

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS

Old Mrs. Jupiter, wife of the millionaire automobile manufacturer gives an elaborate dinner and dance for her secretary and protégé, Mary Harkness, who is to marry the socially elite Dirk Ruyter. Mary receives a telephone call from her stepcousin brother, Eddie, saying he is in trouble and must see her. Mary arranges for him to be admitted secretly. When she goes upstairs to meet him she hears screams and then shots in Mrs. Jupiter's room.

CHAPTER II.

Fearfully, as if drawn by a magnet, Mary moved slowly forward. Outside the closed door of Mrs. Jupiter's sitting room she stopped and called sharply, experimentally, "Eddie!" Then more loudly, "Eddie!" There was no reply.

Could it be Eddie in there? What would he be doing in Mrs. Jupiter's room? He had no business there unless the servants had directed him there in error, or had gone in there by mistake.

He hadn't said anything about bringing someone with him, though, and some other person was in there—the person he had been quarrelling with. Suddenly she remembered, and the realization stunned her. Mrs. Jupiter was in that room. Hadn't she gone upstairs to take her shoes off? It had been Mrs. Jupiter's voice she heard. Then whose hand had fired those shots?

Perhaps there hadn't been any. Her unbelieving mind was milling about desperately. Perhaps an automobile had backed in the drive. But that was nonsense—the noise had been close, plain. You couldn't hear noise from the outside clearly in here, in this great heavy-walled house with the thickly shuttered windows.

The silence began to tear at her nerves. Gasping with excitement, she reached out suddenly and jerked open the door. The room was brightly lit, but empty. She looked about, dumbfounded, almost ready to believe that her senses had tricked her.

Then she looked down—and there on the floor lay the crumpled figure of Mrs. Jupiter, the white hair away where the diamond headpiece had been ruthlessly snatched from it, the gold dress twisted about her knees, the poor wrinkled old face haggard but strangely peaceful under the searching glare of the lights. An old pair of felt house slippers covered her feet.

Her hands, barren now of rings, still clutched something which she held clasped tightly between the palms, still firmly grasped together on her breast. It was the ruby necklace.

But it was the spot in her forehead, just below the hairline, from which a slow ooze of blood trickled and ran redly down the temple into the snow-white hair, that drew Mary's horrified gaze.

Her distended eyes took in the whole scene with photographic clarity before she realized its enormity. For the first time it occurred to her as she stared at the still, disheveled figure, that Mrs. Jupiter was dead.

What had happened seemed clear—Mrs. Jupiter had been robbed, but she had not given up the necklace. With her last breath she had protected it; the coil of blood-red stones between her fingers testified to her success. The thief had not been

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It was impossible not to obey the old man as he crackled out commands

Curls "Are In"



Curls are definitely in. This coiffure is the latest, called the Park Avenue bob which goes well with the feminine trend of fashion.

like a drill-sergeant. Mary moved off, but stopped to telephone Eddie. He shared a flat with two or three other young men, and because of them she had never visited him.

Someone answered, but it was not Eddie. Eddie had not been there for three or four days.

Mary put up the receiver slowly. She wanted to go somewhere and think, but she did not like to leave the telephone. Eddie might call again at any minute, and she wanted to be there.

The figure of Teddy Doulton lurched into the hallway. Teddy always pretended to be drunker than he was. It was part of his "line." He fancied himself a comedian. Now he hailed her with shouts of delight.

"We thought you'd eloped!" he chortled gaily. "Where's Dirk?" His puzzled gaze searched the dark corner in vain. Anything to get rid of him, Mary thought desperately.

"Listen, Ted," she said quickly, "will you do something for me?" He was compliant, but suspicious. "Then go and find your host for me. He may be out in the drive talking to the chauffeurs. Find him and bring him here, quickly!"

Teddy saluted elaborately. "I hear and obey." He turned himself around and started off, but suddenly stopped and clapped a hand to his head. "By the way, who is my host?" Then he snapped his fingers. "Ah, I remember. Now don't go away, sweetheart—I'll be right back!"

He moved off, making exaggerated motions of search, lifting cushions, spanking draperies, and inspecting woodwork through a non-existent magnifying glass. She had not really expected any help from the fool, but his silliness seemed more than she could bear.

Suddenly she wanted Dirk terribly. He would know what to do. The ball-room was deserted as she crossed it and a bubble of voices from the dining room told that supper was being served. Dirk and Cornelia were, she felt sure, in the terrace. Some dark corner would yield them, she felt sure. As she came out on the walk that led to the lower garden, the sound of voices below her arrested her attention.

Two figures were swaying together on the very lip of the lilypond, the woman's white dress brightly silhouetted against the dark.

"I will! I will, too!" she was sobbing. "Let go of me, you brute!" It was Cornelia, and the man whose bosom she was pounding with her fists as he held her firmly by the shoulders, was Dirk.

(To be continued.)

AIMING HIGH

It is a law of this universe that the best things shall be seldom seen in their best form. . . . And therefore, while in all things that we see, or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to the nearer thing in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing, in its mighty progress; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty; not to prefer victory to honorable defeat; not to lower the level of our aim, that we may more surely enjoy the complacency of success.

By the way, Peggy's own account of that historic drama—in which she played the leading part—is given for the first time in "The Autobiography of Peggy Eaton," just published, and an amazing and intensely human story it is. But that is neither here nor there, except to connect up the appointment of her husband, John H. Eaton, as Governor of Florida, after he had retired as a result of the scandal, from President Andrew Jackson's Cabinet, in which he was Secretary of War.

Three days after his arrival in Florida, Governor Eaton granted—as was his right—his first divorce, to a dissatisfied wife.

"I am going to give them as fast as they ask for them," Peggy quoted him as saying. "If they cannot live together in peace I am not going to keep them together."

Sparrows, which were not known in Australia until imported by settlers, have now become such a pest in parts of South Australia that there is now a price on their heads and eggs in at least one district.

Reminiscences

Speaking of "Making the Most of Your Life," Messrs. Morgan and Webb quote Chauncey Depew—a real humorist, if you please—as once saying:

"My grandfather died of worry, and my father died of worry. I was dying of worry when I decided to take up humor—to see the genial and amusing side of life. It was humor that saved my health."

Depew was a young man until he passed on at the age of 94.

One of Mr. Depew's stories came out of a visit he paid to St. Paul's Cathedral. He was looking at the tomb of the great Duke of Wellington, when a guide edged up to him and said:

"Many Americans come here, but the most remarkable of them was Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. He was very inquisitive and wanted to know all about Wellington's tomb."

"I told him that the Duke's body was first put in a wooden coffin, and this was enclosed in steel; that had made for it a position in a stone weighing twenty tons, and over that was another huge stone weighing forty tons. He gave me a slap on the back which sent me flying quite a distance and exclaimed:

"Old man, you have got him a safe. If he ever sees cable at my place to Robert G. Ingersoll, Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.""

Then there was the story of a young clergyman who was commanded to preach before Queen Victoria at Windsor, and who sought out Disraeli, then Prime Minister, for some pointers.

"If you preach thirty minutes," advised Dizzy, "Her Majesty will be bored. If you preach fifteen minutes, Her Majesty will be pleased. If you preach ten minutes, Her Majesty will be delighted."

"But," said the young clergyman, "what can a preacher possibly say in ten minutes?"

"That," replied Dizzy, "will be a matter of indifference to Her Majesty."

Mentioning Disraeli reminds one that his wife, the famous Mary Anne, has a biography all to herself. And no married man will read "Mary Anne Disraeli," by James Sykes, without agreeing, perhaps only to himself, that she was "the perfect wife." Why, for thirty-three years of their married life Mary Anne cut (and later dyed) Dizzy's hair every two or three weeks—meticulously preserving the curl over the forehead, a characteristic feature of his portraits and caricatures.

Furthermore, she kept the hair! This Disraeli discovered when examining his dead wife's treasures. She had never repaid the crop without, as he put it, "garnering the harvest."

To cut the hair (as Mr. Sykes well says) was a mark of affection; to keep it, surely, an act of adoration.

The new Kipling book of stories and poems, "Limits and Renewals,"—his first in six years—recalls the days of long ago when he arrived in London from India in search of fame and fortune and lodged in some small rooms—up two flights of stairs—in Villiers Street, alongside Charing Cross railway station. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Kipling's sitting room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace smashed to smithereens.

"Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face. "I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half-waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in, when my toes touched the leather tongue. Snake! flashed across my sleepy brain. I gave one desperate kick and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London and not in India."

We hear much about quick and easy divorce these days, but one hundred years ago, divorces were obtained even quicker and easier—at all events in Florida, where the Governor of the Territory had the right to grant them. At that time, the Governor was John H. Eaton, husband of the celebrated Peggy Eaton. Peggy, you may recall, was the storm centre of one of the most dramatic, political and social scandals Washington has ever known.

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The 40th Anniversary of "SALADA" TEA

For 40 years SALADA has given the finest quality in tea. Present prices are the lowest in 15 years.

Ramblings

Big motor-coaches in England cost \$350 apiece every year for insurance alone.

Of all marriages in England and Wales thirty-eight are childless.

The maximum speed for safety on escalators is said to be 150 feet a minute.

Out of every three persons aged twenty-eight in London two are supplied with artificial teeth.

During the last ten years no fewer than 45,000 people have been killed on British roads.

Gold bangles are sometimes substituted for wedding-rings in the Scandinavian countries.

Since religious freedom was allowed in Spain the sale of Bibles has gone up by 60,000 a year.

Wedding-rings were formerly worn on the fourth finger of the right hand, counting the thumb as a finger.

Emigrants who crossed the Atlantic 150 years ago had to carry their own food supplies, as none was provided for them.

Feathers are sewn closely together to form a soft fabric which is very popular just now in Paris as a trimming for coats and jackets.

Gambling at cards and dice and matrimonial troubles which lead to the payment of alimony are among the principal causes of business bankruptcies in America.

Criminals taken into a police station in G. Britain can be identified by their finger-prints in less than half an hour by means of the 400,000 sets of prints filed at Scotland Yard.

A fully furnished flat, comprising living-room, kitchen, bed-room, and bath-room, is provided by the L.C.C. in Lewisham, London, so that schoolgirls can learn practical housework.

Hop-growing, to which 20,000 acres of England were devoted last year, involves an outlay of from £120 to £150 an acre. Each acre of hop land finds steady employment for seventeen workers.

Cold tea is recommended by the medical superintendent of one big hospital as a first-aid treatment for burns. If any of the old ready treatments were given, he said, it was very difficult to clean the wound before anything could be done.

Women employees who work in the Bank of England must now wear only black, navy blue, or very dark grey, with white collars, and must not use lipsticks or other aids to beauty. Plain white blouses will be permitted in the summer months.

Typists working in mos. Government offices have to make a daily return of work done, showing the sort of work done, and how long each job occupied. This takes from ten to twenty minutes of each typist's time each day, and there are 8,000. So the opponents of the return say there is a loss of at least 1,333 working hours every day.

Children and Adversity

By Ray Lyman Wilbur

Personally and speaking broadly, I think that unless we descend to a level far beyond anything that we at present have known our children are apt to profit rather than suffer from what is going on.

We must set up the neglect of prosperity against the care of adversity. With prosperity many parents unload the responsibilities for their children onto others. With adversity the home takes its more normal place. There is no substitute for intelligent parental care exercised throughout the day, at meal times, and in controlling proper sleeping conditions at night. More important still, there is no substitute for the parent in the development of the spiritual, moral and mental make-up of the child.

Canada's Fur Imports

In 1930 Canada imported raw and dressed furs and fur goods to the value of \$9,585,433, and exported furs of Canadian origin, either raw, dressed or manufactured, valued at \$15,357,386.

Nearly the whole of this sum was the value of raw furs, which had a total export value of \$15,202,168, of which the British Isles took over \$8,525,000 worth and the United States nearly \$4,000,000. Fur of Canadian origin is of notably high quality and consequently is in demand in the best markets.

CONFIDENCE

Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over them and in them. The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail. A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle; and rally to a nobler strife the giants that had led.—Tupper.

British Make Bows and Arrows
British factories are still turning out enough bows and arrows to equip a large-sized tribe of Indians. One factory alone, manufacturing 3,000 arrows each year, reports a growing business.

The Oxford Country

There is a beautiful, sloping acre, not far from Oxford, which a number of great elms divide into aisles and nave, while at one end a curving hawthorn and maple hedge completes them with an apse. Towards Oxford, the space is almost shut in by remote elms. On one side I hear the soft and sibilant fall of soaking grass before the scythe. The rain and sun alternating are like two lovers in dialogue; the rain smiles from the hills when the sun shines, and the sun also while the rain is falling. When the rain is not over, and the sun has interrupted, the nightingale sings, where the stitchwort is stary 'midst long grass that bathes the sweeping branches of thorn and brier. . . . A potent, warm, and not quite soothing perfume creeps over the grass, and makes the May blossom something elvish. I turn and look east. Almost at once, all these things are happily composed into one pleasant sense and are but a frame to a tower and three spires of Oxford, like clouds—but the sky is suddenly cloudless.

I suppose that Ivy has the same graceful ways on all old masonry, yet I have caught myself remembering, as if it were unique, that perfect ancient ivy that makes an arcade of green along the wall of Godstow nunnery. And in the same way, above all others, I can remember the pollard willows that lean this way and that along the Oxford streams—like prehistoric sculpture in winter, but in summer a green and full of voices. Never have I seen sunsets like those which make Wytham Wood and Marley Wood great purple clouds, and the clouds overhead more solid than they. How pleasant are Cherwell and Evenlode, and those angry little waters at Ferry Hinksey! When I see the rain a white cloud and Shotover Hill a grey cloud, I seem never before to have seen the sweetness of rain.

October is nowhere so much itself as among the Hinksey elms. The trees, whether they stand alone or in societies, are most perfect in autumn. Something in the soil, or climate, preserves their farewell hues as in a protracted sunset. Looking at them at nightfall, it is hard to believe that they have been amidst ten thousand sunsets and remained the same; for they ponder great matters, and not only in the autumn, but in May, when the silence is startled by the gurgling laughter of the hen cuckoo. When spring comes into the land, I remember a mulberry that suspended its white blossom, among black boughs, over a shining lawn at the edge of the city; and the bells that in March or April seemed to be in league with spring, as we heard them from the fields. And how well a conversation would grow and blossom between Headington and Wheatley or Osney and Eaton!—From "Oxford," Painted by John Fulleylove. Described by Edward Thomas.

Rest is a means, not an end. We rest that we may work and work better. The test of a holiday is in what it does for us in the way of reinvigoration and inspiration for the work that waits. July and August are to many thousands vacation months, and September calls them back to work. It ought to be a welcome call to everyone. Nothing worse could happen to us than have no work to do—to have a vacation all the time. We need work to develop our powers. It is by action that we grow. Skill in any department of life is the result of practice. Tasks may seem irksome, but every one is an opportunity, and bears a gift of God for us which we can only get by accepting it and doing it. To shrink from the duties which come to us in our common calling, however dull and wearisome they may be, is not only indolence and cowardice, it is also robbing one in lives of many helpful and uplifting influences.

We should come back to work, therefore, after a holiday, with ardour and enthusiasm. We should have the inspiration of gratitude—a rest from heavy tasks certainly is something to be thankful for. Our vacation, if it has been spent in a sensible way, has refilled our drained fountains of vitality, giving us new strength for the work before us.

—Dr. J. R. Miller.

Back to Work

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Gems from Life's Scrap-book

"The more we give to others, the more we are increased"—Lao-Tze.

"That alone belongs to you which you have bestowed."—Vamuna.

"He gives twice who gives quickly."—Syrus.

"Giving does not impoverish us in the service of our Maker, neither does withholding enrich us."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"For the will and not the gift makes the giver."—Lessing.

"Gifts are as gold that adorn the temple; grace is like the temple that sanctifies the gold."—Burkitt.

Remember—Edison gave unstintingly.

AUDACITY

What we require in order to conquer is audacity, and yet more audacity, and always audacity!—Danton.



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