat of the day, Mary found the rain soothing and took a few turns on deck before turning in. Refreshed, she made one last trip along the deck. As she neared Mr. Jupiter's cabin she heard a shuffling noise, then The Fly appeared for a moment, took a glance up and down the deck, then re-entered Jupiter's cabin. Mary breathed a sigh of relief —he had not seen her. She dashed down to get Bruce, who crossly asked her what she was doing prowling around his father's cabin at night. Mary at last convinced him that the matter was serious. Bruce departed, Mary following slowly. As she reached the deck, shots sounded from Jupiter's cabin. A wild, unreasoning fear gripped Mary's heart, and she fainted away.

Mary came back to consciousness to find the cold rain dashing on her face. She had slumped down in the doorway,, and now someone was helping her to her feet. She knew by the smell of tobacco in the rough tweed shoulder that was supporting her that it must be Henry Bates.

"Leave me alone, I'm all right," she gasped, scrambling to her feet and feeling ashamed of her temporary weakness.

But the other, with an exclamation of alarm, had already discovered the still form of Bruce lying out on deck. So deathly white and still his face looked in the unreal light of the occasional lightning flashes, that even Bates was rattled.

"By George!" he kept repeating. "By George! This is bad business! Now what's happened here?"

Louise, wrapped in a heavy ulster, rushed out.

"Where is he? Oh, mon Dieu, they have killed him!" she sobbed, throwing herself upon the deck beside Bruce, almost knocking Bates over in her anxiety to reach the injured man. When she saw who it was, however, she drew back sharply.

"Bruce! But where is Enrique?"

"That's what we'd like to know," Bates growled, looking about sharply. Mr. Jupiter's door stood open, but he had not appeared. Leaving Bruce lying where he was—the soaking he was getting would bring him to if anything would—Bates rushed into the old man's room, calling his name sharply. A curious smell pervaded the air.

There was no reply. The two women outside heard sounds of stumbling, of chairs being overturned as Bates fumbled for the electric light switch. Suddenly the lights came on blindingly. There on the bed lay Mr. Jupiter, over his face a folded pocket-handkerchief.

Bates snatched it away.

"Chloroform!" He whirled and faced Captain Hendricks, just coming in the door.

"Get your men out and search the ship, quick, captain! De Loma's done this! My God, I wonder if he—" He turned quickly to the safe, which stood as usual, apparently untouched. If it had been opened, the job had been done by someone who knew the combination.

Bates picked up the old man's clothes, usually laid neatly across the back of a chair, but now tumbled in a heap just inside the door. He rummaged through the pockets quickly.

"It's gone—if that's where it was!"

The shots and the storm had roused the ship, apparently, for the deck space outside the old man's door, from which yellow light streamed into the pitch darkness outside, was jammed now with excited members of the crew.

Strong arms carried the recumbent form of Bruce to his bunk and left him with Captain Hendricks, then rushed off to join the search. Mary stayed with Mr. Jupiter, who roused almost immediately. Evidently the chloroform-soaked rag had not been in place long.

He was as confused about what had taken place as the rest. He had lain down to rest with is clothes on, weary from the unaccustomed amount of exercise he was getting in his daily bouts with the kingfish. He had roused at the first crash of the storm, taken off his clothes and hung them up, almost without wakening, and fallen asleep again immediately.

The necklace? Had he locked it up before going to bed? No, he didn't think he had. No, he hadn't. It was there, in his coat pocket. Well, if it wasn't, then The Fly had taken it.

Mary groaned. "Let him have it!" Jupiter growled. "He won't get far with it in this weather."

"But why did you carry it about so carelessly?" Mary could not help asking. "See what's come of it—Bruce shot—"

The old man sat bolt upright. "Eh? Bruce? Where is he?" There was a depth of terror in his voice such as she had never heard there. He snatched up a robe and slipped his feet into slippers. Before she could restrain him he had jerked the door open and rushed into the storm, staggering a little. Mary hurried after him, fearful that he might not be able to make it on the slippery deck.

Bruce's stateroom opened on the passageway between the two buildings and was sheltered somewhat from the storm. Mary was whirled around the corner by the beating rain just as Bates dashed up, breathless, and leaned against the forward bulkhead out of the wind. Sheets of rain were driving past on either side, but here they were fairly out of it.

"He's gone—taken the dinghy and beat it!" Bates shouted in her ear. "Fool! He'll capsize, and that'll be the end of him! Good riddance. But damn it, he's got the necklace on him!"

Captain Hendricks came out of the door of Bruce's stateroom, opposite, and heard Bates' report with interest.

"Get in out of the rain, you!" he commanded Mary, with rough tenderness. "How many sick people do you think I want on my hands?"

"How is he?" Mary asked.

"Hurt bad," the captain replied, shaking his head. "Shot through the shoulder. Too close to the heart for comfort. He's got to have expert attention and have it quick. I'm a pretty good cobbler on the human frame for ordinary ills, but this is out of my range.

"How are you going to get him to a doctor?" Bates demanded. That dawn snake has taken the boat!"

"De Loma? Why, the fool—that's suicide in a high sea like this! And if I'm any judge, he doesn't know one end of a boat from another!"

"Is there anything I can do to help? With Bruce, I mean?" Mary asked.

Where's that woman of his. Do her good to have a little work to do! No, if Paine needs any help (Paine was the steward) I'll let you know. You run on to bed, child. You're soaked through."

Hendricks turned and yelled at a passing figure who turned out to be the quartermaster.

"Where's Sparks? Get him up and at that radio again. Tell him it's got to be fixed by daylight or he's got no more job with me. It's life and death, tell him!"

He turned back to Bates. "If we can't get the radio working by daylight, I'll send two men in the lifeboat, but it's a long pull." The captain left, muttering excitedly, and they heard him tramping around up above in the chart-room.

"Gone up to fix it himself," Bates guessed. Good idea. That kid's been tinkering with it for days and it's still blooey."

"Tell me about De Loma—where is he now?"

"Doubt if you can see him now. The lightning showed him to me, but now it's settled down to rain you can't see your hand before your face. Grab a slicker and we'll take a look. Lord, I never expected this! I'll bet the old man didn't either. He liked to devil De Loma. Looks like he devilled him too far."

Wrapped in oilskins hastily borrowed, they took a telescope and went around to the port bow. The first crashing thunder and sky-splitting electrical flashes had given place to a light, steady rain that flattened the water. Prolonged bursts of rosy lightning played over the scene, making it light as day for two or three seconds at a time.

With the glass they searched the surface of the water in the direction of Fort Jefferson without catching a glimpse of the dinghy. They had almost decided De Loma must have landed, if he had not drowned, when off to the right Mary caught sight of a flash of white. He had stripped to his shirt and apparently was rowing toward Bird Key.

The glass showed this was what he was trying to do—at least he looked over his shoulder frequently in that direction. There is a little house on Bird Key, for what purpose Mary did not know. De Loma's idea evidently was to tie up there and seek shelter until the storm passed, before setting out for Key West. It was a daring scheme, and one which only a truly desperate man would have attempted.

The rain had gradually subsided and they could see him more clearly now; the dinghy was not making much headway against the high waves, which were being lashed ever higher by a furious wind. Sometimes for minutes they lost sight of Le Loma and believed him drowned. Then the white speck rose ttriumphantly again out of the trough of the wave.

There was neither direction nor headway in his aimless rowing now. It was impossible to keep to a course. The sea seemed to be throwing him nearer and nearer to Fort Jefferson, and no doubt he was too confused by the roughness of the water and the difficulty of holding to his oars to know where he was heading.

(To Be Continued.)

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Chicago's New Mayor

The new mayor of Chicago goes on the air. Here's Edward J. Kelly, newly-appointed mayor of the windy city replacing Joseph Cermak, assassinated in Florida.

"I thought you said you'd never speak to Jack again as long as you lived?"

"So I did, but he cut me dead the next time we met, so I started all over again."

Effect on Car Lubrication

Experts declare that when atmospheric temperatures are highest that wear has worst effect upon efficiency o lubrication of the car.

$8,075,000 Village To Replace "Lung Block"

Infamous Tenements of Old New York to Disappear —Average Rental to be $12.50 per Room

The infamous "lung block" on the lower east side, New York is to go. A new village is to spring up in its place. Plenty of air, sunlight and elbow room and no more little consumptives to be carried off to free wards.

"Lung block" is the name given to New York's worst square of squalor by Ernest Poole when he was living at the University Settlement in the days when tenement-house reform was talk. Thirty-three years ago the Tenement House Committee condemned it as the "worst" in the city.

Now, in 1933, they are to be demolished, thanks to the enterprise of the Fred F. French Company and the aid of the R. F. C., which loaned $8,075,000 for the clean-up and the building of Knickerbocker Village on the site.

It consummates a dream Mr. French had when he was recuperating in a hospital four years ago.

But, he says, "it was the President and the Secretary of the Treasury who finally put it over. President Roosevelt is very enthusiastic about it." When Mr. French made his application to the R.F.C. he was supported also by the State Housing Board, the Emergency Public Works Commission and former Governor Alfred E. Smith.

These rookeries, as Mr. Smith calls them, house close to 3,000 men, women and children. They will be replaced by twelve-storey and basement fireproof apartments of steel and concrete construction. They will contain 1,662 apartments and 6,030 rooms at an average rental of $12.50 a room per month.

Work will begin in the first part of May, and, according to a published statement by Mr. French:

Offers Work to 10,000.

"It will provide immediate unemployment relief, 2,0000 men will be engaged actually on the site, another 8,000 in shops, foundries, factories, mines, lumber camps, etc. About $8,000,000 will be distributed among about 10,000 people, averaging about $800 per person per year.

"It will encourage the revival of business in a broad sense, and may lead to other like developments in other cities.

"It definitely will give to the families and their children, 1,600 of them who will live in this development, a new type of living which will stand as a model for the country at large."

"Here," comments The Times, "is a genuine venture in slum clearance, not on so large a scale as might be desirable, but at least directed at the right point." "It is," says The World-Telegram, "one of the most heartening things that have happened in New York City during the depression."

But with The Herald Tribune it is still a question whether any large number of such projects could be successfully undertaken. "A rebuilding project covering, say, the whole of the lower East Side," it thinks, "would raise possibly insoluble problems in economics, taxation, finance, city plan and social requirements, not the least of which would be the problem of housing those who now live in the 'lung blocks,' since the $12.50-a-room rental in the new construction is considerably above the minimum rentals now paid by the poorest classes. In other words, the single new apartment will not permit us to assume that the housing problem is solved, fine though the project is in itself."

Gt. Britain Cleaning Up.

A massed attack on all slums is taking place in Great Britain, where they have been a problem for many generations. In moving the third reading of a new housing bill in the House of Commons, Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, declared: "Too long have the slums acted as radiating centres of disease of the body, mind and social order. The clearance work must be done, and the Government means to see it through."

According to the London News Chronicle, the Government would provide the essential finance in the form of a subsidy, and such financial provision as might be required in order that the work may be carried on with the greatest possible speed and efficiency.

"In an age of electricity and chromium plating," writes H. V. Morton in the Laborite London Daily Herald, "millions of people are living in surroundings as barbaric as those of our Saxon forefathers. They are actually worse, for in the old days the serf, no matter how hard his life, was a kind of poor relation, whereas the modern slum-dweller is an outcast."

Mr. Morton has made a tour of the slum districts of the great industrial cities of England. They have appalled him, and he declared emphatically:

"The slums of Britain, that mountain of bad living, are a cancer in our national life.

"A country is happy and fortunate only in proportion to the well being of its people, and while we suffer this army of outcasts—from whom, by the way, we are glad to take votes and rent—to exist in conditions that are a disgrace to them and to us, we can not call this country great or happy.

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"We have clearly reached the end of an epoch. Our first task is to bring ourselves up to date. We can not talk about Progress and Civilization while millions of our people are still bogged in the nineteenth century."

Novelist Would Ban Honeymoon

Prominent English Women Take Issue With Mary Borden's Conclusions

The suggestion in Mary Borden's new novel, "The Technique of Marriage," in which the idea is expatiated on that time has come to abolish the honeymoon, has been followed by a deluge of remonstrances from readers of the London paper which first dragged that idea from her pages to its own columns. First on the list of pro-honeymoon believers is her fellow-novelist, Margaret Kennedy, followed by Mrs. J. B. Clynes, wife of the British Home Secretary in the last Labor Government. Then comes Miss Elinor Glyn, who dissents from their views.

Mrs. Clynes writes:

"Any attempt to abolish the honeymoon would be doomed to failure and would be viewed as fantastic. It is part of the established ritual, and custom is often finer than law. There are, of course, cases where the honeymoon is overdone by too much travel and needless expense and the leading of a strenuous life."

This from Miss Kennedy:

"The average person cannot afford to take a long honeymoon, and in most cases when it comes it is taken in conjunction with the ordinary holiday from work. It is great fun, and a gloriously happy time, and over all too soon for most people. I disagree, too, that marriage should be harder and divorce easier. It is hard enough to get married nowadays, especially for people who are not too well off. But it should not be too easy to divorce."

And from the exotic author of "Three Weeks":

"The honeymoon is an anachronism, which should be abolished. How? I have not had time to consider, but I am in entire agreement with Miss Borden that marriage should be made harder and divorce should certainly be easier to get. I believe that before marriage people should submit to an examination of character to see if they are really suited to each other—oil will not mix with water, you know. There is only one point on which I am averse to easy divorce, and that is where it would bring harm to children."

Health Hen Fails To Make Appearance

New York.—The famous heath hen of Martha's Vineyard Island, generally accepted by ornithologists as the last of her species, apparently is extinct, the More Game Birds Foundation announces.

The conclusion is based on a report to the foundation by Prof. Alfred O. Gross of Bowdoin College, who has just completed a long investigation at the island in behalf of the Massachusetts division of fisheries and game.

"The last authentic appearance of the lone bird was March 11, 1932, when it was seen at the James Green farm near West Tisbury," Professor Gross reported. In passing into extinction the heath hen joins the great auk, Labrador duck, Eskimo curlew and passenger pigeon.

French Jurists Shun Overwork

Paris.—French judges are not overworked, says a Chamber of Deputies report on the budget of the Minister of Justice. The report shows that two provincial courts average only one sitting a month and a dozen others only two a month.

Phonograph Disc Output of Russia

The proletariat must have its music, so the gramophone record factory at Aprelevka, Russia, largest in the Soviet Union, is being enlarged to an annual production of 30,000,000 discs. It turned out only a little more than 1,000,000 last year, says The Associated Press.

"Did Harry propose to you in flowery language?" "Yes; but I nipped it in the bud."

Patience, persistence and power to do are only acquired by work.—J. G. Holland.

Pride is a luxury the poor cannot know and with which the rich may well dispense.

France and Russia Arrange Exchange of Army Observers

Paris.—Military observers are to be exchanged by France and Russia as the next step in the program of rapprochement between the two countries.

This is in keeping with a conciliation movement with the Soviets which the French have been pressing, since nationalism began to show strength in Germany and Central Europe reacted unfavorably to German demands for revision of the Versailles treaty.

A military alliance, however, is not envisaged, the Foreign Office announced.

Two French army officers, Colonel Edmond Mendras and Major A. Simon, will go to Moscow as military attaches and two Russians will be attached to the Soviet Embassy in Paris.

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.

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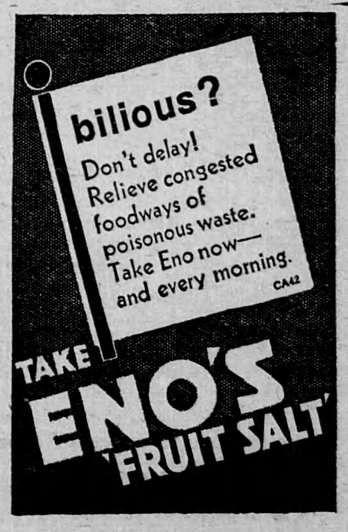

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