

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 Harcourt. Mary's scapegrace brother, Eddie, was to have been admitted at the murder hour. She tells her fiancé, Dirk Ruyter, who arranges a rendezvous with the boy but oversteers. Bowen of the Star drives Mary there. Eddie is run down and killed. Bowen tells Mary there is a racetrack gambler called The Fly to whom his brother owed money. Bowen gives Mary a coat he found in the Jupiter house the night of the murder. It is his brother's. Dirk forbids Mary to go on with the investigation because of the notoriety.

CHAPTER XVI.
Dirk drove the car out beyond the limit of the ratty cliff road into the small meadow which crowned the Point and turned off the engine. With a second turn of the wrist he turned off the lights.

Then he turned and drew her to him, swiftly, surely, and with an air of complete possession. Surprise mingled with the ardor with which she returned his long kiss.

Presently she asked curiously, "What did you want to talk about?"

"This," he said, and she heard him chuckle.

"What?"

"And something else. Listen. How soon can you get ready to be married?"

"Why, I haven't bought anything yet," she stammered, "but there's lots of time, isn't there? A month, surely. It was 66 days the last time I counted, but lately I haven't kept track."

Dirk smoothed her hands gently with his big one.

"I mean how long would it take you to pack?"

"Dirk!"

"You could pack a toothbrush, couldn't you? And we could buy things here and there as we went along? There are lots of nice little shops for women's gawags in Bermuda—or would you rather go to Europe? We could make it—if we didn't stay too long."

"But what's the hurry?" Mary's heart was hammering happily before the look in his eyes.

"Let's get married tomorrow. I don't know why we've waited this long, if it comes to that."

"Well, aren't you the impetuous lover!" Mary quavered, trying to keep a light tone. "Why this, all of a sudden?"

Dirk moved impatiently.

"Oh, people have backed at us long enough!" he growled. "If they keep at it much longer, they'll spoil things for us. Look at tonight."

Reviewing the miserable evening she had just spent, Mary thought there might be something in what he said.

He seized her hands and gripped them tightly. "If we've got to quarrel, let it come after. I don't want it to spoil the beginning for us. Do you?"

"No, oh, no."

"Well, that's that, then. How's Saturday? That give you time to shop?" Mary nodded. It was a long time before they felt the need of words.

"That's what I've been wanting to tell you, all evening," Mary whispered, presently. "That we needn't quarrel any more. I won't see that newspaperman again, if you don't want me to."

Dirk felt magnanimous, too, apparently, for he laughed indulgently and kissed her.

"I guess Mrs. Dirk Ruyter can be trusted to do the right thing," he said.

It was nearly two when Mary's latchkey turned in the lock and she let herself into the great house and went happily upstairs. Strange, she

wasn't tired now! Instead, she seemed to bounce, feather-light, up the long staircase; she felt far too happy to sleep.

There was a dim light burning in her room, and a note left for her by the thoughtful Della. More thoughtful than literature, for the note was difficult to decipher.

"I stayed up to tell you Mr. Jupiter waits to see you in the morning he is sorry for something and wants to apologize I do know what for."

The world had been all wrong and now it was right again in every way. For pure happiness, Mary whirled around the room in an impromptu dance before tumbling into bed.

As she drifted off to sleep the letters of the word "Saturday" seemed to burn upon the walls of her mind like a gigantic electric sign.

They both felt better after Mr. Jupiter had "apologized" the next morning.

"I was sorry for that the minute I'd said it, Mary," he scolded. "You hadn't ought to take what an old man like me says to heart so."

"I guess—that one thing—is a kind of sore spot with me," Mary explained. "Whatever Eddie did or didn't do, I feel responsible for, at least partly. So I couldn't let anyone call him a murderer when it isn't the truth!"

Surprisingly, she noticed the old man's eyes were wet. His lined face looked ten years older.

"I'll bet I've thought the same a hundred times since," he said, in a broken voice. "You know he came to me for money, I suppose?" Mary nodded, in embarrassment. "If I hadn't of it into him the way I did, he might not have—" he broke off hastily, and substituted, "everything might have been all right. So you see, I've got my share to think of, same as you have."

This humility was so new to the old man's manner that Mary could hardly credit her senses. It made it easier for her to know that he blamed himself, too.

"Well—forgive and forget. That's all we can do."

"Oh, I can forgive," Mary assured him, earnestly, "but I can't forget—no, till I've found out the truth."

"Well, bless you, child, I won't stop you. Go ahead. But if you run afoul of Emily Ann Ruyter, don't say I didn't warn you."

Mary laughed and snapped her fingers. "Oh, that for Emily Ann! Dirk's all that matters, and he's going to help me—he told me so last night."

At the recollection of what else he had told her last night, her eyes were starry and her lips smiled irrespressibly.

"Everything all right between you and Mr. Jupiter is an excellent observer, and he saw his answer written in her face. "That's good."

Stabbing her grapefruit thoughtfully, Mary wondered whether she ought to tell him of her plans. In a way, it was like "giving notice"—but then she wasn't employed here any more, really. At least her only duties seemed to be playing cribbage and writing a few notes.

"I suppose you haven't heard any more from Mr. Bruce?" she asked.

The old man's face clouded, Mary instantly regretting having brought the subject.

"Not—a—line," he said slowly.

What on earth could be keeping Bruce? Mary wondered. Then she dismissed the matter as something that did not concern her. She ought to go about her shopping at once if she expected to finish today. Time was the important thing.

"What would you like to do this

61, Plays Cricket



Feeling fit and a cricket enthusiast Rev. F. Leveson-Gower, who is 61, made a good show in a game at Oxford, England, recently.

morning?" Mary heard herself asking faintly, and could have boxed her own ears. There might be fittings—heaven, she couldn't nearly accomplish all she must if she waited until this afternoon.

"Eh?" The old man came out of the brown study that enveloped him. "Oh, I'm going down with Miller to look over 'The Gypsy.' Jordan thinks sea air—may take a cruise if I can get the right crew."

Mary drew a deep breath of relief. "Can we go along?"

"Oh, no, thanks. I've something to do. A little shopping." She blushed a tell-tale red.

The telephone trilled suddenly. It was Dirk.

"I just called up to tell you, Mrs. Ruyter, that you have a checking account, you know. Why don't you run up a few bills, and see what kind of a husband I'm going to make?"

"Oh, Dirk, you mustn't—not yet. That's one of the rules. Don't you know your Emily Post?"

"Go ahead, woman. Do you know how I treat my wives when they don't obey me?" There was more of the conversation, but it seemed to make very little sense.

Smiling knowingly, the old man heaved himself out of his chair and tiptoed out of the room with clumsy, schoolboy gallantry.

Almost instantly, it seemed, a starchy and statuesque maid appeared with an envelope which she handed to Mary on a tray. (Bessie had been released to pursue the sort of histrionic career for which she seemed to think herself fitted.)

Mary fumbled it open with one hand while holding fast to the receiver with the other. When she finally held up the crisp bit of paper it contained and saw the figure—\$1,000—and the signature, J. J. Jupiter, still wet in the corner, her joyful exclamation reached clearly the young man murmuring fatuous nothings into the telephone many miles away.

"A little wedding present" was written on the business card that fell out with the cheque.

"Never mind supporting me yet—I'm rich!" she caroled gleefully, and told Dirk of the cheque.

"Well, that's fine!" he replied with perfunctory heartiness. Such munificence rather dashed his own pleasure in turning over his worldly goods to his bride-to-be. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Bank it."

"You will not!"

"Buy clothes," she amended happily. "And then buy some clothes. And then buy a few more clothes."

"That's better. Lunch with me?"

"Oh, I won't have time. We'd dawdle and I've so much to get."

"Better come. I'll be working late at the office, putting things in shape so I can leave. I may not get out until quite late."

"But you'll come?"

"I'll come. Wait up for me?"

"You know I will!"

She was to regret that decision about lunch, as she sat sipping a lukewarm, too-sweet drink at a chowdoff fountain after a hectic morning's shopping. It would have been delightful to be lurching on a cool roof somewhere with Dirk opposite. Shopping, even with a \$1,000 cheque in her purse, was terrible. Her feet hurt, her head ached, and she felt as if her eyes would never quite focus again. And there was more to come.

At five she hailed the first taxi she saw, piled it full of bundles and climbed in gratefully.

Cheering Facts About Ontario

Toronto Daily Quotes Some Heartening Statistics Issued by Research Bureau

The Canadian Economic Research Bureau, which makes a specialty of presenting facts about Canada to its patrons in the United States, is optimistic about the future of Ontario. After commenting upon the recent advances in the prices of base metals and other commodities and after noting the benefits to be derived from the British preferences on our primary products, it is aware of no other market, either in the United States or in Canada, which shows greater promise of growth in population and in manufacturing, mining and agricultural activities. It claims that the province already has 52 per cent. of Canada's manufacturing production, 43 per cent. of its buying power and 35 per cent. of the national wealth, and that it has shown a remarkable stability of conditions in the face of a three-year depression.

Here are other statistics about Ontario put forward by the Bureau. The value of manufactured products grew from \$579,000,000 in 1910 to \$2,103,000,000 in 1929. It possesses the most promising mineral resources of any section of the world; its agricultural output averages \$500,000,000 per annum; its farming is highly diversified, which makes for stability. It boasts an immense asset in the extent of its cheap hydro-electric power, and could have practically free of slums. The average wage-earner has not suffered to anything like the extent to which he has suffered in the United States. There has been a greater amount of home-building, even since 1929, than in the neighboring republic. In Toronto the ratio of home-ownership to population is 63 per cent., which compares with 30 per cent. in Boston, 36 per cent. in Cleveland, 45 per cent. in Philadelphia, and 38 per cent. in St. Louis. The climate makes for mental and physical efficiency, and thus for progress in industrial, mineral and agricultural production.

From the same authority we learn that the highest development in telephone ownership has occurred in Toronto, rather than in the United States as has often been thought. According to the Bureau, 89 per cent. of the families in Toronto have telephones in their homes, as against 59 per cent. in Boston, 53 per cent. in Cleveland, 48 per cent. in St. Louis and 47 per cent. in New York. We read further: "In no other large city or the North American Continent has there been less of a decline in retail sales and buying power than in Toronto. The leading Toronto department stores are the largest in Canada, and are on a par with any other department stores in the world, giving further evidence of the high standard of living and buying power in this city."

These statistics and deductions, presented as they are by an organization whose head offices are in the United States, give help to inspire the people of this city and province with confidence in their own future. —Toronto Mail and Empire.

Let us be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.—Isaak Walton.

"I always laugh when I see anything funny." "You must enjoy yourself when you shave."

Common sense is the average sensibility and intelligence of men undisturbed by individual peculiarities.—W. R. Alger.

"Long Island," she told the driver and sank back against the hard leather seat. She closed her eyes as the cab wormed its way cross-town toward Queensboro bridge. That state of complete relaxation spared her the brunt of what followed.

All she remembered afterward was learning a yell and a curse, and feeling herself jerked violently forward as the taxi swerved and careened wildly to the sidewalk, striking a flight of stone steps. Then she must have fainted, for she knew no more. (To be continued.)

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When we were come to the big field-gate, where the first sickle was to be, Parson Bowden heaved up the rail with the sleeve of his gown down everybody might hear him. "In the name of the Lord, Amen!" "Amen! So be it!" cried the clerk, who was far behind, being only a shoemaker.

Then Parson Bowden read some verses from the parish Bible, telling us to life up our eyes, and to look upon the fields already white to harvest, and then he laid the Bible down on the square head of the gatepost, and despite his cassock, three good right end onwards. All this time the rest were huddling outside the gate, and along the lane, not daring to interfere with parson but whispering how well he did it.

When he had stowed the corn like that, Mother entered, leaning on me, and we both said, "Thank the Lord for all His mercies, and these the first fruits of His hand!" And then, verse, dove very well.

Of course I mean the men, not women; although I know that up the country, women are allowed to reap; and right well they reap it, keeping row for row with men, comely, and in due order. . . . But in our part, women do what seems their proper business, following well behind the men, out of harm of the swinging arms, and stooping with their breasts and arms up they catch the swathes of corn, where the reapers cast them, and tucking them together tightly with a wisp laid under them, this

they fetch round and twist, with a knee to keep it close; and lo, there is a goodly sheaf, ready to be set up in stooks! After these the children come, gathering each for his own little self, if the farmer be right-minded; until each hath a bundle made as big as himself and longer, and tumbles now and again with it, in the deeper part of the stubble.

We, the men, kept marching on down the flank of the field; and lo, with knees bent wide, and left arm bowed, and right arm, flashing steel. Each man in his several place, keeping down the rig or chine, on the right side of the reaper in front, and the left of the man that followed the rig, each making further sweep and inroad into the golden breadth and depth, each casting leftwards his rich clearance on his foregoers' double track.

So like half a wedge of wildfowl, to and fro we swept the field; and when to either hedge we came, sickles wanted whetting, and throats required moistening, and backs were in need of easing, and every man had much to say, and women wanted praising. Then all returned to the other end, with reaping hooks beneath our arms, and dogs laid to mind jackets.—From "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore.

August Noon

Opal cloud-isles lie unmoving in sapphire seas high overhead; Butterflies perch on heavy-headed phlox.

And wave bright silken wings; Hummingbirds and bees Share the nectar hid In honeysuckle canno, and creep myrtle;

While against the wall, The golden helianthus, And flaming hollyhock Turn open faces to the sun.

In a wide, dush meadow, Mild-eyed, contented cattle Drowse through long cicestas In cases of emerald shadows.

Like a silver flute, A robin's liquid song Breaks through the noontide somnolence;

And from a locust bough, A shrill cicada chants His ceaseless roundelay.

—Winnie Lynch Rockett.

Lady in flat below—What was that noise I heard several times last night? Lady in flat above—My poor husband dreamed he had his car in town and he was moving his bed around from place to place so he wouldn't be tagged for parking too long in one spot.

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The Typewriter In the Classroom

An experimental study in the United States of the typewriter in elementary education, when used as part of the regular classroom equipment, has just been concluded, and yields interesting results. Two thousand typewriters were used in 27 schools by 6,125 pupils, and their progress was compared with that of 8,524 pupils in 14 "control" schools.

A discussion of the experiment has been issued in book form by Dr. Ben D. Wood of Columbia University and Dr. Frank N. Freeman of the University of Chicago (New York, 1932).

Our quotations are from a digest of this work put forward by the Typewriter Educational Research Bureau of New York. We read:

"Teachers know that the general spirit which pervades a classroom is of primary importance for effective learning. Whatever influence, therefore, the typewriter might exert on school atmosphere would be of basic significance. One of the most striking features was the strength and duration of the children's interest in the activity. The following statements are typical of the teachers' observations:

"Pupils beg to come early to use the typewriters; also to stay after school.

"No matter what is done, the children want to 'write about it.'"

"Any activity in which the machines are used is taken up with more interest and pleasure because of their enjoyment of the machine.

"The effects of the typewriter were not confined to interest in the activity for itself. The success which pupils achieved with the help of the machine improved their general mental outlook and rendered them more hopeful and confident. Many teachers referred to greater cleanliness, more initiative, and more obvious satisfaction obtained by pupils from the kinds of work which the machine makes possible.

"In order to determine the effect of the typewriter on quantity of writing an analysis was made of the total two-year collections of written work. It was found that in total amount of writing done during the school year the Experimental children exceeded the Control children in every grade. In addition the Experimental children showed a superiority in the quantity of original compositions. Their advantage in original writing was especially marked in the lower three grades.

"More than five hundred kindergarten children were in the Experimental schools and more than two hundred in the Control schools. Kindergarten children who had access to typewriters made more than four times as many attempts to write as did children who had to depend entirely on the pencil as a medium of expression."

All children in the Experimental and Control classes were given achievement tests at the close of the investigation. For all grades combined, it was found that during a school year the Experimental children gained roughly 7 per cent. of a grade more on the tests than did the Control children. The typewriter thus appeared to be a clear-cut factor in producing superior achievement.

"After observing the use of the machine for two school years, practically all of the teachers were convinced of its possibilities as an aid to reading. In the lower grades the use of the machine seems, in the case of some children, to stimulate a feeling of readiness for reading. This probably results from the ease with which pupils are able to write letters and words. Even oral reading is indirectly benefited by the machine in that children are eager to read to the class carefully typed stories."

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Rub and Scratch Ailment Cured by Sulphur Dip

During early July a herd of 175 pigs were examined, that had given evidence of being unthrifty and uncomfortable. These pigs were rubbing and scratching. Some were very much irritated and had most of the hair rubbed off. Some were red and raw from excess rubbing at one place. The cause of the itchy skin was not hard to locate, once the scale and scabs had been scraped from the skin and onto a piece of black cloth or paper.

These scrapings from the rounch parts of the pigs skin, were then examined, with a hand lens and found to be very much alive, with small grey mites, which were recognized as sarcoptic mange mites. The scales form wherever the mange mite has been at work and resulted from its habit of penetrating into the skin with its stylet, causing erythema, which is followed by the formation of vesicles and crusts. It is beneath the scale or crust that the mange mite is found. The common sarcoptic mange can be successfully treated by the use of stock dips that are of a penetrating nature or by the use of a lime-sulphur dip. See bulletin 340, Ontario Department of Agriculture. Mange is widespread among swine in Ontario, and is causing unthrifty pigs on many farms. Little creatures if abundant enough may take all the profits.

"Man... they're good!"

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