

# Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Rich old Mrs. Jupiter is robbed and murdered during the engagement party she gives for her secretary, Mary. Mary's second husband, Eddie, is accused of the crime. Mary's father, a doctor, is called in to examine the body. Mary's father, a doctor, is called in to examine the body. Mary's father, a doctor, is called in to examine the body.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Retten for Dirk, but I don't suppose he realizes it—men in love are so stupid—Oh, I don't think he's so much in love—Don't you?—Why don't you think so?" Then shrieks of mirth, subsiding into giggles. "Oh, it's too funny—the family skeleton walking out and rattling just at this time—every family has one, they say—my dear, not the Euthyses! Can you imagine a Ruyter walking around in his bones?" More wracking, more giggles.

Mary turned hot and cold, and shrank down further to avoid any chance of being seen. Or were they doing it for her benefit? She couldn't tell. Thank goodness, they would get off early. Mary was relieved to see the big Tabor house loom up on the hill ahead.

Just then Cornelia looked around, whether guiltily or not Mary couldn't decide.

"Oh, my dear!" she shrieked, "I didn't see you there!" She popped up and came back, followed by the other girl, and sat down opposite.

"How's the murder coming along?" Cornelia seemed determined to blot out the memory of her former tearfulness by being unusually vivacious.

"Dirk's a beast. He just says it's all settled, and he won't tell me a thing more about it. How can a murderer be settled if the murderer isn't in jail?"

Mary merely shrugged. So Dirk had seen Cornelia, had he? He hadn't mentioned it.

Cornelia's gaze rested curiously on the man's topcoat lying across Mary's lap.

"That's not Dirk's, is it? Two-timing him already, are you?"

"It's my brother's," Mary said.

Cornelia gasped. "Oh, my dear, I'd forgotten about your brother. You must forgive me. So sorry."

Mary's silence began to eat the edge off the other girl's gushing manner.

"How's Dirk? See his mother I tell you?" Cornelia asked at last. "How is she?"

"All right, I suppose," Mary answered matter-of-factly, although she knew the question was meant to scratch. "Call me tomorrow and I'll report. I'm dining there tonight."

"Oh," Cornelia's eyes slipped away evasively. "Well, we'll be seeing you, then. We're coming, too. Ethel's honor, I guess. Nothing formal, you know—just the family."

Mary didn't manage to get so well this time. Her face felt stiff as she smiled goodbye. They were approaching the gates of the Tabor place. Cornelia her satellite swished off the bus, Ethel casting a provocative glance at the bus-driver as she bounced down the step. It was wasted; he was wiping off the windshield, and seemed unaware of her existence. Driving the bus along "Retten Road" had made him "rotten to firt-

tion; too many kittenish debs had thrown themselves at his good-looking Irish head from time to time. Mary seethed with jealousy as the bus ground on toward The Point, where the Jupiter mansion stood.

"Sorry I can't take you up to the door, Miss Mary, the bus-driver said as he let her down.

"Thanks, Bill, I'll be all right," Mary replied, throwing Eddie's coat over her head as she ran up the drive. As she stood shaking the raindrops off the coat in the entry she thought Spence gave it a second glance. He continued to study it as he took it from her. It had a rather obvious, plaid pattern, which seemed to interest him deeply. To her question about Mr. Jupiter, he answered absently.

"He's in the library, playing patience. And you'd best hurry on, he's been asking after you since breakfast. 'E don't like poker, and none of the chauffeurs plays cribbage. Ah,' he broke off—so you know that young man then?"

"What young man?"

Spence shook the coat angrily. "The young man who tried to 'crash the party' at your party, the night Mrs. Jupiter was killed," he answered. "It's his coat, I'd swear. Now how did you come by it, Miss Mary, if I may ask?"

## CHAPTER XIV.

"What young man Spence? What are you talking about?" Mary eyed the old butler, fearful of what he might be about to reveal. He looked so vindictive as he held Eddie's topcoat aloft and glared at it as if he would have liked to shake its owner.

Under the stress of emotion, his usual West End English left him and the cockney came out.

"He had the face, you'll believe it, Miss, to call himself a doctor, and to force his way in. Yes! And when I told him you'd neither invited him nor sent for him, that impudent he was he tried to walk past me into the 'ouse! I put my 'and up and I said 'None o' that, sir!' I said—"

"When was this, and who was it, Spence?" Mary demanded, impatiently.

"It was the night of your party, Miss Mary," the butler explained, "of all them that came and asked to be let in without tickets, he was the freshest." Obviously the man's parting jibe had left an indelible mark on the old servant's sensitive spot—his dignity. "Why he looked at me as if he'd have liked to do me in, that he did! But I thought as he might be a friend of yours, so I explained about the jewels and the need to keep 'em safe. But did he take it like a gentleman would? He laughed, if you'll believe it, and he called me an 'old fool,' he did, an' said 'Mind you cunt the spoons!'"

His wrathful mimicry would have been funny if Mary had not been so preoccupied with the identity of that mysterious visitor.

"But who was it, Spence? My brother?"

"Not your brother, Miss," Spence explained testily. "I told you as 'ow 'e was a stranger, and no gentleman, either. 'E had that coat on, as sure as I'm living, with the collar turned up about his ears, like this."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! When you come in like that, with that coat over you, it brought it back to me as plain as if he was standin' there."

"But this is Eddie's coat, my brother's," Mary told him excitedly. "Oh, Spence, would you know the man a 'in if you saw him? Oh, do you see what this means?" She seized the surprised old servant by both arms and pressed him around. "It means somebody else tried to get in, somebody else DID get in, and took the things and did it all, just as I said! Not Eddie! Oh, Spence, you old lamb—why didn't you tell me this before?"

They were still talking it over hours later, Mary and Mr. Jupiter, across the little green hazy card-table drawn up before the library fire. Early dusk had fallen because of the rain, and tea things sat disregarded on the table between them.

Spence, rendered completely agog by the possibility that he had brushed horns with a thief and murderer, was in and out on a variety of self-made errands, ears open to hear all that was said. He had guarded the portals better than he knew, and virtue shone as a garland on his grizzled brow. He was convinced already that he had met the brute in single-handed combat, and subdued him by the majesty of his person, alone.

Mr. Jupiter, however, was slower to kindle over the idea.

"You can't be sure it's the same coat," he said. "If the man was a thief, would he try the front door?" He sneered disbelief.

"It's the same coat," Spence retorted stubbornly. "I've seen thousands of them in London, and not half a dozen in New York, sir. And it's old, sir, and fair in threads along the edges. Struck me odd at the time, sir, a man in evening dress like that, sir, wearing a disgraceful coat like

that—begging your pardon, Miss Mary."

"It's old, surely," Mary agreed. "It was Dad's and Eddie came into it when Dad died. It was big for him, but he needed it—times when he hadn't any other."

Mr. Jupiter remained silent. He was unconvinced, but he was thoughtful. Mary continued eagerly. "I shouldn't have thought it the same coat myself, only that it was that very same night, and his trying so hard to get in, and being so nasty about it. And Eddie's coat was gone, somehow—lost or loaned or something. I'm sure of it. Mr. Bowen, the reporter, and I both heard Eddie say plainly when he was lying in the ambulance, 'Make him give me back my coat.' And when Eddie came to meet me that day when—that day," she swallowed hard and went on, "he had no coat on, just his blue suit, all mused and wrinkled. And it was cold. I remember I wore my fur jacket and nearly froze in that reporter's open car—"

"But he didn't get in, you say, Spence?" Mr. Jupiter turned to the butler.

"Not by the front door, sir, that's certain," Spence agreed. "But," he added with a side glance at Mary, "the side door was open."

"And how would he know that?"

"He might just have tried it, sir, and found it open."

"Or mightn't he have heard Eddie telephoning me?" Mary put in. "Eddie knew all sorts of men, gamblers and so on. Mr. Bowen was telling me to-day there's a race-track gambler they call The Fly, and he thinks Eddie meant him when he was out of his head and mumbled. Only he wasn't cut of his head—he knew what he was saying. But he was weak, and we wouldn't pay attention. That's what I believe!"

"Hold on," Mr. Jupiter chided. "You're going pretty fast. You been seeing that reporter lately?"

"Why, yes," Mary was a trifle dashed. "I—I lunched with him to-day. He's making an investigation on his own, and I've promised to help him."

"It's not his business. Kane's the man!" Mr. Jupiter's stick came down with a rap on the velvet carpet.

(To be continued.)

## Ducks Due to be Plentiful in Western Canada This Fall


Winnipeg—Ducks will be plentiful in Western Canada this fall, hunters who have traveled over the north during recent weeks declare. The ducks are experiencing ideal conditions this season for breeding and hatching, and there is every prospect there will be record numbers flocking southward when the ice begins to coat northern lakes.

In lakes and swamps hundreds of flocks of ducks are passing the summer. There is no lack of water this season, such as last year decreased the flocks.

"You must remember, my boy, that wealth does not bring happiness," said the fatherly parson.

"I don't expect it to," answered the modern youth. "I merely want it so that I may be able to choose the kind of misery that is most agreeable to me."

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3 1/2 lb. packages or sliced from the famous 5 lb. loaf. Look for the name "Kraft" as the only positive identification of the genuine.

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## Youth of To-day

By Alexander Nairne, Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge University, in an interview in London.

The modern young man hates to be thought an idealist. He prefers to think of himself as a realist, a little cynical about fine words and large hopes. Nevertheless, the ideals are still there.

It was almost shocking to me to find the way the latest generation seems to despise the war, and the heroic ideals behind it, as a folly which could have been prevented. But I believe it knows something which I hidden from the older people, for all their experience, and because of that attitude war will stop. The undergraduate nowadays is far more serious. He begins work at 9 in the morning and often spends his afternoon in the "labs." He is much less of a schoolboy and more a man-of-the-world than those of my own generation. His distinctive "Cambridge accent" is going, but so are blasphemy and drunkenness. He is not, as a rule, so well dressed as his predecessor, but he is far more genteel and considerate in manners—far more expert, in fact, in the gentle art of living. His attitude of mind, whether he is evangelical or Anglo-Catholic, is more tolerant, more broadly sensible, and he is not troubled nowadays by "party" questions in religion.

## Royal Records

A unique collection of special Royal postmarks, forming a record of the Prince of Wales' Indian tour, has been completed, after ten years' work, by Mr. J. M. Cooper, a well-known philatelist, who travelled from India by plane to present it to his Royal Highness.

Every letter posted from the Royal Camp Post Office was franked with a special postmark, and Mr. Cooper collected covers bearing postmarks which account for every town and place visited during the tour.

The Prince already possesses very full records of his various tours and other activities, in the library of personal Press-cuttings which is kept at York House. There are over forty volumes, each containing nearly 7,000 cuttings, and they have been found very useful as a means of reference to past speeches and visits to persons whom his Royal Highness has met.

Comprehensive as this collection it, it does not contain all the Press-cuttings about the Prince. Only a selection of those which are received is actually kept.—Answers (London).

## New So. Wales Calls for Lash and Hanging

Sydney, Australia.—Powerful citizens' organizations, with the support of newspapers, are demanding that the government restore the lash and hangman's noose in the state of New South Wales. Recent atrocious crimes are alleged to have been due to the modern humane treatment of prisoners.

It is proposed to restore the whipping triangle and the cat-o-nine tails in all jails. It is also demanded that all first-degree murderers shall be executed, the court decision to be unalterable by the government.

## "Miss Personality"



Personality plus. Radiating plenty of pep, Billie Elwood, 18, San Antonio miss, arrives here by plane from Galveston after dazzling the judges there. She will soon make a nation-wide tour in her new capacity.

## Same Fine Quality—Lower Price

# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

## This Week's Science Advances

### Why Coal Smoke Is Dangerous—Protecting Concrete with Asphalt

Sulphur dioxide is the constituent of coal smoke that menaces health and corrodes buildings. Even in diluted quantities, sulphur dioxide in the air will corrode steel and other metal and eat away marble, brick and mortar. In more concentrated amounts it may destroy vegetation and even human life.

According to an announcement of the American Chemical Society, discoveries which have been made by Dr. Robert D. Snow of the University of Illinois, and by Drs. S. W. Griffin and W. W. Skinner of the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, will probably do much to free cities from the dangers of the noxious gas.

Dr. Snow's discovery is important because it shows that sulphur can be removed from coal before it is burned. The coal is first ground in the mine and then treated with an acid solution of ferric sulphate. Thus treated, it is washed and heated in an atmosphere of hydrogen, by which the sulphur is removed to form hydrogen sulphide. As much as 93 per cent. of the sulphur originally present in the coal can thus be extracted.

The work of Drs. Griffin and Skinner has been confined merely to the detection of sulphur dioxide, so that measures may be taken to prevent a repetition of the Menes Valley disaster which occurred in Belgium in December, 1910, when sixty lives were lost in a poison fog. Drs. Griffin and Skinner have invented an apparatus in which sulphur dioxide is absorbed in an iodine solution. From the amount of iodine used by the chemists are able to calculate the percentage of sulphur in the air.

### Asphalt to Protect Concrete

Concrete is attacked by sea water, alkaline fresh water and moist soil. In 1920 the harbor engineers of Los Angeles dipped concrete in hot asphalt at a temperature of 450 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit, for a period of from fifteen to twenty hours. Out of this early experiment came a method of impregnating concrete with asphalt by a vacuum pressure process, similar in many respects to that used in creosoting lumber. After immersion in the sea for a period of seven and one-half years concrete thus treated has remained intact.

By this so-called concrete process—that is, the penetration of concrete by asphalt—the concrete after curing is thoroughly dried by air in a temperature chamber, or eighteen to twenty hours. The temperature is then raised to 240 degrees Fahrenheit and maintained there from two to four hours. The slabs are then rapidly moved into the main treating cylinder, which has been preheated and dried. This free water is driven off and a vacuum is produced in the voids created. Asphalt fills the chamber and rushes into the vacuum ores. Air pressure maintained for twelve hours completes the impregnation. The temperature is then allowed to drop slowly to cool the asphalt and the slabs. Concrete is thus impregnated to a depth of 1 1/2 inches to 2 inches. The asphalt cannot be detached from the surface.

In describing the process in Civil Engineering, G. F. Nicholson, harbor engineer of Los Angeles, observes "that a well-constructed impregnated pile is practically permanent and will serve until the structure of which it is a part becomes obsolete—in any case for seventy-five years or more."

Large structures of concrete, such as sea walls, which cannot be treated in a retort, are impregnated in various pre-cast sizes.

### Sodium Lamp Experiments

The various efforts of European and American physicists to give us an electric gas-lamp have inspired more than one item in this column. There can be no question that the present filament lamp is doomed its efficiency cannot be greatly increased. The future of illumination belongs to the gas-lamp, which we now see on every hand imitating a red neon or blue argon the most complicated designs and fastidious signatures.

The physicists have been turning their attention to sodium, because it glows with an agreeable yellow light when its vapor is electrified in a tube. So we find Professor Georges Claude, Professor Pirani and others experimenting with it. In Holland the firm of Philips, Ltd., and in the United States the General Electric Company are experimenting with identical types of sodium lamps that show clearly enough what may be expected a decade hence.

### Colour in Nature

The shadows of the trees in the wood, why are they blue? Ought they not to be dark? Is it really blue, or an illusion? And what is their color when you see the shadow of a tall trunk aslant in the air like a leaning pillar? The fallen brown leaves wet with dew have a different brown from those that are dry, and the upper surface of the green growing leaf is different from the under surface. The yellow butterfly, Professor Mendelhall suggests, that turns out jolly should quiver when it is tapped with a knife and the knife should cut through it easily and come away clean, not covered with a film of syrup. The cut edges of the jelly should be sparkling and sharp. The clearness of jelly depends chiefly on the attention given to careful dripping of the juice and skimming before pouring. If the bag is squeezed while the juice is dripping, little particles of pulp come through and make the jelly cloudy.

Of great importance is the sterilization of the jars. They must be spotlessly clean but a thorough washing gives this result. Dust is, however, the greatest enemy of jelly and therefore the jars should be sealed as soon as the jelly has been poured, with hot paraffin wax. Then when the jar is cold, seal again with paraffin and roll the jar to spread the paraffin on the sides. Store jams and jellies in a cool, dry place, as dust free as possible. Then with a cupboard of perfect jams and jellies, the home-maker is never caught without the ingredients of a delicious party when unexpected guests arrive.

### The Rod and the Child

By Sir Adair Roche, Judge, King's Bench Division.

Just as I should be sorry to see use of the cane in schools abolished, so am I particularly glad that the good sense of the House of Lords put back the right to whip in the children's bill which has been before the House.

There is a great deal of false sentiment about England to-day which is different from sentiment and utterly opposed to true kindness.

Looking back on my own school life, I know I owe a great deal to a headmaster of discriminate but forcible severity, who put what is sometimes called "the fear of God" into us, and I believe it did us good.

The world suffers a great deal from people who are uninteresting, because they themselves are not interested in anything. It also suffers from the learned people full of knowledge who are extremely foolish—and lots of them are at the universities and elsewhere. This occurs because they have not cultivated the outside world, nor do they know what is going on around them. They haven't noticed things and haven't got the power to apply their common sense to common things.

### Nobleness

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead. Will rise in majesty to meet thee own; Then will thou see it gleam in many eyes, Then will pure light around thy path be shed, And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.

—James Russell Lowell.

## Know Perfect Foods Before Making

Flavor, Texture and Color Are Qualities Essential to Good Foods

Every home can have first class food products. But far too many home-makers cook blindly. They bake cakes, cook meats, prepare vegetables and yet do not know what the perfect product of the food should be like. Just now when thousands of dollars worth of fruit and sugar are being wasted in kitchens in "bad batches" it is time to review the qualities that perfect jams and jellies should have.

Good recipes and good materials give every cook a chance to start off properly. But the recipe must be followed exactly. This is particularly true of the recipes which manufacturers send out with their various products. These recipes have been tested, not once, but hundreds of times to bring out the very best in the product and give the best results for both experienced cooks and the newest bride.

Jam and jelly making used to be the finest art of the experienced cook. The principal tests for all good foods are flavour, color, and texture, and to jelly must be added clearness, both from pulp particles and sugar crystals. When underripe fruit is used as in the long-bill method of jelly making, the flavor is, of course, never as good as when the fresh, ripe fruit is used and cooked for only a few minutes. Also in following a recipe that has just been picked up and not carefully tested it is impossible to get uniformly perfect results for the recipe may have been for the fruit of a different district and under different conditions. Tested recipes from the great kitchens of reliable manufacturers and distributors of food products give assurance against the failures of a "handed down" recipe.

Jams and jellies made with bottled fruit pectin give the qualities identified with a perfect product.

First, the jams and jellies have the fresh flavor and color of the ripe fruit because the cooking time is so short that the fruit flavor and color are not changed by the heat.

Second, there are no sugar crystals in the product because the recipes are perfectly proportioned and tested thousands of times.

Third, the fine texture is assured because exactly the correct amount of pectin to jelly the fruit is used. A turned out jelly should quiver when it is tapped with a knife and the knife should cut through it easily and come away clean, not covered with a film of syrup. The cut edges of the jelly should be sparkling and sharp. The clearness of jelly depends chiefly on the attention given to careful dripping of the juice and skimming before pouring. If the bag is squeezed while the juice is dripping, little particles of pulp come through and make the jelly cloudy.

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