Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

It seemed like hours that Mary and Bates watched, and it began to appear that The Fly was winning—at any rate, if he had survived thus far, it was likely he could hold out until the heavy seas subsided and set his course again. Then they lost him. "Well, he's gone," said Bates.

Mary pointed suddenly and cried, "Look, what's that?"

It was merely a moving white speck to her eye, but Bates exclaimed: "By George, he made it! He's tying up at the old pier!"

To Captain Hendricks they took the news. He was listening to the dots and dashes of the repaired radio set.

"It's all right," the captain told them. "He'll stay there till we get ready to go after him. Nothing there but the skeleton walls of the prison, abandoned long ago.

Mary made her way down to the deck and stopped at Bruce's door long enough to see old J. J. Jupiter seated by his son's bunk, holding his hand as if he had been a child. Bruce's eyes were closed; he was sleeping peacefully.

She turned back to her own room, cold, weary and feeling more than a little forlorn. Her door was open and in it stood a strange figure—a ghostly, wild-eyed figure in white pajamas.

"Mary!" Dirk cried at sight of her, and reached for her. "Mary, my love, I've been such a fool! I heard shots and I thought you were killed!"

They sat on the edge of Mary's bed, arms about each other, grinning foolishly but happily at each other.

"Happy?" Dirk asked gently.

"Terribly happy!"

"It's been a long time!" It was their old joke, but instead of laughing they were suddenly more serious than they had ever been with each other. Quickly, breathlessly, they kissed and clung, as if they would never let go.

"Oh, why were you so cruel?" Mary asked when she could manage to speak. "It was awful—I thought I couldn't live, and bear it, for you to think those things of me—"

Dirk put his hand over her mouth. "Don't!" he begged. "I was just a jealous fool! I never dreamed that you could be right about that other terrible thing. You were right, though! I want you to know it.

They then began to consider getting the invalid downstairs again. When this had been accomplished, with one of Dirk's arms about Mary's shoulder and the other about Bates, they still found themselves loath to part.

"I've got to be the papa here and look after you two brats," Bates decided. "Mary, get along to your room or I'll use the old slipper!"

"But I couldn't sleep!"

"Lie there and count sheep then. You don't want to be asleep tomorrow when we bring back The Fly, do you?"

"You're going over?"

"At sun-up."

"But—he may shoot you!"

"We'll take the chance. That's a horrible hole he's taken refuge in."

"Where did he get the gun—and the chloroform?"

"The gun was his own. I got it back from the Ambassador's house detective and have been keeping it in my room. But yesterday I persuaded Mr. Jupiter he ought to keep one handy—he had it lying on his table, but sometime yesterday it disappeared. Either De Loma had a skeleton key and walk-in and filched it, or he snagged it through the open porthole.

"Anyway, Bruce has got a .38 slug in him, and the gun in question was a .38, so it's reasonable to suppose it's his own gun De Loma stole."

"But the chloroform?"

"The chloroform came out of the captain's medicine chest in Bruce's room."

When the lovers had finally parted Bates took Mary to her room. He confided that the radio had responded to Captain Hendrick's attentions, and that he had got through to Key West at last. A tug with a doctor aboard was speeding to their aid and should arrive before noon.

"I haven't seen Louise about. She couldn't have been very anxious about Bruce or she would have stayed with him, wouldn't she?"

"She's standing over by the port rail, staring at the prison," Bates said. "She started crying, wanting to know if he was dead, and I told her no, he'd recover. I thought she meant Bruce. She said it was De Loma she meant. Well, you could knock me over with a feather!"

"He's her husband," Mary told him. "She hates him, but—she loves him, too."

There was little sleep for anyone on board the Gypsy the rest of the night. Dawn found them all dressed and roaming the deck, watching anxiously for the wisp of smoke on the horizon that would herald the arrival of the tug—and deliverance.

Mindful of what had been told her about the old prison and its sorry state, Mary found it impossible not to speculate about The Fly and what had happened to him.

Louise had tried to bribe a sailor to lower the lifeboat and take her to the fort, but her haggard looks so alarmed him that he bolted without making any reply.

Suddenly Mary heard her give a glad cry and saw her train her glasses on the prison. The girl did likewise and saw a figure crawling along the top of the wall, waving something white. Word spread that The Fly had been sighted and everyone rushed to that side of the deck. The man had risen to his feet and was stumbling along, waving his arms frantically. To whom was he signalling?

At almost the same moment the quiet voice of the sailor on watch reported the smoke of the approaching tug on the eastern horizon. It must appear somewhat closer to De Loma than to them. It must be the tug he was signalling, unaware that it was speeding to the aid of the Gypsy. The plume of smoke grew rapidly.

It was like being the audience at a two-ring circus. The excited ones on board the yacht turned their glasses first on De Loma, then on the tug. Suddenly a cry went up from several throats at once—"He's gone! He's fallen!"

Captain Hendricks advanced the idea that, hopeless of attracting the tug's attention, De Loma had deliberately jumped.

"He knew what was ahead of him in the way of thirst—he's no stranger to this part of the country," the captain surmised.

Only one stood silent, tearless, offering no suggestion whatever. Louise. Slowly she put up her hands before her face, and stood with bent head. Mary, her hand fast in Dirk's as he sat beside her in a deck chair, looked away from the sight of the other woman's grief. It came to her now how she would feel if it had been Dirk.

Half an hour later the tug had come as close as possible to the stranded yacht and stopped just off the reef in the free channel. A small boat was lowered and a doctor sent over. While the medical man was with Bruce, Bates and a strong-armed sailor lad were dispatched in the tug's dory to bring back The Fly, alive or dead.

They rowed the half mile to Fort Jefferson and soon returned with the crumpled body of The Fly in the body of the boat. Mary shrank away from the sight, and the sound of Bate's cheerful voice sickened her, as he bellowed up to his employer, grim and white-faced, leaning over the rail:

"Here she is, sir!" He held up the ruby necklace, gleaming like drops of heart's blood in the early morning sun. Mr. Jupiter nodded, but there was no triumph or even pleasure in his face.

"Does he live?" he asked in a low voice as De Loma was carried up the deck and laid on the bed in his room.

Bates nodded. "Crazy in the head," he said softly. "Keeps talking about the sun getting in his eyes. What does he mean by that? The sun wasn't up till just a little while ago."

The doctor came out of Bruce's cabin and greeted the assemblage with the false cheerfulness of those who are not directly concerned in a tragedy. "Your son will live," he told Mr. Jupiter, "but he must be gotten to a hospital immediately. This heat . . . . something might happen to the wound. . . . ."

Mr. Jupiter looked like a man reprieved from death.

"Here," he said, "here's another job for you," and led the surprised doctor to De Loma's stateroom. This time the medical man did not even pretend to them.

"The man's all broken to pieces inside," he said. "He's got a bullet wound besides. What happened to him? If he has any people here, call them. He's likely to go any minute."

But it was not Louise who was called first. Bates, enlisting a white-lipped Mary with pad and pencil in hand to take down the dying man's words, was given a little time alone with him first. Half an hour later they came out. Mary was white and shaking.

"He did it!" she sobbed. "He killed them both!"

"He made Eddie telephone me and say he was coming over, then he put on Eddie's coat and came in his place. Eddie was locked in, with the other man guarding him, but he got away. That was when he called you, and he hid somewhere. They looked for him in the car, but didn't see him until just as he was crossing the street to meet me."

Dirk patted her shoulder reassuringly. When she was quieter, Mary lifted her head and asked bashfully:

"Do you think Eddie knows that we know he didn't do it? I hope so! I've never been really sure until now!"

She buried her head again for a moment, and this time it was the dry, hard sob of shame that shook her. "I'm a liar and a cheat. It wasn't the world I was proving Eddie's innocence to—it was myself. All the time I was blaming you, I was as bad as you were."

Dirk held her hands tightly, and said, 'Listen. You've forgiven me a lot of stupidness because you love me. Don't you think Eddie might do the same for you?"

(To be continued.

Flying Gains in Britain

Although the membership to British flying clubs fell off in 1932, presumably due to the economic depression and increased taxation, they did more flying per member and used more clubowned planes than in the previous year, according to the aviation correspondent of The Daily Telegraph of London.

The figures relate to sixteen government-assisted clubs and seven clubs grouped under the control of the National Flying Services. There are, however, others, such as the Household Brigade, the Royal Naval, and two or three new local clubs. Most of the clubs, according to the correspondent, are in a sound position, but they have been compelled to overhaul methods and to economize. Comparable figures for the past two years are:

	1932	1931
Membership (23 clubs)	6,320	6,711
"Flying" members	3,210	3,930
Hours in the air	28,350	28,686
Flights	63,850	71,474
Club-owned aircraft	100	78

The London Flying Club's airplanes each flew about 480 hours during the year, and the Hampshire Club 403 hours. These figures were exceeded by the Herts and Essex and the Eastern counties clubs, with more than 600 hours, each machine thus flying at least 50,000 miles during the year. The fact that most of the flying is tuition, and entails much wear and tear and a great number of landings, is evidence of the durable qualities of the British light airplane, experts say.

Wishes

I wish that it were really true,
That I could see the good in you,
And you the good in me;
That all of us would "gve a miss"
To foolish, thoughtless prejudice,
And practice charity.

I wish that you and I could learn
The other cheek sometimes to turn,
And good for evil give;
For this we know, and know full well,
That wrong can never wrong repel;
'Tis love's prerogative!

I wish that men of every hue
Could share God's gifts with me and you,
That all could brothers be;
For scorn of but the least of these,
Though sundered by the sounding sea,
Still shames our pedigree.

For of one flesh we all are formed,
By the same spark of life are warmed;
We live, and love, and die;
And so I wish my wish might prove
A presage that we all shall love
Each other by and by.

—Paul Preston.

A Watch

I have a watch to keep
And if I fail
If I let work or sleep
Or care prevail,
And do not pause to pray to God at dawn,
When at the close of day I sit and yawn,
Not only body then, but soul is tired
Because my day has not been God-inspired.

—M.A.M.

A firm advertised for a girl clerk, and the next morning hundreds of applicants arrived. So numerous were they that the chief told the office boy to admit no more. Shortly after this an aggressive woman arrived, and, pushing her way past the others, asked to see the chief. By this time the office boy had grown deaf to all protestations and had but one answer. "Not today, madam," he said. "But I'm his wife," said the woman. "Not today, madam," was the inexorable reply.

Father, awaiting a happy family event, had fortified his courage at the decanter. At length the nurse appeared with twins in her arms. The happy father blinked and drew himself up proudly. "What a beautiful baby!" he exclaimed.

'3,000 Bits of History' To Be Preserved In Gt. Britain

H. M. Office of Works Careful Jurisdiction Will Save Famous Spots for Posterity

London.—The new list of ancient monuments scheduled for preservation by H. M. Office of Work contains a record of 3,000 buildings and other places of historic interest throughout the British Isles.

Curiously enough only three of these are in London—the Chapter House and Pyx Chapel in Westmnster Abbey cloisters, and the Tower of London—all of which are Crown property.

The Commssioners of Works also have charge of the Banqueting Hall (Whitehall), the Horse Guards, Kensington Palace, Chelsea Royal Hospital, and the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

Normally, buildings which are the property of the Crown are excluded from the Ancient Monuments Act and do not appear in the scheduled lists, so that the inclusion of the Tower of London and the Abbey chapter-house and chapel in the latest list is of some significance.

As Regent Street

Crown ownership does not necessarily give protection to any building, as has been shown in the case of Regent-street and, more recently, Carlton House-terrace.

Unless these Crown properties are brought under the care of the Commissioners of Works they are just as liable as any privately-owned property to destruction by process of "commercial development."

The Commissioners of Crown Lands merely act as estate agents charged with the duty of getting the best possible revenue out of the management of the property, whereas the Commissioners of Works are concerned with the preservation of monuments of national importance to whomsoever they may belong.

51 Buildings

Fifty-one old buildings—castles, abbeys, palaces, cathedrals, etc., starred as having come into the Works Commissioners' charge as Crown property—are now included in the scheduled list and have apparently been taken over from the Crown Lands Commissioners for permanent protection.

Among these are three castles in Kent (Deal, Dover, and Walmer), and the Knights Templar Church, Dover. In Middlesex there is the old Brew House, Bushey Park; and in Essex the Gateway, Tilbury, Fort; St. John's, Abbey Gate, Colchester, and Harold's Bridge, Waltham Abbey.

Cheap Sleeping Cars in France

For the first time in the history of French railways, a train left Paris at 8 p.m., April 1, having among its coaches sleeping cars ("wagons-lits") for third-class passengers. The train was bound for the Riviera on the Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Line. For days before its departure, which inaugurated the regular service, posters had told about it at the Paris station, the Gare de Lyon. One passage read: "You will arrive fresh and alert and in possession of all your faculties to deal with your business. You will have gained a day and saved a night in a hotel." The additional charge for a berth between Paris and Marseilles is 75 francs, about $3. The ordinary third-class fare for the journey is a little over $5.

Two friends, one an ardent golfer, the other an equally ardent anti-golfer, were in conversation. "By the way," said the player, "what's happened to that parrot of yours? The one that used to swear so attractively?" "Oh . . . dead, I'm sorry to say." "I'm sorry, too. What did he die of?" "Jealousy, I think." "Jealousy? How could he die of jealousy?" "Well, one day he escaped from his cage, ad we found him later by the big bunker on the golf course. . . . . dead."

Woman (at identification parade to discover bag-snatcher): "I'm afraid I shall not be much good at this. I never seem able to pick the winner in any competition."

Gives Added Enjoyment to Meals

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

623

A Well-Rounded Tale

The distinguishing feature of a well-rounded tale has been defined in various ways, but the general reader need not be burdened with many definitions. Briefly, a story should be an organism. To use the words applied to the epic by Addison, whose artistic feeling in this kind was of the subtlest, "nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it." Tested by such considerations as these there are obviously many volumes of fiction remarkable, and even great, in their character-drawing, their feeling, their philosophy, which are quite second-rate in their structural quality as narratives. Instances will occur in every one's mind; but instead of dwelling upon these it is more interesting to name some which most nearly fulfill the conditions. Their fewness is remarkable, and bears out the opinion expressed earlier in this essay, that the art of novel-writing is as yet in its tentative stage only. Among them "Tom Jones" is usually pointed out as a near approach to perfection in this as in some other characteristics; though, speaking for myself, I do not perceive its great superiority in artistic form over some other novels of lower reputation. The "Bride of Lammermoor" is an almost perfect specimen of form, which is the more remarkable in that Scott, as a rule, depends more upon episode, dialogue, and description for exciting interest, than upon the well-knit interdependence of parts.

Herein lies Richardson's real if only claim to be placed on a level with Fielding: the artist spirit that he everywhere displays in the structural parts of his work and in the interaction of the personages, notably those of "Clarissa Harlowe." However cold, even artificial, we may, at times, deem the heroine and her companions in the pages of that excellent tale, however numerous the twitches of unreality in their movements across the scene beside those in the figures animated by Fielding, we feel, nevertheless, that we are under the guidance of a hand which has consummate skill in evolving a graceful, well-balanced set of conjectures forming altogether one of those circumstantial wholes which when approached by events in real life, cause the observer to pause and reflect, and say: "What a striking history!" We should look generously upon his deficiency in the robuster touches of nature, for it is the deficiency of an author whose artistic sense of form was developed at the expense of his accuracy of observation as regards substance. No person who has a due perception of the constructive art shown in Greek tragic drama can be blind to the constructive art of Richardson.—From "Life and Art," by Thomas Hardy. (New York: Greenberg.)

The concert party was third rate, and visitors were reluctant to patronize the show—except one little man who had not missed a single performance. His continual presence had been the only gratifying speck on the horizon, but even his support could not keep the show going. On the last night the manager stepped before the curtain. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he announced, "before taking leave of you we wish to thank our friend here in the front row for his esteemed patronage—he has not missed a single performance!" The little man rose and stammered his acknowledgments. "It's awfully decent of you," he said, modestly, "but, as a fatter of fact, this is the only place where my wife has never thought of looking for me."

Man's Dependence On Formaldehyde

Plays Important Part in Plant Life, Says Scientist

Washington.—Man's existence on earth may depend at least in part on formaldahyde, which was pictured before the American Academy of Science as playing an important part in formation of food from the soil by plants.

Another speaker told of evidence of resemblance between man and apes found in the forms of the bodies of children between birth and adulthood.

The discovery about formaldehyde was reported by Dr. Fred Allison of Alabama Polytechnic Institute. He said formaldehyde had been detected within the cells of algae, which are primitive forms of plants. This is believed to indicate formation of formaldehyde is one step in the little-understood progress by which plants manufacture carbo-hydrates or food products out of minerals in the soil.

Evidence of resemblance of men and apes was described by Dr. Charles G. Davenport, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Human children, he explained, pass through the same stages of development as do apes, but go on beyond the point at which development of the apes stop.

The don was lecturing upon the distribution of world population. He mentioned that only in the West Indies were males found to be in excess of females. "A happy state of affairs," he said playfully; "not unlike that state which existed in this community of ours before lady undergraduates were admitted." At this point several women students present, affecting to be offended, rose to leave the class. "On moment, please," said the lecturer. "There is no occasion to go yet. The next boat for the West Indies doesn't leave for a week."

How to get to SLEEP

When you can't sleep, it's because your nerves won't let you. Don't waste time "counting sheep." Don't lose half your needed rest in reading. *Take* two tablets of Aspirin, drink a glass of water—and go to sleep.

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ISSUE No. 18—'33

British Industries Fair Charge Entrance Fee

For the first time in the history of the show, foreign buyers are being charged an admission at the London Olympia where the British Industries Fair is in progress. In exchange they receive one of these badges.